

## SECRETARY'S NOTEBOOK

**Under the Spell of the Eclipse.** On July 11, 1991 there was a total eclipse of the sun best viewed in Mexico and Hawaii. A lot of people, among them Dave and Rita Ludlum, about whom more later, travelled there for the event. Also, classmate Stan Goodman and wife Judy, with son and daughter-in-law John and Mary Goodman '67, went to Mazatlan. The Washington Post and the Philadelphia Inquirer had feature articles about the young Goodmans. Excerpts follow:

*"John and Mary Goodman prefer not to be known as eclipse freaks, although they admit they are. Perhaps no couple under the sun has shared more eclipses than these two, who found each other 13 years ago on an 'eclipse cruise' off the coast of Africa. Though probably more coincidence than cosmic design, still, when a saucer-shaped moon slides in front of the sun casting a narrow band of earth into ephemeral shadow, heavenly things happen. Mary says 'it worked for us.'*

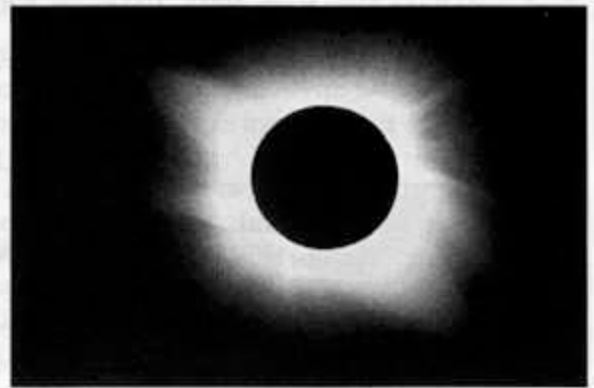
*"Since that cruise they have chased the moon's shadow literally to the ends of the earth - to Australia and*

*Iceland, to South America and Siberia. John has now experienced 14 solar eclipses, 12 with Mary. They have watched them from jets, a chartered DC-9 at 40,000 feet above Iceland, mountain tops, roadside stands, in New Caledonia where rebels burned their hotel the next day, and from a sailboat in the Coral Sea while being pummeled by 12 foot waves. In the last 18 years they have missed only one total eclipse, and only because it was off the coast of Antarctica, and no charter plane would take them there. John, slight, bearded and 46, marvels at the wonderful coincidence of nature that positioned the sun and the moon, each at a distance approximately 100 times its diameter from the earth, so that we see each of them as roughly the same size."*

Now back to the Ludlums: Rita and Dave went to Baja California for the eclipse. This June they are going to South America with Nancy and Ray Carter for another, and next year for yet another. Dave has been writing a book about eclipses, but so far hasn't convinced a publisher that there is market.



*In Mexico - Stan, Mary, John and Judy Goodman*



*What they went to see - photo by John*

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**Battle for Passport. From the Bay News, Tauranga, N. Z., July 3, 1991.** "A Tauranga man's 30-year fight to keep his U.S. citizenship has ended in success. Seventy-nine year old John Perkins' battle with the U. S. government began in 1961. A native-born American, he emigrated to New Zealand in the 1950s (see 1989 Summer Newsletter). After living here for the statutory period he applied for N.Z. citizenship. Soon after, he was told by the American consul in Auckland that by accepting N.Z. citizenship he would lose his American citizenship. Mr. Perkins argued that this was not the case, and began his protracted battle with the U.S. State Department.

" 'A precedent was set in the American Supreme Court,' says Mr. Perkins. 'The court ruled that an American citizen cannot lose citizenship except voluntarily'. Mr. Perkins, who practised law in the United States to the Supreme Court level researched

the case and used it to back up his argument with the State Department, but without success. Then a year ago, Mr. Perkins threatened to sue the Secretary of State. Finally this week he received the document to which he claims legal right - an American passport."

John says, in a letter to Art Moody, that he was certain that the State Department bureaucrats were just refusing to admit the original mistake by the consul in Auckland in 1964. "He (the consul) was a bit of a nut. He shouted at me 'I hate New Zealand' and threatened to make me lose my American citizenship if I persisted." But the present U.S. consul in Auckland and the Congressman from the same New Jersey District that John's father had represented in Congress were helpful. In the end, however, John feels it was only the threat to sue the Secretary of State individually, plus press publicity featuring Princeton University and his father as a former Congressman, that did the trick.

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### Recent publications by classmates:

The Fragile Species. By LEWIS THOMAS. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1992 - 197 pages, \$20.00.

The essence of these essays about the past and future of us humans and our environment, is best glimpsed by samples of the author's own expressive meditations:

"One human trait, urging us on by our nature, is the drive to be useful, perhaps the most fundamental of all our biological necessities. We make mistakes with it, get it wrong, confuse it with self regard, even try to fake it, but it is there in our genes, needing only a better set of definitions for usefulness than we have yet agreed on." (p.26)

"The idea that all men and women are brothers and sisters is not a transient cultural notion, not a slogan made up to make us feel warm and comfortable inside. It is a biological imperative." (p.95)

"Lemmings go over cliffs, we move to town." (p. 100)

The Audubon Society Field Guide to North American Weather. By DAVID M. LUDLUM. Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1991. 656 pages, \$18.00

The Audubon Society's many field guides to nature are found in most households because of their well organized keys, attractive color plates and descriptive material which make identification and essential information quickly available. The same careful organization is now brought to the subject of weather by Dr. Dave with essays, color satellite views, maps and diagrams. Because of the immensity of the subject the layman is put at ease by a section on "Becoming an Amateur Weather Watcher" and by sections describing in general terms the forces creating different kinds of weather. It is described on the jacket as the most complete color field guide to observing and forecasting weather. A little browsing may tempt you to study the subject in depth or just to second-guess the weather man.

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How to Make People Say "Yes". By ALBERT R. WHITMAN. A. R. Whitman Associates, Inc., Box 5817, Stacy, Minnesota 55079. 350 pages. \$33.

After a lifetime in advertising, Al has become an expert in persuading people to say "yes". Starting as an office boy at Benton & Bowles in New York, he was elected Vice-President at age 29, moved to Minneapolis in 1951 as partner and executive Vice-President of the prestigious Campbell Mithun Agency, Minneapolis and Chicago, eventually becoming President. From his boss, Ray Mithun: "I call Al just about the finest marketing man in the Midwest." Applying this talent to the marketing of his book, Al is busy taking orders from a wide assortment of businesses including sales and advertising firms and money raisers.



Adventures in Medicine - One Doctor's Life Amid the Great Discoveries of 1940 - 1990. SIBLEY W. HOBLER.

For the details, see Sib's article on Page 20 in this issue.

American Heralds of the Spirit. JOHN FENTRESS GARDNER. Lindeisfarne Press, Hudson, New York. 301 pages. \$16.95

The jacket of Jack Gardner's book says this: "We know who the Founding Fathers were economically and politically, but who founded America culturally and spiritually? For John Gardner, Emerson, Melville and Whitman are the Founding Fathers who speak for the spirit as it lives in America."

This is not so much a work of literary criticism as a meditative attempt to allow the ideas of these founding fathers to be thought anew. The result is that we hear these Heralds of the Spirit as if for the first time. For Gardner, the term Spirit is a rich and deep concept which he finds permeating the work of his three Heralds.

The Significance in the Name of Nassau Hall. FREDERICK W. WILLIAMS. Privately printed.

Fred William's brief monograph delves into the process by which Nassau Hall got its name.

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### CLASS OF 1933 SCHOLARSHIPS.

First year student **Monica Santa Maria Somohan** from Marshfield, Wisconsin, a graduate of Madison West High School, writes to express her gratitude to the Class for the opportunity to study at Princeton. She currently is concentrating on Comparative Literature, French and Psychology/Linguistics. She is a volunteer with the mentally handicapped in the Princeton/Trenton area and is learning sign language, an expansion of her interest in languages.

**Julia Breedlove**, also a first year student, from Thomas Jefferson High School, Falls Church, Va., is especially grateful for '33's scholarship aid as her parents are supporting her brother, also a Princeton



freshman. She is pursuing a degree in Mechanical Engineering with a Certificate in Physics. Julia's interests include two National Honor Societies, Tutoring, and most sports. She plans to teach or do research in Engineering or Physics.

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**The Peter Cahn Scholarships.** In memory of their son Peter, Class of 1969, who died while at college, Bill and Peggy Cahn have created a scholarship fund, the first one exclusively for women. Over the years they have been warmed by letters from grateful recipients. Although the collection of comments is too long for this space, the following summary will give a feeling for their diversity and sincerity.

1978 - . . . your son Peter would be glad to have his memory kept alive . . . in such a lovely way. **Cathy Humphries**

1979 - Both my parents are Polish immigrants. On visits to that country I have heard Socialist critics claim that one cannot get a good education here without money. This is not true. I am getting an excellent education because of wonderful people like you. **Ursula Shulyycki**

1981 - I hope to return to California for Law School. . . the Mexican-American community in which I was raised is in dire need of a professional who will work for them . . . As a woman in my culture, I see many hurdles . . . am learning how to deal with them at Princeton. **Veronica Gutierrez**

1982 - Without your spiritual and financial support, it would be impossible for me to be educated at Princeton. . . My family and I will always remember Peter in our prayers. **Lois Hatzenbeller**

1984 - I know that I have the ability to do as well at Princeton as the men who have been here and are here. Thanks to forward people like you I have a chance to prove it. **Eden Bowlby**

1985 - When I first learned of Peter Cahn's tragically short presence at Princeton, I felt touched that my tuition was being funded in the memory of one who had evidently positively touched many lives. I want you to know that your son is not forgotten by me, and I am taking a course of study that he would have approved of. **Colette Bonnard**

1988 - I thank you again for your wonderful scholarship. It is truly the reason I can look around this campus and smile. **Karen Harris**

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### JOSÉ FERRER



*Clinton Ethelbert Brush, III, '33  
President of the Triangle Club  
Sketch for the Princeton Tiger by  
José Ferrer*

The death of Joe Ferrer January 26, 1992 came as a great blow to all of us. As an undergraduate he showed certainly more than a hint of greatness, and his article in our 1990 Summer Newsletter demonstrated that he never lost his touch. The following is a quote from the introduction to that article: "With a world-wide reputation as an actor, producer and

director, he has starred not only in numerous Broadway productions but in films and on television. In addition to his Academy Award and five Tony Awards, Joe has received several honorary degrees, has been elected to the Theatre Hall of Fame and in 1985 became the first actor awarded the National Medal of the Arts by the President of the United States."

Bert Brush, pictured with Joe on the cover of this Newsletter, and who was a roommate and fellow architecture student, has sent us the following reminiscences about his close friend:

José Ferrer was too multi-talented to be capsulized. It is impossible to capture his wit and stature here. You, his classmates, voted him "Wittiest" and "Most Entertaining" so had a headstart in appreciating his talents. Neither you nor he could have foreseen his future accomplishments.

He was the bright spot that brought laughter into a smelly, disheveled architectural drafting room at one or two in the morning during project after project. He and the kickline were the memorable features of the Triangle Show our senior year. That spring he starred in Noel Coward's "Private Lives" at McCarter Theatre. In the fall he was in

Grad School and the co-inventor of the Chili Bomb. (Either he or John D. Kilpatrick left a large can on the stove in our apartment. It took three days to get all the beans off the walls and ceiling.)

Joe embellished his Triangle characterization with his own "business". When we played at the Met he seated himself on the stage apron, swung his crossed legs over the orchestra pit and carried on an animated conversation with the audience. On another stage as we made an entrance together, he reached over and put his hand on my leg. When I tried to remove it, he got the laugh he had planned. Years later in *Man of La Mancha*, he sheathed Quixote's rusty crooked sword by laboriously twisting it into its scabbard. "Pure Triangle", he gleefully confided backstage. Yet on another occasion he was able to make me forget he was José by a superb performance as Iago.

Once he and eldest son Miguel stopped to visit when returning from the west coast. During one round of golf, he spotted a twosome on an adjoining fairway trying vainly to appear indifferent to his presence while arguing whether he really was J. V. F. José sauntered over, grinned, made a sweeping bow and said, "Ah yes gentlemen, I am he." Then he spun around, leaving two mouths gaping.

He signed his cards and letters to us with a simple, sure-handed, self-caricature featuring nose and beady eye.



José was a gentleman, artist, musician, mimic, raconteur, loving father, actor, director and producer. He was also my very good friend. Bless him.

Bert Brush