

Traveler

ACACIA FRATERNITY ▲ CORNELL UNIVERSITY

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Night on the Nile

Friday the 20th of November saw Cornell Acacia celebrate its first Night on the Nile party in recent memory (in the memory of this particular alumnus anyway). The actives put in an impressive and extremely creative effort. Decorations included various banners strewn with accurately re-

produced hieroglyphs, a golden pyramid, and a stunning replica of the sphinx. Brothers even went so far as to build a magical waterfall entirely out of blue plastic wrap and Christmas lights. Music was provided courtesy of a Karaoke wielding DJ and the dining room converted to a disco inferno. In-

cense and costumes helped to complete the Middle Eastern ambience.

Two other chapters attended the festivities. The soon to be world infamous Shippensburg (PA) and Millersville (PA) chapters. A good time was had by both chapters. Northcote received many compliments from both other Acacians and regular attendees. Congratulations to the actives on a party well thrown.

Piano Repaired

Thanks to alumni contributions the piano was repaired during the summer. Ithaca Piano Rebuilders, who fix many of Cornell's and Ithaca College's pianos made the repairs. The broken cord connecting the Sausalito pedal to the hammers was removed, and a new cord was installed and properly tensioned. This permitted the hammers to dampen the sound appropriately without coming down to harshly against the piano wires. The soundboard had lifted off the base was causing an inappropriate buzzing. After securing the soundboard back to the base the piano resonated

much better. The piano wires were tuned, allowed to relax for a week, and then re-tuned. This ensured that the new wires which were installed as a result of broken wires during the first tuning did not relax too much. The next piano tuning will need to be performed in the summer of 1999.

The piano is enjoying use by both the brothers and their girlfriends. Back in August after the brothers had finished cleaning the house in preparation for the first fall smoker, we pulled out a well worn copy of Acacia Sings from the piano bench and gave it its first use in many many years.

Barclay Hershey (1017)

Marco Cabassi (1003)

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Pledge Report

The fall pledge program has been a success, having produced three new brothers: Kenneth Harris, Cole Huang, and Jarrett Taubman, all of whom were initiated October 31st.

All three pledges worked very hard to accomplish the goals of the pledge program and learned their *Pythagoras* and *Northcote* material well enough to average 83 as a class on the International Exam! The fact that they finished their program in eight weeks allows the chapter to focus on greater challenges: The Night on the Nile and recruitment for the spring pledge class.

Another noteworthy accomplishment of this pledge class was the pledge project, which the pledges accomplished by organizing our participation in Crop Walk, a walk-a-thon to raise money for local and global hunger-fighting organizations. All three pledges and five brothers walked together on a sunny Sunday afternoon and collected \$385 in sponsorships from friends, family members, and other brothers.

I am already looking forward to next semester's pledge program and building on this semester's success. As a final note, I swore not to graduate unless we initiated another Long Islander and another Electrical Engineer, and we have Jarrett and Cole, respectively to carry on my legacy.

Paul Molnar (1014)

Meet the Pledges

Greetings. My name is Ken Harris, and I will try to briefly tell you about myself. Here at Cornell, I am a junior in the department of computer science, and am trying to double major in mathematics. I'm in Arts and Sciences, though this year Acacia seems to consist mostly of engineer and government majors, so I guess I'm a virtual engineer. In fact, I think the first place I'd heard about Acacia was from knowing brothers in my engineering classes.

I was born in Austin, Texas, but soon moved to Everett (near Seattle) Washington, where I have lived since. I have a sister, and two brothers, the older of whom just graduated from Johns Hopkins, and is now here at Cornell working on his Ph.D. in computer science.

I've been working in the dendrochronology lab studying tree rings every semester since I got here (and even one summer). As if that weren't enough, this year I'm also writing computer simulations for the Hybrid Electric Vehicle team, so my spare time is not plentiful. I have the honor of being the little brother of Barclay Hershey, and also the current pledge class president. Well, I hope you all have a nice day; goodbye.

Kenneth Harris (1036)

My name is Cole Huang. I am the product of M.I.T. as I spent most of my life at Taiwan (Made In Taiwan.) Memphis becomes my home as I came to the States and tortured myself through high school there. It is a really hot and humid place down in the South and the home of Elvis.

Bruce Lee has the misfortune to be my big brother since we already know each before. I am an electrical engineering major and, contrarily to the prevalent view, I really enjoy the field. I would most likely doing the master of engineering here at Cornell. My family consists my father, who works for Brother, my mother, a housemaker, and two sisters.

Cole Huang (1034)

Disclaimer:

The following Pledge Bio is very wordy, and unbelievably boring. I only felt it appropriate to publish it, because I believe that it tells you something about NIB Taubman that I could not possibly communicate in my own writing. And by this I am referring to the astoundingly talkative nature of this brother. In this pursuit he dwarfs even our previous record holders: brother Flippo, brother James, and myself, brother Witriol.

**YOU HAVE BEEN
WARNED!**

Read the following page at your own risk.

Meet the Pledges (Continued)

My name is Jarrett Taubman, and I'm among the newest of Acacia's brothers. I also carry the dubious distinction of being the only pledge from this semester to not live in the House while he was pledging. Consequently, I frequently found myself taking long walks from Collegetown to get to and from Northcote. Although these trips were time consuming, I always found myself making an effort to come to dinner.

There were two main considerations driving this decision. The first, of course, was the promise of a good nutritious meal. This should not be underrated or written off. In my days of campus dining, all of last year, I don't think that I had ever eaten a carrot or a piece of cauliflower (if that's spelled wrong, it's because I'm still not getting enough sleep). Thus, the fine dinners at 318 Northcote offered me a way to renew some semblance of a healthy diet to my life.

The second consideration, though, was the people who serve the food. In campus dining, one is constantly greeted by individuals in variously colored aprons who slop food into bowls, hand the food to the diner, and send him on his merry way. These people are certainly nice, but their rather draconian work conditions afford them little time to engage in lengthy discussions with those who consume the food that they so carefully prepare.

And so, this last might be the true reason I came so often to Acacia's dinners. The kitchen crew system is unique in that it

allows those who set up and assist in the serving of dinner to actually dine with those they service. The rotating nature of crew service also assists in destroying the walls that artificially divide server from serve, allowing a greater understanding of the nature of dinner, and the various roles enacted during the dining experience.

Over the course of the last few months, I've learned that those who set up for dinners actually have a lot to say. In fact, those who have served on crew have led truly enlightening discussions concerning student preferences regarding various campus facilities, to innovations in dining services, to the nature of the American political scene. I do not feel that such a diverse range of subject matter would be available for discussion if it was not for the high quality of the brothers who serve on kitchen crew for our fine fraternity.

Incidentally, I'm a Junior in the School of Industrial and Labor Relations. I'm from Syosset, New York, which is on the sunny coast of Northern Long Island. I participate in collegiate debate, and academic quiz competitions. I'm not as strange in person as I am in writing. I look forward to serving Acacia to the best of my abilities, inside, and outside, of the dining room.

Jarrett Taubman (1035)



A Little Humor

The Beer Festival

After the Great Britain Beer Festival, in London, all the brewery presidents decided to go out for a beer. The guy from Corona sits down and says, "Hey Senior, I would like the world's best beer, a Corona."

The bartender dusts off a bottle from the shelf and gives it to him. The guy from Budweiser says, "I'd like the best beer in the world, give me 'The King Of Beers', a Budweiser."

The bartender gives him one.

The guy from Coors says, "I'd like the only beer made with Rocky Mountain spring water, give me a Coors."

He gets it.

The guy from Guinness sits down and says, "Give me a Coke."

The bartender is a little taken aback, but gives him what he ordered.

The other brewery presidents look over at him and ask "Why aren't you drinking a Guinness?" and the Guinness president replies, "Well, I figured if you guys aren't drinking beer, neither would I."

Oliver Kloesoff (8665)



Venerable Dean's Report

What do you write as the Venerable Dean of Acacia?

The PA regional leadership academy will be Nov. 6-8. Three of us will be attending. We are all anticipating the conference as it should prove to be fun. We also hope to get ideas to solve some of the problems our house is facing.

Although I was unable to attend we did have two members attend Conclave over the summer. They came back with some good ideas, and we are doing our best to implement them.

One large challenge the house faces this year is the new Dean of Fraternity and Sorority Affairs. Suzy Nelson replaced Randy Stevens in this office this year. Suzy is goal oriented and has big ideas to change the face of the Cornell Greek system. She has already catered the homecoming tailgate, and is trying to radically change the social system for all Cornell houses. It will be interesting to come back to campus five years from now to see what the Greek system is reduced to.

Some older alumni items have turned up this year, we received a composite from 1925 from Mary Shaub, and we are to receive some things from the 1940's from a lady in Syracuse. We all look forward to seeing these.

As always Northcote needs repair and the Alumni support is not there. For those who are helping, it is very much appreciated.

Scott Inglis (1019)

From the Corp. Board President

Brethren,

Another Ithaca summer is history and an autumn without equal is quickly passing. The Actives are already halfway done with the fall semester and managed a highly successful fall rush.

The Chapter House continues to show its age, and we just replaced the deep fat fryer (which was the only remaining kitchen appliance from the '60's). Recently, the End Room bathroom shower drain was repaired (necessitating the removal of a 3-foot square section of the Library ceiling), and a leaky hot water pipe was replaced in the furnace room. Other projects are in various stages of planning and/or completion, with repair/replacement of Rec. Room floor the most pressing. Time and finances are our biggest obstacles.

Special thanks go to Hollister Moore '68 (0702) [1747 Bainbridge, Philadelphia, PA 19146, HoddyMoo@aol.com] for his generosity in printing/copying the Traveler. Holly owns Can Do! Copy Center in Philadelphia.

Last year, quite a few (89) Cornell Acacians provided financial support and we hope even more of you will find a way to assist in keeping our great Fraternity financially solvent. Please return the enclosed Dues form at your earliest convenience. And, if you think you can help out in other ways, as Holly Moore did, please contact me. Also, the names of potential Acacians (i.e. Rush leads)

are extremely valuable.

Thank you. And best wishes for a happy, healthy, fun-filled holiday season!

Steven L. Stein '73 (0787)

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A Little More Humor

The Job Interview:

Reaching the end of a job interview, the Human Resources Person asked the young Engineer fresh out of Cornell, "And what starting salary were you looking for?"

The Engineer said, "In the neighborhood of \$75,000 a year, depending on the benefits package."

The HR Person said, "Well, what would you say to a package of 5-weeks vacation, 14 paid holidays, full medical and dental, company matching retirement fund to 50% of salary, and a company car leased every 2 years and, say, a red Corvette?"

The Engineer sat up straight and said, "Wow!!! Are you kidding?"

And the HR Person said, "Certainly, ...but you started it."

Richard Hertz (3.1416)

Life and Times at Cornell Washington

Greetings aluminized brethren young and old from our nation's capitol. In Pythagorus' spirit of learning and adventure this noble Acacian has journeyed to the heart of power for our great Republic. Under the watchful eye of Cornell professors here I have entered an internship, taken classes, and continue a rather lengthy and exhaustive original research paper; truly a unique and interesting experience to say the least. It is with this new perspective that I speak to you and give my thoughts on Acacia, Cornell and the bizarre life "inside the Beltway".

It has be a nice change of pace to watch all the activities of Northcote take place at arms length through e-mail. I am still been very much in touch with the goings on of the house without actually being there myself. Aside from the more mundane announcements of house cleanups and chapter announcements, I watched three new brothers enter our ranks without settings eyes on the pledges once. Of course I already know Ken pretty well and have met Cole, but its interesting to have no preconceived notions of Jared before I meet him in January. I'm like an incorporeal observer being given glimpses into the life of Acacia. It strange how I look forward to something I know will be very much unchanged since the last time I left it.

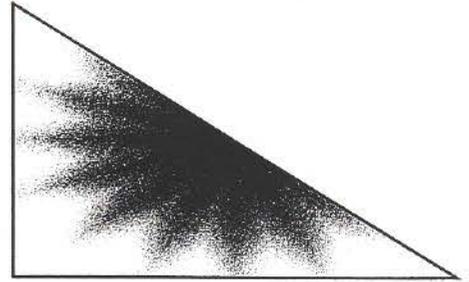
Ah well, enough of this

semi-poetic drivel it's time to get down to the real stuff. For those not familiar with Cornell-in-Washington (CIW) let me give a brief overview. There are about forty-some odd students living in the Cornell Center at good ol' Dupont Circle. As part of the program we must find an internship, take one of two core classes worth eight credits and take one or two additional classes. The core course requires an original piece of research in some area of public policy or the "American Experience." Let me tell you, this is quite a trial. Never have I stressed more about a paper in my whole life! (Incidentally for those who care, my paper deals with the bureaucratic control mechanisms for civilian nuclear technology export. I knew you didn't care.) Internships are left wide open for us. I'm working at the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. Some internships can be quite rewarding and students get a lot of substantive work to do; unfortunately I am not one of those students.

Beyond all that we here at CIW get to experience Washington as insiders and get a feel of how things really run here (at least that's what they tell us). We did get to meet with Ruth Bader Ginsberg though and we get to meet Janet Reno later this semester. So far the most interesting for me has been one of the prosecutors working in the Office of the Independent Council. It's pretty nice to hear what Ken Starr is really like and how they all deal with working for "the most evil and hated man in America." All in all it's been quite a worthwhile semester even though I can't wait to get back.

The prospect of Collegetown bars and being 21 is too tempting to resist!

Jason Carr (1027)
P.O.S.S.O.M.



Chapter Eternal

James P. Brown '53
(0513) - 12/15/88

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High Stakes (I) (A Short Story)

"How about you, sir? You look like quite the intelligent individual."

David Whittington turned to see who was calling for him, beginning to get annoyed with the carnival workers that kept hassling him to play their games. It had been happening all day; he should have known better than to go directly from work in his two thousand dollar suit. But his daughter had been so insistent, and if it made her mother happy, then maybe she might quit harassing him about the lack of time he spent with his daughter. In fact, David had been looking forward to coming to the carnival just to escape the pressures of the office. Sometimes, his employees drove him up the walls with their laziness and stupidity. Some days, any escape was welcome, but the employees at the carnival and their "sales pitches" were starting to bother him. So, expecting just another fixed game that would take his money from him, David turned to meet this new carnival employee with his growing impatience. His mildly irked expression transformed into shock as he gazed upon the person.

This particular carnival employee was dressed up like a clown, but what a clown! Instead of the normal festive red, blue, and white that a jovial clown would accouter himself in, this clown was made up in black and white. His puffy clown suit was divided in half; one side was black, the other white. The ruffles on his sleeves, on his

pants legs, and around his neck were black on the white side and white on the black side. His shoes as well as the small, puffy balls at the end were opposite colors. His face was painted black and white as well; the standard red around the mouth was black. His wig was a mass of black curls. As unusual as it appeared, Whittington might have been able to handle it if not for the black make-up around the clown's eyes. Rather than simple circles or ovals, this clown had drawn lightning bolts from the corners of his forehead down across both eyes, meeting at the bridge of his nose. The outfit so shocked David that he could not respond, instead staring as if transfixed by the sight. Even though the clown was smiling jovially, David felt no inclination to smile in return. Something didn't feel right to David; the clown seemed maniacal, deranged - almost sinister.

"Well, sir? Are you worthy to test your wits? Do you dare challenge the Maze of Mystery and attempt to win a clown doll for that precious little girl you are with?" asked the clown after David had been speechless for a few moments. The clown gestured to the building behind him, and David tore his gaze away from the odd figure in front of him to examine the "Maze of Mystery". It likewise was painted black and white in wild, curving lines. Black question marks pointing in many different directions and of varying shapes were scattered all over the surface. On a platform in the front of the building stood the clown behind a podium; two doors, one to the right and one to the left of the clown, were marked "Entrance"

and "Exit" in blood-red, Gothic lettering.

Whittington shook his head, more out of a feeling of dread than for any other reason. "No, I don't think so. Maybe some other time," responded David, anxious just to get his wife and daughter away from the bizarre person in front of him. He looked at his companions to see how they were reacting to the strange sight. His wife, Margaret, didn't seem the least bit surprised by the clown's odd appearance. Her lips weren't shaped in astonishment but were parted with a smile; her brown eyes were wide and sparkling at the sight. David's other female companion, his six year old daughter Lydia, was clearly enjoying the clown's antics. She looked up at her daddy with her sweet, innocent face, grinning from the sight as David gazed upon her.

"C'mon, sir, wouldn't you like to win a doll for your sweet little girl?" inquired the clown as from behind the podium he pulled a clown-shaped doll, one dressed and made up exactly like its wielder. The jester turned his attention to Lydia. "What's your name, little girl?" he asked.

"Lydia," responded Whittington's daughter, smiling.

The clown smiled back. "Lydia. What a beautiful name. Wouldn't you like your daddy to win this doll for you, Lydia?" he inquired.

"Oh yes," she replied. Lydia turned to her dad with a pleading look and said, "Please, daddy, please win that doll for me."

"I don't think so, sweetheart," responded David, "Maybe some other time . . ."

(Cont.) High Stakes (I)

"Oh, go on, David," interrupted Margaret, "Make Lydia happy."

"Yeah, David, make Lydia happy," exclaimed the clown with a slightly playful air that seemed out of place for someone of his appearance.

"Please, daddy, please?" pleaded the youngster.

"Oh, all right," exclaimed David. "What do I have to do?" he asked of the bizarre fellow in front of him.

"That's the spirit, Davey boy!" chimed the clown, grinning from ear to ear. "It's quite simple, really. Just follow the maze, and at the branches, answer the questions on the wall correctly and follow the path corresponding to the correct answer. Answer the questions right and you win; don't, and you lose."

"And how much is this little game?" David asked, his dread fading as the intrigue of the game began to grow on him. David could never resist a challenge.

"For you, sir, it is a mere five dollars," responded the clown.

"Do it, David," piped Margaret, "It's only five dollars, and that clown doll is worth that much."

Turning to her, David whispered, "It's got to be impossible. How else would they make money? But at least my daughter won't be able to say I didn't try." Turning back to the clown, he said, "Ok. I'll play."

"Excellent, David!" cried the clown. "I'm sure a fellow with

your ability and distinction can win," remarked the harlequin, grinning impishly.

David, in the process of pulling his expensive leather wallet from his pocket, paused at the remark. "What's that supposed to mean? You don't even know me," commented David. Pausing only a second, the clown replied, "Well, sir, I might be only a clown, but I recognize an expensive suit when I see one. Surely the man in it earned it and deserves to wear it."

Puzzled by the reply, David stepped up on the platform and pulled five dollars from his billfold. He handed it to the clown while gazing again at his perplexing face, the feeling of dread and foreboding filling him once again. "Dammit, he's only a carnival clown," thought David, "There can't be anything truly wrong with the man. It's got to be his way of attracting customers."

"Thank you, sir, and good luck to you," said the clown as he opened the entrance door, all the while with that disturbing grin on his face, "Have fun."

With an effort, David tore his gaze away from the clown to examine the open portal and the contents it revealed. Nothing startling jumped out; all he could see was a darkened hallway. Turning back for a second out of sheer instinct, David looked once more on his family. His feeling of foreboding grew more and more, but he was already committed to winning the doll for Lydia. David took a few tentative steps into the darkened hallway, and the door slammed loudly behind him. David jumped forward, startled by

the noise, but, realizing what it was a fraction of a second later, just shook his head in frustration. "Get a grip, Dave," he said to himself as he followed the path. After all, the test had just begun.

(To be continued ...)

Tony Navarra (1031)

Murphy's Law

Laws of Combat

1. If the enemy is in range, so are you.
2. Incoming fire has the right of way.
3. The easy way is always mined.
4. Try to look unimportant, they may be low on ammo.
5. Professionals are predictable, it's the amateurs that are dangerous.
6. Teamwork is essential, it gives them someone else to shoot at.
7. If you can't remember, then the claymore is pointed at you.
8. The enemy diversion you have been ignoring will be the main attack.
9. If your attack is going well, you have walked into an ambush.
10. Never draw fire, it irritates everyone around you.
11. Make it tough enough for the enemy to get in and you won't be able to get out.
12. Never share a foxhole with anyone braver than yourself.
13. Never forget that your weapon is made by the lowest bidder.

Michael Hunt (-0001)

Solitaire, Life, The Universe, and Leo

There are few important things in this life, or so we are led to believe. And so I am also telling you. You should appreciate the effort I made in communicating this little known and very important fact to you, because, among other things, I had to use commas and capital letters to do so, and I hate both commas and capital letters. Not to mention starting sentences with conjunctions. But, alas, that is another story and I am not in the mood to go into it (thank your stars now while you have time).

We are led to conclude from the previous paragraph that there are in this life a slew of not important things. The more cognitively gifted among us might also infer that these not so important things sometimes seem important, which is why a statement such as the one made in the previous paragraph is not just a waste of words. One of these very important life issues that I would like to entertain you with for the next few words is [begin musical flare] SOLITAIRE [end musical flare]. Solitaire (this is for the benefit of those of you who are never alone) is a card game intended to be played by only one person. It is also not usually perceived as a spectator sport but the fools who hold this view do not know how to handle their drugs.

I can already hear the naive reader, uninitiated in the ways of the Spice Girls, chortling the words: "The fool! Does he not

know that solitaire, despite all its outer glamour and sparkle, is one of those things in life that only seems important but actually comes in well behind the "Is Farting in Public Rude if its Quiet and doesn't Smell?" debate? What a moron! I bet this guy is missing a gonad or something!" HA! The poor naive reader. I encourage the naive reader to stick around and finish the article because this is the only way I can warp his mind enough to make him eligible to serve in my Army of Doom which will take over all the portable closets-you-can-relieve-yourself-in at the next slope day (and boy do I need more infantry).

I must now explain to the fool what is so important about solitaire. Thus I must (against my will) wax philosophical on the issue. There are two widely recognized schools of solitaire playing. One maintains that solitaire is played with the object of "winning" the game ("winning" is somewhat of an abstract concept in solitaire and one that I must say I lack the necessary mental faculties to fully comprehend). I call this school of solitaire playing (solitairing from now on and for all eternity) "The School of Morons and Assorted Idiots", for lack of another name. The other maintains that solitaire is played with the object of wasting time ("time" is somewhat of an abstract concept if you are a slime mold who lives in a cave on a Galilean satellite). I call this school of solitairing "The School of the Enlightened Sex Gods", because gods tend to be enlightened and most of them are perverts. In a few short and unbiased paragraphs I will proceed to explain why "The

School of the Enlightened Sex Gods" is the only school any not excessively retarded individual would consider entering. Then I will proceed to bash those pansies in the other so called "school". This will also be done in concise and unbiased paragraphs that will feature immaculate indentation and highly creative spelling and grammar.

Then again I might lose interest in the whole thing and have a comet crash right on Northcote thus killing all the brothers and several squirrels. But that would unfortunately not be appropriate. Recent box office results have shown I could obtain a much more positive audience response by tying Leonardo DiCaprio to our chimney and crashing Northcote into a big iceberg (not a particularly unlikely event here in Ithaca when compared to the comet thingy). A positive audience response is (unfortunately) the only appropriate thing to go for nowadays.

Speaking of squirrels-- I doubt the furry bastards were created by mother nature. There is something extremely uncanny about them. Something that bothered me in a vague and hard to pinpoint manner until a few months ago. Then it came to me like an intern in a blue dress. I see about 20 squirrels a day. I see exactly zero squirrel turds a day. I see squirrels gathering food constantly. I never see them actually eating any food. Finally, I have never ever seen squirrels engaged in sex of any sort (gay straight oral orgy whatever- you name it I didn't see it). Only one of many possible conclusions will I draw from this plethora of telling evidence. The

(Cont.) Solitaire, etc...

squirrels are robots programmed to fool us into thinking that they are just harmless little pieces of future rodent roadkill while really they are setting about some nefarious plan whose purpose I have yet to figure out.

Since I came to this conclusion I have been scared the squirrels might try to off me if they ever became aware of the fact that I am aware of their charade. Two days ago I came to the conclusion that they knew I knew. They were getting more restless- actually playing chicken with me as I drove my truck by running just barely in front of the wheels and laughing at me from the sides of the roads, taunting me with their bushy tails. It was like the running of the bulls at Pamplona, only slightly less stupid and more dangerous. Thus we come to the real reason I wrote this Traveler article. Now that you all know about the squirrels' plans, the squirrels will be busy offing the rest of you. This should buy me enough time to organize the chipmunk population into finely tuned legions of killing machines and to trick them into fighting the squirrels. You will die as heroes.

Before I go, I'd like to remind you all to send me five bucks if you plan on attending the upcoming Slope Day and want to use the luxurious water closets. Also, send me ten bucks if you plan to go to Hope Day and live. Wow. I can't believe I got his far with only one Monica Lewinsky reference. Shame on me. I wonder if the made-for-tv-movie of the Monica

affair (which has probably already been filmed) will take place on a big ship. Ship or not the movie will undoubtedly go down in history in more ways than one. Hmmm. Monica. This brings me to the much awaited, unjustly maligned, and usually coveted BEANIE BABY PARAGRAPH.

The Beanie Baby Paragraph (special limited release version-- not everybody's Traveler will contain this splendid rant): I hope you have all already ordered the Monica Lewinsky Beanie Baby. Only five billion are going to be made (after which the equipment used to manufacture these babies will be destroyed at the expense of the American taxpayer-- unfortunately the actual Monica Lewinsky will still be roaming around). Factor in the fact that only a random 69 of these will have the telling stain on the dress and also factor in the fact that only three actually use presidential sperm, and, boy, have you got a recipe for a must have item. If the Beanie Baby doesn't sell I suggest dropping them over Baghdad. (I know its a violation of the United Nations Declaration of Human Rights but then again I am a totalitarian fascist and sole judge of what and whose a "right" is). Now, a public announcement: People that collect Beanie babies are sick. Sick sick sick. It is only a matter of time before Methabeaniebaby Clinics will have to be used to curb the Beanie Baby need felt by a growing portion of your society. So please make sure your loved ones stay away from the Beanie Baby pushers. Since I do not like to end on negative notes (or Beanie Babies), I will state clearly and concisely the

moral of this article so that you will at least have one positive thing take away from this article:

The moral of the article is to never go see a movie unless there is a big ship in it that sinks after crashing into a mammoth Monica Lewinsky Beanie Baby created by a bunch of mechanized squirrels before they were chased off the face of this planets by a platoon of rabid chipmunks with urinary tract infections contracted at Cornell University's infamous Slope Day.

Marco Cabassi (1003)

Jokes & Quotes

"The sooner you fall behind, the more time you'll have to catch up."

"supert publik edukashun."

"Those who live by the sword get shot by those who don't."

"You can easily judge the character of others by how they treat those who can do nothing for them or to them."
-- Malcolm Forbes

"I'm a vegetarian -- not because I love animals, but because I hate plants."

Two molecules are walking down the street and they run in to each other. One says to the other,
"Are you all right?"
"No I lost an electron!"
"Are you sure?"
"I'm positive !"

"All generalizations are false."

The Mailbag (Alumni News)

Kenneth J. Sorace '40 (0386) [196 Woodsong Way, Chagrin Falls, OH 44023-6703, kso-race@aol.com] took the QE2 from NYC to Southampton, took Channel train for a day in Paris and spent four days in London, sight-seeing and going to theatre.

Jed A. Hyde '40 (0411) [332 Sears Rd., Richford, NY 13835-1918] is living with his daughter in Richford.

Robert D. Flickinger '47 (0434) [161 Hidden Ridge Common, Williamsville, NY 14221-5765, wbhc67a@prodigy.com] writes that his first granddaughter (Lindsay A. Patross, from Pittsburgh, PA) is a freshman at Cornell.

William B. Gibson '48 (0437) [20 Grandview Ct., Danville, CA 94506-6100] is still sailing, but has given up flying (if Chuck Yeager can quit at 74, so can I). His wife, Barbara, is slowly recovering from Guillain-Barre, an autoimmune system disease causing paralysis.

Charles W. Deakyne '50 (0446) [16 Severn River Rd., Severna Park, MD 21146-4658] retired from Whitman, Requardt & Associates in April '97 as Senior Associate after 46 years. Traveled to Greece & Aegean Sea with wife, Jane, in October '97. Have 5 grandchildren. Sees Lloyd Hayner '52 (0508) frequently. Keeping busy with yard work, engineering society functions, golf, and sailing 37' sail-

boat.

Edward K. Knapp '50 (0471) [4506 Galloway Blvd., Bradenton, FL 34210] pledged in '48 but his Acacia contact was even earlier. About 1938, working for NY Power & Light in Albany, he worked next to Al Frederick '27 (0257) who had BS in Hotel Management. Al would constantly tell Ed stories about Ithaca and Acacia. Al took Ed to meet Dr. Conroe, the NYS Commissioner of Education, who sold Ed on higher education and Cornell. Although not a great student, Ed began an intensive period of night classes, private tutoring, and taking all available State Regents Exams. After several years, he reached a point where he could submit an application to Cornell. Refused initially, Ed continued to upgrade the basis for entrance. After a 4-year stint in the Armed Forces, Ed and his wife moved to Ithaca in 1946 when Cornell accepted him. Ed received a BS and MS in Education, and later got a Ph.D. in Sociology from Michigan State University. Ed's sharing of his experience in traveling the road to a college education and membership in the wonderful organization, Acacia, pointed out that one man's urging and assistance helped him. Ed advised "locate a potential student for Cornell (and Acacia) and give him a hand up". I am sure Al Frederick found pleasure in the tremendous help he gave me."

William C. Burnett '53 (0490) [11 S. Helderberg Pkwy. Slingerlands, NY 12159] and wife are enjoying Bill's retirement wintering in N. Ft. Myers, FL. Bill has been taken

with flying stunt kites. Bob Ciperly '52 (0529) held a well attended mini-reunion at a Troy, NY restaurant last fall.

Richard C. Graham, Sr. (0506) is recuperating from brain surgery. Cards and letters can be sent to him [c/o Vencor Hospital, 1516 E. Las Olas Blvd., Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33301].

Rodney R. Munsey '54 (0539) [6230 Shore Drive, Tracys Landing, MD 20779] will retire from his position as Senior Regulatory Officer at Quintiles.

William L. Stevens Jr. '55 (0553) [3211 Moonshadow Lane, Garden City, SC 29576-8240] enjoyed visit to Acacia and Campus in September. It was his first time back in more than 30 years. Are there any Acacians in the Myrtle Beach area?

Dr. Allan F. Burns '58 (0616) [2140 Bayview Point Ln., Cape Charles, VA 23310-1994, Allan-Burns@aol.com] celebrated 40th wedding anniversary in Germany this summer and will be leading a mission trip to Paraguay this fall.

Warren E. Walker '63 (0681) [Gerrit Kasteinweg 2, 2597 NZ Den Haag, The Netherlands, warren@rand.org] was awarded the 1997 INFORMS President's Award by the Institute for Operations Research and the Management Sciences (INFORMS) for "a professional lifetime's worth of important contributions to the welfare of society through the quantitative analysis of governmental policy problems." The purpose of the award is to recognize, and

(Cont.) Mailbag

thereby encourage, important individual contributions to the welfare of society by members of the profession at the local, national, or global level.

Richard S. Lysle '69 (0732) [Washington Square 400, 330 Washington Blvd., Marina Del Rey, CA 90292] and wife Dori announce the birth of their third child, Maxwell Archer Lysle (3/6/98). Daughter, Lily is 7, and son, Joe, is 5.

Stuart S. Hantman MD '71 (0756) [382 NW 112 Ave., Coral Springs, FL 33071-7967] writes that daughter, Melissa (Arts & Sciences '01) named to Dean's List both semesters of her freshman year! She is majoring in American Studies and writes for the Cornell Daily Sun. Son, Marc, a lefty pitcher, made the Taravella HS JV Baseball team.

Tim Birkland '75 (0798) [1077 Rue La Chelle Walk, Creve Coeur, MO 63141, birkland@im.wustl.edu] reports that son, Aaron, is a freshman at Cornell. While in Ithaca in August, father and son had dinner at the Ithaca home of Tim's big brother Steve Stein '73 (0787). Also present was the legendary former Aca-cia cook Amanda "Pearl" Murray and daughter, Joan Atkins.

William A. Utic '77 (0836) [95 Viento Dr., Fremont, CA 94536-4456] was looking forward to meeting the Chapter's delegates at Conclave in Cleveland last sum-

mer.

Bruce G. Schneider '78 (0842) [7 Hilly Field Ln., Westport, CT 06880, Bruce.Schneider@snet.net] thanks Steve Stein '73 (0787) and Jim Showacre '50 (0447) for replacing the dishwasher. Bruce spent many hours getting steamed by it. Bruce generously donated an extra \$102.48 to cover one loan payment and encourages others to do the same.

Tim K. Thom '82 (0887) [20 Confucius Plaza #43D, New York, NY 10002, tthom@mail.batesww.com] recently left J. Walter Thompson Advertising where he worked on the US Marine Corps and Freddie Mac accounts to go to Bates Advertising. Tim would be happy to talk to anyone interested in direct marketing advertising.

Brian A. Stroehlein '84 (0913) [551 Milton Rd., Litchfield, CT 06759-2012, kingbeast@stro-lion-technologies.com] and wife, Laura, have been married 10 years. Son, Luke, was 4 in June. Doing the inventor/entrepreneur thing part-time with company Stro Lion Technologies, Inc.

David J. Sangree '84 (0917) [137 Winthrop Rd., Columbus, OH 43214-3632] adopted Paul Thuyen Sangree from Vietnam in March '97.

Mark A. Schaten MD '84 (0923) [10766 E. Maplewood Dr., Englewood, CO 80111-5735, MarkSchatenMD@sprintmail.com] married Jody K. Allen, MD of St. Paul, MN in Stillwater, MN on a riverboat and honeymooned in the

Boundary Waters Canoe Area Wilderness of northern MN. They will remain in the Denver area where Mark will continue his internal medicine practice and Jody will establish a practice in OB-GYN.

Ronnen M. Levinson '90 (0956) [2252 Parker St. #302, Berkeley, CA 94704, RMLevinson@lbl.gov] graduated from University of California at Berkeley with a Ph. D. in Mechanical Engineering.

Michael I. Cvijanovich '94 (0981) [12704 Cardinal Point Rd., Charlotte, NC 28269-5112, Cawrpawr@aol.com] saw lots of brethren last spring at Arif Haq's ('94 (0983)) wedding, Elite Investments meeting, and trips to Florida.

Arif Haq '94 (0983) [1305 Renaissance Way NE, Atlanta, GA 30308, Ahaq@sgratl.com] married Celeste Belville in March. Both graduated from U of NC School of Law in May.

Tom Harp '97 (1007) [3201 Duval Rd., Apt. 738, Austin, TX 78759, tjharp@austin360.com] writes that things are going well for him and Jamey in Texas.

Compiled By:

Steven L. Stein '73 (0787)

339 East Miller Rd.

Ithaca, NY 14850

607-277-3125

sls8@cornell.edu

Honor Roll (1997 - 1998)

* after name indicates Brother Tree leaf recognition

LANE J ABRAMS '84 (0915) PL'81
 CHARLES H ADSIT * '50 (0458) PL'47
 RICHARD B AHLFELD * '68 (0713) PL'65
 DAVID M BANFIELD '95 (0985) PL'92
 CLARENCE F BENT DVM * '39 (0334) PL'33
 ROBERT J BERGREN '50 (0443) PL'47
 WILLIAM E BUNYAN '50 (0449) PL'47
 STEWART L BURGER * '70 (0738) PL'67
 WILLIAM C BURNETT * '53 (0490) PL'49
 JOHN W CARPENTER III * '91 (0959) PL'87
 ALEXANDER J CHENEY * '40 (0381) PL'38
 MICHAEL I CVIJANOVICH * '94 (0981) PL'91
 DAVID J DE YOUNG * '66 (0699) PL'64
 CHARLES W DEAKYNE '50 (0446) PL'47
 SCOTT H DULMAN '83 (0899) PL'80
 PHILIP ENGLER '70 (0739) PL'67
 ROBERT S FASH * '59 (0594) PL'54
 ANDY S FINKEL * '79 (0853) PL'76
 DAVID R FISHELL * '75 (0800) PL'72
 CAREY W FLETCHER '58 (0596) PL'55
 JAMES E FU '94 (0979) PL'91
 JOHN C GAMMEL '77 (0826) PL'74
 WILLIAM B GIBSON * '48 (0437) PL'43
 WILLIAM B HAIRSTON III * '80 (0873) PL'77
 STUART S HANTMAN MD '71 (0756) PL'68
 THOMAS P HANZAS '50 (0507) PL'49
 ARIF HAQ '94 (0983) PL'92
 JOSEPH R HERR '50 (0482) PL'48
 CARL H HERZOG * '66 (0711) PL'65
 HENRY L HOOD * '43 (0407) PL'40
 STEVEN R HOROWITZ * '92 (0966) PL'89
 CHARLES W HUFFINE III '86 (0931) PL'83
 F. MICHAEL HUGO '62 (0597) PL'54
 JED A HYDE '40 (0411) PL'40
 BURTON F INGLIS * '40 (0385) PL'38
 JONATHAN JACOBY '92 (0967) PL'89
 PAUL C JAMES '56 (0606) PL'55
 ALAN L JETTE '82 (0895) PL'79
 MORRIS A JETTE JR. '80 (0868) PL'77
 JAMES W KEHE '79 (0874) PL'78
 WILLIAM L KELTZ '61 (0632) PL'58
 LAFAYETTE W. KNAPP JR. '51 (0509) PL'49
 JOHN D KOETHE M.D. * '77 (0829) PL'74
 RONNEN M LEVINSON '90 (0956) PL'87
 WILBER C MAKER * '44 (0419) PL'42
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 DAVID M MAZAIKA '85 (0924) PL'82
 RICHARD K MC MURTRY '67 (0701) PL'64
 ROBERT C MERRITT * '75 (0807) PL'73
 SAMUEL C MORRIE '81 (0833) PL'74
 RODNEY R MUNSEY '54 (0539) PL'51
 MARY MYERS PASQUINO * '85 (L024) PL'84
 STANLEY R NIMAN * '73 (0783) PL'70
 DAVID D NOLTE * '81 (0881) PL'78
 MICHAEL F OATES '87 (0937) PL'84
 MARTIN E OFFENBERGER '56 (0568) PL'53
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 TODD PESKIN '95 (0994) PL'93
 MICHAEL L ROSENTHAL * '90 (0955) PL'87
 DAVID J SANGREE '84 (0917) PL'81
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 BRUCE G SCHNEIDER * '78 (0842) PL'75
 G. MARTIN SCUTT '92 (0971) PL'90
 JAMES C SHOWACRE '50 (0447) PL'47
 BRIAN SIVILLO '96 (0993) PL'93
 KEVIN SLESINSKY * '95 (0987) PL'92
 ROBERT S SMITH * '42 (0391) PL'39
 ROBERT H SNIDER '48 (0455) PL'47
 ROBERT T SNOWDON * '39 (0364) PL'37
 ROGER D SOLOWAY '57 (0589) PL'54
 KENNETH J SORACE '40 (0386) PL'38
 ROBERTSON C SPIESZ '77 (0835) PL'74
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 '59 (0615) PL'56 TIM K THOM '82 (0887) PL'79
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 WILLIAM A UTIC * '77 (0836) PL'74
 WARREN E WALKER '63 (0681) PL'62
 PATRICIA M WARNER KEHE '79 (L001) PL'78
 WILLIAM WICKHAM '51 (0450) PL'47
 ALBERT S WOODFORD * '45 (0436) PL'42
 JOHN P WOODFORD * '47 (0435) PL'42



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