

STORIES FROM PIPA BILL

THE ROAD TAKEN

AMHERST COLLEGE

The *Wall Street Journal* 3/30/01 outlines a strategy for gaining admission to hard-to-get-into colleges: Move to Iowa and play the oboe. Amherst is one of those schools. *U.S. News And World Report* has ranked it number one more times than any other national liberal arts college; when not number one, it is number two, occasionally outranked by either Williams or Swarthmore. It is possible that, even today, I might be admitted, especially if I were to acquire oboe as a second language.

When I entered Amherst in the fall of 1948, I was the only student from Iowa. And I looked it: I wore pastel cardigan jackets with no lapels, suede shoes, florid ties, and flamboyant shirts. Neither the U.S. Navy nor Shattuck (a military school) had provided me costumes for this environment. But John O'Hara in *From The Terrace* made an accurate diagnosis and prognosis of me as he described one of his characters:

"No sir, you're absolutely wrong. In six months from now, Von Elm will be getting his clothes from Brooks Brothers, and five years from now, he's going to want to get in the Racquet Club. I think I know Mr. Von Elm. You look at his clothes, they're awful, but they're not awful where he comes from. I'm sure he thinks he's a snappy dresser. He cares about those things"

Within weeks, I became the quintessential rep-tied, white-bucked, penny-loafered, grey-flanneled, button-downed, and tweed-jacketed "preppy" model -- but was not asked to perform this time.

This transition was in part orchestrated by example by William Wallace Wemple III, a six-foot five frame whose tweed jackets called for a mill run at the textile factory and who somehow was already "ahead of the curve" when he emerged from the Albany Academy. Regularly we headed for Thomas Walsh, the local haberdashery like Don Quixote and Sancho as we approached the Walsh "windmills."

The *Wall Street Journal* recently (4/06/01) described, sadly, the potential demise of that great institution – Brooks Brothers:

"From childhood through prep school and college to either Wall Street or Washington, Brooks Brothers was the unofficial uniform of the American ruling classes and those who aspired to its ranks."

The Brooks Brothers logo is the Golden Fleece, but Tommy Walsh, as he attempted to emulate Brooks, would interpret the fleece as a transitive verb, not a noun. When Peverill's GI Bill check would arrive, Walsh and his deputy fleecer, Lloyd, would look forward to seeing Wemple and Peverill for another great day at the store. Wemple became president of Psi Upsilon, and Peverill president of Delta Kappa Epsilon, which confirms the sartorial significance of these institutions. But the Walsh store could not survive the economic impact of the exodus of these individuals. (The Walsh store in Williamstown still exists. I was recently there, and its racks and counters are stocked with the fashions reminiscent of those I brought to Amherst in 1948 – what goes around comes around.)

THE FAIREST COLLEGE

The U.S. Navy (see Pipa Bill: The U.S.S. New Kent) convinced me that my math skills could be better applied to something besides engineering, and I decided not to go as planned to M.I.T. But in casting about for a school, I was still wanting to leave Iowa and go where scholastically the "water was a little deeper."

Anthony (Tony) Zulfer was, for all of his four years at Shattuck, first in the school academically. Too, he became the cadet major. Tony picked Amherst; that helped me make up my mind. Tony was a junior Phi Beta Kappa, magna cum laude and went on to Harvard Business School where I followed. He joined Stein, Roe where he became a partner, president, and a director. Early on, he became investment advisor to a mixmaster salesman which led to the creation of Tony's own Golden Arch as well as a directorship on the San Diego Padres. When Tony died, Ray Kroc's widow sent Shattuck a seven figure gift to endow a Zulfer chair. One of my true regrets is that I did not keep in touch with Tony. Another common link was jazz. Tony was as big a fan of Duke Ellington as I am of Louis Armstrong, and he left to Shattuck literally a truckload of records, CD's and books on the subject. The year Tony and I were born, Calvin Coolidge, an Amherst graduate, was president of the U.S.

Actually, my continuing contacts with Amherst friends has been generally quite limited, partly a result of being recalled to the Navy in 1951, but mostly because of settling here in Iowa. A Madison Avenue or Wall Street location would have sustained more friendships, or at least I think so. Recently, I concluded that only the following (plus my brother) were those with whom I kept in touch. All but one (Cal Aurand) were roommates; all but two were Dekes. I have included here their 1993 Amherst biographies.

Calvin W. Aurand, Jr., Neenah, Wisconsin

William H. Banks, III, Darien Connecticut

Howard J. Burnett, Pittsburgh, Pa.

George F. Corsiglia, Greenfield, Massachusetts

John S. Greenebaum, Louisville, Kentucky

Victor R. MacDonald, Naples, Florida

Frederick H. Scholtz, Naples, Florida

William W. Wemple III, Naples, Florida

The "deeper water" I looked for at Amherst was clearly there, but for my first two and one-half years I confined myself to the "wading pool." I probably did better than George W, but until the middle of my junior year, I was more the social lion

and only then shifted into high gear scholastically but was recalled to the Navy which greatly angered and depressed me. However, I returned to Amherst in 1952 with a vengeance, achieved almost a 90 average, graduated with honors, and was admitted to Harvard Business School.

Amherst became coeducational in 1975, a decision that, together with many alumni, I criticized. Actually, the college was already coed: we shared classes and numerous experiences with nearby Mount Holyoke and Smith Colleges. Moreover, It was not an economic necessity as was the case in many other schools. Both Mount Holyoke and Smith were very disappointed in the move; not surprisingly, it depreciated their own recruiting.

Amherst can be proud of dozens of outstanding college songs and is justifiably called "the singing college." *Lord Jeffrey Amherst* is truly a "name known to fame" and sung by all eastern and Ivy League choirs and choruses. It is rumored to have been in the repertoire of the Titanic orchestra. I have included its recording and others in the accompanying CD. These songs make reference to "sons" or "men" or "boys" of Amherst. What will become of these lyrics?

A BAND OF BROTHERS IN DKE

Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity boasts a proud tradition: Rutherford B. Hayes, the first fraternity man to become President, Theodore Roosevelt, Gerald Ford and both George Bush'es; as well as numerous other notables including my favorite composer, Cole Porter. More than any other fraternity, Amherst College presidents have been DKEs including Charles Cole, president while I was at Amherst. Founded at Yale, it was for some time mostly an Eastern institution. It's often called the "Jock" House and even more derisively "The Drunken Dekes." Gary Trudeau, who was not (at Yale) a member, treated the organization quite disdainfully in *Doonesbury* during the Bush campaign. Tony Zulfer's obituary in

the Alumni Magazine said (in bad taste, I thought) "Tony was one of the true scholars in the Amherst class of '50. Despite his intellect, he joined Delta Kappa Epsilon -- and thereby, by himself, raised the grade point average of the entire fraternity ." With all due respect to Tony, "by himself" is an overstatement. The picture of the 1950 Deke group (Tony, then president, is in the center of the first row) includes two Rhodes Scholars, a member of the Warren Commission, a U.S. Senator, a U.S. Vice Presidential candidate, a Nobel prize recipient, and numerous key executives and high achievers.

Fraternities usually take pride in their pledge recruits. My pledge class included the freshman class president, captain of the freshman soccer, basketball and baseball teams. There was a curious anomaly: they were all the same person. Howard Burnett was the first of twelve children in his family to graduate from college. A Deerfield graduate, at Amherst he was class president for four years, president of the junior and senior honor societies, an All American soccer player, batted .400 in baseball, was Phi Beta Kappa, Magna cum Laude, making him a poster boy for the Rhodes Scholarship which he received. He recently retired as President of Washington and Jefferson College.

I roomed with Howie during the last months of my junior year. Then he came to Washington, D.C. where I was stationed in the Navy, as an intern to then Senator Hubert Humphrey (who coincidentally sent three sons to Shattuck School, one of whom was a member of the Crack Squad). Howie was joined in D.C. by Barbara "Binkie" Ransohoff who was "all of the above" at Mount Holyoke College and who Howie eventually married. We spent a riotous summer which took the edge off my troubled Navy experience.

Fraternities were dissolved at Amherst. The Deke House is now the Plimpton House, named for the long parade of Plimptons who were members of that fraternity and included chairmen of the board as well as presidents of the college.

Two Plimptons were classmates of mine, brothers of George (the "Paper Lion" who is the only Plimpton not to attend Amherst). The family Patriarch -- Francis T. P. Plimpton, was then senior -partner of the prestigious New York law firm, DeBevoise & Plimpton (both Amherst Dekes). Plimpton roomed with Adlai Stevenson at Harvard Law School and was his deputy in the United Nations. A towering intellectual (Katie and I spent an awesome evening with him while at HBS), he is said to be the only lawyer who could write bond indentures in iambic pentameter.

Fraternities satisfy a compelling need to create camaraderie. While the college decision to disband them may have been justified, you can rest assured these organizations will resurface, formally or otherwise. Some already have done so.

In 1935, Claude Moore Fuess wrote in his book *Amherst: The Story of A New England College*:

"Fraternities succeed in Amherst College because there are so many of them. No other college has so large a proportion of fraternity men, -- over 90 per cent, -- and in no college, as far as I know, is the fraternity system accepted with less question or subjected to less regulation. The two facts seem to hang together -- the multiplicity of our fraternities and their success.

"The question of their desirability, often discussed, is entirely academic, for they are so solidly entrenched at Amherst that nothing but a cataclysm could dislodge or eliminate them. Any fraternity system is certain to be subject to criticism. It is bound to produce a certain degree of snobbishness, and it unquestionably causes many heartburnings among those who do not receive a 'bid.' It fosters cliquishness and caste feeling as well as high ideals and sacrificial

loyalty. But the sanest opinion long ago reached the conclusion that, at Amherst, secret societies accomplish more good than harm and that, in the words of Herbert L. Bridgman, '66, they 'have done and are doing for Amherst a work no less valuable than the college itself, giving to the institution an exterior and environment worthy of its ambitions, and opening far vistas of progress and reward.'"

THE BELLE AND BARD OF AMHERST

Emily Dickinson was one of the "indispensable" poets in English, one of two great American poets of the nineteenth century and almost undisputedly America's greatest female poet. The "Belle of Amherst" was born in 1830 in Amherst and lived and died (in 1886) except for a fifteen year interval in the same house, a "womb" (or was it a 'tomb') with a view." Her father was Amherst's leading lawyer and treasurer of Amherst College.

Every day for over two years, I walked by this house at least twice a day. Never did I enter the house nor ever become familiar with her poetry. I cite this oversight as just one of the examples of my misspent youth and advise my grandchildren: Do not *skip over* these opportunities.

There are excusing factors. Her poetry was almost unknown until 1955 when her collected *Poems* were published. Too, if entering her house was a challenge, "entering" her poetry was an even greater one, although Dickinson is tolerant of our learning curve when she suggests the passage from apprenticeship:

*We play at Paste -
Till qualified for Pearl -
Then drop the Paste -
And deem ourself a fool*

Dickinson's lines: "Tell all The Truth but tell it slant" is a message closely identical to that found in Louis Armstrong's music, but the music I can "dig"; the poetry is less comprehensible. "Dickinson's poetry repays long-term reading; metaphors which seem opaque at first take on radiance when refracted through other poems." (McNeil, Helen, *Emily Dickinson*). But no longer do I have "miles to go before I sleep" so as to be able to engage in that scholarship. Meanwhile, I can appreciate these Dickinson productions:

*If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.*

*I never saw a moor,
I never saw the sea;
Yet know I how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.*

*I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart were given.*

Robert Frost is arguably America's favorite poet. His *The Road Not Taken* is perhaps the nation's favorite and certainly its most quoted poem. Frost solidified his initial employment at Amherst when he read to the student body - in 1917 - this poem:

*Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;*

*Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,*

*And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black,
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet, knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.*

*I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I--
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.*

Numerous biographies begin with the last five lines of the poem. The latest I have seen is the story of Bix Beiderbecke, the Davenport, Iowa, musician who had a symbiotic relationship with my jazz hero, Louis Armstrong.

This last stanza of the poem invokes what most of us believe to be our own maverick, go-your-own-way, different drummer streak and is especially well suited to "Pipa's" like myself telling stories to their grandchildren. My "Road" may be unique only because it included a short "walk" with Frost himself. (The recitation is best done when accompanied by a rendition of Sinatra's "My Way"). But here's a message for those who ignore the first three stanzas where three times he tells us the roads are identical:

...the other, just as fair
...worn them really about the same
...equally lay in leaves no step had trodden black

Frost's poetry often embodies contradiction. The "My Way" reading can easily be replaced by an interpretation of indecision: Just take your pick, hope for the best, and live with the consequences. Life's like that.

For my grandchildren, my favorite Frost idea is this endearing invitation:

The Pasture

*I'm going out to clean the pasture spring:
I'll only stop to rake the leaves away
(And wait to watch the water clear, I may):
I sha'nt be gone long. -- You come too.*

*I'm going out to fetch the little calf
That's standing by the mother, It's so young
It totters when she licks it with her tongue.
I sha'nt be gone long. -- You come too.*

On May 20, 1953, only a few weeks after my evening with Frost (discussed shortly), Dylan Thomas came to Amherst. While my plans were to hear him recite that evening, it was merely coincidental that I spent closer moments with him. Thomas stayed at the Lord Jeffrey Inn (where Frost in his later years spent all of his time at Amherst). As I walked by the Inn, DT's booming sonorous voice with its magnificent range and beauty poured out of the bar. A great watering hole, even without Thomas, this was cause for celebration, and we did. Up until the time of his appearance at Johnson Chapel, we imbibed. Thomas endeared himself to our small crowd with his warmth, his charm and his funniness. In the English language, there is no greater advocate, indeed no greater practitioner of spoken poetry than Dylan Thomas. He seemed to thunder out the sounds of his recitations. I have included a recording of some of his funny remarks that night - and his famous (but hardly funny) poem to his dying father.

*DO Not Go Gentle
Into That Good Night*

*Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.*

*Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.*

*Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.*

*Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way.
Do not go gentle into that good night.*

*Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.*

*And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.*

Thomas's biographer and close associate John Brinin reports that visit:

*"On May 20th, I drove to Amherst College in Massachusetts to meet Dylan after he had given a reading there. ...we stayed at the Lord Jeffrey Inn ... when I rapped on his door about nine the next morning, Dylan was not there: he had already found a barroom (note to reader – it was Barselott's. We joined him there.) ...we got into my car, put the top down, drove slowly past Emily Dickinson's house, at which Dylan stared with no particular show of interest, and out into the rolling tentative early green of the countryside ... unhurried day of casual sightseeing ...random talk ...*Dylan remembered as his happiest in America.*"*

Six months later, Dylan Thomas died in a New York hospital of acute alcoholism (although in later years, the diagnosis became more complicated).

Early in 1953, I spent several hours, out of his 43 years of teaching at Amherst, with Robert Frost. Frost's teaching style, especially in his later years, was to meet informally with students and exchange ideas. Either as a teacher or as a pupil, the classroom never appealed to him (He dropped out of Dartmouth and Harvard). He visited most of the fraternities at Amherst regularly. As president of the DKE house, I drove Frost up the hill in my 1949 Ford "Woody" station wagon which, under the circumstances, took on the attributes of an intellectual Brinks truck as it transported this four-time Pulitzer prize winner (more than anyone) and recipient of honorary degrees (also more than anyone) from, among others, Amherst, Dartmouth, Harvard, Yale, Oxford and Cambridge.

Frost read his poetry and discussed other poets and their work, not always in a flattering manner. He revered Dickinson and forgave Ezra Pound, but he rejected Archibald MacLeish's politics and considered him pompous and a second-rate poet. He viewed T. S. Eliot as a snob and a phony, his British accent affected. Eliot's poetry was also phony and derivative, pretentious scholarship.

Frost may have laid the groundwork for a discussion that would greatly embarrass me. He remembered that T. S. Eliot had once asked him what he meant by the expression "Good fences make good neighbors." He was not surprised that Eliot should object to it. "Eliot's characters," Frost said, "never knew boundaries, not even of each other's beds." Shortly, he was asked what he thought of Mickey Spillane. Frost replied, "Spee-lawn?, Spee-lawn? Give me a few of his lines," to which Matt Davidson (Deerfield '50; Amherst '54) replied, "She was a real blonde!" Frost feigned deafness, went onto another discussion. Deep down, perhaps he thought, "Deke is the place where when you have to go there, they have to take you in." [Note: I remember vividly Frost's mispronunciation of Spillane's name. Frost was not naive; he may have intended a deflection, even a "put down" or possibly this was a manifestation of his remarkable life-long inability to spell.]

Just a year later, Frost celebrated his 80th birthday at the Lord Jeffrey Inn (see picture). Surprisingly, MacLeish sat next to him and spoke with great dignity about Robert Frost's unique place in America's literature.

Ten years later, again almost to the day - January 29, 1963 - Frost died. However, in the previous Fall, it was announced that several million dollars had been donated to build at Amherst the Robert Frost Library (which today comprises the entire library complex at Amherst College). Frost was profoundly touched and deeply grateful. No matter where Frost went, it was Amherst he regarded as home.

Frost was a friend of both Eisenhower and Kennedy and spoke at JFK's inauguration. Kennedy's favorite poem was *Stopping By Woods On A Snowy Evening*, and its final lines he used endlessly in his campaign:

*Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.*

*My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.*

*He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.*

*The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.*

On October 26, 1963, at the inauguration of the Robert Frost Library, John Kennedy spoke eloquently of "the tide that lifts all spirits" in Frost's poetry:

"Today this college and country honor a man whose contribution was not to our size but to our spirit; not to our political beliefs but to our insight; not to our self-esteem, but to our self-comprehension ...If Robert Frost was much honored during his lifetime, it was because a good many preferred to ignore his darker truths...He brought an unsparing instinct for reality to bear on the platitudes and pieties of society. His sense of the human tragedy fortified him against self-deception and easy consolation ...When power leads a man toward arrogance, poetry reminds him of his limitations. When power narrows the areas of man's concern, poetry reminds him of the richness and diversity of his existence. When power corrupts, poetry cleanses."

Less than a month later, Kennedy was assassinated. He did not have miles to go before he slept.

Nobody does.

PIPA BILL

AMHERST (1993) BIOGRAPHIES

AURAND, Calvin William Jr. s Calvin W and Eleanor (Kingman). b Minneapolis MN April 11 1930. ss Blake Sch. Psi Upsilon. e pres/chmn/ceo Banta Corp. pr e pres Amer Bank Note Co 1985-89; pres/ceo Ticor Print Network 1981-85. act dir Zinsmaster Baking Co 1963-87; Norlin Corp 1984; Cent Life Ins 1970-74; Washburn Clin 1966-78; Hammer Sch 1962-74. dir Natl Assn Printers & Lithographers 1966-80; Graphic Arts Tech Assn 1979-89; Conf Bd of Major Printers; YMCA; Fox Cities C of C; Forward WI; Firsar Bank (Appleton WI); mem Printing Ind of Amer; Advtg Club of Minneapolis. m Nov 28 1970 Lois Anderson (U of MN). ch Susan (Busch); Charles; Keith; Kent; Calvin W III u Joseph R Kingman Jr (Amh 24) (d); br Benjamin K (Amh 63). u Henry S Kingman (Amh 15) (d); 2nd cous David E (Amh 76); James Kingman (Amh 76); gf Joseph R Kingman (Amh 1883) (d). res 220 Lime Kiln Dr Neenah WI 54956. bus Menasha WI 54952

BANKS, William Howard III. s William Howard Jr. and Madeline (Watson). b Boston MA Jan 9 1932. ss Newton MA HS. Delta Kappa Epsilon. e ret. pr e pres/ceo Kliklok Corp 1982-87; exec vp 1979-82; vp sales 1959-79; sr buyer Metals & Controls Corp 1957-59; ofcr USN 1953-57; dir of sev corps. act mem Wee Burn CC (Darien CT). m Jul 24 1954 Sara Spencer (Wellesley 54). ch Laura A; Sara S; William H IV. br-in-law Robert L Beatty (Amh 45). res 15 Wheat Ln Darien CT 06820.

BURNETT, Howard Jerome. s William and Bridget (Breck). b Holyoke MA Oct 14 1929. ss Deerfield. Delta Kappa Epsilon; Phi Beta Kappa. BA Oxford U 54; MA Oxford U 54; PhD NYU 65; LLD Ithaca Coll 65. e pres Wash & Jefferson Coll. pr e pres Coll Ctr of Finger Lakes 1964-70; prof/admin Corning CC 1962-64; econ Texaco Inc 1960-62; coffee importer A L Ransohoff Co Inc 1959-60; cons Booz Allen & Hamilton 1958-59; It USN 1955-58; trnee GE Co, Mktg Dept 1954-54 act dir First Natnl B&T Co (renamed Integra Bank S) 1987-89; bd of edits Rhodes Fulbright Intl Library 1985; dir Eas Stainless Steel Corp; Wash Hosp 1972; A. L Ransohoff Co Inc 1959-60. mem Assn of Amer Rhodes Schol; mem US Natl Adv Bd Intl Educ Prgms 1987-88' Wash Cnty Cncl on Econ Dev

1988; PA Assn of Coll & Univ; Duquesne (Pittsburgh), Univ (NY); Allegheny (Pittsburgh); Cosmos Club (Wash DC). pub aut 'UN and Commodities; 1965; Inter Inst Cooperation in Higher Educ' 1968. m Jun 14 1954 Barbara Ransohoff (Mt Holyoke 52) (d). ch Lee Ann (Berman); Sue Alison (Petito); Mark Howard. res 238 E Wheeling St Washington PA 15301. bus Wash PA 15301.

CORSIGLIA, George Frederic. s George Frank and Fedora Anna (Lamoureaux). b Greenfield MA Mar 12 1929. ss Deerfield. Delta Kappa Epsilon. pr e realtor 1986-88; pres Corsiglia Oil Co Inc 1986-unkn. pr m Rosalie Johnson Oct 25 1952. ch Catherine; Nancy; Constance; George. res Apt 8C 25 Keegan Ln Greenfield MA 01301*

GREENEBAUM, John Samuel, s Samuel Lewis and Doni Katz (Selligman). b Louisville KY Nov 30 1930. Delta Kappa Epsilon. LLB Harvard 55. e sr ptnr (shareholder) Greenebaum Treitz Brown & Marshall. pr e ptnr Barnett & Alagia 1974-77; Barnett & Greenebaum 1972-74; Greenebaum Barnett Greenebaum 1959-72; atty Greenebaum Barnett & Carroll 1955-58. act former mem NY Commodity Exchange; dir Louisville Cent Area 1980-86; candidate, mayor of Louisville 1981; dir Cumberland Bancorp 1988-unkn; chmn Louisville Fndn 1981-85; Speed Art Museum 1984; Our Lady of Peace Hosp 1982-84; Louisville Water Co 1974-81; Main St Assoc 1978-unkn; sec Sam Snead Enterpr 1970-unkn; dir All Amer Beverage 1968-unkn; Tomkins Johnson Co 1966-unkn; Actors Th of Louisville 1964-unkn; pres Sumner Fndn 1968-unkn. Amer, KY, IL, Louisville Bar Assns; Preservation Alliance; Louisville Cent Commu Ctr, Louisville Art Gallery. pub aut 'Our Workers Are Satisfied' 1969; 'A Partial Solution to Strikes by Essential Workers' 1971; 'The Day Nothing Moves' 1971; 'Public Emerg Strikes' 1972; 'The Rebellious Rank & File' 1972; 'Paralysis by Labor Can be Prevented' 1972; 'The Non-Inflationary Labor Union' 1975. m Mar 30 1967 Mary Moss (Mt Holyoke 59). ch Samuel; Elliot; Anastasia. res 2233 Douglass Blvd Louisville KY 40205. bus 2700 First Natnl Tower Louisville KY 40202.

MACDONALD, Victor Roderick, s Victor Ronald and Florence Cecilia (Killian) b Evanston IL May 22 1930. ss Loomis Sch. Delta Kappa Epsilon. MBA MIT 68, e ret. prin Block, Macdonald Group Inc. pr e asst grp exec IBM Corp, World Trade Asia 1955-91; Htfd Fire Ins Co 1954-55. act dir Mitsubishi Trst & Banking Corp (USA) m Sep 28 1956 Patricia Hamilton (Mt Holyoke 54). ch Scott; Susannah; Peter; Carey. br Bruce A (Amh 56). res Apt A405 6500 Valen Way Naples FL 33963-8272.

PEVERILL, William John s Harry Edwin and Ethel Mae (Myers). b Des Moines IA Aug 28 1928. ss Shattuck Sch. Delta Kappa Epsilon. MBA Harvard 55. e pres Execulife Invest Inc. pr e pres Computer Papers Inc 1968-81; vp Mktg Frye Copy Sys Inc 1955-68. act dir Interstate Assurance Co 1967-85. dir Intl Bus Forms Assn 1975; dir 1970-74, pres 1972 Natnl Bus Forms Assn Litho Formas Espanola 1965-unkn; pres Des Moines Child Guidance Fndn; life mem Million Dollar Round Table 1992-; dir IA Hist Fndn 1992. Jun 27 1953 Kathryn La Mair (Vassar 53). ch John; Sara; Ellen. br Jack A (Amh 55). res 4225 Greenwood Dr Des Moines IA 50312. bus Ste 906 505 5th Ave Des Moines IA 50309.

SCHOLTZ, Frederick Henry. s J Henry and Angela (Williams). b Bronxville NY Oct 3 1929. ss St Lukes (New Canaan CT). Delta Kappa Epsilon. e mgng dir Mitchell & Assoc Inc. pr e chf oper ofcr Sotheby Parke Bernet Inc 1979-83; mgng dir Morgan Stanley Co Inc 1970-79; asst treas Gen Foods Corp 1963-70. act bd mem Sotheby Parke Bernet Grp 1982-unkn. mem Woodway Cntry, Norton YC; dir New Haven YC 1969-unkn. m Sep 7 1951 Sally Kirkham (Centenary 50). ch Peter D; Sarah A; F Bradley. br Andrew A (Amh 50). res 6 Prides Crossing New Canaan CT 06840. bus 399 Park Ave NY 10022.

WEMPLE, William Wallace. s William W Jr and Emily (Robertson). b Schenectady NY Apr 22 1929. ss Albany Acad. Psi Upsilon. e vp Sunbeam Appliance Grp Mktg Div. pr e vp Roper Corp, Mktg 1980-81; mgr mkt plng GE Co, Maj Appliances 1956-80. m Dec 17 1970 Beth Gans (Briarcliff 52). ch Jennifer, Wendy; steps Charley. res 735 Old Trail Dr Naples FL 33940, bus Oak Brook IL 60521.*

NOTES ON THE RECORDINGS

The music – the student songs that were part of our life at Amherst – is presented by a succession of Amherst glee clubs from 1935 to 1977.

1. *Lord Jeffrey Amherst*
J. S. Hamilton, 1906
2. Robert Frost Recites:
 - a. *The Road Not Taken*
 - b. *The Pasture*
 - c. *Stopping By Woods On A Snowy Evening*Recorded in 1952 – four months before our evening together
3. Dylan Thomas Recites:
 - a. *A Visit To America*
 - b. *Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night*Recorded in 1953 at M.I.T. shortly before (or after) the Amherst visit
4. *Gaudeamus Igitur*
Hannah Peverill, born May seventh, 1990, created my sobriquet, "Pipa Bill."
Johannes Brahms, born May seventh, 1833, composed the Academic Festival Overture, which includes *Gaudeamus Igitur*, the universally nostalgic campus music (Gamma K.T.'s favorite) and a suitable introduction to the remaining Amherst songs.
5. *Little Three Medley:*
"Come, fill your glasses up"
"Fight for old Wesleyan"
"Come, fellows now and join the chorus"
Luther Hill (Williams '44) and I comprise the entire Iowa contingent of the Amherst/Williams rivalry. These songs are devoted to that competition.
6. *High Upon Her Living Throne*
J. S. Hamilton, 1906
7. *The Senior Song*
J. S. Hamilton, 1906
8. *To The Fairest College*
D. C. Bartlett, 1903

A SELECTION OF AMHERST SONGS

LORD JEFFREY AMHERST

Oh, Lord Jeffrey Amherst was a soldier of the King
And he came from across the sea;
To the Frenchman and the Indians he didn't do a thing
In the wilds of this wild country --
In the wilds of this wild country.
And for his Royal Majesty he fought with all his might.
For he was a soldier loyal and true;
And he conquered all the enemies that came within his sight
And he looked around for more when he was through.

Chorus

Oh Amherst! Brave Amherst!
'Twas a name known to fame in days of yore.
May it ever be glorious
Till the sun shall climb the heav'ns no more.

Oh, Lord Jeffrey Amherst was the man who gave his name
To our college upon the hill;
And the story of his loyalty and bravery and fame
Abides here among us still --
Abides here among us still.
You may talk about your Johnnies and your Elis and the rest,
For they are names that time can never dim,
But give us our only Jeffrey, he's the noblest and the best,
To the end we will stand fast for him.

ALMA MATER

To the fairest college of them all
We will sing with hearty will,
Till the echoes from each classic hall
Fill our hearts with ans'ring thrill.
We will sing of many a victory
On diamond, field and track;
Midst the golden haze of college days.
Our hearts to thee turn back.
Hail Alma Mater, our well loved Mother,
Old Amherst, here's to thee,
We'll love thee ever, all boys together,
And ever faithful be.

HIGH UPON HER LIVING THRONE

High upon her living throne
She stands in might serene,
Our fair old Alma Mater known
Afar through all the land, our noble queen.
In the way her light has shown
We'll march our whole life through,
And we'll fight for her forever
And to her trust be true.

Chorus

Amherst, noble Alma Mater, mother of mighty men,
In thy glorious strength we'll win yet again.
Fairest college ever bright we'll keep thy honored fame,
And conquer in the Purple and the White
For the glory of thy name.

Scattered far beyond the hills
That circle round her throne,
Each heart with love still loyal thrills
That e'er her strong and tender power hath known.
Sons of Amherst are they still,
For all their whole life through.
And they'll fight for her forever
And to her trust be true.

SENIOR SONG

Strangers once, we came to dwell together,
Sons of a mother wise and true,
Now we're bound by ties that cannot sever
All our whole life through.
Gather closer, hand to hand,
The time draws near when we must part;
Still the love of college days will linger
Ever in each heart.

Chorus

So rise the rosy goblet high,
The seniors' chalice, and belie
The tongues that slander and defile,
For we have yet a little while
To linger--youth and you and I--
In college days.

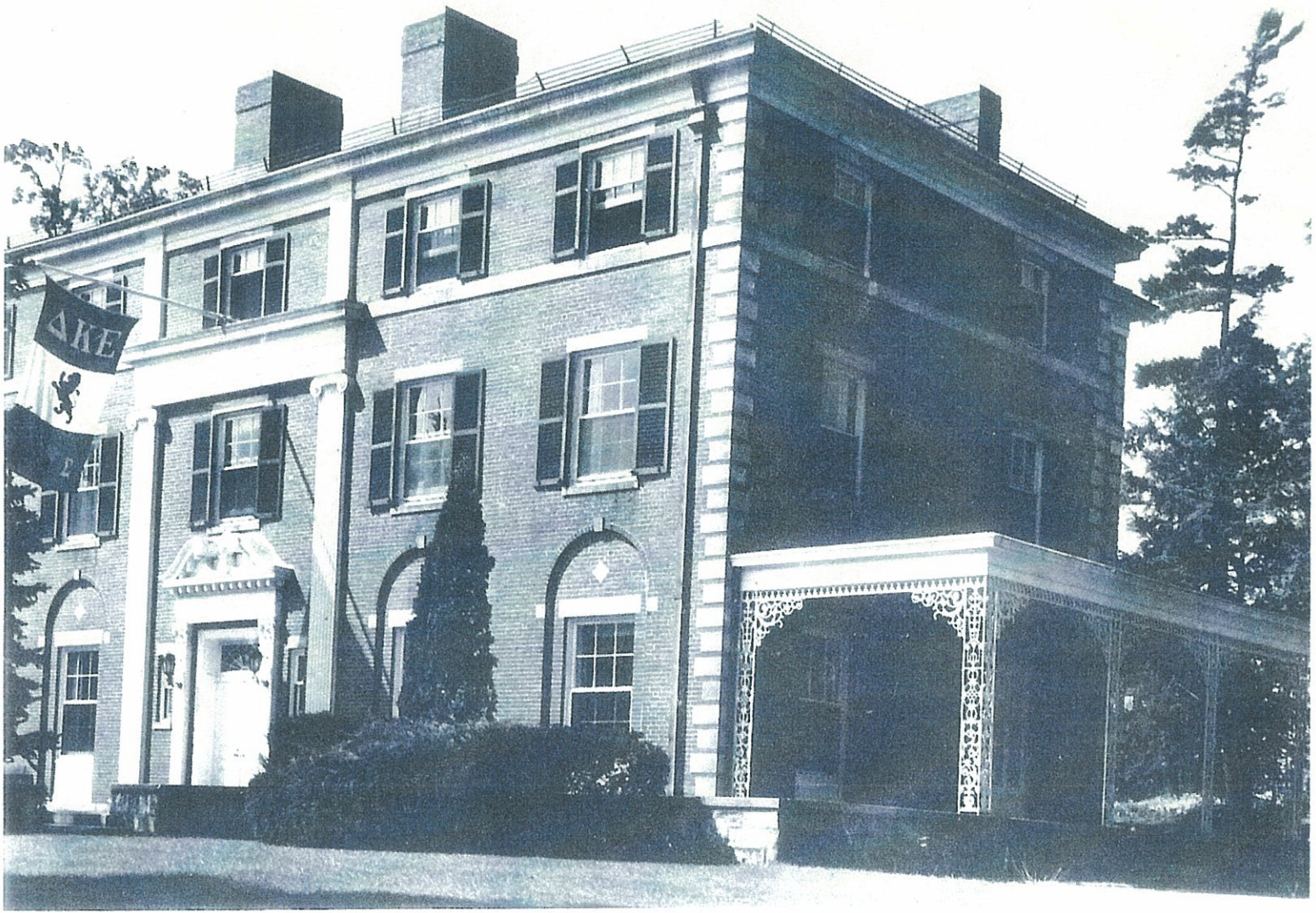
We have climbed together up the pathway
On to the goal where life doth wait,
Where in bright and beckoning fields of promise
Lieth fame or fate.
Formed among these dear old halls,
Friendships that can never die,
Strength to keep us faithful in our manhood
To our purpose high.

LITTLE THREE MEDLEY

Come fill your glasses up
To Williams, to Williams, to Williams!
Come fill your loving cup
To Williams, to Williams, to Williams!
We'll drink our wine tonight,
Drink the wine that makes hearts light,
So come fill your glasses up
To Williams, to Williams, to Williams!

Fight for old Wesleyan,
Never give in;
Fight to the end boys,
Might and right shall win.
So keep on fighting till victory
Crowns every man --
And then it's fight, fight, fight, fight
for Wesleyan.

Come Fellows now and join the chorus,
Together ev'ry Amherst man.
With white and purple waving o'er us,
Victorious since our course began;
Behind our team we stand united,
Behind old Williams' goal line too,
And well her sons may get excited.
Today's her Waterloo.



DELTA KAPPA EPSILON



D K E was originated at Yale in 1844 as a purely local organization, but a movement to establish other chapters resulted in the fifth chapter of D K E at Amherst in 1846. Additions to the present house at Amherst include a well stocked music room, the famous Isaac Newton Library, and the new recreation room.

It is certainly true that fraternity life involves a great deal more than social functions, but gatherings and parties are the most pleasant aspects of the houses, and the Dekes everywhere have been especially fond of them. This year's initiation banquet, with President Cole, an Amherst Deke, as guest speaker, saw a large group of fathers and "old grads" back for the occasion. The loss of President Emeritus Stanley King

present at this event.

The Deke social season was officially opened Wesleyan Weekend, as Amherst celebrated homecoming. No one seems certain to this day what Rhoads Casey, newly installed social chairman, served for refreshment. However, friends, alumni, and faculty present seemed to receive it enthusiastically.

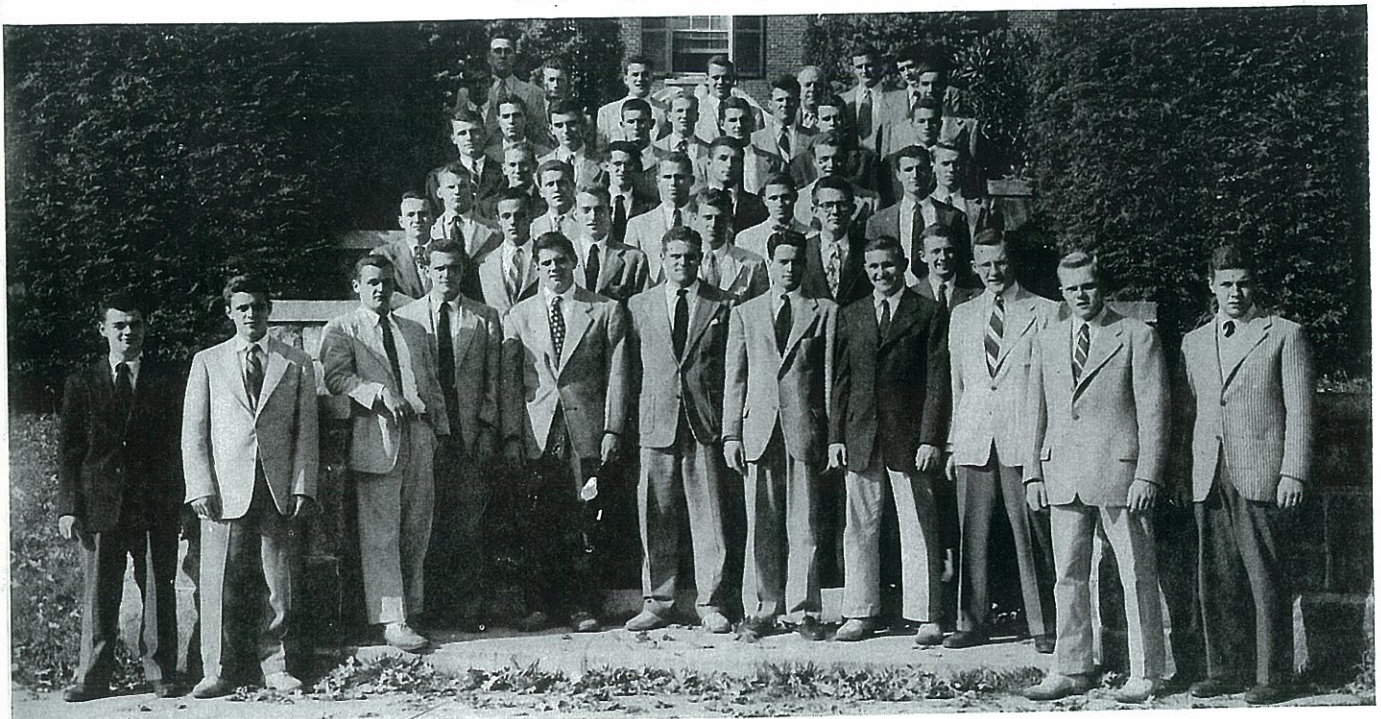
The House Dance, traditionally held at Christmas time, found the halls decorated with evergreen boughs and mistletoe, while blazing fires and candlelight revealed a galaxy of young ladies. The Christmas motif was heightened as a jolly Santa Claus and verses from the "Night Before Christmas" adorned the walls. The Faculty Tea, at which wives of the students preside, is a gracious institution native to small colleges, where the undergraduates may come to know their professors



Delta Kappa Epsilon started at Yale in 1844 as a purely local organization. But a movement to establish other chapters resulted in the forming of chapters at Bowdoin, Princeton, Colby and the fifth branch of DKE at Amherst in 1846. The fraternity's growth was rapid especially in the South although several chapters were rendered inactive by the Civil War. The Sigma chapter at Amherst occupied both North and South Colleges, Cook's block, and the old Morgan house before it built its present house on Oak Grove Hill in 1913. Additions to the house included a well-stocked music room made possible by a fund given by E. S. Whitney, and the famous Isaac Newton library brought to DKE by the gift of George Plimpton. The long-awaited recreation room, endowed through the generosity of alumni was completed for use this fall.



FIRST ROW: King, Smith, Maxson, Brown, Leffel, Zulfer, Mitchell, Tisdall, Lindemann, Peverill, Corsiglia; SECOND ROW: Banta, Plimpton, Draper, Palmer, Grant, Bradner; THIRD ROW: Kendall J. P., Lieberman, Stisser, Vallely, Scholtz A. A.; FOURTH ROW: Christenson, Booth, Howard, Munsill, Woodman; FIFTH ROW: Jillson, Parker, Wright, Scholtz F. H., Asche, Martin, Emerson, Eagleton, Utter; SIXTH ROW: Macdonald, Schlangen, Burnett, Breckenridge, Fulton, Madigan, Meier, Chace, Stookey; ABSENT: Barry, Card, Catheman, Lockard, Heald, Kendall H. W., Judge, Kaempff, Sheldon, Lee, Maloney.





In the intramural sports picture, the Dekes astounded the college community by finishing first in its league in football. Even more astonishing, Deke won its league in chess and captured the campus bridge tournament. These last two achievements somewhat shocked everyone, and it was wondered by many if Deke were going intellectual. In keeping with this, Deke plans to unfold another surprise when the scholastic standings are announced.

The Dekes have sometimes been criticized as being "individuals"; those who witnessed the last interfraternity sing had to admit that we were considerably "different." If we on the hill occasionally shun convention, if we see fit to pose a monkey mask in our fraternity picture, we do it in the spirit of good fun, and, what is more important to us, we do it as a group. We like our college and our fraternity. While we live and act as the close group that we are, we also hope we are contributing to the general spirit of Amherst.

First Row: Graaskamp, Harvey, MacPhail, Simon, Murphy, Davidson, Greenbaum. Second Row: Chase, Jillson, Parker, Corsiglia, Maxson, Burnett, Scholtz, Casey, Wright. Third Row: Zins, Warner, Coursen, Brennan, Slawson, Littlefield, Wheeler, Neale. Fourth Row: Banks, Peters, Bartholomew, Rayner, Addington, Wiedemann, Werner, Lamberton, Linehan, Millard.





PSI UPSILON



As the members of Psi Upsilon look back upon the year 1951-1952, several highlights stand out in the varied aspects of fraternity life. Last fall, the outstanding social event was homecoming weekend featured by the banquet in honor of the new members, the games with Wesleyan on Saturday, and the many alumni who returned to enjoy the festivities with us. In the intramural field, the championship football team got the chapter off to a good start in the competition for the Trophy of Trophies.

The Parents' Tea held during the weekend of the Bowdoin game was a success for the second straight year, and it is the hope of the fraternity that this event will be continued at Amherst in the future.

Last winter, there was the annual buffet supper and

house sing which followed the Christmas Vesper service in Johnson Chapel. Plans were made to hold the traditional informal party before spring vacation. The Gammie Prom again was the high spot of the fraternity's activity in the spring as it has been in the past years.

With regard to the new social rules as brought forth by the H.M.C., it must be said that Psi U not only has conformed but has adopted voluntary regulations designed to maintain among the brothers a tone of dignity and decorum in all phases of social life.

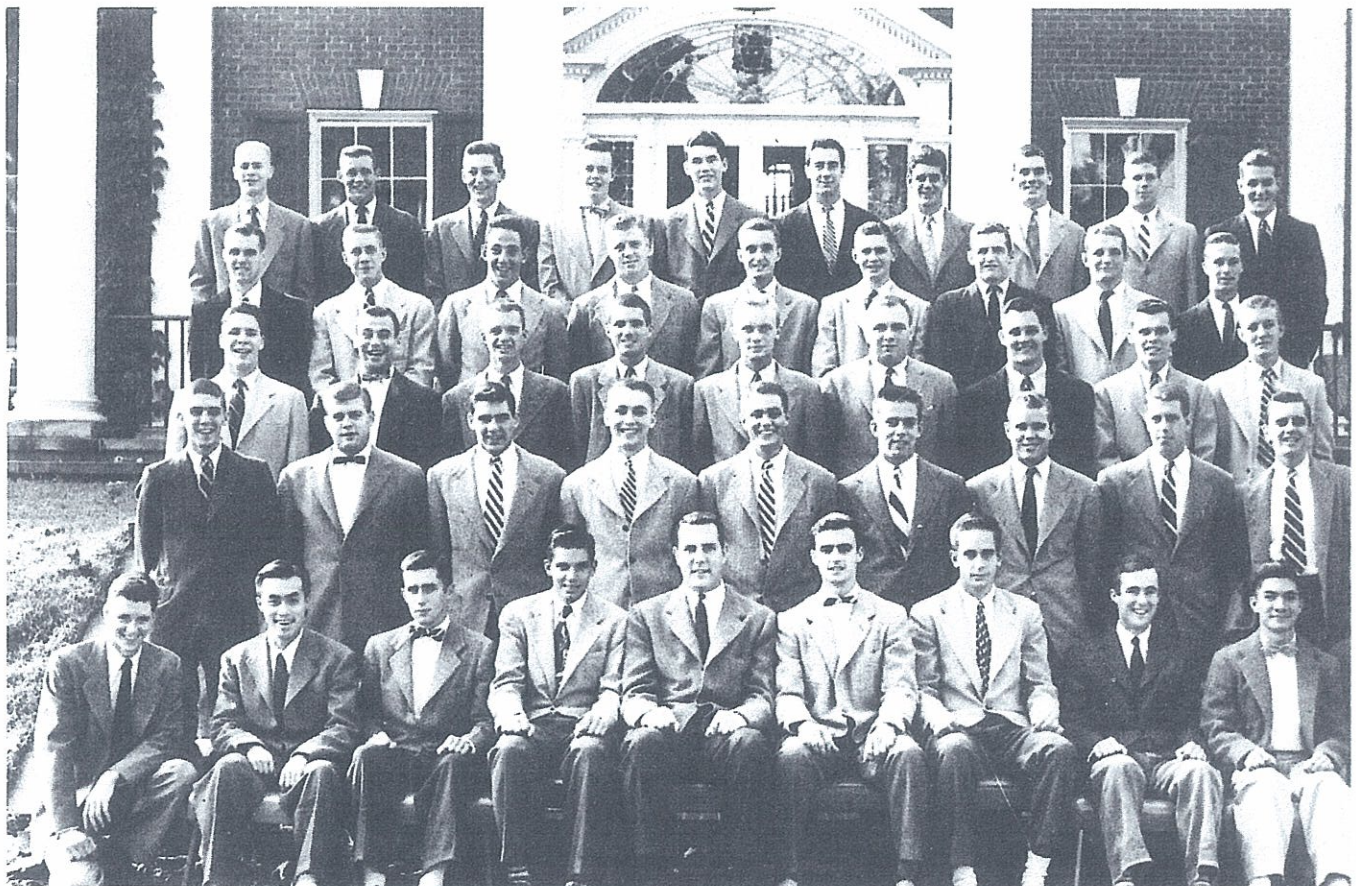
As for improvement of the physical nature of Psi U corner, last spring the entire outside of the house was decorated with a new coat of paint, replacing the dead cream-colored trimming and columns with a new whiteness. Plans are in the making for refurnishing of the living room.

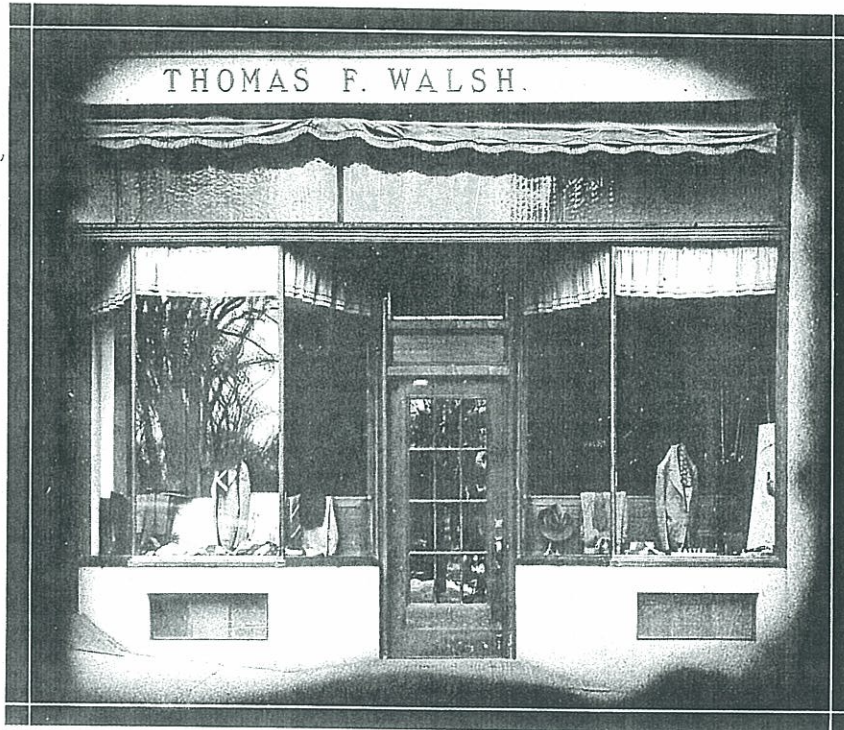


letter winners in football as was goalie Jim Williams in soccer. Regular halfback Henry McDonald was lost to the gridgers because of an injury. In the winter season, Captain Greg McGrath led the wrestlers and Cal Aurand and Bob Holmgren formed the hockey defense. The spring saw Jim Williams captain the golf team while Dick Elton and McGrath competed in track, and Willie Wilson pitched for the baseball team.

Jim Gilligan was sports editor of the *Student*, and Dick Marvin was sports announcer for WAMF. Within the house itself, this delegation has worked hard to maintain the traditions and standards of the fraternity, and under the capable leadership of Presidents Dan Schuster and Bill Wemple, the class of 1952 has set an example of contributions not only to the fraternity but to the college as a whole.

First Row: Gilligan, Okumura, Schleicher, McMullen, Wemple, Schuster, Strait, Granger, Floro, Clark. *Second Row:* Schellenger, Holmgren, Bishop, Keener, Grant, Tulloch, McDonald, Aurand, Stanton. *Third Row:* Gotoff, Boehm, Simonton, Collins, Munroe, Nail, Nichols, Kruidenier, Hollister. *Fourth Row:* Collier, Phillips, Kling, Steuber, Williams, Palmer, Connolly, Blackburn, Wilson. *Fifth Row:* Willemsen, Esty, Arndt, Marvin, Slight, Wiegand, Elton, McGrath, Keady, Pitkin.

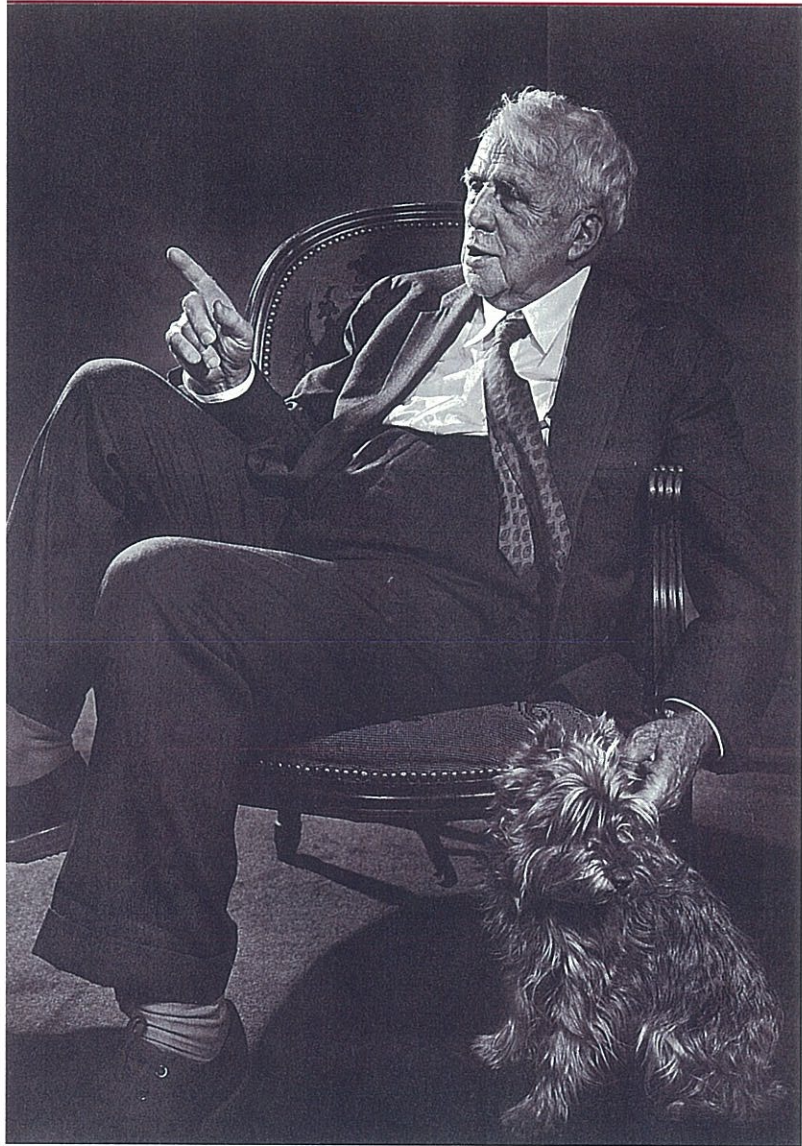




There is always one outstanding men's shop in a community which is noted for its quality merchandise and popular prices. In Amherst it is the HOUSE OF WALSH which for twenty-eight years has been the home of Hickey-Freeman clothes.

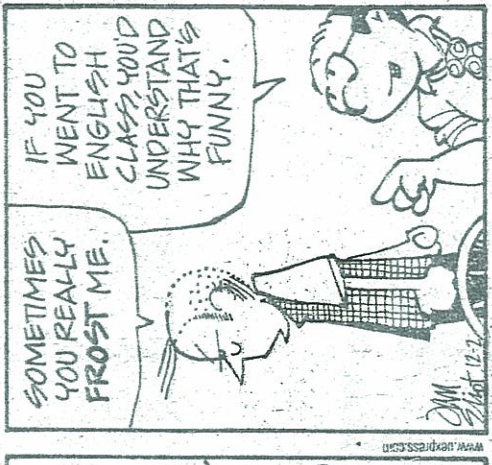
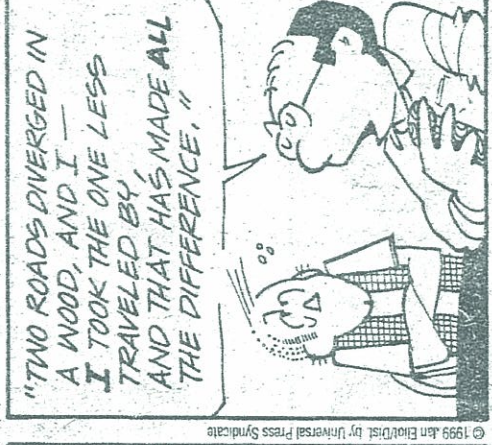
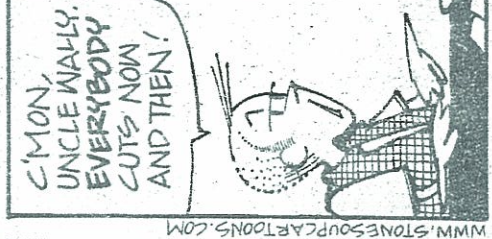
THOMAS F. WALSH

COLLEGE OUTFITTER



STONE SOUP

By Jan Eliot

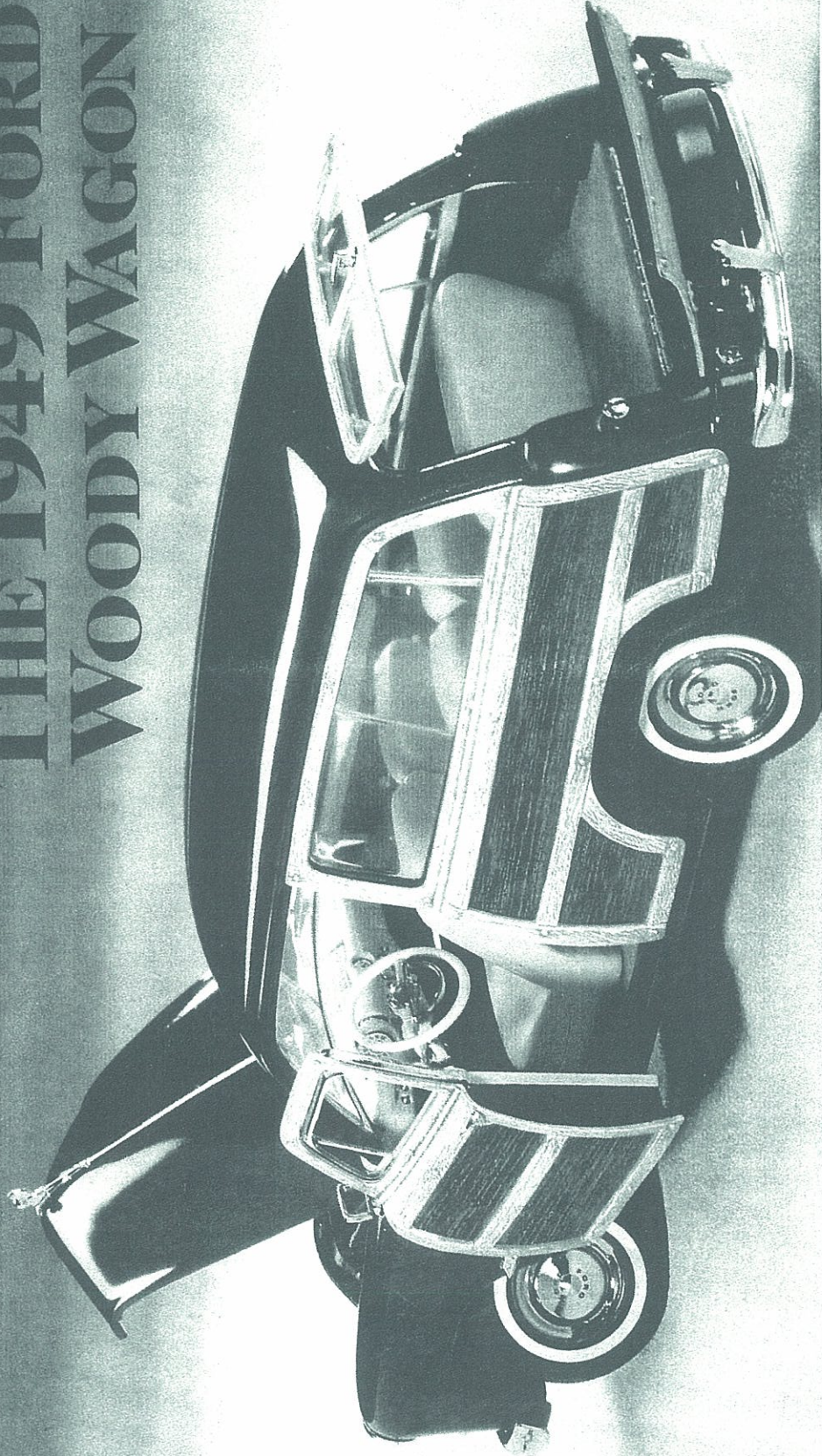


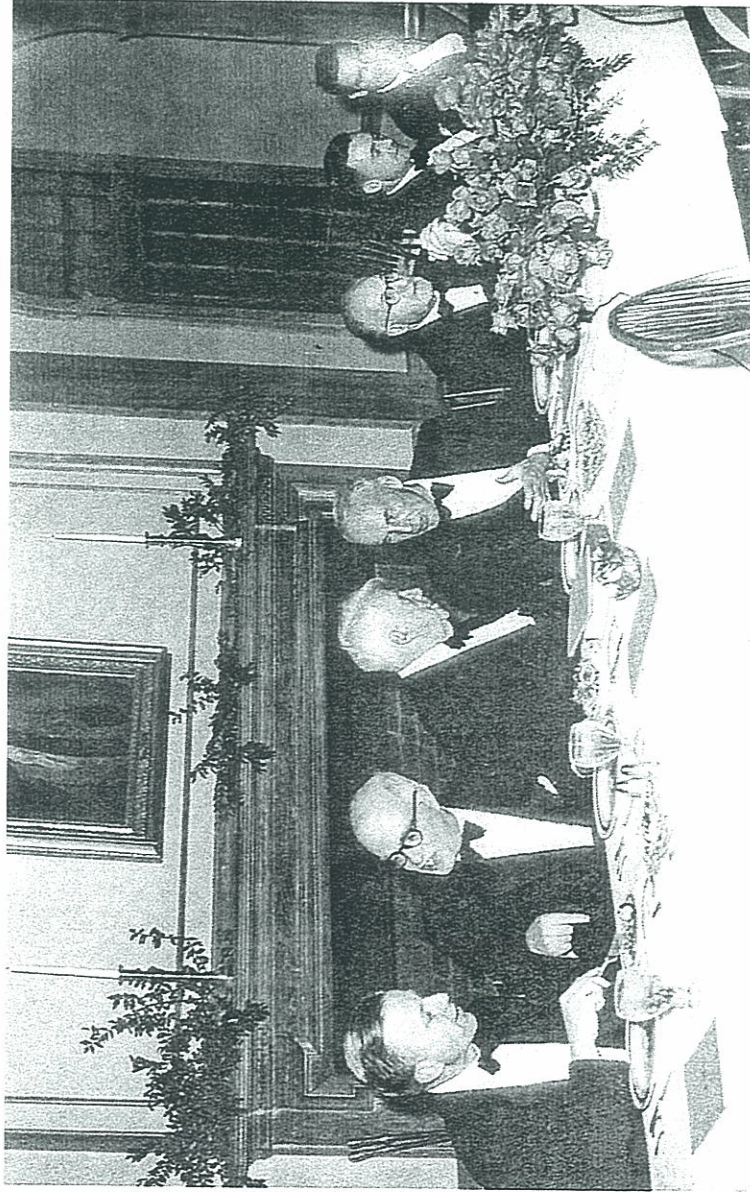
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THE 1949 FORD WOODY WAGON





Frost's eightieth birthday dinner, Amherst, Massachusetts, 1954. Left to right: Charles Cole, Thornton Wilder, Frost, Archibald MacLeish, Louis Untermeyer, Hyde Cox, and Curtis Canfield. (Courtesy Dartmouth College Library)

No one to blame but himself

Dylan Thomas

No Man More Magical.

By Andrew Sinclair.

Illustrated. 240 pp. New York:

Holt, Rinehart & Winston.

\$15.95.

By DONALD DAVIE

Dylan Thomas, the Anglo-Welsh poet, died of his excesses in 1953. I can't be impartial about him, though I never met him. The sort of poetry that he wrote, the taste in poetry that he appealed to and confirmed, above all the notions created by his notorious and disastrous career as to what is a normal relation between a poet and his public—these I had to struggle with when I began writing poems, and they obstruct me still, just as they obstruct (and in too many cases have destroyed) my contemporaries. The late John Berryman and the late Anne Sexton are just two poets who might, I believe, have had longer and happier lives if they hadn't grown up under the shadow of the Dylan legend.

If I'm not impartial, neither, of course, is Andrew Sinclair, who confesses to a "lifelong obsession with Dylan," who at one time was commissioned by the Dylan Thomas Literary Executors, and who plainly means to prejudice the issue by his subtitle. Fair's fair, however. Sinclair has written a much more responsible book than its format and its blurbs seem meant to suggest; and I imagine many a reader, seduced by the glossy photographs and, on the dust jacket, "the best lyric poet of his age...the greatest lyric poet of his age," will feel cheated by Sinclair's mostly sober and judicious narrative. He supplies no colorful roustabout anecdotes and delivers instead such chastening judgments as "he was a poet of the villa and the family," or, "if his rôle of the *enfant terrible* was essentially false, yet he played it to its death and his own." In fact, Sinclair is in some ways altogether too circumspect; because he sets his sights so consistently on Thomas as a private and domestic person, we are supposed to know for ourselves about Thomas's unparalleled fame—when it started, how it grew, who helped it along, who exploited it. Firmly insisting that in the end Thomas's self-destruction can be blamed on no one but Thomas himself, Sinclair rightly resists the sentimentalists who would have it that the poet was "a victim," yet he could still have named the names of those who connived at the self-de-

Donald Davie, an English poet now teaching at Stanford, brought out his "Collected Poems" in 1972.



Dylan Thomas, 1952.

Photograph by Rolfe McKenna.

struction, accelerated it and made show biz money out of it. By not acknowledging how it was Thomas's fame that enabled him to destroy himself, Sinclair cannot deal with what, it seems to me, is the permanent lesson of Thomas's life story—that is to say, what it can mean nowadays for a poet to be famous and popular. His readers, acting out a vulgarized parody of the Romantic idea of the poet as scapegoat, live out vicariously through him all the risks and excesses which they are too timid or prudent to live out for themselves; and they demand that in the end the poet pay—for their fantasies as much as for his own actions—by suicide.

If we ask what "lyric" means when Thomas is called, as he is by Sinclair, "the greatest lyric poet of his time" (in any language, apparently), the answer seems to be just what we've been spelling out: a lyric poet is one who is absolved from all civic responsibilities and all moral restraints on the strict understanding that by enacting his own self-destruction under the spotlights he shall vindicate his public in its resentful acquiescence to the restraints he is absolved from.

Thomas would have followed out this logic easily enough; he was very sharp and unsparing in these matters, as we see whenever Sinclair quotes from his letters and reviews. Indeed, the horror is that Thomas almost certainly knew what was happening to him, even as he went along with it. Sinclair doesn't deny this, but he doesn't bring it out very forcibly.

Probably most people believe, as Andrew Sinclair seems to, that the squalid waste of the life is justified by the handful of poems which that life, and by implication that way of life, made possible. Reasonably enough, in what is a biography not a critical study, Sinclair takes it for granted that the artistic excellence of that handful of poems is universally admitted. It is not. Thomas's gifts were very great; but he used them to achieve effects which are, though powerful, artistically coarse. A taste for them is a taste that cannot respond to the subtleties and delicacies of the best of Thomas's forerunners and contemporaries. And there's evidence that Thomas knew that too. This much we can salute in him—he did not fool himself. ■



AMHERST COLLEGE

Office of the President

October 2001

Greetings to the Class of 1952:

Your Yearbook editors Ralph Engelsman and Jack MacKenzie were kind enough to invite me to write a few words in honor of your 50th Reunion. I am happy to do so and to congratulate the class on this milestone event.

The Class of 1952 has always been a distinguished one. It entered the College in the fall of 1948 with the highest college board scores on record. The *Amherst Student* reported that in selecting the class, Dean of Admission Bill Wilson visited over 100 secondary schools and discouraged unqualified students from seeking admission to Amherst. This advice provided the College with the most thoroughly prepared and best qualified group of candidates in its history. Four years later 43 percent of the class graduated with honors.

Two members of your class served the College as Trustees: Ted Phillips and Nick Evans. Another classmate - Howie Burnett - served as President of Washington & Jefferson College for 28 years. Bob Romer returned to Amherst in 1955 and has devoted his entire teaching career to Amherst undergraduates.

As you read the ensuing pages you will discover, if you didn't know it already, how remarkable and accomplished your classmates are. You have used your Amherst education to light up the world in fulfillment of our motto "Terras Irradiant."

Amherst takes great pride in the Class of 1952 and I look forward to visiting with you as you celebrate your grand 50th Reunion celebration.

All my best,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Tom Gerety".

Tom Gerety

WILLIAM J. PEVERILL

The Wall Street Journal (3/30/01) outlines a strategy for gaining admission to hard-to-get-into schools such as Amherst: Move to Iowa and play the oboe. Once I acquire oboe as a second language, it even seems possible Amherst would admit me once again.

When I enrolled at Amherst in the fall of 1948, I was the only student from Iowa. And I looked it. I have written the story of my transformation from corn-fed wardrobe to the quintessential model that I became for preppy/ivy attire, but that story is too long for submission here. I am still the only lowan in our class. This, together with my recall to the Navy in 1951 (resulting in delaying graduation until 1953), has limited my contacts with Amherst friends. Recently, I concluded that only eight of my Amherst friends would begin to justify the term "*classmate*."

I still work and will continue doing so. For those who inquire, this answer follows: "Mickey Mouse is older than I, and he still works Successfully." The following is an excerpt from our newsletter and purposely somewhat boastful, but will serve as a career(s) summary:

William J. Peverill, CFP, a native Iowa, is an honors graduate of Amherst College and is an MBA from Harvard Business School.

Mr. Peverill specializes in personal and business life insurance planning, with special emphasis on key executive estate planning and financial and benefit plans, utilizing state-of-the-art insurance products and financial planning concepts. His clients range from one-man corporations to Fortune 500 companies.

Like many, I underwent the surgery that adds years to one's life. Unfortunately, the years are at the *end* of the age spectrum. Afterward, I began to consider myself at the dawn of an uncertain autumn and have developed nostalgia for those irretrievable years I have already lived. I have always enjoyed reading and, to a certain extent, writing history (I serve on the Board of the Iowa Historical Foundation.) and have embarked on what for me is the enjoyable task of telling stories, ostensibly for my grandchildren who call me "Pipa Bill."

The *Depression* years and their aftermath were, paradoxically, some of the richest years for both cultural and character development, for the class of 1952 as for the nation as a whole. And, some of my "Stories From Pipa Bill" may serve as social history, at least for my grandchildren. Finding yourself as part of history is frankly an exhilarating experience. I had almost forgotten the episodes and those who "peopled" my early days: modeling clothing; auditioning for "Our Gang" in Hollywood (where Ronald "Dutch" Reagan "babysat" me (1938); close moments spent with such notables as Wilbur Shaw, Marlon Brando, Bud Wilkinson, Cloris Leachman, as well as (at Amherst) Robert Frost and Dylan Thomas.

Coincidentally, our Reunion Chairman, Chuck Beeching, and I share this bit of nostalgia: Our fathers, who knew each other, were both distributors of Packard automobiles. This was when Packard was "cool", arguably the "coolest."

This past year my family's close friendship with Louis Armstrong (My uncle was one of his pallbearers) took one of my stories to new heights as the nation celebrated LA's 100th birthday and Ken Burns made him the "heart and soul" of his *Jazz* film. I was interviewed on NPR and gave lectures about his life and his significance.

I look forward to re-introducing myself to members of the class of 1952, to extending such old friendships as exist, and to bringing you news from the "interior."

Pipa Bill

