

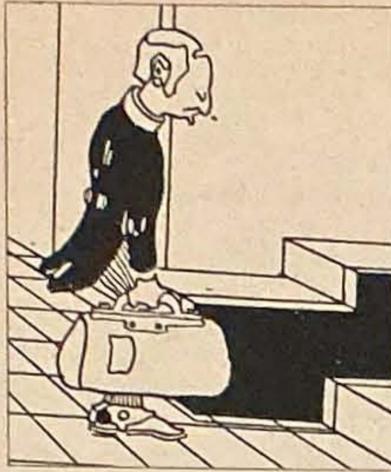
Your Uncle Ben Is Calling — for \$255 Million
The Perils of Publishing • Sisters in Crime

The Pennsylvania Gazette

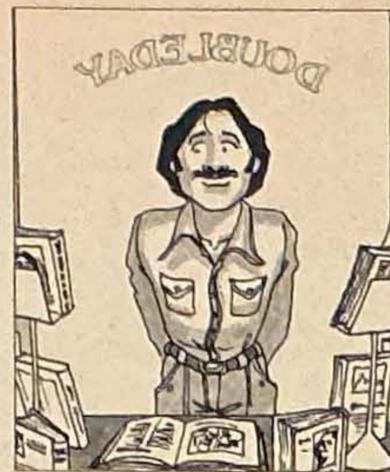
November, 1975



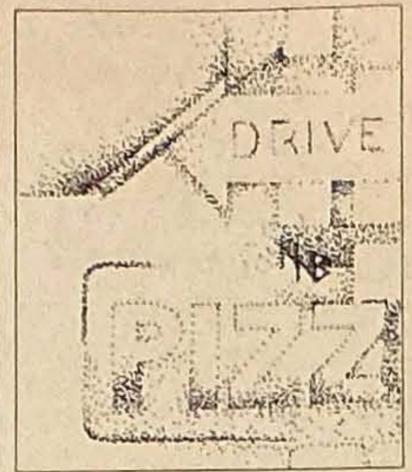
**Return
of a Native**



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The Pennsylvania Gazette

Founded by Benjamin Franklin in 1729
Alumni Magazine of the University of Pennsylvania

November, 1975/Vol. 74, No. 2

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THE COVER
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During a conversation in the gardens of the Imperial Palace in Peking, Lee Yu-Hwa (center) learns from her brother-in-law and niece about the new social order in China. For a first-hand report on what was said, turn to page 16.

Guaranty Trust Company of New York, reminisced about the number of vantage points from which he had viewed the University over 51 years—as an undergraduate in the 1920s, from the rather special viewpoint of an alumnus whose father happened to be its president during the Depression and much of World War II, from the Pentagon (he is a former Secretary of Defense), from Wall Street, and from within the meeting rooms of the University Trustees. Gates said the effect of this experience had been to make his pride in the University grow and deepen, and that he had particularly come to admire it for its integrity, the abilities and diversity of its graduates, its “heritage of individuality,” and its “eternal self-dissatisfaction.”

“Eleven years ago,” Gates said, “I took part in an event very much like this one, launching a campaign for what then seemed a staggering goal. The goal was 93 million dollars. And we ended with 102 million dollars. Thanks to that achievement, Pennsylvania today has one of the finest campuses to be found in any major city, a stronger faculty than ever before, and a higher academic reputation.

“Now Pennsylvania is about to take another long step upward. The president, the faculty, the students, and the Trustees have caught the vision of a still greater university—a university ranking at the top in more and more fields of study . . . its many faculties working together as one, to the greater benefit of its students and the nation . . . its excellence and independence firmly grounded on an invulnerable financial base.”

“Once again we face a campaign goal that seems daringly ambitious,” Gates finished. “As one who has known this University closely for half a century, I am confident we’re going to achieve that goal. And we’re going to be prouder than ever to call ourselves Pennsylvanians.”

Those terrible Tories are preaching reunion again

John N. Ambrose, '73 C, received 250 letters after an advertisement for the Committee for Reunion with England, of which he is co-chairman, appeared on the back cover of the *Gazette* last June. Some of his correspondents didn't think the ad was funny. “Anonymous,” for instance, wrote, “Why don't you immigrate to Socialist England. Your announcement reveals a gross biased view that is also not factual. If it weren't so serious it would be great comedy.”

“It raises doubts in your mind about the intelligence of the public,” Ambrose says, sounding mildly alarmed. He began avoiding dark alleys and considered checking under his car hood for bombs.

However, most of his correspondents got the joke, and replied in kind, plump-



John Ambrose: “Look out, Mike Wallace!”

ing for reunion as the logical first step toward world unity, or suggesting that reunion ought to be followed immediately by the reestablishment of the Church (this from a minister in Georgia). Some even sent money.

The \$85 outpouring of financial support enabled Ambrose to persevere in his crusade. It paid for the publication of “The Tory Torch,” a six-page newsletter the Committee for Reunion recently sent to its 250 correspondents.

“The Tory Torch has been lit, the Tory Trumpet sounded, and YOU have answered the call!” the lead story proclaims. “It was a brave act. Coming out of the closet and defiantly waving your banner of LOYALTY for Mother England in the midst of the rebels’ blustering Bicentennial celebration took the valor and fortitude of true patriots and BRITISHERS!”

“But,” the “Torch” cautions, “courage is not enough! Our mettle must be tempered with faith and endurance, lest it soon become temerity. Only with amaranthine assurance and only together can we prick the flatulent Bicentennial Balloons that crowd this country’s firmament and continually mock our LOYAL PATRIOTISM! . . .”

Noting that a story about the Committee for Reunion was printed on the front page of *The Times* of London, next to a photograph of the Prince of Wales, the “Torch” concludes that “certainly the Queen has now learned of our crusade. At any moment we expect official recognition, and already we have had private parleys with British plenipotentiaries.” (*The Times* story, headlined “Revolting colonials seek British forgiveness,” quoted at length from the Committee’s “Declaration of Reunion” and concluded by noting that “Contributions are requested. . . . Presumably sinking pounds will be accepted, although

they may suggest that reunion is not such a good idea after all.”)

The “Torch” interprets the “flurry of Bicentennial events that followed the formation of the Committee for Reunion” as evidence that “the Rebels have also heard our call to LOYALTY and are running scared.” To the earlier claim that reunion is right and just, the “Torch” now adds the assertion that “it is historically and scientifically INEVITABLE.”

The other departments and stories in the first edition of the “Torch” further apotheosize its editors’ not inconsiderable talents in the areas of political satire, parody, intentional *non sequitur*, *causerie absurde*, irony, *ignoratio elenchi*, rodomontade, stichomythia, orotundity, manic sesquipedalianism, rant, bombast, and fustian.

“Tory Tactics—How You Can Thwart Bicentennial Propaganda and Facilitate Reunion” advises Loyalist readers, among other things, to plan their own anti-Bicentennial events (“WARNING!! Be sure to read ‘Tory Tips’ first!”), and to demand equal time from radio and television stations broadcasting Bicentennial announcements: “Soon the Committee will be petitioning the FCC to give us equal time on NBC’s ‘Today Show’ and matching time for CBS’s ‘Bicentennial Minutes.’ They owe us a good 200 minutes already, but we will settle for three ‘60 Minutes.’ Look out, Mike Wallace!”

“Tory Tips,” a sort of Reunionist “Hints from Heloise,” offers suggestions on how to avoid rebel backlash. Militant Tories are advised to avoid crowds. (“Crowds are a major source of mobs . . . This does not mean, of course, that you should ignore the lone stranger with a dyspeptic expression, especially if he is carrying a large truncheon.”) They should avoid all enclosed areas, never venturing anywhere without first assuring themselves of opportunity for a quick getaway. (“Riding in elevators is unwise. Indeed, all public transportation should be used only with the utmost caution. Airplanes are particularly dangerous. Virginia’s Royal Governor, Lord Dunmore, made it a point never to fly.”) They should learn to identify rebel hot-heads “on sight, if not sooner,” being especially wary of people wearing “rebel flags” pinned to their lapels. (“If you see someone with a pillow tucked under his arm, carrying a bucket that emanates steam and a pitchy perfume . . . RUN!!!!!!”) “Tory Tips” even offers a helpful hint for those Tories who don’t run fast enough: “Removing tar and feathers can be a really sticky problem. Here at ‘The Tory Torch’ we have found that a bath in lighter fluid dissolves that tar quicker than you can say ‘Don’t Tread on Me!’ But remember, wait until the tar cools. . . .”

"Yorktown to Watergate: The Inevitable Road" delineates the ultimate American conspiracy theory, with a variation on the Bermuda Triangle thrown in for good measure. Yorktown, Va., where Cornwallis surrendered to Washington in 1781, "lies silent today, except for the shuffle of the tourists' feet," the "Torch" exposé begins. "Yet 194 years ago the most tragic event in world history gave this village a dubious immortality. The American rebels, blinded by their crass venality, made a Devil's pact with Louis XVI to humiliate Mother England before the world and cast a web of DOOM across the landscape. So was born THE YORKTOWN TRIANGLE! . . ."

"Within the confines of the Yorktown Triangle, the cruelest battles of the Civil War were fought to determine which rump government should misrule the dispossessed American people. . . . Some 100 years later Satan once again came to the northern obliquity of his Triangle to claim his due. In mockery of sovereign process, the blackguard Nixon schemed to destroy the principles of free government that all Englishmen cherish. . . . The facts definitively show the nefarious connections between the conspirators of Yorktown and the connivers of CREEP. Both Washington and Nixon were over six feet tall. George Washington's and John Mitchell's wives were both named Martha and prone to unwise loquacity. Jefferson and Nixon were both amateur musicians, and the tune they played was tyranny. Consider for a moment the similarities between the Louisiana Purchase and the Russian Grain Deals. . . ."

The "Torch's" longest feature, a sort of prototype of the "Downstairs at the White House" confessions that often turn up in *Good Housekeeping*, is an excerpt from *The Secret Tory Diaries of Felix Liege*. Liege, according to the editors' note, was a master of disguise who infiltrated the Revolution from its beginnings, first masquerading as a Virginia quill-clipper to Thomas Jefferson during the drafting of the Declaration of Independence, later posing as personal cook and periwig-powderer to General Washington. The Liege Papers are said to have been discovered accidentally by Dr. William Demesne of the Center for Advanced Tory Studies on September 13, 1968, in the trunk of a '57 Chevrolet, stuck between the pages of back issues of *Boys' Life* and *Parents Magazine*.

The diary leaves no doubt of Liege's Loyalist sympathies, or of his contempt for Jefferson. ("He's been pulling out his tousled red hair all week and complaining of writer's block. He tosses his crumpled foolscap all over the room. It looks like nesting in a giant hamster cage. He sits there over his desk like a buck-toothed, red-haired rodent, gnawing

on the end of his quill. . . .") Liege even attempts some low-level sabotage by slitting his quills. But when Jefferson reads him the beginning of his first draft ("On the great bridlepath of history, when political things get muddy, a people should take a hot bath. We're going to make a clean sweep of things, Georgie. 'Why?' you may be asking yourself. Well, we will tell you why. Over here in Philly things are pretty clear—except for the water. All men are put together pretty much the same way and that Big Clockmaker in the sky he gave us Life, Liberty, and something—I'm not sure what right now, Felix, but my style book says to always write in series of threes . . ."), Liege is horrified. "I knew American colleges were lowering their standards," he confides to his diary, "but this is ridiculous. They're not just throwing off the rule of the King, but the rules of grammar too. Even my hatred of the Rebels won't let me sit back and watch them make a mockery of the Mother Tongue." So Liege is co-opted to the extent of planting a copy of John Locke's *On Civil Government*, opened to the right page, on Jefferson's desk. Benjamin Franklin and John Adams approve Jefferson's imitation of Locke with only minor editorial changes (the original title, "Bye-Bye, Georgie," is replaced) and the document is submitted to the delegates. But Liege has his revenge. He fills Jefferson's ink horn with disappearing ink and pandemonium breaks out at Carpenters' Hall when the delegates are asked to endorse a blank piece of paper.

Secretary Sheehan

Donald T. Sheehan was elected secretary and director of communications of the University by the University Trustees on October 2, Trustee Chairman Donald T. Regan and President Martin Meyerson announced October 3. The Secretariat had fallen vacant when former Secretary of the Corporation William T. Owen was appointed vice president for development and University relations.

Sheehan's dual role is the result of the search committee's proposal that the new secretary "assume the role of a major, visible, external spokesman for the University," according to Meyerson's statement to the Trustees. "Such a direction," Meyerson said, "made the selection of Don Sheehan all the more natural, since he has been our director of public relations and has served as our spokesman to many constituencies."

The term of the appointment is for one year, during which time the Office of the Secretary will be restructured to reflect its increased external functions.

The "Torch" was offered for subscription on a bimonthly basis at \$3 a year from the Committee for Reunion at P.O. Box 824, Richmond, Va. 23207.

Although John Ambrose continues to be disquieted by the number of people who can't tell he's kidding—one enraged 13-year-old has threatened to tar and feather him—he has been encouraged by the response of many readers. "The subscriptions have just been pouring in," he says. "We had 30 responses in the first week, and that seems like 'pouring in' to us." He has also received requests to establish Committees of Correspondence in Philadelphia, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington (state), and Niagara Falls, N.Y. He has already had printed a suitable-for-framing edition of the Declaration of Reunion and is considering ordering lapel buttons. He doesn't, however, want the Committee to get "too commercial."

If some readers have trouble deciding whether the Committee for Reunion is a joke, it may be because the opinions published in the "Torch," for all their high-spirited insanity, are not offered wholly in jest, and occasionally hit too close to home. Ambrose claims Jonathan Swift's "Modest Proposal" as his model, and both he and Co-Chairman/Associate Editor/Chief Wag David Anderson Gambill "firmly believe that the way the Bicentennial is being celebrated is a farce." He says they also believe that "our country will have to have much closer ties—if not reunion—with Britain if both are to survive." Both prefer the British sense of humor to the American and hope for increased "cultural exchange" in that field.

But Ambrose refuses to let his convictions get in the way of his fun. He is already planning to campaign for a seat in Congress next year, running as a reunion candidate. If elected, he will attempt to lay himself off, along with the rest of Congress, and hold a giant going-out-of-business sale for the U.S. Government. "Somebody's going to get a great deal on the Washington Monument," he says. "And we're going to offer a 50 per cent discount to any collector who will buy all 50 state houses as a matched set. We'll turn the Pentagon into a giant shopping center with acres of free parking."

The next issue of the "Torch" will announce other plans: "FINALLY, a physical LINK between the American Colonies and Great Britain: detailed plans for the Committee's Transatlantic Bridge . . . More from *The Secret Tory Diaries*: Loyal Liege encounters the noisome Sam Adams and tells what actually happened during the Boston Tea Party . . . Excerpts from *All the Rebels' Men*: hardnosed investigations by reporters Burntwood and Wardsteam revealing the awful truth about those Bicentennial Societies . . . plus more. . . ."