

## SECRETARY'S NOTEBOOK

Josh Billings (pro tem)

As you all may know by now, Steve Ailes suffered a stroke at the end of March, and a second more serious stroke in June. He is now at home undergoing therapy and doing well but it has not been possible for him to organize the material for this Notebook. I am pinch hitting for Steve in the writing of the column for the Alumni Weekly, but there has not been time to assemble the usual stories for this section. We all wish for Steve a speedy recovery and a return to his post as class secretary.

A few items have come in, though, sadly, they relate to recently departed classmates. In February we lost Al Whitman in Minneapolis. You will remember that he was a star hockey player at Princeton. He also shared the 8th entry of Blair with me, along with Boice, Keidel, Strawbridge, Glazebrook, Geer, Purnell and Garrett. For the service of Remembrance, his son John wrote and read the following poem:

### TO MY FATHER

Think of me when you hear the whistling wing of blue bills, scraping blades on ice, and the spinning ball as it comes to rest in the hole.

Think of me when you smell the sweet scent of peonies and lilies of the valley in spring, with the earth newly upturned and the lawn just mowed.

Think of me when you see a bear, one that dances and does crazy things and makes you smile while your mind plays tricks and teases itself with similar absurdities.

Think of me when shaking hands and making a deal and knowing nothing more need be said.

Think of me in each chocolate shake, piece of butter brickle, macaroon, or waffle covered with syrup.

Mourn me lightly, for winds have swept me upward and at last I sleep, where I've always wanted to, in a bed of wisteria.

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Another recent loss to the class was Joe deSipio. His daughter, Sally Frazza, has sent in the following tribute to Joe published in his memory in the neighborhood literary magazine.

### REMEMBERING JOE, HIGGLEDY PIGGLEDY

Have you ever met the poetry form called the Higgledy Piggledy? The parade example of Higgledy Piggledy (author unknown) is this one which I have from Kenneth Reckford, Greek Professor extraordinaire.

"Higgledy Piggledy"

Marcus Aurelius

Showed how prosperity's founded on vice.

Characteristically, no one now studies him.

Who wants the truth when the truth isn't nice.

See how it swings?

Just a couple of weeks ago, Joe DeSipio died here in the world's greatest city, that city of art we call Philadelphia. He dressed as he pleased, said what he thought, and managed to make any of us who spoke to him feel elevated.

You bet we miss him and it will just get worse.

Higgledy Piggledy

Joseph DeSipio

Leaves us to mourn but can still make us glow.

Reread his limericks so often published here,

Hear his strong touch on the stride piano.

Higgledy Piggledy

Joseph DeSipio

Fathered a daughter and raised her himself.

What finer monument to our friend's joie de vivre-

Sally the Pine Street sprite, Sally, the elf.

Higgledy Piggledy

Joseph DeSipio

Left us the recipe for stuff called "Prooze"

Plumps the libido up, blanks recent memory:

"Soak pitted prunes in a whole lot of booze".

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A third tragic loss was the untimely death of Paul Campbell, killed in an automobile accident just minutes from his Maryland Eastern Shore home after a routine visit to his doctor in Baltimore. His wife Julie suffered a compound fracture of her leg. Many of you will recall Paul's stirring account of navigating rough seas in the Bahamas in his boat Julie in last summer's News Letter. Julie is recuperating with one daughter, Gordie Villalon in Florida, and plans to live with her other daughter, Melanie, who, with her Irish husband operates his family's home in County Cork as an inn. There are two guest cottages one of which, we understand, is to be Julie's.

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Excerpts from a letter to Bob Keidel from Bob Clifford in Williamsburg, Va.

"How will I be spending my time this summer? Heck, I'll just continue monitoring public affairs, heckling public officials in person or by letter.



*Ombudsman and heckler  
Clifford*

"Like you, I think that our countrymen deserve better leadership than we are obtaining: local, national and global.

Locally I am involved with others in efforts to manage (slow) growth in our historic Triangle Area (Jamestown, Williamsburg and Yorktown). To support at the federal level a smaller, less bureaucratic government. The lack of leadership at both ends of Pennsylvania Avenue is appalling. Overseas I see the same old tinderboxes bursting into flames without reaction by Washington or the United Nations. It is a discouraging way to leave the 20th century.

"How much influence can one person have? I don't know but I always sleep better after making the effort.

"We had an excellent reunion. I was particularly pleased that the Nassau Club became our de facto headquarters...

"...Some of us discussed another mini-reunion. I am for it. Maybe in the tidewater area: Tides Inn or Williamsburg. In 1986 we had a small reunion at Williamsburg's Hospitality House the weekend the Princeton football team came to town."

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The photo accompanying this article recently came into our possession. Some of you will remember that one of Ferdie Roebing's passions used to be deep-sea fishing. This picture shows him with some of his tremendous catches dating back to 1960 off the Outer Banks, N.C.—two blue marlin weighing 324 and 533 pounds. What a workout!



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As we go to press we have received very sad news about Bill Hewson. As was reported in the Alumni Weekly column for July, Bill suffered an aneurism in mid May and though we had reports at reunion that he was out-of-the-woods and on the mend, complications set in and Bill died a few days after reunions. Living in Princeton, Bill has been one of the true class stalwarts, Treasurer from 1973 to 1993, he managed our finances with great skill. A faithful member of Friends of Princeton Football, Bill rarely missed a game or a reunion, major or mini. Certainly all of us join with his lovely wife Barbara in mourning his loss. There will be a memorial service for Bill September 14, at 10:30 AM in the University Chapel.

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Ann and I were gratified to have the sons of two classmates greet us in the P-grade: Jack Bishop's handsome (naturally) son and Hal Edwards' tall 6 foot 4 inch fine-looking son.

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Mary, Ralph and Katy, the children of Nonie and Ralph Bard have notified us of her death. She was a remarkable lady, vigorously civic-oriented, a fit partner of a vigorous husband. A memorial service was held for her June 23rd in the Chicago Botanical Gardens, an organization which Ralph headed for many years.