

Reading the above you would think that Tom Creigh owed a lot to his years at Princeton. That would be only partially true. For at the end of sophomore year, Dean Christian Gauss failed to show the kind of judgment and foresight that Louis E. Fischer showed two years later, and Tom left Princeton and enrolled in Wabash College, a small liberal arts college in Indiana.

Tom is a strong booster of a liberal arts education and has worked hard to support those aspects of the curriculum at Hastings College located in Hastings, Nebraska which has been his home for 50 years. He has been a member of its Board of Trustees since 1962, of the Instructional and Faculty Relations Committee, and a director of the Hastings College Foundation. He has also been one of its strongest benefactors. He has endowed a Distinguished Professorship of History in honor of his late wife, Dorothy Weyer Creigh, Hastings'42, a highly respected author and historian and daughter of long time Hastings College Dean, Frank Weyer; the Arthur and Eunice Langevardt Humanities Scholar Program, which grants scholarships to two incoming freshmen; and funds for a lab in honor of Dr. Harry R. James, a retired physics professor.

A few years ago, Tom was one of the first ten business leaders to be inducted into the Nebraska Business Hall of



Tom, relaxing before lunch at The Tides Inn - April '95

Fame, and has been the recipient of many other notable awards for his outstanding contributions to business and energy, to the Free Enterprise system, for community service, and for his high standards of business ethics and personal integrity.

Tom has also been one of the most faithful participants in 33's reunions, major and minor. It's hard to get Tom to talk about himself, but maybe, with this background, some of us can now drag a little something more out of him when we meet the next time.

SAGA OF THE PIED PIPERS

Bob Ficke

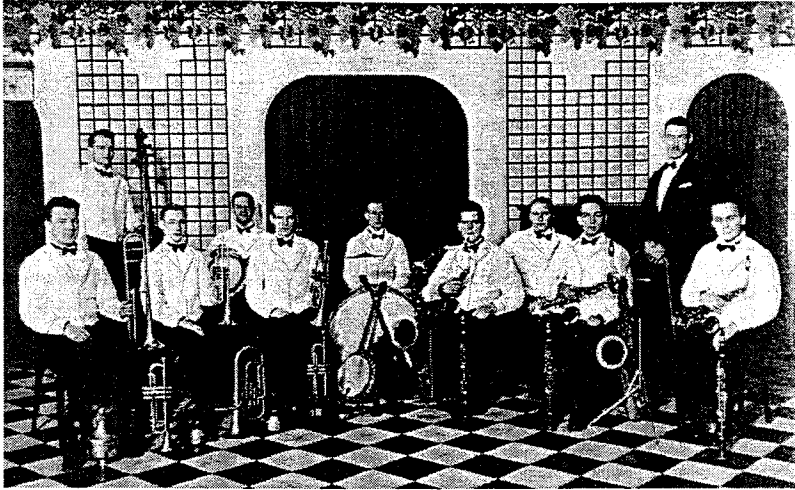
Editor: At the mini-reunion at the Tides Inn in April, Bob Ficke regaled me over a beer about the fabulous times he and a Princeton band had over various summers in Europe. It sounded like so much fun that I urged him to write it up for the Summer Newsletter so we could all enjoy it.

In the fall of Freshman year a group of us formed a small jazz band called the Pied Pipers. We played for dancing at the Princeton Inn, dances at several of the clubs, the Yale Dance and the Cornell Dance. We also played at a girl's school in New Jersey and at the Fenwick's Hunt Ball.

We contacted the French Liré in New York and played for them. They hired us for the "Rochambeau" from New York to Paris in the spring of 1930. It was a nine day crossing, First Class and Tourist. We made a small night club in the tourist lounge. Most of the First Class passengers showed up too. The ship was to put us up in vacant cabins but there were none. So they put us up in the Women's Isolation Ward, a large dormitory amidships. It was comfortable except for a

louvered door into "le petit docteur's" cabin. He tried to keep us quiet with little success.

One foggy night the captain was sounding the ship's fog horn - every three minutes. Sid Wise, a very creative fellow, opened a porthole, put the tuba in the opening and answered each blast. The captain then sounded the fog horn every 30 seconds. Sid answered appropriately. Then the engines stopped. We told Sid, "Fun is fun but you'd better hide that tuba". There was a loud knock at the door and a ship's officer burst in with a dark scowl. He shouted, "Ou est le piston?" Conveniently we spoke no French at that point. He looked around and stalked out. He was very cool to us for the rest of the trip.



Bob Ficke and "the Band" that captivated European hot spots during his undergraduate summers. Bob - third from left.

In Paris we hooked up with a French travel agent who spoke English with a Brooklyn accent. He booked us at hotels and clubs in Italy for one to three weeks at a time. These included a night club in Montecatini Terme on the Adriatic, Royola's Country Club in Florence and in a hotel there for room and board. Royola's was a delightful place on a hill overlooking the city. It was in an orchard with Christmas lights in the trees. We were booked in a hotel in Torbole at the east end of Lake Garda. All went well until a bunch of Russians showed up who did sword dances and other entertainment and worked for almost nothing. So the hotel threw us out. We went across the lake to Riva and got a job at Dino's Casino. Several days later the hotel in Tortole called and wanted us back. It seems the Russians got drunk and broke up the furniture.

While in Paris we played at the Hotel Bohy Lafayette. Jack Bohy said he could not pay us because we were aliens but he gave us room and board.

In 1931 we were hired by the Cunard Line for a fifty-one day cruise to Europe on the "Lancastria". This was an eight piece band. The cruise started and ended in New York and went around the Mediterranean, up to Spain, France, Holland, Belgium and Scotland.

In 1932 we booked two 5-piece bands, one on a French liner, the "Paris" and one on the Hamburg-America Line. Hank

Pennypacker and his new wife decided to stay in Paris so we booked an 11-piece band. The accompanying picture shows this band. We again approached Jack Bohy for a stay in Paris. They were not all Princetonians as we had to add a few ringers (marked by an asterisk) to fill out. From left to right they are: Al Custer, Bill Gibby, Ralph Hollenbeck, George White, Bud Toms*, Al Clothier*, John Bachman*, Sid Wise, Bob Ficke, Hank Pennypacker, Sherman Totten. Joe Ferrer and Paul MacCrae were in the 1930 and 1931 bands.

Paris in the early thirties was great; Maurice Chevalier, The Dolly Sisters, Josephine Baker and others. After playing at the hotel some of us would go to Chez Zelli, a night club, to play. American jazz was all the rage. We blocked off a side street on Bastille Day for dancing in the street. We managed to book a couple of weeks at a seaside resort at Ostend, Belgium, and at the Hotel Negresco in Nice.

Other jobs included a cruise to nowhere on the "Olympic" which was a big mess with chorous girls and a collie dog act, Hotel President in Atlantic City, the 1932-33 Triangle Show - "It's the Valet" and the trip. We made a phonograph record with Joe Ferrer singing "Sweet Georgia Brown" and Jimmy Stewart singing "Love comes but Once" - a song written by Sid Wise.

Back to the real world, I joined the DuPont Company and spent ten years on five plants doing process development and cost reduction studies. . . then Field Staff, supervising engineering groups on Fabrics and Finishes, Photo Products, Grasselli and military explosives plants. . . then with the Engineering Consultants plus the Scientific Computer and Test Centers.

In December 1943, Martha Melvin and I were married, the best thing that ever happened to me! I have been retired 24 years, enjoying travel, a greenhouse full of orchids and a cabinetmaker shop in the basement. With five children and eleven grandchildren I have had plenty of orders for furniture, including fifteen Queen Anne reproductions. We keep busy, the secret of longevity.