

50th
Reunion
May 30-June 2, 2019

CLASS OF '69
COLGATE

200th
Anniversary
1819-2019

*“Once again, it’s
time to set all
stories straight.”*

Colgate Stories
from
The Class of ‘69

Party Weekend in the snow

Tobogganing across 12b

From Tom Walker

Lee Noren and I had dates one snowy Party Weekend. Somehow, there was a challenge thrown at us to ride a toboggan down the Colgate ski slope in the dark (you could not get away with it in the day time). I don't remember where we found the toboggan, but we climbed that ski slope with the two girls, one named Holly (think), and proceeded to launch ourselves down that slope in the dark. About half way down, we were screaming at each other when we realized that we had no brakes, and there was a huge snow bank at the bottom from the snowplows clearing Rt. 12. And then there was the highway! Needless to say, we made it down the slope. We hit the snow bank at high speed and were launched into the air across Rt. 12, only stopping when we hit the snow bank on the other side. The toboggan was still in one piece and the girls were in awe of what they had just done. Colgate guys were supposed to be wild and we sure were that night! Seems to me we dated them again, too!

Reuniting that Old Gang of Ours

A Wedding Story

By Dick Johnson '69

(Note: My column entitled "Reuniting that Old Gang of Ours," below, was published in the Nov. 28, 1975 edition of the Allentown (PA) *Evening Chronicle*. I have edited the piece a bit so it is more intelligible to a Colgate audience 50 years later. But the story's hero was then and is still Wayne Osbourn). Dick Johnson

It began, fittingly, over a tall bottle of dark rum.

Longtime buddy and Colgate classmate Tom Orsi and I, reunited last summer at a friendly riverside tavern, reached an unexpectedly sobering conclusion: that old gang of ours was falling farther and farther out-of-touch. In a suddenly lucid moment, we agreed that only the wedding of an old friend could bring everybody together again.

Trouble was, most of the candidates for groom were already hitched. Our Beta Theta Pi brethren were far-flung around the country and most had settled comfortably into matrimonial routine. This plan wouldn't work without a plausible groom. And the planners – Orsi and myself – were inveterate bachelors. By unspoken consent, we ruled each other out.



An affable sort known to conceive his most ingenious schemes while imbibing an intriguing blend of dark rum, quinine and lime, Ors shrugged, drained his glass and ordered another round. As he waved to attract the barmaid's attention, a brilliant gleam began to burn from his eyes.

"The Big O!" he shouted.

"We'll marry off the Big O," he explained, as a demonic grin spread across his jaw.

But histrionics were wasted on me, as I had already caught the sheer beauty of the idea. I had already begun to burnish it. "We'll marry O to a girl he doesn't know," I offered. "What's more, he'll think he's coming to my wedding and he'll be a groomsman for me," I added. "I'll be Big O's best man and that will allow us to control the flow and write the script."

"We'll bring them in from all over for the wedding of Big O. They'll have to show. Nobody would dare miss it," Orsi crowed.

"Truly a superb choice," I remember thinking.

"O," aka "Big O," is Wayne Van Buren Osbourn. Big O is a massive muscle man with the heart of a saint and the temperament of a puppy dog. He had remained in self-imposed exile from the "old Gang" since our college graduation in 1969. No one knew why. But he was totally *incommunicado*, of that we were sure. He was so remote, in fact, that not even we co-conspirators could find him at first. This would prove an obstacle, but once hurdled, to our distinct advantage.

Moments of introspective doubt and guilt over our blatantly deceptive ruse vanished when Ors and I considered the colossal ramifications of this classic hoax. Old friends of days fond in memory would be magnetized by the troth of a beloved brother. But they would think he was marrying a woman named Cheryl Ann (a part played magnificently by ***Chronicle*** receptionist Sally K., who actually went so far as to obtain a beautiful wedding dress for the event).

But, on to the wedding. After nearly sixteen months of planning, O's Big Day finally arrived on a lovely Fall Saturday. About two dozen Colgate Betas and spouses, with wedding gifts in hand, had gathered at the marriage venue, a donated condominium party room in Allentown. Post-ceremony food platters, opened wine bottles and a newly tapped keg of beer were out in plain view. The wedding was scheduled for 1 p.m., but something was amiss: it was already twenty minutes after one and Big O had not appeared. No groom: ominous.



The Wedding party

Suddenly, the preacher (**Chronicle** Sports Editor Gordon S.) entered the hushed room and loudly announced to the father of the bride (city editor Ed G.), “You have a phone call in the office upstairs. It’s important.” Moments later, the forlorn father returned and chokingly announced to the gathered crowd that Wayne had decided not to go through with the wedding, that he was backing out. (In reality, O was at my Allentown apartment, waiting for me to pick him up to drive over to **my** wedding, scheduled to begin at 2:30 p.m.!).

On learning this disastrous news, the bride shrieked at about 100 decibels, and, moments later, she and her sobbing mother and distraught bridesmaids fled the room. The crowd of supporting actors and actresses, all recruited from the **Chronicle** newsroom, shuffled nervously, whispering their condolences to the deserted bridal family. The Colgate crowd shrunk into a disorganized knot in one corner of the room, longingly eyeing the beer and wine. And while they were shocked and deeply embarrassed by their wayward Beta brother, they were not to be denied liquid solace. The father of the bride complimented their loyalty, expressed sadness that Wayne had let everyone down, and said, “Let’s make the best of it. We have a party planned here and it’s paid for, so let’s enjoy it as much as we can. The bar is now open!”

And so the draft beer flowed; punch was poured; hors d’ouerves were devoured; music was played; and banal conversation avoided the topic of Big O’s scamper. The main victory for Ors and me was that nobody left. I let it be known that, as Big O’s best man, I felt it was my responsibility to find him, reassure him about his marriage, and bring him to the ceremony. (I did nothing of the kind, of course. Instead, I went to my place and drove him to the venue so he could stand up for me in my wedding). Before I left, I enlisted a couple Beta brothers, notably Dave Knauer, to ensure that nobody departed the scene. Dave was an unwitting, but key player in the hoax.



Don't mind if I do...

As we entered the condominium building elevator to ride down a couple floors to the wedding/party room, I handed Big O an invitation to his own wedding. He began to read it and was very puzzled. His girlfriend (we had

not counted on a girlfriend and her presence bothered me a bit) read it. Neither of them could make any sense of it as I whisked them into the room and loudly announced “Here’s Wayne.” From that moment on, it was sheer pandemonium.



We hadn't counted on a Girlfriend

The bride, who had re-entered the room to receive the condolences of family and friends, shrieked “Wayyyyyyyynnnne” at an even louder 110 decibels and proceeded to rush him, jump up and wrap her legs around him. Needless to say, Big O and his girlfriend were much bemused by

this demonstration. Everywhere, people were smiling and laughing. The Colgate gang was particularly joyous. Wayne had restored their collective honor. Said a jubilant father of the bride, “Wayne’s back and the wedding’s going on as planned.”

But then it didn’t. Wayne worked his way around the room, meeting and greeting, but never quite grasping the central role everyone expected him to play in his own wedding that he did not know about. Curiously, Cheryl Ann rejoined her bridesmaid crew and avoided further contact with her intended. Ors snapped many classic photographs, which later found their way into a makeshift wedding album. I skirted Wayne and especially his girlfriend, who most certainly knew that something was rotten in Allentown. By now the marriage ceremony was nearly two-and-a-half hours late!

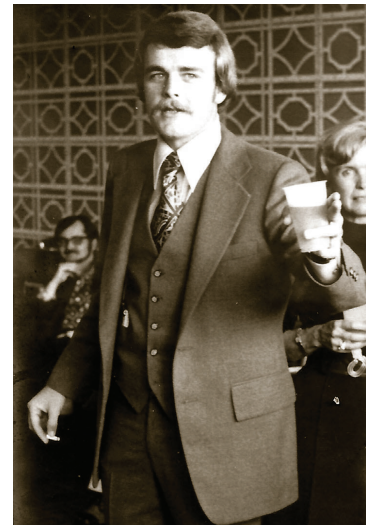
Ors and I conferred: we had to ‘fess up. So, in my final act as Best Man, I took the mic, faced the Colgate crowd, and said “My friends, things are not as they appear: you are the victims of an elaborate hoax. Wayne and Cheryl are not getting married here today. No one is getting married here today. But here we all are, gathered in friendship. Wayne is here and we haven’t seen him in years. Let’s enjoy each other’s company....and the bar is still open.”

Disbelieving smiles from some, sighs of sheer exhilaration from those who appreciated the intricacy of the charade; short-lived disgust, even anger, from a few (including one couple who had demonstrated their loyalty by using their one week’s vacation and driving to Allentown for the wedding from Toledo, Ohio).



What the!

But, true to his character, no one enjoyed the hoax more than its principal “victim,” Big O. As always, he took things in stride. And, as always, he did it with a huge smile and a gentle sense of humor. When Ors and I finally got an opportunity to tell him the details, he roared in laughter. “How did you guys ever pull this off?” he asked, again and again.



You’ve been victims of a
hoax

What followed was a memorable “wee hours of the morning” bash to celebrate a wedding that was not.

Months after arranging for the hall, casting the characters and instructing them well, locating the evasive groom, mailing authentic printed invitations, and literally everything else that goes into putting together a real wedding, the faux



The ‘Bride,’ Wayne, and Wayne’s Girlfriend



We partied until...

wedding of Big O happened. While it was not a wedding in fact, it was entirely faithful to the letter of its grog-soaked script.

The performances by a host of supporting cast members deserved Emmys. When the plot was unveiled, reactions were incredible. Even the Toledo couple – and a duped, annoyed Bostonian – were grateful that they had attended. The legend of the mock troth is sure to be passed on to grandchildren.

As for the co-conspirators, our fear of repercussions, although often threatened, never did materialize. Our pre-nuptial fears of “Oh, what a tangled web we weave, when first we practice to deceive” proved baseless. All was well.

In a larger sense, a greater and more enduring truth emerged from the elaborate subterfuge that lay at the core of Big O’s wedding: true friendship is both a virtue and a blessing, to be cherished above all. Thanks to our brotherhood with Big O, and thanks to his graciousness, we rediscovered that important truth that fine November day.



...the wee hours of the morning

A DKE Called “Crash”

A Car, A Telephone Pole, and a Guide Wire

From Peter Madsen '69

How, over four years, can you write about just one interesting story? There was one each week from 1965 through 1969. Which topic: women, bars, alcohol, classes, studying in the Chapel, skiing, poker, bridge, DKE, Vietnam, Skidmore-Wells-Boston-NYC road trips, snow, sports professors, administration, Inn, Hickey’s, cars, accidents, party weekends... what else am I missing??

If I had to relate one story, it is because I love the guy and he will be at the reunion. I got talked into going to Wells College one night, even though I had a big paper due the next day. The rea-

son he wanted me was because I had wheels. So off we went. Once there this frat brother borrowed my car to take his date to get a b-day present for the bartender who his date was friendly with. They never returned, as he put the wagon up a telephone pole guide wire. Somehow, we got back to Colgate the next day. Two weeks later I picked up the somewhat repaired car and drove back to NJ, as I had borrowed it from my father. He promptly traded it in! He never complained. Not sure why....

Many months later at graduation, our parents met at the DKE House reception. My father mentioned the accident, and his father was embarrassed to say he had no knowledge of it (or had possibly just heard about it). I didn't know it at the time of the accident, but the other DE-KES had a nickname for Peter "Crash" Lewine!!

Party Weekend Tennis vs. Syracuse

There was something in the water!

From Tom Orsi '69



Remembering Vinny's

Week Nights at the Randallsville Hotel

From Tom Walker '69

Lee Noren and I would go to Vinny's about 10 p.m. a couple nights a week to unwind after studying. Occasionally there would be go-go girls there. They were the homeliest dancers you could ever find, but very friendly, and very much into their dancing. Usually Lee and I would

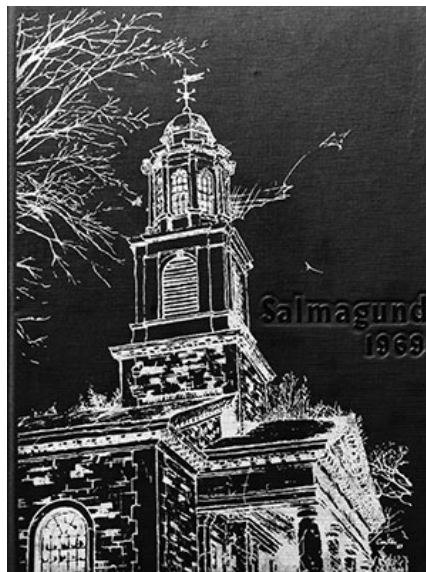
play foosball. After we would win a game, the locals were in trouble. As long as we won, we stayed at the table. We were nearly undefeatable. Of course, Vinny and his son, Charlie (I think) could not have two college kids ruling their foosball game all night. About 11p.m., they would challenge us, and after a few hard fought games, they would finally win. Then it was time for a fabulous Vinny's burger, and of course, the Vinny's special. I think there were at least eight different liquors in that killer drink that went down soooooo smooth. We always made it home safely.

The 1969 Salmagundi

The Cover Art

From Nick Carter '69

I drew the picture of the Colgate Chapel that is on the cover of the 1969 Salmagundi Yearbook.



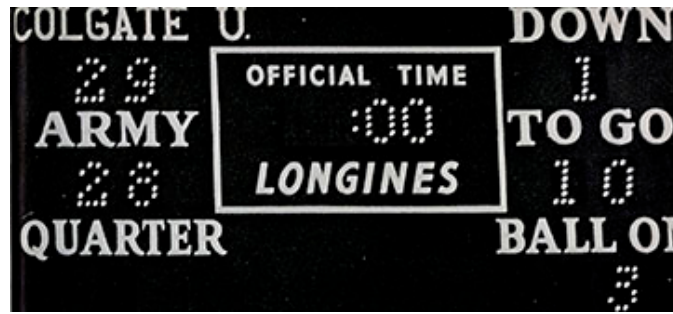
Colgate 29--Army 28

I was there!

From Raymond Elliott '69

As a member of the freshman soccer team, we played a match at West Point and we were able to stay and watch Colgate play a football game against West Point. Colgate pulled off a major

upset and I believe we won by one point. For me, it was an exciting introduction to Colgate sports.



Tom Ermak's Colgate Memories

People and Courses That Made a Difference

From Tom Ermak '69

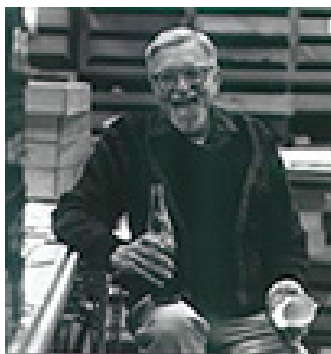
Music and Art Core Course

The Core Music and Arts course made a particularly strong impression on my developing interests in music and art. I can remember attending lectures with PKT brothers and returning to our study rooms to talk and listen to recordings. Throughout my life, I have regularly attended classical concert performances and frequently listen to the music of Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven. The concerto has been my long-time favorite music form, especially concertos for violin and flute. The course also covered the history of European art, and I was particularly struck by the impressionist and modern periods.

After school, I became eager to see the paintings in the original by visiting the Metropolitan and Modern Art Museums in New York. In the 1980s, Impressionism celebrated its 100-year anniversary and a series of art exhibits were produced throughout the country. I made a point to see the Manet, Degas, and Van Gogh exhibits in New York, Renoir in Boston, and other Impressionist exhibits in San Francisco and Los Angeles.

When I was in Europe, I searched out the Impressionist exhibits at the Musée d'Orsay and Musée de l'Orangie in Paris and the Van Gogh Museum in Amsterdam. The experience of actually seeing the original paintings far surpassed the reproductions in books. Other notable art exhibits I've seen include the Hermitage in Saint Petersburg, the Byzantine art in the churches at the Kremlin, the Sistine Chapel at the Vatican, Renaissance art in Florence, and the Rembrandt exhibit at the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam. A single required course at Colgate created a foundation of exploration that resulted in a lifetime of cultural enrichment.

Dr. Robert Linsley



Of all the professors at Colgate, I'd say that Geology professor Dr. Robert Linsley made the most lasting impression on me: a biology major interested in a career in marine biology. He gave lectures in the freshman Natural Sciences Core and taught Invertebrate Paleontology and Oceanography Courses in the Geology Department. In the Core course, my memory credits him with giving a series of lectures on the evolution of theories to explain the revolution of the planets in the solar system, based on observations from earth. In the Paleontology course, he took a subject matter that could be dry and made it exciting.

There was a healthy competition for grades between me, the only biology major, and several geology majors. A group of us was really interested in the subject matter and Dr. Linsley was truly an inspiring teacher. His exams frequently included a bonus question and it became quite a competition to see who would get the bonus question right. Occasionally, to our delight, one of us received a grade of more than 100 on the exam, something that I remember receiving at least once. What a hoot!

Now in my 70's, it is hard to believe I was able to memorize and remember the scientific names of so many extinct fossilized species. The following semester, I had Dr. Linsley in an Oceanography course and can still see him up at the blackboard, telling us about the discovery of continental drift and sea floor spreading. It was a new course, and the subject of sea floor spreading had just been published within the previous two years. His courses weren't just dry science, but presented thought-provoking ideas about scientific processes.

In my senior year, I worked for Dr. Linsley as a student-worker, cleaning and making rubber casts of fossil gastropods (snails). I found one snail that had an intact operculum (trap door) that usually fell off when the snail died because it was not attached to the shell. I made a second cast for myself, which I have saved in my box of memorabilia all these years. When I attended the 40-year reunion in 2009, I was moved to see that I was not the only student who was inspired by Dr. Linsley when I saw his plaque and name on the Robert M. Linsley Geology Museum in the Robert Ho Science Center. I am so proud to say I was one of his students and thank him for having a significant influence on my 40 years of research in biology.

The 'COOP'....and a Confession

A friend remembered

From Paul Fish '69

Mom Purdy

I worked at the snack bar in the evenings to earn extra money. Started off in the basement of East Hall, and then moved to the “new” book store complex. There, I worked for Mrs. Gladys Purdy, who was the evening manager of the snack bar. She was called “Mom” by everyone who knew her, and she really became my mom away from home. She made my life bearable at Colgate and kept me on an even keel. We remained close friends until her death in 1987. She had a passel of children and grandchildren, so I expect there are still quite a few Purdys in the Hamilton area. I got to know most of the folks in our class because of working at the snack bar. Now, when I look at the class obit list, I remember these people in their early 20's. I'm glad it is that way.

Confession

I was the East Hall, Third Floor “Mad Barber” during our freshman year.

Road Trips, Landmarks, and Basketball

From Jim & Betty's to UCLA

From David Helman '69

- Summer in 1967 at UCLA with John Silverstein '68
- Road trips to Denison and BGSU in Ohio with **Pat Luskey** '69, Bucky Bourne '70, and Bill “Bushhog” Reeves '71
- Two spring breaks in Nassau, Bahamas with John Silverstein '68, Chico Wentz '69, Crow Kafka '70, John Haney '70, and Emile Bove '70
- Trip to Boston Garden with Mike Greenlaw '70 that included a private audience with Red Auerbach in his office on a Saturday morning before the Celtics-Lakers playoff game on Sunday
- Road trips to away football and hockey games with Jim and Betty supplying the pre-game tailgate
- Countless nights studying at the Phi Psi “Little Green Library” (Jim and Betty's). And

then, Luskey driving us to the diner in Sherburne for some 3 a.m. breakfast

- Varsity basketball my junior year, where I met “Crazy Ed” Ashnault
- Christmas vacation my junior year, spent stranded in 12 feet of snow in Hamilton because the basketball team was playing in a holiday tournament in Reading, PA. We won the tournament and got a key chain as our memento. :)
- Intramural football and basketball games and weekends in Huntington gym, playing pick up.
- Scrimmage my senior year against Crazy Ed’s varsity with George Dalzell leading the charge.

The people and the stories are what I value and cherish from my four years in the Chenango. Some of them have to be true because you could not make them up.

Colgate Memories

Some fond (and not so fond) Colgate remembrances

From Vic Herson '69

- A lonely, very young freshman from NYC in West Hall being greeted by his roommate (**Dom Romeo**) and entourage from Seneca Falls.
- Having my very first beer (at age 17) @ Hickey’s during orientation week (I barely was able to finish it as I looked on in amazement at the pitchers being avidly consumed)
- Being accosted for taking an extra pad of butter by the upper-class food monitor in the freshman dining hall
- Waking up on Columbus Day and seeing snow of the ground
- Colgate 29 — Army 28
- Watching Syracuse’s future Basketball Hall of Famer Dave Bing perform against us in Huntington Gym
- Waiting in front of the Blue Bird Cafe for the bus to Binghamton on my way to NYC for Thanksgiving break only to be informed by a “townee” that the bus didn’t run on Wednesdays
- Forming a life-long friendship with my floor-mate **Dave Werner**
- Switching major/career plans from political science to psychology (and Med School) at

the urging of a few wise friends (thank you!)

- Road trips to find girls and party weekends on campus that never seemed to end well
- Playing “Haney” in the halls of Park House (supported by my side-kick Rich Silvestri)—the pinnacle of my athletic career at Colgate!
- Colgate and Skidmore “dipping their toes” into coeducation our senior year with the Jan Plan exchange and the very first evening seeing this cute girl (and 18 months later my wife) sitting in the hall of Park House.
- Driving the roads between Hamilton and Saratoga Springs for the next 5 months
- Ambushing a dour security force member -Sid—with water balloons Graduation weekend and getting a priceless reaction of anger and helplessness

To Los Angeles and Back

An Epic Road Trip

From Robin Koskinen '69

50 Years Ago---

In the Spring of 1968, I was in the second semester of my Junior year at Colgate University in “upper state” New York. In the spirit of the 60s, I decided that for Spring vacation I would hitchhike to California. I wanted to go see a lovely young lady I had been dating from near my home town in Westchester County, down near New York City. Since she was now a junior at Whittier College, just outside of L.A., this seemed like a good idea at the time.

As it turned out – and it’s a much longer and quite interesting story - I made it in 72 hours! That’s roughly 2,750 miles, which means that I averaged almost 40 miles an hour for three straight days! And as I remember, my total out of pocket expenses came to \$1.52! There were lots of generous people back in the 60s!!

After a wonderful West Coast interlude, I knew that I had to get on my way back to school. In a moment of rationality, I figured that I couldn’t count on the same kind of luck getting rides, so I left after two days and started hitching back east.

But as it turned out, I made good enough time that I thought I would drop by Chapel Hill, North Carolina on the way home to surprise another young lady.

Remember, this was a long time ago!

Anyway, I came east on Route 66 as far as Oklahoma City with no problems. I had a hard time getting a ride from there, but eventually I got as far as Fort Smith, Arkansas on April 4th. The next day, April 5th, 1968, I hitchhiked across the Mississippi River into Memphis, Tennessee, on the day after Martin Luther King had been assassinated at the Lorraine Motel on Mulberry Street.

For those of you of a certain age, you may remember that this was not a particularly auspicious time to be a northern college boy hitchhiking around the deep south. And I can tell you some interesting stories about finding myself in a pickup truck in some pretty deep woods outside of Asheville, North Carolina. And about getting picked up by three Klansmen as I was heading back north from Chapel Hill.

But I can also tell you stories about the incredible kindness of so many strangers who gave me rides, and bought me meals, and asked about why I was there, and about my experiences hitching across the country. Many of them responded by sharing their own stories. Some about growing up surrounded by prejudice and hatred in their own families and communities. Some about intensely personal issues of love, and betrayal, and loss. Some merely conversations about the weather, and the traffic.

But the ones I remember the most are the ones who still managed to share their very personal hopes for understanding, and peace, and love. I still carry those hopes with me, fifty years later.

Assorted Memories

Colgate Images

From Jeffrey LaCour '69

Pledge night, Levi's, white shirt, white sneakers with purple shoe laces, big bowls of spaghetti on the table...my barrel...road trips...whale's tales ("No. Who? Two!")...Crisis at Rices...Grant blowing furnace trying to get house as warm as SoCal in the middle of the winter....beer checkers...January Special Studies with Zwirblis in Rome...Sit in...bottle breakers and head shakers

A Frosty Road Trip

Let's Go to Boston

From Bill Lincoln '69

So McGlynn walks into my room around midnight one evening in January of Freshman year and says "Hey Linc, let's go to Boston." Neither of us had a car and it was five degrees outside, but it sounded about right, so we hitched out to Rt. 20, got stuck there for a little while as we took turns running in and out of some all-night dive for some nourishment. Finally got a lift about 2:30 a.m. and made it to Albany, where we got dropped off on the New York Thruway at the Northway junction. Never forget the 18-wheelers barreling past, whipping the snow in our faces and at 4:00 a.m., we called it a night, crawled over some barbed wire fencing and found a room at Howard Johnson's.

Four hours later we're back on the Thruway and we made it to Medford by noon.

Not a high point nor a low one, but pretty memorable, for sure.

A Hot Winter Day and a Memorable Prof.

Dr. Albert Parry

From Charles Oliver '69

I have vivid memories of January 27, 1967 (I think), at the end of "Jan Plan" when the temperature rose to 70 degrees and mayhem ensued on campus.

I also have fond memories of working for **Dr. Albert Parry** as a sort of «valet.» Dr. Parry had trouble with certain things like door locks, tape recorders and automobiles. I would sometimes drive him to off-campus lectures. These opportunities were always preceded by the words, «I will pay you richly. AND you get free Russian lesson.» I believe Billy Crystal became his son-in-law, and I would love to hear his memories and experiences of Dr. Parry. I also remember a day in class when he began by saying, «Now I will read to you from a book by my favorite author - me.» Perhaps Joe Hendrick was there too?

Colgate Snippets

The College Experience

From David Pacini '69

These are more snippets than stories. But who could forget Steve Hartshorne entering the classroom in the middle of winter and throwing open the window for some fresh air? Or John Morris regaling us with readings from "Winnie the Pooh" at Taylor House. Or the "Duke" (Bruce Berlin) lighting his pipe and smoking Three Nuns tobacco during class. Or Joseph Slater opining that Bob Dylan would someday be a Nobel Laureate? Or Ford Bilderbeck Sanders, and his infamous opera courses (for which there were answers readily available to members of the football team)? Or the suaveness of the Colgate 13?

Or, of course, "The Sit-In" and the courage of Vince Barnett to address the deep troubles that were vexing the campus.

There are, of course, many others, too numerous to mention, but the "torch-light" parade is a good one with which to conclude.

Varsity Baseball

A Great Season

From Jeff Smith '69

Senior year our baseball team was one win away from the college World Series in Omaha, Nebraska

Cannon-bury Tales at Colgate

The Cannon Won

From Tom Orsi '69

My father was a Colgate All-American football player and is in the College Football Hall of Fame. I'm often asked if I followed in his footsteps and played football at Colgate. My standard answer is, "I was injured in my first football game at Colgate, and I haven't played since."

Of course, that answer, though true, might be misleading. It was September 18, 1965, and I WAS on the field that day. Colgate took the opening kick-off for a modest gain, and then, as I recall, after a few plays from



scrimmage, took the ball into the end zone for an early touchdown. As a rookie Maroon photographer, I realized that I had missed a good shot of the play itself, but immediately started running toward the end zone to get a photo of the ball going through the crossbars for the extra point. As I was crossing the five-yard line, I noticed a cannon off to my left, and thought, "Don't they shoot that off after a touchdown?"



BOOM!

I was right! They were just a little late in this case because of the early score, giving me time to get in front of the cannon! The blast brushed me back and I felt some heat on my face. Assuming that I was covered with some powder from the cannon, I wiped it off and realized that I was bleeding. I got the attention of the gun crew (who were probably reloading for the extra point and hadn't noticed me). They got someone else's attention and I was taken by car to the hospital, where I would soon be attended to by Dr. Rathbone. Meanwhile, I listened to the sound of the cannon as Colgate scored five more touchdowns that afternoon.

In the immediate aftermath of the incident, I lost the vision in my right eye, probably because of shock, because that eye wasn't facing the cannon. That came back fairly quickly, but my left eye started getting fuzzy, and we realized that wadding from the cannon was embedded in my eye (as well as tattooing my face). The next morning I was taken in a university station wagon to Utica, where an eye surgeon used a cataract knife to remove the particle.

I came back to Hamilton, and spent my first full week of classes in the infirmary (accompanied by the late John Blackmore '68, who had pneumonia).

After I was released I had to wear a black eye patch for a couple of months. It was a great conversation starter at Freshman mixers. I think I stopped wearing it after Thanksgiving break, and all that remained to remind me was 'ink spots' on my forehead. Later, my vision was good enough to pass all military physicals (without eyesight correction).