



# The Traveler

Acacia Fraternity ■ Cornell University

Volume 92, No. 2

Fall 1999

## *Thrill to the latest installment of The Traveler!*

- Find out all the latest Alumni happenings!
- Find out what happens next to David Whittington in "High Stakes"!
- See an actual picture taken of the Canadian border!
- Read humorous quotes!

## Inside this issue:

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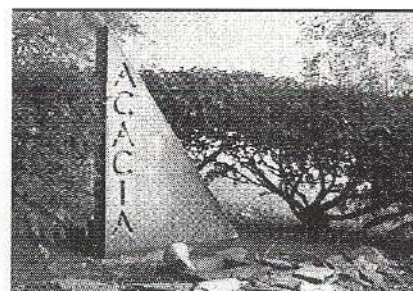
## Demonic Possession And Northcote

**Misbehaving light provides proof of paranormal happenings**

There's a new enemy of Acacia in town, an entity so vile, so disgusting that its very mention brings shudders to otherwise quite shudder-free Acacians. It is the Front Yard Spotlight From HELL. It's supposed to light up our stoic stone "Acacia" sign by the road, and it would too, except that it's possessed by Satan. Electricity definitely flows from the socket, and we're definitely using working

bulbs, so the fact that the spotlight completely and utterly *does not* work remains puzzling.

Other than that, Northcote right now is a shining beacon of spiffiness; our front porch is now fully stable without the need for ugly support beams, new wood chips have been put around the outside of



the house where needed, & our smashed toilet upstairs has been replaced after last spring's regrettable "debate team gets a little too frisky" incident. We're in the process of trying out different systems of house cleanup; pres-

*(Continued on page 3)*



## For Whom the Bell Tolls

**McGraw Chimes Triumphantly Return**

September 30, 1999 was yet another red letter day in the

long and sometimes silly history (remember the pumpkin?) of McGraw Tower. The bells, absent from the tower since last year,

returned at last and rang out in glorious fashion. Head chimemaster Grace Jean '00 was quoted in the *Cor-*

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Editor: John Abrehamson '02, Publisher: Acacia Corporation Board, Alumni News Compiler: Steven L. Stein

## Welcome to the Traveler!

Hi There! Welcome back!!!

While Brad is not editing this issue of *The Traveler*, I worship at the shrine of Brad's editing style. Hence, the new John version of the *Traveler* has been created by taking last Spring's *Traveler* and painstakingly plagiarizing everything I could get my grubby hands on.

At the same time I promise to make this as light and humorous a ride as possible, even for a publication that thrives on things like Corp Board announcements. As a card-carrying Cornell Lunatic member, I would quite possibly be shot by a disgruntled mime if I became too somber.

Anyway I hope this newsletter is useful and/or enjoyable! My email is [ja69@cornell.edu](mailto:ja69@cornell.edu) and all suggestions and submissions are welcomed. On a personal level things are going fine here, I'm very proud because I managed to fight my way into film department classes as a computer science major. Go THETR274 Film Analysis!!!

— John Abrehamson (1039)

## Fall 1999 Chapter Roster

Barclay Hershey '99 (1017) Physics Sewickley, PA	Tony Navarra '01 (1031) Economics & Government Cincinnati, OH
William Feth '99 (1021) Computer Science Akron, OH	Salil Gupte '01 (1032) College Scholar Cincinnati, OH
Bradley Schmidt '00 (1025) Applied & Engineering Physics Brampton, ON, Canada	Cole Huang '00 (1034) Electrical Engineering Memphis, TN
Jason Carr '00 (1027) Government Glendale, PA	Jarrett Taubman '00 (1035) Industrial & Labor Relations Syosset, NY
Steve Lim '00 (1028) Chemical Engineering Atlanta, GA	Ken Harris '00 (1036) Computer Science Everett, WA
Brice Wu '00 (1029) Material Science Los Angeles, CA	David Klesh '02 (1037) Industrial & Labor Relations Bardonia, NY
Oscar Gendrop Espinosa '99 (1030) Computer Science Tabasco, Mexico	Bob Trubic '02 (1038) Physics Jamestown, NY
	John Abrehamson '02 (1039) Computer Science Palo Alto, CA
	Byron Hing '02 (1040) Economics & Government Solon, OH



(Continued from page 1)

nell Daily Sun as saying, "[The chimes] sound beautiful and are all in tune together."

As well they should.

The chimes were replaced after lightning struck the clock tower at 10:04 p.m., sending 1 . 2 1 jigowatts... sorry, that's another story. The tower has been Cornell's

most recognizable symbol since its completion in 1891. The original set of nine bells, first rung formally in 1868 at the opening of the university, have since been expanded. The bells were removed in June of 1998 and shipped to Meeks, Watson & Company, a bell foundry in Ohio. At the foundry, two new bells were cast, a third was added, and the entire set of twenty-one bells were tuned together for the first time in their history.

This means that Cornelians were without the reassuring chimes for all of the last school year. I sorely missed them, having first heard them when I visited the campus as a

prospective student in September 1997. The first song I heard was "Here Comes the Sun." (The fact that the sun's shining was an occasion to play a song should have told me something.) I did not hear them again until I walked to a pre-lim on the evening of September 30. The chimes-masters were playing "Dueling Banjos", causing one gentleman in

ripped jeans and a t-shirt to cry out, "Yeah! Deliverance!" (It takes all kinds around here.) The next day, I heard "Do You Hear the People Sing?" from Les Misérables. Although it did not make me want to climb a barricade, I felt proud to know that the bells were finally back. We can now hear them at concerts at 7:45 a.m. and mid-day.

The story of the bells does not end here.

President Hunter Rawlings will formally rededicate them on Saturday, November 6. The world premiere of a new chimes piece will follow the ceremony. November 6 just happens to be Homecoming Weekend. This should be yet another incentive for any Acacian who fondly remembers the bells to return to Ithaca and celebrate.

Random Quote:

"I wanted to watch the pennant game on TV, which I thought was a reasonable request, this being a frat house and all. But I couldn't because everyone was watching Ally McBeal"



Cole celebrates playing Final Fantasy VIII for 36 hours in two days

--David Klesh #1037

## Demonic Possession And Northcote

(continued from page 1)

ently there's a list of work assignments posted to be done each week, but it hasn't been as effective as last year's cleanup parties. In any case I'd put our house up against any in the Acacia system, as stepping into our impeccably manicured living room is enough to bring a tear to the eye of anyone who gets tears in their eyes stepping into impeccably manicured living rooms.

— John Abrehamson #1039

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Hollister Moore '68 (0702)  
1530 Locust St, Philadelphia, PA 19102



# Reports

## The Passing of a Wonderful Woman

I'm sorry to report that Amanda "Pearl" Murray passed away on 10/07/99 at Hospicare, in Ithaca. Many of you were fortunate enough to have known Pearl during her many years as Cornell Acacia's cook. Pearl was loved by all who knew her, and many of us were very close to her, even after our graduation and her retirement. My daughter, Amanda (16), was named in honor of Pearl.

Pearl had often stated: "The door to my home is always open and there is a chair at my Thanksgiving table for anyone in need". Pearl was 85 years young when she left this earth. A memorial service will be announced at a later date.

Some of us here in Ithaca are planning a permanent memorial (perhaps a planting in an Ithaca park) honoring Pearl. Should any of you wish to contribute to a memorial fund, please let me know. Donations can be sent, care of Acacia Fraternity Alumni Affairs, 318 Highland Rd., Ithaca, NY 14850. There will be more de-

tails in the Spring '00 Traveler.

Steven L. Stein '73 (0787)

## From the Corp. Board President

Brethren,

During the summer and fall, some necessary repairs and improvements were done to the Cornell Acacia Chapter House. The Rec Room floor was torn up, repaired, and retiled (Pledge Project) under the expert supervision (and participation) of James Showacre

'50 (0447). The front carport, which had been deteriorating for several years, was repaired. At the end of September, the aging hot water heater was replaced (and literally fell apart as it was removed from the house). We're now getting estimates for replacing all 17 Wing windows, which, after almost 40 years, have outlived their usefulness (not to mention they are not energy efficient). The dining room sliding doors will also be replaced (probably with French doors) this year. A telephone dialer will soon be installed which will dial the Tompkins County Dis-

patcher in the event of a fire alarm. There are other repairs and improvements, which are underway or under consideration. Of course, these all cost money, some of which is contributed by fewer than 100 (only 75 this past academic year) Cornell Acacia Alumni.

To all the Cornell Acacians who provided financial support during the 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 new academic year. Please return the enclosed Dues form at your earliest convenience. 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 did for the Fall '98 and Spring '99 issues, too). Holly owns Can Do! Copy Center in Philadelphia.

It's been suggested that we better utilize technology and, perhaps, distribute the Traveler to those "connected" via the Internet. We're still exploring that prospect, but, in the meantime, please provide me with

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### Random Quote:

"You're pouring the lemonade back into the pitcher!!! You can't do that!!! You can't mix used and unused reagents!"



(Continued from page 4)

your e-mail address so we can publish (and distribute electronically, of course) a list. This will allow many of us to get in touch with those with whom we have lost touch. With e-mail, communication is fast, easy, and FREE!

Have a great Fall and Winter. Keep those cards and letters coming!

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

## Meet the Pledge – Reza Enshaie

[Ed Note: Yes Reza wrote this, we promise]

Reza Enshaie is a senior at the College of Arts and Science at Cornell. He is a physics major with a concentration in Science and Technology Studies, and an emphasis in science communication and science literacy. Reza enjoys reading philosophy in his spare time, and he is particularly interested in the philosophical movement of logical positivism and its corresponding developments in the philosophy of science. In the natural sciences, Reza has had a long

standing and keen interest in astrophysics and problems of stellar evolution.

Reza enjoys listening to classical music and takes delight in playing an occasional game of chess. Reza is planning to pursue both physics and philosophy in graduate school, with an eventual goal of obtaining a Ph.D in both fields.

## Rushathon

Rush is important to every fraternity, but especially to Acacia, and especially right now. It turns out that several of our brothers are planning on graduating early this year, pushing up the size of our graduating class, and while yours truly is planning on returning for a Masters of Engineering degree, my fellow graduates are planning on heading off in other directions. This means that rush is more important than ever.

I'm sure many alumni and friends must know the difficulty trying to rush freshmen when many of them may not appreciate Northcote's peaceful surroundings in Cayuga Heights. There is also a great deal of competition among houses since rush numbers are down across the board

(increase). This tends to snowball and hurt the small houses more, and we are certainly a small house. We are, however, a house on the move!



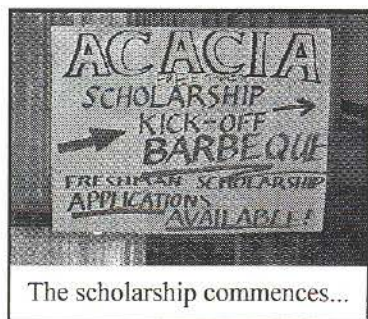
Reza & an expert team of Acacians sneak into Canada

For starters, the house as a whole has worked very well through the fall rush. Most upperclassmen

are not interested in pledging, and we usually know about any possible fall prospects in advance. We did give out several bids, but we only got one pledge since many of our other prospects have begun making housing arrangements for next year and could not commit to the house.

As far as freshman rush goes, we realize that we cannot depend on formal rush in January to get them through the door. We've worked hard to meet as many freshmen as possible, and we feel that as the semester goes on we should have a strong list of great guys we can contact leading into formal rush. The biggest single contact source has been our first annual freshman "Path of Pythagoras" scholarship. Initiated as a suggestion by National, we've gotten these applicants to actively contact the house, and while the actual scholarship has not yet been decided, it has already allowed us to meet some great prospects.

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While it is still early in the school year, I think that we're off to great start and we show no signs of slowing down. I'd like to ask for your help. If you have any suggestions for an effective rush, if you would like to be involved in rush during January, or if you know of any possible prospects who are here at Cornell this year, please let me know by mail or e-mail (bss15@cornell.edu). I'm looking forward to reporting to you in the spring about all our great pledges.

— Brad Schmidt (1025)

## The Cornell Acacia Social Scene

On Friday, September 17, 1999 (the brothers) enjoyed a semiformal dinner with our dates at *Branches Restaurant*. Everyone had a choice of either prime rib, chicken cordon bleu, or eggplant ravioli; and apple crisp was served for dessert. A low-key bar night followed, but the dinner was definitely the highlight of the evening.

Three brothers and pledge Reza took a weekend trip to Canada, where they did everything from watching a Toronto Blue Jays game (*completely* blown away by the Indians, incidentally) to trying exotic beers & playing backgammon in a downtown pub.

We have a few events coming up in the near future:

Halloween party – Saturday, October 30

*Night on the Nile* – Friday, November 19

Semiformal – Saturday, December 4

Brothers and pledges will be wearing costumes for the Halloween party. *Night on the Nile* will hopefully be a successful party with many fine decorations and lots of people; we're working in cooperation with some girls at Theta & we should be selling t-shirts for it soon. The semiformal will be held at the Oldport Harbor restaurant. Brothers and their dates will enjoy a fine dinner followed by an open bar and DJ afterwards. This event is also promising since brothers have an entire 9 weeks to find a date.

Acacia isn't a party house and we don't go around drunk all the time, but we remain optimistic that some good events will be pulled off this semester. The *Night on the Nile* party especially will be attempted on a scale that we haven't tried in a long time, it should be interesting to see how it turns out. In any case, we're looking forward to having our lawn done up with fake pyramids!

— Bob (1038) & John (1039)

## Bathroom Steward Report

Another year approaches, and with it another bathroom cleanup party. I was unable to enlist too many brothers this year, but the ones who helped had a grand 'ol time; it's kinda strange how much fun cleaning bathrooms can be! Well sort of.

In other news we have the absolute *plushest* toilet paper for all of the bathrooms now. I promised when I was elected that I would ditch the crap toilet paper that we get from our food service company, and I'm happy to report that the time has come.. Now gracing all the dispensers is new Wegmans Deluxe TP, universally attested to as a heavenly experience. I imagine freshmen will flock to our house just to use this new paper (if you've ever used Cornell Dorm TP you'll know what I'm talking about).

I do have to thank our esteemed kitchen steward Byron for helping out stocking bathroom supplies, he puts in orders for a lot of the stuff that the bathrooms use. It makes a bathroom steward's life really easy – I can just assume that our supplies are ready & waiting in the pantry. It's almost too easy!

Anyway until next semester, rest easy Acacian – your toilets are in safe hands.

— Lee Slone #10411

CORNELL ACACIA CORDIALLY INVITES YOU TO ATTEND THE  
**ANNUAL CORPORATION BOARD  
MEETING**  
**SATURDAY, MAY 6, 2000**

THE MEETING WILL BE HELD AT 11AM AT ACACIA FRATERNITY, 318  
HIGHLAND RD, ITHACA NY 14850 (607-257-7055)

**...AND OTHER EVENTS:**

**Alumni are invited to attend:**

Tues, Feb. 1 - Pledge ceremony

Sat, Mar. 4 - Pledge Lock-in

Mar. 2-8 OR Mar. 9-15 - Fraternity Appreciation Week (call for current info)

Note: Dragon Day will be Fri, Mar. 17, preceding Spring Break

Note: Slope Day will be Fri, May 5



## CORPORATION TREASURER'S REPORT

Fiscal Year 1999 ended with a surplus of \$5,569. Income came from Rent to the Active Chapter - \$28,600; Fundraising from the alumni - \$4,490; Interest on the bank account - \$253; and donations from the Active Chapter (building fund) - \$600.

Expenses amounted to the following: Insurance - \$7,276; Traveler expenses - \$184; Taxes - \$15,195; Maintenance - \$4,354; Loan payment to Steve Stein - \$1,332; and other - \$32. The following paragraphs give more detail.

**Insurance:** We have changed insurance carriers to Kirklin & Company, LLC which will save us at least \$1,200, plus we have greater and more comprehensive coverage.

**Traveler:** See the article from Steve Stein. The printing costs were donated leaving us with postage. The expense of \$184 was for the Fall Traveler. The bill for the Spring Traveler was paid in July 1999.

**Taxes:** This report covers 13 months to coincide with our tax report, hence we show two Village of Cayuga Heights taxes of about \$2,500 each in June 98 and June 99.

**Maintenance:** \$2,929 was expended for parts and labor for various plumbing and electrical work. The remaining \$1,425 covered our expenses re-

placing the upper basement floor with vinyl tile and baseboard. About 37 hours of labor to level the floor and install the tile was donated by

the alumni and actives.

**Loan Repayment:** We repaid a loan to Steve Stein in July 1999.

## High Stakes Part III

Tony Navarra's Continuing Short Story

### III

A year passed, then two. Life for David Whittington returned to some semblance of normality. After the initial shock had worn off, David was able to settle back into his daily routine. He had been angry for quite some time and had even considered complaining to the carnival about their wacko employee. But, when a cooler temperament finally prevailed, David laughed at his own fear, deciding that the entire elaborate setup was probably to induce the feelings he had felt.

However, David couldn't completely erase the incident from his mind; Lydia kept the clown doll with her wherever she went. Every time David looked into the smiling face of the clown he relived the entire experience, and as a result, began to spend more and more time away from home. David's home, his place of refuge, was his office. There, unlike in any other place, David got a taste of power. His company, of

which he was sole proprietor, was an investment company built up into one of the most powerful companies in the city. He dealt with millions of dollars on a day to day basis, both directing individuals and his employees' clients with their money. But his company also dealt in much shadier operations.

There's a sucker born every minute, or so the saying goes. It was David Whittington's job, his calling as it were, to find those suckers and take them for all they were worth. He wasn't a criminal exactly - the despicable deed he dealt in was a scam but a com-

pletely legal one. A fool and his money are soon parted; it was David's job to find those fools and convince them that their savings

could make them money, more than the measly two or three percent interest a savings account could ever make. His company took the life savings of the gullible and guaranteed a five percent return annually on the investment. Of course, there was a slight service charge for this risk-free return, but all told, the re-

#### Random Quote:

(From the 'biblical' version of the minutes)

"Bob sadly told the Acacians, 'We will escape bondage. But we cannot have Octoberfest...we have insufficient shekels.'"

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turn was much higher than the local bank. What could be simpler? Whittington and his bag of tricks never failed to pull in the money (and the families attached to it) with his pretty promises. For those that were not used to investments of any kind, David sweet-talked them into his trap with his promises of more money with absolutely no risk. Even the more wary, those with some investment knowledge, parted with their money once David sold them on the idea. David Whittington was a born salesman; his successful business thrived and expanded, employing more than a hundred people, most of whom David himself personally hired for their salesmanship. But he was no saint. David guaranteed his clients their five percent by simply buying treasury bills, something that anyone could do, with an interest rate of six and a half percent. Sure, the families that invested with David got their five percent but not a penny more. The rest he invested for himself, getting upwards of 20%, all of which went straight into David's coffers.

It was quite a lucrative business, this scam. While completely legal, the money Whittington's company made took advantage of the families that had no idea what type of return their money was capable of making. David used them, made money of their money, and had his clients thanking him for it. While some of the families he "invested" for were barely making ends meet,

David netted at least six figures a year. While some of his clients were crowded into small apartments, David lived with his wife and daughter in a splendid, almost palatial mansion. David led the easy life, benefiting immensely from his own greed. However, his greed did not win him the admiration of his employees; the salaries they received were in no way comparable to the profits the company received and almost exclusively went into Whittington's pockets. Every time they pleaded for raises, David would fire a few of his money-makers, those that had brought in the least amount of new clients the previous year. He would then divide up the salaries of the previous employees among the rest of his employees. The one time his employees had staged a strike, he had bribed one of the ringleaders who in turn brought back a good portion of the work force. David had then fired the remaining ringleaders, frightening the remainder

of the personnel back. Once everyone agreed in writing to never resort to a strike again in exchange for slight pay increases, David had fired the man he had bribed. The message was clear to even the

most slow-witted of his employees - David was not a man to cross or be trifled with.

Business had been rather slow lately, though; David's people weren't all that enthusiastic about gaining more money for their ungrateful employer. David sat alone in his office one morning reviewing

the performance records for the past six months. It was abnormally early for David to be in the office, and Susan, his secretary, as well as a few other employees whispered about his unusual behavior. Truth be known, David was still distracted from his breakfast that morning. Lydia had brought her clown doll to the table and had spoken to it and fed it like it was a real person. It's grinning face, exact to the last detail, had bothered him. David almost physically felt its gaze upon him, staring from the eyes with the strange markings around it. He felt as if he were being watched, just as he had in the maze. Its presence had grown on him until he had to escape it, though his rational mind thought it absurd to run from a mere doll. But the need was insatiable, so David had fled to his sanctuary. Ashamed of his own dread of a toy and his own cowardice, David wasn't in the best of moods. Bitter and irritated, David was left alone to brood; his employees knew well enough to keep out of his way when he was in such a mood. However, David's review of company performance didn't make him any happier.

Every source he looked at said the exact same thing - company profits had declined steadily over the past six months. Those worthless employees were costing him money - his money. David decided it was time to show them once again who was in control; maybe a little fear would motivate them to do better. He called to Susan for the individual employee earnings, which she slowly got around to bringing.

"What took you so long?!" he half shouted, half asked her.

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Random Quote:

"Apparently someone in this house has called up DirecTV and blocked The History Channel from our receiver. Not any other station just The History Channel."



(Continued from page 9)

"It took me awhile to pull up the current list and print it out, sir," was her shaky reply. She knew what the problem was, and she had a good idea what the solution was going to be.

"Why is it that I get nothing but excuses from you and everyone else around here?" David blurted out, determined to make someone's day as bad as his was. "Now go do your work!" he shouted.

"Yes, sir," was Susan's frantic reply as she bolted from his office.

"And bring me some coffee!!" David yelled after her. "*Lazy, incompetent woman,*" he thought to himself as he got back to his reviews.

After reviewing the listings, David found the three employees with the lowest earnings and circled their names. He then divided their clients up between other employees, a process that took another few minutes. And still Susan wasn't back with his coffee.

"Susan! Where's my coffee?!" he cried from his office. In she came running carrying a fresh cup.

"Sorry, sir, but we were out, so I had to make a fresh pot. Here you are," was her out of breath response.

"It's about time," David responded. He took the cup and handed her the review listing with the three circled names. "Call these three people in here right now."

"Yes, sir," was her reply with just a hint of sadness. She walked out staring at the paper. David watched her go, contemplating what he would tell the doomed

individuals that walked through his door. It brought a smile to his face; it was justice, after all, for their lousy performance. No one would tolerate such incompetence anywhere else. Still smiling, he sipped at his coffee and nearly spit out the vile fluid. It was the worst cup of coffee he had ever had. He set the cup down with a thud and spilled some on his desk. Anger starting to get the best of him, he jumped up and attempted to wipe up the mess.

"Susan!" he yelled as the door opened and his three lousy employees entered.

She came running in right after them. "Yes, sir?" she asked.

Unable to enjoy the moment any longer, David glowered at all of them. "You three are a disgrace to this business. Clean out your desks and get out. You're fired." With heads bowed in sadness and anger, the three left. "As for you, Susan, I can no longer tolerate your incompetence. You're fired as well." With that, David turned away and turned his attention back to work.

Frustration, sadness, anger, and grief flowed over her face. "What did I do?" she asked, stifling a sob.

"Get out of here," was David's response, not even bothering to look at her. With a choked off snuffle, Susan left his office. David merely smiled and went back to work.

Hours passed, and before he knew it, David was the last one left in the office. He was about to leave for the night when he heard a phone outside of his office start to ring. Three rings, then four passed without anyone picking it up. "Susan, answer the phone!" David called out, and then he remembered that he had fired her. He was going

to have to get a replacement, and soon, he thought as he raced out of his office to answer the phone. On the sixth ring he answered it. "Hello, David Whittington's office," he said with mock cheeriness into the phone.

"Long time no see, Davey boy," was the reply on the other end. The voice sounded familiar, but David couldn't place it right away.

"Who is this?" David asked.

The person on the other end just laughed. As the sound came over the line, it clicked in David's mind. Then he spoke: "You know who this is. Your daughter carries that little reminder of me around with her everywhere she goes."

David's eyes went wide with fright as the identity of the caller hit home. He sank back into his ex-secretary's chair. "How did you find me?" he asked as his heart started to pound heavily in his chest.

"I never lost you, Davey," responded the clown on the other end. He sounded insane even over the phone. "The game's not over, David. It's time to raise the stakes."

"I'm through with you," David said with finality as he slammed the phone down. His breath came in gasps and he was sweating already. The raving psycho was stalking him; he had to get out of there. Then the phone rang again. David let it ring as he pulled himself together. But then the second line, then the third line, then every other line started to ring in quick succession. David got up and bolted for the elevator, but as he ran through the office, all of the other phone lines started to ring as

(Continued on page 11)



*(Continued from page 10)*

he ran past. The sound followed him wherever he went; in one of the cubicles near the end of the row, a fax started to come in. David stopped as he heard it print out its message; he went over to examine it. "Pick up the phone, David" was written on it. Overcome with fear and panic, David picked up the closest phone. "What do you want?!" he yelled into the mouthpiece.

"Don't hang up on me again, David," said the clown on the other end. No mirth was evident in his voice this time; he sounded slightly peeved. "If you hang up again, I'll come visit you in person, and I don't think you would want that. Do you understand me, Davey?" his maniacal voice sounded.

"Ok," was David's only response. He was so overcome with fear and shock that he almost collapsed. His knees felt like rubber and sank into a chair. "What do you want?"

"I told you, the game isn't over," replied the clown. "You made it out of my maze, but you aren't done yet. I have a few more questions to test those wits of yours. Now, you're an intelligent individual; just answer my questions truthfully and you will be done. Do you understand me?"

"Yes," came David's hesitant answer. He had no idea what he was getting into, but he was sure it wasn't good. He was gripped with tremendous terror, so much so that he couldn't think straight.

"Good. I would hate for you to lose because you didn't understand," answered the clown in a happy tone. He sounded like he was just told that he had won the lottery. "Now, my first question

has to do with today's little office escapade."

Confusion set in for David, mixing with his fear and causing sheer panic. Who knew what would happen if he answered this lunatic wrong? "What do you mean?" he asked in hysteria.

"You fired four people today, David. How could you forget so quickly?" came the clown's mocking reply.

David's mouth went dry; his stomach churned in anxiety. "How did you know that?" he asked.

"Never mind how I know, but you remember that it happened now," snapped the clown. In a much calmer voice, almost friendly even, he said, "Now, as I recall, in my maze, you said that evil and evil deeds were wrong. I also seem to recall that you said hurting others was evil and hence wrong. But you hurt those people today."

"I didn't hurt anyone!" David cried, cutting the clown off.

"Of course you did, David," responded the clown jovially, "You took their livelihood away, their only means of support. Your secretary seemed pretty upset about it to me, and you seemed to enjoy it. My question is this - were they wrong or were you wrong?"

"How do you know all this?" was David's only response.

"Answer my question," was the only reply.

David mind raced, despite his fear. He was still being watched, and now he had to explain his actions to the twisted freak on the other end of the line. The answer was obvious to him, but was it what the clown wanted to hear? He felt he was justified in his actions. "Yes, they deserved it. It was their fault they got fired, so they were

wrong."

Silence dominated the line for a few seconds after David's answer. David held his breath in anticipation of the verdict from his tormentor. Finally, the clown spoke. "Tsk, ts, ts. I thought you would do better, Davey," said the clown with a hint of sadness in his voice. "I didn't think firing your secretary over a bad cup of coffee was right, and I don't think your employees deserved to be fired to frighten the others. I'm afraid you lose."

Anger at his loss momentarily overcame the fear and gave David enough bravado to respond: "Who are you to judge?"

"I'm the only one that matters, David" was the solemn reply.

"Now hold on a second," David managed to get out before the line went dead. He hung up the phone in shock. He had lost, so now what?

David sat on his living room couch with a bottle of scotch in one hand and a shot glass in the other. He was already starting to feel the alcohol as it soothed his jangled nerves. He poured himself another shot and downed it in one gulp, feeling it burn the back of his throat and in the pit of his stomach. Fear of retribution from an unseen psychopath had haunted him for what had seemed like hours after that phone call. He had been so paralyzed that he as he had gotten home, he had headed straight for his personal bar. His wife had cleared a path for him; she knew better after eight years of marriage than to get in her husband's way when he was in such a mood. Even his daughter had stayed clear of

*(Continued on page 12)*



*(Continued from page 11)*

him; had she approached him, her favorite new toy might have become nothing more than fluff and shredded cloth.

Even in his drunken state, David's mind raced on, analyzing his few encounters with the clown to see if he could come up with any new insight that might make a third encounter closer to his terms. But there were too many variables to solve for, too many pieces of the puzzle missing. He had no idea who the clown was, what he wanted, or what his agenda was. He didn't even know the wacko's name. All David knew was that some sick, twisted maniac had for some reason decided to play with him and seemed to take his game seriously. Frustration from his lack of information and from the weak position that he was in finally made him stop his musings, and as per his nightly routine, David switched on the television to the nightly financial report. David shut his eyes, letting the alcohol send him into a soothing lethargy as the financial expert droned on and on about the day's stock market close.

Being a successful businessman, David had extra money saved that he hadn't invested in his easy lifestyle. Like his clients, his desire for more money had led him to invest the bulk of his savings in the market. Unlike his clients, David had put his money into several different stocks and mutual funds, diversifying his portfolio enough so that no market scare or slump had ever really affected him. However, when David heard the reporter talk of a market downturn that day, he opened his eyes to check the figures on the stocks he had invested in. David's jaw hit the floor as he watched as, one after another, his stock prices rolled

across the bottom of the screen, every one of them down. Not one of his stocks had escaped unscathed; some had plummeted to their lowest prices in over ten years. Remarkably, no other stock on the listing had suffered as great as his; the changes to the others were inconsequential and within regular limits for a day's trade.

Tens of thousands of his dollars had disappeared within the space of a day; David sat in a dazed stupor on his sofa for more than two hours, unwilling to let the information register and thereby forcing himself not to think. When he could no longer keep the truth from himself, David's agitated brain erupted in rage and hysteria at his loss. Smashing anything within his reach, David cost himself a few thousand dollars more in damages. The noise brought his wife running, begging for him to stop and calm down. David stopped short of hurting her, but David continued to seethe for most of the night. Confused and with no idea what the problem was, Margaret could only stay out of his way as his anguish played itself out. Later on that night, David had tried to explain what had happened, but he could tell she didn't believe him. She told him that he might have been working too hard, trying to explain it away. She couldn't believe that someone would stalk her husband and that they could take their money away. David couldn't really blame her; he had a hard time believing it himself.

In the early hours of the morning, alone and unable to sleep, David paced in his study. His savings were gone, but that alone wasn't the cause for his insomnia. His mind kept playing and replaying his conversation with the mysterious and psychotic clown that afternoon.

David had lost, the clown had said. The stakes would be higher, he had said. Was his loss of money the penalty for his wrong answer that afternoon? But how could it be? How could a lunatic that worked as a carnival clown cause the stock market to fall, and specifically cause his stock values to plummet? It wasn't possible. But then again, how had the clown known everything about him, like where he was, what he had done, and when? How had he caused all the phones in his office to ring at once? David would have sworn that those things were impossible as well, but they had happened. These questions, in addition to his previous ones, kept him pacing until well into the next day. When the morning paper came and confirmed all of David's losses, his bewilderment was profound. Walls no longer confined him, but David felt that he was still just a rat in a maze, being led by an unknown quantity. However, he wasn't playing for a cupie doll or the mere loss of five dollars. The stakes were higher now, and there was no end in sight.

## Teen Pop Not Mentioned Anywhere In Traveler

Nowhere in the entire current issue of *The Traveler* are any bubblegum pop bands mentioned, it was reported today. By conducting a word search for the text "Spice Girls", presumed to be included in any such article, it was proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that no such references exist.



# HONOR ROLL (1998 - 1999)

\* after name indicates Brother Tree leaf recognition

LANE J ABRAMS '84 (0915) PL'81  
 CURTIS B ALLIAUME JR. '84 (0919) PL'81  
 CHRISTOPHER T ANDERSON '88 (0940) PL'85  
 KENT A BELVIN '70 (0736) PL'67  
 CLARENCE F BENT DVM \* '39 (0334) PL'33  
 ROBERT J BERGREN '50 (0443) PL'47  
 ANDREW S BRENNER \* '90 (0953) PL'87  
 RICHARD E BREWER \* '65 (0687) PL'63  
 JOHN C BRUECKMAN III '78 (0844) PL'76  
 WILLIAM C BURNETT \* '53 (0490) PL'49  
 THOMAS H BURROWS '56 (0565) PL'53  
 MARTIN S CARDINALI '84 (0918) PL'81  
 JOHN W CARPENTER III \* '91 (0959) PL'87  
 DAVID L CHAMPLIN '55 (0546) PL'52  
 ALEXANDER J CHENEY \* '40 (0381) PL'38  
 WILLIAM L DEARCOP '62 (0648) PL'60  
 ROBERT S FASH \* '59 (0594) PL'54  
 DAVID R FISCHHELL \* '75 (0800) PL'72  
 ROBERT D FLICKINGER \* '47 (0434) PL'42  
 ROBERT L GARDNER '57 (0605) PL'55  
 WILLIAM B GIBSON \* '48 (0437) PL'43  
 DAVID A GORELICK '68 (0717) PL'65  
 JOHN M GRAHAM '81 (0883) PL'78  
 STUART S HANTMAN MD '71 (0756) PL'68  
 LLOYD A HAYNER '52 (0508) PL'49  
 PAUL HAYRE \* '91 (0970) PL'89  
 JOSEPH R HERR '50 (0482) PL'48  
 CARL H HERZOG \* '66 (0711) PL'65  
 HENRY L HOOD \* '43 (0407) PL'40  
 STEVEN R HOROWITZ \* '92 (0966) PL'89  
 DAVID J HOWER '51 (0526) PL'50  
 FRANCIS M HUGO '62 (0597) PL'54  
 REXFORD J INGLIS '67 (0700) PL'64  
 JONATHAN JACOBY '92 (0967) PL'89  
 PAUL C JAMES '56 (0606) PL'55  
 ALAN L JETTE '82 (0895) PL'79  
 WILLIAM L KELITZ '61 (0632) PL'58  
 LAFAYETTE W. "PETE" KNAPP JR. '51 (0509)  
 PL'49

JOHN D KOETHE M.D. \* '77 (0829) PL'74  
 JERRY W KREIDER \* '68 (0720) PL'65  
 ROBERT H LIGHTFOOTE '69 (0731) PL'66  
 JOHN E LUTZ '64 (0676) PL'62  
 WILBER C MAKER \* '44 (0419) PL'42  
 JOHN S MALLERY JR. '52 (0545) PL'51  
 MARK F MALTENFORT '77 (0831) PL'74  
 HENRY B MARSHALL MD \* '34 (0332) PL'33  
 DAVID M MAZAIIKA '85 (0924) PL'82  
 ROBERT C MERRITT \* '75 (0807) PL'73  
 HOLLISTER MOORE \* '68 (0702) PL'65  
 GEORGE L MUELLER JR. '57 (0574) PL'53  
 MARY MYERS PASQUINO \* '85 (L024) PL'84  
 STANLEY R NIMAN \* '73 (0783) PL'70  
 MICHAEL F OATES '87 (0937) PL'84  
 JOHN R OGDEN \* '70 (0744) PL'67  
 ALAN T PASQUINO \* '84 (0916) PL'81  
 WILLIAM PENDARVIS JR. '47 (0440) PL'46  
 DAVID G RICKERBY '91 (0960) PL'87  
 DAVID J SANGREE '84 (0917) PL'81  
 ERNEST F SCHAUFLEER '48 (0500) PL'49  
 PHILIP M SCHULER '80 (0886) PL'79  
 G. MARTIN SCUTT '92 (0971) PL'90  
 JAMES C SHOWACRE '50 (0447) PL'47  
 BRIAN SIVILLO '96 (0993) PL'93  
 KEVIN SLESINSKY \* '95 (0987) PL'92  
 ROBERT H SNIDER '48 (0455) PL'47  
 ROBERT T SNOWDON \* '39 (0364) PL'37  
 ROGER D SOLOWAY '57 (0589) PL'54  
 JEFFREY D SPIRO MD \* '79 (0859) PL'76  
 ROBERT B SQUIRES \* '52 (0496) PL'49  
 STEVEN L STEIN '73 (0787) PL'69  
 WILLIAM L STEVENS JR. '55 (0553) PL'52  
 KEITH W STONE '71 (0775) PL'69  
 WILLIAM A UTIC \* '77 (0836) PL'74  
 ALBERT S WOODFORD \* '45 (0436) PL'42  
 JOHN P WOODFORD \* '47 (0435) PL'42

## Thank you!!



# The Mailbag – Alumni News

**Clarence F. Bent DVM '39 (0334)** [16416 US-19 N, Lot 1704, Clearwater, FL 33764-6785] and wife Ruth went to Nashua, NH for Ruth's 65<sup>th</sup> High School reunion and their daughter's 25<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary last October. Clarence and Ruth celebrated their 63<sup>rd</sup> wedding anniversary in June.

**Robert T. Snowden '39 (0364)** [33 Gladstone House, 775 John Ringling Blvd., Sarasota, FL 34236] took a 5-1/2 week trip North by automobile, with the first stop being Cornell for his 60<sup>th</sup> Reunion. He visited Acacia and was given a tour. The House has changed a lot since 1939, and it seemed to Robert that much work was necessary by fall.

**John P. Woodford '47 (0435)** [4364 Greenwood Dr., Okemos, MI 48864] was babysitting two grandsons in Portland, OR in June and camping with five grandchildren in Michigan's Upper Peninsula.

**Joseph R. Herr '50 (0482)** [2109 Granite Dr., Alamo, CA 94507-1602, lot-saoaks@earthlink.net] believes he has solved a problem that has bugged the medical profession for years. Joe concluded in spring '98 that obstructive sleep apnea causes ulcerative colitis.

To view the details, visit the website <http://home.earthlink.net/~lotsaoaks>. You'll learn the cause of Crohn's disease, the cause of colitis, why 20% of those with Crohn's or colitis have a close relative with either of those diseases, and why about 20% of those with either disease experience joint aches or pains.

**Ernest F. Schaufler '48 (0500)** [101 Turkey Hill Rd., Ithaca, NY 14850-2938] has been living in their old farmhouse since 1957. One son is in State College, PA and another is managing the Arnot Forest for Cornell. Their daughter also lives in Ithaca. They have a grandson at Alfred and a granddaughter at Ithaca College.

**David L. Champlin '55 (0546)** [63 Greenwood Park, Pittsford, NY 14534] spends 7 months each year on Clearwater Beach Island, FL.

**Robert L. Gardner '57 (0605)** [15650 Bull Mountain Rd., Tigard, OR 97224 gardner\_tfs@juno.com] enjoys reading the Traveler immensely. Bob senses a strong individuality uncompromised by a sense of community and brotherhood.

**William L. Dearcop '62 (0648)** [932 Leicester Rd., Caledonia, NY 14423] retired from the NYS

School for the Blind in April '97. Bill has spend the last 2 years building a new home and hopes to visit Ithaca and Acacia this Fall. Bill is interested in the Big Brother Program explained by Bill Feth's '99 (1021) article in the Spring '99 Traveler.

**Dr. John E. Lutz '64 (0676)** [5335 Raymond Rd., Wyoming, NY 14591-9412, JohnUna@juno.com] writes that son, John '94, is a NYS Environmental Conservation Officer working in eastern Monroe County and Rochester.

**Robert H. Lightfoote '69 (0731)** [25 Hillcrest Ave., Queensbury, NY 12804-1973, boblighfoote@yahoo.com] has left Glens Falls Hospital and is now Assistant Director of Community Services for Warren and Washington Counties. Bob's oldest daughter, Laura, is attending SUNY Geneseo, and is in the Honors Program majoring in English and Music.

**Keith W. Stone '71 (0775)** [3806 Crittenden Rd., Akron, NY 14001] and wife, Mary, are enjoying their children and running the Christian School they attend. Their third oldest child was married 6/19/99. They see Frank Mrowka '73 (0782) and wife, Linda, often.



(Continued from page 14)

**John Schussler '80 (0872)**

[1973 Old Greenbrier Pike, Greenbrier, TN 37073, audit21@mail.state.tn.us] had to respond after reading news that John Friedlander '81 (0877) has five children. Joe and Mary celebrated the first birthday of Hannah, their seventh child. The others are Rebecca, Sarah, Michael, Phillip, Andrew, and Daniel. Life in Tennessee is good and that state has a college football team that knows how to win (and he doesn't mean Vanderbilt).

**John M. Graham '81 (0883)**

[19 Rini Ct., Glen Head, NY 11545-2407, j\_graham@compuserve.com] finds it hard to believe that daughter, Jenny, is 14 and son, Alex, is 12. Sue Glenn '81 (L004) called out of the blue and reported that she has twin boys.

**Philip M. Schuler '80 (0886)**

[719 Burritt Rd., Hilton, NY 14468-9765, pschuler@ocdus.jnj.com] writes that his wife is an independent representative of Excel Communications and is almost certain that Acacians could benefit from a less expensive long distance telephone service than they currently have. Contact Phil by e-mail or phone (716-392-6280) evenings to find out more.

**David J. Sangree '84 (0917)**

[137 Winthrop Rd., Columbus, OH 43214-3632] and wife, Laura, recently adopted their

second child, Grace Ly from Vietnam. Laura's parents stayed with big brother, Paul, during the trip, which was a real adventure. Dave is Director of Hospitality Consulting with US Realty Consultants.

**Andrew S. Brenner '90 (0953)**

[439 Lassen St. #2, Los Altos, CA 94022-3906, andy@scoopman.com] recently left the practice of law to become an entrepreneur, joining eDaycare.com, an Internet startup bringing technology to the childcare industry. Andy was recently paid a visit by Jun Nakiri '90 (0957) and his wife from Tokyo.

**John W. Carpenter '91 (0959)**

[2446 Dover Ave., Fort Myers, FL 33907, JohnCarp@aol.com] has been enjoying pounding \$1 Amber-Bocks with Mike Wilhelm '94 (0982) every Friday at a local tiki bar. Check out John's new company website at <http://www.earthmover-software.com>.

**G. Martin Scutt '92 (0971)**

[272 Prince Rue, Repentigny, P. Q. J7A-1J3, Gscutt7145@aol.net] extends an open invitation to all brothers/alumni to visit him in his new home (30 minutes from downtown Montreal).

**Kevin Slesinsky '95 (0987)**

[57 Alpine Terrace, San Francisco, CA 94117, kevin@slesinsky.org] is now working for an internet startup, desktop.com. Anyone in the area interested in get-

ting together should e-mail Kevin or call (415-621-6020).

**Brian Sivillo '96 (0993)** [160 State St., Bloomfield, NJ 07003, brian.sivillo@liberty.mutual.com] got engaged to Christina Flora (Wells College '98) in May '98. Moved to NJ last June and took a job in commercial sales with Liberty Mutual. Before the move, Brian lived in Rochester, NY and had the opportunity to visit some older Cornell Acacians, which was great. Brian has visited with Paul Molnar '98 (1014) and Mike Wilhelm '94 (0982), and spoke with Todd Peskin '95 (0994).



## CHAPTER ETERNAL

**Rex G. Whitman '50**  
**October 15, 1999**

**James D. Dodds '50**  
**(0515) – October 13, 1998**

**Amanda "Pearl"**  
**Murray – October 7, 1999**



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