



THE CORNELL ALPHA DELT



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FEBRUARY 2000

Looking Beyond The Year 2000

As we move into the new millennium, Alpha Delt faces the challenges of adapting for the future and maintaining its status as the best house on the hill. The 1999-2000 academic year has been both challenging and exciting. Changes in university policy and the increasing pressure placed upon the Greek system have caused many officers and brothers to take on added responsibilities to ensure that Alpha Delt remains as a leader here at Cornell.

Not only has this period caused brothers to grow as individuals as more responsibility is placed upon them, but it has also brought the brotherhood closer together. The necessity to work closely together on many issues has resulted in a tighter brotherhood. Attendance has increased at all fraternity events ranging from house meetings, intramural sports (where brothers not only participate, but also come to watch and support each other), and philanthropy events.

The increased commitment to the brotherhood has not gone unnoticed across campus. The enthusiasm of the brotherhood has also attracted the attention of many members of this year's freshman class. Our informal fall rush process has brought in large numbers of potential freshman pledges. We are confident that we will be

able to improve on our strong rush performances in recent years.

As with any fall semester, there have been some growing pains as the new brothers have moved into the house and have begun to learn how the fraternity operates. But overall, this semester has been a fairly smooth transition time for the new brothers.

We cannot say enough to thank the ACEF for its more than generous gift to the house. The new computer room has provided the brotherhood with not only a very efficient and orderly environment for productive schoolwork, but an effective place for researching material over the Internet. As the academic requirements at Cornell become increasingly dependent on the merging of technology and traditional techniques, the computer room will no doubt become the focal point of academic work within the fraternity.

Overall, the brotherhood is continuing to work hard at meeting the challenges of a continuously changing academic environment. There is no doubt that Alpha Delt will remain as one of the leaders of the Cornell community in years to come.

Henrik Aittola '01
President

International Convention at Cornell Chapter a Huge Success!

*For photos of this gala
event, turn to pages six,
seven, and eight.*

Brothers Make Good Use Of Computer Room

So far this year the computer room has turned out to be a tremendous asset to all the brothers in and out of the house. The connection through Road Runner, the local cable modem access provider, is invaluable to the computer room. The connection is lightning fast through the cable modem, which minimizes any wasted time one usually encounters waiting for a web page to load. With the help of some handy multimedia programs like Winamp, brothers are usually listening to their favorite music CDs while doing their work.

More and more professors are posting their web pages on the Internet, making it mandatory for their students to check the web to find homework assignments and test grades. Many brothers are also found checking their e-mail daily in the computer room. With this trend toward communicating via the Internet, e-mail can

(continued on page two)

MARK YOUR CALENDARS

Reunion 2000: June 8-11

Homecoming 2000: September 23 vs. Yale

Reunion 2001: June 7-10

Homecoming 2001: October 13 vs. Harvard

Reunion 2002: June 6-9



AΔΦ Officers

Chairman

Kenneth E. Growney '82

President

Randall W. Bus '68

Vice President

George M. Kennedy '52

Treasurer

Peter D. Fifield '75

Recording Secretary

David E. Faust '85

Corresponding Secretary

W. Douglas Bond Jr. '66

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John S. Dyson '65

Michael R. Elliott '87

A. John Golder III '83

James B. Heffernan '00

Barnaby S. Kendall '00

Justin Kaufman '98

Peter M. R. Kendall '68

Philip Mulé '01

Peter T. E. Nevius '42

Howard B. Schaffer '92

Daniel C. Sweeney '97

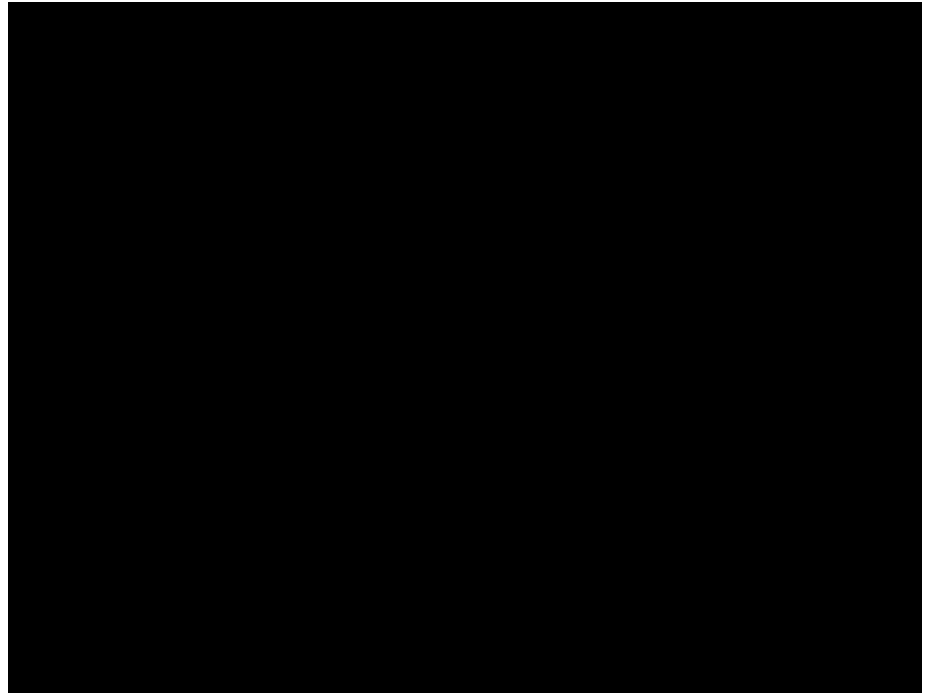
Colin H. Williams '92

Richard W. Wambach '53 (Emeritus)

Undergraduate Officers

President	Henrik Aittola '01
Vice President	Philip Mulé '01
House Manager	Kyle Youngquist '02
Treasurer	Mark Leo '01
Asst. Treasurer	Eric Willenbacher '02
Xathar	Aaron Sweeney '01
Rush Chairman	David Lazarus '01
Asst. Rush	William Kendall '02
Alumni Relations	Jason Beckert '02
Historian	Jordan Tarry '02
Social	Drew Butler '02
Asst. Social	Daniel DiCapite '02
Literary	Philip Ballard '00
Steward	Ryan Donn '01
Asst. Steward	Kyle Cuneo '02
Computer	Julian Asano '02
Games	Antonio Javier '02

Reunion 1999



Several '90s alums and their guests relax at Banfi's during Reunion 1999. Left to right: Howard B. Schaffer '91, Joseph R. Welch '95, Kaeti Herlihy, Thomas E. Goldstone '94, and Jennifer Lew.

Brothers Make Good Use Of Computer Room

(continued from page one)

sometimes be the easiest way to communicate with either a professor or a TA. I know from my own experience that in order for me to correctly complete a problem set for my computer science class, I constantly had to check the newsgroup associated with my class. This meant doing a lot of my work in the computer room with the computer close by.

With the way the room is set up now, the separate conference room is ideal for working on group projects. With the computers less than five paces away from the conference table, it never takes long to find what one needs from the Internet and get back to work.

Although the brothers are generally pleased with the equipment in the computer room, there is some room for improvement. I have been asked frequently about installing external zip drives for the computers. Zip drives are fairly inexpensive considering the amount of data

that can fit on a single zip disk (250 MB). A lot of brothers also expressed some concern about getting a fax/copy machine combination. This would make writing and sending job resumes a snap with one trip to the computer room. For the future it would be nice to see a few more computers along with a network server. This sever could connect every computer to an in-house network going through every room in the house. This could leave the computers in the computer room available to those brothers without computers. Using the server, brothers could enjoy the benefits of a network and direct Internet connection in their own rooms.

The way it stands right now, the computer room is an excellent facility for all the brothers. There are numerous exciting possibilities for expansion, which should definitely be explored in the future.

Julian Asano '02



If you're planning to move, be sure to send us your new address so you don't miss a single issue of this newsletter! Our address is on page three.

Alpha Delt Announces Its First Short Story Competition

Alpha Delt's literary tradition is alive and well. This fall, thanks to Fred Parkin's generous donation of \$1,000, we undertook Alpha Delta Phi's first short story competition, offering the \$1,000 as the prize for the winning work of short fiction—either a short story or a self-contained chapter from a novel. Brothers participated by handing out flyers and posting them around campus as well as encouraging their friends outside the house to participate.

We received an impressive response from Cornell students. Over 300 entry forms had been picked up by the week before the deadline for submissions. The competition was open to all enrolled Cornell undergraduates who are in good academic standing. Graduate students were

not eligible, nor were members of the Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity. The competition was administered and judged by the editors of Cornell's *Epoch* magazine, headed by Mike Koch. A published fiction writer determined the winner of the competition based on a short list submitted by the editors of *Epoch*.

We hope to continue the competition in the future with the support of the active and alumni brothers and *Epoch* magazine. This year's competition was a great success and goes to show that our literary roots are thriving once again.

Philip C. Ballard '00
Literary Chairman

Alpha Delta Phi Soccer: A Brilliant Season Ends Abruptly

Two years ago, the Alpha Delta Phi soccer team shocked the sporting world by capping off a brilliant season with a remarkable playoff run. Clearly the underdog of the league, the team captured the hearts of soccer fans across the globe when it swept through the playoffs, stunned the former champions with a convincing semifinal victory, and earned itself the right to play in the championship game. Unfortunately, the string of emotional, hard-fought victories had drained the Phi squad, which was dealt a devastating defeat at the hands of a socially inferior opponent, terminating those dreams of a championship.

Although this star-studded squad would be graduating several key contributors to this spectacular season, there was a cast of young talent that would remain—and for them, there was no choice but to look ahead to the future. The players who remained set out on a quest to find out where the team fell short—what needed to be done to get them over that final hump. At last, the answer became clear. The Alpha Delta Phi franchise decided to remove itself from league competition the following year in the interest of crossing the border and training with the Brazilian National Team. After a full year of intensive training and experience with the South American style of play, the Alpha Delt returned this year with a level of confidence and determination previously unmatched.

But this year's team had many new faces from top to bottom, including a rookie goalkeeper, Dan "Rocco" DiCapiti. This made establishing team chemistry the Phi's greatest challenge. But the team seemed unfazed by this from game one, as it plowed through the division with ease. In five games, the team was unmatched and put together a nearly flawless undefeated season. The leadership and wisdom of the veteran seniors along with the energy and drive of the young sophomores and juniors proved to be a deadly combination.

Nevertheless, once the playoffs rolled around, the squad knew it had to elevate its game to the next level, for in a single elimination tournament, one mistake could end the season. The first match would be against Delta Chi, a team that also found great success this season. After a week of two-a-day intensive training sessions run by former defensive sensation and current sideline coach Barnaby Kendall and team strength and conditioning coach Bekr Ali, the team felt it was ready to do some damage in the tournament. Unfortunately, poor officiating, substandard field conditions, inferior equipment, and the "Mario Meal Plan" had caught up with the evidently more talented Alpha Delt players, and premature elimination had ended a most successful season. Remarkably, the team and its many fans were able to keep their heads up and actually celebrate their own defeat, at Ruloff's, that evening.

Traveling Abroad Broadens Brother's Horizons

My time in Malang, Indonesia, was like nothing I have ever experienced before in my entire life. Everything from the absence of modern conveniences (e.g., toilet paper) to living a lifestyle guided by the Muslim religion challenged me in new and interesting ways every day. A vast majority of Malang's residents also do not speak English, so I was called upon daily to use my Indonesian speaking skills with my host family and in my daily trips to local stores, restaurants, and businesses.

Despite the language barriers, the residents were always extremely polite and fascinated by American visitors to their small city. Some of the highlights from my trip include hiking up an active, smoking volcano; witnessing a "trance dance," in which the dancers became possessed by spirits and whipped themselves while eating hot coals; joining a political rally; and cruising around the entire island of Bali on a rented motorcycle. Despite waking up every morning with 10 new mosquito bites, my choice to spend a semester in Indonesia was truly the best decision I have made so far at Cornell.

Jordan Wallach '00

THE CORNELL ALPHA DELT



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The Phi, Me, and 'Nam

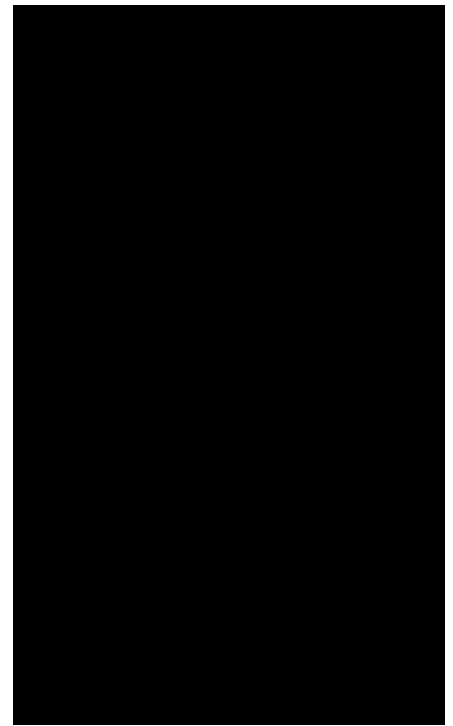
BY JACK JOLIS '67 (In honor of Frederick S. Johnson '43)

For the first seven years of the 1990s, once a year like clockwork when I was in Ithaca for a meeting of the ACEF, Fred Johnson and I would swap ever taller tales (either over his wine or my beer) about our often (but not always) fond memories of our time in the Navy—his in the Pacific as a pilot during World War II and mine in Vietnam. Somehow we brought together two very different wars and two generations, and 30 or 50 or however many years later, we still found an awful lot to talk about. Out of our conversations grew the concept of having a number of ADs recall for posterity their tremendously varying experiences and adventures in the armed forces (and other endeavors). The following reminiscence kicks it off.

It is distinctive, personal, irreverent...and definitely represents the voice of its author. The tale told by Jack Jolis '67 helped remind me that Alpha Delt's history is at once collective and individual. One man's tale can never speak for us all, but as I read "The Phi, Me, and 'Nam," it wasn't hard to find some common ground.

Nobody talks much about "killing Commies" these days. Even Jack has toned down the rhetoric that defined some of the verbal battlegrounds of the 1960s. I'm grateful for the privilege of looking back 30 years on the life of one of my fraternity brothers, whose account of that era and his experiences bears a vividness of style and substance that is unique yet evocative, quirky yet universal. I thank him for sharing this highly personal retrospective with us.

*Thom Chirurg '64, Trustee
Adelphic Cornell Educational Fund*



Jack Jolis in the Mekong Delta.

As a boy, I wanted to go to West Point. To become a general. (Don't ask.)

So as soon as I could wrest parental permission (age 11), I was allowed to spend three most, uh, eventful years at the New York Military Academy. Where I learned a good deal about Life. (And Solidarity.)

Then I got properly educated, sort of, at Deerfield Academy in, I'm sorry to admit, the People's Republic of Massachusetts.

When it became college-time, I chose Yale, Penn, and Cornell. (Northwestern accepted me without, to my knowledge, my having ever applied there. It actually might have been a great wheeze. Good place, Chicago.)

For reasons best known to itself, Yale put me on a "waiting list," and (as it happened) I was busy running with the bulls in Pamplona when I received a thin envelope from New Haven saying sorry, old chap, but we can't seem to find any room for you. So I quite literally flipped a peseta, which came down "heads" and, for reasons lost in the mists of time, meant Cornell (which I vaguely imagined was in Ohio, but eventually discovered was in Ithaca in the beautiful Finger Lakes of my beloved native state).

Having said all the above, when people ask me where I attended university, I answer, "Alpha Delta Phi" (as opposed to "Cornell").

As soon as we legally could, i.e., in '64, I, along with my freshman dorm-mates,

Jim Brady and Dave Ryan, pledged ΑΔΦ. (We had been impressed by the battlements.) The other of our freshman dorm-mates, Sugrue, chose to join ΔΨ. Initially this was sad but would later prove most useful when he intervened in my favor in a semi-life-threatening, girl-caused "incident" that appeared to me, at the time, to involve the entire Cornell football team. Ironically, the team, although manifestly incapable of sorting out even Columbia, seemed to have little trouble dealing with me—despite the valiant intervention, on my behalf, of my redoubtable great alter ego, Clayton Wrigley (who, though small, punched rather a lot of large guys in the groin.)

Ryan and I pledged together and were such good pals that we were dubbed the "Bobbsey Twins." This was quite ridiculous, of course, because despite his many other sterling qualities, Ryan doesn't look at all like a Bobbsey Twin. Perish the thought.

I loved the Phi. Still do.

Spent two semesters as social chairman, during which we went pretty much broke, but at least we had the pleasure of the loud company of, among others, Link Wray, King Curtis, Gladys Knight and the Pips, and, ultimate of all the ultimates, Moulty and the Barbarians (out of Boston, of all places).

Eventually I became president, during which we became even more broke. But Ryan was my treasurer, so he "managed"

things. Sort of. More or less. Me, I found myself spending a surprisingly disproportionate amount of time dealing with grossly exaggerated "criminal" accusations from the New York State Police; trying to abolish "student government"; fending off ludicrous charges of what we now laughingly describe as "political correctness" from the IF(ha-ha)C; and being invited for tea to be scolded by the clueless President Perkins.

In between all this fun, I mostly hung around the house. Being bawled out by our Mrs. Marsh, our cook (for derelictions I couldn't even fathom then, much less now). Chewing the you-know-what with Frank Stout, the houseman who had, among many other admirable attributes and knowledges, endlessly enthralling stories about being a deuce-and-a-half driver across France during World War II. "I sure liked them Frog girls, Jarvis." (Tell me about it, Frank....)

Truth be told, I did not do a huge amount of studying at Cornell. I managed to fail Geology 101 and damn near flunked it a second time, save for late-night tutorials from one Mavis Bunker, the charming niece of one of our then-ambassadors to the Republic of Vietnam.

I "majored" (you should pardon the expression) in political science, known for peculiar Cornellian reasons as "government." Even by my standards, this was fairly easy. Mostly it entailed reading the ghastly *New York Times*, if you ever got

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around to it.

Things deteriorated to such a point that by the second semester of my senior year, I actually had to go to the registrar's office to determine which courses I was supposed to be taking. (It took the registrar—who, I believe, was a perfectly blameless housewife from someplace like Oneonta—no small amount of time to even understand my question.)

Thus, my grades were not brilliant. To put it mildly. (My father, uh, noticed.) But I survived. And, more important, the Phi thrived. It may have been financially challenged, but it thrived. But to be honest (as Peter Sellers once put it, "*Yah hof tiu be triue abaht dese tings, ya knoe*"), I did benefit greatly from two outstanding profs during my four years at Cornell: the late Allan Bloom, Western Civ, who later would go to the U of Chi and eventually find richly deserved fame as the author of *The Closing of the American Mind*, and Walter Berns, Constitutional Law, who is still alive and kicking, I believe now with the American Enterprise Institute in DC. These were both fine, courageous, inspirational teachers and gentlemen. And it was a pleasure to attend their classes. (Such other—not many—classes as I attended were invariably presided over by foolish Marxist poltroons. Frank Stout in his T-shirt in the boiler room back at the house spoke infinitely more sense.)

Back at Deerfield, in '63, my great pal, Aclý, and I actually planned an armed overthrow of Castro, but, luckily for us, nothing came of this scheme other than a lot of earnest study of Cuban geography in the Deerfield Libe.

However, by 1967 things had become definitely more dire, politically speaking—not only at Cornell, but all over the bloody country. But certainly at Cornell, which had become a virtual adjunct of the North Vietnamese politburo and was under the Leninist grip of the SDS.

A tiny minority of us—mostly from the Phi but also a few honorable schoolboys from Theta Delt, Chi Psi, Chi Phi, and Sigma Phi—joined up to create something called VIVA (the "Victory in Vietnam Association"). We didn't accomplish much—or, indeed, anything at all as far as I could tell—save for earning for ourselves gratuitous, scornful, and rude backchat from our *soi-disante* girlfriends. (When, during the '80s, I tried to get the brothers to crank up something called VINO (the "Victory in Nicaragua Organization"), I fared no better. But by that time we had "Rock," Reagan, Ollie, and Casey, to sort things out. Which they did, and right smartly, too.

Anyway. Back to spring '67. I had already decided to go help win the war in

Vietnam. So, one day, accompanied by fellow enthusiast Brother Wrigley, we betook ourselves to the post office, where, in those days, recruiters of the military variety were purported to hold sway. In fact, this was technically the case, except that all five (if you counted the Coast Guard) booths were unmanned. (These fellows' business was not exactly a growth industry in the 1967 enemy-occupied territory of Ithaca, New York.) But at least taped to the Marine Corp's booth was a note: "Gone to the Alpine Tap Room. SSGT. S. T. Popalowski, USMC."

Well, that was fine with me. Second only to the Fall Creek House (the sacred shrine), the Alpine Tap Room was my favorite drinking emporium in all of Ithaca. I'm terribly afraid it doesn't exist anymore, because one of its most endearing qualities was that it was almost always empty. The other of its most sublime attributes was that in its jukebox it contained a 45 by some hillbilly cretin whose name, thankfully, escapes me, but—and like my muse, Dave Barry, I swear I am not making this up—was actually entitled, "I've Flushed You From the Bathroom of my Heart."

We found, sure enough, Staff Sergeant Stan Popalowski, built like a pugnacious London phone cabin, bemedalled from unspeakable exploits in Guadalcanal and Inchon, in full dress Marine Corps uniform, playing pool. With himself. And here I don't intend a cheap jest—"pocket pool" or anything like that. It's just that he was the only customer in the place so he had little choice but to drink beer and make pot shots. Alone.

We introduced ourselves with as much diffidence as we could muster and informed Sgt. Stan that we were—well, might be—interested in going to Vietnam to support the important task of blowing away the Vietcong. Sgt. Stan surveyed us with what one could only describe as the "old fish eye," so the ever-practical Wrigley disappeared out behind somewhere and emerged, pulling the putative publican, a manifest imbecile who answered to the name of "Merv," by what appeared to be his tongue. (Like I said: Good man, Wrigley.)

An abundance of Carling's beer was organized. Sgt. Stan, holding his cue point down, as one might an M-16, lost little time in telling us that he was happy to see us, as we were the first boys he'd "interviewed" from Cornell in over two years ("They're more patriotic at Cortland State"); that if we wanted to kill Commies we might start by practicing "on some of them up the hill," and he shoved his thumb up vaguely in the direction of the Straight; that Wrigley, although no doubt of stern stuff, was too short for the Marines (I

found this more than a little bizarre as it struck me that being short would be an asset in any sort of military situation—harder to get hit, if nothing else). He pondered me: "You might do." But when he started inquiring into my particulars and learned that I spoke fluent French, he freaked, rather. "Yo. You ain't one of those...you know..." and he wagged a hand at me in a most disgusting manner, "guys, are you?"

"Certainly not!" I riposted. "And I don't mind telling you that I strongly resent the innuendo. Although not to the extent that we will not buy you another of Carling's best. My good man, Merv—yes, you—would you be so kind as to do the honors?"

In the end, I joined the Army.

Even that wasn't simple, inasmuch as we had to step over protesters who were trying to block our entry into the Albany Induction Center. And Still (to paraphrase Procol Harum) There Was More: I was so hung over and dehydrated from my last night with Louise that I couldn't provide the urine required by the medics. Not just not enough, but not any. So I ended up borrowing some from an amiable black chappie who was behind me in line. (He had enough to spare.)

In the Army I did my own version of "the whole nine yards," from Private E-Zilch at Fort Knox through Infantry OCS at Benning. I ended up a first lieutenant with the 525th Military Intelligence Group in the Republic of Vietnam. (When I wrote to my father about my assignment, he wrote back, "Good heavens, my boy, does that mean that there are 524 others of your mob?" (He was a first lieutenant in the OSS and hit Omaha. He'd punched his ticket. Got the T-shirt.)

I don't know if I ever actually killed any Commies. God knows I tried. But the problem was that invariably when there was shooting, it was the middle of the night and nobody, including we officers, could discern diddly from squat.

But I did have some interesting experiences. Nothing so vainglorious as those of Thom Chirurg '64 (Navy) or Gordie Evans '68 (Marine Corps) or, no doubt, a considerable number of other brothers. But still...someone somewhere found a left-over Bronze Star, which he saw fit to unload onto me.

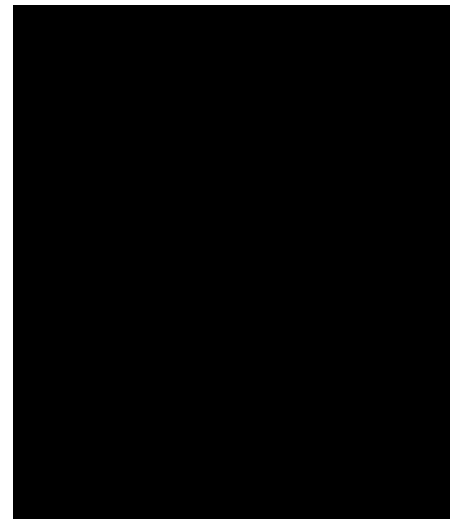
Perhaps I'll tell you more in the future. But for now, out. X-ray.

*Look for Bob Woods' ('44)
and Tom Reed's ('55) recollections
in upcoming issues.*

ACEF News

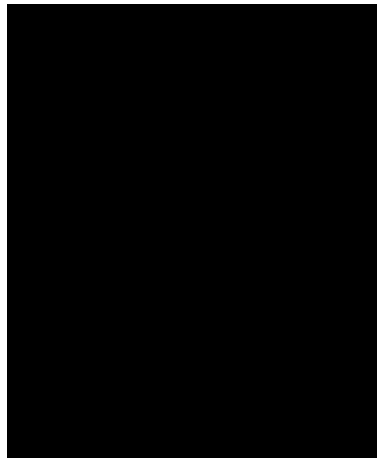
Cornell Chapter Hosts AΔΦ International Convention, August 6-7, 1999

Shel Severinghaus (house president in 1962) won the prize for traveling the furthest distance to attend...all the way from Ulaan Baator, Mongolia. And Jack Jolis (president in 1967) was runner-up, flying in from his home in Antwerp, Belgium. Because of their "dedication," they are featured in a number of these photographs.

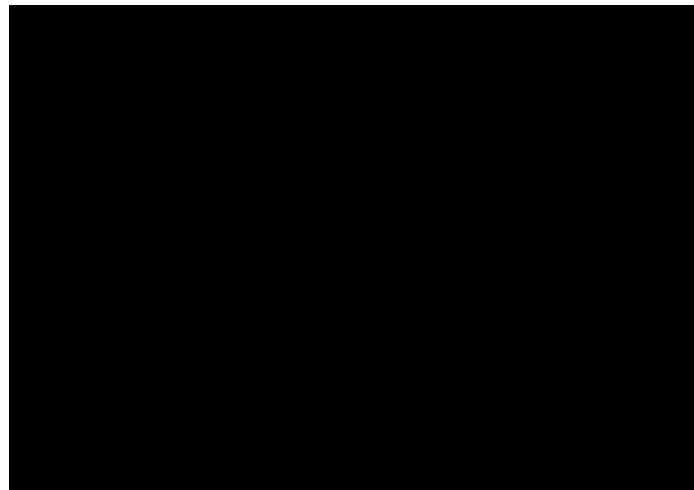


Rudy Koch '00, current winner of the Adelpic Cornell Educational Fund's summer undergraduate research fellowship, thinking deep thoughts.

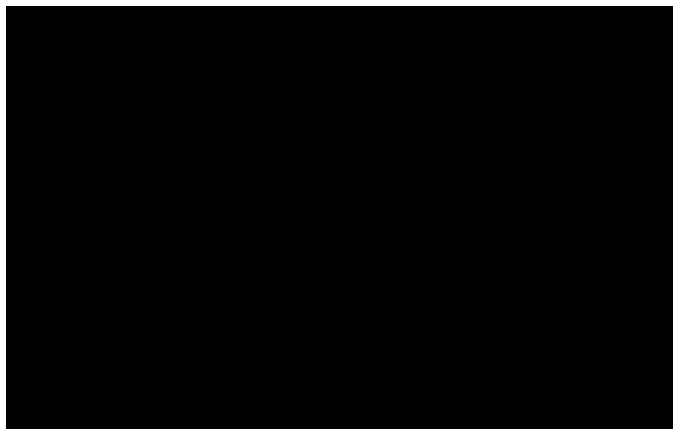
**FRIDAY NIGHT
CAYUGA LAKE
BOAT CRUISE
AND DINNER
AT OLD PORT
HARBOUR**



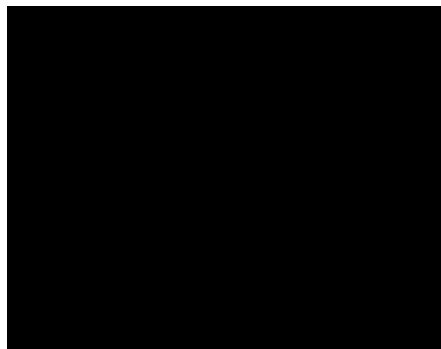
The Reverend Douglas Bond '66 (former alumni corporation chairman) and his fiancée.



Thom Chirurg '64, trustee of the ACEF, with Carla and Jack Jolis.

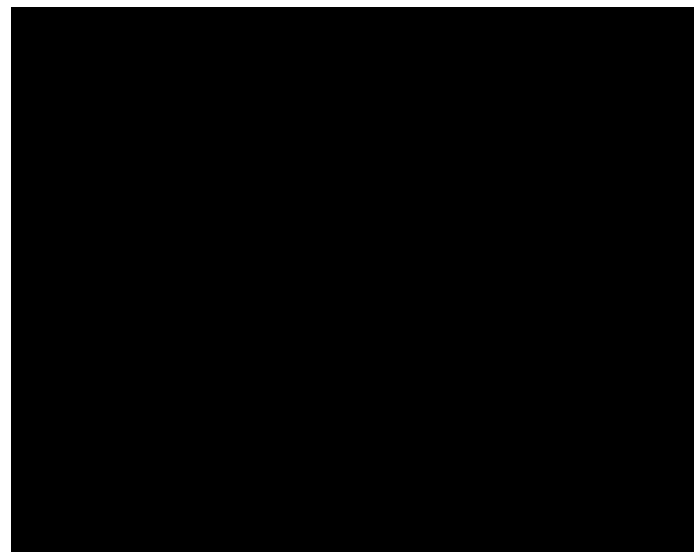


Rudy Koch '00 and Aaron Sweeney '01 (third from left) with other undergraduate Cornell ADs. Note their respectful and rapt attention to whomever is speaking and that they are imbibing only water.

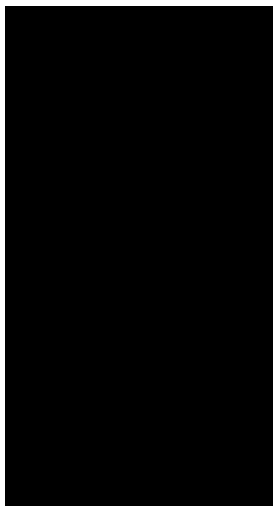
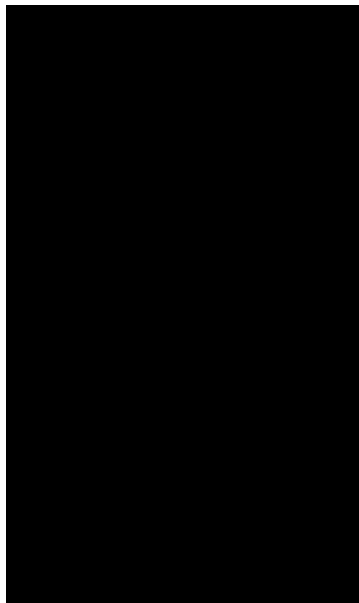


*Right:
Jack Jolis '67 sizing up "substandard" undergraduate brothers as epitomized by Rudy Koch '00.*

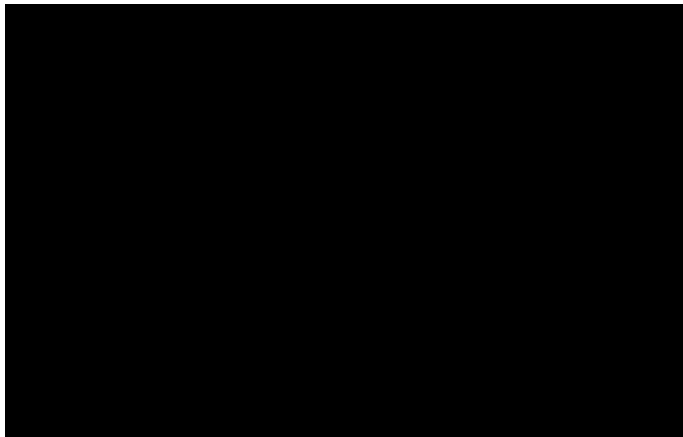
*Left:
This picture serves only to illustrate that a good time was had by all.*



**SATURDAY EVENING
COCKTAIL PARTY
AND RECEPTION
AT THE TOP OF THE
JOHNSON MUSEUM**

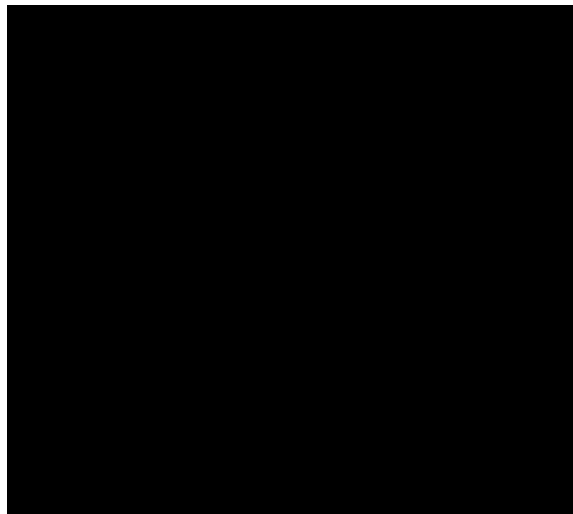


Cornell's dean of students, John Ford, welcomes the convention delegates and their guests.

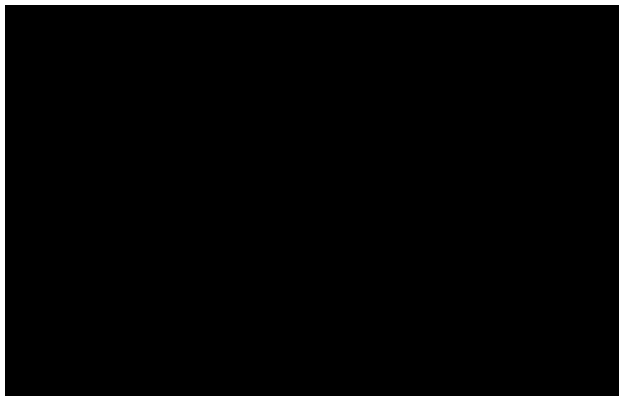


The delegation from the Lambda Phi Chapter at MIT.

Alumni Corporation Chairman Ken Growney '82 and Doug Bond present Adelaide Rice with the Samuel Eells Award on behalf of her late husband and revered Cornell AD, Judge Jim Rice '30. (This recognition for exceptional dedication to AΔΦ has been granted by the international board of governors less than a dozen times in the 20th century.)

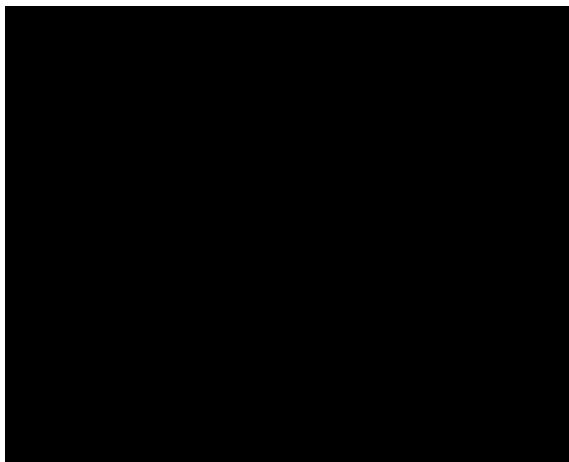


Mike Duesing, Cornell Phi Gam '62, his wife, Joan, and Shel Severinghaus '62. Mike is the managing partner of Stewart Howe Alumni Service, the Ithaca-based administrative service bureau used by many fraternities.



Former Cornell President Dale Corson listens intently to Dr. Marilyn Williams, director of the undergraduate research program, as Thom Chirurg warily eyes the camera.

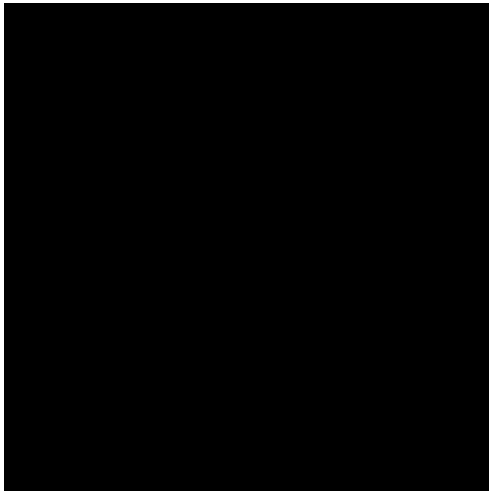
Two members of the AΔΦ Alumni Corporation Board, Pete Nevius '42 (far left) and George Kennedy '52 (second from right), pictured with David Corson, director of Olin Library. It was evident throughout the evening that the young woman in the photo much preferred Pete and George's company to her escort's.



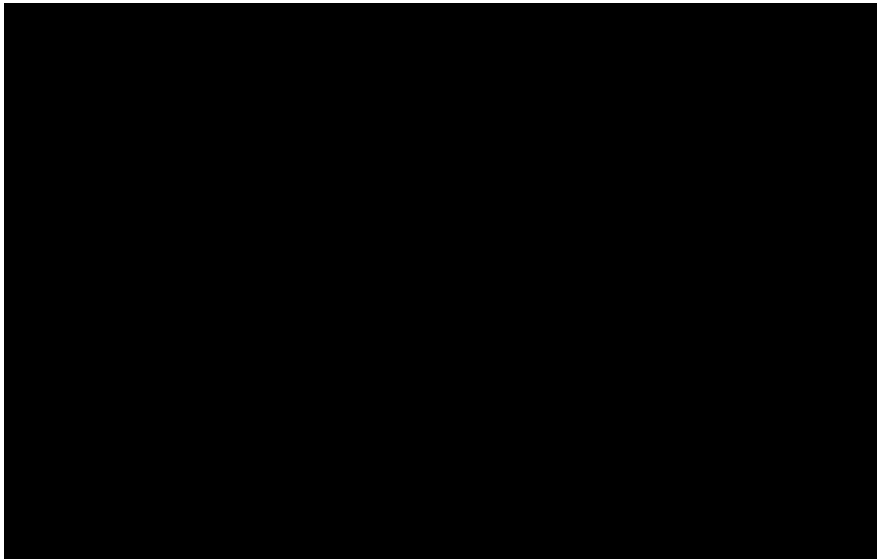
Our bagpiper prepares to lead the crowd down the hill to AD for the banquet.

MORE →

**SATURDAY NIGHT BANQUET
AT THE HOUSE**



Jack and Carla Jolis.

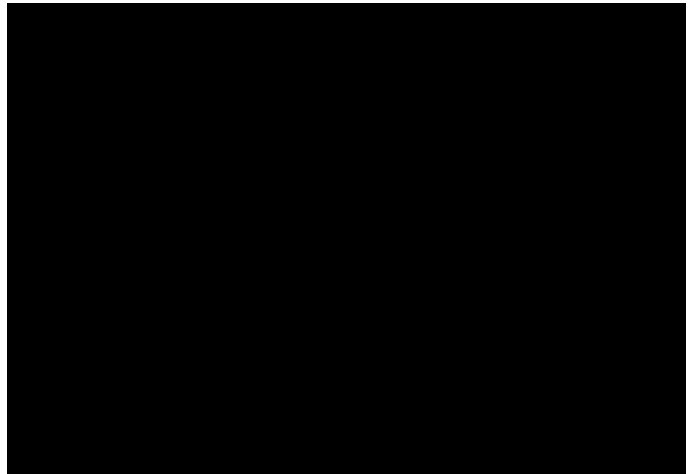


Randy Bus '68, president and COO of the Cornell AD Alumni Corporation, takes direction from Shel Severinghaus as to how to get all of the undergraduate brothers to participate in Saturday morning house cleanups. Carla Jolis takes careful note in anticipation of trying out these techniques on Jack.

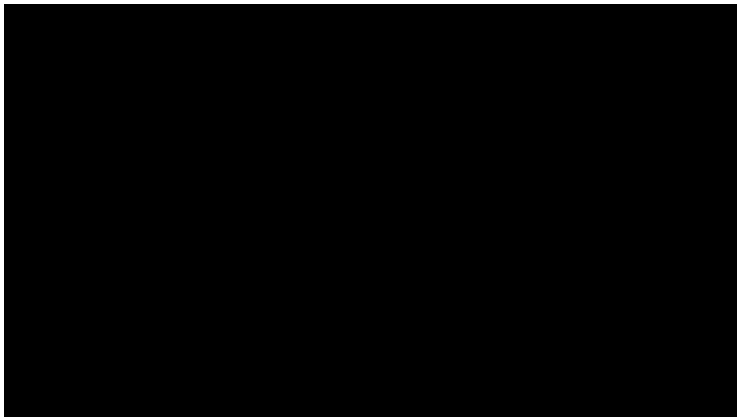


*Left:
Shel Severinghaus proposes a toast and song in memory of Jim Rice.*

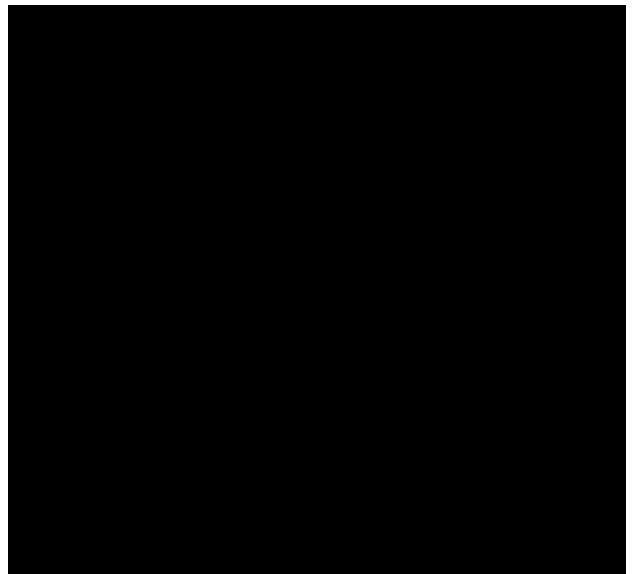
*Right:
Pete Nevius with Kent Hubbell '67, dean of the Cornell school of architecture, who was presented with a distinguished alumnus award by the international board of governors.*



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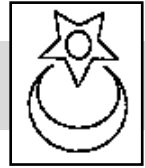


Shel Severinghaus expresses his thanks to the head of the banquet catering team that provided the best steak and lobster combo most of us had ever eaten...at least in Ithaca, New York.



The board of governors toasts the Cornell Chapter for putting on an outstanding convention.

News From Far And Near



RALPH C. WARE '47 wrote in June that he'd been entertaining his brother, Robert Jr. (University of Chicago AΔΦ '36), at his summer home in Michigan. They are the sons of the late ROBERT R. WARE '08 and nephews of the late RALPH WARE '02. Drop a line to Ralph at 4303 Hilton Head, San Antonio, TX 78217.

"CHUCK VON WRANGELL '48 and I met up at the Henley Regatta this past July," pens ROBERT N. POST '50. Fifty years earlier, Chuck had been the coach of Princeton's 150-pound crew team, which not only won in 1949 but which broke the course record, and Bob had been a member of Cornell's team, which, because of procedural snafus, did not get to row that year. Bob and Chuck met up again at Stonehenge, where the photo below was taken. For more news of Bob's travels, write to 4 Carpenter Lane, Mantoloking, NJ 08738.

After retiring from Michigan State University in 1998, MYRON M. MILLER '55 moved to North Carolina to enjoy the year-round good weather. He writes, "I've been able to golf every week since we arrived." He still does a little work in the field of

executive education for international business managers and executives, and he looks forward to taking advantage of the educational opportunities afforded by three nearby universities. Through the years Myron has stayed in touch with DICK GAZLEY '54, and not long ago he enjoyed dinner in Ithaca with Ann and TOM FOULKES '52. If any Alpha Deltis want to swing a golf club in Myron's neck of the woods, look him up at 203 Stonehill Rd., Chapel Hill, NC 27516 (millerm_c@mindspring.com).

As a visiting scholar with UC-Berkeley's Institute of East Asian Studies, SHELDON R. SEVERINGHAUS '62 is busy writing a book on Mongolia's transition from communism to democracy in the 1990s. He has a home base in San Francisco (66 Cleary St., #609, San Francisco, CA 94109) but spends most of his time in Mongolia. E-mail reaches him at sheldorj@magicnet.mn.

JOHN BEEMAN '63 can be reached at Citibank, 20/F Marine Tower, 1 Pu Dong Ave., Shanghai 200120, CHINA.

The executive vice president and CFO

of Tenneco in Greenwich, Connecticut, ROBERT T. BLAKELY III '63 resides at 89 Valley Dr., Greenwich, CT 06831. His e-mail address is Bob_blakely@tenneco.com.

Darby and GERALD V. GRAGG '65 have moved to 2338 N. Greenview, #3, Chicago, IL 60614.

EMMANUEL-GEORGE VAKALO '69 is an associate professor in the University of Michigan's college of architecture and urban planning and can be reached by e-mail at egvakalo@umich.edu. He makes his home at 1035 Cedar Bend Dr., Ann Arbor, MI 48103.

We have a new address for LLOYD RICHTER '74: 4016 Foxcroft Rd., Charlotte, NC 28711.

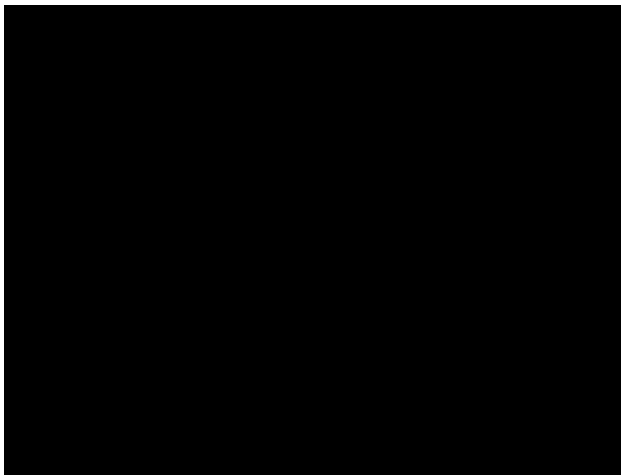
JAMES E. GIBBS '75 is the medical director of Telesis of Ohio. Send e-mail to him at jgibbs@telesis-medical.com and "snail mail" to 5 Haskell Dr., Bratenahl, OH 44108.

Drop a line to RICHARD C. CREASE '79 at 205 E. 95th St., #27J, New York, NY 10128 (richardcrease@hotmail.com).

PHILIP J. ROMERO '79 writes, "After eight years in politics (as chief economist for the governor of California), I have moved on to a real battleground: academia. In the summer of 1999 I became dean of the University of Oregon's business school. Henry Kissinger once said, 'Politics in academia are so vicious because the stakes are so small.'" Our address for Philip is 655 Goodpasture Island Rd., Eugene, OR 97401 (philromero@yahoo.com).

Write to ROBERT C. GAUT '80 at 821 N. Franklin Dr., Ardmore, OK 73401.

After receiving a master's in accounting and passing the CPA exam, DAVID M. (continued on page ten)

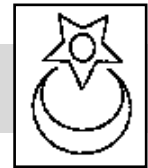


*"Two old
Alpha Deltis at
Stonehenge—
almost as old
as the stones!"
That's Bob
Post '50 on the
left and Chuck
von Wrangell
'48 on the
right.*

SEND IN YOUR NEWSFORM

The success of this newsletter depends, in part, on the participation of our alumni. Please take a moment to fill out your newsform and return it to the address on page three. Include your latest news, news of brothers with whom you've kept in touch, and maybe also one or two of your fondest Alpha Delt memories or thoughts on what the brotherhood has meant to you. We'll look forward to sharing your news in the next issue of *The Cornell Alpha Delt*.

News From Far And Near



(continued from page nine)

CROWELL '83 was surprised when the job hunt produced an offer from Supreme Corporation (a specialty truck body manufacturer) to serve as their director of engineering. "Go figure! I'm now residing in one of *Reader's Digest's* top 50 places to raise a family: Elkhart-Goshen, Indiana. If you're on your way to Chicago on I-80/I-90, give a holler." The Crowells are less than two hours east of the Windy City at 21478 Durham Way, Bristol, IN 46507, and David can be reached by e-mail at david.crowell@supremeind.com.

ROBERT W. KEMPF '83 lives at 466 Windermere Rd., Drexel Hill, PA 19026.

Writes CHARLES K. COLE '84, "After 12 years of bachelorhood in New York City, I have moved to Austin, Texas, to be with my new bride, Gretchen. Celebrating our wedding in DC in May were brothers GEORGE KENNEDY '52, TOM GIBB '84, STEVE EDWARDS '84, and KARL KIRCHNER '85. The honeymoon in Italy was absolutely wonderful." Charlie's new address is 6411 Deer Hollow Lane, Austin, TX 78750 (charcole@texas.net).

Congratulations to PHILIP S. OTIS '85 and his wife, who welcomed their second child, Erica Dale, in January. Erica joins big sister Diana (2). Phil tells us that classmate DOUG KLIMAN '85, who lives in Tucson, is also a new dad. Stay in touch with Phil at 1105 Caminante, San Clemente, CA 92673 (psotis@home.com).

"I continue to vacation in Montana with JESSE BENDER '88 and his family," reports SCOTT M. ARMSTRONG '87 (1004 Kennedy St., Falls Church, VA 22046; scotta@uu.net). "This year we were joined by FRANK MACAULAY '86 and ERIC HOERTDORFER '88. I still see GEORGE GORSKI '87 often, at least when he's not on an overseas jaunt with work. I heard a rumor via my answering machine that RICH SEEDSTADT JR. '86 was coming to town (DC) as a physician. I still can't figure out how Jesse was able to catch his wonderful wife, Heather!"

CHRIS D. OLSEN '87 reports a new address: 27215 Camden Place, Valencia, CA 91354.

Announces RAYMOND H. POTTER JR. '87, "We had our first baby, Dillon.

Dillon Ray and her mother, Lotte, are both doing well. We also have gone under contract on a house in Chappaqua, New York, on 10 West Way, and will move in soon." Ray is vice president of real estate finances with Donaldson Lufkin & Jenrette. Our most recent address for him is 200 W. 70th St., #12J, New York, NY 10023 (e-mail: rpotter@dlj.com).

Keep in touch with ERIC G. HOERT-DOERFER '88 at 147 Playstend Rd., West Medford, MA 02155.

Send greetings to SCOTT A. STEELE '89 at 333 E. 49th St., #4J, New York, NY 10017; steeles@toysrus.com.

When he wrote last spring, ERIC D. SKOLNICK '90 noted that he was finishing his fellowship in thoracic anesthesia at Brigham & Women's Hospital in Boston and would be joining the group at Washington Hospital Center during the summer. Drop him a line at 1707 South St. NW, Washington, DC 20009.

JOHN E. MAO '91 has a new job with Wilson Sonsini Goodrich & Rosati and a new address of 220 Lombard St., Apt. 216, San Francisco, CA 94111.

Lainie and CHRISTOPHER B. POTTER '91 are living in Sewickley with their new daughter, Delaney Grace, and their dog, Frisbee. Send them congratulations at 510 Sewickley Heights Dr., Sewickley, PA 15143; cbpotter@hotmail.com.

RICHARD S. HA '93 reports that he's sharing living quarters with ROBERT HOOKER '95 and BEN KOLPA '94 at 8246 Bagley Ave. N., Seattle, WA 98103. "Visitors are welcome." Send e-mail to "Ha-man" at haman@uwashington.edu.

Write to PETER J. BILFIELD '95 at 150 E. 37th St., Apt. 12C, New York, NY 10016.

YANIV BLUMENFELD '95 works for PaineWebber Securities in the associate commercial real estate group and resides at 330 E. 70th St., Apt. #5A, New York, NY 10021 (e-mail: yblumenfeld@yahoo.com).

"Architecture majors, send resumes to me at 34 High Dune Dr., Santa Rosa Beach, FL 32459," writes GEOFFREY C. CHICK JR. '96 (gfchick@ibm.net). He works for D.A.G. Architects.

Pens DANIEL J. BATIUCHOK '97, "I'm moving from New York City to San Francisco." His new address is 1472 Filburt St., Apt. #111, San Francisco, CA 94109 (dbatiuchok@hotmail.com).

Write to LEE S. MASCHLER '97 at 153 First St., Apt. #5A, Hoboken, NJ 07030; lee@superdoe.com. He notes that he is a trader at Heartland Securities with PAT SCHULTZ '95 and DAN SWEENEY '97. When he wrote, Lee was looking forward to a new roommate: JEFF BARTHOLOMEW '97.

Greet DANIEL C. SWEENEY '97 at 114 Horatio St., Apt. #415, New York, NY 10014.

"I recently took a trip to visit GREG JEFFERS '96 and his new fiancée, Erin Witer," reports TREY CONKLING '98 (207 Third St. SE, #2, Washington, DC 20003; pkfconkling@erols.com). "They are planning a spring 2000 wedding. Send your congratulations to Greg at 6 Kimball Court, Apt. #503, Woburn, MA 01801."

Stay in touch with SAMUEL S. GOICHMAN '98 at 300 E. 33rd St., Apt. #8P, New York, NY 10016.

SAVERIO W. PARLATORE '98 and his brother, SALVATORE M. PARLATORE '96, are both working in the Windy City—Sam with the Gettys Group (401 E. Illinois, Suite 401, Chicago, IL 60611; sam@gettys.com) and Sal with Nevix, Inc. (180 N. Wabash, Eighth Floor, Chicago, IL 60601; smp@nevix.com). Writes Gail Parlatore, "Both boys are doing well and loving Chicago."

DECEASED

We regret to report the death of the following alumni:

THOMAS R. ANDERSON '72,
September 19, 1998

JOSEPH I. CAMPBELL '42

PETER N. DALY '62,
April 23, 1998

LINCOLN R. SCAFE JR. '44,
December 1997