

The Cornell Alpha Delt

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Summer 2002

Chapter President Reports

Alpha Delt Is On The Rise

As my senior year unfolds and my second term as president comes to an end, I cannot help but notice that Alpha Delt at Cornell has never, in my years here, been better. Alpha Delt is on the rise with a new class of 25, outstanding sophomore motivation and leadership, and a bridge-building junior class. However, it has been the strong presence of seniors that has really made the difference and provided the direction and leadership that has been so lacking in recent years. Thus the intrinsic nature of widespread class competition coupled with highly diversified officer age and interests has energized the fraternity and facilitated positive growth.

Following last semester's progress toward an intensified approach to tradition, this year's new member education process has been restructured and revitalized. Long gone are the days of signature tasks and pointless, remedial odd jobs that do nothing more than expose fraternal stupidity and bolster claims of an ineffective and meaningless pledge education process. As such, this year's education process relies on the impetus that an informative, intensely educational approach enhances the lives of the young men and imprints the foundation that codifies the criteria for brotherhood that is essential for our well-being at 777 Stewart Avenue and beyond. I look forward to seeing and benefiting from the fruits of our labor in the fall of 2002.

One of the new events hosted this year was the Alpha Delta Phi Regional Leadership Conference that took place in late February. Among the chapters present were Union, Rochester, Pennsylvania State (affiliate), Kenyon, Hamilton,

and Toronto. Ed Donahue, the Alpha Delta Phi president, presided too, as did Cray Coppins, the Alpha Delta Phi correspondent who wanders the country rating and improving respective chapters. On top of other things, the event promoted social interaction among distant brothers, allowed for the spreading of ideas and protocol, and generally provided a forum for brothers to speak freely and openly about a number of issues including pledging, parties, and the state of the Greek system at fraternities across the U.S.

In sum, it has been my pleasure to preside over the fraternity this year. Thanks to the work of some brothers but specifically my predecessors, the university regards the Cornell Chapter of Alpha Delta Phi favorably. More personally, though, for me, Alpha Delt has illuminated the interactive spheres of relationships, management, and business and taught me how to cope with the interlocking issues and manipulate them at times. Not only do the classes below me understand, realize, and pride themselves on the fraternity's inherent fabric that stresses success, but they are ready to take the necessary steps to really push Alpha Delta Phi to the top of scholastic, social, and moral development. I look forward to watching the associate members grow and blossom into what I believe will be an exceedingly bright future for the fraternity. I recommend a visit to see for yourself.

XAIPE,
William M. R. Kendall '03
Chapter President

Around the house



AD Welcomes 25 New Members

At the start of every spring semester, Alpha Delta Phi prepares itself to recruit new members into our elite brotherhood. As a sophomore, I was excited to come back from winter break this year and participate in the rush process. I was looking forward to being on the other side of the situation after having a great time rushing last spring.

We began the week with a clean House and brothers ready to meet the potential new members. A constant flow of freshmen visited the House during the scheduled periods and seemed impressed with the House itself, the free food, and the second-to-none personalities of the brothers. After several days, we narrowed down our list of potential rushees and had formal dinners at the House prepared by the original Iron Chef, Mário Giacco.

When all was said and done, we had 25 rushees who were ready to become associate members. The brotherhood was very pleased with the results of the rush process, which produced one of the more diverse pledge classes in recent history. We are extremely excited to have our new class and are eager to see what contributions they can make to the brotherhood.

P.L. Andersen '04

An Associate Member's Education Process

For a few years now, I have wanted to join Alpha Delta Phi. My older brother is now an alumnus of the Memorial Chapter at McGill University, and I have many close friends who are Alpha Deltas there as well. I am proud to write that I am continuing this legacy as one of the "pledge captains" of the Cornell Chapter.

Before I began the process, the only thing I really knew about the Cornell Chapter was that all of the brothers were great people and that I was very impressed with the House itself. In truth, there was not much else for me to know at the time. However, as the semester has unfolded, I have been exposed to a wealth of knowledge and traditions. Everything that I force myself to know about the Alpha Delta Phi is, in my opinion, both an investment and a means to an end. However, there is more to this end than just information. I believe that there are two integral motives behind the process:

1) As associate members, it is important that we know that we have invested more than just our time. We must know that we have invested ourselves. That is something that no one can do simply by memorizing information.

2) The second reason is, in my opinion, the more important one. Among the men I am getting to know are many who will become friends for life. The difficulties that we will face together will bring us together. In rough times, it will be the fellow associate members who will step up to help one another. It will be the hardships we face together that will unite us, not only as friends, but also as brothers.

Phillip N. Dubrovsky '05

The Cornell Chapter Associate Members

Sebastian J. Colella, Norwell, MA • Phillip N. Dubrovsky, Montreal, Quebec • Miles R. Fisher, Horsham, PA • Joshua A. Goldstein, North Miami Beach, FL • Edward W. Harbes IV, Mattituck, NY • Alexander J. Holley, Tacoma Park, MD • Jeffery M. Krueger, Orchard Park, NY • Matthew S. Lazarus, New York, NY • Scott D. Litwack, Suffern, NY • Jason D. Luger, Durham, NC • James M. Marceda, Maplewood, NJ • Matthew R. McCord, Farmington, NM • James M. McCormick Jr., New Rochelle, NY • Ryan P. McGarry, Sayville, NY • Gautham V. Nagesh, Jackson, MI • Ajay G. Rajani, Sands Point, NY • Jesse L. Rodriguez, Locust Valley, NY • Andrew M. Schnitzel, Pineville, PA • Edward J. Shaheen III, St. Louis, MO • Stanley L. Sorrentino, Athens, ME • Manouchehr G. Taraz, Lake Forest, IL • Diego A. Vallarino, Panama City, Panama • John H. VanArsdale III, Bethany, CT • Alexander J. Weisbrod, Greenwich, CT • James G. Widyn, Bayville, NY

Chapter's In Good Hands

This semester I chose to take the winter semester away from Cornell's sunny slopes and venture to the nation's capital in hopes of finding my fortune. Before I left I participated in rush week in order to take part in the selection process for the future of the Cornell Chapter of ADPhi. I had met many of the rushees during events in the fall, but by the time I received the final list of those who wisely decided to accept our bids, most of the names were unknowns.

It is with these unknowns that my fear resided as I began my drive from DC to Ithaca last February for the fraternity's annual celebration of Mardi Gras. A staple of February, this party gives the brothers a chance to enjoy the Mardi Gras tradition and to welcome back those brothers who bravely traveled to New Orleans to represent our fraternity. When I arrived at the House I was pleased to find the House clean and ready for the night's festivities, but even more pleased as the new pledges came up to me to introduce themselves. Many of them knew who I was and even where I was currently studying.

Although knowledge is impressive, I always find that actions speak louder than words, so I was interested in how the pledges would handle their responsibilities when the control of the party was placed in their hands. As every brother knows, one of the hardest parts of the new member process is controlling the epic fiestas that the ADPhi throws. Whenever the general populace hears that our fraternity is opening its doors for a social gathering, lines of students wrap around the porch and down past Campus Hill Apartments, all desperately vying for a chance to enter the grandeur that is 777 Stewart Avenue. New members must monitor all the safety devices located throughout the House, as well as calm the surging crowds trying to enter.

I thought for sure that these new members would eventually be calling on the older brethren for assistance in such an arduous task. Yet they were able to contain the gathering to the designated areas and were also able to thwart the cunning deceptive attempts of local Ithacans to sneak into our establishment. When I left at the end of the night, I felt fully confident that the pledge class of 2002 will be able to take care of and respect the amazing place in which I have had the pleasure of living.

As I drove to my current home in DC, I looked forward to the chance to report to friends and alumni alike the progress of the new pledges and to alleviate any fears and suspicions about the future and strength of Cornell's most respected fraternity. I look forward to the opportunity to again travel to Ithaca to see these pledges become full brothers.

Edward C. Kuhnel '03

Alpha Delta Phi—As Close As Your Favorite Computer!



www.ADPhiCornell.org

Your Alpha Delt brothers are now just a click away! It's never been easier to strengthen ties with the Phi and reconnect with the bonds of brotherhood. Log on now to www.ADPhiCornell.org and take advantage of these easy-to-use features:

- Find long-lost brothers by searching the online member database.
- Make a gift to the House or pay your annual dues online.
- Learn about upcoming events, including Homecoming, initiation, and reunions.
- Read current and past issues of the award-winning newsletter, *The Cornell Alpha Delt*.
- Submit news items for the newsletter.
- Contact the alumni or undergraduate officers.
- Learn about the history of Alpha Delta Phi at Cornell University.
- Post messages in the discussion area.
- View historical photos of the fraternity.

Visit www.ADPhiCornell.org today and log on to the members-only section. Within 24 hours you will be sent a username and password, which you can customize for easy memorization.

The Grads Rave!

More than 150 brothers have already logged on to verify and update their information and learn more about upcoming happenings at the Phi. Here is what a few had to say:

"The web site is a great idea..."

—Theodore F. Olt '57

"I just got back from reunion, spending the weekend in the House, reliving old memories, and meeting new brothers; then I receive a letter announcing this web site—double terrific! If anyone is planning to do a reunion get-together, this will surely help. Thanks for setting this page up."

—James Arvid Brady '67

"What a wonderful resource—especially for alumni. Searched and found two former roommates. Searched and found lots of alumni in California. To whomever had the idea and to those who implemented it—thanks!"

—E. Daniel Bors Jr. '68

Give Us Your Feedback

This is your web site. It is also a work in progress. With your participation and feedback, it will get better and better. Please log on today to connect with your Alpha Delt brothers, and tell us what you think!

House Repairs Continue

The spring semester has been big for the Phi, as we welcomed 25 associate members, many drawn by the beauty and grandeur of our building and the mysteries of the lodge. This fall we expect another full House.

We are continuing the trend of projects and improvements to the House. Brothers and associates alike have put in considerable time to make 777 a better place to live and socialize. Another focus has been seeking and retaining professional assistance to ensure that the House's mechanical systems and furnishings are maintained at the highest level. This summer we will begin a program of biannual servicing (cleaning and minor repairs) of the beautiful main floor rugs, and on one recent Saturday brothers and associates hand cleaned and conditioned the main floor's complement of luxurious leather furniture.

While the active chapter supply budget has provided ample quantities of paint and supplies, there are many projects in need of additional support. The original lights in the dining room with their star and crescent pattern edges are in need of professional reconditioning, as we discovered when cleaning them and replacing the light bulbs. Some of the sockets didn't even work! Fortunately our electrician has a local tradesman who specializes in restoring antique fixtures.

Another quality-of-life improvement high on the actives' list is improved laundry facilities. Our current supplier is the same company that services the Cornell dorms. Unfortunately as of late the quality of our service has been proportional to the size of our facility, despite paying for every load. We can purchase four new commercial quality machines for around \$750 each, for a total of just over \$3,000, including some reconfiguration of the laundry room. The new machines would not charge per load, but would have their associated costs added into the room rate. Even with the lowest recent occupancy—30 brothers—we can amortize the machines in less than three years as well as provide for maintenance for no more than we pay today for usage of the machines. We are in need of startup capital either to provide one set of machines with the fees going to a replacement fund or a small loan, to be repaid with proceeds from the surcharge in rent.

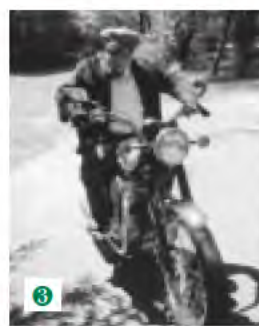
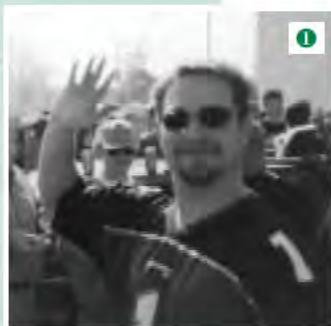
The most significant project that we hope to undertake soon will be improvements to the House bathrooms. Original to the House, the facilities have deteriorated structurally, which has affected our ability during rush to present the House as an attractive place to live. Members of the active chapter have been interviewing remodeling contractors, and this summer we hope to embark on a multi-year renovation program to bring the bathrooms into the 21st century. A specification "wish list" detailing the most modern devices and materials available is available to all interested. Contact me at gwd6@cornell.edu for a copy.

XAIPE,
George Doerre '04
House Manager

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ALPHA DELTA PH

Homecoming



1 Tom Wall '03 greets returning alumni at the tailgate party. 2 Alumni Corporation President Peter Kendall '68 congratulates E. 3 Clockwise from top left: J. J. McCormick '05; Jim McCormick '69; Doug Bond '66; Sarah Kendall; Billy Kendall's date (unidentified). 4 Reed. 5 From top left: Peter Fifield '75; Doug Smith '78; Tom Ellis '55, ACEF accountant-in-charge; Sue Ellis; Dick Wambach '53,

Peripatetic Phis



1 Former House President Mike Elliot '87 takes a break from directing his latest movie. (The fellow on the right is one of his as. 2 Undergraduate brothers and prospective rushees illustrate the generational decline in dress, decorum, and table manners.. 3 student brothers whenever alumni visit the chapter. 4 David Lazarus '01 ponders the inability of either Howie Schaff.

ACEF Doings



1 Former ACEF President Doug Smith '78 arrives for the spring meeting of the foundation driving his fund-raising "incentive" prize. 2 At the dinner following the spring trustees meeting of the Adelpic Cornell Educational Fund, ACEF President Thom Chirurg. 3 '72 and Thom Chirurg '64, both trustees of the ACEF. 4 Gordon Evans '68 with Robert Maroney '72 at Thom Chirurg's house i.

Post-Initiation Banquet



1 Jordan Tarry '02; Peter Kendall '68; and visiting brother Richard Barber (Rochester '53). 2 Peter Kendall reads from a "substa" (right) carries on his father's tradition of singing "Alouette," while Peter Fifield and Doug Smith cheer him on. 3 Joey Tucceri '01. 4 "Evil," and "

II FAMILY ALBUM



on Heinz '03 on winning the soccer game. ❸ Fred "T.E. Lawrence" Parkin '63 arrives just in time for the Homecoming cocktail party. (ed); Bill Kendall '02, House president; Peter Kendall '68. ❺ Left to right: Andrew Reed '90; unidentified; Albert Joerger '92; Alexandra (former president of the alumni corporation; Gail Kennedy (back to camera); George Kennedy '52, former VP of the alumni corporation.



stant directors—also known as an AD.) ❷ Sam Glasser '67 at Roy Sinclair's ('65) barbecue, talking to Thom Chirurg's wife, Lynne. Undergraduate House Manager George Doerre '04 proudly models the new black tie rig that the corporation has mandated be worn by '90 or Jordan Tarry '02 to correctly knot a bow tie. ❻ Friday afternoon cocktail party at the Phi during Reunion Weekend.



❷ Peter Fifield '75, treasurer of the alumni corporation, discusses the "deficiencies" of the ACEF with Foundation Trustee Doug Smith '64 asks Doug Bond '66 to give the post-prandial benediction. ❹ The Reverend Bond responds in his usual fashion. ❺ Robert Maroney San Francisco. Gordy and Shel Severinghaus '62, who took the photo, recently became members of the 1869 Society of the ACEF.



dard" pledge exam. ❸ Kyle Kuchera '01, Billy Kendall '02, Doug Bond '66, and Jordan Tarry '02 mug for the camera. ❹ Billy Kendall returns to Ithaca to interview the new initiates (and selected frosh females as well). ❻ Left to right: Messieurs "See No Evil," "Hear No Speak No Evil."

A Chromatic History Of Victory Club BY JACK JOLIS '67

Alpha Delta Phi's legendary "Victory Club" formal soirée reaches back in time over 80 years to the First World War, when fraternity members organized a gambling club to raise money for a victory loan drive in 1918. Entrance to the club was by the purchase of one or more Victory Bonds. Driven underground by Prohibition in 1918, Victory Club flourished as a speakeasy and developed its subsequent extravagant character during the "Roaring '20s." For the next 50 years, Victory Club varied in size, frequency, and exclusivity, but finally reemerged in the late 1970s with a legal gambling license.

Philanthropy, gambling, champagne, black tie, and serious fun: these fundamentals have subsequently remained constant and contribute to the enduring reputation of the Victory Club Charity Ball as quite possibly "the best party in the Ivy League."

However, the following recounting of an additional Victory Club antecedent was originally composed in 1987 at the request of Ian McMillan '89 (then Victory Club chairman and subsequently House president and a life member financial contributor to the alumni corporation). It was written by the itinerant Jack Jolis '67 but, perhaps because of concerns about possible "political correctness" ramifications at our alma mater, never appeared in print. The board of the Adelpheic Cornell Educational Fund, which has as part of its mission to support and enhance the archival function of the Cornell Chapter of Alpha Delta Phi, has decided to rectify this omission. Editing has been minimal; however, full names and class years have been added to properly indict the guilty for posterity.

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

Whenever during my global peregrinations *The Cornell Alpha Delt* catches up with me, I never fail to read it with interest. Indeed, in recent years I've been struck by the prominence given to one particular event in your social program—the Victory Club—and it occurred to me that the brotherhood might be interested to learn of its antecedence and name. As the founder of the original Victory Club, I can say with all modesty that what follows is the "straight skinny," and everyone who thinks otherwise may, as Billy Martin once had it, "kiss my petunia."

When I joined the Phi back in 1964, what you today call the Victory Club was then known as "Club 777." Now, in those days (as, I suspect, still today), the House enjoyed a bit of a social schism that pitted a self-styled "smooth" faction against a faction that didn't style itself anything at all, really, but which was known by the "smooths" as "those tit 'n' beer animals." To some degree the latter faction exerted its influence on the social calendar, but one of the big exceptions was Club 777, which was "maximum smooth" (or, as Rafael Villegas-Attolini '67 repeatedly and endearingly used to put it, "ees ereal esmood, baby, you know"). In fact, Club 777 was so smooth, what with a lot of Lester Lanoline music, champagne and wine that came from somewhere other than the Finger Lakes, and not only black tie *de rigueur* but socks as well, that it was one of the few gigs we put on that was deemed fit for faculty and parental consumption. Then, as now, it was a semi-expensive affair, with the net

proceeds going to charity.

The trouble with Club 777 was that it was as soporific as it was classy. Indeed, about the only exciting or even amusing thing I can ever remember happening at a Club 777 was the occasion when our esteemed faculty adviser, Dean Paine (ADPhi Northwestern '32), upon leaving, drove his car off the driveway and down the hill, narrowly missing that white house below us whose name escapes me just now. The Painemobile remained planted there, looking a bit like a Soviet Whiskey Class submarine "on the rocks," until the following Monday, but the dean was a pretty good old boy and managed to laugh it off.

By the time I was grooming myself to accede to the presidency (as the French say) of the House, many would have been quite happy to let Club 777 die a dignified and merciful death. As I recall, Bob Engle '65 and a few other alums put up a spirited defense in its behalf, but if they weren't alone in this endeavor, they were damn near it.

Cut now, if you will, to London in the summer of '66, where at one point I found myself in a gambling club which was not in fact called the Mayfair Rouge et Noir Club but something very similar to that. There I played a goodish bit of roulette, and although by 3:00 a.m. I was undeniably "quids out," the evening had been so convivial, what with all the fancy ladies and their filthy rich Levantine escorts, the waitresses resembling half-dressed chambermaids dispensing free drinks and sandwiches of cucumber and watercress, the thrill of the games, etc., that the next morning while nursing a hangover and wondering vaguely how I was going to negotiate the fare back to Paris, I pondered this roulette wheel and concluded that if one were the house rather than the player, one might get the best of both sides, i.e., the enjoyment plus the profits.

Back at the Phi that fall I put my scheme into motion. First, buy a roulette wheel. What I'd originally had in mind was a semi-serious wooden job, but a thorough search of Ithaca's more upscale stores yielded not only no roulette wheels, but even some gratuitous suggestions as to where I ought to be looking for one. I eventually had to settle for a Milton Bradley toy "casino" set from Woolworth's, which, along with dice and dominoes and other useless stuff, contained a dinky plastic roulette wheel about the size of a dog food dish. I like to think that I was then, as now, a man of some principle, and I must confess that this sorry excuse for a roulette wheel almost caused me to chuck the whole project. But I persevered, driven by visions of the Mayfair Rouge et Noir Club as well as the cautiously optimistic discovery that the wheel, although small and squeaky, did in fact seem to rotate well enough.

I somehow browbeat the then-House administration into allowing me to set up shop in the solarium on Wednesday evenings, after dinner. I chose Wednesdays because that was the one night in the week when dates were invited, and I figured craftily that brothers might be expected to punt more recklessly in the presence of their various bimbos than at other times. As the social chairman at the time, it wasn't difficult for me to organize a paying bar. I then figured that if I were going to be the "bank," busy selling chips, raking in the dough, and also watching out for "number counters," not to mention the cops, it would behoove me to take on a *croupier*. I chose for this role the admirable Daniel Dudek '69, a pledge of unaristocratic background but of pleasant disposition who somehow managed to combine the physical attributes of Howdy Doody and Dennis Potvin. It didn't take an unreasonably long time to teach him a reasonable

(continued on next page)

A Chromatic History Of Victory Club *(continued from previous page)*

facsimile of "*Mesdames et messieurs, faites vos jeux; rien ne vas plus!*" Finally, after Vicente Aragon '65 had passed muster on our slightly jerry-rigged "white tie and tails," Dudek and I were ready to sally forth.

All that was still needed was to give this fandango a name. Back in 1966, Cornell, like every other campus, was awash in a lot of ill-informed acrimony concerning our efforts in the now-ex Republic of Vietnam. There were, however, a few countervailing voices, including an ebullient if somewhat anarchic outfit on campus called VIVA ("Victory in Vietnam Association"). Unfortunately for the free world, VIVA was not a hugely successful or even active outfit: it consisted largely of yours truly, along with stalwart brothers like Sam Glasser '67, Dave "Fuzzy" Ryan '67, Rick Burt '69, Gordy Evans '68, the immortal Clayton Davis Wrigley '68 (Where the hell, by the way, is Wrigley?), and a couple of other knuckle-dragging kindred spirits from such houses as Chi Psi and Phi Gam. I'm sorry to say that our activities were largely confined to terrorizing the hapless peaceniks at the Watermargin cooperative dorm by stomping on their yellow daffodils and buying beers for the terminally lonely Marine recruiter, Staff Sergeant Stan Popalowski (true name, I swear) down at the Alpine Tap Room.

Anyway, when it came time to name my casino, I decided on the "Victory Club," partly as a subliminal reminder that there was at least a theoretical chance of somebody winning something, as well as a kind of vicarious tie-in with our then-strenuous national exertions against Jane Fonda's friends in North Vietnam.

The Victory Club's first Wednesday was a smashing success. Steve "Mad Doctor" Irwin '67 was the star. He left off juggling his balls (the three yellow foam rubber balls he used to carry around in his coat pocket—I mean he actually *was* a juggler) and desisted from shooting off SAE's chimney from up in the tower with his Army .45 long enough to emerge as the evening's biggest loser. But most everyone else lost a decent amount as well, and, after paying Dudek his cut, I found I'd recuperated all I'd lost that summer at the Mayfair Rouge et Noir.

Things proceeded more or less "According to Aspinall's" for a couple of weeks. I was making enough of the spare folding so that for once I could feed gas to the Old Armadillo in increments larger than 50 cents at a time, and the worthy Dudek actually went and bought himself what I believe was his first tie that didn't come pre-tied.

But then disaster struck. Not all at once, of course, but much in the fashion of a greased snowball. The problem was with the number 17; specifically, the number 17 began turning up with increasing frequency. There must have been some sort of tiny crack or depression or something in Milton Bradley's lousy plastic around number 17, because, as un-intellectual as some of us were in those days, it was not very long before the pile of chips being bet on the wretched number 17 was taking on the aspect of a Lego skyscraper. The loyal Dudek and I blanched, sweated, and quivered to our roots, but there was nothing to be done. I actually considered painting out the number 17 on the wheel and replacing it with a triple zero, but not only was this not cricket, I discovered that all the paint in the House had recently been used in the painting of Chi Psi's Saint Bernard dog.

Parlous situations such as these have a way of attaining critical mass quite on their own, and (as they are fond of saying in wire dispatches) events deteriorated rapidly. An uncharacteristically nimble mental calculation on my part told me that by the time the offending pill landed yet again on the foul number 17, my accrued indebtedness to the brothers and their censorious dates would be fast approaching, if not actually exceeding, New York City's welfare budget, so I decided to pull up stakes. Literally.

Now, I don't know how other casinos go out of business,

if they ever do—the literature on the subject is skimpy. I, however, rather instinctively felt that if it were to be done at all, it had best be done in a damn slippery manner. So, having whispered to the appalled Dudek to prepare himself for a bit of sport, I waited (not very long, I'm afraid) for the cursed ball to fall into number 17 one final time, whereupon I grabbed up the wheel, mat, chips, etc., and called out something like, "Right! That's it! Good night! Game's over! Till sometime next century! Don't call me, I'll call you! Maybe. Thanks ever so much for your loyal patronage! Have a nice day!"

The reaction from the brotherhood was not as fraternal as I, in my innocence, had hoped for. There was general astonishment, not to mention outrage, and, I'm sorry to say, dark mutterings containing allusions to incipient violence. And though I could scarcely credit my ears, I distinctly remember my great pal Irwin mentioning a good and novel use for his .45 as he descended the stairs two at a time. Aragon kept tut-tutting "Bad show, Jolis, this is very tacky; in fact my great-Aunt Cecilia would have had you shot by now," and one silly cow of a date went so far as to mention the campus police.

Most distressing, of course. But Dudek and I did not dither. Fleeing through the living room, we erupted in a somewhat Chaplinesque fashion out onto the driveway, down which Dudek made good his escape, shedding bits and pieces of Aragon's splendid white tie *déguisement* as he went. (He was to remain incognito for about eight days, at the end of which I am forced to admit that our fraternal reunion was slightly chilled by his amazed and, I felt, needlessly repeated inquiries as to why I was not languishing in somebody's slammer.)

Me, I ditched the offending so-called roulette wheel into the nearest dumpster and de-assed the area in favor of the Fall Creek House (figuring that you had to be a pretty damned rabid avenging sort of angel to go into a place like the Fall Creek House after someone—even someone like me), there to lose myself amongst its toothless denizens. By about 2:00 in the morning, having consumed enough Carling Black Label, Slim Jims, and beer nuts to keep the male population of Pittsburgh happy for about a year, and having worn a hole in "A Double Shot of My Baby's Love," which the Fall Creek House rather incredibly had in its jukebox, I was still pondering my Next Step in Life. (I was also wondering how to escape the entreaties of the large Polish gentleman who I had mistaken for a drunken Ithaca Gun Company worker but who, to my horror, had turned out to be the owner of the Fall Creek House, which he kept, with damnable persistence, trying to sell to me.)

However, I was to be saved once again—In this case by Glasser and Ryan, who came in to tell me that most, if not all, was more or less forgiven, if not quite forgotten, and that, in their considered judgement, it "would probably be cool" if I wanted to come back up to the House.

So this, children, is the true story of Victory Club and how it got its name. You can check it with Wrigley if you don't believe me. That is, if you can find him. Which, if anybody ever does, I authorize the finder to buy him a beer on my behalf. He was a great man, Wrigley. Amongst his many skills was his amazing ability to recite, in reverse alphabetical order, the 50 states plus their capitals in less than 60 seconds. He won us a lot of pitchers of beer in the Chapter House with this stunt.

Anyway, cheers, X-ray, and remember, the next time you're gaming, go for number 17.

ALUMNI WRITE

Stay in touch with WILSON T. BALLARD JR. '49 at [REDACTED]

When he wrote in March, ROBERT J. ENTENMAN '50 had just returned from a CAU trip to Tortola in the British Virgin Islands, and he was looking forward to a trip to Germany with his son, Rob, in May. Send Bob e-mail at [REDACTED] and "snail mail" at [REDACTED].

ROBERT H. RICE '51 lives at [REDACTED]

His permanent home is at [REDACTED], but GILBERT F. RANKIN JR. '55 is spending the summer at [REDACTED]. E-mail reaches him year-round at [REDACTED].

J. DAVID ROWLAND '55 reports that his grandson, James Walton, has become an AD member at the University of Wisconsin, Madison. Dave was the Cornell Chapter's delegate to Alpha Delt's 1952 international convention in Madison, and he was hoping to attend some of this year's festivities, also in Madison, with his grandson. Drop a line to Dave at [REDACTED].

Please note this new address for HENRY H. HUBBARD III '56: [REDACTED]

The president of Brandon Steel Sales Associates, DOUGLAS P. BRANDON '61 can be reached at [REDACTED].

RICHARD W. THATCHER JR. '61 and his wife, Susan, send their best to their Cornell friends. Write to Dick at [REDACTED].

PEDRO A. SANCHEZ '62 makes his home at [REDACTED].

Contact JAMES A. VAUGHN III '72 at [REDACTED].

JAMES E. GIBBS '75 reports a new address of [REDACTED].

"I recently saw JOHN TUTTLE '81, which was great," writes L. R. WATERMAN '81 [REDACTED].

"He is the president of his own firm, focused on solar technology. We also got together with Chris Nicholas (CU '81), who boarded at Alpha Delt with us the summer of 1979. Chris is with a dotcom company, focused on maps of the globe. It was wonderful to share our memories of our fun times at Alpha Delt!"

Strategic marketing manager for Centex Homes, CHARLES K. COLE '84 can be reached at [REDACTED].



Four Alpha Delts pose for a photo at an annual seminar sponsored by the Cornell Society of Engineers. Left to right: Don Read '50, past CSE director (who also holds the record for registering at all 19 CSE seminars); Robert Maroney '72, director and current CSE president; George Kennedy '52, director and past CSE treasurer; Joe McAfee '63, director and past CSE president.

JAMES T. BARRINGER '86 works for Dow Jones in Japan, licensing DJ indexes for investment products. He and his wife, Megumi, have two children, a girl and a boy—Kaede (4) and Rick (3). Send greetings to the Barringers at [REDACTED].

Write to ROB KLINEDINST '90 at [REDACTED]. Rob works for Harriman Associates in Portland.

STEPHEN SWANSON '90 resides at [REDACTED] and he can be reached by e-mail at [REDACTED].

MARK J. KEISER '96 has left Dallas to work as a research analyst at Bear Stearns in New York. His new address is [REDACTED].

Stay in touch with MICHAEL B. CREIGHTON '98 at [REDACTED] or at [REDACTED].

JASON T. AUSTIN '00 [REDACTED] has moved to [REDACTED].

"JOHN KELLY '98 and I have become close friends," writes PHILIP C. BALLARD '00 [REDACTED]. "He and I are the only two brothers out here in San Diego right now. We're having fun at the beach, bars, and local alumni events. John can be reached at [REDACTED]."

KYLE M. KUCHERA '01 works for Morgan Stanley in New York City and lives at [REDACTED]. His e-mail address is [REDACTED].

DECEASED

We regret to report the death of EDGAR W. INGRAM JR. '36 (November 10, 2001), RICHARD F. PIETSCH '26, and PAUL J. WEAVER JR. '43 (May 25, 2002).