

The Cornell Alpha Delt

First published in 1896

Summer 2004

Is It Time For A New Model At Alpha Delt?

For over 135 years, Alpha Delt has been the premier fraternity at Cornell, with our core values, ethics, codes of behavior, and traditions seamlessly handed down from class to class, and generation to generation. Somewhere along the way, however, there has been a break in the chain, and our prized cultural continuity has been compromised.

It is time to consider the possibility that changes are needed so that we may address the flaws that have emerged in our structure and not only repair them, but re-vision and reset the chapter's foundation so that our cherished institution may thrive for centuries to come.

A Clash of Cultures

In this new century, Alpha Delt faces a complex new challenge—a conflict of diametrically opposed values and cultures. In a gradual fashion, something has happened in America that has resulted in a new “ethic,” albeit one of the lowest common denominator, establishing itself among young people of all social backgrounds. This new standard is morally ambivalent. The ethic seems to be something along the lines of, “If you can get away with it, go for it.” Or, “Only chumps play by the rules.”

Once upon a time, Alpha Delt regularly taught young men *how* to be gentlemen. Today, those paths of cultural sophistication and civility are competing with the subversive idea that, “Gentlemen don't get caught.” As a result, the popular impression of 21st century fraternity undergraduates is that the young men show disdain toward authority, rules, and non-fraternity students. They exhibit a lack of accountability. There are widespread accounts of alcohol abuse, drug abuse, sloppy dress, surly behavior, and a callous disregard to the cleanliness and appearance of their houses.

Is Alpha Delt still “a cut above the rest?” Our fraternity was founded as a literary society. Traditionally, our members have also liked to have a good time, but they did so responsibly. Today, more than ever, we battle the perception—from the outside—that the fraternities are party houses for the privileged.

Alpha Delt alumni are proud of the fact that our fraternity is the place where they learned how to dance, how to balance a checkbook, how to work out a budget, how to make a martini

how to sing harmony, how to settle disputes between antagonists, how to deal with emergencies, how to negotiate with contractors, how to seduce, and how to become men.

But what do we see the brothers learning from each other now? How to stay in one's room alone—playing video games and viewing adult entertainment, how to buy beer on credit and never pay, and how to mimic the speech and manner-

isms of urban gangsters who extol violence and sexism. True, this is a national problem, but it has become our problem too. This new “culture” has entered our house and has gradually altered the character of the active brotherhood at Alpha Delt at Cornell. One symptom of this is increasing alienation between undergraduates and the alumni.

Here the alumni can take some responsibility. For there is no longer enough direct alumni involvement, at all levels, in guiding and supporting the house and the active brothers. More, and better, interaction with the undergrads is needed. Very few alumni have been willing to participate in “sweat equity,” getting their hands dirty or dealing with house issues or personalities directly. We have depended for too long on the creativity and energy of a small few. There is a cadre of wealthy guys who are willing to sign checks, and we are profoundly grateful for this support, but this has not built relational trust between alumni and the active undergraduate brothers.

We do need change, but the nature of the change has to be in line with the time-tested values of Alpha Delt and flexible enough to still allow a robust and interesting membership.

An Opportunity for Alpha Delt

Alumni want the undergraduate members to be proud of Alpha Delt membership and to honestly reflect the values and traditions of the fraternity.

We need a paradigm shift—a basic change in our operating program. A cultural change is needed to transform existing pathologies from the inside out.

We need to cultivate an environment of enrichment instead of maintaining the failing “laissez faire” attitude of alumni toward the brothers, only intervening after a crisis.



The Eells Obelisk at Hamilton College.

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THE CORNELL ALPHA DELT

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A New Model At Alpha Delt

(continued from page one)

Our goal should be to develop and implement a new model for a modern undergraduate fraternity—replacing the existing inadequate financial plan and questionable moral commitment by undergrads with a new standard of personal commitment and a new management structure. The new model should allow the undergraduate members to continue to be self-policing and self-managed, but effectively.

New Approaches

Should we change the way we recruit and select new members? Some think that rush culture must change from simply *accepting* those willing and financially viable members who happen to show up—just like the other fraternities do. If we were to modify the rush process, this might include using stricter criteria, more complex applications and more thorough vetting procedures. In general we must choose new members who care about quality, self-respect, respect for others, respect for the community at large, and the Cornell community outside of Alpha Delt.

Another possibility, with proper funding, would be to eliminate rush entirely and shift the enlistment process to an admissions board or manager. Under such a plan, Alpha Delt would recruit from among Cornell freshmen, 10 to 20 new members per year—based on merit, personality, career goals, and willingness to make a serious commitment to the fraternity. The new members might be offered free room and board at Alpha Delt for three years. In exchange for this incredible opportunity, new members would pledge to obey and live by the personal and social codes of conduct and ethics specifically outlined in a new member guidebook. Moreover, they would commit themselves to philanthropy and community outreach, and to being ambassadors or representatives to Cornell of the values of Alpha Delt, displaying the traditional positive role model characteristics that once typified Greek membership.

In the meantime, mentoring programs should be created that will allow student members to benefit from the wisdom and experience of older Alpha Delt actives and alumni. We might match up alumni and undergrads with similar career interests. This not only would benefit the students, but would also increase the involvement and commitment of the Alpha Delt alums. We do have a strong communications plan, with an excellent newsletter and website, and are blessed with a significant donor base. However, we have not developed a network of alumni to take an active interest in affairs at the house regarding the physical plant itself, the activities of the brothers, and policy matters. Alumni must take responsibility for this and include the development of hands-on alumni/actives relations as a critical priority.

Community activities must be emphasized for several reasons. First and

(continued on page three)

Fall 2004 Undergraduate Officers

President..... Bill Kaser '05

Vice President..... Zach Jones '06

Treasurer..... John Zirinsky '06

Steward..... Dan Kaiser '07

Social Chair..... Matt Saltzman '06

House Man..... Andrew Melvin '07

Asst. Treasurer..... Pat Kavanagh '07

Rush Chair..... Ben Buchanan '06

Victory Club..... James Widyn '05

Asst. Rush..... Jordan Wells '07

Asst. Social..... Cyrus Woolard '07

Asst. House Man..... Tom Reilly '07

Asst. Steward..... Nolan Rogers '07

Philanthropy..... Jordan Wells '07

Anthony Biddle '07

Literary & Technology Chair

Kevin Barmish '07

Alumni Relations... James Marceda '05

A New Model At Alpha Delt

(continued from page two)

foremost, philanthropy and outreach must exist sincerely—for the benefit of those assisted and for the nurturing of humanitarian values in the volunteers. Second, these activities project a favorable image for the fraternity—one of fostering caring and responsible citizens through high school student tutoring, and projects that benefit local hospitals, charities, or humanitarian organizations.

A Call to Action

Having analyzed some of the core issues and problems facing Alpha Delt, we must follow through with action. But why should we embark on such a challenging initiative at this time? We are taking on this task because the future of Alpha Delta Phi hangs in the balance. We are guaranteeing a continuance and renaissance of this institution of which we are so proud. We must create a means through which our unique traditions can survive and thrive and serve for upcoming generations.

Moreover, we have a commitment to training men, not only for their own benefit, but also for the benefit of our legacy. Our dedication to this enterprise is more relevant than ever. Left alone, a house will not renew itself. We must courageously cast light into dark corners. We must not ignore our responsibility and through inaction allow unwanted cultures to incubate, such as misogyny or mindless hedonism.

We must pay attention to the big picture while retaining

our focus on the important small details. Civility, generosity, and compassion need to return to our halls—but this will not happen by wishing for a miracle. It will occur because we make up our minds to make it happen.

In an age of “Me, Myself, and I” we must reintroduce and emphasize the importance of *We*. From the many isolated parts, we are endeavoring to create a consistent whole—to bring young brothers into Brotherhood. And this has meaning and relevance beyond our walls. The college fraternity is actually one of the last opportunities a student will have to participate in a truly democratic institution, and experience the democratic process. They will not find similar all-for-one environments in their corporations, or even in their families. If we don’t keep the experience of grassroots participatory democracy alive, who will? If we don’t address the situation at the lodge, we will have let slip through our fingers the huge investment of time, money, and emotion that we all have put into our fraternity. We cannot abandon the core principles of Alpha Delt.

This is the time for us to remember our own experience and, once and for all, secure the future of Alpha Delta Phi.

XAIPE,
Howie Schaffer '90
President, Board of Directors
Alpha Delta Phi at Cornell, Inc.

HOMECOMING 2004 at Alpha Delta Phi & Cornell

clover



SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15, 2004

- 9:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m. — ACEF board of trustees semiannual meeting, Harvard Room, Statler Hotel
- 6:00-8:00 p.m. — Cocktails in the Great Hall

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 2004

- 9:00-9:30 a.m. — House corp. annual meeting in the library
- 9:30 a.m.-noon — House corp. board of directors meeting in the library
- 11:30 a.m. — Tailgate on Kite Hill
- 1:00 p.m. — Football kickoff, Cornell vs. Colgate
- 5:00 p.m. — ACEF annual corporation meeting
- 6:30 p.m. — Reception at Alpha Delt
(Undergrad brothers will lead house tours for alumni brothers and their guests.)
- 7:30 p.m. — 135th Alpha Delta Phi Homecoming Banquet
- 10:00 p.m. — Music and dancing in the Great Hall

Renew your acquaintance with alumni from your era, meet the undergraduates, tour the chapter house, and see what's new around campus! If you plan to come, please return the enclosed reservation card.

Listening To The Music Of Time

*John E. Minahan Jr. '59 wrote 22 books and influenced many people, through his writing and his friendships, during a relatively short life. At Cornell during 1956-58, he joined Alpha Delta Phi and impressed his many friends by his careful choice of words—and his wardrobe. He continued his education at Harvard and Columbia and later entered a writing career that was highlighted by a Doubleday award for one of his novels. John died in April 2002 at age 68 in Palm Springs, California. True to the Alpha Delt tradition, he leaves a rich literary heritage. To celebrate our 45th reunion this past June, the Class of 1959 donated an Alpha Delt songbook from the 1860s to the Alpha Delta Phi Collection at Kroch Library. In addition, we donated a copy of John Minahan's autobiography, *The Music of Time (Writer's Showcase: Lincoln, Nebraska & New York, 2001)*. Thanks to Howie Schaffer '90 for selecting and typing the following extended series of excerpts from John's fine memoir.*

Dan Hall '59

When I applied to Cornell in 1955, I was attracted by the substantial financial incentives offered by the few state schools there. If you were a resident of New York State, you were eligible to receive the equivalent of a four-year, full-tuition scholarship. Naturally, only a small group of students were accepted in those schools every year and the competition for those coveted places was positively incredible, particularly from residents of New York City. I had absolutely no illusions. I was competing with the best and brightest kids in the entire state. On top of that, I was applying as a transfer student, which I believed would be a distinct disadvantage. Still, I had maintained a straight-A average for more than two years in a highly regarded private college. I submitted my formal application to the New York State School of Industrial and Labor Relations (ILR) in October 1955.

On Friday, April 20, 1956, I finally received a letter from the admissions office at Cornell. And I recall sitting on the couch in my family's living room and opening the envelope with extreme care, as if it contained gold. In a sense, it did. It was literally worth its weight in gold. That letter is on my desk now as I write, its conservative red insignia engraved, its watermarked paper still pristine after forty-four years.

One memory jumps to mind about classes at Cornell: All male students wore coats and ties to all classes and so did all faculty members, girls dressed appropriately. There wasn't anything remotely resembling a dress code, you just did it, period. You did it out of respect for all other students.

At Cornell in 1956, the fifty-six fraternities at the university all honored a moratorium period of one semester for new students before they were allowed to begin rushing. In the spring semester, 1957, I was contacted and rushed by several houses, including the two that were generally considered to be the best, Psi U and Alpha Delta Phi. As I recall, rushing went on for about six weeks, and I had narrowed the field to those two houses. Here's a page I wrote one night, exact date unknown:

That night at 10:30, Ed Vant came to my room and told me that Psi U had turned me down. He was actually shaking when he said it: "It's just your whole make-up, John. You aren't the rah-rah

kind of person that the sophomores are. You're one of the most sincere guys I've ever known. I don't know how to say it—you just wouldn't have fit in with them."

That's what he said. I thanked him and all that, and he left my room telling me that he was my friend and that I was welcome at the house any time for cocktail parties and stuff like that. We shook hands and I shut the door and went to my desk and sat down. I thought about it for a while. Then I went down the hall and took a shower and went to bed. It had been a long day.

The guys at Alpha Delt were delighted when I accepted their offer. We went up to the house and celebrated. By any objective comparison, their house at 777 Stewart Avenue is the most beautiful at Cornell. Nothing else comes even close. Top of the hill, English Gothic architecture, ivy climbing the walls, a chapter house with secret underground passageway. Standing out on the flagstone terrace, the chimes of the Libe Tower sounded sharp and distinctive, floating over the campus, echoing over lawns of scattered wet leaves in that crisp autumn air.

On Friday, December 6, 1957, my mother finally died of cancer. She was only fifty-seven years old. I left Cornell immediately and returned home to join my father and sisters. Cornell was never the same for me then. When I returned in early January 1958, after Christmas vacation, I didn't have the same enthusiasm for the ILR curriculum or its faculty because I suspected that, eventually, I would not decide to go into that field. In fact, the more I learned about industrial and labor relations and the role that I might play, the more the prospect became a disincentive. Of course, I had other activities that held my interest and one of them was my fraternity. To give you an example of how extremely selective the chapter at Alpha Delta Phi was that year, I was the one and *only* individual who was offered the opportunity to pledge that house. Seems extraordinary in such a large university, I know, but it was a fact. I was the pledge "class." I genuinely enjoyed the whole experience. I had sixty-four brothers then and I can honestly say that I liked every one of them. As part of the routine pledging process, I had to memorize the faces, full names, and hometowns of every brother. Today, as I look at our informal group photo in the yearbook, the 1958 *Cornellian*, with our English Gothic house behind us, it still gives me a good feeling. And, incredible as this may seem to you, I still know all of their names and faces after all these years, although I've forgotten many of their hometowns.

Now I'll tell you about a certain mystery wrapped in a riddle inside an enigma. As a critical part of my initiation, I had to memorize every word of our secret fraternity song—and the song is in *Greek*. On the night of my initiation, David Brown '58, my "Big Brother," handed me a sheet of paper filled with words that I had never seen or heard before—complete gobbledygook. He told me to memorize the words, to sing them to the melody of a certain familiar

(continued on page five)

The Music Of Time

(continued from page four)

anthem, which he hummed several times, and gave me a warning: If I failed this assignment, I would not be initiated. All the words were spelled out *phonetically* from the original Greek pronunciation. Well, I thought that was total nonsense and I told him. I said it was virtually impossible to memorize gibberish in only a couple hours. I told him that if my brotherhood depended on memorizing all the lines of a Greek song phonetically, if that was it, then the brotherhood wasn't worth anything. Not in those words, of course, I recall throwing in a few earthy phrases. Dave was a no-nonsense type kid, a senior, about twenty-one, so he threw those phrases back at me fast and added a few of his own. The assignment was nonnegotiable. Memorize the song or else. Period.

Well, I tried hard, very hard, but I couldn't memorize that Greek song to save my ass. At least, I didn't think I could. The rest of that night is still a blur. I'd had nothing to eat, nothing to drink, and I was sitting on the wooden floor of a large but dimly lighted closet, starting to fall asleep. The next thing I knew, I was standing in the domed old chapter house itself, illuminated by hundreds of candles, surrounded by sixty-four brothers. When I realized that I was the focus of a formal initiation ceremony, I felt terribly ashamed of myself. The truth was that I had failed them all. Obviously, they had decided to go ahead with the ceremony anyway, to go through the routine and not embarrass me, but it would be a sham. After the ceremony, which I will not reveal, the brothers "celebrated" the occasion in the big dining room of the house. I was told to stand up in front of the brotherhood (all seated at the large V-shaped dining table with the president at the apex), and chug-a-lug three strong whiskey sours in rapid succession. All in fairly large glasses. On a completely empty stomach. I remember doing that gladly.

I was still living in my dorm room, of course, so Dave Brown and another brother walked me (held me up as I walked) back to my room in McFaddin Hall. I must have unlocked the door for them. They got me into the single bed, somehow managed to undress me, put me to bed, then left and shut the door. I must have fallen into a very deep sleep.

Next morning, I was shaving at a sink in the common bathroom when this kid walked over to me. I glanced at him in the mirror. He was the student in the room just down the hall from mine. He looked very concerned. He asked me if I was all right. "Just a headache," I told him. "I was—out late last night."

He nodded. "I guess you don't remember much about last night."

"No, I don't, I was pretty smashed."

"You knocked on my door about three o'clock," he said solemnly. "Actually, you were scratching on it and groaning."

"Oh, my God."

"When I snapped on the lamp and opened the door, you shoved me aside fast, went straight to my closet door, opened it, and pissed all over my clothes and shoes. You were stark naked. You must've had a lot to drink. I mean, it was a *wicked* piss."

"Oh, my—God."

"I wasn't sure who you were, it was kind of dark. Anyway, I helped you back in the hall and then I took you into the bathroom, that's next door to my room. I sat you on one of the toilet seats in the stalls. I didn't know what else to do. I was half asleep."

"Oh, listen, I'm sorry, I'll pay for any—"

"Then I woke up about four-thirty and started wondering if you were okay in there. So I got up and went in the bathroom. You were stretched out on the floor under the door of the stall. Anyway, I recognized you then, I got you standing,

and I led you back to your room. You sure you're all right? You didn't hit your head or anything?" I assured him that I was okay, apologized again, thanked him for his help, and offered to pay for all his cleaning bills. He said he'd let me know, but I never heard from the kid again. I remember I was so embarrassed I couldn't look him in the eyes. I tried to visualize what he'd told me. Today, I still shut my eyes tightly when I think about it.

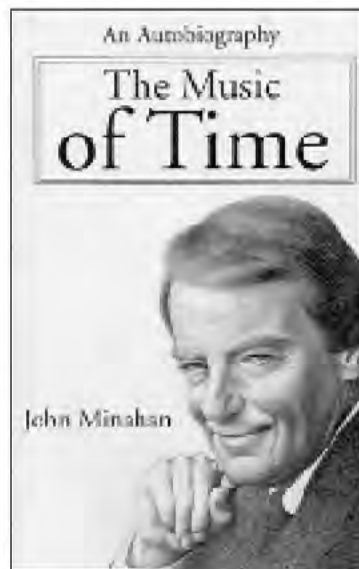
After classes that morning, I went up to the house for lunch. My hangover-headache was gone by then, thanks to the incredible resiliency of my youth, but I still didn't know if I had actually been initiated. Still, I was wearing my new pin on the lapel of my blazer, where our president, Ben Park '57, had pinned it the night before, glistening with its star-and-crescent symbol, the three Greek letters, the founding year, 1832, and, on the

back, my initials engraved in gold with my class year, '59.

Dave Brown saw me in the kitchen, came over smiling, and shook my hand. "Brother John," he said warmly, "will you sing me the song?"

I sang the song softly, all the phonetic words pronounced correctly, no hesitation. At first, I couldn't believe what I was hearing. It was the first time, to the very best of my knowledge. You learn what the words mean later, but at the time that you try to memorize them phonetically, under severestress, all you really know is that everything depends on your success. Today, in the summer of 2000, more than 168 years have passed since the founding of Alpha Delta Phi by Samuel Eells at Hamilton College in 1832, and more than 131 years have gone by since the Cornell Chapter was established in 1869. Hundreds of thousands of young men have been subjected to the enigma of this particular rite of initiation into Alpha Delta Phi. Virtually all of them woke up the next morning to discover what had been exposed in their memory B-cells, the agents of lasting immunity.

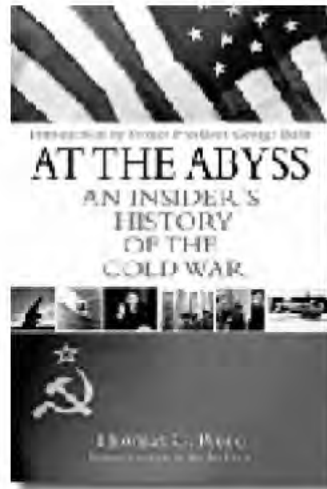
Lasting? I'm sixty-seven years old as I write these words. I was initiated forty-two years ago. I can still sing the song perfectly today.



Peeking Behind The Iron Curtain At The End Of The Cold War

I heartily recommend the new book by Thomas C. Reed '55, *At The Abyss, An Insider's History Of The Cold War*. You are very much aware of the fact that you know the guy that wrote it, as he reverts to the old T.C. we know several times, mostly as asides. It was clear that Tom has led a fascinating life and it is also clear that his contributions to our nation are immense, far larger than I had known.

He tells the story of how a small clique of former Reagan insiders, who had become outsiders, publicly devised and implemented a strategy to *win* the cold war, not to just continue *détente*. The result took place under George Bush, but the groundwork was laid under Reagan and was done largely covertly with the exception that the



massive build up in military strength was obvious to anyone. Reagan's propensity to act covertly eventually got him into trouble; by his second term, his wise old heads, Tom included, had been done in by Nancy's team of pin-stripe-suited people, and Ollie North ran free.

It is basically a very positive and upbeat book—the major thrust is how close we came to Armageddon and how thankful Tom is that cooler heads prevailed on both sides during periods of crisis. It is not bedtime reading; I lay awake several nights contemplating what might have been. Congrats and thanks to Tom.

Ted Olt '57
tolt6635@mchsi.com

Cornell Alpha Delt Wins Second Prize In Alpha Delta Phi International Literary Contest

Donald R. Johnson III '04 was recently awarded second prize in poetry at a literary competition held at the Alpha Delta Phi International 172nd Convention and Leadership Training Conference in Anaheim, California. Johnson's poem "The Sound of an Economic Boost," was chosen from among 127 overall entries from 13 chapters

of Alpha Delta Phi. He will be awarded a \$100 prize and a certificate at the 135th Cornell Alpha Delta Phi Homecoming Banquet in Ithaca, New York, on Saturday, October 16, 2004. His \$100 prize will be matched by the trustees of the Adelpic Cornell Educational Fund.

Congratulations to Brother Johnson!

Sound of an Economic Boost

One thousand nine hundred and fifty American senior citizens
streamed onto the Ecuadorian coast when the Infinity cruise liner arrived.
They were prepared and anxious to spend.

The people of Manta were taken by surprise. Seven hours let
the old gringitos buy out the town, leaving behind three hundred thousand dollars
(all in double-digit bills)
and seven hundred silver strands of hair
(the odor of each a different foreign shampoo).

When they were gone, the clitter-clatter
of their canes and walkers echoed for days.
The noise became more pleasant as each hour passed,
slowly morphing into the well-tuned sound of bells and finally,
before it silenced for good,
it sounded like the flapping of large white wings.

Donald Johnson '04

Reflections Upon Graduating

It's difficult being a January freshman. By the time you arrive in Ithaca, the dead of winter has taken its stranglehold over Tompkins County and campus is largely deserted. Few students are back in the dormitories—only the athletes who have begun preseason training and those Cornell students who have opted to partake in rush activities. And then there are the hundred or so J-frosh. My deferred entrance onto East Hill was met with some trepidation—were the stories of Cornell's competitiveness true, would it be difficult to meet friends, where would my niche be? And then I found it.

You see, Orientation Week for J-frosh coincides with Rush Week for the University's Greek system. And even though it was difficult for me to determine which fraternity—if any—I'd join, it was my presumption that just experiencing Greek life first hand would be worthwhile in itself. Come the end of the week, well-dressed members of various fraternities visited me in my dorm room, speaking openly and candidly about the Greek system and addressing honestly my questions and concerns. And with little other thought then, my mind was set. I'd join the ranks and become a Cornell Greek.

Upon becoming an active Alpha Delt brother and fully realizing the numerous advantages Cornell's Greek system provides to its members, it became my mission to educate and spread the good Greeks were doing. Because just like at times it's difficult being a January freshman, it's also sometimes difficult being a Cornell Greek. Certain individuals have very strict preconceived notions of what stereotypical Greeks do: they drink, they party, they cheat, they hate "independents." And it became quite clear to me early on that this was just not the case, and something had to be done.

In Alpha Delt, it became my goal to organize and chair the Victory Club Charity Ball, a biannual black-tie gala event with legal gambling benefiting local community charities like Loaves & Fishes and the Ithaca Police Department. After only one semester, my passion to run VC was realized by others, and my fellow fraternity brothers voted me with confidence into the position. It was difficult to say the least. But with time, diligence, and leadership, the Victory Club board was able to turn around a nearly bankrupt event into one of the largest fundraisers Cornell's Greek system has ever seen.

My interest in educating students and ensuring the future of Alpha Delt and Cornell's Greek system led me to become my fraternity's rush chair in 2003. Again, it was not easy—managing and allotting a \$14,000 budget, organizing a week's worth of events in January, establishing a house voting protocol and procedure. But it was not without its rewards either: we recruited 18 bright, intelligent, motivated Cornellians: the future of Alpha Delt. It made me proud.

Although I've opted not to pursue leadership positions beyond my chapter, in my other extracurricular commitments—in particular as managing editor of *The Cornell Daily Sun*—I've shown a dedicated commitment to the system at large. During my tenure, *The Sun* has substantially increased its coverage of the Greek system, with

articles ranging from daily rush week reports to coverage and publicity of philanthropy events. Increased coverage has meant increased staffing, as *The Sun* now has two beat reporters dedicated exclusively to covering Greeks. I've taken a personal interest in ensuring complete and accurate coverage through weekly meetings with close friend of mine, Mike Taylor, a Sigma Pi brother and Interfraternity Council vice president of university and community relations. Using my position at *The Sun*, I've then been able to further my mission to educate those around me of the Greek system and the many positive activities and events its members are undertaking.

Reflecting on my time at Cornell, it's difficult for me to even fathom where I'd be if, as a timid J-frosh, I'd opted not to go Greek. What would've been my home? Who would've become my friends? What would have been my involvement, my rallying cause? It's hard to say. In my guidebook on the Ivy League, to be published by College Prowler this spring, I've ranked Cornell's Greek system not only the strongest among its Ivy peers but one of the most influential nationwide. And with good reason. Alpha Delt and Cornell's Greek system have largely shaped me into the man I am today. For this I'm grateful.

Marc Zawel '04

Marc Zawel '04 is a freelance writer, editor, and journalist. Currently, he is living back at home, trying to spend as much of the summer lounging poolside, while completing his guidebook on the Ivy League to be published in 2005. Marc can be reached via his website at www.marczawel.com.



Storytelling After Initiation.

Marc Zawel '04, left, and Matt Lazarus '05, right, regale new brothers with stories from an event-filled weekend.

Alpha Delt Board Meets In New York City



From l. to r.: Randy Bus '68, Drew Butler '02, and John Golder '83 listen to undergraduate officer reports at the winter 2004 board meeting in New York City.



From l. to r.: Josh Goldstein '05, Matt McCord '05, Todd Slotkin '74, and Jim McCormick '69 listen to Randy Bus '68 give a presentation on progress on the McGraw Place Renovation Project.



From l. to r.: Todd Slotkin '74, Jim McCormick '69, John Dyson '65, and Ken Growney '82 read the report of George Doerre '04 concerning construction in the basement of the Phi.

Reunion 2004



Howie Schaffer '90 addresses the attendees of Reunion 2004.



The Sherwoods sing at Reunion 2004.

Scenes From Initiation 2004



Behind the Scenes at Initiation. *Legendary Alpha Delt cook, Mario Giacco, rallies the steward, Zachary Jones '06, and his assistants in preparing and serving a culinary extravaganza. Supervising the work are Gautham Nagesh '05 and Bill Kaser '06.*



Rich Seestedt '86, right, and Howie Schaffer '90, center, examine the qualifications of neophytes at the formal Initiation.



Preparing the Glasses for Toasting. *Past Undergraduate President Joshua Goldstein '05 and Assistant Rush Chairman James Marceda '05 inspect the refilling of glasses in preparation for a toast at Initiation 2004.*



Pledgemaster Says Farewell to His Pledges. *Pledgemaster Ryan Welner '04, center, prepares to raise a glass in tribute to his newly initiated brothers.*



From l. to r., Ken Grouney '82 shares bottles from his wine cellar at the Initiation banquet with David Givens '82, Howie Schaffer '90, and Doug Smith '78.



Legacies Continue at Alpha Delt. *David Ryan '67 celebrates with his newly initiated son, Hunter Ryan '07.*

Brother Reilly's Initiation Charge

Brothers, hear me . . .

We are gathered here this evening, in this cherished and historic lodge, to welcome a new group of brothers to our ranks.

Those among you who are undergraduates, living fully the rich life of an Alpha Delt at Cornell, men exuberantly caught up (as you should be) in your college years, may not yet fully realize the strength of the ties that bind us.

Nearly forty years ago, I too stood in this room as a newly initiated brother . . . exhausted, bewildered, joyous, and proud. It is a great honor for me to speak briefly to you as part of this ceremony, to make some modest effort to give you a sense for how important this fraternity will remain for you. It is especially memorable to do so when my son, Thomas, is among the new initiates.

In the nearly four decades that have passed since I joined Alpha Delta Phi, friendships begun in this house on this hill have remained strong. I met the best friends I have ever had here.

Look for a moment around the room so full with so many men with so much talent and so much promise. As was true in my time, so it will be in yours. In this room are the best friends you will ever know. Some of you will be the best man at a brother's wedding, some of you will be godfathers to a brother's child. Many of you will cheer silently as others triumph in the world. Many decades hence, some of you will mourn the deaths of others.

I am well aware of the chasm that yawns between an older man and younger men when the one seeks to advise the others. Yet, this occasion calls for a challenge and a charge.

I ask you to consider this question: How do you take the measure of a man? Is it his fair countenance that matters most? His prowess at sports? His intellect? His wry humor? His good fellowship? I think none of these offers real insight into the nature of a man. Fair countenance is an accident of birth that fades. Athletic prowess is to be admired, but there are many athletes who conduct themselves on and off the field in shameful ways. Intellect is to be highly regarded, but we have seen all too often that smart men do channel their skills in unethical and illegal ways. In our battered world, humor is good medicine. But humor is easy to project in the halls of college; it is much harder to be good humored in enduring life's inevitable adversities. Good fellowship is also to be highly valued, but it is rarely tested so we often can not know its depths.

The measure of a man is in his integrity. Does he stand by his values, when by merely bending them he could walk an easier path or gain greater fortune? Does he teach quietly and consistently each day by example? Does he respect not only those to whom he has close ties, but all humankind. Is his goal to better himself or is it to better the world?

I urge you to learn how to take the measure of the men and women in your generation. I charge you to be the men that others take as the template to measure integrity. Go out into the world and do good, but be great!

Thank you and congratulations!
Philip R. Reilly '69



*Two generations of Alpha Deltas:
Tom Reilly '07 and his dad,
Phil Reilly '69.*



*Tom Reilly '07 is roasted
during the Initiation banquet.*



*David Ryan '67 and
Philip Reilly '69
recall memories
in front of the
Brothers-in-Arms statue.*

"Some of you may feel that fraternities are an anachronism and have no place in this day and age. The trustees feel that Alpha Delta Phi is more important today in the University community than it ever has been in the past. Alpha Delta Phi still offers a place where human values can be learned in an experience of mutually responsible living. Thus, it offers an important preparation for life as well as a friendly stimulus to make the most of one's self within the impersonality of a large, modern university. If you remember only the parties and the comparative luxury of the Alpha Delta Phi life style years ago, be prepared to see a broader and more serious life style today. Now fraternities offer an interesting and valuable alternative to dormitory or apartment living or to group living that is associated with some ideological cause. I know that many of you have reacted adversely to some of the recent Cornell administrative policies and have extended your dissatisfaction to the fraternity, but, remember, our years in the House were subsidized by the Alumni corporation and now, it is only fair, that it is our turn."

James E. Rice Jr. '30
Secretary-Treasurer Emeritus, Alpha Delta Phi
at Cornell University

Excerpt from a letter to the alumni on September 8, 1972

News From Our Alumni

GEORGE M. KENNEDY '52 has a new address: [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] Send e-mail to [REDACTED]

A new book by THOMAS C. REED '55 has been published: *At the Abyss: An Insider's History of the Cold War*. The book features an introduction by former President George H. W. Bush. Tom is a former secretary of the U.S. Air Force, having served under Presidents Ford and Carter; special assistant to President Reagan for national security policy; and consultant to the director of Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory overseeing the design of thermonuclear devices. Tom's address is [REDACTED]

DANIEL W. HALL '59 writes, "To Howie and all the brothers, thanks for the fine reception during this year's reunions. The atmosphere was just like the old days and the music was fine, as usual." Write to Dan at [REDACTED] e-mail to [REDACTED]

RICHARD W. THATCHER JR. '60 is managing director of Fairmount Partners, an independent investment banking firm in West Conshohocken, Pennsylvania. Drop him a line at [REDACTED]

"On a recent road trip south, Wanda and I enjoyed the warm hospitality of Kathy and STAN CRAMER '61 at their home in Ponte Vedra Beach, Florida," writes BERNARD F. ILIFF '61. "Stan grilled a butterflied leg of lamb to perfection outdoors, in spite of the rain storm." Bernie lives at [REDACTED] and e-mail reaches him at [REDACTED]

FREDERICK H. PARKIN JR. '63 and his wife, Wendy, enjoyed dining at the Litchfield Country Club with JOHN-NY BEEMAN '63 and his wife, Sandra. During their meal, TOM WITHERSPOON '69 stopped by the table for a visit. Fred's address is [REDACTED]

Please note this new address for GERALD V. GRAGG '65: [REDACTED]

Independent consultant LEROY L. LITTLE '69 can be reached at [REDACTED]

DOUGLAS A. JIMERSON '73 writes, "For the past 20 years I have been overwhelmed running two businesses, fulfilling a joyful marriage, and raising a family of three girls, one of whom is thriving in her freshman year at Cornell. A few years ago, I was able to locate a new grand piano for the house, as I had in my student years, and to help pay for the acquisition. As life moves to a new chapter for me, I am very interested in connecting again with Alpha Delt. Stay in touch with Doug at [REDACTED]; e-mail to [REDACTED]"

THOMAS M. ROTHFELS '77 recently took over the job as president and CEO of Knighthawk Inc. "to help with a badly needed restructuring. The company is in the transportation business; we own a fleet of cargo jets, and we own and operate a railroad. On the personal side, I continue to wonder why I am living in Toronto with all of this snow and cold weather, but with all four kids heavily involved in winter sports (three in hockey, one in competitive figure skating), I guess we will be here for a while." Contact Tom at [REDACTED]

VICTOR O. SCHWARTZ '80 has a new address: [REDACTED]

JOEL E. "Jed" GREER '85 receives mail at [REDACTED]

"I got together about a month back with MIKE ELLIOTT '87 in Los Angeles," JAMES T. BARRINGER '86 wrote in April. "Mike is a prolific producer in Hollywood, and he brought me to a movie premiere and post-film show. With TV, recording, and movie stars about, you couldn't have asked for a more Hollywood experience." Jim also got together with SCOTT ARMSTRONG '87 some months earlier in Washington, DC. Jim and his wife, Meg, and their two kids, Ricky (5) and Kaede (6), make their home at [REDACTED] and e-mail reaches Jim at [REDACTED]

PHILIP E. McCARTHY II '86 resides at [REDACTED]. In July 2003 he graduated from the French Culinary Institute with a degree in classical French cooking, and in September 2003 he attended JOE CAPELLA's ('86) wedding at West Point. He reports that KEITH ROBBINS '86, KARL KIRCHNER '85, ROMAN SCHWARTSMAN '86, and CHRIS ALLEN '86 were groomsmen, and CAESAR WYSZOMIRSKI '85 was also in attendance. From time to time Phil sees PAUL DOMINGUEZ '86 around town—"a highly talented architect here in New York City." Send e-mail to [REDACTED]

JOSEPH F. GIVLER '88 writes, "I'm enjoying my seventh season as a lower second tenor with the internationally acclaimed Seattle Men's Chorus, the largest and most prominent gay men's chorus in the world. Have had the pleasure of performing over the years with the likes of Nell Carter, Harvey Fierstein, Faith Prince, Rosemary Clooney, Megan Mullaly, and Frederica van Stade. It's been a lot of work, but very fun and rewarding." When not singing, Joe's a landscape designer at Clifford's Quality Landscapes in Redmond, Washington. He lives at [REDACTED]

I. TIMOTHY O'MARA '88 has been living in Maryland since getting his MBA, but he plans to move back to Ithaca within the next year or two to open a restaurant. "It will be

(continued on next page)

News From Our Alumni

(continued from page eleven)

the prototype to the chain I plan to start. I'll keep the brothers in Ithaca updated, because of course I'll give them all a discount!" Tim's address is [REDACTED]

RAVI MOHAN '89 has moved to [REDACTED] send e-mail to [REDACTED]

THEODORE A. RUSSELL '91 and his wife, Jana, welcomed the safe and healthy arrival of their daughter, Amelia Marie Russell, on Thursday, July 29, 2004. Amelia joins her older brother Nate in bringing joy to the Russell household. Ted can be reached at [REDACTED] send e-mail to [REDACTED]

DARRELL "Chunder" CHERNISKE '92 and his wife, Melissa, live in Kent, Connecticut [REDACTED], where Darrell works as a designer and project manager at a landscape design and construction company. E-mail reaches him at [REDACTED] Darrell has had contact recently with SARGE GARDINER '91 and COLIN WILLIAMS '92.

"I am graduating from Lewis & Clark in May 2004," wrote ERIC VAN NAERSSSEN '96 earlier this year, "and feel very good that I had the opportunity to study law, even though I had never imagined myself in this field. While I have had some difficulty carving out an education in international/China law, I have taken several courses on public and private international law. I am writing a thesis on the status of the rule of law in China that I will attempt to publish in a legal journal this fall. I feel a strong inclination at the moment to use my education to go into private enterprise (probably China/U.S. related business) and also

to get at least a little involved in policy work. I am focused now on completing the academic year so I can begin a more detailed assessment of my future plans. I hope I can be of help to the Cornell chapter in the future." Eric can be reached at [REDACTED]

Keep in touch with JOHN S. SCHWARTZ '94 at [REDACTED], or by e-mail at [REDACTED]

JAMES C. HARBERSON '95 reports that he's doing libertarian public interest law in DC and welcomes contact from brothers near and far. "I'm also the warden of two spry beagles, Jefferson and Wilson, both of whom remind me fondly of 'Mr. Huckleberry,' the dog belonging to RAND HOPKINS '93, and Max, the labrador of D. J. MARCHALONIS '93" Jim's address is [REDACTED] Send e-mail to [REDACTED]

JASON T. AUSTIN '00 lives at [REDACTED], and his e-mail address is [REDACTED]

When we last heard from KYLE C. CUNEO '02, he and Anne Blackburn were planning to be married this summer. For news of the festivities, contact him by e-mail at [REDACTED]

DONALD R. JOHNSON '04 has a new address: [REDACTED] drj2@cornell.edu.



Welcome Back Young Alumni.

Joe Zihal '04, left, and James Widyn '05, wearing bowtie, give a warm welcome to returning alumni Stephen Guijarro '03, second from left, and James Jerabek '03, right.



Peter J. Bilfield '95 with new baby.

www.adphicornell.org

When you visit us at www.adphicornell.org you can locate your brothers, learn about upcoming events, read current and past issues of the newsletter, post messages in the discussion area, see dozens of photographs, make a gift to the house, and more! Take advantage of this easy way to reconnect with the Phi and strengthen the bonds of brotherhood.