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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 her involvement in the 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, 1963 President of IEEE. He spoke on the Status of Engineering Education in the United States.

Three other young Electrical Engineers were selected as 1964 finalists:
- Stan R. Fireman, IBM Corp., San Jose, California
- Robert S. Jaffe, IBM Corp., Yorktown Heights, New York
- Ben W. 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*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 jumbo—"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 last flake of Eternity.
So many times do I love thee, dear,
From Torrissidom

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’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 ’olps 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 12,600 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 damage. The heavy loads in our backpacks were not for luxurious living. Old sourdoughs who had explored the area said it was crawling with grizzly bears, so we hugged along my old Army Springfield rifle and twenty rounds of ammunition. We might be stranded in these for weeks or months, so we had a 12-gauge shotgun to use for hunting food. At high altitudes we’d have to melt

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snow for drinking and cooking, so we carried gasoline for fuel. We had a big tent, warm tents, 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. These were days before the development of modern, lightweight, back-packing 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 scrappy 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 300 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. He hastily unloading 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 interest in us.

Late in the evening we put up our tent and went to sleep. Hope no bears would come calling during the night. Next day we hung clanking pots and pans on the outside 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 8000 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 attack on 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 like a roof. An icefall with a long steep off-face produces an ice wall with 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 bogged down 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 seracs 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 be prepared to hold him safely on the rope if he should fall.
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. Everyone 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, high 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 reweaved 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 “bergshrund”, 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 now rapidly 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 couldn’t 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 tediousness: on one occasion when it was necessary for me to pull up on my boots and venture outside I encountered a full-fledged snowstorm only a few yards from the tent. The white sheep had a magnificent set of horns and a dignified posture and visage as be 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 had 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
A Unique Italian Experience

One Saturday morning many years ago, I liddly 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 whom he obtained his income 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.

Occasionally, Paul confided that his income from the sale of truffles was much more 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 braggled, "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 Florindo 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 schoolhouse 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 tuscana for dessert. Of course, wine was in abundant supply all through the meal. Finally in the parlor came champagne, fruit, liqueurs, 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 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 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 geese. 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 turn 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 Australian 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 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, but popular entertainers of their day. Whenever I found someone who could speak English, I would ask, "Is there any street, place 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 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 and the host of the "No Limit 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 somewhere 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 Hermione Gingold. Shortly before I went to France I met Hermione. 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 me a flat "No" to the first question, I presume the other answers were "yes."

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 1875, 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 penniless 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 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 drab 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.

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.
Roger Ivan Wilkinson
In Memoriam

It is indeed a welcome recognition to be singled out byEta Kappa Nu colleagues and given the privilege of writing about a highly valued 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 within a greater love 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 Phi 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's Signal Corps. For this effort he received the Presidential Medal of Merit. Roger's own story starts in The Bridge, November 1944. During his 43 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. Newaiton 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 professor-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 would devote many hours with a group of us in HKN on an employment committee. We met regularly at Horn and Hartbi 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 reﬂux. 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
Service Award. Only A. B. Zerby, whom Roger admired and appointed to the third three year term as Executive Secretary and Bridge Editor in 1951, deserved consideration. Zerby’s style was more sharpened than Roger’s. “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 1967. It then became my turn to become a member of the editorial team of the Eta Kappa Nu Newsletter and later as a member of the Eta Kappa Nu Alumni Board of Directors, a position that also led to my involvement with the University. It was in this capacity that I met Roger and his wife, Audrey, who were both members of the Editorial Board of the Eta Kappa Nu Alumni magazine. They were always warm and welcoming, and their presence was a highlight of any meeting I attended.

Roger served as National Vice President in 1932-33 and as President in 1933-34. He was also one of the founders of the National Executive Council of the Eta Kappa Nu (NIEA) in 1929 and was a member of the Board of Directors from 1932 to 1934. He was very active in the organization and was a key figure in its growth and development. His contributions to the organization were significant and helped to establish the foundation for its continued success.

In his retirement, Roger was active in the community and continued to be involved in his alma mater, the University of Wisconsin. He was also a frequent visitor to the University of Michigan, where he had attended as an undergraduate. His love of learning and his commitment to education were evident in his work and his personal life. He was a true dedication to the values of his alma mater and the Eta Kappa Nu organization.

Roger’s contributions to the Eta Kappa Nu organization and the University of Wisconsin were significant and will be remembered for many years to come. His legacy will continue to inspire future generations of students and alumni.

put every mark in the paragraph above in a separate row.
something nice about their relationship with Roger in their capacity as Chairmen of AOC. These dedicated individuals have been essential to this important HKN activity.

On February 3, 1956, Roger received the plaque illustrated on the cover of this article. He was presented to him by Jim Wallace, 1945 Award Recipient, Vice President of Westinghouse, and Elizabeth AOC Vice President. His surprise and thrill is recorded by his famous smile in the photograph, probably taken while he was on his way to the AOC dinner with his wife, Jeannine. Photography Editor of the Bridge, and eminent member of HKN.

In 1986, Eta Kappa Nu will celebrate the 50th year of the OYE AEE 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 of Roger's others I received from people who knew Roger, but which I certainly shall miss for this publication.

Dr. R. W. Lucky, 1967 HM (OYE), Executive Director, Research Communications Sciences Division, AT&T Bell Laboratories:
Roger did fine work in solving 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 Eta Kappa Nu was all about. He meant a lot to Eta Kappa Nu, AT&T Bell Laboratories and to me.

"Roger Wile - an American and big ideas are deeply engrained in my mind... his high standards, his infectious enthusiasm and his devotion to Eta Kappa Nu have a great and lasting inspiration on me."

Dr. Elwyn R. Berlekaep, 1972 OYE (1971 HM) Award Recipient, President Cyclotomics, Inc.:
"The Eta Kappa Nu Awards have provided recognition and encouragement at a critical point in my career,"

Don Christiansen, AOC Chairman (1975-84), Editor and Publisher IEEE Spectrum:
"We were fortunate to have Roger as a member of our Board of Directors..."

Dr. William G. Fleckenstein, 1959 HM (OYE), "Teacher, traffic consultant, Bell Lab 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:
"He 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, 1964 HM (OYE), 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:
"Standing especially for his distinguished appearance... calculated method of speech and... tireless support of the high ideals of the Association... Roger was one of his early guiding lights and illustrious member."

Edward E. David, Jr., 1954 HM (OYE) Award President, Exxon Research and Engineering Co.:
"Roger Wilkinson was a bastion of excellence and transferred that value to the electrical engineering community nationwide. He elevated our profession."

Award Background Details:
Some of the little known details about this award appear to be significant 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 friend Cliff Faust. They both were extremely supportive, as well. Roger wrote to me the following:

"Last night, I chanced on a labelled folder, '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 AT&T and AIEE and ECPD. In 1952, the Chapter Award was begun, but hurriedly, and I think without the off the new. Shaming under this criticism, Cliff Faust appointed an Award Committee with years truly as chairman. I collected the persons listed below:

Original Committee on HKN Awards
E. B. Wheeler, Charter Member of HKN A05
E. F. Watson, Past President of NEC K14 Member of NAB
Anthony Paone, Past Vice President, N.Y. Alumni N24
A. B. Chapelle, Vice Chairman, N.Y. Alumni Z25
K. G. Van Wagen, Past Secretary, N.Y. Alumni K25
Ralph Bow, Past President, IRE K13
B. F. Lewis, Secretary, N.Y. Alumni N21
Clifford Faust, Past President, N.Y. Alumni N27

From such distinguished and exceptionally active professional came the idea of an award (officially approved by NEC in 1933), and the OYE AEE 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 basis, and a great deal of what is now Eta Kappa Nu's most successful program. Roger presented the following four points to his colleagues. First, the Award was considered to be for Eta Kappa Nu members only; but that view was cast aside in committee deliberations. Second, there were to be electrical engineers regardless of membership.

1. "Would provide an incentive to young engineering graduates to take more active interest in certain fields and think 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 to take an active interest in the AIEE."
2. The committee decided that the award 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 old should be suitable. Also, that much emphasis should be laid on a man's activities outside of technical lines. A man who had made a name should be able to nominate more than three men.

The committee learned more to the second proposal than the first, and Roger was requested to get outside views. As we 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)
15% - Cultural
20% - Other activities.

These accomplishments must be made within the time span of 10 years from the granting of the B.S. degree, with a soft pedal for the equivalent, and the person must be less than 35 years of age. The criteria actually represent the ideals of Eta Kappa Nu, but must be useful concepts. Roger definitely was such a person.

Of the all distinguished engineering educators and professional engineers, 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. Q. White Engineering was able to add a substantial number of critics to the idea.

Nevertheless, at the second annual Award Dinner, when Dr. Guy Suits was the recipient of the Award, our President stated during his after dinner address, "A man is seldom to the point at whom he admits an error". I was present at this meeting, and I quote it to make the profound significance of that remark. Nevertheless, it had an influence on me. I never again was afraid to admit my errors.

Quite illustrative of Roger's concern about the quality of the OYE AEE Program, as well as his sense of personal responsibility, is the fact that he did not state during his address at the dinner that there is no scope at all a point on the scale. He always considered his score to be correct. He would pick on me because both of us had read all 681 of the dosers from 5000 through 6899; whereas not all AOC members did so. He felt that I had as much practice as he did so our scores should be close. At one time Roger would take those few errors occurring to pep up the AOC to be more alert. It was fun to have his wit break up the monotony of reading dosers of engineers who all seemed to have done outstanding things. The fun was increased when Everitt S. Lee was present with his unique score cards.

Several artificles in the Bridge have reported observations about the achievements by Award candidates.


A comprehensive 50 year review of the Award is complete early as an anniversary to Roger.

Roger signed my certificate of initiation into Kappa Chapter when he was national president in 1943. I remember him in the Fall of 1945 during my first meeting with the New York Alumni Chapter members. By that time, Roger already had established himself as a force by arranging and publicizing programs for HKN as well as TBP. He had already been Treasurer and President of the N.Y. Alumni Association (1929 and 1929, respectively).

For example, on May 13, 1951, Roger is shown with A. E. Brown, showing a photograph of Section headquarters taken during the combined KHP and TB F. function. Also in the picture is Ira Cole, President of N.Y. Alumni Association, who was acting as Secretary. The chairman was National president then was speaker, and I already my eye on the possibility in the future.
While there are many N.Y. meetings from which I could relate interesting 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 own 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 having a tough time in the audience; but Benny's timing was not so bad 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.