

both nationally known in the building construction field; **Jack Carrington**, a vice-president of Freeport Sulphur; **Howie Carew**, president of Carew Steel Products; **Toto Walker**, an editor of the National Geographic Magazine; **Bill Hewson**, a vice-president of Brooklyn Union Gas; **Russ Tucker**, running Brooks Brothers; **Bob Pflaumer**, former Rhodes Scholar and now president of American Marietta Company; **Ray Firestone**, president of Firestone Tire and Rubber Company; **Sherry Garth**, having given up his purple bicycle, now an executive of Thomas Cook & Sons; **Marsh Geer**, rancher and former president of the New York Cotton Exchange; **Frank Hibben**, nationally known for his archeological work and **Joe Ferrer** whose outstanding abilities and achievements have earned him a leading place in the motion picture world. In addition, **Banny Richardson** is back with us tonight, having been a captain in the Ghurka Rifles, Indian Army, and having held positions with the Indian Government.

On the domestic front, we have others who have achieved unusual distinction. **Tom McGill** is the father of eight children and thus our record holder, although hard pressed by George Constable, who claims a tie on technical grounds. And our own Nat Gifford, a leading zipper manufacturer, is the father of a youngster aged two months, proving perhaps how well his zippers work.

In the Princeton family, we have **Dorrance Sexton**, president of the National Alumni Association and Chairman of the Alumni Council, on which he is assisted by **Arch Brooks**, **Bill Crow**, **Harry Garrett** and **Stan Purnell**. **Josh Billings** is a trustee of Princeton and many others are serving in various capacities in their localities.

We have come a long way since the spring of 25 years ago. Graduated in a depression, we have completed the cycle around to recession which, though mild in comparison with 25 years ago, makes us wonder whether prosperity has been wearing falsies.

The other day I read that this summer we would fire a rocket at the moon, and it probably will not be long until a human being also makes the journey. There has been some agitation that one Larry Kelly, formerly of Yale football fame, should be the first passenger. No matter who makes the trip, I feel sure that on arrival there he will find a group of 1933 men sitting around, each clutching a birdbath of martinis, and agreeing with each other that probably the best thing that ever happened to any of us was to have gone to Princeton and the next best thing was to have been a member of the Class of 1933.

Best luck to all of you.

Tony Nichol.

ROBERT S. PASLEY, JR.

Lawyer - Army Judge Advocate - Cornell Law Professor

Bob Pasley responded to last year's editorial request for contributions to our Summer Newsletter with his recollections of attending a victory celebration with our Russian allies shortly after VE day, May 1945. We're particularly fortunate in having a snapshot of him enjoying the event as he danced with a Russian officer on the "lawn" of the chateau which was the Russian Corps headquarters.

After graduating from Princeton, Bob went to Cornell Law School and worked as a corporate lawyer in New York City until we entered the war. He joined the Army and was serving as Staff Judge Advocate of the XIII Corps with the rank of major when the war ended. In 1954, after 8 years working for the Navy, Bob became a professor of law at Cornell where he taught until retirement in 1978.

At Princeton he was Phi Beta Kappa, a member of Arbor Inn and roomed with S. A. Farrand in Dod. Bob Clifford

remembers him as the diligent Circulation Manager of the Prince. According to Clifford, he was known to appear at a Cornell-Princeton football game in Ithaca, attired in his Princeton Reunion blazer and cap, much to the surprise of his Cornell students.

Bob Clifford, who knew and admired Bob Pasley, informs us that during Bob's tenure at Cornell, in April 1969, a group of armed students seized and occupied Willard Straight Hall, the University Campus Center. The event was reported hourly on national television. After the activists were finally ejected by the police, concerned faculty members, including Pasley, telephoned the university trustees one by one urging a special meeting of the board. The board met two days later and the resignation of Cornell president James A. Perkins was subsequently accepted. According to Clifford, he believes that Pasley also was active with other faculty members in

successfully resisting the abolition of ROTC at Cornell.

His wife Mary writes "Bob is a scholar and loved every minute of it. We had a wonderful life in Ithaca for us and our three children". Bob has recently been in poor health in a nursing home in Sarasota, Florida, but a phone call to him there found him in good spirits and still actively interested in his classmates and Princeton.

The following is his account of:

MEETING THE RUSSIANS - FIFTY YEARS AGO

In May of 1945 I was in the Army, serving as Staff Judge Advocate of the XIII Corps. Although our Corps had not landed in Normandy until some months after D-Day, we had taken part in the Allied drive across Europe to the Elbe. We were part of the Ninth Army and constituted the left flank of the American forces just south of the British.

A few days after V-E Day, the commanding General of the Russian Corps across the river invited us to a victory celebration. Except for a small cadre which had to remain behind to "mind the store", most of us were glad to accept. On the appointed day, our drivers took us to the west bank of the Elbe. There the Russians ferried us across on a large barge. The barge carried a large American flag beneath which a banner proclaimed, "WELCOME TO THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE AND THE VICTORIOUS AMERICAN ARMY". Where the Russians found this barge or how it was propelled, I have no idea, but the Russians had a remarkable facility for locating and putting to use whatever they needed, whatever the time, place, or circumstances.

From the east bank of the river we were transported in Russian vehicles to Corps Headquarters in Bad Wilsnach, a little distance away.

It was a beautiful day and the countryside was placid and peaceful. There was little evidence of the destructive war which had just ended, save for one circumstance. We saw large herds of horses, hundreds of them it seemed, which had been rounded up and impounded in corrals not far from the road. I assumed that these had been seized from the local peasants for possible use in an army not yet fully mechanized. Since they were presumably privately owned farm animals which had not been used for military purposes, their confiscation was a violation of the Geneva Convention,

unless they had been duly requisitioned and paid for, an i m p r o b a b l e assumption.

Corps headquarters turned out to be a chateau, or manor house, which had escaped the ravages of war. As we gathered on its grounds, we were introduced to our hosts. So far as feasible we were paired with our opposite numbers: that is, intelligence officers with intelligence officers,

operations officers with operations officers, and so on. The American and Russian armies are organized along similar lines, following in broad outline the Prussian General Staff concept. But the parallel is not exact, and this resulted in some curious anomalies. For example, our chaplains were paired with their Communist Party Commissars. (Before the demise of Communism, one or more of these worthies were attached to every military unit to insure compliance with the party line, and to report any "deviationism" to higher authority). Perhaps this was a tacit admission that State Communism is itself a form of religion, an observation which has often been made.

There were no legal officers in Corps headquarters. (There are legal officers in the Russian Army, but they operate at higher echelons, where they supervise the administration of the military justice system, which, on paper at least, seems reasonably fair). But I was befriended by a Russian lieutenant-colonel, his wife (also an Army officer in uniform, with a pistol at her side), and a major. The major knew a little English and I knew a few words of Russian, so we were able to communicate, albeit haltingly, and exchange information about our homes and families. They were very friendly and we remained together most of the day. I don't remember their names, but they wrote them down for me, in Cyrillic script, in my pocket notebook. I kept this notebook for many years, but eventually it disappeared, as such belongings have



Bob Pasley cavorting on the green with a Russian lady officer, the colonel's wife, complete with sidearm, celebrating the WW II's conclusion at a big bash hosted by the Russians in their Chateau headquarters.

a way of doing.

The day was filled with a kaleidoscope of events and I can remember only the high spots. First came a parade of several hundred soldiers, who marched in front of the chateau carrying flags, banners, and large posters with the images of Stalin and Zhukov. They were led by a spirited military band. How they were able to produce a band so soon after V-E Day and so close to what had been the front, I will never know. We had no bands at or near our headquarters!

After the parade had ended, the band continued to play for our entertainment, while we strolled on the lawn and socialized with our hosts, meanwhile consuming the vodka highballs which were served to us. The continued sound of music and flow of vodka loosened my inhibitions to the point where I asked the Colonel's wife to dance. She assented and we tripped a few measures on the greensward. One of my fellow officers took a snapshot of us which he later gave to me. It is still one of my prized souvenirs. When I used to show it to my friends they would jokingly warn me not to let it fall into the hands of Senator McCarthy, lest he use it to impugn my loyalty!

When the outdoor events had concluded, we were ushered inside the chateau. By this time, I was sufficiently light-headed and addle-brained to think that my pistol belt was too heavy to wear indoors on a warm afternoon in May, so I removed it and placed it on a bench near the door. (I hasten to add that I had never had to use this weapon, but it was part of our regulation uniform).

The principal event of the afternoon was an address by the Russian Corps commander, who explained his plan of the campaign during the final weeks of the war, illustrating his talk with maps and pointer. He spoke in Russian, but he was flanked by two young officers who alternated in translating

his remarks as he delivered them. They spoke flawless Oxford English and were never at a loss for the proper English word or phrase. It was a virtuoso performance which still amazes me, even in these days when we have become accustomed to the art of simultaneous translation.

The final event of the day was a gala dinner, or I should say banquet. My friends sat near me and, between repeated vodka toasts, urged me "kushite, kushite!" (eat, eat). I did my best. The first course was a serving of oysters on the half shell. Again, those amazing Russians! The next course was a delicious bowl of borscht. After that I have no recollection of what happened. I hope that I was able to do justice to the remaining courses and bid a proper farewell to my friends. I just don't know.

But I did retain sufficient presence of mind to look for my pistol belt as we were leaving. Of course it was gone. In my naivete, I had enabled some Russian soldier to possess himself of an American Colt 45, complete with holster, belt and ammunition.

The next day I reported this loss to our Provost Marshall. I fully expected that we would have to fill out a Report of Survey (Army lingo for a report of lost or damaged property) and that I would have to reimburse the government for the value of property lost through my negligence. Instead, quite to my surprise, he said, "Well, Bob, let's forget about it". A welcome conclusion to a memorable occasion!

Footnote: We are very sad to report that, since typing the above story, we have received word that Bob died last week, June 20, in the nursing home in Sarasota where he has been for the last several years. We're sure that a note to his widow, Mary, from those of you who knew Bob, would be much appreciated.



Dotty and Sam Loveland share Frannie Carew - Tides Inn