



# The Traveler

Acacia Fraternity Cornell University

Spring 2000

Vol. 93 No. 1

## Acacians International

Looking at the pledge class of spring of 2000 I realize that they won't have one of the experiences with which Acacia has always blessed me, the benefit of international students.

When I first joined the house I met Patara Yongvanich from Bangkok, Thailand. At that time I knew as much about Thailand as any domestic mama's boy. Through Pat, Acacia gained another brother from Thailand, one Jack Kuo. Jack and I have become very good friends and brothers. I have had the most unforgettable experience by being permitted to live with Jack and his family in Bangkok during summer 1999 and January of 2000. I would like to sincerely thank John and Linda Kuo and their second son Phillip for their gen-

erosity and hospitality. Not only have I become a much more worldly person, I have been inspired to study Thai language and seek ways of working there for two or more years. In addition to Thailand, Acacia had Bruce Lee from Shanghai, China. Bruce was a good teacher regarding anything from DJ-ing, to bartending, to chemical engineering. In one of my most enlightening conversations with Bruce we discussed the dramatic increase in sex education in China. Within the major cities it is much more prevalent than it was just a few years ago, but still much less than what is offered within the US, outside the cities it almost nonexistent. I sincerely doubt I could have learned as much about life in Shanghai as I did from living and talking

with Bruce.

Most recently, Acacia initiated Oscar Gendrop Espinoza from Tobasco, Mexico. I had studied Spanish in highschool, and even spent summer 1997 in the Dominican Republic. Oscar and I spent many hours comparing life in the Dominican Republic with the culture and people of Mexico. Having a native Spanish speaker was also an added bonus. We would watch Latin American television together during the wee hours and complain about (International, continued page 3)

## Pearl Murray Memorial Fund

The Fall '99 Traveler reported the passing of long time Acacia cook and dear friend Amanda "Pearl" Murray on 10/7/99. So far, several Acacians have donated money in her memory and we're still considering options for how to use those funds. One suggestion is a planting (perhaps in an Ithaca park), and another is a

framed photograph of Pearl, with inscription, to be hung at Acacia. The remaining funds could be used to improve the kitchen and dining facilities. Other suggestions are encouraged. Donations can be sent, care of Acacia Fraternity Alumni Affairs, 318 Highland Road, Ithaca, NY 14850.

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*The statements made and opinions expressed in this publication are independent of the University and Interfraternity Council (IFC). The Chapter is solely responsible for the contents of this publication.*

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## Spring 2000 Chapter Roster

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Computer Science  
Akron, OH

Bradley Schmidt '00 (1025)  
Applied & Engineering Physics  
Brampton, ON, Canada

Jason Carr '00 (1027)  
Government  
Glenside, PA

Anthony Navarra '01 (1031)  
Economics & Government  
Cincinnati, OH

Salil Gupte '01 (1032)  
College Scholar  
St. Charles, IL

Jarrett Taubman '00 (1035)  
Industrial and Labor Relations  
Syosset, NY

Ken Harris '00 (1036)  
Computer Science  
Everett, NY

David Klesh '02 (1037)  
Industrial and Labor Relations  
Bardonia, NY

Robert Trubic '02 (1038)  
Physics  
Jamestown, NY

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Computer Science  
Palo Alto, CA

Byron Hing '02 (1040)  
Economics & Government  
Solon, OH

Greg Poullos '01 (1041)  
Grad. Hotel  
Moraga, CA

Matthew S. Harris (1042)  
PhD. Computer Science  
Everett, WA

Charles S. Hong '01 (1043)  
Fiber Science  
Los Angeles, CA

Benjamin Fierce '02 (1044)  
Economics & Government  
Radnor, PA

Micheal Nasatka '03 (1045)  
Computer Science  
Leominster, MA

Eric Wursthorn '03 (1046)  
Psychology  
Long Island, NY

Randy Clark '03 (1047)  
Agricultural & Biological Engineering  
Homer, NY

Yujin Chung '03 (1048)  
Electrical Engineering  
Irvine, CA

Josh Roth '03  
Forgetful Pledge

Scott McQuade '03  
Naive Pledge

*Chapter Advisor:*  
Patara Yongvanich '97 (1006)  
Johnson School MBA '00  
Bangkok, Thailand

(International, Continued)

how poor quality the shows are; which Oscar duly explained by stating that these are all the cheap shows that nobody watches in Mexico. When Oscar graduated in December 1999 his family came up from Tobasco and I was able to meet them and spend some time with them. As Oscar has often told me, he feels he is very lucky to have such wonderful and understanding parents.

Also happening in December Steve Lim from Soul, South Korea took a leave of absence from Cornell to return and serve his mandatory service in the South Korean military.

Another Acacian, Marco Cabassi from Italy, has lived all over the world. I remember him telling me about the economics of northern and southern Italy, the nightclubs in Tokyo, Japan, and teaching English at the Italian Consulate in Brasilia, Brazil.

Looking back at the international experiences Acacia has granted me, I lament that after this year all of the remaining international students will be moving on to graduate school or the work force. I hope the incoming classes are blessed with new international students who may enrich their lives as much as those international Acacians whom I have encountered have enriched mine.

*Barclay Hershey (1017)*

## FROM THE CORP. BOARD PRESIDENT

Brethren,

During the winter break, many necessary repairs and improvements were done to the Cornell Acacia Chapter House. We've replaced all 17 Wing windows with energy efficient, maintenance free aluminum ones. Another contractor took care of many repairs, including fixing leaking showers, rotted floors, rotted porch decking, and numerous carpentry projects. A plumbing contractor replaced urinals and fixed some troublesome toilets. I, personally, spent no less than 60 hours replacing light fixtures, installing Fire Exit signs and Emergency Lighting, properly grounding and replacing electrical outlets in the kitchen, dining room, and wing, and supervising the contractors.

The good news is, Acacia is looking GREAT! The bad news includes the dining room sliding doors need to be replaced (\$7,000), the electrical wiring in the old part of the house needs to be upgraded (\$5,800), the porch steps need to be replaced (\$1,200), a dead tree needs to be removed (\$400), and some pipes, valves, and fittings for the two boilers need replacing (\$600). Also, we want to replace the 30-year old mattresses and box springs in the dorm. Of course, these all cost money that the Corporation does *\*not\** have (as we have spent over \$20,000 in maintenance already this year).

To all the Cornell Acacians (fewer than 100) who provided financial support during the current and previous academic year, THANK YOU! We hope even more of you will find a way to assist in keeping our great Fraternity financially solvent during this academic year. Please return the enclosed Dues form at your earliest convenience. Acacia *\*desperately\** needs your financial support! Note that the annual dues are now \$50 (we combined dues (was \$35) and building fund (was \$15)), as approved at our Annual Meeting last May.

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

Have a great Spring and Summer. Keep those cards and letters coming!

*Steven L. Stein '73 (0787) [339 East Miller Rd., Ithaca, NY 14850; 607-277-3125; sls8@cornell.edu]*

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## VENERABLE DEAN'S REPORT

Some of you probably remember reading about me in previous Travelers. I said some pretty crazy things. I even had a goofy picture on the back of the last issue. If you don't know me, you may have guessed that I'm a pretty wild character. Those who do know me might agree, but I was feeling sillier than (Venerable, Continued page 4)

## (Venerable, Continued)

usual then.

I'm not feeling quite so silly now. Maybe that's just age. (Editor's note: He's a 19 year old senior). Some great things are afoot at Cornell Acacia, though; I think "excited" or "optimistic" is a more appropriate adjective. I'm excited to write about all the great things that are happening.

It's said that rush is the lifeblood of any fraternity; it's certainly true. This semester, we have an excellent pledge class of five highly-motivated, very intense young men. (Editor again: Since this was written, we inducted them.) We already have a second pledge class this semester of two that will remain pledges until the fall. There's no reason not to run a second class, as long as we have both of the crucial components: pledges to put through it, and brothers to run it. My subjective view, from living in Acacia, is that neither of these will be a problem.

Let me step back a second. Some of you are certainly thinking, "This guy's just putting a positive spin on everything. It's not really all that much better than any other semester." Well, it's partially true.

There are always problems of some sort. One of the first that comes to mind is the athletic program: this semester, we basically don't have one. Yes, in a way it's too bad. On the other hand, I'd trade a decent athletic program for a great pledge class any day. I can list some other problems with the house, but they're minor problems. We have a pretty good pledge class this semester (the biggest we've had in a while, and with spirit to match), and after that, eve-

rything else pales. The more good guys in the house, the quicker other things will fall into place. There's a spark in everybody's eyes this semester-brothers and pledges alike-that's saying, "We're just getting started. We're just getting good at this. Bring it on." And that's a great kind of power to have.

*Ken Harris (1036)*

## The Shepherd

Last semester, the Cornell Chapter of Acacia elected me to a new position. The position was unique in that it originally had no responsibilities, but merely a name. In fact, the biggest issue in the debate was how we conceived the responsibilities we would take on if elected. Apparently, my ability to "make stuff up" on the fly won the day, and I was elected. As such, I now write in the capacity of the Shepherd.

What exactly does the Shepherd do? In many ways, the office is being defined as I go along. However, the overwhelming concern I had when I ran, and that I continue to have now, is that we are not learning from our mistakes and profiting from our successes. Our Chapter Room contains many items of fraternal and historic significance: therein lie copies of the Traveler that are veritable antiques, trophies and awards from Acacians long since graduated, and even items as idiosyncratic as the blueprints to the Acacia Dream House which was never built. While we have many items that indicate what we have done, we have almost nothing to detail how we did them. We have even fewer details

of those goals that we have attempted to reach yet failed to achieve.

Barring oral tradition, or the few bits of wisdom we can gain from our recorded history, we do not come close to maximizing the potential of the past as an instructor and guide. Along similar lines, we have no systematic means of analyzing the Chapter of the present. Any dynamic organization needs to be able to examine itself on a continuous basis to look for ways of improving the manner in which it conducts its business, whatever that may be. Fraternities should be no different. While we often grumble about the problems we experience, we rarely try to identify which of these problems is pervasive throughout the fraternity. When we do so, we are even less likely to address the problem on an organizational level.

So, in short, this is how I perceive the responsibilities of my office. In line with the nature of these perceptions, though, these responsibilities will likely change as time goes on, so that the office will always serve Acacia to the best of its ability.

*Jarrett Taubman (1035)*

## From The Editor

I was going to write an incredibly edifying piece to all of you wonderful alumni explaining why the Traveler is so late, but size constraints have pushed me to this little corner. As it is this is one mighty big publication.

So just some quick goodbyes. I hope you enjoy reading this and it stimulates you to wax nostalgic about your college days. I know I will when I graduate in May.

It's been a trip!!!!

*J.Manning Carr (1027)*

## Meet the Newbies!!

Since last semester Acacia has grown by leaps and bounds. From the Honorary brothers to the Newly Initiated Brothers (NIBS) to our two newest pledges, Acacia rolls on. So without further ado., we begin with...

The Honoraries!

### Greg Poullos (1041)

I am from Berkeley, California where I did my undergrad in History. Here at Cornell I am a Masters Student in the Hotel school. I have a varied work background and my most recent job was with Pixar Animation Company where I worked on "A Bug's Life" and "Toy Story 2" (If you ever have the desire to look, my name is in the credits too!) If you ask me, I think that California is by far the best state in the country, and I don't buy that deal that the "fall colors" are a good trade off for all that snow and cold weather. I came to Cornell a few days before school with no place to live and Acacia was the place I ended up as a boarder. At the end of the first semester I was given a bid. My interests include skiing, cycling, guitar, piano and eating at great restaurants and a lot of other misc. activities. I spent five great summers working at a Christian camp in Santa Cruz, California teaching kids how to surf, skateboard, and climb up our climbing wall as well as a bunch of other great things. I was a youth pastor for a year and spent nine years as a youth group counselor. School has kept me too busy to do much of that stuff here, but I hope to do more of that later when I return to California when I get home.

### Matt Harris (1042)

Since I am one of the three honorary members inducted this past January, I suppose I'd better introduce myself. My name is Matthew Harris, and I entered Cornell in 1998 as a PhD student in the Department of Computer Science. I previously received bachelor's and master's degrees in computer science at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, where I was part of the non-Greek majority and held a negative stereotype against all fraternities.

Yes, I am related to our Venerable Dean Ken — he is my younger brother. I first became acquainted with Cornell Acacia when he invited me over to the house on two occasions last year. During fall semester of this year I was a boarder at the house because of the accompanying financial and social advantages, and I contributed my honest share of effort to house upkeep. It seemed that the only difference between me and the brothers of the house was that I couldn't attend chapter meetings, not that I wanted to. Towards the end of the semester, I was invited to join the brotherhood of Acacia.

Aside from computers, my hobbies include typography, classical music (I play violin in the Cornell Chamber Orchestra), and touring Ithaca on foot.

## THE NIBS!!

### Þuck

I'm a sophomore in the college of Arts and Sciences and, like so many of the brothers in the chapter, I'm majoring in Government and Economics. I came to Cornell from Radnor, Pennsylvania, a suburb about 15

minutes from the heart of Philadelphia. My father and sister both graduated from Cornell, in '71 and '98, so I've been connected with the school for much of my life, and I've loved the time I've spent here so far. I've tried to do a wide range of things here, from working at the astronomy lab this past summer to working for the news department of the Cornell Daily Sun. I hope that, in pledging Acacia, the second half of my Cornell career can be the most rewarding part of my stay here.

*Benjamin W. Fierce (1044)*

### Iceman

I was born May 24, 1981 in Fitchburg, MA. Upon the divorce of my parents at age 5, I moved to Leominster, MA, where I attended public school and graduated valedictorian of LHS. My immediate family consists of my father Roger Nasatka, who is a Senior Accountant for Compaq, my mother Linda Williams, who is a Senior Clerk for the City of Leominster, my stepfather Donald Williams, and my 24 year old brother Robert Nasatka, who is a sculptor and graduate of BU Fine Arts currently pursuing his art career in Long Island.

I am in the College of Engineering and plan to get a 3 year Bachelors in CS.

After this, I hope to become employed by a startup company and work toward my Masters in CS and Business. One day, I hope to start my own business, obtain a Doctorate in a physical science, teach, and do research. Through my life, I desire to learn and to become enlightened, gain much love and friendship, and to leave a legacy.

*Mike Nasatka (1045)*

## Neo

Hello, I am Randy Clark. I am in the process of pledging at the Cornell chapter of Acacia. Here is a little information about me. I grew up in the small, rural town of Homer, located in Central New York. There I attended Homer High School, where I ran on the Cross Country, Track and Indoor Track teams. I was also a member of several organizations such as NHS, Latin Club, Environmental Club, Gym Club, etc. Currently I am a freshman undergrad majoring in Agricultural and Biological Engineering (ABEN). A few of the things I like to do in my free time are to catch up on sleep, go over to the house (Acacia), play table tennis, and go for a run. I will soon begin training for the Chicago Marathon, which is coming up in October.

*Randy Clark (1047)*

## Hoops

Hello, friends, Romans, and countrymen! I am a first year electrical engineering student at Cornell University and proud pledge of the Acacia fraternity. I have been having a smashing time at our house, Northcote, what with all the parties and events going on. Why, at our first social function, I had the good fortune of dancing with several women, at the same time! I'm not sure how such a thing happened, but I am not one to question good things.

I play the saxophone as a hobby, though I should be practicing more, and love jazz. I also have been keeping up with the PDA market, and hope to one day join this burgeoning business.

Overall, I feel thankful and glad to be part of such a respected organiza-

tion like Acacia. It feels good to be a part of something.

*Yujin Chung (1048)*

*And now, the edifying tomb from the NIB known as...*

## Enrique!

"Hey Eric, it sure is a beautiful day outside."

"I'll say, it's been over 30 for nearly three days straight!"

"Yup... and it hasn't even snowed in four days."

"And maybe... the snow on the ground will melt someday!"

To my readers who no longer live here at Cornell, these are some of the best conversations you're missing. As a freshman living in Class of 1928, West Campus, I hear conversations like this everyday. It's what all the freshman talk about, the latest weather. I'm not complaining though. Maybe its because Cornell is located in Ithaca... nah. Or maybe because I enjoy walking miles from class to class... nah. Rather, I think it is because I am now currently pledging at Acacia, and escaping dull conversations like this. Now I get to talk about whose girlfriend one brother has hit on lately, the latest law school that another brother has gotten accepted to, and what color drinks we have today. Since I didn't find friendships and esprit de corps at my dorm... I never would have thought I'd find it in a fraternity.

When I came back to school from Long Island after winter break, I had no intentions of joining a fraternity. Although I had registered for rush in December, I was disillusioned with the Greek life. Some of the reasons that led me to this discouragement was that I wasn't looking to be sub-

jected to an atmosphere that I felt did not foster learning, brotherhood and above all... friendship. I have been to many a party here at Cornell, and none made me wish to be part of Greek life. So, I took no part in Rush events. I did not want to be "talked" into joining a fraternity, or have to explain why I did not want to accept anyone's bid.

A while after rush officially began, I received an email from one of the brothers at Acacia. He talked about a house that fit the criterion I so desired here at Cornell. Growing up in a small family, with only my mother, father and siblings Mike and Dawn, I was accustomed to closeness. It also talked of academia, leadership and camaraderie, all of which were aspects of my life that I felt were lacking here.

I decided to call the number at the bottom of the email. The brother whom I talked to was not only friendly, but courteous as well, and he extended the invitation to bowl with the house at Helen Newman. I took up the proposal.

That night, I arrived at Helen Newman, and felt a sense of brotherhood among the actives that made me jealous of a life I hadn't yet found at Cornell. So, I bowled that night, and what a horrible bowler I was. I barely broke 80 on the first round, and then fell back to an impressive 70-something. But I was not picked upon, rather than focus on my bowling talents; I was made to feel comfortable. While albeit the house was smaller than one would anticipate, I felt it was advantageous to me because I wanted a family here at Cornell.

After a spectacular display of Gutter Balls, I was invited to have a

look at the house. After a short drive, I arrived at Northcote, a house that, while about 93 years old, looked far more appealing than just about any other fraternity house on campus. (Of course, I am a little biased.) I was quite impressed by the architecture, and also by the spacious rooms it boasted. I ended that night several hours later, having talked to various brothers. Needless to say, I not only fell in love with the house, but the sense of community that I had found amongst the brotherhood.

Soon morning came and I ran two feet to the phone to discuss with my mother about the hypothetical possibility of receiving a bid from Acacia. I told her that I immediately felt like I belonged there, and that living amongst such great people would provide me a reason to stay here at Cornell and to keep my sanity.

I became quite anxious about whether or not I was going to receive a bid from Acacia. Several ideas ran through my head. One was that I might have inadvertently disrespected one of the brothers. Another was that I had not properly expressed my interest in the house, unbeknownst to me. In a state of worry, I called the house, and in a rather impatient tone, asked one of the brothers how long would it take to find out if I had received a bid. He consoled me by telling me that the house had voted on the issue earlier in the day, and I was to be given a bid. I was elated and immediately accepted it.

Since then I have eaten dinner there nearly every night. This has given me the opportunity to better get to know the brothers. I discovered stories and histories that fascinated me. I have attended the many par-

ties at the house, at which I had a great time. I've studied, watched TV, and just moved in after initiation. I felt I was part of the brotherhood because the brothers took great strides to make me feel welcome.

As pledges, we were asked to write down three preferences for which we would like our Big Brothers to be. I had three choices in mind. Unfortunately, there was no way to rank them. Being rather selfish, I put down all three on one line inwardly hoping to get all three. In reality I figured that whomever I would receive, would not be because I put them first, second or third, but rather because of fate.

Together the actives and the pledges all went on a retreat to the Cayuga Nature Center as one of many bonding activities that we do. We stayed overnight, and it was truly an experience I will never forget.

In the morning, there was a ceremony for the Big Brother/Little Brother unveiling. I was nervous and excited at the same time to find out whom my Big Brother was. When I found out who it was, I was quite happy, but at the same time, disappointed that I had not gotten my other two choices. One of my choices had obtained a little brother; however, I was saddened when I realized that my other choice was not there because he had not gotten a little brother.

Later in the day, two other pledges and I went on a little trip to "retrieve" (kidnap) one of the brothers from the house. It just so turned out that the brother that I had wanted as my Big Brother was at the house. I coerced my fellow conspirators to kidnap him. The whole incident was hilarious. In order to escape, he fought us all the way back to the retreat. While

attempting to drag him back, (which required chasing him several times), it hit me that he wasn't my Big Brother. I felt very bad. I felt that I was missing out on many great experiences. Nonetheless I fell asleep at around 4:30 am after talking to another brother for over 3 hours. Where else can such brotherhood be found?

It continued to bother me that I did not get the other brother as my Big Brother. At most houses, I would have had to live with this fact. However, after Chapter, I went to talk to the pledge educator, Bill, and I asked him, if I could have two big brothers. Rather than being authoritarian, he said it was fine only if it was alright with my original big brother. I talked to him, and he also agreed.

Now, I have two big brothers. I could not be any happier. These two people have been the closest links to Acacia for me, and have influenced me greatly overall. Having both as my big brother means a lot to me, and most likely would not be possible in any other fraternity. Very rarely is a pledge's input taken seriously at any fraternity.

Who would have thought that coming from a background where I grew up in Long Island, attended a Catholic private school, Archbishop Molloy High School, and swam for Long Island Express, a US swim team, that I would have joined this fraternity. Here at college, I did not swim on the Cornell team partly because I did not want to commit to the program and also because I was not quite given the opportunity to. I fell this would apply to Fraternity life, and that I would not be willing to

# High Stakes IV

*The Continuing Saga by Anthony Navarra*

As Whittington pulled his pants back on, he gazed upon the form in the hotel bed again. "Positively gorgeous," thought David to himself as he fastened his belt together. Tiffini slept soundly in the bed as David collected the rest of his clothing from the floor. When they had met six months ago, Tiffini had been an unknown with no options or opportunities. David had encountered her at a gathering of society's elite, but at the time, he had thought she belonged there. Angelic in her white satin gown, she had seemed to float rather than walk across the room. Her flowing blond hair had seemed to caress her shoulders while her green eyes had added a slight exotic appeal. It had taken a few stiff drinks, but David had finally worked up the nerve to go and speak to her. As he had approached her, she was deep in conversation with one of the other younger gentlemen at the party. David couldn't take his eyes off her as he got nearer, noting the throaty and lovely voice that rang from her full, red lips. He also noted that she wasn't wearing a ring at all and couldn't help but wonder how such an alluring individual hadn't been caught yet. As he drew near, the other man had been diverted from her attention and was then talking to some other young female. Never one to pass up an opportunity, David had jumped upon the chance to introduce himself. He had learned that Tiffini dreamed of being a model and actress and had come to the party in order to talk to some of the heads of the major modeling agencies in town.

David was sure that she would have no trouble getting her a job from any agency.

He also had learned that she hadn't been on the guest list but had snuck in anyway just to take advantage of all the important people at the party. David asked just how she had managed to get past the security; they didn't let just anyone in, no matter how attractive the individual was. With a slight blush of embarrassment, a rosy glow that lit up her face, she admitted to him that she had slept with one of the bouncers who, in turn, had agreed to let her pass at the door. She wasn't one to pass up an opportunity either, it appeared.

David had taken advantage of a few key, influential friends to set Tiffini up with one of the modeling agencies that she so desired to work for. Of course, David's help had come at a price, but it was a price Tiffini was willing to pay. After all, she got what she wanted, and it was only fitting that David enjoy some reward for his assistance. When David had married, he had done so out of greed, a strong desire for the money that Margaret was heir to. He had liked her well enough then and still did, but what had really kept them together for eight years was their daughter. Unwilling to leave Lydia even though he now had earned a small fortune of his own, David had maintained the illusion of happiness in a marriage that was a farce. However, when Tiffini had entered his life, he didn't pass up the opportunity to enjoy it as much as possible. The fact that what had

originally been a simple, one night stand had turned into a serious affair had never failed to surprise and delight David. They had kept up their relationship in secret, meeting almost every week. So far, David's wife had suspected nothing, and he had continued the liaison, enjoying Tiffini as much as she seemed to enjoy him.

David straightened his tie in the mirror and took one last look at the sleeping beauty in the bed. There she lay, even more radiant than when they had met, the sheets outlining the near perfect form that they concealed. David closed the door softly and caught the elevator for the lobby, checking his watch to make sure he wasn't too late. David wasn't about to carry on with such an affair without careful planning; Tiffini and he met on the early nights that David left the office. Late night work was his perfect alibi, an alibi that his wife never bothered to dispute. It was only 8:30, and twilight was just beginning to fade from the night sky as blackness settled over the city. David paid the room bill at the front desk with cash and leisurely went to get his car.

David took his time as he drove home for the night. Every rendezvous he had with Tiffini left him feeling at ease, refreshed, and on top of the world. He let the sensations consume him as he took the scenic route home. Fully relaxed, listening to his favorite symphony, David didn't even pause to wonder who it was when his car phone began to ring. Secure in the perfection of his deeds, he answered it.

"Hello," David said, trying not to sound too spirited. It could have been his wife, after all, and she might wonder why he was in such a good mood coming home from a late night at work.

"That's quite a fine young woman you've been seeing recently, David," said the familiar voice on the other end, a voice that was definitely not his wife.

In the blink of an eye, the relaxation and tranquillity that David had been reveling in disappeared as if they had never existed. Anxiety and fear took their place as David recognized the merry tones of the clown. "How did you get this number?" David asked, wondering why the clown had picked now to talk to him. He hadn't heard from him in over a week and had hoped to never hear from him again.

"Never underestimate me, Davey boy," responded the clown, "I have another question for you."

"I thought we were finished with this stupid game," David said.

"Oh, you'll know when we're finished, David. Count on it," came his reply.

Even as he listened to the response, chills ran up and down David's spine as the intimation of the clown's first statement hit home. "How did you know about Tiffini and me?" he asked, fear creeping into his voice.

"You forget, David, I'm the one asking the questions here," said the clown in scolding tone, "Now, while I did enjoy watching your sexual calisthenics, I couldn't help but remember that you thought betrayal was wrong. You know what I mean, don't you, Dave?"

The memory of the bizarre

maze swam into his mind; he remembered the insane questions as if he was still there. "Yes, I remember," David said tentatively.

"Well then, I'm afraid I'm quite confused, David. If my eyes didn't deceive me, you engaged in what I can only call a sexual decathlon with that young model tonight," said the clown, sounding as if he was deep in thought and trying to get all the details right, "Now, even though you didn't win the gold medal, I can't help but remember that you're a married man."

"What's your damn question!?" shouted David, growing upset with the clown's antics. Noticing just in time, David swerved to avoid rear ending another car on the road.

"Temper, temper, Davey. I'm just making sure I got everything right," remarked the clown with an apologetic air, "Betrayal is evil, David; at least you seemed to think so. It's a very simple question. Why did you go through with this betrayal knowing it was evil?"

David's mind raced as he pondered the question. What answer would satisfy the neurotic, deranged man on the other end of the line? Fear gripped the pit of his stomach; he couldn't think straight. "I helped her out," David said in desperation, "This was how she repaid me. It was just a casual fling, nothing more."

Silence filled the void as it seemed the clown considered his reply. David waited tensely for his pronouncement. He was sweating bullets, but thought that at least his answer was the honest one. The clown tsked into the line. "You did so well in my maze; I thought you could keep it up outside of it. I guess

I was wrong. You pledged to be faithful until death do you part. And unless I haven't heard, you're not quite dead. At least, not yet. I'm afraid you lose again."

The line went dead as the phone slipped from David's grasp. David floored the accelerator in his haste to get home. He had no idea what the penalty for this loss would be, but he wasn't about to let the bastard do something to his family. David raced into the driveway, leaving tread marks in his haste. Barely allowing the car to stop, David leapt out and raced up the walkway. The house was eerily quiet, and only a few lights were visible. David fumbled with his keys, and with his hands shaking so much, he barely got the key in the lock. He flung the door open, yelling for Margaret and hoping to receive an answer to his frantic calls. He rushed through room after room, but there was no sign of her.

David ran to the staircase and took them two by two as he raced up. He reached the top, looking quickly from right to left. Seeing lights on at the end of the hall and coming from his room, David took off in their direction, frantically calling as he dashed into his own bedroom. A muffled reply came from the closed bathroom door. David went to open it, but it was locked fast. Pounding on the door and crying his wife's name, David attempted to break it down. In the middle of his attempt, the door was thrown open. On the other side stood Margaret, preparing a bath, frightened out of her mind and wondering what the problem was. Relief washed through David like a wave but was just as quickly replaced by panic once again as he thought of

another potential target of the clown's wrath. Lydia.

Out of breath and nearly doubled over, David cried, "Where's Lydia?! Where is she!?"

Stunned almost to the bone, concern etched into every crevice of her face, Margaret replied, "She's in her room, David. Why? What's the matter?!"

Without pausing to explain, David ran out of the room, waving off the question until he had the time to answer it. Margaret ran after him, recognizing her husband's panic and feeling out of some maternal instinct that something was amiss. David raced to the other end of the hall and flung open his daughter's door. There Lydia sat at a table, having a tea party with her stuffed animals. The infamous clown doll sat right next to her, apparently the guest of honor. Her quiet conversation stopped abruptly as she saw her father standing in the door.

"Hi, daddy. We're having a party. Do you want to join us?" she asked, her innocent and uncaring face reflecting the bliss of her happy little world.

Hand on his forehead and knees hardly able to support him, relief crashed through his fragile frame. He slumped against the doorframe, lightened of what seemed to him an incredible load. Shaking his head slowly, David smiled weakly and said, "Not now, sweetie, maybe later. I was just checking to make sure you were all right."

Lydia didn't understand the stress that her dad had just been through and didn't recognize the relief evident in his face. "Ok daddy," she said, turning back to her loyal animal friends.

"For God's sake, David, what happened?" asked a still panicked Margaret.

David said nothing, the shock still so overwhelming that all he could do was wrap his arms around her, embracing the startled woman. Confused and beleaguered, Margaret returned

the embrace, collapsing into the security of her husband's nearness. They stood that way for several moments, neither willing to part, both drawing on some strength from the other just to keep standing. They stood there in the doorway until Margaret suddenly stiffened in David's grip. She pulled back and looked up into his face, confusion on her face once again, but this time, it was mixed with traces of pain and anger. She pushed herself away from him but never unlocked their eyes. For minutes she stood there, gazing up at him as if she didn't recognize the person in front of her. David looked back, completely dumbfounded by his wife's behavior. Meanwhile, Lydia poured some more tea for her guests and talked about new fashions and make-up tips, totally oblivious to the standoff her parents were involved in.

Under her breath, barely containing her rage and grief, Margaret asked one simple question: "Who's perfume is it that I smell?"

David's mind shut down as one simple thought echoed through it: 'She knows.' David looked back at her blankly, no excuse or explanation coming from his non-functional brain. Margaret took his silence as a silent affirmation of her worst fear and tore her eyes from his just long enough to focus on his shoulder. With one quick grasp, a long, blonde

hair dangled between her thumb and forefinger right in front of his face.

Dropping it to the floor, David's eyes following it as it fell, Margaret buried her face into her hands. Sobs wracked her small frame as she dissolved in her anguish in the middle of her daughter's doorway. David made no move to comfort her, partly out of the realization that any attempt on his part might cause her to erupt in violence and fury, but mostly because he still couldn't yet force a command from his brain to his muscles to move him forward. The sound of her mother crying even drew Lydia's attention. Both of the other members of the Whittington family gazed upon one of their own as she came apart.

Looking back up at her betrayer with her tear-streaked face, Margaret managed to choke out one simple question past her gasping lungs: "How could you?"

David's face transformed into a mask of sympathy and caring. "Margaret . . ." he said but got no farther.

"How could you?" Margaret screamed, "How could you?! How could you!? HOW COULD YOU!!" she repeated over and over, each successive time in a louder and more shrieking voice. Lydia started to cry at just the appearance of such rage from her mother, not understanding that it was directed at her father. David turned to his daughter to calm her. Margaret lunged at him then, arms flailing wildly, trying to requite her pain with an equal amount to the one that had hurt her so much. David defended himself as best he could, but the fury of the attack drove him back into the hallway. Seeming as if she was possessed by some demonic

force, Margaret actually managed to knock him backwards and off his feet as if he weighed no more than a fraction of his true weight. Turning away from him, she rushed into her daughter's room and yanked her to her feet. "Come on, Lydia," she said, trying to calm herself enough to address her daughter appropriately, "We're leaving now."

Confused and a little frightened by her mother's display of anger, Lydia tried to pull away. "I don't want to go anywhere!" she cried as her mother lifted her up to physically carry her out of her room. She reached for her clown doll, trying at least to take along one friend with her. "My dolly! My dolly!" she cried as it passed out of her reach.

"We have to go now, Lydia," her mother said as she walked out of the room and past David without even looking at him, "We'll come back later and pick it up."

Lydia locked her gaze with her dad, crying and watching him slowly get farther and farther away. David made no move to follow until they were almost out of his sight, still paralyzed with shame and embarrassment from his deed and stunned by the force of Margaret's attack. Hurrying to catch up, he called after them: "Margaret, honey, I can explain . . ."

"Save it, Dave," she called back without looking back. Slipping into a more professional tone to prevent showing any signs of her grief, she said, "You'll be hearing from my lawyers soon. Try to spare Lydia some pain at least." David could only watch as she went through the still open front door, slamming it behind them to cut off any possible pursuit. David watched from the

window as she got into her Mercedes and sped away down the driveway and out into the street, leaving more tread marks in front of his.

Hours later, bottle of Scotch in his hand, David sat on the sofa, contemplating in his stupor his utter stupidity. "How could I have been so careless?" he said to the nobody that was around. In the glove compartment of his car, behind some of the papers, was a small bottle of cologne. Every other time he had slept with Tiffini, he had come home, checked himself in the mirrors for any sign of the rendezvous, and then sprayed himself with the cologne to cover her scent. But not this time. This time he had been too worried about the safety of his wife and daughter to bother to check himself and prepare himself adequately. And it had cost him his family.

Too dazed to cry, too drunk to care, and too paralyzed to move, David sat on the sofa and stared at the wall. His non-thinking state was suddenly interrupted with the ringing of the nearby telephone. David let it ring, not wanting to deal with anyone and hoping the caller would hang up. Finally, on the tenth or eleventh ring, David picked it up. "Yeah," he said, his voice slurred with the alcohol.

"Too bad, David," came the all too familiar voice of the clown on the other end.

Rage and fury filled David, pushing aside the alcoholic haze. "You!" he screamed into the mouthpiece, "You cost me my family, you son of a bitch!"

"I did nothing of the sort, David," came the reply in a calm, defensive voice, "You did that yourself by your betrayal. That was all

your own fault."

David's eyes narrowed. "Is that what you're calling for? To gloat over my loss?"

"Quite the contrary, Dave," said the clown in his mocking, happy tone, "I called to tell you that this particular event wasn't my fault and wasn't the payment for your last loss. Just in case you started to think so."

"What?" David mumbled into his end as the clown cut the connection. David stared in vain at the telephone as if it would give him some answers. Turning it off, he tossed it aside. But then, just as it came to a rest on the couch next to him, it started to ring again. He quickly scooped it up and turned it on. "What do you want now?!" he shouted into his end.

There was a slight pause on the other end, and then an unfamiliar voice spoke up in a hesitant voice. "Is this Mr. Whittington? Mr. David Whittington?" said the voice on the other end.

"Yes, yes it is," replied David, "Why? Who wants to know?"

"Sir, this is Detective Karl Simpkins down at University Hospital. Sir, I'm afraid there's been an accident. Your wife and daughter were in a serious car crash down on Route 401. Your wife is undergoing emergency surgery right now, but the doctors expect her to pull through. But I'm afraid, sir, that your daughter didn't make it." After a slight pause in which Simpkins took a deep breath, he clarified for the nonspeaking party on the line: "She's dead, sir."

But he wasn't going to get a reply; David had dropped the phone after he had gratefully slipped into peaceful unconsciousness.

# The Mailbag - Alumni News

Perry D. Slocum '35 (0342) [950 Avenue S SE, Winter Haven, FL 33880-4618] reported that his second wife, Maggie Belle Slocum, passed away 7/15/99 after 20 years and one day of marriage. "I'm looking for another wife. Life is too short to live it alone."

John P. Woodford '47 (0435) [4364 Greenwood Dr., Okemos, MI 48864] recently celebrated the birth of his 20th grandchild.

William C. Burnett '53 (0490) [11 S. Helderberg Pkwy., Slingerlands, NY 12159], Dave Hower '51 (0526), and their wives toured "Steamtown USA", a National Historic Railway Museum in Scranton, PA, last July. They also went through an abandoned coal mine (with a guide and electric lights). Bill reports he is recovering nicely from open-heart surgery to repair a heart valve.

Walter E. Cox Jr. '53 (0491) [Alte Landstrasse 95, CH-8803 Ruschlikon, Switzerland; wicox@pop.agri.ch] is still consulting for SRI (his small direct mail four day supplies business) after his retirement. He sees and sails with Pete Schonenberg '52 (0535) occasionally. Walter would enjoy hearing from/about other Acacians from the 1948-57 period. He's enjoyed reading Tony Navarra's continued short story in recent Travelers.

Robert B. Squires '52 (0496) [41 Churchill Ave., Messena, NY 13662] sold his milk processing and distribution business (Homestead Dairies

and is now operating four dairy stores. He's semi-retired.

Ira C. Youngdahl '53 (0520) [825 SW Palatine St., Portland, OR 97219-7635; icey8@juno.com] and his wife have been living in Portland since 1977. While there, he returned to college for a Masters Degree. After becoming a Pastor for several years, he returned to the building construction field, supervising several major projects on the West Coast. Ira retired in 1977 and now enjoys woodworking in his shop and church activities.

Carey W. Fletcher '58 (0596) [1624 Dole St. #1101, Honolulu, HI 96822] and wife, Phyllis enjoyed a visit from Ralph Lamar '58 (0599) at their summer cottage on Cedar Lake in NY. The Fletchers were on board the Norwegian Sky when the 80,000-ton ship ran aground on a sand bar in the St. Lawrence River last October. They received a free future cruise for their inconvenience. They also toured England for two weeks last June with their daughter's family.

Ronald F. Tesarik '59 (0615) [1080 Havenwood Lane, Lake Forest, IL 60045] sends best wishes for great success in the new millennium. Ron always enjoys reflecting on his Acacia years. Enjoys winter golfing at their vacation home in Rancho Mirage (Palm Springs) CA.

William L. Keltz '61 (0632) [1403 Grand Oak Lane, West Chester, PA 19380-5908] retired from Lockheed Martin 6/30/99.

Stuart S. Hantman MD '71 (0756) [382 NW 112 Ave., Coral Springs, FL 33071-7967] reports that daughter Melissa Fox Hantman (Arts & Sciences '01) was elected to the National Society of Collegiate Scholars, as well as the Golden Key Honor Society. She's also made Dean's List for the 5th consecutive semester. The highlight of the Fall '99 semester, however, was being serenaded by an Egyptian mummy to the music of "You've Lost That Loving Feeling" on the Karaoke at Acacia's Night On The Nile Party.

Stanley R. Niman '73 (0783) [6620 SW Preslynn Dr., Portland, OR 97225-2662; sniman@ipinc.net] wished "Happy Holidays to All!"

Bruce G. Schneider '78 (0842) [7 Hilly Field Lane, Westport, CT 06880 - 2916; bruce.schneider@snet.net] was saddened to hear about Amanda "Pearl" Murray's death. Bruce reflected "She was wonderful".

Christopher P. Deane '83 (0908) [304 N. Addison Ave., Elmhurst, IL 60126 - 2306; cpdeane@ix.netcom.com] is alive and well in Chicago. If anyone is in the Chicago area, Chris would love to hear from you.

Alan T. Pasquino '84 (0916) and Mary Myers Pasquino '85 (L024) [496 Montauk Ave., New London, CT 06320-4615] are doing fine, working on their old house and staying busy.

Jonathan A. Olick '84 (0920) [17 E. 96th St., New York, NY 10128; Jolick@hunton.com] and wife, Susan, welcomed their first child, Sarah Megan, in 3/99. Jonathan is a partner in the NY office of Hunton & Williams, practicing commercial and governmental real estate law and venture capital law.

Charles W. Huffine III '86 (0931) [563 Bramhall Dr., Rochester, NY 1 4 6 2 6 ; Chuck.Huffine@searbrown.com] reflects that Amanda "Pearl" Murray was a very important part of the wonderful Acacia experience that he and many others enjoyed. She looked after us and genuinely cared about all of us. Charles suggests that Cornell Acacia alumni send in their favorite memories of Pearl for a future Traveler article.

Kevin Slesinsky '95 (0987) [57 Alpine Terrace, San Francisco, CA 94117; kevin@slesinsky.org] moved to San Francisco to try out the West Coast and work for another internet startup company, Desktop.com. Found Brother Andy Brenner '90 (0953) living in the area. Enjoyed a visit back east last October for Mike Budreski's '94 (0978) wedding on Cape Cod. Brothers Jim Waxmonsky '92 (0964), Mike Cvijanovich '94 (0981), Jim Fu '94 (0979), and Arif Haq '94 (0983) were also in attendance.

Brian Sivillo '96 (0993) [160 State St., Bloomfield, NJ 07003; brian.sivillo@libertymutual.com] congratulates Michael Wilhelm '94 (0982) on the birth of his first son, Andrew.

Marco A. Cabassi '97 (1003) [747 E. Beaver Ave., Apt. 227, State College, PA 16801; stenmark@concentric.net] is a graduate research assistant at Penn State University.

Paul G. Molnar '98 (1014) [5 Raybor Rd., Commack, NY 11725; pgm1014@aol.com] has been working since June '99 as a software engineer in the R&D department at Periphonics, a Nortel Networks Company. In his "spare" time Paul bowls in a competitive league and coaches both a youth league and a youth traveling team. He also serves on the Advisory Board of the Long Island Junior Bowling Association. Paul has also attended some Acacia Corporation Board Meetings and is a Board Member. When time permits, Paul visits and hangs out with the Actives.



## Chapter Eternal

*John G. Williams '42 (0389)  
- February 19, 1998*

*Donald Paul Berens '47 -  
October 29, 1999*

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Hollister Moore '68 (0702)

# Important Alumni Announcements

## Annual Corp Board Meeting!

Saturday, May 6, 2000

The Annual Meeting of the Cornell Chapter of Acacia Fraternity, Inc. will be Saturday, May 6, 2000 at 11:00 am, at Acacia Fraternity, 318 Highland Road, Ithaca, NY 14850 (607-257-7055)

Refreshments and lunch will be provided.

## Cornell Reunion Weekend 2000

June 8-11, 2000

- Acacia is having an official open house 4-6pm on Saturday, June 10th, but feel free to drop by Northcote anytime to see the house
- Check out Cornell's Alumni Weekend web page at:  
<http://www.alumni.cornell.edu/nea/Reunion/2000/default.html>

## Homecoming

2000

Sept 22-24, 2000

Come watch Cornell Big Red football take on the Yale Bulldogs

- Acacia's events for the weekend are still in the planning stages but we'll keep you posted. Let us know if the actives can help you with your plans (ie. tickets for the game, the Glee Club concert, dinner, etc.)

## Feth Joins The Real World

It's finally the last semester of my five(!) years at Cornell. I finished my B.S. in Computer Science last May and began a one-year Computer Science Master of Engineering (MEng) this past fall. At Acacia, I served as Senior Dean/Pledge Educator this year. After classes are over, I'm graduating at the end of May, getting married at the end of June, and starting work in Silicon Valley in July! I can hardly wait.

Until last week, though, plans for next year were far from predictable. Since September 1999, I chewed up weekends and breaks interviewing around the US, deliberated the right time to get engaged, juggled academic projects, etc. - what many Cornell seniors/MEng

students must do before they graduate. Last week, my fiancée and I talked, I signed an offer from Silicon Graphics in Mt. View, CA, and for once in a long time, I feel like next year is finally a little more stable again.

Last fall, on a cool October day in Akron, Ohio, I proposed to Amelia Schmotzer, my high school sweetheart and girlfriend of 6 years. We decided on June 24th for our wedding day, and we've been working away at the many preparations we'll have to make for that day. I'm currently looking for honeymoon packages in Italy and finding good places to stay and sites to see when we road trip west from Ohio after our return from Italy. You are welcome to attend the wedding if you will be in town the weekend of the 24th.

Our wedding will be on:

6/24/00, Saturday, 1:30pm at St. Luke's Episcopal Church  
565 South Cleveland-Massillon Rd.  
Akron, Ohio 44333

Please email me if you would like further details (not all of them were solidified at press time) email: [wjf3@cornell.edu](mailto:wjf3@cornell.edu)

I will be sad to leave Cornell Acacia, my home for the past four years, this May. My time here has had a profound influence on me personally and on the directions I have taken and will take in my life. Our house has some great new pledges and a bright future. I hope that I will get to see some of you alums and actives at the National Conclave in Pittsburgh this July if not first in Ohio this June.

Until then...

Fraternally,

Bill "SNAG" Feth (1021)

(Eric the NIB cont.)

commit to a fraternity. Knowing that, now I do plan to swim for the team next year.

Currently I am in the College of Arts and Sciences, planning on majoring in Psychology and am also premed. Being at Acacia will greatly help me in this because we have one of the highest average GPA of any Fraternity on this campus. But Acacia is not just any fraternity. Acacia is different, and that is why I love it so much. That is why the 3x4x5 triangle on the pledge pin I wear means so much to me. I never leave home without it. Actually, I can't leave home without it on.

Upon hearing some of the experiences I have already had here at Acacia, I'm sure I've invoked a wave of nostalgia in you all. This was my goal so I hope I have. Years from now, when I check my mail and read my copy of *The Traveler*, I expect to here stories like this one and better.

I would just like to take the time and space to thank you all for the generous contributions you have made to make this fraternity what it is. Without you, this place wouldn't be here for myself and my fellow pledges to take advantage of. You have saved us all from conversations like the one above. Thank you and God Bless Acacia and all Acacians.

*Eric Wursthorn(1046)*

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## Acacians Everywhere

As we travel along life's pathway, we never know whom we will meet. Some people present challenges. Others present opportunities. There is no greater opportunity than

discovering common ground. And there is no greater common ground than Acacia's ties of friendship.

Let me illustrate my point with a story. Over the summer, I casually mentioned to my friend that I had joined a fraternity. I was pleasantly surprised when she asked, "Which one?" I was even more pleasantly surprised when she responded to my answer, "Oh! My father was in Acacia at Syracuse!"

This had never happened to me before. I had never met an Acacian other than actives and alumni from Cornell. When I finally met this man, we instantly had something in common. He told me of his experiences in the fraternity and related that his chapter's alumni had yearly reunions. He showed me a picture of the chapter in the Syracuse yearbook, and I noticed a reference to "black and gold." Despite never having met him before, I could call this man my brother.

I proudly list "Acacia" as an activity on my resume. A job interviewer told me that her husband was an Acacia brother at Purdue. Again, I was surprised. Acacia is not the largest national fraternity, and yet I was meeting people with ties to Acacians. A man I have known for many years recently told me that his brother is an Acacian. Brother Hing met an Acacian at his church. Brother Navarra met an alumni of our own Cornell chapter at a crew race in Ohio. He also spoke to a past Venerable Dean of Cornell when making crew-related phone calls.

You may even meet a fellow Acacian you already know in the strangest of places. While visiting a friend in Bangkok, Thailand, Brother Hershey met Brother Yongvanich

purely by chance. As he strolled down a Bangkok street, he happened to pass in front of Brother Yongvanich's house. A strange occurrence to be sure, but another great chance to seize common ground and continue a friendship.

You can never know where or when you will meet a fellow Acacian. So you must always be vigilant. I will no longer be surprised when I meet one or hear of one.

Common ground is an important basis for any relationship. Acacia membership can serve as that basis. Once you meet someone who is an Acacian, you can start a new friendship or rekindle an old one.

*David Klesh (1037)*

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## A Call to Alumni

As the semester continues so does life here at Northcote. One of the greatest things about being a Cornell Acacian is the history that we have become a part of. Looking at pictures and documents in the chapter room and dormer helped to further my understanding of what being in this house is all about. I saw pictures of your parties, your dates, and your outings. And as I learned more about what you have done, I could not help but to imagine what experiences you have had that Northcote could not tell or what's happened to you, my brothers, since graduation. So right now, I'm asking you to take a minute or two to email or write the house.

You can reach us at [acacia@cornell.edu](mailto:acacia@cornell.edu). In the future, we hope to use the *Traveler* to make your stories legends and to make your lives legendary.

*Byron Hing (1040)*



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