



A Brother's Story

Julian Cleveland Smith Jr.

Class of 1941



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edited by Thomas M. Reilly '07



EDITOR'S NOTE

Alpha Delta Phi has recently been reunited with the long-lost legacy of another one of our remarkable alumni, Julian Cleveland Smith Jr., class of 1941. Brother Smith (or Julie, as he was known as an undergrad) was a Canadian-American who studied chemical engineering at Cornell in the late 1930s. During World War II, he worked on the Manhattan Project for a time before returning to Cornell in 1946, where he spent the rest of his career and long life. Beginning as an assistant professor, Brother Smith ultimately became the director of the School of Chemical Engineering from 1975–1983. He retired in 1986 and lived the rest of his life in Ithaca with his family. He passed away in 2015 at the age of 96.

While he does not seem to have kept in regular contact with the fraternity after graduating, the memoirs that he wrote of his time at Alpha Delta Phi are a testament to a formative experience that stayed with him forever. Written in his final years, the recollections presented here are Julian's own words and remembrances of life at 777 Stewart Avenue on the eve of the Second World War.

—Thomas M. Reilly '07



A Brother's Story

Julian Cleveland Smith Jr. '41

FRESHMAN YEAR: 1937–1938



MOTHER, DAD, AND I (AND THE CHAUFFEUR) drove from Montreal to Ithaca on Saturday, September 25, 1937. From Trout River at the Canadian-U.S. border, we took Route 11 through Malone, Potsdam, Canton, Gouverneur, Watertown, and Syracuse to Cortland, then via Route 13 to Ithaca. It took us 10½ hours. The next day, after breakfast at the Ithaca Hotel, I moved into my room, 141 Baker Tower, and met two freshmen who roomed nearby, Bill Lotspiech and John Hickenlooper (I was amused by the name Hickenlooper). Sometime later that term, John was doing pushups

in his room before going to bed when he heard a knock on his door. It was Proctor Manning. "What are you doing in here?" he asked. "Pushups," said John. "Oh," said Manning, "I saw you through the window. I thought you had a girl in here."

The next few days were a blur of activity, with registration in chemical engineering and being "rushed" by six different fraternities. I finally pledged



Louise and Joslyn Smith '38

with Alpha Delta Phi, partly because my brother, Joslyn A. Smith '38, was president and partly because there was no stress on athletics as in other fraternities. Although I was admitted to chemical engineering, I registered in chemistry in the College of Arts and Sciences. The first four years of our program were in chemistry; only in the fifth year did we chemical engineers register in the College of Engineering. We were the last class for which this was true; all subsequent classes entered directly into engineering. After registering, I bought a cap that all freshmen had to wear and textbooks for my classes (total cost: \$13.50).

I went to the frosh "Get Wise" meeting, where President Edmund Ezra Day talked to us. He said he was a freshman too, that he was just starting his presidency. Thursday was the first day of classes. It was a demanding schedule. At 8:00 a.m., I had Math 5b, second term calculus, with the agreement that, if I passed the exams and the final exam for the first term, I would receive credit for both terms. Tuesdays and Thursdays at 9:00, I had Physics 11 recitations; at 10:00, physics lectures, and at 11:00, Chemistry 110 lectures. Also a Chem 110 lecture at 11:00 on Saturday. On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 10:00, I had English 2. The one physics lab was on Thursday from 1:40 to 4:00 in the afternoon; chemistry labs were on Wednesday afternoon and from 8:00 a.m. to eleven on Saturday. At eleven on Fridays, I had hygiene (required for all freshmen).

After I pledged Alpha Delta Phi, I ate all my meals at the fraternity and spent much of my time in class, with some time available for studying, attending fraternity meetings, even a little for myself. Things quickly settled into a routine:



Bob Herrmann '41



Bill Robinson '41



Bud Richardson '41

classes, examinations (called “prelims”), glee club rehearsals, meals at the fraternity, movies with other pledges. I soon made friends with several of them, Walker (Pete) Peterson, Jim Easter, and the three others who were enrolled in chemical engineering, Bob Herrmann, Bill Robinson, and Henry (Bud) Richardson: friendships that lasted all our lives. In October at the fraternity, there was a beer party for the freshman pledges, at which I learned that I didn’t really like beer. In my lifetime, I have drunk a few beers to be sociable but have generally avoided it. As a freshman, I smoked quite a few cigarettes — as everybody did then — but after an illness the following spring, I gave it up and never smoked again.

The biggest fraternity event was the fall house party, given jointly with Chi Phi from November 4 to 6. I invited Dora Scott from Montreal, an outgoing party-loving girl, unlike anyone I was expected to bring. The brothers probably thought I would bring a quiet shy young woman. The girls



Julian at his studies, Jan. 1939

arrived on Friday and were housed in the fraternity; the members had to find accommodations elsewhere. George Bayly, a senior, roomed with me in Baker Tower. Dora arrived by train from New York about 6:30 p.m. on Friday. I had dinner with her and took her to the dance at Chi Phi. We also went to John Hickenlooper’s fraternity (we never said “frat”), Delta Upsilon, for a time. This was the first time I had more than a taste of alcohol. On Saturday, I was up at 7:30 a.m. for the four-hour chemistry lab, a determination of molecular weight. I broke two porcelain crucibles but otherwise survived quite well.

The next day I bought a fifth of Canadian Club rye and a fifth of Four Roses. The two bottles cost \$4.18. We went to a “tea dance” at Chi Phi, with a powerful orchestra in a small room playing until 7:00 p.m. I had dinner with Dora at Alpha Delta Phi. Ralph Donohue, a senior from the class of 1937 who had failed to graduate, climbed in through the window to join us. (I was later told that, from 1934 to 1937, no one in Alpha Delta Phi had succeeded in graduating; they were all too fond of their booze. Every senior in the class of 1938, however — all nine of them — got their degree. They called themselves “the nine old men.”) On Sunday, feeling surprisingly well, I had lunch with Dora at the fraternity house.

On December 15, I and the other pledges put on a play, written mostly by me, for the entertainment of the brothers. Then we had to get and decorate a Christmas tree and give presents to all the members. With the aid of rye, the play went



Playing bridge in the Alpha Delta Phi library

examinations, including the credit exams in calculus and organic chemistry. I wrote long letters to Marjorie Townsend, somewhat restrained, considering I was lovesick. My grades were very good; I got 95 on each of the credit exams and a term average of 94. Bill Robinson and Bob Herrmann did well, but Bud Richardson, before finals, told any who would listen that he was sure he was going to “bust out.” I finally got sick of his complaining and said, “Stop. Just do what you can. You’re going to be all right.” And he was. But he immediately transferred to the arts college and ultimately had a long career as an orthodontist in Fayetteville, New York.

very well, but Warren Ackerman had a drop too much and passed out later. Then the house went to work on us ... Friday, December 17, was the last day of classes. Joslyn drove me home to Montreal.

In those days the Cornell term ended in January, so I went back to Baker Tower for two weeks of classes and the final

SUMMER SCHOOL

Due to an illness that winter, I missed a whole term at Cornell in the spring of 1938, so I had to make up required courses in physics and English. At the end of June, I drove myself to Ithaca for summer school and enrolled in Physics 12, a course in English composition, and one in poetry. My room was on the third floor of one of the Army-Navy towers. I went to classes for one week, wrote one essay and one “poem.” Then we had three days off for the July Fourth weekend, and I was invited to visit Bud Richardson in Lowville, not far from Watertown.

I set out Saturday morning, on a sunny hot day and made good time through Syracuse and up Route 11 as far as Adams, where the road was under construction. I became very sleepy but didn’t have sense enough to stop and rest. I vaguely remember struggling with the steering wheel, a moment of panic, then nothing until I woke up on a table in the Watertown Hospital with someone sewing up the back of my head. “Was your nose always crooked like that?” asked the doctor. “No,” I said, so, with his thumb, he snapped it back into place. I had many severe cuts, especially on my right arm, and one significant injury: a cracked patella on my right knee. My parents were notified and came to see me the next day. I learned later that I had wrapped my brand new car around a tree in a farmer’s yard and that, when the farmer came to look at me, he said, “He’s dead!” I must have been a bloody sight. There were no seat belts in 1938, so I was injured by the impact as well as the flying glass from the windshield. A state trooper took me

to the hospital, some 12 miles north of the accident. While on the way, I told him who I was and about my parents, but I have no memory of that ride. It's a complete blank.

It took only a few days for me to recover enough to leave the hospital. I was not seriously hurt, but because of my knee, I could walk only with crutches. What to do? I resolved to go back to summer school, and my parents agreed. They hired a man, Johnny Meldrum, who worked at the Linden Street Garage in Ithaca, to help me get dressed and undressed and to take me to classes. They also found me a ground-floor room at 107 Founders Hall. I gave up the English courses and continued only with the physics. I had to make up one laboratory experiment but had no difficulty completing the course. My lab partner was a Jewish girl named Rita who thought highly of herself. "When I have my own laboratory," she said to me, "you can work there." I didn't do especially well; I got 75 or 80 as a course mark, but discharged the requirement. As to the English requirement, Professor Fred H. "Dusty" Rhodes, the director of chemical engineering, said, "Don't worry about it." I never had to take any more courses in English. I did, however, come to treasure the textbook from the poetry class, *Modern American Poetry*, edited by Louis Untermeyer.

The insurance company replaced my car, for it had been totaled. Toward the end of September, when Cornell opened, I used it to return to my sophomore year. At my parents' insistence, our gardener, Bert Heath, rode with me to make sure I arrived safely. I assume he took the train to go back home, but I gave it no thought at the time. It was his problem.



Julian on crutches, Aug. 1938

SOPHOMORE YEAR: 1938–1939

In my sophomore year, I lived at the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity house, 777 Stewart Avenue, and shared a room with Bud Richardson. To supplement the meagre furnishings, I bought a desk, chair, and table lamp at Rothschild's department store downtown.



Baker Laboratory, Oct. 1938

Bud and I got along well; he was now in the College of Arts and Sciences and much happier than he had been as a chemical engineering student. My courses included lectures and laboratory in quantitative chemical analysis ("quant"), organic chemistry, a second year

of physics, and German. A reading knowledge of German was considered essential to a career in chemistry. Quant gave me trouble; for the first time, I was taking a subject that I thought I might fail. We had weekly tests on actual samples. My grades on the first two tests were Fs; on the third, it was E (not passing, but slightly better than before). Panicky, I practiced when I could in the lab and also at home during Thanksgiving vacation, where I had a basement laboratory complete with an analytical balance. It worked. I developed the needed skills and patience and got acceptable grades from then on. Other courses presented no problems. The course in German

required us to translate a recent article from the literature; mine was called “Die Waldensche Umkehrung” (“The Walden Inversion”). I rather enjoyed the effort. I learned little or nothing, however, of conversational German.

Routine fraternity life continued. Since I had not yet been initiated and was still a pledge, I could not attend the general meetings. There were occasional literary meetings where the brothers were asked to present original written works, some of which, I found, were quite good. I contributed two or three during the year. One of them was a sci-fi story about a professor and his grad student who devised a way to shrink themselves down to the size of an electron, only to be attacked by a giant flea that they had sent down some days before. But I didn’t wholeheartedly feel I belonged in the fraternity group. I always had a slight feeling of unease.

My memory is vague about the fraternity house party in the fall of 1938. I think that was the year I invited Win Perigoe, a girl from Toronto I had met on the post-high-school trip to Europe in 1936. She turned me down but said that her friend, Cherry Mackenzie, would be happy to come. I had met Cherry on the ship but hardly remembered her. We Alpha Deltas were told, “You don’t date Cornell coeds, no no no no.” We sang songs about them like, “*The coed leads a dirty life. She*



eats potatoes with her knife. And once a year she takes a scrub, and leaves a ring around the tub—the dirty thing!” But the policy was weakly enforced and fell apart the next year when Larry Wheeler, the chapter president, became engaged to a coed. My friend Bill Robinson also married a coed. We dated girls from Wells College in Aurora and Keuka College in Penn Yan.



Julian and “girl,” Jan. 1939

A truly sophomoric activity that I engaged in at the fraternity was to spread around nitrogen triiodide (NI_3). It's made by reacting solid iodine crystals with concentrated ammonia at room temperature. While wet it's not sensitive, but once it dries it's extremely unstable; it will explode with a satisfying "bang!" at the touch of a feather. It amused me to put some on the seats of chairs or on the floor near someone's bed. After a few weeks, however, the brothers tired of my efforts; the president came to me and said, "You better stop that. Bill Cole was seriously hurt when he sat on your stupid crap." It was a ploy to get me to stop; Bill wasn't hurt at all. But I didn't know that. I never made any more NI_3 .

Shortly before Easter, I received a telegram from Asheville, North Carolina, saying, "SPRING IS HERE YOU SHOULD COME FOR EASTER VACATION - VIRGINIA." It was from Virginia Wells, a friend from my social circle in Montreal who was visiting her cousin. I accepted and drove there in my car, taking Bob Herrmann and Bill Robinson with me. They were also welcomed to stay in the big house. I remember little of what we did: probably toured the countryside, danced, and drank. Drank a lot. I even had some "white lightning," local hooch that tasted of the residual fusel oils and other components that are always removed from commercial whiskey. Virginia's cousin was lovesick; she paid little attention to us, and after a few drinks, she would lie back on the couch, moaning, "Oh-h-h-h Joe! Oh-h-h-h Joe!" After our stay, we drove back to Ithaca, some 530 miles, in one go. It was on that trip that Bob Herrmann nearly drove us into a concrete bridge abutment at 60 mph.



Bill and Bob at Zinck's, Oct. 1938

INITIATION

My formal initiation into the fraternity was in April, when the weather had finally turned pleasant. There was no paddling or other physical abuse; the anguish was nearly all mental. I was driven out to the Cornell power plant on Dryden Road, dumped there, and told to wait. I waited . . . and waited. For well over an hour, I wandered back and forth, counting the cars that came past for distraction (there were a lot fewer cars in 1939 than there would be now). I came very close to leaving my post and giving up my membership in Alpha Delta Phi. Finally, the pickup car arrived and took me back to the fraternity house. There, each pledge was isolated in one of the rooms and told to memorize the fraternity song in Greek, "Χαίρε Alpha Delta Phi," and the long list of chapter presidents, beginning with Samuel Eells in 1832.

Later that evening, we were brought down individually and made to kneel under a spotlight before a small group of brothers, led by an alumnus called Brother Barber, who examined us on what we had learned. We sang the Greek song to the tune of the Cornell “Evening Song” and recited the list of chapter presidents as best we could. We were criticized unmercifully and made to feel small, stupid, and incompetent. I resented it. Finally we were taken through ... a secret entrance ... to the separate chapter house (called the Goat House), where all official meetings were held, and formally admitted to the fraternity. We all felt relieved, but my feeling was greatly diminished, because I was coming down with a bad cold.

Soon after that, I started my summer job at Shawinigan Chemicals in Shawinigan, Quebec, about 17 miles north of Three Rivers, or Trois Rivières, as it’s called now. I was assigned to assist Dr. Albert Heatley in his research. I was paid \$75 per month. The company’s main product at that time was calcium carbide, made by fusing lime and coke in enormous electric arc furnaces that spewed carbide dust all over the city. The chief uses of calcium carbide were to make acetylene and calcium cyanamide.

At the end of August, when my job was finished, I drove to Lakefield, Quebec, to visit Marjorie Townsend at the Manson’s summer cottage. Lakefield is about 50 miles northwest of Montreal. I think I arrived there on Saturday, August 31; I know we all went to church the next day, September 1, the day Hitler invaded Poland. The minister told us the news and urged everyone to stock up on butter, sugar, and other staples against the shortages that he knew would be coming. He had no idea, of course, that it would be six years before the war ended and the shortages would persist, especially in England, for several years after that.



The pledges assembled (left to right): (front row) Hadaway, Ackerman, Richardson, Hall, Peterson, Munschauer; (back row) Robinson, Smith, Herrmann, Rohn, Rendall. Easter and Frazier missed the photographer

JUNIOR YEAR, 1939–1940

The walls of the fraternity were almost transparent to sound, so on occasion, Bud Richardson and I had been subjected to endless recordings coming from one of the adjacent rooms. It was not considered good form to complain, especially when the people playing the music were seniors. The music was listenable, even pleasant, but it did interfere with our studying and sometimes our sleep. I decided I would room somewhere else for the year and rented an apartment at 107 Cayuga Heights Road, just inside the border of the village of Cayuga Heights. It was owned by a young divorced woman named Mrs. Eichorn.

I don't recall where I ate my meals. I presume I had breakfast with the Eichorns and lunch and dinner somewhere on campus, possibly at Willard Straight. Most likely, I took some meals at the fraternity; I know I went to the monthly meetings and was impressed by their contentiousness and lack of organization. "These are college boys," I thought, "surely meetings in the real world will be better run." (I learned the painful truth later. If anything, fraternity meetings were better organized and less contentious than many of the meetings I went to in later life.)

In the spring term, I moved back to the fraternity and got a room to myself. In March, on my 21st birthday, I bought myself a portable electric gramophone so I could play my classical 78-rpm records. It was anything but hi-fi, but I liked it and used it for years. I think it cost me \$25.

I took a course in chemical microscopy, taught by Professor Clyde Walter Mason of the chemical-engineering faculty. He had a reputation as a fearsomely demanding teacher. I tried to get out of taking the course because of my very near-sighted eyes but had no success. We learned about the six classes of crystal forms and how to identify them, about the limits of optical microscopy, and how to follow processes like solution and crystallization on the microscopic scale. I recall seeing through the eyepiece a simple outline of a rectangle and being asked what it represented. I had no idea. Professor Mason said, caustically, "I'm not here to teach you technique; I'm here to make you think." I thought to myself that the one thing a student resents most is being made to think. But again I survived and got an undistinguished grade of 80 in the course.



Bob on skis, Jan. 1939



*Sküing down the hill from the chapter house
to Stewart Avenue, Jan. 1939*



Bud playing ping-pong, Jan. 1939

a team of horses and, in short order, had us back on the highway. Except for a mark left by the wire fence, the car showed no damage. We were lucky.

When I was driving back to Cornell that year, after the Christmas break, I picked up Iggie LaCombe at Trout River. The snow was deep and the roads were slippery. After a time, I let Iggie drive. Somewhere east of Potsdam, he lost control. The car skidded off the road, through a single-wire fence, and into a field. Soon, the farmer who owned the field appeared and offered to pull my car out of the snow (for a modest fee). I gladly accepted. He brought

SUMMER 1940

Bill Robinson had suggested that the four of us go canoeing in western Quebec in June 1940. I had never done anything like this, but Bill seemed to know about such expeditions, so I agreed (with some trepidation). The other three, Bill, Bob Herrmann, and Bud Richardson, drove to Montreal to stay at our house overnight. The next day, we drove northwest through Ste. Agathe-du-Monts and on toward Mont Tremblant, already a ski resort some 80 miles from Montreal. We didn't go that far; about 60 miles along the road, we stopped at a place on a river where we rented canoes, tents, and other equipment. Bill chose two canoes for us, and we set out upriver.

I soon learned a lot about camping out in an undeveloped area. For our first night out, Bill chose a small island: unfortunately a mosquito haven. We found campsites later that were mosquito free, but during the day, we were constantly attacked by black flies. "They fly in your eyes," an experienced camper has written. "They fly in your ears. They go up your nose, get in your hair. They actually remove pieces of your flesh." For me, they bit my legs until I learned to tie my pant legs securely around my ankles, but even so, I went home with swollen purple legs that took weeks to heal.

Despite the flies, we enjoyed the trip. We got along well. We saw no other campers anywhere (probably because of the black flies). We fished for supper; I caught a fairly large pickerel. Once, while going over a small waterfall, Bill and Bob's canoe tipped over, spoiling some of our stock of food. We laughed. At our northernmost point we saw



Buttermilk Falls



Bill and Bob sleeping, Jan. 1939

and golf at the Grand-Mère golf club, some seven miles north of Shawinigan.

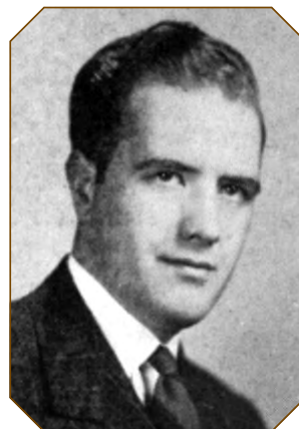
quite an impressive waterfall, which, we were told, was called Chute Victoria. Back at the Hermitage Club, I proudly showed off my eight day's worth of beard and filthy camping clothes, but nobody seemed to care how I looked. Another disappointment.

Later that summer, I worked again for Shawinigan Chemicals for the same salary, \$75 per month. I stayed with my brother and his wife in their house on Champlain Street and had most of my meals there. Consequently, I had more spending money than I had the summer before, enough for dates and parties

SENIOR YEAR: 1940–1941

During my senior year at Cornell, the war was raging in Britain, where preparations were made for the expected invasion. But Americans were mostly isolationists, and the November election of Roosevelt over Wendell Wilkie was supported, if not guaranteed, by Roosevelt's promise that "American boys will not be sent to Europe." I was still attending Cornell as a Canadian and could not vote in the U.S.A. I spent the year living at the fraternity house. Seniors had the first pick of rooms, so I chose the one three-room suite, which I shared with Norman Rohn from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, a senior in mechanical engineering. The suite had separate bedrooms, a living room, and (I think) its own bathroom. He had prepared at Phillips Exeter, as I had, but I hadn't known him while I was there. We were not close friends but got along well.

The courses that occupied most of my time, effort, and concerns were the lectures and laboratory in unit operations of chemical engineering. Both courses were taught by Professor Dusty Rhodes, the director of the school. Worth only two credit hours, the laboratory course consisted of 10 experiments each term and 10 reports on the results. These were not perfunctory reports; they were to be written as if they were to be submitted to company management, complete with an abstract, an accurate description of the apparatus and procedure, and a presentation and discussion of the results. Also, they were to be written in clear, concise, grammatically correct English. They were due at 9:00 a.m. almost every Thursday. Dusty graded all of them himself, correcting spelling mistakes and grammatical errors, rewording paragraphs and often whole pages,



Norman Rohn '41



The Great Hall

Construction of the new chemical engineering building, Olin Hall, began at this time: the gift of Walter Olin in memory of his son. Dusty and Professor “Och” Swenson had much to do with the details of the interior rooms. Dusty, especially, made sure that the director’s office was spacious and well-lighted by windows; he was tired of the tiny basement office in Baker Laboratory where he was still holding fort. The discovery of a layer of especially hard rock under the proposed north end led to a redesign of that part of the building.

When I returned to Cornell from Montreal in early April 1941, after the Easter break, I brought a large flask of liquid vinyl acetate monomer. I had an idea; I would make an equilibrium diagram . . . all by myself. My classes were in Baker Chemistry Laboratory, and I had access to the one lab assigned to chemical engineering. It had the other needed ingredients, glacial acetic acid and distilled water, in sufficient quantities, and in spite of the continuing demands of the report-writing course, I had time for the undertaking. (Anhydrous acetic acid is called “glacial” because it freezes at 61°F into an ice-like solid.) I worked at the project for three or four weeks, first developing the technique. One thing I soon learned was that glacial acetic, when spilled on your arm, raises large and painful watery blisters.

FIFTH YEAR: 1941–1942

In 1941, a few days before I was to leave my summer job at Shawinigan Chemicals and return for my fifth year at Cornell, I noticed in the hallway a ladder that seemed to lead to a trapdoor. Curious, I climbed up to find a second-floor room containing several people working at desks and laboratory benches. They all stopped working and looked at me in silence until I went back down the ladder. Only later, I realized that this was a secret area, part of the Manhattan Atomic Bomb Project, for which I, of course, had no clearance. Their security was lax or I wouldn’t have found the area, and perhaps my incursion made them aware of that, but it undoubtedly helped make me *persona non grata* at the laboratory. They were glad to see me go.

In my fifth year at Cornell, I was enrolled in the College of Engineering, not the arts college. The fraternity had no experience with or policies for fifth-year students, known as “hangovers.” I was assigned to a smallish bedroom with a student from somewhere in South America, who snored and snuffled all night long. The very next day, I was invited to share an apartment with two other hangovers, Bill Nicoll and “Pete” Hathaway (Pete’s real name was Floyd Stuyvesant Hathaway).

I gladly accepted and moved with them to the third floor of 636 Stewart Avenue. We had separate bedrooms, a living room, bathroom, and kitchen. Bill and Pete were good company, and I enjoyed rooming with them. Pete had been president of Alpha Chi Rho the previous year. Bill was captain of the Cornell ski team while I was the manager. He reveled in jumping on Olympic-sized jumps. He was also a good cook and made many tasty Sunday brunches. His name for me was “Winsocki,” from the song: “Buckle down, Winsocki, buckle down! You can win, Winsocki, if you knuckle down.”

On Sunday, December 7, just after lunch, we were listening to the radio when the program was interrupted by a special announcement: “The Japanese have bombed Pearl Harbor!” “So... we’re in the war now,” I said. “At last! I think it’s a good thing.” But things didn’t change much for me for the rest of the academic year.

My fifth year was more relaxed than the preceding one. I recall thinking, “I’m not going to let class work interfere with my education.” I rejoined the Glee Club as a second tenor and persuaded Bill Robinson to join as a bass. I worked on a new method of designing condensers, using an idea suggested by Peter Blaylock. It involved multiple trial-and-error calculations that took me most of the winter to complete. It was later published in *Industrial & Engineering Chemistry*. Unfortunately,





The front room (library) of Alpha Delta Phi, 1939

at Cornell. I was interviewed by a man from Monsanto and was invited to their headquarters in St. Louis. I didn't much like them, and they apparently didn't like me. They offered me a job at the going rate of \$156 per month. DuPont invited me to visit their Jackson Laboratory in Penns Grove, New Jersey, where I was interviewed by Dr. Calcott, the laboratory director. It seemed an attractive place, though I wasn't quite sure where it was (it is almost directly across the Delaware River from Wilmington, Delaware). I was offered \$190 per month (\$2,280 per year) and accepted on the spot. Somewhat to my surprise, Shawinigan Chemicals made me no offer (I think I know the reason now).

Class work and campus life continued placidly through the spring term, heading toward final examinations and graduation. My academic average for the term was not as high as it had been; it was about 85. Overall for the five years, it was just over 90. I finished first in the class of chemical engineers. On the basis of my four published research papers, Dusty Rhodes arranged to have me elected as a full member of the research society Sigma Xi. I was especially pleased, since my father had also been a member of Sigma Xi, based on papers he had published when a young practicing engineer.

My final examination was on May 22 or 23. The following week I spent in Montreal, preparing to move to the United States. Through the American consulate, I obtained a letter certifying that I was registered there as a American citizen. I closed the bank account I had opened some years before and withdrew everything from the savings accounts my parents had set up for me as a child. I sold my stamp collection for \$125 and turned in my high school medal for its value as gold. Altogether, I had some \$1,200 to take with me to my new life, plus some clothes, my Plymouth convertible, and my collection of 78-rpm classical records. Everything fit in my car.

Graduation was in Barton Hall on Sunday, May 31: a pleasant sunny day. President Day gave the brief address, welcoming us "to the company of educated men and women." I received the degree of chemical engineer "with distinction" (the engineering college did not use "cum laude"). After the ceremony, I recall, we had lunch at Joe's Restaurant, where they had a new marvel, a jukebox that played movies on a small screen while the music was underway.

a sharp-eyed reader pointed out that all the calculations were wrong, throwing the conclusions into doubt. (When I bought my first Apple computer in 1983, with a memory of 64 kilobytes, I ran the calculations correctly in 12 minutes, and found that my conclusions were justified).

In December 1941, recruiters from various companies appeared

After receiving my second degree in chemical engineering from Cornell in June 1942, I went to work at the Jackson Laboratory in Penns Grove, New Jersey. When I started work, I decided to give myself a new nickname. At Cornell, I was known as Julie to most of my acquaintances. I didn't like it. So, on my first day at work, when somebody asked, "What's your name?" I said, "Julian, but call me Ted." Right away, I had to learn to answer whenever someone called me Ted, but I found it relatively easy and called myself Ted for the next 59 years. Only when I moved to Kendal at Ithaca did I reinstate Julian as my preferred name.



EPILOGUE



After finishing at Cornell, dad went off to work at DuPont, working briefly on the Manhattan Project, then with other war work. Because Cornell had a huge influx of GI-scholarship students after the war, dad was invited back to teach chemical engineering. He remained at Cornell for the rest of his career, eventually becoming head of the department. Once retired, he was even called back to teach a few classes in his 70s.

Almost every chemical engineering student in the world seems to have used Unit Operations of Chemical Engineering, originally by McCabe and Smith and later by Smith and Harriott. When revising his latest edition, the New York City publishers rang to try to insist he meet their deadline. "I am 85, you know", he said. They hadn't realized.

Dad married Joan Dolores Elsen of Wilmington, Delaware, in 1946, and they moved to Ithaca, having two sons and a daughter there. There are now four grandchildren. One son and one grandson attended Cornell, continuing a tradition that began with Fred Alexander, dad's great-uncle. The family has been linked to Cornell for five generations now.

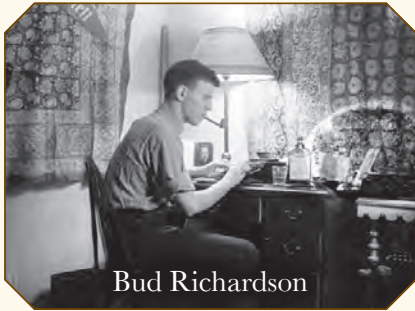
He had many hobbies: stamp collecting, snail collecting, adding to the family history, golf, including authoring a history of the Ithaca Country Club, choral singing, playing piano, and writing and performing comic songs. He was featured in Cornell's Ezra Magazine online in June 2014 and was proud of the views he then received on YouTube!

Dad was a record keeper, not only writing things down but photographing and filming much of his life. His extensive collection was mainly donated to the Cornell archives with the older family history material remaining with his children. Extracts from these records have provided the information about dad's Alpha Delta Phi days, which we hope add to the enjoyment of the fraternity and of Cornellians now and in the future.

—Diane Brook (nee Smith)



Photos by Julian C. Smith



Bud Richardson



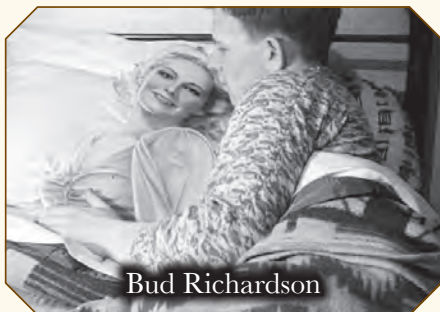
Bob Herrmann



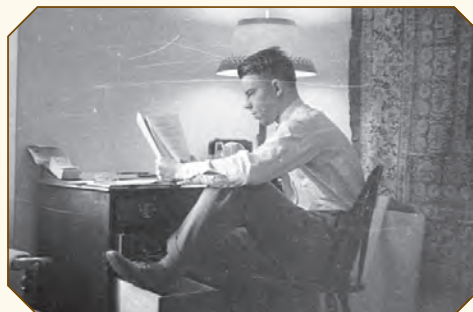
John Hall

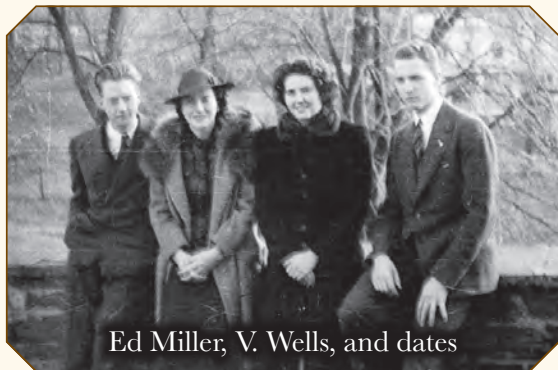


Bob Herrmann

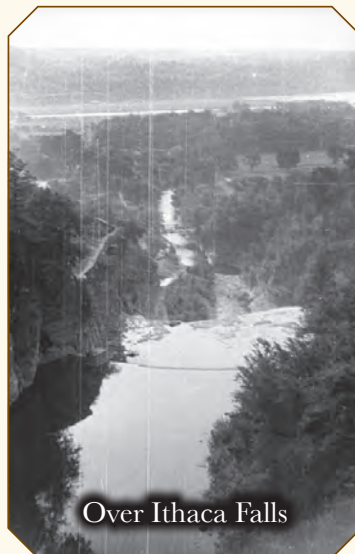


Bud Richardson





Ed Miller, V. Wells, and dates



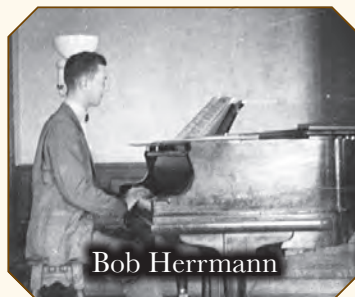
Over Ithaca Falls



Fall Creek Gorge



Ski Meet



Bob Herrmann



Surveying the Arts Quad



Rockefeller Hall



Buttermilk Falls



Alpha Delta Phi living room



Cornell's West Campus



The House Corporation Board of Directors expresses gratitude to
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