



"Winner of Best Alumni Publication" - Conclave 2000

The Traveler



Acacia Fraternity Cornell University

Fall 2000

Vol. 93 No. 2

Conclave 2000 -Pittsburg, PA

Acacia Fraternity held its 51st Biennial Conclave on July 26-30, 2000 in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Over 150 Acacians from all over North America were there, including several from the Cornell chapter. Brad Schmidt and I represented the active chapter, while Paul Molnar served as Cornell's alumni representative. Matt Hartman came to the final banquet and Bill Utic was also present, serving as the President of the Acacia Fraternity Foundation.

The theme of the Conclave was "A Time to Grow", a theme that came up again and again in various workshops and discussions. I am happy to report that the international brotherhood of Acacia is alive and well in colleges and universities across the United States and Canada. For example, Penn State Acacia alone

raised over \$45,000 for charity and took home the Most Improved Chapter award. Acacians at Indiana University and Okalahoma State University continue to be some of the most influential leaders on those campuses; these chapters were each given awards for Outstanding Chapter. In addition, there are several colonies at varied campuses such as Texas and

(Conclave, Continued page 6)



GO BIG RED! - HOMECOMING 2000

This year, the first day of fall also marked the beginning of a week-end of wonder. Homecoming had arrived and the actives of Cornell Acacia once again did its part to welcome alumni and the hated Yale Bulldogs to Ithaca. Several alumni and their family members, including Brian Sivillo, Paul Molnar (#1014), Jarrett Taubman (#1035), Daniel

Turinsky (1004), and Pat Chefalo (799) privileged us with their presence by joining us in the festivities. The weekend began with an informal gathering at Northcote Friday evening, as actives and alumni were given the chance to meet and to catch up.

But the highlight of the week-
(Homecoming, Continued page 4)

What's Inside...

• Chapter Roll	2
• From the Corp Board President <i>Steven Stein</i>	3
• New Pledges/Brothers <i>Various</i>	5
Northcote: Home of the Future <i>VD Brad Schmidt</i>	4
• Honor Roll	7
• High Stakes IV <i>Anthony Navarra</i>	8
• The Mailbag - Alumni News	12
• Alumni Announcements	14
• BEEP, BEEP... Clang, Clang... <i>John Abrehamson</i>	15

The Traveler is published two times annually by the Cornell University Chapter of Acacia Fraternity. This newsletter is mailed to alumni, fellow chapters, friends and family of active members of the Chapter. Correspondence regarding this publication (as well as all other concerns) should be addressed to: Acacia Fraternity, c/o Publicity, 318 Highland Road, Ithaca, NY 14850-2303. The House telephone number is (607) 257-7055. The house e-mail is acacia@cornell.edu.

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.

Editor: Byron Hing '02

Publisher: Acacia Corporation Board

Alumni News Compiler: Steven L. Stein



Chapter Eternal

Adolph H. Huttar '30 (0316) - 1/25/99

Edward A. Gordon '51 (0465) - 4/99

Henry G. Wetzler '57 (0583) - 6/00

Fall 2000 Chapter Roster

Bradley Schmidt '00 (1025)
Engineering Physics (M. Eng '01)
Brampton, ON, Canada

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

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

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

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

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

John Abrehamson '02 (1039)
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

Eric Wursthorn '03 (1046)
Chemical Engineering
Middle Village, NY

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

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

Josh Roth '03 (1049)
Government
Eastchester, NY

Scott McQuade '03 (1050)
Applied and Engineering Physics
Annandale, VA

Tom Ricketts '03 (Pledge)
Chemical Engineering
Halifax, MA

A MESSAGE FROM OUR CORPORATION BOARD PRESIDENT

Brethren,

Acacia at Cornell survived the 90's, but the year 2000 has already thrown us some more unexpected expenses. Shortly before the Actives returned from their summer "vacations", both the old hot water heater (not the one replaced last year) and the Wing shower floor decided to spring a leak. The hot water heater has been removed (we had it plumbed for easy removal when the new one was installed last year), but we have deferred replacement until such time as it is needed (with only 18 young men living in this Fall, there hasn't been a lack of hot water). As of this writing (10/9/00), the old floor (tile, concrete, membrane, and plywood) is nearly torn out and we are awaiting an estimate from the contractor. It will certainly be at least \$2,000. Most of the scheduled maintenance has been completed (porch steps replaced, dead trees removed, hot water furnace plumbing replaced, stucco repaired). The bathroom on the 2nd floor landing is nearly completed (old floor tile removed, rotted floor replaced, new tile installed, vanity replaced, toilet reseated). However, the rewiring of the old part of the House (\$5,800; to be started 10/00), replacing Dining Room sliding glass doors (\$7,000), and replacing bedding (\$5,000) have not yet been done. And, we'll have to purchase replacement windows for the 3rd Floor (4@\$525/window) to prevent the occupants from becoming one with nature.

On the bright side, throughout my many years as Corporation President, I've never been more optimistic about Acacia's future. The current group of Actives is a great bunch of young men who have already demonstrated their desire to return the Brotherhood to 30 members. I'm extremely proud of what they have accomplished, and am even more determined to provide a safe, sound, and comfortable infrastructure in which to live. Of course, I can't do this alone! Acacia desperately needs your continued support (although less than 75 of you contributed financially this past academic year). To those of you who did contribute, THANK YOU! To the rest of you, if there are reasons (other than financial), please drop me a line and let's talk about it. I'd like to know where the rest of my Pledge Class ('70 - we were a Pledge Class of 19 freshman) is hiding themselves and their money! Only Stan Niman '73 (0783) continues to support Acacia. I'm pleading with the rest of you to join Stan and me in supporting your fraternity.

So, please return the enclosed Dues form at your earliest convenience. We are again asking for a minimum contribution of \$50, but we'll certainly not complain about any amount that you feel you can afford. Also, regardless of whether or not you contribute, please send us news for the Mailbag.

Special thanks again go to Hollister Moore '68 (0702) [1747 Bainbridge, Philadelphia, PA 19146, HoddyMoo@aol.com] for his generosity in print/copying the Traveler. Holly owns Can Do! Copy Center in Philadelphia. And, of course, thanks to Jim Showacre '50 (0447), who continues his role as Corporation Treasurer. Jim underwent back surgery during the summer, and is no longer able to help with the manual labor, which he had been doing since before I pledged in 1970!

Enjoy the rest of Y2K!

Steven L. Stein '73 (0787)

[339 East Miller Rd., Ithaca, NY 14850;
607-277-3125; sls8@cornell.edu]



Recent Alumni at Northcote after dinner



Dave and Byron at the Tailgate

(Homecoming, Continued)

end came on Saturday, the 23rd. Two o'clock not only marked the beginning of the game, but also and a chance for the Big Red to seek revenge for last year's heart-breaking loss to the Bulldogs. The late start of the game provided an opportunity for some pre-game festivities and that is exactly what the brothers of Acacia did. From 11-2, Acacians, both actives and alumni, tailgated with the rest of the Greek system. Burgers, dogs, pop, and booze were plentiful as we prepared to watch our team spank the Bulldogs.

When the game started, things looked bad, real bad. The Red's offense was failing to move the ball and the Yale's offensive line was opening up huge holes in the Cornell Defensive line for their running back. Put simply, the Big Red found themselves down 20-10 and with little hope. But somehow, quarterback Ricky Rahne lead the Red to two touchdowns and a 24-23 lead. However, the Yale offense again moved

the ball and with just seconds left, had an easy chip shot field-goal attempt to win the game. But as fate would have it, the kick sailed wide left signaling to the 20,000 fans and us, Acacians, to storm the field.

Still ecstatic from the win, we returned to Northcote for dinner. Angela Bourne, Brad's girlfriend, had prepared an exquisite dinner for the brotherhood. Dinner was wonderful: the food was great, the company

was great, and the stories of the alumni were priceless. As the evening ended, I looked around the dining hall at my brothers, and smiled. "I'm an Acacian. I'm proud of it."

Byron Hing
Alumni Affairs
#1040



Acacians at Football game

THE NIBS!!



New Initiate Joshua Roth

Beaver

Greetings Acacians!

My name is Josh Roth and I am originally from Westchester County, New York (for those of you who might be unfamiliar with the geography of Southern New York, Westchester County is about 20 miles North of Manhattan). I am a Sophomore in the College of Arts and Sciences working towards a degree of Government.

I am actively involved with a number of extracurricular organizations including the Cornell Democrats and the Cornell Sailing Team. The Cornell Democrats serve to educate the Cornell community about

public policy, current events and to bring notable Democrats to campus. I recently traveled to Pennsylvania to campaign for Rep. Joe Hoeffel and attend a rally for the Vice-President in Philadelphia. I also had an instrumental role in organizing Hillary Rodham Clinton's political rally on the Ag. Quad a week and a half prior to the general election. The Sailing Team competes against other colleges and universities throughout the Middle Atlantic States. We are currently the highest ranked team without a coach in our division. I am the Publicity Director for the Cornell Democrats and the Captain of the Big Boat Team for the Sailing Team.

Feel free to contact me if you would like to chat about politics, sailing, or anything else. I look forward to meeting some of you in the future (perhaps at Homecoming 2001).

Fraternally,
Josh Roth
#1049

PONG!

Scott McQuade is currently a sophomore enrolled in the College of Engineering at Cornell. He is pursuing a degree in Applied & Engineering Physics with a minor in Computer Science. Born in Alexandria, Virginia, Scott grew up in the Washington, D.C. area and attended Thomas Jefferson High School for Science & Technology. The wealth and diversity of opportunities at Cornell, both academic and non-academic,

drew Scott to Ithaca. Scott enjoys sports and outdoor activities and participates on the crew team and the sprint(lightweight) football team at Cornell. Scott sees Acacia as an essential part of his college experience and hopes to become an integral part of the brotherhood.

Scott McQuade
#1050

THE PLEDGE

Tom Ricketts

This is Tom Ricketts, the newest pledge to Acacia Fraternity. I come from southern Massachusetts, where I attended Silver Lake Regional High School. I am a sophomore in the Engineering College, and plan to major in Chemical Engineering. This year, I joined the Army ROTC program. I plan to serve four years before deciding a career. I learned of Acacia through Josh Roth, who lived in the same building as I freshman year. At the time, I had no intentions of joining the Greek system, but the quality of the Acacia house and its members convinced me otherwise. So far, everything has been going quite well and I look forward to being initiated into this organization.

(Conclave, Continued)

Grand Valley State in Michigan. Acacia is truly taking advantage of its time to grow.

The Cornell chapter more than held its own at the Conclave. Salil Gupte won a scholarship from the Foundation. Brothers from other chapters were quite impressed with our rush booklet, which features photographs of great guys like Byron Hing. Finally, and most importantly, Cornell Acacia won the award for Outstanding Alumni publication. That, of course, would be the publication you now hold in your hands. We considered changing the name of our newsletter from "The Traveler" to "The Award-Winning Traveler", but ultimately decided against it. But we can be proud that we are responsible for a publication that Executive Director Darold

Larson himself described as "folksy and timely."



Our Execs Messing Around

I had a fantastic time at Conclave. The most exciting part was meeting men whom I had never met before, but shared a connection with as fellow Acacians. During one of our business meetings, we passed the gavel and explained how much it

meant to us to be there. Everyone concluded with, "I am an Acacian...I am proud of it." It makes me proud to say that our brotherhood is strong both within and outside the Cornell chapter. We also met alumni from other chapters, including Syracuse University. Syracuse alumni continue to have reunions, even though their chapter has closed down. But they reported that they will be attempting to restart the chapter. RPI and Cornell may soon be joined by another chapter in upstate New York. Stay tuned to The Traveler for further details. Make that the award-winning Traveler.

David Klesh
#1037

NORTHCOTE: HOME OF THE FUTURE

Like a good fraternity we are conscious of our traditions and our history but at Cornell Acacia we are also always looking to the future! The average Cornell student is dependent on a connection to the Internet for research, updated information and the sharing of projects. While the dorms and campus buildings have had high speed ethernet connections to the Internet for years, the Greeks' houses at Cornell have lagged behind. Now there are about five university owned houses that have been fitted with the same ResNet connections as the dorms, but the vast majority of houses are just starting to get wired with high speed

connections using third party providers. We've been a little ahead of the game since a few of us who worked at Cornell Informations Technologies four years ago borrowed some twisted pair wire and started connecting all the rooms in Northcote to one external connection. First we shared a dedicated modem connection, then we began sharing a high speed cable modem connection. The external connection works well and is ready to be upgraded as better ways become affordable, but the wiring in the house was never meant to be a long term solution and seeing wires running back and forth across the ceiling is unsightly, especially in the

Wing where there is no place to hide them.

We started off this year with the idea of improving our network with professionally installed wiring. The initial quote came in at just under \$4000, which would still leave a ton of new wire moulding all over our beautiful house. While we were thinking it over, a few brothers suggested that we look into a wireless network. Doing a little research, we found out more about Cornell's plans to expand wireless connections on campus. One can already use a laptop with a wireless network card to check mail and surf the web while in lec-
(Wireless, Continued page 15)

HONOR ROLL (1999 - 2000)

** after name indicates Brother Tree leaf recognition*

JOHN M ABELES '75 (0796) PL'72
 LANE J ABRAMS '84 (0915) PL'81
 CHARLES H ADSIT * '50 (0458) PL'47
 CHRISTOPHER T ANDERSON '88 (0940) PL'85
 DAVID M BANFIELD '95 (0985) PL'92
 CLARENCE F BENT DVM * '39 (0334) PL'33
 ROBERT J BERGREN '50 (0443) PL'47
 STEWART L BURGER * '70 (0738) PL'67
 WILLIAM C BURNETT * '53 (0490) PL'49
 MARCO A CABASSI '97 (1003) PL'94
 WILLIAM S CAMMUSO '92 (0965) PL'89
 SELLECK J CARPENTER * '50 (0459) PL'47
 ALEXANDER J CHENEY * '40 (0381) PL'38
 ROBERT E COPELAND '50 (0527) PL'50
 WALTER E COX JR. '53 (0491) PL'49
 MICHAEL I CVIJANOVICH * '94 (0981) PL'91
 CHRISTOPHER P DEANE * '83 (0908) PL'80
 PHILIP ENGLER '70 (0739) PL'67
 ROBERT S FASH * '59 (0594) PL'54
 WILLIAM J FETH '99 (1021) PL'96
 DAVID R FISHELL * '75 (0800) PL'72
 ARTHUR H FREDERICK '56 (0570) PL'53
 WILLIAM B GIBSON * '48 (0437) PL'43
 PAUL B GOLDBERG * '71 (0755) PL'68
 DAVID A GORELICK '68 (0717) PL'65
 WILLIAM B HAIRSTON III * '80 (0873) PL'77
 STUART S HANTMAN MD '71 (0756) PL'68
 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
 FRANCIS M HUGO '62 (0597) PL'54
 BURTON F INGLIS * '40 (0385) PL'38
 PAUL C JAMES '56 (0606) PL'55
 MORRIS A JETTE JR. '80 (0868) PL'77
 WILLIAM L KELTZ '61 (0632) PL'58
 LAFAYETTE W. "PETE" KNAPP JR. '51 (0509) PL'49
 THOMAS E KOCOVSKY JR. * '69 (0730) PL'66
 JOHN L KRAKAUER * '62 (0642) PL'59
 JERRY W KREIDER * '68 (0720) PL'65
 ALLEN M MALE '62 (0643) PL'59
 MARK F MALTENFORT '77 (0831) PL'74
 HENRY B MARSHALL MD * '34 (0332) PL'33
 DAVID M MAZAIKA '85 (0924) PL'82
 ROBERT C MERRITT * '75 (0807) PL'73
 PAUL G MOLNAR * '98 (1014) PL'95
 MARY MYERS PASQUINO * '85 (L024) PL'84
 STANLEY R NIMAN * '73 (0783) PL'70
 MARTIN E OFFENBERGER '56 (0568) PL'53
 JONATHAN A OLICK '84 (0920) PL'81
 ALAN T PASQUINO * '84 (0916) PL'81
 WILLIAM PNDARVIS JR. '47 (0440) PL'46
 TODD PESKIN '95 (0994) PL'93
 DAVID J SANGREE '84 (0917) PL'81
 ERNEST F SCHAUFLE '48 (0500) PL'49
 BRUCE G SCHNEIDER * '78 (0842) PL'75
 G. MARTIN SCUTT '92 (0971) PL'90
 PRESTON W SHIMER '61 (0635) PL'58
 BRIAN SIVILLO '96 (0993) PL'93
 KEVIN SLESINSKY * '95 (0987) PL'92
 PERRY D SLOCUM * '35 (0342) PL'34
 ROBERT S SMITH * '42 (0391) PL'39
 ROBERT T SNOWDON * '39 (0364) PL'37
 ROBERT B SQUIRES * '52 (0496) PL'49
 STEVEN L STEIN '73 (0787) PL'70
 KEITH W STONE '71 (0775) PL'69
 RONALD F TESARIK * '59 (0615) PL'56
 WILLIAM A UTIC * '77 (0836) PL'74
 KENNETH M WEISS '83 (0902) PL'80
 WILLIAM WICKHAM '51 (0450) PL'47
 ALBERT S WOODFORD * '45 (0436) PL'42
 JOHN P WOODFORD * '47 (0435) PL'42
 IRA C YOUNGDAHL * '53 (0520) PL'50

High Stakes V

The Continuing Saga by Anthony Navarra

David stared through the glass at his wife's mangled frame in intensive care. He wasn't even allowed into her room following the surgery; the doctors refused to let anyone into the section for health reasons. She had been put in serious condition after the surgery, but she was in a coma that the doctors said she might not come out of for some time. They wouldn't move her until they had found the physiological cause for her coma. In addition, she also had scars that weren't going to heal crossing her face. Tears ran down his face, his strained system no longer able to handle all the forces working upon it. He could no longer contain his raging emotions, especially after having had to identify Lydia's body in the morgue. If it hadn't been for her clothes, he wouldn't have been able to do it. He had turned his head away in revulsion and immense grief; the next few minutes he had spent emptying the contents of his stomach into the nearest toilet. Now, as he stood looking again on another face of the tragedy that had occurred. His tears streaked the glass as he leaned his forehead on the glass separating them.

Detective Karl Simpkins stood nearby, hat in hand and remorse evident on his face. Regretting to have to interrupt David, he cleared his throat softly. "I'm sorry for your great loss, sir, but there are a few more details that need to be worked out."

David looked up into the face that was addressing him. Simpkins was a young, black man, barely even thirty. He was slim in build but looked rather wiry and agile, like he could handle anything that came his way. His fingers couldn't keep themselves still, his own sorrow causing him to be extremely nervous and bothered to have to bring up more unpleasant details. Pulling his handkerchief from his back pocket, he offered it to David. David wiped his face with it, trying to pull himself together at least enough to talk with some rationality with the man. "What kind of details?" asked David after the few moments he stood sizing up his addresser.

"Well, sir," said Det. Simpkins, reluctant to bring more grief into his life, "I got a call from the team working at the crash site. You see, sir, it wasn't a typical crash. From the looks of it, the boys think it was a hit and run, and on purpose to boot. There were multiple dents in

the side of the car, indicating that another car had tried repeatedly to knock them off the road. Since we haven't been able to talk with your wife, we were hoping you might be able to tell us of anyone that might have cause to have done such a thing."

"That son of a bitch!!" yelled David, slamming his fists repeatedly into the glass shield next to him and putting a crack in it. The noise was sufficient to bring orderlies running which Det. Simpkins turned away with a glance.

"Calm down, Mr. Whittington," he said in a soothing voice, placing his hand on David's forearm. "This is a hospital, after all. Who are you referring to?"

Gripping his forehead in his hand as if experiencing a headache, David emitted a short laugh. "That bastard warned me that I hadn't paid for my loss yet."

"Who, sir?" asked Simpkins anxiously.

Looking up at the detective again, David weakly smiled. "I have an idea of the guy we're looking for, but this is going to sound quite crazy." Holding nothing back, David told him everything, from the strange maze at the carnival with its all too unusual host to the strange phone call at his office and his stock losses to his call after his meeting with Tiffini and the clown's warnings of payment to be made. And through it all, much to David's surprise, Simpkins kept a straight face, never once betraying any thoughts of disbelief at the crazy story he was hearing. "That's my only suggestion," David said after he had finished his tale.

With a sharp nod of his head, Karl said, "Ok. We'll put a unit on your home and office and tap the lines into both. We'll also check up on this carnival lead and see if we can't find this clown. Did he have a name?"

Upon hearing the question, David shook his head in incredulity. Even after all this time, he still didn't even know the name of his tormentor. "He never told me," was his glum reply.

"That's all right, sir," said Det. Simpkins, his face a portrait of empathy, "We'll take care of it. Thanks for your help." With a brisk turn, he marched away, took a right, and vanished from David's sight. Turning back to the glass, David gazed for what seemed like hours on Margaret, unable to sit by her, unable to apologize for his actions.

On the long, slow drive home, David pondered his situation again. Two times the clown had called him, and both times were for his transgressions against his answers to the maze questions. Both times he had answered the clown incorrectly, and both times he had lost something. First, it had been his money, the personal fortune he had amassed from his business savings. The second had been his family, and more specifically, his daughter. The stakes were indeed higher than before, and David had to stop them from getting farther out of hand. Reaching back into his memory, David recalled what the final two questions were: is stealing good or evil and is killing good or evil. Both times he had answered evil, but he had done the same with the other two. However, he wasn't a thief. He had no need to take anything from anyone; he was still wealthy enough to make do on his own. And as for killing someone - David couldn't foresee any instance in which he might kill someone. "Maybe it's over now," he thought to himself, "Since I won't go against my other answers, the clown might leave me alone." At least now he could go on with his life, even though it had been turned nearly upside down by his abuser.

* * *

David sat at his desk listening to Mr. Barton go on and on, speaking of his concerns about his recent lottery winnings. Mrs. Barton sat there, silently nodding in agreement with her husband's concerns. David always personally handled the wealthier clientele; the Bartons seemed to be one of the most promising cases in weeks, having recently cleared over twenty million dollars. As always, aside from the regular investment portfolio, David opened up his bag of tricks in order to ensnare the unsuspecting couple in his own profit-gaining scam. The extra interest even on a small portion of that money would always benefit David immensely. But even with all that money on the line, David's mind wasn't completely on the Bartons and their financial situation.

It had been days since the accident, and David had gone back to work hoping to move on. Margaret hadn't woken up yet but was getting better, said the doctors. David hoped beyond hope that she would come out of her coma, but he knew that she would take her daughter's death even harder than he had. At least in the comfort of her coma, that misery wouldn't bother her. Meanwhile, the police had no new information, even though

they had tapped his phones and kept his home and office under constant surveillance. For some reason, that fact didn't surprise David.

Trying to focus once more on the conversation, David returned his attention to Mr. Barton's ramblings. Putting his hand up in a stopping motion, David halted Mr. Barton in mid-sentence. "Ok. Sum up in one sentence what your concerns are."

"All I'm saying is that we've never had this kind of money, and we want to save it and make sure it will provide for us in our old age," said Mr. Barton, "We were hoping for a safe investment that would give us a good return and be completely reliable."

The little light went off in David's head; his own internal bells and whistles started to go off. "Well, Mr. Barton, I might just have what you're looking for," said David with his most ingratiating smile, "You see, not only do we invest here in the usual sense with commodities and annuities and stocks and such, but we operate in some senses almost like a commercial bank. We have an investment branch similar to certificates of deposit, returning a guaranteed 5% interest annually with no risk whatsoever."

Mr. Barton looked at him thoughtfully. "Tell me more," he said with an interested look.

"Got the big fellar hooked; now to just reel him in," thought David. "Well, you can invest as much as you want in this program," said David, "Unlike the stock market which fluctuates wildly sometimes, this investment is like a large savings account only with more interest paid on your money and immediate access to it at any time. For people like yourselves, such a fixed return would be reliable, dependable, and profitable on the amount of money we're talking about."

Mr. Barton looked at him thoughtfully. "That sounds good. But will my money be insured?"

"He's dangling on the line," thought David. "We're not insured as per the usual FDIC method. It costs too much really," said David, "But that doesn't matter because the money you invest with us is never used to finance loans. Even if, God forbid, the company were to collapse, all of your money would still be here and be returned to you having never been used."

Mr. Barton looked at him quizzically. "Then, how does your company make money, Mr. Whittington, if you never use the money?" he asked.

"It's time to boat this bass," David thought. He stared Barton straight in the face and lied: "We invest

your money in a simple money market account which purchases mostly bonds. It guarantees a 5.25% return, and we keep the extra 0.25% for the company. Your money can be pulled at anytime, totally intact without us ever having used it."

Mr. Barton seemed to consider it a moment and then slowly nodded his head. "That's sounds like what we want; how do we go about it?"

David smiled inwardly. "Just another fly caught in the web," he thought. In less than thirty minutes, David worked out a financial portfolio for the Bartons which included over five million in his special little account. The profit alone on that little investment would be enough for a normal family to live on for a year. They wrote him a check on the spot.

David smiled warmly and shook both of their hands as he ushered them out of his office, walking them personally to the elevator. He assured them that they had nothing to worry about and that they would get monthly statements on how their portfolio was doing. He congratulated them once again as they got into the elevator and wished them happy spending with the rest of their money. David went straight back to his office and put the check in his safe. He wrote himself a note to buy bonds in the morning, and noticing that he had nothing else on his agenda, decided to call it a day.

When he got home, David checked for the policemen out front, and seeing that they were there, went inside. As he opened the door, he heard the phone start to ring. David ran through the foyer to his living room and grabbed the phone, panting from lack of breath.

"Hello," he managed to get out after a few breaths.

"Hi, Dave, how's your daughter doing?" came the laughing voice of the clown.

David's fury erupted. "You killed her, you bastard!!!" he shouted through the phone.

"I did no such thing, David," said the clown, "You drove her away with your wife when you betrayed them, and her life was the price of your last loss. I figured that I would spare your wife since she has been replaced."

"Why didn't you just kill me instead?" David asked, praying that the police were getting a trace on the murdering beast on the other end. "Keep him talking," he thought to himself, over and over.

The clown just laughed as if the answer was obvious. "Why, if I killed you, David, we couldn't finish the game. Speaking of which, I have another question for you."

Confusion set in for David. "How can you have another question? I haven't done anything wrong."

"Mr. and Mrs. Barton might disagree if they found out what you were doing with their money," said the clown. "You took their money, just as you've been doing to countless other families for years. You're one of the biggest thieves ever known and yet you get thanked by your victims."

Panic hit David as he heard the clown's words. "I give them more money than any other bank in the city; they should thank me," he sputtered into the phone.

"But you take the extra money, David. You steal it every time you talk one of those helpless families into your trap. Why do you do it, David?"

"I didn't know. I'll give it all back, I swear. Please, just leave me alone!" he said rapidly into the phone, hoping to placate the clown.

"Wrong answer, David. You've known what you've been doing all the time. Any poor sap could tell that it is just plain greed that motivates you. I'm hurt that you haven't credited me with a little more intelligence by now. I'm afraid you lose once again."

"No!! I'm sorry!!" David yelled back as the line went dead. The dial tone was his only response.

Slamming the phone down, he ran out to the officers in their car. Seeing his expression, the policemen jumped out of the car and pulled their guns. "What's the matter, Mr. Whittington?" they asked as he rushed up.

Adrenaline from his terror coursed through his system, and the only sweat that ran down his brow was from his fear rather than from his exertions. "He called," David told them. "Did you get a trace on him?"

The officer in front of David gave a strange, side-long glance at his partner before turning his attention back to David. "Sir, we've had no activity out here. We haven't picked up any calls going into this house since this morning, and that was only a sales call."

David looked at them both; he couldn't believe them. "I'm telling you he just called. And I lost again. "Get some more people out here, and check on my wife!" he ordered, hoping he wasn't too late.

* * *

Detective Simpkins stood looking at a man frightened out of his mind. David sat on his couch having to physically restrain himself from shaking. He had rushed over as soon as he could, even though the officers said

they hadn't heard anything. Even he was beginning to have his doubts.

"Look, Mr. Whittington, I've checked the connections myself, and I'm positive that our equipment is working fine. No calls could have made it in here without us knowing," said the detective, trying to calm him down before he really did himself some harm.

David looked up at him, disbelief evident on his face. "I'm telling you he called!! And he's going to do something else to me soon!!" he shouted, knowing that he wasn't crazy.

Karl took a deep breath and said, "That's another thing I've wanted to discuss with you. We checked out the carnival that you said this all started at, and the owner assures us that he has no attraction known as the Maze of Mystery. And he was quite adamant that he has no employees that dress up in black and white clown costumes. I have to admit, I would think that that would scare children."

David couldn't believe what he was hearing. "He was there, dammit!" he said. "I'm telling you the truth. Do you think I would I make up something like this?!" he queried in a loud voice.

Det. Simpkins shook his head. "All I know, sir, is that so far we haven't gotten one shred of proof that says some mysterious clown is the culprit here except your word."

"Did you talk to my wife about it? I'm sure she would remember it," said David.

"She hasn't woken up yet to tell us anything," Karl said.

David hung his head in despair. If only Lydia had been alive, she could have told the officers about the clown. Then it hit him, and he couldn't believe that he hadn't thought of it before. "Lydia!" he shouted in triumph.

"What about her, sir?" asked Simpkins.

"I won her that doll at the carnival," said David, excitement beginning to take over as he realized he had the proof that he needed. "It's still upstairs in her room, and it looks just like that clown." Detective in tow, David raced up the stairs to his daughter's room, pausing only outside of her closed door. He had closed it after returning home from the hospital that first night, thinking that it would only remind him of her even more. Taking a deep breath to steel himself for what he was about to see, all those reminders of Lydia, he flung open the door. The room was just as she left it. The tea party was in

stasis in the middle of the room, the teapot cooled after the many days. Glasses all around the table were full in front of the stuffed animals, her tea companions that they were set for. Her chair was still overturned after her mother had toppled it in their hasty departure. And at the head of the table, next to Lydia's chair, sat the guest of honor, the clown doll. At least, it was a clown doll. Instead of a black and white doll, a regular looking clown doll sat in that spot. Dressed in a blue suit, the clown sat with a happy expression painted on its face in red under locks of red, curly hair.

"Where's the doll?" asked the officer after he searched the room and didn't see it.

"It was right there, right where that other clown doll is," said David, his heart sinking once more.

The detective turned back to David and was about to ask him if maybe the clown was just a figment of his imagination when the phone started to ring. Both David and Karl nearly leapt down the staircase to answer the phone, but they were greeted by the other officers in the foyer. "Detective Simpkins, sir, it was headquarters. They just got a report that there is a fire downtown at Mr. Whittington's investment company," said one of them. "I'm sorry, sir," he said to David, "The fire fighters don't think they'll be able to put it out until after it has already done extensive damage to the building."

David's overtaxed system shut down mercifully. When he finally came to, the policemen in his home told him that the fire had been extinguished but that nothing had been saved. While it was probably just an electrical short or something similar, they were checking for evidence of arson in light of recent events. To David, it was no surprise though. First it had been his money, then his family, and now his business. But at least the clown had erred this time. Unlike in the other instances, David didn't really care about the business; it was insured after all. He went to his study and looked up his insurance broker's number. He called them right away to report the fire. But once he got hold of a representative, the clown's imposed penalty became evident. No matter who he talked to, there was no record of David Whittington having ever purchased fire insurance from them. They had no record of ever having spoken to him about it, and without proof, they wouldn't pay for the damages. Of course, all of David's records had gone up in smoke with his office. It was all gone, wiped out as if it had never existed.

The Mailbag - Alumni News

Alexander J. (Sandy) Cheney '40 (0381) [2831 Elmwood Lane, Mount Dora, FL 32757-9528] especially liked the way the Brothers, Pledges, and Associates gave their biographies in the Spring 2000 Traveler. He and wife, Martha Atwood '40, were in Ithaca last May to attend the graduation of their granddaughter, Hillary Lazar. Hillary is a fourth generation Cornellian - Great Grandfather Atwood '10, Grandparents Sandy '40 and Martha '40, Parents Rick Lazar '70 and Deborah Cheney '70. She is also third generation Cornellian on her father's side (Grandfather Dan Lazar '28). At their 60th reunion, Sandy and Martha saw Kenneth Sorace '40 (0386) and Georgina Selzer Inglis '40 (widow of Sandy's roommate and Acacian Burton F. Inglis '40 (0385)).

William B. Gibson '48 (0437) [20 Grandview Court, Danville, CA 94506-6100,

WilliamBGibson@compuserv.com] and his wife just celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. Their family gave a great party, with over 100 guests, and a cruise. Getting older has some merit, especially grandchildren.

Martin E. Offenberger '56 (0568) [1863 Kashlan Rd., La Habra Heights, CA 90631-8455, martin9@doctor.com] still married to Jean Harris '56, living in southern California, and working as a physician. Their two sons have each given them grandchildren.

Ernest F. Schaufler '48 (0500) [101

Turkey Hill Rd., Ithaca, NY 14850-2938, efs4@cornell.edu] is still living on Turkey Hill. Son, Don, manages the Arnot Forest and is trying to control unwanted seedling growth with goats instead of herbicides.

Ira C. Youngdahl '53 (0520) [305 River Pointe Circle, Charleston, TN 37310, icey8@juno.com] and wife, Lila, moved to Tennessee to be near their son, who supervises the upholstery operation for a furniture manufacturer.

Robert E. Copeland '50 (0527) [938 Sconnelltown Rd., West Chester, PA 19382-2158] and wife, Phyllis, have two daughters. Barbara is an interior designer, married and living in Atlanta. Joanne is a horseman trainer in her own business. Once in a while, Bob takes on a consulting project to locate or design a building, but is mostly retired and working around his home.

Robert S. Fash '59 (0594) [1675 Ryder Cup Drive, Westlake Village, CA91362-4325, bobfash@earthlink.net] continues to visit Europe 4-5 times per year. Spent Easter in Italy with son and daughter-in-law, who are stationed in Germany with the US Army.

Preston W. Shimer '61 (0635) [1609 Terrie Dr., Pittsburgh, PA 15241-2631, pwshimer@zasio.com] has really loved living in the Pittsburgh area since 1977. Wife Annette (Gates) recently sold her family home on Ellis Hollow Rd., Ithaca, and thus have been in Ithaca a lot in

2000. Preston drove by Acacia and checked out the changes, and thought it must be strange not to have a fraternity in back of the house (now Villager Apartments). Acacians Bob Pfahl '61 (0634) and Walt Deitrich '60 (0627) regularly put him up when he can't get out of Chicago.

Carl H. Herzog '66 (0711) [6 Wild Ginger Court, The Woodlands, TX 77380, ccherzog1@msn.com] is once again on the move, arriving back in the USA after eighth international move and over 20 (intermittent) years overseas. Carl is beginning to look forward to retirement, and will use the next few years in Texas to make up their minds on where that retirement location will be.

Jerry W. Kreider '68 (0720) [9 Narbrook Park, Narberth, PA 19072-2123, jerrys2k@home.com] started a new position in July in a large Philadelphia architectural firm, managing all work for Verizon in Eastern PA. Bought a Honda S2000 roadster in December to get him through his mid-life crisis. Son, Ben, is a high school senior and is considering Cornell. Jerry received an e-mail from the elusive Sam Roberts '68 (0722), whose eldest son just started at Trinity College.

Fred Evers '71 (0754) [45 Bishop Court, Guelph, Ontario, Canada N1G 2R8, fevers@uoguelph.ca] writes that, after Cornell, he and wife, Susan, went to Iowa State where he did graduate work and had their first child, Jerry Joyce (now 28). Then,

they moved to London, Ontario, Canada where Fred worked in the Social Science Computing Lab at Univ. of Western Ontario, and Susan completed a Ph.D. in Epidemiology. While at Western, Fred completed his dissertation for his Ph.D. in Sociology from Iowa State (with multiple trips back and forth from London to Ames, Iowa). In 1980, daughter Courtney Ann came into their lives. In 1985, they moved to Guelph, Ontario and are still there. Fred is a Professor in the Dept. of Sociology & Anthropology, and Susan is a Professor in the Dept. of Family Relations and Applied Human Nutrition. Daughter Jerry completed a degree at Guelph and now works in the HR department of the Weather Network in Toronto, and Courtney is going to McMaster University in Nursing. Fred and Susan took an August cruise from Vancouver to Alaska. In his spare time, Fred plays classical guitar and accompanies the church choir.

Stuart S. Hantman MD '71 (0756) [382 NW 112 Ave., Coral Springs, FL 33071-7967] writes that daughter, Melissa (Arts & Sciences '01) recently traveled to Spain through the NYU in Madrid Summer College. She studied art history at the Prado Museum and visited Toledo, Seville, Granada, and Barcelona. Son, Marc, will attend the University of Florida next year as a business major.

William B. Hairston III '80 (0873) [1216 Krin Ave., Birmingham, AL 35213-1406, bh3@bellsouth.net] and wife, Lynn, visited Acacia during Reunion and met several of the brothers. From what they saw and

learned, it is clear that the house is in good hands. Keep it up, and good luck with Rush. [ED - Bill requested that a portion of his generous donation go to buy new pool cues.]

David J. Sangree '84 (0917) [137 Winthrop Rd., Columbus, OH 43214-3632] and wife adopted their second child, Grace, from Vietnam in June 1999 and are having a lot of fun as a family. Dave is still Director of Hospitality Consulting with US Realty Consultants, in Columbus, and appraises and consults for a variety of hotels, resorts, and related areas.

David M. Mazaika '85 (0924) [11226 Vandemen Way, San Diego, CA 92131-296, dmazaika@isecorp.com] and wife, Kristina, had baby girl, Monique Ava.

Christopher T. Anderson, 196 Alps Road #255, Athens, GA 30606-4085] is Senior VP of Field Operations for a software company in Athens. Spent four years as a New York City Assistant DA. Chris is still single, and loving it!

William S. Cammuso '92 (0965) [241 Glenburn Dr., Dayton, OH 45459-2116,

wcammuso@concentric.net] recently received his MBA from the University of SC and is now working in the finance department at Delphi Energy & Chassis in Kettering, OH. Bill occasionally runs into Jonathan Jacoby '92 (0967) in nearby Columbus. Bill poked his head in at Northcote in December to find Steve Stein '73 (0787) working to get the

house in shape for Rush (in case any of you may have forgotten how much this guy does!)

Michael I. Cvijanovich '94 (0981) [32 West Twinberry Pl., The Woodlands, TX 77381-6502, cawrpawr@aol.com] and Kara moved to Houston in January and are expecting their first child in December.

Dan Turinsky '97 (1004) [39-12 Little Neck Pkwy, 1st Floor, Little Neck, NY 11363] married Samara Friedman '97 on 8/19/00. Samara is pictured in the 1997 Composite. Attending their wedding were Dan Davidson '97 (1012), Matt Hartman '97 (1008), Ray Wang '97 (1009), Peter Nguyen '97 (97), and Todd Peskin '95 & '97 (0994). The newlyweds were in Ithaca for Homecoming and had a terrific time. The House looked great and the Actives seem to be doing a fantastic job with everything. Dan recently began working as an associate at the Newark, NJ law firm of Sills Cummis Radin Tischman Epstein & Gross.

William J. Feth '99 BS & '00 MEng (1021) [5935 Liska Lane, Apt. 209, San Jose, CA 95119, wjf3@cornell.edu] graduated from Cornell in May '00 with a Master of Engineering in Computer Science. Married high school sweetheart, Amelia Schmotzer, 6/24/00. It was good seeing the brothers that attended the wedding. Bill is now living in San Jose and working for SGI in Mountainview and would like to stay in touch with his fellow Cornell Acacians.

Important Alumni Announcements

Annual Corp Board Meeting!

Saturday, May 5, 2001

The Annual Meeting of the Cornell Chapter of Acacia Fraternity, Inc. will be Saturday, May 5, 2001 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 2001

June 7-10, 2001

- Acacia is having an official open house 4-6pm on Saturday, June 9th, but feel free to drop by Northcote anytime to see the house.
- Check www.alumni.cornell.edu for Reunion information.

New Web Page!

www.cornellacacia.org

The Chapter has a new web page at www.cornellacacia.org. We are trying to put copies of our publications including *The Traveler* up in pdf format and Paul Molnar has been updating the Alumni section with pictures including Homecoming 2000. Check it out and you can e-mail suggestions to acacia@cornell.edu.

Cornell Acacia's New Domain...

At the conclusion of the previous academic year, the chapter decided that it was imperative that a new dynamic house website be created. We felt that such an endeavor was invaluable as we made progress into the Information Age in order to: 1) continue to present a top-notch image to the Cornell related community, 2) to become more attractive to potential rushees, and 3) to provide an entertainment and information source for actives and alumni. After obtaining access to dedicated webspace through our ISP, Road Runner, and registering the name,

www.cornellacacia.org (That's the long-awaited address.. Pay it a visit next time surfing!) the pieces were in place to start development of the site. As an officer project during pledging, under the guidance of Brother Alumnus Bill Feth, I designed the layout of the site, and broke it down into the categories of "Home", "General Info", "History", "Calendar", "Publications", "Actives", and "Alumni". After the planning stages while still at school, I brought back my ideas and implemented them over the summer. With the help of the VD, who provided much of the information and some of the graphics (including the nice animated GIF on the 'Home' page), I managed to have a working site in place upon my return to Northcote! Now the site is gaining momentum in the house, and we plan to get event coverage and pictures up so the site will look awesome for spring rush! Also, a big "Thank You" to Brother

Alumnus Paul Molnar for his creation and upkeep of the alumni subsite, which includes an impressive alumni database I might add! Comments and suggestions welcome, and be sure to keep on the lookout for frequent updates!

Mike Nasatka
"Iceman"
#1045



www.cornellacacia.org

BEEP, BEEP... Clang, Clang...

It was the night of Hell. At 11pm, our Simplex™ brand malfunctioning fire alarm rang out throughout the house, sounding roughly like "Clang Clang Clang Clang Clang". "Fine," the house collectively said, "nobody is asleep anyway. This is Cornell, and, frankly, who sleeps at Cornell? I will take this 20 minutes waiting outside with good grace and aplomb." Then the alarm rang at 2am. "Damn you," said the house collectively, "I want to sleep." Then the alarm rang at 4am. "Heavens to Betsy!" cried the house. At this point, there were signs that alarms were becoming routine, like the fact that the flashing fire truck dispatched by the first report had been downgraded to one man in a jeep. The one man in a jeep was in remarkably good humor, but he quickly and purposefully strode in to disable the alarm for good.

The alarm remained in this state until, three days later when the Simplex™ brand alarm autodialer decided to start loudly beeping every 10 seconds. This began to gnaw at the sanity of some of the brothers. "Beep," said Brad. "Beep Beep." Calls had been made to Simplex, apparently our model was recalled, but it would only be replaced after somebody phoned to complain. Eventually the beeping shut off; I'm still not exactly sure how this was accomplished.

There is a silver lining to this story. Acacia bonded, both within itself and with fire department per-

sonnel. It was roughly equivalent to having an enforced 20 minute lock-in every 3 hours, only minus the drinks, and if you think about it general grogginess is a pretty similar substitute for drinks anyway. Seeing the joviality during the 4am banishment reminded me why I joined Acacia. But I don't think a story like this deserves to have a deep moral, and certainly when I think back on this month the thing I'll remember most is that Simplex is a horrible company and deserves to die (unless it's run by any Acacians in, which case I'll give them another chance, but they really should stop tarnishing the great Acacia name).

John "Ginger" Abrehamson
#1039



Brother Alumnus Taubman

(Wireless, Continued)

ture in Kennedy Auditorium, Upson and Phillips Halls, and in any of five libraries. In the next few months these wireless areas will grow to include several dining halls and public areas. If Cornell encourages more and more people to bring and use wireless technology on campus, than why should we not do the same?

With a little more research we found that we can buy wireless hardware and get most of the actives hooked up for less than half the cost of wiring the house with a traditional cable network. We're using the same standard adopted by CIT for on campus so that as new students bring computers with wireless cards installed they can use them right away in Northcote.

It's a big deal for students today to maintain a high speed connection if they move out of the dorms, and while it may not be the make or break factor in joining a fraternity (at least I hope it isn't), it is nice to have. The Actives have planned so that it is up and running by January so that when rush comes around and other houses are boasting about their brand new wire connections that they just put in, we can tell them about the one we just took out. No ugly wires, and those using laptops can work in the living room, dining room, or even outside on the lawn effortlessly! This is just one example of how we are trying to set the standard for fraternity living.

Brad Schmidt
#1025
Venerable Dean



ACACIA FRATERNITY
CORNELL CHAPTER
318 Highland Road
Ithaca, NY 14850-2302

BULK RATE
US POSTAGE
PAID
ITHACA, NY 14850
PERMIT #34

CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED