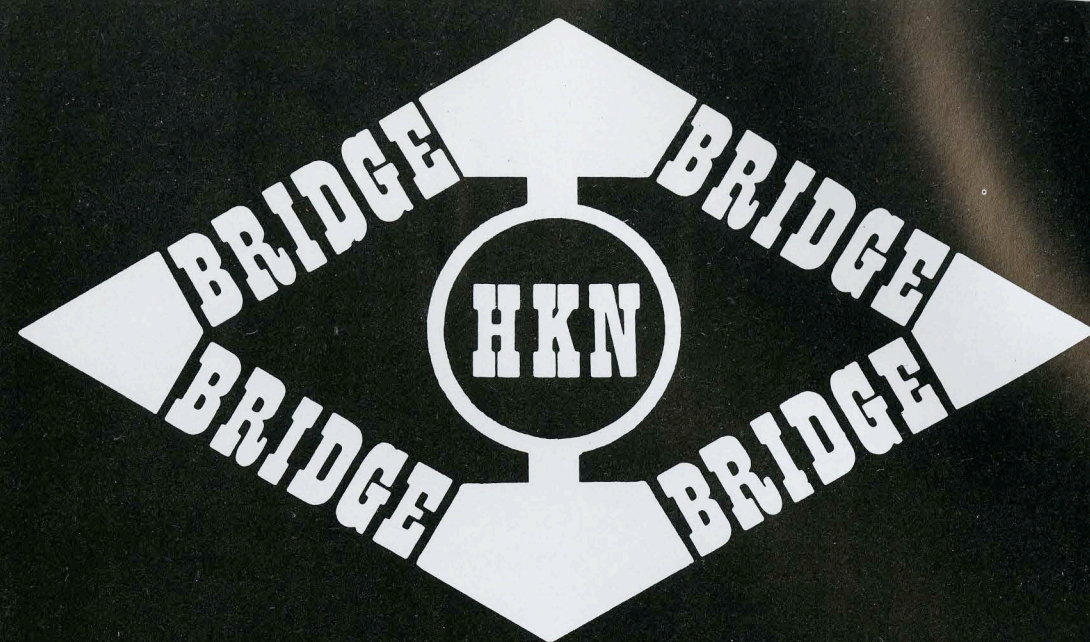


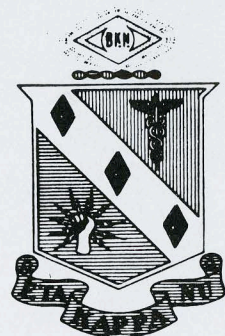
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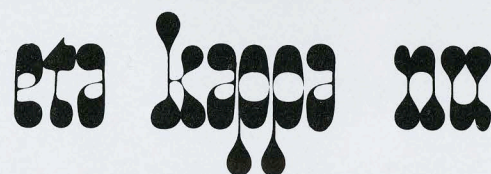
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The BRIDGE is published by the Eta Kappa Nu Association, an electrical engineering honor society. Eta Kappa Nu was founded at the University of Illinois, Urbana, October 28, 1904, that those in the profession of electrical engineering, who, by their attainments in college or in practice, have manifested a deep interest and marked ability in their chosen life work, may be brought into closer union so as to foster a spirit of liberal culture in the engineering colleges and to mark in an outstanding manner those who, as students in electrical engineering, have conferred honor on their Alma Maters by distinguished scholarship activities, leadership and exemplary character and to help these students progress by association with alumni who have attained prominence.

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OUTSTANDING YOUNG ELECTRICAL ENGINEER AWARD

James A. D'Arcy

Chairman of Award Organization Committee

On Monday evening, April 22, 1985, more than 110 guests gathered at the Omni Park Central Hotel in New York City to witness the awarding of the 1984 Recognition of Outstanding Young Electrical Engineers in the United States.

The winner was Dr. William E. Moerner, a Research Staff Member at IBM Corp., San Jose, California. Dr. Moerner was honored for his "outstanding contributions to the field of Optical Storage Systems, for his cultural achievements, and for his involvement in the Music Arts."

Honorable Mention was awarded to Stanley M. Belyeu, Cecelia Jankowski, and Robert P. Parker. Dr. Belyeu is a Systems Architect at IBM Corp., Boca Raton, Florida. He received Honorable Mention for "his contributions to the field of Robot Control Systems, and for his involvement in church and civic activities." Ms. Jankowski is a Digital Design Engineer at Grumman Aerospace Corp., Bethpage, New York. She received Honorable Mention for "her contributions to the field of Computer-Aided Engineering, and for her involvement in community and professional activities." Mr. Parker is Director of Signal Systems at RCA Corp.,



Indianapolis, Indiana. He received Honorable Mention for "his contributions to the fields of Color Television Receiver Technology and Engineering Management, and for his involvement in community activities."

The keynote speaker was Mr. Charles A. Eldon, 1985 President of IEEE. He spoke on the Status of Engineering Education in the United States.

Three other young Electrical Engineers were selected as 1984 finalists:

- Stan R. Ciraulo, IBM Corp., San Jose, California
- Robert S. Jaffe, IBM Corp., Yorktown Heights, New York
- Hon-Wai Lam, Texas Instruments Inc., Dallas, Texas

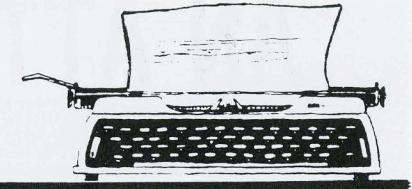
Initiated in 1936, the Eta Kappa Nu Recognition was created to "emphasize among electrical engineers that their service to mankind is manifested not only by achievements in purely technical pursuits but in a variety of other ways. It holds that an education based upon the acquisition of technical knowledge and the development of logical methods of thinking should fit the engineer to achieve substantial success in many lines of endeavor."

Since 1936, 49 Electrical Engineers who were less than 35 years of age and who had received their Baccalaureate degree less than 10 years before, have received the award, and 105 of similar characteristics have received Honorable Mention.

You can assist Eta Kappa Nu in discovering other outstanding recognition candidates by nominating worthy young Electrical Engineers for your company or acquaintance. Nomination blanks can be obtained from Professor Paul K. Hudson, Executive Secretary, Eta Kappa Nu Association, Department of Electrical Engineering, University of Illinois, Urbana, Illinois 61801. Nominations should be returned to him no later than June 30 each year.



High Five



Fun With Numbers

Step 1: Select a number—any number, large or small.

Step 2: Multiply the number by three.

Step 3: If the answer is an even number, divide it by two. If it is an odd number, add one to it to make it an even number and then divide it by two.

Step 4: Multiply the result of Step 3 by three.

Step 5: See how many times nine will divide into this number and call it n. Disregard any remainder.

Step 6: The original number that you selected is either $2n$ or $2n+1$ depending on whether the number in Step 2 was even or odd.

Example: Select 5 as the number. Multiply 5 by 3 and get 15. This is an odd number so add one to it to get 16, and then divide by 2 and get 8. Multiply 8 by 3 and get 24. Nine goes into 24 two times with a remainder. Throw away the remainder and make $n=2$. The original number selected then is $2n+1$ which is $(2 \times 2) + 1 = 5$.

"A good coach needs a patient wife, a loyal dog and a great quarterback, but not necessarily in that order."—**Coach Bud Grant.**

"I knew it was time to quit football when I was chewing out an official and he walked off the penalty faster than I could keep up with him."—**Coach George Halas.**

"Everyone has some fear. A man with no fear belongs in a mental institution. Or on special teams."—**Coach Walt Michaels.**

"There's nothing wrong with reading the game plan by the light of the jukebox."—**Quarterback Ken Stabler.**

The Old Professor Says:

At age 20 everything matters. At age 50 you become aware of the things that really matter. At age 80 nothing matters.

Song

How many times do I love thee, dear?
Tell me how many thoughts there be
In the atmosphere
Of a new-fall'n year,
Whose white and sable hours appear
The latest flake of Eternity:
So many times do I love thee, dear.
from *Torrismond*

It was a surprise party for one of the girls in the office who was leaving to get married. Most of the other girls wanted to know if the prospective groom was a man of means.

"Well," said the bride-to-be, "he surprised me by saying we were going to spend our honeymoon in France."

The gals tittered excitedly. "How did he spring it on you?" they asked anxiously.

"Well, we were discussing it," she replied, "when he said as soon as we were married he would show me where he was wounded in the war."

The foreign diplomat was unable to speak English. When the lunch bell rang at the United Nations Assembly he stood behind a man at the food counter and heard him order apple pie and coffee. So he ordered apple pie and coffee too. For the next two weeks he kept ordering apple pie and coffee. Finally he decided he wanted to try something else so he listened attentively while another man ordered a ham sandwich. "Ham sandwich," he said to the counterman.

"White or rye?" the counterman asked.

"Ham sandwich," the diplomat repeated.

"White or rye?" the counterman asked again.

"Ham sandwich," he repeated.

The counterman grew very angry. "Look, Mac," he roared, shaking his fist under the diplomat's nose, "do you want it on white or rye?"

"Apple pie and coffee," answered the diplomat.

Free speech isn't dead in Russia—only the speakers.

The three explorers wandered over tundra after tundra until they finally came to an Eskimo village, where, nearly frozen to death, they were taken to the igloo of the leader. They huddled in a corner when the chief entered and handed them a small, thin blanket.

"What good's this little blanket gonna do us?" asked one of the men.

"You may need it," said the chief. "It gets a little cool at night."

The seaman was taking his examination for a higher grade.

"Now, Summerville," said the inspector, "you are quartermaster on duty at night. Your ship is tied up at the wharf on the Rhine. You see a figure crawling and stumbling toward your ship in the dark. What do you do?"

"Why I 'elps the skipper aboard, sir."

If a man born in Poland is a Pole, is a man born in Holland a Hole?

AN ATTEMPT ON MT. DRUM

George W. Swenson
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This morning in Champaign, Illinois the songs of migrating white-crowned sparrows sounded from all corners of the neighborhood. They're only here for a week or two in the spring, passing through, but every year these distinctive sounds awaken some old emotions.

I first became aware of their songs one sparkling spring day in 1954, at Copper Center, Alaska. School had just ended for the year at the University, and we'd driven south all night from Fairbanks for our biggest mountain-climbing expedition of the year. Mt. Drum was not the highest peak in the Wrangell Range; in fact, at 12,400 feet it was small compared with its bigger brothers, Mts. Blackburn, Sanford and Wrangell. Probably that's why they'd all been climbed years earlier, while Mt. Drum retained its virgin status, even though it dominated the skyline



from the highway at Copper Center. The white-crowned sparrows provided the background music as we four gazed in respectful anticipation at the huge snow-covered peak far in the distance. Mt. Drum was a worthy target, indeed.

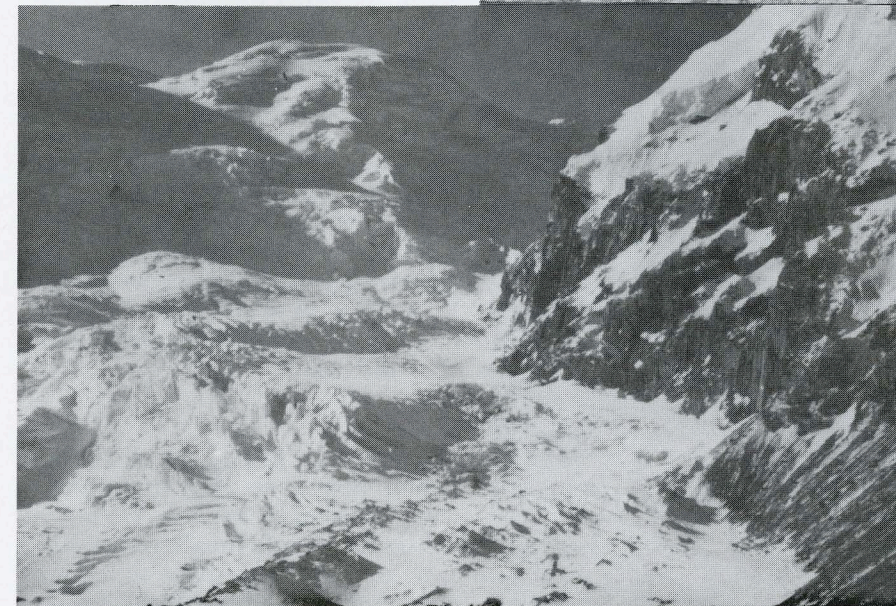
Phil Bettler and I were faculty members at the University of Alaska and Keith Hart and George Schaller were two very rugged undergraduates. George had already achieved legendary status on campus with remarkable physical exploits in connection with his job assignment to study the migration of caribou herds. We didn't know then, of course, that he was to achieve fame as a wildlife researcher and author. Keith and Phil had notable climbs to their credit, including first ascents in Alaska and the Yukon. The four of us had climbed together several times during the previous fall and winter, and had surmounted a couple of previously-unclimbed peaks of the 10,000-foot class in the Alaska Range. The assault on Mt. Drum was to be the capstone on the year's adventures.

From Copper Center we drove south-eastward a couple of hours on a dirt road to Chitina where, on a primitive gravel airstrip, we found our bush pilot and his three-seater Piper Super Cruiser airplane. We had to get across the roaring, unbridged Copper River, and we'd asked him to locate a landing place as close to the mountain as possible. He explained that he'd scouted out a gravel bar in a tributary of the Copper, at the edge of the valley where the land begins to rise toward the mountain. It was the best he could do, and we'd still have a long hike before the real climb.

The little plane could only take two passengers. As each of us was carrying nearly 100 pounds of gear and supplies, the plane would have to make several trips to ferry us and our dunnage. The heavy loads in our backpacks were not for luxurious living. Old sourdoughs who had explored the region said it was crawling with grizzly bears, so we lugged along my old Army Springfield rifle and twenty rounds of ammunition. We might be stranded in there for weeks or months, so we had a 12-gauge shotgun to use for hunting food. At high altitudes we'd have to melt

Assistant BRIDGE Editor, Dr. George W. Swenson, Jr. is Professor of Electrical Engineering and Astronomy at the University of Illinois-Urbana.

On the airstrip at Chitina, Alaska. L to R: Keith Hart, George Schaller, Phil Bettler.



Mt. Drum, showing the glacier and its many ice-falls, up which the climbing party attempted the ascent.

A camp on the high tundra, on the approach march to the mountain. Mt. Drum is in the background.



snow for drinking and cooking, so we carried gasoline for fuel. We had a big tent, warm clothes and footgear, sleeping bags, food for two weeks, hundreds of feet of rope, ice axes, pitons, and other climbing gear. Cameras and film. Reading material for long days sitting out bad weather. Those were days before the development of modern, lightweight, backpacking equipment, so the weight mounted up rapidly.

Keith and I were chosen for the first trip. The pilot said we had to leave everything behind except the rifle, an axe and a shovel. I tried to visualize our fate if we were stranded in the wilderness with this minimal outfit. We took off and headed for the mountain. It must have been about twenty minutes later that we swooped down to buzz the "Airstrip", a relatively smooth but frighteningly short stretch of mud and gravel on the floodplain of a stream. The pilot put us down very skillfully, dodging dead trees and boulders. We piled out and he pointed to the axe and shovel and told us to start work on the airstrip. A longer runway was needed for takeoff than for landing.

We hacked and dug for a while, removing a few stumps and filling in an empty stream channel. Then the plane took off, leaving Keith and me alone. We kept working on the airstrip.

Eventually, we were all assembled with our belongings, ready to walk toward the mountain. The pilot had reconnoitered the route during one of his trips, and informed us that the sparse spruce forest would be no serious obstacle on the way to the ridge by which we planned to approach the summit. We set out in the late afternoon sunshine, full of enthusiasm and earnest intentions. The white-crowned sparrows sang and the mosquitoes buzzed furiously as we slogged along.

Gradually the scraggly spruce trees dwindled and finally disappeared as we gained altitude. We crossed a couple of deep ravines, cut by glacial meltwater rushing away from the mountain. In one, a huge bull moose moved sedately out of our way. We left the singing sparrows behind. As we started down the steep side of the second ravine, there was a commotion on the far slope, about 200 yards away. A full-grown grizzly bear reared up on his hind legs and gazed across at us. He had a benign, teddy-bear kind of visage, but his size was truly awesome, as was his reputation. We hastily unslung the rifle and held it ready while we all shouted at him. He gave us another glance, then dropped to all fours, spun around and galloped away up the slope, throwing great showers of dirt into the air behind him. We were relieved at his lack of aggression.

Late in the evening we put up our tent and went to sleep, hoping no bears would come calling during the night. Next day we hung clanking pots and pans on the outsides of our packs, to avoid surprising any bears, and continued our trudge upward. By late afternoon of the second day we'd reached the snow line on a ridge overlooking the glacier that seemed the best route for our attack on the mountain. At about 8800 feet above sea level we set up our "high camp", had supper, and spent a couple of hours in the long twilight studying the still-sunlit peak through

binoculars. Referring to the somewhat crude topographic map and some excellent aerial photographs, we planned our approach to the summit.

Above us was a chaotic jumble of ice, snow, and rock, fantastic in scale. The mountain was buried in enormous thicknesses of ice which flowed slowly off the summit, dividing into perhaps a dozen glaciers separated by rock ridges. Debris scraped off the ridges makes linear patterns on the ice. Where a glacier flows down over a buried crest the convex surface of the ice fractures into crevasses ranging in scale from a few feet to hundreds of yards. These may be covered by snow, making deadly traps for unwary climbers. Where a glacier drops over a cliff it forms an icefall with enormous blocks or seracs piled helter-skelter, making virtually impossible barriers to humans. We had to try to anticipate the difficulties and to plan a feasible route up the four thousand foot vertical rise to the summit.

We decided to follow the ridge we were camped on for a short distance, then drop down to the glacier and pick our way up along its edge, avoiding the worst crevasses, until we reached the foot of a huge icefall. We thought we could see a route through that, feasible but involving some technical climbing. Then there'd be a long hike up the glacier to the foot of a very steep but seemingly smooth pitch which apparently led to the summit. We'd have to be roped up the entire way, and the last part might involve a lot of ice-axe work. It would also be a very long day, but we had the assurance that we wouldn't be benighted: in the sub-arctic spring there'd be no real darkness.

With the critical decisions made, we went to bed, four of us in our 7 x 7 foot tent.

Next morning brought a gorgeous, cloudless day. The mountain loomed above us like a gigantic, million-faceted jewel glistening in the sun. We put on our day-packs with food for several meals, extra rope, warm clothes, pitons for fastening ropes to ice and rock, and other items of climbing hardware. We put on our sun goggles, picked up our ice axes and headed up the ridge. Soon it was time to strap the spiked crampons onto our boots, rope up, and angle down to the glacier. From there we settled into the mind-numbing routine of uphill walking in deep snow: one heavy boot ahead of the other, keep the rope slack but not too slack, don't jerk on the man ahead, keep up the rhythm of steps and breathing. Then there's an obstacle to surmount, a serac or a crevasse, requiring a conference and coordinated technical work with rope and axes. A break in the rhythm. Occasionally a short rest, sometimes with a change in the order of climbers on the rope to give some relief to the leader. The leader has the toughest job. He must make the immediate choices of route, he must break trail in the snow, sometimes kicking or chopping steps if the slope is steep, and he must probe beneath the snow for hidden crevasses when conditions require it. The following men on the rope must keep up with the leader and must be prepared to hold him safely on the rope if he should fall.



Slogging up the steep snow slopes near the summit.

A very steep pitch, near the highest point reached. The crack in the ice is as high as a three-story building.



A rest stop, overlooking the glacier. The black stripe on the ice is rock debris scraped off an outcrop high on the mountain.

Another rest stop, in the midst of an ice-fall.



The high camp. The party was stranded here by a blizzard for several days.

George Swenson, and a ruined food cache at a long abandoned prospector's cabin.



We plugged along, hour after hour, finally reaching the long, sloping stretch of glacier above the icefall. The early afternoon sun was very hot and the snow was soft and wet. The glacier was slightly convex, so there were a myriad of small crevasses hidden beneath the snow. We probed carefully with our axe shafts as we went along, but we had several accidents, nevertheless. After thirty years I can still remember the sickening sensation as the snow collapsed beneath me and I dropped in up to my armpits. Every one of us had the same experience sometime during the day but we managed to avoid a serious fall each time, the other team members quickly belaying the rope about deeply-planted ice-axe shafts and helping the victim to pull himself out of the hole. It was nerve-wracking, even so.

Words can't really describe the sensations of a long climb in the snow and ice. Early in the day one reaches a state of fatigue which normally would inhibit any further activity. Here, though, one simply can't stop; it's necessary to ignore the pain and by sheer willpower keep the muscles working. Climbing is largely a matter of psychological conditioning. In my own case, I invariably found myself mentally humming some tune, keeping time with the deliberate, synchronized rhythm of my steps and my breathing.

At one point we had to make a decision between continuing straight up the glacier or diverting to the left to climb up a huge ridge. The ridge route clearly led to the summit but appeared very steep and rough and considerably longer. The glacier route was more direct, but also extremely steep, hip deep in soft snow, and partially hidden from view in the upper reaches. Despite the uncertainty concerning conditions on the hidden part we chose the glacier route and trudged onward.

The slope steepened. Under the soft snow was an icy layer, necessitating much axe work, cutting steps. Phil requested relief from that labor, so we reversed the rope, putting me in the lead. Another hour passed, another change of leader, and another hour as we angled upward on the ever-steepening slope. We had just struggled up to a crest, beyond which we expected to see a more gradual slope leading to the summit, when we received a rude surprise. Across our path lay an enormous crevasse, a hundred feet wide and apparently bottomless. It was obviously impassable without a major engineering effort requiring more rope, equipment and time than were available to us. It was very long, too, terminating on insurmountable cliffs at each end. Such a large crack in the glacier at the edge of the summit plateau is called a "bergschrend", often a very difficult obstacle. In this case we were completely stymied.

We were very disappointed to be frustrated with only a few hundred feet of altitude to climb to the summit. There was no choice but to turn back. As we did so, we saw a storm approaching on the distant horizon, a worrisome development in our exposed situation. We'd have to get back to our high camp as quickly as possible. Already we'd been climbing for seventeen hours.

We retraced our steps down the glacier. Progress is more rapid going downhill. Different muscles are utilized. We're all very tired, but we struggle on, anxious to make camp before the storm hits.

When we reached the point at which the alternate route to the summit diverged from the one we took we stopped for a conference. It was clear we'd made the wrong choice earlier in the day, but we could try the other route later. We agreed that we needed several hours' sleep, and that after that we'd come back. In a safe place we made a cache of all of our extra rope and pitons and a substantial amount of food, so we wouldn't have to lug it up the mountain again.

We arrived back at our tent twenty-six hours after we'd started. Melting snow and boiling our supper as quickly as we could, we ate, rolled into our sleeping bags, and passed out.

Many hours later someone woke and roused the rest with the announcement, "It's snowing!". The ground was thickly carpeted and the tent sagged under the load. We can't climb when it's snowing so heavily, so we settle in to wait. And wait, and wait. Marking time in a mountain tent is always an extremely tedious experience, especially when accompanied by anxiety about deteriorating climbing conditions. A day went by, and then another. I only recall one event from that period of tedium: on one occasion when it was necessary for me to pull on my boots and venture outside I encountered a Dall ram standing only a few yards from the tent. The white sheep had a magnificent set of horns and a dignified posture and visage as he regarded me thoughtfully. After a moment he turned and slowly disappeared into the falling snow.

Now we began to hear ominous rumblings from the mountain above us. So much snow in such a short time is bound to produce avalanches and we listened with alarm as they came crashing down with increasing frequency. Finally it became apparent that, although our camp on the ridge was safe enough, to venture onto the steeper slopes above would be suicidal. It would take days or even weeks after the storm ended before the slopes would be stable enough for another attempt. Reluctantly we concluded that the mountain and the weather had beaten us, and that we'd have to retreat. It was a bitter decision.

Early next day, with the snow still coming down, we packed up and headed for our airstrip. Visibility was low, and we felt our way along the ridge until we reached the sloping tundra below the snow line. We couldn't see the broad valley where our airstrip lay, but we'd taken a compass bearing the first day and we could now march out on the reciprocal heading.

It took several hours to descend to the altitude where the snow turned to light drizzle. The visibility was better then, and eventually we could see a small, symmetrical hill we knew was only a couple of miles from the airstrip. We got there in the early evening, dead tired. We saw one more grizzly bear on the way, at a safe distance and retreating rapidly.

There was no sign of a plane at the strip, and no message from the pilot. He wasn't due for three or

and part of which I was

George H. Brown

Assistant BRIDGE Editor Dr. George H. Brown was formerly Executive Vice President for Research and Engineering of the entire RCA Corporation. He has received many honors including Eminent Membership in Eta Kappa Nu.



A Unique Italian Experience

One Saturday morning many years ago, I idly switched from one television channel to another while waiting for my wife to complete her shopping list. Suddenly I stopped for there on the screen was a friend and colleague, Paul Urbani. He was taking part in a group discussion regarding mushrooms and truffles. His companions were billed as experts from a number of universities but obviously Paul was the truffle expert.

During the following week, I asked Paul Urbani from whence came his interest in truffles. He explained that his uncle and family ran a huge truffle farm in Scheggino, Italy, and Paul and his wife Margaret were the American representatives who distributed Urbani truffles all over the United States.

Sometime later, Paul confided that his income from the sale of truffles was now many times his salary from RCA. Naturally I then asked why he bothered to work for RCA.

He replied, "Margaret and I have discussed this thoroughly. We decided that I should keep this job in case the truffle market went into a decline. Can you name anything an American family can do without sooner than truffles?"

Within the month, I was in attendance at a meeting of the executive council of RCA with David Sarnoff presiding. A proposal had been advanced to build another factory to produce more color-television picture tubes and a factory to increase the output of color-television receivers.

Suddenly David Sarnoff held up his hand and said vehemently, "Just a minute. Suppose we encounter an economic depression. I defy anyone to name a product less necessary to an American family."

I brashly said, "I know of one, General."

He scowled and barked, "Name it."

To which I replied, "Truffles, General. I have my information from the truffle king of America."

This wisdom he grudgingly accepted and agreed to plunge into the new-factories project.

For a couple of years more, Paul Urbani continued to urge that we pay a visit to the Urbani family in Scheggino so the morning of May 24, 1962, found my wife and me in a rented car driven by Fiorino Canali on the road to Scheggino, eighty miles from Rome and northeast of Terni. Near Terni we discovered an unpromising road bearing a promising sign which announced "Scheggino-Avanti."

We proceeded along this road and asked each person we encountered, "Dove Scheggino?" and the reply continued to be, "Avanti."

Finally we came upon two men digging a hole in the road. In response to our question, one patted the roadway and said, "Ecco Scheggino."

And so we arrived at the Urbani home in Scheggino where we were greeted by Signora Urbani, the wife of Carlo Urbani, the patriarch

of the family. He was away on some truffling business but his son Paolo and a daughter from Rome ably assisted their mother in welcoming us and showing us through the bakery which produced bread for two-thousand dogs as well as the human population of two-thousand men, one for each dog, and two-thousand women who ran the bakery and the canning factory. These buildings and the school-house were all on the grand scale

necessary for the truffle empire. After a chat to get acquainted, we were treated to a four-hour lunch on an equally grand scale. Aperitifs were followed by antipasto and pasta. Next came a huge platter of trout caught in a nearby stream and almost invisible under a layer of truffles. After this incredible treat came roast chicken and salad, with zuppa tuglese for dessert. Of course, wine was in abundant supply all

through the meal. Finally in the parlor came champagne, fruit, liquors, and coffee.

Our driver, Fiorino, was included in the whole affair with us. He confided that he had never had a meal like this one and I told him that this was true for me.

Late in the day, we made our way back to Rome where our dinner consisted of small glasses of water and a brisk walk.

Swenson from page 11

four days yet, but he'd said something about bringing in some more tools so we could make more improvements on the runway. We'd have to wait for him; we had no radio or other means of signalling. We placed a colored cloth panel on the runway to indicate our presence, should the pilot swing by while on one of his regular mail runs.

Our camp was in a fringe of spruce trees next to the runway. Nearby was a small stream and a lake with ducks and beavers. George Schaller had learned about an aboriginal shelter of willow branches, leaves and moss in an undergraduate anthropology class. He built one, and slept in it while the other three used the tent. There was an ancient log cabin and elevated food cache nearby, built by some long departed trapper or prospector. We found and borrowed an old frying pan. Two days went by, occupied with loafing, exploring, and sporadic grubbing away at the runway.

Finally the airplane returned, skimming over the runway without landing. A burlap-wrapped bundle

fell out, which proved to contain a shovel, a saw, an axe and a note directing us to lengthen out the runway still more. A day later the plane landed to ferry us out. Our adventure was over. The white-crowned sparrows serenaded us as we waited our turns to board. At the time we were very disappointed to have failed in our attempt to surmount Mt. Drum, but after thirty years the recollection is of a series of pleasant and unforgettable memories.

Postscript

Phil and I returned to our research duties at the Geophysical Institute, our vacation time expended. A couple of weeks later a famous Austrian mountaineer and author, Heinrich Harrer, came to town and we spent an evening talking over the trip. Keith and George were free to travel, so they agreed to accompany Harrer back to the mountain. They flew into our airstrip, marched up the mountain in fine weather, recovered our food and equipment cache on the glacier, and climbed up our alternate route to the summit.



Looking across the glacier at the far ridge, from the high camp. Mt. Drum.

The First Time I Saw Paris

part seven

The Entertainers

by PAUL K. HUDSON
Editor — Bridge

Dear Maurice: I always knew that you are the greatest, but since I have invaded your profession, I am on my knees. Love, Marlene Dietrich.

Lots of streets, squares and places are named for important people of the past, including popular entertainers of their day. Whenever I found someone who could speak English, I would ask, "Is there any street, place, theater or anything else in Paris that is named for Maurice Chevalier?" Everyone replied, "No." I would then ask; "Where did he live?" They would reply, "Everyplace." That was not entirely true. I know that he had a country home near Paris because, as a special Christmas treat one year, an American TV Network took us there and had Chevalier show us around.

I have always felt that Chevalier was the greatest entertainer that ever came out of France, and perhaps the greatest entertainer who ever lived. One thing that made him so acceptable was the fact that he was a happy person and sang mainly happy songs. The world needs more of that. He was the *joy of living* personified.

I met Chevalier only once and that was very brief and superficial. It was years ago when he was a contestant on the *What's My Line* television show that originated in New York City. After the show was over I thanked the host, John Charles Daly, for

the pleasure of the evening, and he then invited me up on the stage to meet the panel and the contestants. But Chevalier had another engagement elsewhere and left as soon as he could. After he was gone I said to Daly, "What is your opinion of Chevalier?" he replied, "He definitely is the greatest and there will never be another one like him." I couldn't add much to that except my agreement.

For me, his most memorable performance was in the movie of the musical version of *Gigi*, and especially in the duet—*Ah Yes, I Remember It Well*—with Hermoine Gringold. Shortly before I went to France I met Hermoine. We both had rooms in the same Pullman car on the *Southwest Limited* out of Los Angeles. She is now well up in years and her hinges are a bit rusty but she still has the same fascinating accent which I am sure was her main strength. Some of the questions went like this:

"Was Chevalier ever secretly married?"

"No."

"Did he like the girls?"

"He was a most wonderful man."

"Did you fall in love with him?"

"He was a most wonderful man."

Since she gave a flat "No" to the first question, I presume the other answers were "yes."



Maurice Chevalier

Although I am not an authority on these matters I would guess that Chevalier's female counterpart would be Edith Piaf, who was known as *The Little Sparrow*. I do not remember that Edith ever came to this country and I have never heard her sing, even on records. However, one evening during a concert on the Queen Elizabeth II, one of the French soloists presented a number of Edith Piaf songs, sung, she said, the way Edith used to sing them. They were a real delight, especially the one called *Bravo for the Clown*. It was easy to see why Edith was so popular.

I searched my map of Paris very carefully, as I had done for Chevalier, but could find nothing named for Edith. Of course her grave in the Pere Lachaise Cemetery is a tourist attraction.

Another famous French entertainer was MISTINGUETT. Again, I never had the pleasure of watching her perform. However, if you wish (and if you reserve early) you can sleep in her bed in The Hotel of Guy Louis DuBoucheron. After she passed away The Hotel arranged with her relatives to bring her bedroom furniture to The Hotel and establish a MISTINGUETT Room, available to the public.

As we walk the streets of Paris, thinking of Maurice and Hermione singing their duet in *Gigi*, we become aware of a distant thunder—gentle but omnipresent—the thunder of greatness. It is the author of *Gigi* telling us that this is her town—this is the place where she started with nothing and after fifty years became the most honored woman in France.

In the year 1873, in the provincial town of Saint-Sauveur, a disabled Army Officer and his wife became parents of a little girl. They named her Sidonie Gabrielle Colette, but she would always just call herself Colette. The family soon became destitute and had to give up the home to move in with relatives. They could have no idea that the house they gave up would someday become an important tourist attraction because their little girl had been born there.

Living in a humble home in a small provincial town, Colette had no chance in life except what she could make for herself. She was resigned to her situation and had no great determination to change things. But at age 18, strokes of good and bad luck struck at the same time in the form of a man from Paris who saw her and wanted to marry her. The good luck was that he took her to Paris to live and taught her some of the rudiments of writing. The bad luck was that, as a wife, he treated her like dirt. They were married for 13 years before she finally had to move out. She was a competent writer by then but not sufficiently well known to earn a living at that work because everything she had written had been published with her husband's name as the author. But in the years to come, she would achieve greatness and he would become a pennyless bum.



Colette as a young girl. Although she came from a humble home in a small provincial town, and had no chance in life except what she could make for herself, she became, in later life, the first woman ever awarded the *Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor of France*.

At age 35. Although Colette never received any academic education and therefore had no academic robes, she was honored with admission to the *Royal Academy of Belgium*, and was the first woman ever admitted to the famous *Academy Goncourt*.

The first published *Works of Colette* was 15 volumes of 500 pages each. We do not need a calculator to know that that totals 7,500 printed pages of artistic composition. It would not be quite correct to say that *Gigi* was her masterpiece because a great many of her books and stories were translated into the other principal languages of the world and sold countless thousands of copies. She was especially popular in Germany and Russia.

Part of Colette's writing career included reviews of theatre presentations. She was well qualified for this, having spent several years as an actress in various kinds of productions, to make a living, after her husband had thrown her out. Her great depth of perception is illustrated here in a review (quoted in part) of one of Maurice Chevalier's programs:

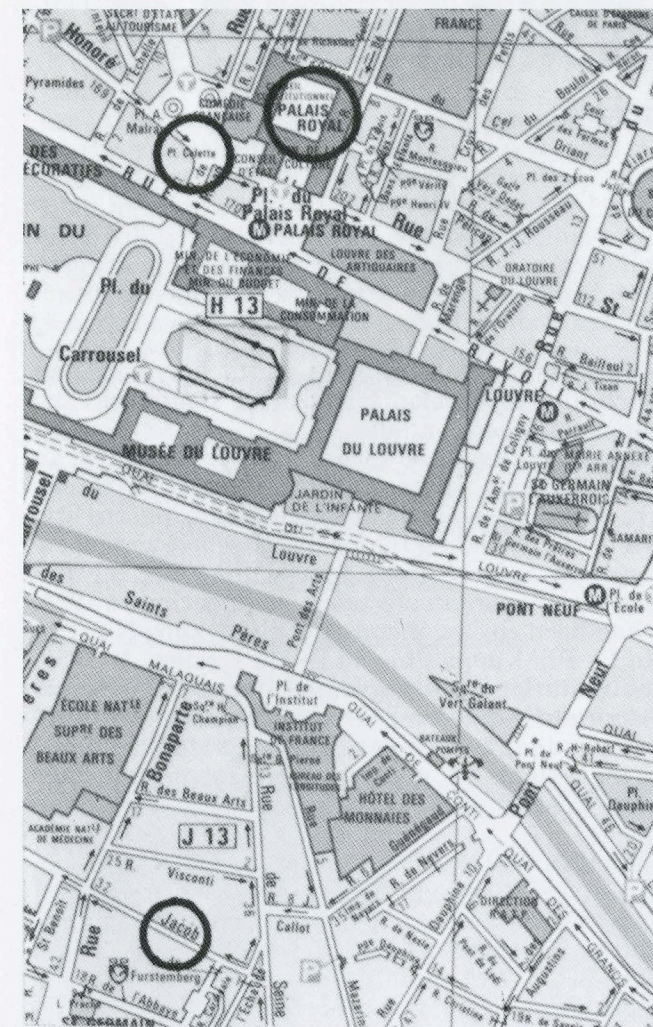
"Maurice Chevalier abandons himself confidently

to the penetrating light, to the shameless curiosity, to the smoke of a thousand cigarettes, to the dry and rarefied air. From time to time he wipes drops of sweat off his forehead."

"Is it as hot as that?" asked one naive lady.

"No madam. But you do not know how hard it is for him to bear your curiosity, my curiosity, the attention of a whole theatre, the duty of warming up and maintaining the psychological temperature and the optimism of two thousand spectators. . . . You do not realize—and who would fail to be mistaken?—that Chevalier works very hard."

Needless to say, Colette received many important honors. She was elected to the *Royal Academy of Belgium* and was the first woman ever elected to the famous *Academy Goncourt*. It is to be remembered that she received these academic honors even though



Map showing the Rue Jacob, the Palais Royal, and the Place Colette. The Hotel of Guy Louis DuBoucheron is on the Rue des Beaux Arts which is two streets north of the Rue Jacob.

she never had any academic education. Most important of all, she was the first woman ever to be awarded the *Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor of France*.

The first place where Colette lived in Paris was at 12 Rue Jacob. It is always described as a dreary and dismal place. I could not get inside to view the apartment but the outside did not look all that bad. The Rue Jacob is just off the Rue Bonaparte, a short way south of the river, in the general area of Beaux Arts School. The last place she lived was in the Palais Royal, across the street (Rue Rivoli) from the Louvre. Beside the Palais Royal is a city square now named for her—the Place Colette. It is beside the Place Andre Malraux, which is keeping good company. She is buried in the Pere Lachaise Cemetery and her grave is listed and pointed out on tourist maps.

CASINO DE PARIS MISTINGUETT



PARIS QUI BRILLE
LA PLUS BELLE REVUE DU MONDE
MATINÉES JEUDIS, DIMANCHES & FÊTES

MISTINGUETT is no longer with us but, if you wish, (and if you reserve ahead of time) you can sleep in her bed at THE HOTEL OF GUY LOUIS DuBOUCHERON.

Roger Ivan Wilkinson

In Memoriam

It is indeed a welcome recognition to be singled out by Eta Kappa Nu colleagues and given the privilege of writing about a departed friend, a distinguished electrical engineer, an outstanding contributor to the welfare of Eta Kappa Nu and an unselfish volunteer in behalf of his fellow man. In his article, "Roger Ivan Wilkinson: Receives HKN Distinguished Service Award", Berthold Sheffield, Contributing Editor to the Bridge, wrote a comprehensive account of Roger's achievements. He also mentioned Roger's close neighbor, Mr. William D. Reid who wrote, "I know of no man with a greater sense of duty and compassion for his fellow man. . . . He's a rare man, unfortunately".

It is from a similar personal impression of Roger, that I will write my remembrances. I feel sure many persons who came in contact with him would have similar memories.

Therefore, it is more than a privilege to write about a good friend who has affected many persons. It becomes an awesome challenge to make sure an accurate account is presented on the quality level he would have done for his friends. There are many persons who knew Roger well and perhaps for a longer time than I did; but when it comes to Eta Kappa Nu affairs on a broad and continuing basis, I do feel qualified to do justice to his memory. At least I shall try.

My story will not take the form of the usual compilation of achievements, although some of them will be mentioned. Instead, I will try to reveal Roger's intense interest in making sure that Eta Kappa Nu survived as a highly respected and useful honor society. Everything he did for the association reflected this sincere desire.

Fortunately for me, I arrived on the post student scene of Eta Kappa Nu activities at a very critical time in its history; and perhaps divine guidance directed me to become actively associated with the New York Alumni Chapter when it was at the height of its effectiveness. Roger and a large coterie of distinguished electrical engineers kept Eta Kappa Nu's national ship of state afloat when it seemed on the brink of collapse. It was a rewarding experience, as a young graduate electrical engineer, in the

middle of the great depression, to have such an opportunity to develop friends like Roger and the others I will mention later.

Roger left us on February 20, 1985, after an extended illness. He was born March 18, 1903, one and a half years before Eta Kappa Nu, in Mason City, Iowa. After attending the local high school and junior college, he entered Iowa State University, graduating with honors in electrical engineering in 1924. He had been elected member of Eta Kappa Nu, Tau Beta Pi, Phi Kappa Phi and Pi Mu Epsilon. In 1950, Iowa State University granted him a Professional Electrical Engineering Degree. This record substantiates that as a student our departed friend had the ingredients of greatness. He seemed to have special talents in mathematics.

Worked for BTL

Upon graduation, Roger first worked with Northwestern Bell Co. and then joined the Department of Development and Research of AT&T Ten years later, he transferred to Bell Telephone Laboratories. During World War II, Roger volunteered as a Special Consultant to the War Department to study radar operations under combat conditions. For this effort he received the Presidential Medal of Merit. Roger's own story starts in The Bridge, November 1947.

During his 45 years with BTL, Roger worked in the applied probability area which lead to traffic capacity tables that are used on the Bell System. This and other technical contributions resulted in 25 published papers. Roger also wrote prolifically for the Bridge, Newsitron and the Dope Sheet all Eta Kappa Nu communication media.

As a consequence of his technical achievements, Roger was elected Fellow member in IEEE:

"For contributions to the application of probability and statistics in the engineering of communication systems."

He is listed in IEEE's Century of Honors and American Association of Engineering Societies' Who's Who In Engineering. Another distinction he received was Honorary Member of the International Advisory Council for the International Telegraph Congresses. He was Chairman of the U.S. Organizing Committee in 1967. Roger was registered as a professional engineer in New York State.

At BTL, he worked for Dr. E. C. Molina (picture insert) from whom he assumed duties of the department upon that gentleman's retirement. At

BTL, many HKN members recall that Roger was one of the founders of the Conference of Professional and Technical Research Personnel (CPTP) to promote the general welfare and standing of engineers and scientists. Roger was the second Chairman and under his direction the first annual salary survey was taken and published by CPTP. These activities marked him as a maverick. Mavericks have a smaller probability to break into top management ranks whether they have the ability or not. I'm sure Roger knew this. Roger was not employer-disloyal; but he was profession-loyal. Careerists often have a problem resolving this disturbing dichotomy. Achievers like Roger don't admit that there is any dichotomy. For the effort they give beyond the required norm, they feel privileged to also help their profession even if it calls for occasional displays of what appears to some persons to be unreasonable and not organization policy. Much progress has been achieved by unreasonable persons.

I remember well, during the depression, when

Roger Wilkinson receiving a recognition plaque from 19 former winners of the Outstanding Young Electrical Engineer Award.



Roger would devote many hours with a group of us in HKN on an employment committee. We met regularly at Horn and Hardhart Restaurant on Sixth Avenue, between 41st and 42nd Street, New York City. When the restaurant manager asked us to leave, we went to the United Engineers Building on West 39th Street to continue the evening's deliberation, in the lobby of that building. Both Roger and Ben Lewis would relate to the group how engineers at BTL asked management about its wage and salary administration policies only to receive continuing rebuffs. That eventually led to the salary survey among BTL employees which was plotted on curves and returned to the contributors as composite data. Copies were also graciously given to BTL management. After a while more cordial relationships and cooperation was observed between the two organizations, each working to improve the product of BTL; but one working more for the improvement of the working environment of engineers and scientists. This is just one bit of evidence of Roger's interest in helping his fellow man—engineers in employment and those without jobs.

Roger's HKN Mission

It has been stated already that Roger was the second recipient of Eta Kappa Nu's Distinguished

By LARRY DWON
Past President, Eminent Member
and Official Historian of
Eta Kappa Nu.

Service Award. Only A. B. Zerby, whom Roger admired and appointed to the third three year term as Executive Secretary and Bridge Editor in 1934, deserved the initial recognition more than Roger. "A. B." or "Mr. Eta Kappa Nu" as brother Zerby was known throughout the country had dedicated over 45 years of his life to Eta Kappa Nu. Evidence of Roger's wisdom in choosing A. B. Zerby is the fact that he remained in the position until 1957. It then became my turn to find and have approved into office Professor P. K. Hudson, an equally dedicated servant of HKN. It wasn't easy in either instance to get necessary approval among Eta Kappa Nu stalwarts; and Roger's file on the subject succinctly hints of related problems by its title, "The Travail of Hiring an Executive Secretary-1934". To that I only add, AMEN.

In my travail, Roger and the New York Advisory Council played an important role. Both events marked significant changes in how Eta Kappa Nu would be run. Both instances required some feather stroking. Both instances resulted in further progress and renewed life through activities that assure HKN a longer life span.

Roger served as National Vice President in 1932-33 and as President in 1933-34. He also was one of the sparkplugs that brought about the National Executive Council/National Advisory Board (NEC/NAB) concept of organization. It included for the first time a salaried Executive Secretary who would also be responsible for the Bridge which was suffering financial problems. For several years prior to this change John W. Weigt volunteered as editor, another New York Alumni stalwart and close friend of Roger's who contributed articles to assist John.

Roger always was the diplomat and seemed adept naturally at politics in the highest sense of the word. He politely persuaded divergent groups toward compromise solutions. I never learned that art; but Roger was my saviour in Eta Kappa Nu issues. He always seemed amused with my ability to get a dialogue started and he seemed especially appreciative of my availability to take on tough assignments that we both believed were in the best interest of HKN. He then smoothed the ripples. His approach was a quiet one and most often with a smile. Roger wrote my biography when I achieved National Vice Presidency so this article is my return of the favor. I enjoyed his friendship and I respected his guidance.

When Roger reached the national offices, Eta Kappa Nu was in a very critical period of its life. National conventions were bankrupting the organization. The new way of life eventually eliminated assembled conventions and resorted to mail conventions for the election of officers. It also introduced visitations to college chapters by selected officers or their designate representatives. Substantial help and guidance in these respects came from Alumni Chapters and principally from the New York Advisory Council.

However, not all national officers appreciated or welcomed advice from the New York Advisory

Council. Nevertheless, it was offered because it represented a powerful, astute and experienced body of former National Officers who migrated to New York City as a consequence of promotions to high level management positions in industries' headquarters. They stayed active in the New York Alumni Chapter; and these men, and those who were, or had been officers in the New York Alumni Chapter, became the New York Advisory Council. This council and other similar groups in Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Los Angeles really provided the stability that saw Eta Kappa Nu through hard times. Roger was in contact with all of them.

But no group was more responsible for the many activities that today are common and so well accepted as those that were created by the following distinguished persons:

	President	
	N.Y. Alumni	National
J. W. Weight		1928-1929
M. S. Mason	1922-1923	1929-1930
E. F. Watson	1923-1924	1931-1932
M. C. Hale	1924-1925	
R. A. Strothman	1925-1926	
G. P. Sawyer	1926-1927	1924-1925
L. S. Need	1927-1928	
R. I. Wilkinson	1928-1929	1933-1934
G. J. Kandel	1929-1930	
I. E. Cole	1930-1931	
A. F. Weber	1931-1932	
C. A. Faust	1932-1933	1935-1937
A. R. Chapelka	1933-1934	
R. W. Fouse	1934-1935	
B. F. Lewis	1935-1936	1939-1940
A. Paone	1936-1937	
O. H. Loynes	1937-1938	1945-1946

A truly dedicated group of Eta Kappa Nu volunteers they were; and I feel sure they would have wanted to be mentioned in this final story of Roger's. From my observations, Roger and Cliff Faust (pictured) were the two main forces in the group. Ben Lewis and Morris Buck were close friends of Roger's and they are shown on a new chapter installation in Brooklyn. We all gave a hand in the great expansion movement that Cliff Faust encouraged.

My beginning in HKN alumni activities was among this group of greats, in 1935. These men inspired me to become involved in the profession of electrical engineering in a greater way than just technical. Roger was among the most empathetic to young engineers, especially, if they showed signs of willingness to work. Ben Lewis was the fun guy who could be counted on making an otherwise boring evening unexpectedly different.

The Distinguished Service Award is meant to signify that the recipient has done, for a long time, extra-ordinary work and good for Eta Kappa Nu. That area of accomplishment is where I want to concentrate; and I feel confident that the evidence will speak for itself. Roger was one of the two most active persons for Eta Kappa Nu during the

depression when many new activities were introduced.

These activities are listed below in no significant order:

- Increase in new chapter installations.
- Articles for the Bridge, Newsitron and Dope Sheet.
- New York and National Offices.
- Attendance at National Assembled Conventions.
- Employment Committee Activities.
- Chapter Visitation Program (later the Regional Visitation Program).
- Outstanding Chapter Award.
- Outstanding Young Electrical Engineers Award.
- Two Engineering Guidance Films (A Chicago Alumni Activity on which Roger played an important part).
- Ritual Revisions periodically.
- New York Advisory Council.
- Life Subscription Program To the Bridge.



Roger Wilkinson (left) seated with the famous aviator Amelia Earhart and Ira Cole, at an Eta Kappa Nu function in New York.

Roger was involved in all these matters with the most dedicated of the participants. However, he became most famous for the Outstanding Young Electrical Engineers Award, OYEE, which he jointly conceived with E. B. Wheeler; but to Roger belongs the major credit for its present place in Eta Kappa Nu's prestige. He helped to crystalize the ideas of many distinguished educators such as:

- Dean Robert S. Doherty—Yale
- Professor C. F. Scott—Yale
- President Cullimore—Newark College of Engineering
- Dean D. S. Kimball—Cornell
- Professor Vladimir Karapetoff—Cornell
- Dean Hausman—Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn
- Professor H. P. Hammond—P.I.B.
- President W. E. Wickenden—Case
- Dean S. Marston—Iowa State

- President R. M. Hughes—Iowa State
- President H. N. Dunn—Stevens Institute
- Colin G. Fink—Columbia

and some others. Also included in Roger's inquiries were prominent industrialists, such as:

- General R. I. Rees—AT&T Co.
- Paul S. Clapp—Columbia Gas and Electric Co.
- E. O. Shreve—General Electric Co.
- George Morrison—Ingersoll-Rand
- Col. J. P. Jackson—New York Edison Co.
- C. O. Bickelhaupt—AT&T
- Gano Dunn—President J. G. White Engineering Co.
- H. L. Davis—New York Telephone Co.
- G. B. Thomas—Bell Telephone Laboratories
- C. F. Hirschfeld—Detroit Edison Co.

as well as others.

Roger then created almost single-handedly,

procedures, required paper work, Award Organization Committee, Jury of Awards, Award Dinner functions and the attendant public relations program. I witnessed and was around people who were directly involved with Roger in the 1935-1940 years in the Award matters. I remember the anxieties Roger and others went through when World War II began and the decisions that had to be made with respect to placing a good thing to bed for a while. I became the second Chairman of AOC by appointment from Roger and backing of the New York Advisory Council. At the time, the importance of Roger's confidence in me did not dawn on me. But he and I worked closely on this creation of Roger's from then on.

Roger guided the Award program like a proud father until his health no longer permitted it. He had infinite confidence in the AOC always doing the quality job of picking the best candidates for the Distinguished Jury to make the final choice. I know Elies Elvove, J. H. Craig, W. B. Groth, B. Sheffield, H. J. Perlis, Don Christianson, Jim D'Arcy and Irving Engleson each would have liked to write

something nice about their relationship with Roger in their capacity as Chairmen of AOC. These dedicated HKN members followed me in succession in this important HKN activity.

On February 3, 1958, Roger received the plaque illustrated in this article from former recipients of the Award. It was presented to him by Jim Wallace, 1945 Award Recipient, Vice President of Westinghouse, at the time. It was signed by all 19 of the living Award recipients. His surprise and thrill is recorded by his famous smile in the photograph, probably taken by his good friend Howard Sheppard, Photography Editor of the Bridge, and eminent member of HKN.

In 1986, Eta Kappa Nu will celebrate the 50th anniversary of the OYEE Award. Roger will be there in spirit. His friends will assure it. Among them, it is hoped will be many of the Award recipients. The following statements are characteristic of many others I received from people who knew Roger; but which did not arrive in time for this publication:

Dr. R. W. Lucky, 1967 HM (OYEE), Executive Director, Research Communications Sciences Division, AT&T Bell Laboratories:

"Roger did fine work in switching research at AT&T Bell Laboratories...he was responsible for the fact that many AT&T Bell Laboratories people have won the award through the years. He was a fine gentleman and...a judge in the Olympics in the canoeing events. He was certainly a personal example of what the Eta Kappa Nu Award was all about. He meant a lot to Eta Kappa Nu, AT&T Bell Laboratories and to me."

Berthold Sheffield, AOC Chairman (1967-1970):
"Roger Wilkinson's big thoughts and big deeds are deeply engraved in my mind...his high standards, his infectious enthusiasm and his devotion to Eta Kappa Nu have a great and lasting inspiration to me."

Dr. Elwyn R. Berlekamp, 1972 OYEE (1971 HM) Award Recipient, President Cyclotomics, Inc.:

"The Eta Kappa Nu Award provided recognition and encouragement at a critical point in my career."

Don Christiansen, AOC Chairman (1975-), Editor and Publisher IEEE Spectrum:
"We certainly shall miss him."

Dr. William G. Fleckenstein, 1959 HM (OYEE):
"Teacher, traffic consultant, Bell Labs colleague, and fellow member of Eta Kappa Nu—Roger Wilkinson was a true professional gentleman."

A. F. Gabrielle, AOC Member, Vice President, Computer Applications, Gulf States Utilities Company:

"HKN was founded on the principle that if professional, competent people were placed together, good results would flow. Roger fit the ideal."

Dr. Lindon E. Saline, 1954 HM (OYEE), Retired from Staff Executive, Corporate Employee Relations Operations, General Electric Co.

"Our memory of him and the Award should remind us that engineers should direct their creative and analytical talents and energies not only to their professional technical challenges; but also to the broader social, political, economic and cultural needs of our society."

John A. Tucker, HKN Board 1959-1961, Director MIT VI-A Internship Program and Lecturer:

"He stands out in my mind especially for his distinguished appearance...calculated method of speech and...tireless support of the high ideals of the Association...Eta Kappa Nu has lost one of its early guiding lights and illustrious member."

Edward E. David, Jr., 1954 HM (OYEE Award): President, Exxon Research and Engineering Co.:

"Roger Wilkinson was a bastion of excellence and transferred that value to the electrical engineering community nationwide. Thereby, he elevated our profession."

Award Background Details

Some of the little known details about this award seem appropriate to record in this memorial article to Roger. When I was writing the Eta Kappa Nu History, two persons were most helpful in providing authentic and little known background material—Roger and his good friend Cliff Faust. They both were extremely supportive, as well. Roger wrote to me the following:

"Last night...I chanced on a folder labelled, 'Origins of the Awards'....

As I reconstruct it, the New York Alumni Association was looking for ways to keep the alumni over the country more active and give them more contact with the undergraduates and AIEE and ECPD. In 1932, the Chapter Award was begun, but hurriedly, and I think without the okay from the NEC. Smarting under this criticism, Cliff Faust appointed an Award Committee with yours truly as chairman. I collected the persons listed below:

Original Committee on HKN Awards
E. B. Wheeler, Charter Member of HKN A'05
E. F. Watson, Past President of NEC K'14
Member of NAB
Anthony Paone, Past Vice President,
N.Y. Alumni..... NU'24
A. R. Chapelka, Vice President,
N.Y. Alumni..... Z'25
K. G. Van Wynen, Past Secretary,
N.Y. Alumni..... K'25
Ralph Bown, Past President, IRE..... K'13
B. F. Lewis, Secretary, N.Y. Alumni K'21
Clifford Faust, President, N.Y. Alumni Nu'27

From such distinguished and exceptionally active professionals came the ideas of the Chapter Award (officially approved by NEC in 1933), and the OYEE Award (approved in 1936). Largely through Roger's individual effort, a solid front of undergraduate chapters, alumni chapters, engineering educators

and prominent industrialists was achieved as the base and place to spring off what is now Eta Kappa Nu's most successful program.

Roger presented the following four points to his committee to ponder. Initially the Award was considered to be for Eta Kappa Nu members only; but that view was cast aside in committee deliberations and extended to all electrical engineers regardless of membership.

1. Would provide an incentive to young engineering graduates to take more active interest in certain lines than they might otherwise take.
2. Would provide an alumni activity which is sorely needed throughout the country.
3. Would provide a yearly project for the N.Y. Alumni Association with some publicity attendant.
4. The action of the New York Chapter might incite other alumni chapters to activity both through example and by asking them to nominate candidates for the Alumni Award."

These values were acceptable to the committee in varying degrees. The discussion brought on other ideas two of which came to a vote on May 25, 1933:

1. E. B. Wheeler proposed: "We should have a junior 'Edison Medal' or a 'John Fritz Medal'. It should come a short enough time after graduation to be an immediate incentive to men fresh out of college (3 to 4 years). To make it attractive, a prize of \$50 or \$100 might be set up. Selections might be made on the basis of best technical paper."
2. A. R. Chapelka proposed: "It should appear as a National Award with a soft pedal on N.Y. Alumni Association. They might finance it, and act as the sponsors for the plan. Not over ten years out should be suitable. Also, that much emphasis should be laid on a man's activities outside of technical lines. An alumni association should be able to nominate more than three men."

The committee leaned more to the second proposal than the first; and Roger was requested to get outside views. As we all have observed Roger finally arrived at a judging formula that has stood the test of fifty years:

50%—Technical
20%—Civic and Community (including church and nation)
10%—Cultural
20%—All other activities.

These accomplishments must be made within the time span of 10 years from the granting of the B.S. degree in electrical engineering or the equivalent; and the person must be less than 35 years of age. The criteria actually represent the ideals of Eta Kappa Nu—the whole man concept. Roger definitely was such a person.

Of all the distinguished engineering educators and college presidents, the highly successful engineers in high industrial positions and other persons in fields external to engineering whom Roger contacted for

ideas, only Gano Dunn, President of J. G. White Engineering Company was an outspoken critic of the idea. Nevertheless, at the second annual Award Dinner, when Dr. Guy Suits was the recipient of the Award, Mr. Dunn (Edison Medalist that year) stated during his after dinner address, "A man is seldom in so strong a position as when he admits an error". I was there but, at the time, I did not realize the profound significance of that remark. Nevertheless, it had an influence on me. I never again was afraid to admit an error.

Quite illustrative of Roger's concern about the quality of the OYEE Award program, as well as, his sense of humor; is my last visit with him and his wife Carla, in New Jersey, about a year ago. He chided me then about the few occasions when my score for a candidate missed his own by plus or minus 5 points on a scale of 100. He always considered his score to be correct. He would pick on me because both of us had read all 681 of the dossiers from 1936 through 1969; whereas not all AOC members did so. He felt that I had as much practice as he did so our scores should be close always. Actually they were, but Roger would take those few erring occasions to pep up the AOC to be more alert. It was fun to have his wit break up the monotony of reading dossiers of engineers who all seemed to have done outstanding things. The fun was increased when Everitt S. Lee was present with his unique scoring system.

Several articles in the Bridge have reported observations about the achievements by Award candidates:

- R. I. Wilkinson, "Some Data from 1936 Recognition", The Bridge, June/July, 1937, p. 4.
- R. I. Wilkinson, "Salary Performance of 102 Candidates for the HKN Award", The Bridge, January, 1941, p. 10.
- R. I. Wilkinson, "What Do Ye More Than Others", The Bridge, July 1941, p. 5.
- V. L. Dzwonczyk, "The Most Outstanding Young Electrical Engineers 1936-1953", The Bridge, Part I, Winter, 1954, p. 12, Part II, Spring, 1954, p. 21.
- L. Dwon, "Outstanding Young Electrical Engineers: 1936-1969", The Bridge, February, 1971, p. 6.

A comprehensive 50 year review of the Award is contemplated as an anniversary legacy to Roger.

Roger signed my certificate of initiation into Kappa Chapter when he was national president in 1934. I met him personally in the Fall of 1935 during my first meeting with the New York Alumni Chapter members. By that time, Roger already had established himself as an innovator, by arranging and publicizing programs for HKN as well as TB Pi. He already had been Treasurer and President of the N.Y. Alumni Association (1928 and 1929, respectively).

For example, on May 13, 1931, Roger is shown with Amelia Earhart who was guest speaker at a combined HKN and TB Pi function. Also in the picture is Ira Cole, President of N.Y. Alumni Association in 1931. I was not there because my status was freshman at Cornell, but I already had my eye on the possibility, in the future.

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While there are many N.Y. meetings from which I could relate incidents about Roger, one stands out in my mind vividly. I chose it in the hope that other living attendees of this particular meeting might send their own observations for future records. It was held at a restaurant in Greenwich Village, close to BTL which was then located at 463 West Street, N.Y. City. Roger, Ben Lewis and I were the program planners. The meeting was very well attended because of intriguing advanced publicity.

We decided to appoint Ben Lewis Master of Ceremonies for the evening. He accepted with one proviso—that he would run the show on his time schedule. He never let Roger forget the first OYEE Award Dinner that lasted into the early morning hours of the day following the event. I was there but my reaction wasn't so lasting. I do remember that at about twelve midnight Dr. Vladimir Karapetoff, my most respected professor and friend, sat down to the piano as the program indicated he would. He remarked something like, "I was scheduled to play the Unfinished Symphony; but I'm not sure there is enough time to finish it". A little humor was welcome at that time.

Coming back to the Greenwich Village meeting, we agreed, with our tongues in our cheeks, to let Benny be the boss for the evening. Then Roger and I went on planning how Ben's timing might be strained without him realizing it. At the same time Ben proposed an idea to me that would interfere with Roger's usually meticulously prepared and presented talk. Both missions were accomplished to the delight of the audience. By the time Roger had his part to play which was an account of a recent HKN convention he attended, Ben's timing was askew and Roger reminded him of it. There were some friendly barbs exchanged to the amusement of the members present. Then when Roger reached the middle of his excellently prepared talk, he began talking about a delegate to the convention from California—a beautiful scantily dressed blonde. The audience perked-up immediately and Roger was thrown into a tailspin for a moment. From then on his talk became deliberately slower as he preceded each slide with some excuse for what may appear. There were no

and I believe Roger was the audience; but Benny's then.

Then came my turn, and Ben introduced me to give a few brief remarks about our departed friend, Dr. Vladimir Karapetoff who died the previous year. My remarks were brief; but I then played a record that Kary made prior to his death. He instructed his wife to hold the record for one year, then give it to me to have played before his favorite audience, the New York Alumni Association, to whom he had lectured once or twice a year for many of them. Roger and I thought this particular meeting was the appropriate one to hear the record from a friend in the here-after. Ben never forgave me for that performance, I do not believe that he knew Roger was in on it. Kary's message was, "Don't take yourself too seriously."

In Summary—

It would take a book to truly justify all that Roger did so well for the electrical engineering profession and especially for Eta Kappa Nu. As a summarized tribute Eta Kappa Nu respects Roger and will forever remember him:

- For his technical achievements that earned him the grade of Fellow in IEEE.
- For his tremendously unselfish contributions to Eta Kappa Nu that earned him the Distinguished Service Award.
- For his unique legacy, the Outstanding Young Electrical Engineers Award that made him the only recipient of a plaque representing the respect that recipients of his legacy had for him. Perhaps some day this Award will bear his name.
- For his service to his country under combat conditions for which he received the Presidential Medal of Merit.
- For his adeptness as a canoist that resulted in national and international recognition.

But all good things must terminate; and good persons must leave us. I know of no other professional friend who did so much for so many human beings and expected so little in return. Roger, Eta Kappa Nu salutes you. It has lost a part of itself forever.