

sophomore year 1949 - 1950

by pat lovejoy, pete schurman, and mike scott

WE WERE rather glad to return to Ithaca the following fall, for mingled with our regrets at losing a few of our classmates there was the pride of still being around, and, of course, we could and did glory in the inescapable fact that we were at last worldly and sagacious sophomores.

This was Dr. DeKiewiet's year, and it started well. We had little on the national scene to distract us, besides, of course, the momentous question of who was going to win the pennant races; consequently, we were able to devote our full attention to such vital issues as Chuck Hollingway's controversial pep talk before the Colgate game, the vicious slander campaign being waged against our loyal soph vigilantes, and the creation of man's saviors, the Kigmies. October saw the start of Dr. Magoun's marriage lectures, restricted to men only and habitually jammed to the rafters. In this same month the football team, as yet undefeated and untied, turned the now highly unimaginable trick of beating Princeton. Some soph by the name of Kazmaier performed indifferently, for the last time, as a halfback.

The papers were filled with the news of the splitting of Germany and of the sentencing of eleven top Communist leaders, but this still seemed rather distant from Ithaca. We were far more concerned with arguing the worth of Jimmy Dorsey, who eventually turned *A Night in Hell* into a hell of an evening. Everybody started clamping down. The Student Council formed a committee on student conduct and started one of its inimitable surveys; Mummy and Majura was stricken from the rolls of campus organizations; and even the Little Lady in Black caught it for producing and attempting to distribute an UNOFFICIAL program of the Syracuse football game. The campus charities drive fell with a rather sickening thud, as did the football team at Hanover.

However, the team rallied brilliantly to take Penn and its second consecutive Ivy championship, and incorruptible Bill O'Dwyer did likewise to become the mayor of the pure expanses of New York City. The campus cheerfully girded itself to the task of going home to greet a new half-century. Nineteen-fifty was widely proclaimed as a year of destiny and the gateway to a new era, but most Cornellians were, as ever, unimpressed.

We came back to school to find that a new system

of P.T. Exemptions had been evolved, too late to save most of us. Clement Atlee announced British general elections for February, and the Student Council, not to be outdone, opened a survey on the subject of cheating on exams. The Sun and others burst forth with the news that Arthur Dean was to be our new president, and Mr. Dean immediately dropped out of contention. Somehow we struggled through exams; we even had a little strength left for Junior Week and the efforts of Vaughn Monroe.

The new term started cold and dreary, as do most new terms, and Cornellians were forced to notice that, in the winter at least, Ithaca was not exactly the hub of the universe. Dr. Klaus Fuchs sneaked into the news, and the name of Robert Vogeler was occasionally mentioned. A long and bitter coal strike happily threatened to close school and unhappily failed to completely do so.

In March we sought to pay a respectful and fitting tribute to Dr. Day, retiring as chancellor of the university, to evaluate the controversial Marietta-Poughkeepsie case, and to digest the new and comprehensive plans for freshman housing.

Spring finally dragged around, bringing a little sun and clearing the air of much confusion; the bewildered '52ers had a chance to slow down and get their bearings. Consequently, we were in good shape to join the heated discussion as to whether YASNY was to decorate for the spring dance. We were ready to heckle the last Apollo contest as it fizzled in one of Ithaca's rare showers. We could gape, like everyone else, at the new expanses of Statler Hall, whose completion gave Cornell a chance to commemorate in great festivity fifty years of campus expansion. We could even muster a little enthusiasm for Claude Thornhill and the motley assortment of cartoonists who joined him to entertain at Spring Weekend.

Of course we all joined the "Miss Name Withheld" controversy, booed when the posture pictures were stolen, and were impressed when Beebe was drained by a group of undergraduates with no professional advice.

Finally, with unparalleled clairvoyance we jeered and scoffed at the ROTC's extensive recruiting program. We happily endured the final ROTC review with its architectural pyrotechnics, burned our uniforms, and went home certain that Pusan was a second-baseman for the Phillies.