



Starting an unusual  
true story – Part I –  
India in the days of  
the Bengal Lancers.

**NOV**  
**1962**

# THE QUILL AND SCROLL OF KAPPA DELTA RHO



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The Very Reverend  
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Garden City, New York

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# THE QUILL AND SCROLL

Official Publication of  
Kappa Delta Rho Fraternity



# THE

## KAPPA DELTA RHO FRATERNITY

Founded at Middlebury on May 17th, 1905 by \*George E. Kimball, Gino A. Ratti, Chester M. Walch, \*Irving T. Coates, \*John Beecher, Thomas H. Bartley, \*Benjamin E. Farr, \*Pierce W. Darrow, Gideon R. Norton and Roy D. Wood.  
\*Deceased

### THE QUILL & SCROLL

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All manuscripts and correspondence submitted for publication should be addressed to the Editor, Charles F. Beck, R.D. No. 1, Macungie, Penna. Photographs should be sharp, glossy prints.

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*member of the national  
interfraternity conference*



president



vice president



asst. secretary



editor



november, 1962  
volume lxxviii, no. 4

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*Credits: Cover illustration by the Editor; Drawing on page 12 by Karl Manahan; Illustration page 9, courtesy The Allentown Call-Chronicle.*

the quill and scroll

november 1962

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## THE EDITOR'S FORUM

In the latter part of August, we were approached by a group of fraternities interested in placing national advertising in their books. Lack of advertising has hampered us in the past, in that your Editor can only allot a tiny portion of his time to solicitation, and we have had very little information upon which to base a promotional program. We certainly *are* interested, for only through regular, national advertising can we expand our efforts. Few people realize that most consumer magazines must rely heavily upon advertising to produce revenue, as subscriptions carry only a minor portion of the financial burden. In our case, this is even more pertinent, for our Trust Fund is our only major source of revenue and with the rise in mailing, and printing service prices over the past years, this fund provides only a fraction of our actual costs today. Any legitimate source of additional revenue certainly requires investigation.

But even with a pooled effort such as anticipated, more than just willingness to accept advertising was needed. We (and the other cooperating groups) were asked to make a survey of approximately 5% of our membership. Preliminary results were announced in our last issue, but now that the first cut-off date has passed, we can report more fully on the outcome. A survey such as that mailed can provide us with much more than a profile of our readership for use in solicitation of advertising. It gives us a clear picture of

the impact of the magazine, the type of person we must reach and a basis upon which to plan future editorial as well as stylistic changes.

I would say that we are in as sound a condition as could be expected. Response will eventually run far above 20% of those questioned. It is even now (October 8th) over 20% . . . an exceptionally good return for a long and complicated survey. A factor we have been trying to pinpoint in past issues has been brought into sharp relief by the figures . . . our widely diversified audience. We are *not* a book appealing to any age group . . . the median figure falls at about 37 years of age. Half our readers are above that age, half below. One quarter of our readers are over 50. One quarter are below 28 years of age. With such an audience it is doubly difficult to please *everyone*, but we have succeeded to a degree that is rather astounding. Of those who answered the survey, only 1% did not read the magazine! And 83% of those who read the magazine read it regularly, compared to 16% occasional readers. College alumni publications in comparison show lower percentages. 7% do not read their college magazine at all. 66% are regular readers and 27% are occasional readers. Despite the fact that almost all our audience reads the magazine, there are individuals it does *not* please. 79% were either enthusiastic or stated that the magazine was interesting. The remainder claimed either that the magazine was moderately interesting, partially interesting, not particularly interesting or just plain uninteresting . . . This is the group which we must pull into the fold of interested readers if we are to make further progress, and we must do so without losing those who are now interested in our book. The diffusion of interests shown in our random sampling makes this goal a most difficult one.



Every third person answering had a different occupation in broad, comprehensive categories . . . (i.e., Finance, Manufacturing, Law, Education, etc.). Salaries range from under \$5,000 to over \$50,000 yearly. There is no *average* K.D.R., and there never can be, as each is an individual with individual needs and wants. But we can try to construct a fictitious median K.D.R. This mythical person would have an income of approximately \$12,500 a year. He would be married, with 2 children about 11 years of age. He would own his home, a house costing \$24,000 and might own one or two cars (half the respondents owned one car; the other half owned 2 or more). The car(s) would be more than likely Chevrolet(s). His major sports interest would be Football; hobbies would include (in order of preference) Golfing, Swimming, Bowling and Photography. He may or may not travel in his business life . . . half do, half don't.

From the Editor's point of view, we were very happy to note that 42% of those answering the survey decided to sign their names to it . . . this was optional, and was not required. All statistics of course are completely confidential, but the fact that nearly half of those approached were willing to stand up and be counted bodes well for the future of our fraternity.

There were some sour spots too—it isn't all sweetness and light. Only 14% attended graduate or undergraduate meetings . . . and only a little over 1% attended National Conventions. A certain amount of this must be excused in that many live in areas where it would be impossible to attend meetings. Business pressures on alumni often prevent attendance, also, but there is no getting around the fact that the percentages are very, very low. There is always one joker in every crowd—and we are not lacking.

One "brother" thought so little of his fraternity's efforts to give him a better magazine as to fill in a questionnaire and mail it back at our expense, with spurious remarks instead of answers. Very funny.

Certain of the questions took on a foolish light when applied to specific business affiliations. And we had our share of genuine humor in the answers. One clergyman, confronted with a listing of special activities (including the word "church") replied "endless" in the blank space beyond the word. An Air Force officer, upon being asked "Do you travel in your work, and if so, how many trips a year" stated "many"—but the question had its obvious incongruity. Another person being asked what brands of liquor he preferred, dutifully went through Bourbon, Scotch, Gin, Canadian and Wine but when he came to Rye, could think of nothing else but "ugh". Some friendly, but unsolicited criticism of our editorial policy also appeared. One comment is worthy of attention as it is largely true: "There aren't enough 'important' articles".

We *have* been, generally, self-centered. This was and is of tremendous importance to the fraternity. It has taken a large degree of "self-centering" to bring us back into a cohesive unit. On the other hand, we need a broader outlook and more incisive articles. But where can we get them? We have no staff, no reporters, little time. We *do* have alumni in every major field of endeavor whose life in politics, government, law, industry and education could provide us with adult, topical material—and this is our only chance to escape our myopic circle. These are not by any means the only occupations to which these words apply. So I'm passing the gauntlet on to you—if you want a better book, contribute to it!

our new

## *alternate directors*

In the late-mailing September issue we promised to keep reporting on all our elected officers. Alternate Directors are elected for a two year term and serve in place of any Director who may be absent from a Director's meeting. While their official duties appear to be chiefly honorary, the Alternate Directorate has served for many years as a training ground for future officers and directors. We are pleased to present the following group to the fraternity at large:

### **THOMAS A. PYLE**

Tom was Zeta's Consul in 1953-54, graduating in the latter year with a B.A. in Labor-Management Relations. He spent three years with the Marine Corps as a news and publicity writer, leaving the service as a Sergeant. In 1959 he received an M.S. in Public Relations from Boston University. After serving with the Boston University Development Staff, he joined the New York Fund Raising Firm of Kersting, Brown & Co., Inc. where he is now employed.



### **HAROLD S. LOCKE**

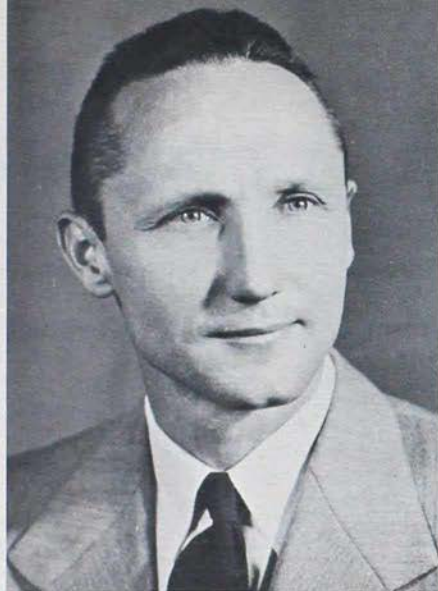
Hal attended Ohio State and was a Welding Engineering Major. During World War II he served in the Signal Corps attached to the 8th Air Force. He has been with the Columbus Division of North American Aviation for eleven and a half years, presently a Tool Engineer. Hal has been President of the Kappa Alumni and Housing Corporation for eight years and has been an effective force in the current revival of interest at Kappa. He is married and has one son.



### **C. LAWRENCE WHEELER**

Larry is a senior at Lafayette, majoring in Economics. He has been active in undergraduate activities including membership in the Commerce Club and Investment Club. He is Secretary of the IFC and holds the rank of Cadet Major on the Brigade Staff of ROTC. Larry is a member of the Marching Band and the Lafayette Choir. In the chapter, he is the current Consul and has held other elective positions. He hopes to enter graduate study in Business Administration.





**S. JOSEPH HOUSE**

Joe graduated from Middlebury and was Chapter Consul in 1941. He was in the Marine Corps during 1941-46 and is a retired Colonel in the USMC Reserve. After the War, he received his M.S. at Columbia and served as Instructor at the University of Nebraska for 4 years, leaving to become Dean of Men at Carroll College, Waukesha, Wisc. He is now Dean of Students at Newark (N.J.) College of Engineering. He is V. P. of the Evening Student Personnel Association.



**ROBERT W. CARPENTER**

Bob is a recent graduate of the University of California where he majored in Political Science. He served the chapter as Consul and was a delegate to the 1960 National Convention held at Nu chapter. After graduating, Bob entered the Naval Air Reserve with six months active duty at Jacksonville, Florida. He is currently employed by the Accounting Division of the Standard Oil Company of California. He now lives at Berkeley, close to the California campus.



**L. WALTER SCHULTZE**

"Dutch" graduated in 1942 from N. Y. State Teacher's College, and has a Masters and a Doctorate from Penn State. In sequence, he has been a Project Engineer for U. S. Rubber; served 4 years in the Navy; taught as an instructor at Penn State; became associate professor at N. Y. State University and is currently the Director of Admissions at the latter institution. He is a member of many organizations including Phi Delta Kappa and the National Education Association.

## ALPHA

Robert J. Baskin  
David W. Eaton  
Robert P. Youngman

## DELTA

Gregory F. Auleta  
John T. Bacchetti  
Richard K. Berke  
David M. Bonner  
Stanley W. Calkins, Jr.  
Robert W. Claeson  
Geoffrey M. Craig  
Royal A. Drews  
Gary L. Greenhouse  
Robert V. Gustavson  
Jeffrey P. Jensen  
Kenneth M. Kramer  
George J. Lopos  
Joseph P. Losquadro  
Henry F. Malarkey  
Edwin C. Mallory  
Thomas Roy Martin  
Glen E. Mease  
Anthony Michaels  
James D. Oestreich  
George P. Quackenbos  
John M. Siegel  
Donald K. Smith  
Alexander G. Sundberg  
William M. Thompson  
Arthur H. Weber  
Allan C. Whipple  
Peter R. Whipple  
Gordon S. White, Jr.  
Charles R. Williamson, III

## EPSILON

David T. Bower  
James H. Eskridge

## ROY R. GRAHAM

Robert S. Kish  
David C. Leone  
Howard S. Lyon  
Fred E. Matix  
L. Phillip Palmer  
Frederick W. Schmitz  
David I. Spritzler  
James J. Thornton  
Michael D. Tofolo  
James G. Wheelchel  
Peter C. McKinney

## ZETA

John W. Bryson  
John W. Cochran  
Mark T. Daniels  
Michael D. Dzvonik  
Thomas H. Garrett, Jr.  
Paul F. Hummer, II  
John W. Johnston  
Raymond W. Keffer  
Theodore H. Kijanka  
Charles B. Knisley  
John R. Kosko  
Edward J. Lattanzio  
Richard H. Lentz  
Harry L. Maurer  
Gary L. Nalbandian  
Francis X. Scheidell, III  
William A. Siverling  
James R. Spahr  
Gary M. Stiles  
David N. Summers

## ETA

Thomas F. Anton  
John H. Dolske  
Stephen R. Duguid  
Richard C. Greenwold

## NEW MEMBERS OF KAPPA DELTA RHO

This listing of new fraternity members comes from the files of our national offices, and is current as of June 30th, 1962. These men may *not* have been initiated during the past year, but their *forms* have been *processed* during the July 1-June 30th year. If you feel your name should have been included on this listing, first check with your chapter to be *certain* that your initiation form has been sent to the national office. Much confusion would be eliminated if the appropriate chapter officer forwarded all forms promptly after initiation. If your chapter *has* sent in the form and your name is *not* on the list, let us know by writing Kappa Delta Rho, Inc., Oprandy Building, 481 North Dean Street, Englewood, N. J.

Thomas A. Haeger  
Richard A. Kvale  
Kenneth F. Osika  
John D. Reed  
Darwin L. Rhoda  
Lloyd C. Schwanebeck  
Roger B. Terry  
Richard A. Wanner

David W. Morley  
Thomas A. O'Connor  
James W. Prech  
John C. Rinas  
Roger Deane Smith  
Errol C. Spears  
David M. Stevens  
William R. Stover  
Robert B. Walters

John R. Mueller  
Lawrence H. Pinto  
William R. Pogue  
Robert S. Poliner  
Roger T. Powers, Jr.

## KAPPA

John R. Hall  
Raymond deLauder Morton  
Harold R. Povenmire

## IOTA

Edward W. Acly  
Roy C. Barker  
Glenn A. Cortelyou  
Michael S. Davis  
Ronald R. Dow  
David E. Hill  
Stephen H. Larrabee, Jr.  
Alexander McClinchie, III

## LAMBDA

Arthur H. Earle  
Robert C. Granville  
John R. McKinnon  
David C. Mattek  
Richard T. Myer, Jr.

(continued on page 24)

## THETA

Brian L. Almashy  
Thomas J. Aylward  
Thomas P. Fenton  
William P. Frazier  
Jack Bradley Freeman  
James R. Hall  
Val Frank Kimber, III  
Louis A. Liporace  
Robert J. Miller

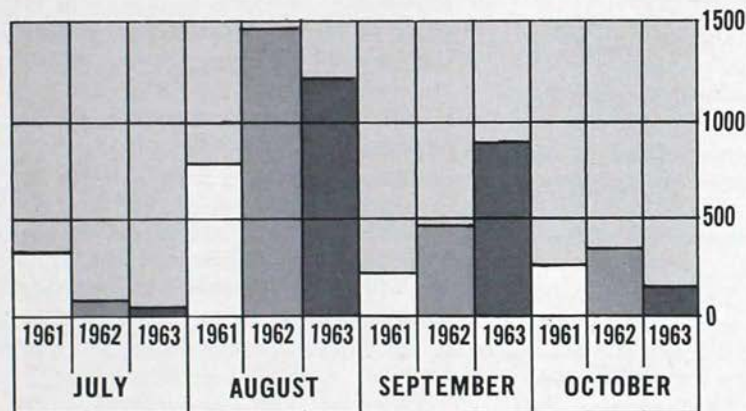


## LOYALTY FUND GOAL: \$1.00 PER MAN!

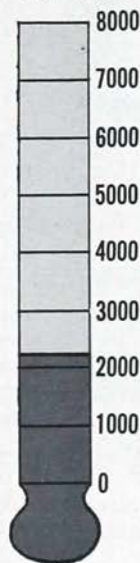
The Loyalty Fund was off to a modest improvement in starting figures as shown by the chart below, but this was due almost entirely to a less precipitous dropoff in the month of September than previously. There is still a *tremendous* hurdle to go in reaching our announced goal. Should it be so hard to shell out one buck? Don't consider it being cheap to send in such a

lowly figure . . . we're grateful for the dollar-men!

Every dollar invested in your national fraternity today is a working dollar. Let's get behind our officers and give them the tools to do a better job. They are willing, even eager to make a better showing, and this is one small way *you* can "get into the act" in person.



\$1 from each man will fill it!



Clip and Mail to:

Kappa Delta Rho Fraternity

P.O. Box 157, Jericho, N. Y.

loyalty fund  
drive

The continued vitality of the National Fraternity is dependent to large extent upon *your* active interest both in deeds and money. Fill out this coupon today to be certain you are represented in its expansion.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

Amount of Contribution.....

Zone.....

Year Graduated.....

Chapter.....

Be certain your check or Money Order is enclosed before mailing.

## change of address form

If you have changed your address recently or intend to within the next 40 days, clip off this form and mail to:

Kappa Delta Rho Fraternity  
Oprandy Bldg. 481 No. Dean St.  
Englewood, N. J.

### NEW ADDRESS:

Name..... Chapter.....

Address..... Year Grad.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

### OLD ADDRESS:

Street.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

## THE OUTFIELD

*We started 1962 with a new department entitled "Out in Left Field" but there is more to the problem of everyday life than the red menace. We still feel that the infiltration of our nation by a foreign group sworn to bury us is in fact the major danger, however the problems inherent in the far right cannot be overlooked in a broad coverage of radical development. Therefore, what better name for a continuing report on the entire area than The Outfield . . . be it left or right, it's far out . . . which is exactly where we'd like to keep it!*

● A Special Committee of the American Bar Association stated that colleges and high schools faced "a pressing need" to present regular courses on Communism . . . to contrast its system with that of liberty under law.

● The decision of any college or university president to ban the appearance on the campus of a person judged by the courts as an agent of a foreign power is completely within his right to make. The issue of "academic freedom" can not possibly hold water . . . but it represents the insidious manner in which black can be made to look

white; right can be made to look wrong.

● Bucknell University had "A Tempest in a Crackpot" (the president's words) lately when a student organization asked avowed Nazi leader George Rockwell to speak on campus. The invitation was withdrawn when it became apparent that there was a regulation to the effect that any student who contributes to the unlawful use or damage of University property would be severely disciplined. As Rockwell's previous appearances at other places had often incited rioting, the possible consequences became apparent.

● Q: Do we steer a middle course, neither left nor right?

A: We should try to steer an American course, which will not put up with state control of mind, possessions, lives and personal freedom—nor will allow a "leader" to become a dictator over us.

● Q: Isn't it better to be Red than Dead?

A: Ask any survivors of a Fascist or Communist prison camp—they'll give you a resounding, emphatic, "NO." ■



# the longest run in football history!

While realizing that the longest run in football history could not possibly produce any points, the Brothers of Rho decided to call the play regardless.

Lafayette won it's opening game against Muhlenberg on September 22. Coming up on the following week-end was the game with the University of Pennsylvania; Lafayette had failed to beat Penn in 13 straight games. Since there was hope of defeating Penn this season, Rho decided that they would make an effort to help build school spirit for the game, and remembering the stunt that the Brothers at Indiana University did with a basketball, it was decided to run a "football fiasco."

On the Friday night before the game, the Lafayette football captain handed off the winning ball from the previous week's winning game to the first group of KDR runners. In a period of sixteen hours, and by way of four groups, the ball was carried from Easton to Philadelphia, a distance of 60 miles, and on to the football field to the accompaniment of the hurrahs of the waiting fans.

Rho, incidentally, will accept gratefully any donations of rubbing alcohol, Bengue, etc. from the other Chapters.

*P.S. Despite these heroics, the final score was Penn 13, Lafayette 11. The photograph shown here was released on the Associated Press wire and was used by newspapers across the country.*



*Front row from the left, Paton, Captain Shane, Bilheimer;  
back row, Murdock, Johnson, Cucinell and Martins.*



#### **Lt. Robert H. Anderson**

*Lambda '61*, son of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar N. Anderson, 783 Cary dr., San Leandro, Calif., completed the eight-week officer orientation course at The Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga., Sept. 11.

#### **Private Gaspare R. Chiofalo**

*Beta Alpha '61*, recently completed an eight-week clerical course under the Reserve Forces Act program at The Armor Center, Fort Knox, Ky.

#### **2nd Lt. Bruce L. Davis** (above, rt.)

*Beta '61*, of Union Springs, N. Y., has been commissioned a second lieutenant in the United States Air Force upon graduation from Officer Training School.



Lieutenant Davis was selected for the training course through competitive examinations with other college graduates. He is married to the former Dana E. Prince of 36 Lakeview Lane, Barrington, Ill.

The lieutenant has been reassigned to Sewart AFB, Tenn., for duty.

#### **S.P. 4 Paul Hering**

*Zeta*, current address is R. A. 13662946, 2nd Armed Division Band, Fort Hood, Texas. He would like to hear from his friends in the fraternity.

#### **Major Herbert W. Leneker**

*Gamma '43*, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Harvey Leneker, Canastota, N. Y., recently began the 38-week regular course at The Command and General Staff College, Fort Leavenworth, Kan.

Major Leneker is one of 750 U. S. and allied officers receiving instruction to qualify him for command and general staff duties at division, corps and field army level.

The college, the Army's senior tactical school, was established in 1881 as the School of Application of Infantry and Cavalry.

#### **Lt. William W. Malleson, III**

*Zeta '62*, 22, of Skytop, Pa., completed the officer orientation course at The Quartermaster School, Fort Lee, Va., Sept. 7th, 1962.

#### **Pvt. David B. Mitchell**

*Beta '59*, of 207 S. Fourth st., Fulton, N. Y., recently completed eight weeks of advanced individual armor training under the Reserve Forces Act program at The Armor Training Center, Fort Knox, Ky.

He received his master's degree in industrial engineering in 1960 from Cornell and was employed by Procter and Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio.



**Lt. Steven A. Smith**

*Iota '62*, son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Smith, 149 Carolina ave., Hempstead, N. Y., completed the eight-week field artillery officer orientation course at The Artillery and Missile Center, Fort Sill, Okla., Sept. 14, 1962.



**2nd Lt. William W. Welsh (above)**

*Beta Alpha '61*, of Levittown, Long Island, N. Y., has been commissioned a second lieutenant in the United States Air Force upon graduation from Officer Training School at Lackland Air Force Base, Texas.

Lieutenant Welsh was selected for the training course through competitive examinations with other college graduates. The lieutenant has been reassigned to Castle Air Force Base, Calif., for duty as an air police officer.

**Lt. John P. Whitehead, Jr. (right)**

*Xi '61*, of Watertown, Conn., has been awarded United States Air Force pilot wings following his graduation from pilot training at Moody Air Force Base, Georgia.

Lieutenant Whitehead flew T-37 and T-33 jet trainers during the year-long flying training course. He also received special academic and military training. He is being reassigned to Otis AFB, Mass., to fly C-121 aircraft.

He and his wife, the former Joan Davis of 216 Morro St., Oakville, Conn., have a son, John, III.



The United States is sending some of its most outstanding young men and women as Peace Corps Volunteers to the developing nations. As teachers, engineers, nurses, coaches and surveyors, and in community development work, these Volunteers are providing leadership and knowledge to people throughout the world. Fraternities and sororities have prided themselves on their ability to attract and develop leadership. Responsibility, too, has come with this leadership.

Let me suggest that an even greater responsibility and challenge awaits you now. The chance to serve overseas, and thus to continue the work of more than 4,000 Peace Corps Volunteers now in the field, offers a rare fulfillment and experience. Contact the Peace Corps Liaison Officer on your campus, or write directly to PEACE CORPS, College and University Division, Washington 25, D. C.

THE PEACE CORPS, R. SARGENT SHRIVER, JR., DIRECTOR

## MEET YOUR ALUMNI



DR. DUANE  
SPENCER  
HATCH

Seldom have we had the opportunity to present as colorful and kaleidoscopic series of articles as those which start in this issue, written by Dr. D. Spencer Hatch, Beta '15. Dr. Hatch has served his fellow man in remote and lonely areas of the world unknown to most of us, and his stories memorably recount the pageant of his life from early college days to the present. The first article, following, covers portions of 1916 and 1917 when "Chick", as he likes to be known, first saw the India of British Empire days. Succeeding articles will cover other portions of Asia, Central America and the United States. ■

november 1962

## WORKING W Part I-INDIA, Alon

"General Townsend's army has been besieged for months by Turks and Germans at Kut el Amara on the Tigris; suffering is terrible. Cut off from supplies, they have eaten weeds, grass, bark and roots of trees, dogs, rats, even all their horses. There are sick and wounded. We want to select two Cornell men for relief work among them." So spoke John R. Mott in a series of mass meetings held at Cornell near the end of the college year, 1916.

About to finish my Master's degree studies, I was appointed to go. Urgency was the word. I took the first train after commencement, to the old farm to say goodbye to my folks, and on to New York to sail. My trunk never caught up with me so I bought a new one and went on board an old French ship, July 1st. Its name had been changed to S. S. Chicago in hope for greater safety as the United States was not yet in the war.

*July 29, 1916. Bombay, India.* Landed in the pouring, steaming-hot, monsoon night, impressed by the hundreds of noisy coolies loading and unloading ships—war materials.

*July 30. The Great Let-Down.* Early in the morning we found the Director of Army Relief Services, Roy Whitehorn, a former Cambridge University blue. "When do we sail for Mesopotamia?" He acted as though he had never heard of the place. The need for



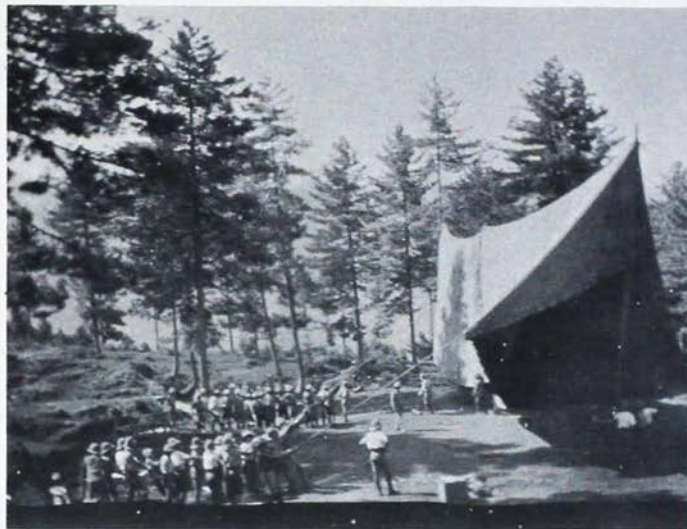
# THE... by D. Spencer "Chick" Hatch the Afghan Frontier

new workers was now in India: the Mesopotamian urgency for which Mott had recruited us had bled India of her best secretaries. India was full of troops, convalescing, training, or moving to new war fronts. India, not Mesopotamia needed us now.

*Aug. 1-28.* We were sent southward to Bangalore for a few weeks of training. Then I received a most interesting, next-best assignment.

Thousands of conscripted soldiers from England, Ireland, Wales, and Scotland, who did not want to be at war at all, had deserted or had committed war crimes. Out along the scorching, barren Afghan border in the Northwest Frontier Province of India, there were hardened regular army regiments such as the Durham Light Infantry. The War Office in London decided to send a large number of the delinquent conscripts out there to serve with the seasoned regulars to be disciplined by them. This would be their punishment and perhaps make them of some use in the great war effort.

Now came the typical war-time 'blunder.' These conscripts were shipped to Karachi, there packed into box cars and sent on a train journey of several days across the burning Sindh desert—destination Northwest Frontier, to be attached to regular units. Unused to the heat, without ventilation or cooling arrangements, without sufficiency of water, large numbers died on the train; many others were ill from heat-stroke, desert fevers, dysentery. To salvage as much as possible from this mistake, now publicized as a major scandal, the survivors were sent, not to be disciplined on the hot plains, but to recuperate in the cool and beautiful Murray Hills on the border of Kashmir. I was to hurry the whole length of India,



*The soldiers helping erect the large marquee, or field tent, to be used for Brother Hatch's YMCA program.*

northward, for relief work among them. Some of the dependable Durham Light Infantry were sent up to be in charge of them.

*Sept. 16-Nov. 22.* Rawat—15 miles beyond Murray. I rode down here over the rough old Kashmir trail on a small hill pony. We set up camp. The soldiers helped me set up a very large marquee which could hold 1000 men; back of it they put up a small tent for me to sleep in. I was called 'the last white man.'

We were now in a bracing climate. Idleness and a minimum of discipline did nothing to improve behaviour. The guards tents were full. Some men were so unruly they were 'crucified': pegged flat on their backs to the ground outside the guard tents at night.

november 1962



Some of them disturbed the camp by yelling lustily. I ministered to needs as best I could, visited the sick, gave educational lectures, especially about the lands and the people which now surrounded us. I held a Bible class in my small tent which boasted nothing but a cot and my trunk, my passport and possessions locked in it.

We soon discovered many talents among the soldiers and officers. One night, as a packed audience thoroughly enjoyed a variety show, a military policeman called me aside to ask, "Sir, didn't you have a large box in your tent? Actors are dressing in there and we can't find the box." I piloted the show through, and then by lantern-light went out along the steep rocky paths with the M.P.'s and other soldiers, searching. We soon found the trunk, cracked open, empty. The soldiers, of course, exclaimed, "The damned



*The small British wall tent in which the Thompson robbery was perpetrated.*

natives." Then just at the side they found a puttee and holding it to the light read, "D.L.I." which meant not 'damned natives' but Durham Light Infantry. The thief was one of their own men. He had to work fast, so instead of leaving my personal things such as my mother's photo and those of my fraternity brothers and the college girls I had known, he evidently bundled everything into a sheet and stumbled off down the rocky mountain-side. And he took my passport: a most important document in his plan.

Some days later army police found a personable, young officer registered as Lieut. Chambers, dressed in my clothes, forty miles away in Rawalpindi, in the Imperial Hotel. On the evening of the variety show he had been Private Thompson, imprisoned in the guard tent for stealing blankets from a fellow soldier. While the M.P.'s were so kindly and enthusiastically helping me with the show, Thompson escaped, dragged away my trunk and stole the contents.

Evidently, during his attendance at my Bible class, the lesson had failed to occupy his mind fully. He perceived that he and I looked very much alike, and worked out his scheme to escape from India in my clothes with my passport. He was brought back. The court martial dragged on long after we left these hills, as his ingenious schemes demanding witnesses from distances, his loss of memory, earned him the decision 'temporarily insane, not responsible at the time.' The only things recoverable were a sun-helmet and a suit of clothes so filthy it had to be burned. As a civilian I could collect no damages or refunds on the many expensive trips to the court martial.

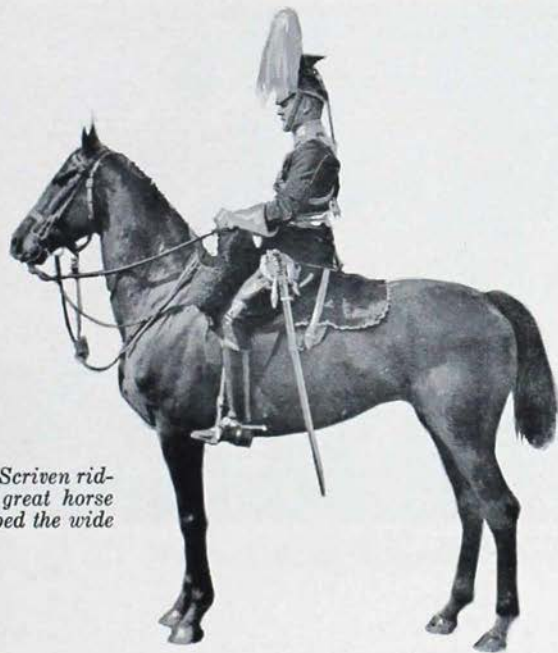
Convalescent soldiers from many regiments came and went. They were interesting: I learned to tell a chap's home county by his dialect. When the bracing climate had sufficiently improved the general standard of health, we were moved down to the originally-intended plains, Risalpur. The name means 'the place of the horses'; and horses we had: the proud 21st Empress of India's Own Lancers, the Royal Horse Artillery, the Flying Corps and the Indian Mule Transport Corps; just to the north of us two regiments of Indian Cavalry.

War or no war, the British kept this permanent base and these forces, here. In a way the British used the wild tribes of the Northwest Frontier and their tribal territories as buffer states, security



against their erstwhile powerful enemy, Afghanistan, but these tribes themselves had to be kept in order. Stalwart Muslim hill-tribesmen lived in the barren hills, looked down on the fields and villages of the plains and believed that God meant the people of those villages to share with them; so they made periodic raids, carried away crops, livestock, and women. The British then made punitive expeditions against them.

The soldiers began to tell me about their recent war with the Mohmand tribe. Lt. Col. Scriven leading the charge on a horse of superior strength, had jumped a wide *nullah*. All the other horses had to get down into the ditch and up and out again. By that time the Colonel, alone among the enemy, was killed. All the other officers were brought down. One was shot sixteen times above the



*Lt. Col. Scriven riding the great horse that leaped the wide nullah.*

waist; his horse managed to survive three bullet wounds. The third officer had his horse shot from under him. So well do the tribesmen know how the British soldier wins through implicitly following his officer's orders, that they try to pick off the officers first. One Bombadier who picked up the body of the Colonel during the battle, carried it out on his horse, and laid it down in front of Commanding General Davies. He was awarded the Victoria Cross. Later he became one of my good helpers.

I had grown up with and loved horses, so was delighted to be with the Lancers. The cavalry draws superior men, taller of stature than the average, and of high intellect and courage. Riding Sgt. Major Moran invited me to train in the riding school, including the jumping. Every morning before light we were out for long practice runs over the desert, negotiating rough ground and *nullahs*, fording the Kabul River.

The Royal Horse Artillery, hauled big guns on wheels over the rough terrain: . . . a thrilling sight. This branch of the service also drew a superior type of men. They had a hall which they loaned me for an Army YMCA. By invitation I ate in their sergeant's mess. Here, as later in Mesopotamia, the army gave me 'officer's status without definite rank.' This was most useful in certain predicaments but to exercise an officer's status in daily life would raise a barrier which a well-disciplined soldier could not help feeling. I lived plainly as one of the men.

Nov. 23, 1916. My text tonight: How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? Psa. 137. No chaplain. I am the only one who can supervise divine services or adult education, except of course, the military kind. Between engagements time hangs heavily for these soldiers; they could learn . . . they need amusement . . . they've been away from home for years and they see no end to the war. We have to learn to sing under these unnatural conditions.

Cavalry sports in the afternoon. How they can ride! The officer's horse, recovered from his three bullet wounds when his rider was killed with sixteen shots, raced today. The other horse (which had a bullet right through his brain) also raced, seemed as good as ever. Amazing! Capt. Godfrey won the tent pegging contest; he was an Olympic contestant. Never shall forget the finish of the last race, after dark, when the horses leapt through the fire.



Nov. 24. Sixty percent of the Devans have fever; the rest are at the front.

Nov. 25. We have to wear spine pads as well as helmets. Corp. Morgan told me of his chum he left in the desert and how he could not talk when sun-stroked . . . Looking at pictures of girls back home, they said, this shows what we are giving up. Whitehorn says if I can make good at Risalpur, I can make good anywhere.

Nov. 26. The KOK has arrived. French movie machine, makes its own light as we turn the handle. It's a wonderful boost. I stood in the back of the hall, listening to the men laugh and laugh, and I thanked God for Charlie Chaplin.

Nov. 27. After midnight, just finished my home letter. Better than 3 a.m. last week, but I am determined that never will a mail steamer leave without taking one letter home. Late getting at it because some convalescent fever patients straggled across from the hospital to my room. I gave them a moving picture show on the wall. Since we ride before light each morning, it makes long days.

Dec. 8. More grousing at the movie show about delays while splicing film. Films about worn out when they arrive here. Some of the soldiers walk out. What can I do?

Dec. 15. Amazingly simple solution. I had to stop the griping; put an entrance fee of one anna (two cents). No complaining: the men have a vested interest and are now going to get their money's worth. They are patient, help with repairs, are bound the show shall end successfully. One problem solved.

Dec. 23. Many already drunk for Christmas.

Dec. 24. Had a good vesper service. Just as Johnnie Jones and I got to my door, a Lancer appeared, all wet. He had been in a ditch, said he was a *tora* (little) intoxicated. We showed him the way to "A" Squadron . . . Letter from home with notice of burning of the old S. S. Chicago which took us from New York to France, six months ago.

Jan. 1, 1917. Driver Baynes, R.H.A., in the corner bed. I am ashamed I have let the poor fellow lie there so long and not found him before. He is discouraged . . . Get real joy out of giving entertainments and seeing what it means in these hospitals and in those at Mowshera five miles away. I go there on a bike or in a two-

wheeled *tonga*. Easier down the hill, but a real pull back, and a bit frightening late at night.

Jan. 6. Saddened to find Baynes out of his head: he didn't recognize me and was suffering terribly.

Jan. 7. Baynes, poor chap, better; makes me feel brighter. His cheery friend George in the next bed is a good lesson. He has been in the hospital ever since he came to India, nine months ago, but he always says, 'Oh, I'm much better, I'll be out in a few days now.'

Jan. 21. All was dark in camp last night and I had started the moving picture machine, throwing a fine clear picture onto a screen stretched between the camps. One gunner was operating the machine, another with a bombardier was playing some good music on my gramophone beneath the screen. I walked around be-



Off for the Outstation; Brother Hatch at right.



hind the big crowd of soldiers, mere boys some of them, others with more than twenty years of service, and all of them so far from home and loved ones—I looked from them up to the stars above, so bright in the oriental night, and I prayed that somehow God would make his presence and nearness felt by them.

*Jan. 25.* Have been with five Artillery batteries in addition to our own Horse Artillery on camp out-station maneuvers. Slept on the ground in the Commanding Officer's tent. Misty cold morning when we left. Had four coolies to carry my blankets, gramophone, bioscope and other equipment. Walked about a mile to wait for transport. To while the time away I started the gramophone and out of the fog appeared at least a hundred Indian tribesmen. How they enjoyed the music!

*Jan. 28.* Lectured on David Livingstone—hall packed. How the men did sing hymns, old regular soldiers! How reverently they bowed their heads for closing prayer, and sang the vespers.

*Feb. 1.* Another successful dance tonight. Hard to believe when there are no women. The men of the Lancers and other units are meticulous in their dress uniforms—going through the old figure dances these Britishers know so well, and whose beauty one must see to believe. The men look forward with anticipation to these dances . . . Rehearsed today for another variety show. The men certainly are keen on them. They never tire of rehearsing. Many of them have real talent, and love to entertain. These shows are the only place they can do so, out here.

*Feb. 18.* Trumpeter Villas said, "Mr. Hatch, your YMCA has done good, the canteen and the messes are practically deserted and all the fellows are over at your YMCA. All the battery are on the tack (water wagon)."

*Feb. 19.* 2 a.m. when I went over to mail letters home, winter night bitter, I could hear the sentry coughing a quarter of a mile away. When he challenged me, I tried to give him my heavy coat. He said he had caught cold in camp.

*Feb. 21.* Discussion groups still going strong. What a lot of subjects these men are interested in. Capital punishment topic for tonight. I am against it.

*Feb. 28.* Am delighted with the response. Men enjoy the entertainments, but seem to want something deeper. Gen. Davies, is

presiding at our series of religious meetings. All types of personnel are attending, fill the hall every night. Sergeant Cramer sang *Nazareth* tonight. Very effective.

*Mar. 3.* Lay all night on floor in Campbellpur station, very sick. Got here, but hospital doesn't know what ails me . . . sick with dysentery—turned out to be jaundice. Went across to see James, R.F.C., sick with dysentery . . . Was in bed three weeks. My right-hand honorary helpers ran the Association—fine example of my system of giving responsibility to others; they learn through participation. Association did not go to pieces.

*May 24.* Some of the fellows are getting married 'for the duration of the war', that is marrying half-breeds intending to drop them and go home after the war. This is highly irregular for the army, but some manage anyway. Many Anglo-Indian girls are beautiful.

*May 31.* Another letter from Sam Higginbotham urging me to take charge of agricultural extension department for Native Indian States. Got to stay with the war until it is over. We hear the U.S.A. has come into the war; our troops encouraged.

*June 3.* Sunday night when it was time to begin our open-air service, a sand storm blew up. Every seat was full. The wind blew out the lights so we sang first verses of familiar hymns in the dark. Men said it was one of the best meetings we ever had. Lancer Cooper is a prince: he has played the organ and piano for all kinds of meetings and rehearsals. Has only his army pay, same as other privates: one rupee (thirty cents) a day.

*June 7.* Must now go out to manage my hockey team in a game against the Flying Corps.

*June 9.* Almost committed the faux pas of the season last night when before a very large audience of officers and men I started to address them, Ladies and Gentlemen. If a lady should run up against this place right now she would find things in a shocking state of unpreparedness. This may sound strange for the army, but when the heat mounts around 120 degrees in the shade and there is no shade, we do not pile on clothes. But we do have female characters in our vaudeville acts. Certain soldiers have developed a specialty of making up as girls for these acts, and they are surprisingly beautiful and enticing.



*June 11.* Two of the fellows got drunk today. The heat makes one who is intoxicated, crazy. Without permission, they got two horses out of the cavalry lines and rode them over the jumps. One horse ran away; his rider did not control him and he rode over the other chap and killed him. They were young, good chums. The other is in the guard room waiting court martial . . . One good result: medical officer has now ordered that the canteens be closed during the daytime through hot weather.

*June 14.* Early this morning two sergeants of the Royal Flying Corps were sent down to ask me to go to see a chap named Shorrocks who is at the point of death. I had a long talk with him a few days ago when he was first brought back from the front. He told me how the heat had hit the men and how when he was not flying he was in most unsanitary conditions. He was official photographer for the Flying Corps—big, strong fellow, rather rough. Well, his delirium was not on when I reached him. Bravely, in this hour of pain when a change for the worse had come, he gritted his teeth, scarcely letting a moan escape him. No chaplain. What could I do in a case like this? I talked to him a bit. He said he had a mother, a father and a sister at home. I asked him if he objected to my reading and praying with him and I read 'Let not your heart be troubled . . . In my Father's house there are many mansions.' When I had finished the reading and the little prayer, out of his weakness and gritting his teeth in pain, he uttered a strong and vigorous 'Amen.' I shall watch him through the day.

*June 15.* This year is as big an education for me as another college course could be. Outside of all I have seen and experienced, I've read more and perhaps studied more than I did in college. Had to for my work. Sometimes I have to lecture on a subject I have hardly heard of before I begin digging it out. Often I read up on subjects I do know. All the speaking that is done around here, is done by me, having to remember that many of my audiences come over and over again. Guess I can keep it up if I can find a sufficient library. Never had such large audiences as lately.

*June 20.* Attended the funeral of young Shorrocks.

*June 21.* Wrote to Shorrocks' father and mother after the funeral. It may mean something to them to know how he died and that I prayed with him.

*June 25.* Tonight biked the five miles down to Nowshera Cantonment Hospital. There got a full account of the outbreak of hostilities with the Mahsud Waziris. Was asked to join the Waziristan Field Force.

*June 27.* Wanted to understand another section of the Frontier better, so went alone to Darghai and into Malachand Pass—the country of the Swats, a matriarchy. A tall woman walking on narrow side-of-cliff road would not step aside no matter how ungentlemanly my tonga driver yelled at her—until she got good and ready. Handsome people. This pass is almost more picturesque than the Khyber.

*July 1st.* Lectured on Masud Waziris, after more study about them. Huge crowd at windy out-door service. Read story of Prodigal Son. Trumpeter Villas sang *The Rosary*. Packed.

*July 2.* Left Risalpur at night. Another punitive expedition is on. Britannica says that the Waziris are the largest tribe on the Frontier, and are a race of robbers and murderers. The poverty of their country and the effort required to make a subsistence in it has made them a hardy and enduring race. Low-landers, inferior in stamina, cannot penetrate into this almost inaccessible country so the Waziris have developed into raiders and hereditary highwaymen as well . . . The women enjoy more freedom than amongst most Pathan tribes and are often unfaithful. The ordinary punishment for unfaithfulness is to put the woman to death and to cut off half of the right foot of the man . . . Eight thousand of the forty thousand fighting men of the Waziris are of the Mahsud tribe who have earned for themselves the evil name of being the most confirmed raiders along the border. Next to the Afridis of the Khyber area, they are the best armed large tribe on the Frontier. British expeditions were needed against various sections of the Waziris in 1852, 1859, 1860, 1880, 1881, 1897, 1902; and now here we go in 1917 against the Mahsuds.

*July 3.* I traveled with the medical unit in big lorries full of supplies guarded by an armoured car. Went down to Advance Army Depot on the Indus river with Capt. Gilbert, Royal Army Medical Corps. Found Sherman, American, who is to help me. Can't get on to Tank today—break in the little railway line which runs from Mari Indus to Tank.



July 4. Went to hospital of famous missionary Doctor Pennell at Bannu. Lt. Col. Goddard invited us to lunch; ate under heavy guard—standard frontier practice now. Prepared to sleep at dak bungalow (rest house): I outside on a *charpoi*; Sherman took the table. Poor guy, half minister-half medic student, very shy, started to undress, then suddenly asked the old servant, 'Any women around here?' Promptly the servants replied, 'Not right here, Master, but I can get you *tik bibi* (lovely girl) from the village.' Evidently more frontier standard practice.

July 5. Traveled 131 hot, tense, thirsty miles today by medical lorries to Tank. Could not wait for rail line repairs. Got watermelon seeds! will send home for Dad to try. I have named them the Waziristan Field Force Variety.



*Medical Lorries . . . of the type taken on the trip to Tank.*



*Camel transport. This is the entry to the pass where 29 Mahsuds were slain.*

July 6. First by car, then on camels to Kurghi, then more camels to Jandollah up in the Mahsud country, always on the alert for snipers.

A London regiment had marched into the pass ahead of us. The Mahsuds had opened fire and killed twenty of them. They in turn chased the Mahsuds among the rocks and killed twenty-nine of them—great stalwart fellows. The Gurkhas, hired troops moving with the Londoners had told their officers if they would cut up the bodies, the Mahsuds would not remove them as Muslims always try so hard to do. The Gurkhas slashed the bodies with their Gurkha knives and there they lay in plain sight as we went in and out of the pass.



Capt. Gibson piloted us through in fine shape. We were challenged three times in the night by British guards. At Jandollah we worked close to the temporary hospital-in-tents. Hospitals are so important in engagements like this.

July 7. Sherman and I started to move back down to the base camp on the Indus River where troops and supplies for units coming and going, both British and Indian, are received and dispatched. There all kinds of services will be required. This morning, when we started back from the front, a hundred or so lean transport camels were lying down waiting to begin the journey. They were not riding camels at all. Each had just a rough wooden frame on its back for loads to be tied to. Sherman chose one and mounted. The beast jumped up and continued to jump around, stiff-legged, like a monstrous frightened chicken. 'Let me down, let me down,' Sherman yelled. He got down, and walked the eight stony miles of the first leg of the journey. I picked a camel. It jumped and tore around as furiously, so that I was sometimes hanging by my hands down his side. My thermos dropped and broke, but I stayed up there the whole eight miles. We again passed the bodies of the twenty-nine Mahsuds. Sherman, a medical student was intrigued with the fine heads, one of which he would give anything to mount for his future office. Spent a fierce, hot, insect-bitten night at Tank behind bales of hay, said to be somewhat bullet proof.

July 10. Hot day at Tank, traveled late to Kalabagh and finished the night on a boat on the Indus.

July 11. Set up our living tent down under big banyan tree near the river. Pouring rain; tent must have deep ditch and bund all around to keep rivers of water from running under it. Made a bargain with Sherman: I would write a long letter to his wife to whom he had not written in so long; he would dig the ditch and build the bund around the tent. We did; he in the pouring rain.

July 12. Telegram; temporarily recalled to Risalpur.

July 14. Risalpur. Again I find the men have kept the program going in fine shape; great honorary helpers.

July 16. I am recalled to help the new Secretary Mendenhall start a YMCA in Nowshera. (W. W. Mendenhall later became secretary C.U.C.A. at Cornell.) He brought with him all the wealth

and droll humor of his native western Americana. The soldiers double in laughter at his talks to them.

July 19. Reported to Asst. Surgeon. Seems I have not entirely escaped the diseases that are eating the fellows out there among the Masuds. Doc. says I have a number of ills.

July 22. Leave to rejoin the Field Force.

July 23. Arrived and gave a lecture on Mesopotamia where I still want to go.

July 24. Ran the magic lantern for Sherman's program for Indian troops. Great work, this with the Indians; they are so appreciative. Had interpreter.

Aug. 6. Tremendous rain; we took off our clothes and enjoyed it.

Aug. 8. Finished reading Winston Churchill's description of warfare in these parts. It is good to know the ground where we are treading. Capt. Gibson came in for a long talk after our big cinema. Fine fellow; can one wonder at his growing a bit rough in this atmosphere . . . Went to bed but got up immediately to answer fire alarm. Reveals great difference in cultures: Englishmen working frantically but quietly and the natives yelling excitedly, *Pani lao, Chelloa*, like crazy men . . . Leave for Risalpur again.

Aug. 10. Arrive at Risalpur. Things all right, association going strong.

Aug. 15-31. We are getting on well with plans for a permanent YMCA building. Larger site I asked for is sanctioned. Service is eternal. What we have helped to start will continue . . . Feeling ill again, said to be sand fly fever, later malaria, recover from threatened dysentery; have prickly heat—interesting stuff.

Sept. 1-6. Had word that I am to stay six more weeks here. Mesopotamia, when?

Later, same day, telegram from K. T. Paul, National General Secretary YMCA himself, 'Proceed immediately to Bombay.' So I am actually off, after more than a year in this area, to join the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force. It has been a great year.

Sept. 7. I went over to our cinema show last night, announced I was going. The boys made the pianist play 'For He's a jolly good fellow and so say all of us.' How they sang! I shall never forget them . . . Left early in the morning. ■



# 1962 convention followup

The following material taken from the minutes of the business meeting was not available to us when we were preparing the September issue. In the interest of brevity we shall only highlight the most important areas.

- Brother Corrie's report on the Loyalty Fund noted that the 1961-62 campaign was the second most successful drive held. The Directors sent out over 90 personal follow-up letters with modest success. 31 % of those who gave in 1960-61 did *not* participate in the 1961-62 drive.
- The National Treasurer's report for the year showed we were spending somewhat more than budgeted (there was a net deficit of slightly over \$1,500). Expenses were higher than anticipated in most areas and income was less due to an abnormally low rate of initiations. A tight budget is necessary for 1962-63 to alleviate the situation.

- The Assistant Executive Secretary has been hampered in fulfilling his duties with effectiveness because of his National Guard commitments. His active duty tour should have ended by this month (November) however the international situation may prevent his return to us.
- The Expansion Committee has several areas in mind for colony status. Brother Roberts pointed out the necessity of having "lifelines" in an area before successful expansion may be attempted. We shall report on this more fully when further preliminaries have been successfully completed. We can report that one application has been rejected.
- A resolution calling for an inexpensive jeweled badge, but retaining others for purchase at present rates was passed by a large majority. The Ritual Committee was asked to investigate the feasibility of implementing such a plan. ■

## NIC SCHOLARSHIP REPORT SHOWS IMPROVEMENT

The 1960-61 Summary of Scholarship published by NIC shows that exactly half of the chapters of fraternity members are above the All Men's Average. The figures represent 2,908 chapters across the nation. Starting in 1951-52, when this percentage was only 39.47 %, the figures show conclusively that fraternities *are* meeting the scholastic challenge effectively.

Three categories are represented in this compilation and we are represented in the third group (fraternities having

one to twenty-five chapters). Within our own group, we rank 11th with a 52.63 percentage of chapters above the AMA. This is a modest rise (we were 13th the previous year) in ranking, but our percentage has risen considerably from the 1959-60 one of 37.50.

The NIC records were processed from 266 colleges and universities, a rise of 13 over the preceding year. 46 more chapters were included in the report than in 1959-60. ■



### William P. Herzstock

*Eta '51*, moved recently to 16 Colonial Road, Port Washington, N. Y. He is now Assistant Vice President of Recordak Corp., in its New York City office.

### Edward A. Burke

*Gamma '30*, Supervising Principal of the South Kortright Central School, South Kortright, N. Y., will retire from public school administration on June 30, 1963. Mr. Burke has been in his present position for 24 years and has been a school administrator for 33 years. He served as Principal of the Scott High School in Scott, N. Y. for 4 years following his graduation from the Albany State Teachers College.

He was also Principal of the Hobart High School at Hobart, N. Y. for 5 years. He has not reached a firm decision on his plans following his retirement.

### Eric R. Rude

*Zeta '49*, has recently joined the staff of the Graduate Office of the University of Wisconsin as Assistant Dean. His earlier professional experience included administrative responsibilities in the Division of Raw Materials and the Division of International Affairs of the Atomic Energy Commission, and as a Professional Associate in the Office of International Relations in the National Academy of Sciences. He has also taught in the field of geography at Pennsylvania State University and Athens College, Athens, Greece.

In the Graduate Office he will assist with matters pertaining to the administration of research funds and in particular, will be available to consult with faculty members who have questions about procedures in making applications for research support to federal agencies, and other outside sources of support, or wish assistance in the preparations of applications. ■

## CHAPTER ETERNAL

*Let all that was of passing worth go  
back to earth  
Where all that's mortal lies.  
My monument be what of living truth  
Has flowed through me to other men.  
So shall survive what is of lasting worth.  
Thus though I die, then shall I live again.  
... From a poem by  
Wilfred E. Davison, Alpha, 1913*

**Frank Berard** **Xi, Hon.**  
of 2 Silver Place, Waterville, Me.

**Adam G. Clinchard** **Rho '62**  
died as a result of an automobile accident, July 30, 1962. His home address was 1506 Upland Ave., Jenkintown, Pennsylvania.

**Dr. Ed. Cooper** **Gamma, Hon.**  
passed away October, 1961.

**Charles Ellis** **Theta**  
died of a heart attack August 14, 1961 at 17 Cutaway Drive, Cartersville, Georgia.

**Hugo P. Fritch** **Nu, Hon.**  
passed away February 10, 1962 at 536 W. 8th St., Jasper, Ind.



**John D. Geiser**                      **Pi '39**

of 2220 Warren Road, Lakewood, Ohio, succumbed to a heart attack in January, 1962.

**Philip C. Lance**                      **Alpha '29**

of 330 High St., Burlington, N. J.

**R. J. McNamara**                      **Gamma '45**

died June 13, 1962. He was employed as an actuary at Aetna Life Insurance Company, Hartford, Conn. He was President of the Walcott District Assn., a member of the Holy Name Society, Holy Family Retreat League, Aetna Life Club and Sixth District Republican Committee of West Hartford. Ray was a World War II veteran and an American Legion member. He is survived by his wife, Jane W., and 4 children; his parents; a brother and sister.

**Dr. Hiram D. Moor**

of 4004 N.W. 13th St., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

**Lawrence A. Peakes**                      **Xi '28**

Superintendent of Schools at Bangor, Maine, died March 8, 1962 following surgery. Home address: 126 15th St., Bangor, Me.

**Thomas C. Sloane**                      **Zeta '47**

of 72 W. Jackson St., Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.

**Hugo Carl Stieler**                      **Xi '61**

of 10 Summer St., Houlton, Me., was killed February 11, 1962.

**Dale Stoker**                      **Beta '55**

Dale was one of three men drowned in a boating accident at night on Little York Lake near Syracuse, May 19, 1962. The three were fishing in an aluminum boat, when it was rammed by a Chris-Craft. Dale was a member of the First Baptist Church, Lions, Elks, and Homer Grange 834. He was a promising young Holstein breeder, and established a top grade herd of 125 cows. He is survived by his wife, Jean, 3 children, and six brothers and sisters.

**J. Truman Stone**                      **Mu '33**

of 1505 Shadford Road, Ann Arbor, Mich. died July 10, 1962.

**Derk V. Tieszen**                      **Gamma, Hon.**

At State College, Albany, N. Y.

**Freeman Walker**                      **Alpha '19**

of 400 Elm St., Montpelier, Vt.

**John E. Yates**                      **Eta '23**

of Harvey, Illinois.

**Lew Wilkinson**                      **Eta '30**

Alfred L. Wilkinson, president of the State Bank of Bement since 1945, died at 3 p.m., Friday, October 6 at Attica, Ind. where he had gone for several days rest and treatment.

Mr. Wilkinson was born April 29, 1907 in Bement, a son of Arthur L. and Etha Scott Wilkinson. A lifelong resident of the community, Mr. Wilkinson had been prominent in civic, school and church affairs.

He had been associated with the Bement bank since March 1, 1929 and president since August 1945. He was a member and trustee of the United Presbyterian Church, Bement and a former active elder of the church.

Mr. Wilkinson was past president of the Bement High School Board of Education; past president of the Bement Community Council and a former member and officer of the Bement Lions Club.

Besides his wife, he leaves one daughter, Ann, a student at DePauw University, Greencastle, Ind.; his mother, Mrs. A. L. Wilkinson, and two brothers, George and Scott. ■

## NEW MEMBERS

(continued from page 6)

### LAMBDA

Wayne T. O'Connell  
Hugh J. Ward  
Donald R. Zwakenberg

### NU

John T. Balha  
Robert M. Barnard  
Raymond J. Brandell  
William P. Butz  
Ronald G. Clark  
William Ferguson  
James T. Fiesel  
Ronald K. Gehring  
Gunnar Grubaums  
William L. Hardesty  
William B. Harting, III  
Paul E. W. Hemminger  
David L. Huston  
Michael J. Jackson  
Edward T. Janson, Jr.  
Marvin E. Knoll  
Daryl R. Little  
William T. Long  
Thomas R. McClure  
Thomas M. McGlasson  
John C. McMullan  
Donald M. Mentzer  
Philip B. Nesty  
Jon B. Olson  
William N. Piepenbring  
Wesley G. Skogan  
Raymond A. Slaby

Peter T. Tagalakis  
Richard S. Tebik  
Roger W. Thomas  
Charles M. Tompkins  
Larry V. Varmo  
David L. Vigen  
Ronald W. Walker  
James L. Williams  
Michael S. Wood  
Joseph G. Ziegler

### XI

Theodore H. Bidwell  
Paul B. Chader  
Robert Crespi  
Martin C. Dodge  
Jay G. Payerweather  
Bruce A. Henkle  
Ira H. Hymoff  
Shepherd J. Kantor  
Donald P. LeBeau  
Michael E. McMahon  
Michael A. Robinson  
Randolph R. Roody  
Starbuck Smith, III  
Robert M. Tripp  
Frank T. Wright

### PI

Douglas J. Awad  
Stephen F. Blank  
Gary L. Edwards  
Vaughn A. Erickson

James M. Ewing  
David W. H. Flack  
Bruce D. Garman  
Joseph E. Kelley, III  
Alan R. Lukens, V  
Timothy D. McMillin  
Paul W. Mackasek  
Evans W. Moore, Jr.  
James W. Moore  
John R. Nagle  
Albert C. Neumann  
William Van Keuren Parkell  
Russell E. Paul  
John P. Rhodin  
Thomas C. Sadler, Jr.  
William F. Salminen  
Robert W. Sassaman  
Lance G. Valt

### RHO

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Frank C. Bason  
Walter C. Beamer  
Robert E. Burdette  
Charles A. Corson  
Russell V. Davis  
Terry A. DeBold  
Lynn F. Johnson  
John L. McCain, Jr.  
Stephen A. Olean  
John Peddieson, Jr.  
Peter A. Piro

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Arthur F. Deardorff  
Charles F. Emerick  
Terrence G. Hite

Roger J. Kroening  
Thomas W. Lindsey  
Richard L. Livingston  
William E. McCann  
William P. Ott  
Marvin L. Radloff  
John Herman Raudsep  
David G. Rongerude

### PSI

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Richard L. Behan  
William V. Chase  
Christopher P. Christie  
Peter G. Colby  
Edward P. Evensen  
Joseph A. Fabian  
Fred T. Feigley  
Carlton J. Fulmer  
Larry C. Grimm  
Gerdi D. Kelsey  
Jerrold C. Kylo  
Eugene G. LaBorie  
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Michael R. Williams  
Walter W. Wilt  
Norman R. Brown

### OMEGA

James C. Bombatch  
Gregory A. Vanisack

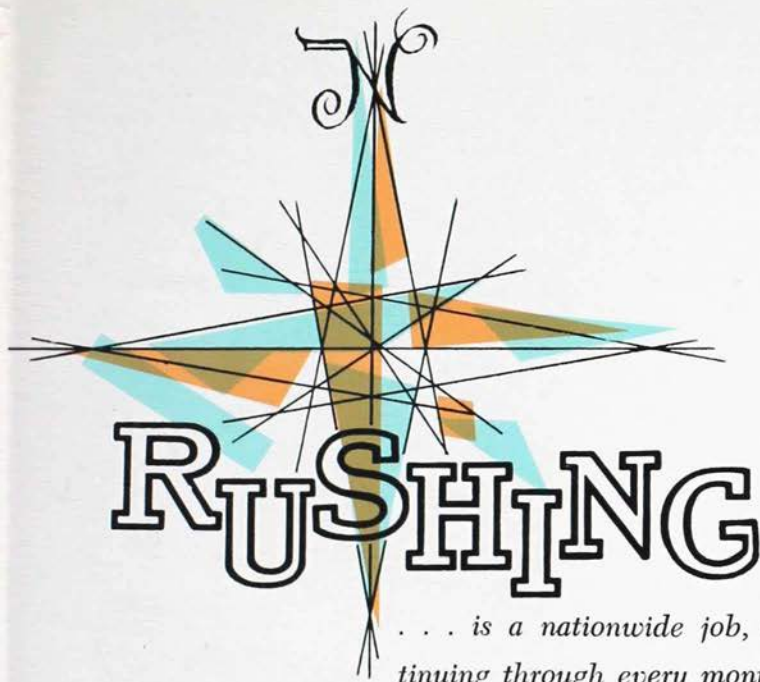
### ALPHA ALPHA

Edward L. Bowes  
Ivan K. Dinges  
Richard B. Fenton  
Lewis F. Frain  
Arthur A. Gamzon  
Thomas M. Gilmore  
Keith J. Handwerk  
John E. Harvey  
Theodore M. Johnson  
Joseph A. Kaliszewski  
Wayne A. Koch  
James L. Kriner  
Thorwald E. Lewis, Jr.  
William J. Lynch  
Richard L. McKnight  
Franklin P. Reaser  
Lawrence A. Shanaman  
Kenneth H. Shaub  
Mario P. J. Sorisio, Jr.

### BETA ALPHA

Bruce L. Boller  
Robert L. Booth  
James A. Damico  
Anthony F. Greco  
Robert W. Harrison  
William H. Hernandez, Jr.  
Frank S. Ioppolo  
Richard L. Stieg





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Name of prospect .....

Hometown address .....

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Planning to attend .....  
(name of college)

Year expected to enroll .....

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Previous Scholarship	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Activity Interest	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Finances	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

Other comments: .....



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Consul—John C. Harris  
Propraetor—Jeff Pelton  
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Consul—Richard Jackson  
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Consul—Robert E. Porter  
Propraetor—E. Paul Evansen  
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Williamsport, Pa.

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Consul—H. Milton Fry  
Propraetor—P. William DeVinney  
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### Alpha Alpha—

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Consul—Keith Handwerk  
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