The Cornell Alpha Delt

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ΑΔΦ

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FACING RACISM AT ALPHA DELTA PHI

My parents did not want me to join the house, given the controversial fraternity history in Nigeria involving occultism and, unfortunately, homicide. I pleaded with them, and highlighted great friends who would be joining with me and the chance to further immerse myself in the American experience. One of the senior recruiting brothers wrote my parents an essay on the brotherhood's history and their thoughts on my candidacy. When my parents relented, I was incredibly grateful and proceeded to form strong bonds and friendships encompassing the true Alpha Delta Phi tradition.

Although I look back and think fondly, I did experience incidences of racism. One brother would call me a racial slur repeatedly throughout the years, which culminated in a physical altercation that caught the attention of the Cornell Judiciary Action Committee. We met in front of the Judiciary Board and I remember lying about the event in order to protect him from further punishment. As much as I wanted to stand up for myself; I sympathized with him as he was on financial aid and a student visa. He was later kicked out of the fraternity for a myriad of reasons, but my experience was merely a footnote.

I believe as distinguished gentlemen we should never have room for such bigotry. We need to hold our brothers accountable for acts of racism, prejudice, homophobia, and other forms of discrimination.

As a brotherhood, we have reached a point between hope and history. We must address uncomfortanble moments in the past as we hope for a better future.

We have all touched the Brothers in Arms statue depicting the aid of the hurting and hopeless brother, and now are given the opportunity to answer a similar call.

Should we continue to turn a blind eye or take on the challenge and set the example?

Taking decisive action and learning and further educating ourselves is how we will be remembered in the future.

Every man is welcome to his ideology, but humanity is a basic right, which is perfectly encapsulated in our motto, *manus multæ cor unum*. We need to make sure that we provide that in the halls of our fraternity. To that end, I have teamed up with other alumni and co-chair the newly formed Alpha Delta Phi Diversity Committee to address our fraternity culture, highlight any internal issues, and promote diverse cultural education.

Xaipe,
David Olusoga '13

If you are interested in being a part of the Alpha Delta Phi at Cornell Diversity Committee, please contact David Olusaga '13 at [redacted] or Reed Newman '16 at [redacted].

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ΑΔΦ

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CORNELL STAR AND CRESCENT FOUNDATION

Colin H. Williams '92
[redacted]

SEARCHING FOR SILVER LININGS IN A TURBULENT TIME

The COVID-19 pandemic has been, and continues to be, a terrible disruption to all of our lives. For those who have loved ones who have been impacted directly by the disease, our thoughts and hearts are with you. At the time I am writing this, we are beginning to hear some discussion about a gradual reopening of our global economy and a return to the rhythms and routines of our lives. But I suspect it will be a long time before we are back to any semblance of normal.

Yet there are some silver linings to this tragedy. It has given most of us the incentive and the time to connect and reconnect with so many of our friends, brothers, and families in ways and frequencies that most of us would not have thought possible just two months ago. Many of us are on large email strings with many contributors talking about current events, sharing stories our time at 777 Stewart Avenue (some of them true), remembering limericks and bawdy songs, and sharing silly videos. We could have done all this before the virus, but we didn't. Other things seemed more important. We have all been given a chance to reflect on what is truly important and our brothers/friends and family have risen to the top. The pandemic has brought us back together and shown us that we weren't so far apart after all.

> "We have all been given a chance to reflect on what is truly important and our brothers/friends and family have risen to the top."

After much discussion, Howie Schaffer '90 and I agreed that we would put the capital campaign on pause due to the huge impact of the virus, including the economic downturn, and the turmoil on campus caused by the recent social policy pronouncements from Cornell President Martha Pollack earlier this year.

As most of you know, classes were cancelled after the spring break and all students were sent home. The chapter house was closed by mid-March. There is now some question as to when or if the students will return for the fall semester, and if they do return, what that will look like. It is unclear what policies will be enacted to attempt to minimize any danger to students, faculty, and staff, and how that might affect the Phi. It is safe to assume that campus life will change, and this may affect our vision for the future of our house. While we are not rolling out the full launch of the capital campaign, we will continue the engagement of individual donors and seek ways to build upon the success and energy of our Sesquicentennial Celebration last fall.

With the pause in the capital campaign, we have had a chance to focus on a coordinated response to the ill-conceived and poorly formulated campus social policy and event management guidelines that were issued this winter. While we can understand that President Pollack and others in the administration may have felt that they had to do something to attempt to reign in what they considered to be bad behaviour on the part of some Greek houses, their solution is an unworkable mess that sets us all up for failure.

Howie and I, with the help of John Dyson '65, Mike Zak '75, and Todd Slotkin '74, have been working on a strategy to engage with the university, with the ultimate goal of helping them to find a way to revise the rules into something positive and workable. This isn't an easy process, and there are many moving parts with stakeholders, including the Interfraternity Council (IFC), the Alumni Interfraternity Council (AIFC), and others all bringing their views and interests into the process. It's too early to say if we will be effective, but we will do everything we can to ensure that we can envision a long term, healthy future for the Greek system at Cornell, and for our house in particular.

For now, stay in touch with as many people as you can, stay safe, and stay healthy.

Xaipe.
Tom Rothfels '77

FALL 2020 UNDERGRADUATE OFFICERS

PRESIDENT
Sean Kelly '22
[redacted]

VICE PRESIDENT
Jordan Eskenazi '22
[redacted]

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[redacted]

THE DISTINCTIVE CHARACTER OF ALPHA DELTA PHI

In a fraternity, just as with all of the most important institutions in one's life, it should be emphasized that the most essential component is the *who* rather than the *what* or *where*. As I'm sure most will agree, the component of being in this fraternity that is most distinctive to me, and which I will carry with me far beyond my college years, are the initial strangers, who, over the course of four years, became my brothers.

As essential as the people are, however, these are bonds which surpass time and space. Any number of texts, calls, Zooms and FaceTimes, dinners, reunions, and the like will allow me to stay in touch with those people, whether I am in COVID-19 quarantine or a retirement home. What this pandemic, and the commutation of my final semester in Alpha Delt, has made me appreciate more than ever, though, is the importance of the "where" in this equation of fraternity. In the midst of social isolation, we probably all have a greater appreciation for shared physical location. In particular, there is perhaps no group of people more indebted to shared physical space as foundation to their bond than the brothers of Alpha Delta Phi.

On multiple occasions, I have heard friends with whom I've lived at 777 Stewart Avenue call the house itself a "character." I don't think it could be put more perfectly. Every memory I will carry with me of a raucous protocol dinner, an important chapter meeting, a spirited late-night debate, a cozy movie night, or a [responsible and risk-averse] mixer would be incomplete without the palpable presence of the location in which they took place. More than merely a structure, our fraternal home at Cornell carries within it nearly a century of history, which can be seen in every wood panel, felt in every step, and heard in every mysterious noise it emits. Though the exterior of the house is in and of itself a marvel, the tradition contained therein is what leaves such a lasting impression on every brother who calls it home. The library's stained-glass windows, the taxidermy wildlife overlooking the Great Hall, and the Tower balcony frame our experiences. The strangely shaped rooms, the nomenclature assigned to each facet of the house, the unique factoids, and every little eccentricity baked into the house add color to these experiences. Notably, this is true for every brother, whether they never lived in the house or did so for half a decade. This is because, regardless of where you sleep at night, the house so embodies the fraternity that your experience as a brother is incomplete without soaking it in.

As a senior who had been living in Collegetown upon my election as president, I had the unique opportunity of moving back *into* the house this past winter. Though this experience reminded me some of the special quality of shared physical location as an Alpha Delt, the sudden end of my time (physically) at Cornell has only magnified the feeling. If I am allowed one "don't take it for granted" cliché, here is the place. The connections I have made and ways in which have grown as an Alpha Delt will stay with me as I enter the next phase of my life, but the specialness of having such a rich and magnificent institution function as the "character" of location in the story of my time at Cornell is something I'd encourage everyone, as Alpha Delts, to cherish at a time when we are all kept physically apart.

> "More than merely a structure, our fraternal home at Cornell carries within it nearly a century of history, which can be seen in every wood panel, felt in every step, and heard in every mysterious noise it emits."

Griffin Bader '20
Spring Undergraduate President

ALPHA DELTA PHI 187th CONVENTION

ACTION IDEAS SUMMARY

1.) A 10-slide summary of the convention presentations to help the active and alumni delegates present the main points made during the convention.

2.) Development of a standard format and presentation format for chapters to share best-practices on rush management techniques with each other to achieve recruitment of both:
   a. High quality candidates for membership (character and academic discipline).
   b. A diverse pool of academic and personality types.

3.) Engage the Student Advisory Council to develop chapter performance benchmarks to receive "quality chapter" recognitions from the international. The benchmarks would help softly codify best practices.

4.) International to prepare a summary of basic initiation and new member education practices based on the founders' stated goals, early practices, and current ethical and legal standards, laying out specifically what practices are and are not in keeping with expectations.

5.) Communicate with convention non-attending chapters to find out why they have not been attending and what sort of programming or communication about programming might convince them it is worth sending delegates.

6.) Develop financial reports by chapter to share with alumni and active leaders explaining/showing where each chapter stands in terms of the origin of balances and means of resolving obligations.

7.) Develop chapter work-out and expansion strategy packages. What is the start-up package to present the Adelphic brand and benefits of membership to make it desirable to all interested parties?

8.) An ADP YouTube channel to showcase top-flight events in positive ways. Coaching on video production and content elements to have the best show for each chapter to use for promotion at any time.

9.) Clear list of dos and don'ts to stay on the good side of school and community administrators.

10.) Best practices for community service projects:
   a. How to do service work.
   b. How to do fundraising.

11.) Personal and collective responsibility statements addressing behavior issues in positive ways.

12.) Character and literary society development: Strength Finders book and other personality assessment/self-understanding tools to help members know themselves and appreciate their brothers.

13.) Gender relations awareness.

14.) Alumni relations techniques.

15.) Alumni networking and career development session added to annual convention featuring alumni presentations about their careers and informational interview practice.

16.) Small group discussion sessions to address and present problem resolution suggestions as part of the convention program.

Clint Kennedy '76

HIGHLIGHTS FROM CELEBRATING 150 YEARS OF ALPHA DELTA PHI AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The Sesquicentennial Banquet, held at the chapter house on October 20, 2019, was a resounding success. In attendance were nearly 200 undergraduate brothers and alumni. With 130 alumni at 777 Stewart Avenue, it was the largest gathering of Cornell Alpha Delt alumni in recent memory, and represented the return of nearly 15% of all living alumni. It was a night to remember, filled with toasts, tributes, fellowship, great food and libations, and many songs and poems. Todd Slotkin '74 was the Master of Ceremonies. The following keynote address was delivered by Ambassador Richard R. Burt '69.

There is a now-forgotten film, which is sometimes shown on TCM late at night, which won the Academy Award for best motion picture in 1947. It tells the story of a former American bomber pilot in WWII who returns home and has trouble adjusting to civilian life. The reason I am describing this film is that it is entitled "The Best Years of Our Lives."

And that's how I consider my experience at Cornell and especially here, as an Alpha Delt: the best years of my life. It is one reason that only four months ago I returned to Ithaca for a 50th Reunion of the class of '69, which included a dinner downstairs with the Alpha Delt contingent, including Phil Reilly '69 and Jim McCormick '69, who are with us tonight. I might add that both Phil and Jim are great representatives of our '69 pledge class—both hugely successful.

It also helps explain how proud and happy I was that my son—Christopher Burt '10—not only attended Cornell but also joined the Phi Lodge brotherhood. I remember that day, maybe 15 years ago, when we drove up from Washington to bring him to school. Rather than drop him at his new dorm as a first stop, I brought him to the house. We walked in and were immediately hit with the stench of beer and moldy leather that immediately took me back to the late 1960s. When Christopher asked where the brothers were, a woman with a mop told us that the night before, they were all drinking and sliding along the floor on soap suds, so that everyone was still in bed, sleeping it off.

> "Alpha Delt was, for most of us, our first experience of living in a self-governing community, the first taste of freedom... I think it is this shared memory and meaning that makes us Alpha Delts, and what gives us a sense of what Samuel Ells called '*the freedom of the individual soul.*'"

But if my remarks tonight have a message it is not just about nostalgia for the good old days. For as I reflect on my experience living in this special community, I realize now that in many ways I never anticipated, my life at the Phi prepared me for an often crazy, sometimes exciting, and always fulfilling life. As a young *New York Times* diplomatic correspondent, I was able to travel the world, reporting on wars, revolutions, and coups. As a ranking official in the State Department, I took the lead in deployment of nuclear-armed cruise missiles in the face of massive public protests secretly organized by the Soviets. As the U.S. ambassador in Germany, I stood next to President Ronald Reagan when he told a cheering crowd, "*Mr. Gorbachev, tear down this wall.*" Later on, working for President George H.W. Bush, I was given the chance to negotiate an arms control treaty that reduced U.S. and Russian nuclear arsenals by 50%.

As I look back at these experiences, I realize now that I was incredibly lucky to have worked with great presidents and secretaries of state. But I also believe that my life here

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Keynote Speaker Richard R. Burt '69

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at Alpha Delt taught me some important real-world lessons.

First and possibly most crucial, I learned the value of hanging out with smart and fascinating people of all sorts. Here, I am not just talking about the textbook definition of

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diversity. I think that Alpha Delt has always had that. I was proud, for example, that when I rushed the Phi that Loftus C. Carson II '68, Cornell's first black student body president, was a brother. But Alpha Delt has always been chock full of all types.

I was also proud that—after the university opened its controversial six-year Ph.D. program—two of the high-IQ freshman joined the Phi's pledge class. They were both strikingly bright, but for my money, one of the smartest guys in the house was a remarkable character, who lived in a small room in the basement, was rarely seen during the day, but was known for prodigious amounts of alcohol at night. He was famous for having never entered a library on campus, and for being more conversant on the world view of Friedrich Nietzsche than any philosophy professor. To this day, I still wonder: *Dan Dudek, where are you?* But Dan Dudek '69 was only part of a wild mix of characters in that era, including both American aristocrats, New England preppies, California rockers, and New York hustlers.

If diversity was important, so was a sense of style. By this, I am not only talking about fashion, but that is part of it. In what other fraternity would former brothers produce preppie bow ties, belts, and tote bags emblazoned with the Goat House? But style goes beyond what you wear: it is a way of presenting yourself, an approach to life, and a way to attract others, male and female. In our era, the role models were Steve McQueen in "Bullitt," Michael Caine in "The Italian Job," Clint Eastwood, the man without a name in the spaghetti westerns, and Peter O'Toole, in "What's New Pussycat?"

In the Phi, my icons were three brothers two years ahead of our pledge class. First, there was Jack Jolis '67, a wiry, debonair, and somewhat crazed French-American grad of Deerfield who was partial to double-breasted blazers, tight white jeans, and Chelsea boots whose coolest moment came when, swinging

from the Great Hall chandelier, Jack fell, broke his leg and, when carried out of the house on a stretcher, could be heard singing Van Morrison's "Brown-Eyed Girl." Jack has gone on to enjoy a remarkable career, including CIA, thriller writer.

Another definition of cool was Sam

Glasser '67. I don't think I ever saw Glasser without an immaculately tailored double-breasted blazer which he often paired with a tasteful cravat. But he was more than a clothes horse: his language skills were legendary, and he could recite Pink Floyd lyrics in Dutch, German, and Italian and swear in Flemish.

Then, finally there was James Pierce Maher III '66, Jimmy to the brotherhood. He was the archetypical preppy—tweed jackets with ticket pockets, red corduroys, tasseled loafers. When he became my big brother, I think he was in his sixth year at Cornell. At that point, I learned how he acquired his large wardrobe—he expropriated my best sports coat, shirts, and ties and gave me odd items in return, such as an old top hat. In a matter of weeks, I went from nearly being a GQ model to resembling one of the Marx Brothers.

A third important Alpha Delt legacy is our collective willingness to challenge the

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conventional wisdom and, when necessary, to be provocative. In my era, on a very radical-left Cornell campus, the Phi was a center for libertarian and conservative views. This, of course, sometimes made us controversial, for example, when we regularly chanted "support your local police" at football games. Or when brothers waged a nearly successful effort to abolish the student government on the grounds that none of us could ever figure out what they did.

My own contribution to political activism took the form of a prank (which I liked to call a sociology experiment) when at the Willard Straight cafeteria I drove a group of anti-Vietnam war protestors completely crazy by playing Sgt. Barry Sadler's "The Ballad of the Green Berets" 25 times in a row on the juke box. It was pretty funny until someone fingered me and I was chased down the slope by about 50 angry hippies.

That last story fits into a final life lesson that I drew from life at the Phi: what President Barack Obama used to say about foreign

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policy—"*Don't do stupid shit.*" Well, like all of you, I did do some dumb things. It was probably dumb to buy an alligator that then started to stink so bad that we let it loose in Cayuga Lake… Likewise, after burning a rug here in the Great Hall, it was a dumb idea to try to steal a Persian carpet from Wells College and get caught for it.

What I have described this evening, of course, is just a narrow slice of 150 years of experience of a group of young men who, in the 19th, the 20th, and now, the 21st century have done many remarkable things, many of them courageous, some of them beautiful, some of them creative and, yes, some of them truly dumb.

But, for me, what draws all of these people and experiences together is the idea of freedom. Alpha Delt was, for most of us, our first experience of living in a self-governing community, the first taste of freedom. And that experience has hugely shaped our lives since then. It certainly shaped my life. I think it is this shared memory and meaning that makes us Alpha Delts, and what gives us a sense of what Samuel Ells called "*the freedom of the individual soul.*"

So, in the end, my charge to you tonight is to preserve those special memories of your time here at the Phi. Not only because they were the best years of your lives, but because they will give real meaning to your life as whole.

TO VIEW MORE 150th PHOTOS, GO TO
www.adphicornell.org/120-150thCelebration.asp

FROM THE ARCHIVES

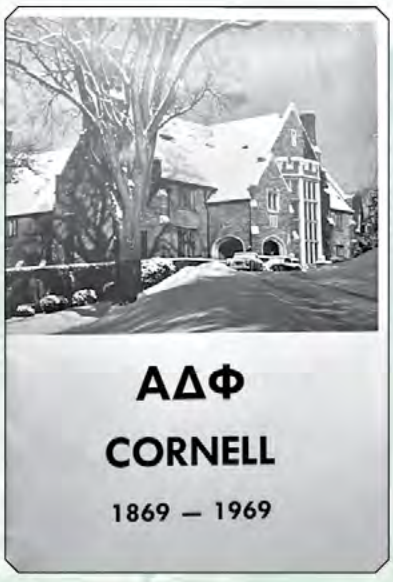
Edward Thompson Jr. '71 sent along a note:

Brother Rothfels:

Though I regret that I can't make it to the Sesquicentennial festivities in October, I would like to contribute an artifact of the Centennial celebration—which never took place.

Scheduled for May 9, 1969, after months of elaborate planning, it was abruptly cancelled when, on April 18, the Straight was taken over by armed black students. The now iconic photo of them emerging from the building made the cover of *Newsweek* (and won a Pulitzer).

The ensuing crisis on campus made the Phi celebration seem insignificant and all but guaranteed that few alumni would attend. The attached photo (*at right*) is of the cover of the booklet we put together for the occasion.



ALPHA DELTA PHI CORNELL CHAPTER 150th ANNIVERSARY TOAST

Brothers, I am honored to stand before you to offer a few words appropriate to this occasion.

I spent three years living in the house (1966-69) a time in which Cornell was in great turmoil, but the house stood firm. Well I remember the weekly meetings in the library where we discussed house operations, the quality of the food, and, especially, the heated discussions about to whom we would offer a pledge.

Before I go further, I must share with you an anecdote about working with Rick Burt. It was sophomore year, Rick, when you were social chairman and I was the assistant treasurer. That is, Rick's job was to spend money (on bands, largely) and mine was to collect enough cash to cover the contracts which he signed, as well as other bills. Under that structure, we were always in arrears. It is clear who had the better job…but we did have great parties!

What is brotherhood? Surely, each individual distills his own definition. For me, the brotherhood that we share is based on the belief that in each of us lie hidden great qualities which can be drawn out and enriched through deep contact with comrades.

Alpha Delt Phi has always provided the crucible in which the fires of youth cast the best features of manhood.

Over the last 150 years, many hundreds of young men have become Alpha Delts at Cornell. Tonight, a fraction of us come together on behalf of the others for a brief time to reaffirm our dedication to the rarely spoken, but deeply held, principles that unite us past, present, and future.

Do you know James Joyce's great story "The Dead?" Many who would be with us are gone. I ask that we take a moment to remember those for whom we cared so deeply. Call out names if you wish. I think of my dear classmate, Richard Ponte, and my little brother, Andrew Mills. One of my sweetest memories is driving with Andrew in a sports car…top down, around Cayuga Lake, laughing at the stars.

To be an Alpha Delt at Cornell is not without difficulty. Young men make errors of judgement. I for one made a fair number. I do hope, for example, that jumping from the balcony at the end of a party is now viewed as antediluvian. My knees remind me every day that this was not a good idea.

Ever so briefly, I would like to reach out across the generations. To do so, three times I will quote the words of another Alpha Delt (from a lesser university), Teddy Roosevelt.

To my younger brothers who are still growing (including my son, Thomas, who is here with us tonight), Roosevelt believed that, "Far and away, the best prize that life has to offer is the chance to work hard at work worth doing."

To those in midlife, who are carrying our nation forward, Roosevelt cautions you that, "This country has nothing to fear of the crooked man who fails. It is the crooked man who succeeds who poses the greatest threat to our nation."

To those who, unbelievably, like me, have grown old, Roosevelt reminds us that, "Old age is like everything else—to make a success of it you've got to start young."

Please raise your glasses for the toast. I borrow a single phrase from Lincoln's first Inaugural address (March 4, 1861). May we always hear the "mystic chords of memory," and may those chords bind us together.

We salute those who came before us, we embrace each other, and we fervently hope that a century from now another group of brothers will stand in this beloved house, gaze at our photographs, and know that time at Alpha Delta Phi at Cornell made us better than we might otherwise have been.

To Alpha Delta Phi!
Philip Reilly '69

TRADITION FELLOWSHIP RECIPIENT SENDS THANKS FOR ACADEMIC SUPPORT

I am a very grateful recipient of the Alpha Delta Phi Cornell Tradition Fellowship.* Currently, I am studying civil engineering with the intention of going to graduate school for engineering management here at Cornell University. I live in Miami, Florida, with my parents and three siblings. I was raised in Colombia until 2013, when I moved to the United States. My first semester at Cornell was very tough. But after joining the fraternity, my experience changed. Through the guidance of one of my fellow brothers, i found myself back on the path of success. Since joining the house I've served as social chair for a semester, and did research during the summer in Ithaca working as a lab assistant. I am currently doing research for Thalle Industries under Professor Hover. I am also involved in a dance team and the project team called Steel Bridge.

> "My first semester at Cornell was very tough. But after joining the fraternity, my experience changed."

Thank you for generosity and support.

Xaipe,
Johnathan Jimenez '20

** Editor's Note:* Cornell Tradition Fellowships are awarded to undergraduates who demonstrate a commitment to work and service. Fellowships include the possibility of a $4,000 loan replacement, $3,500 support account, wage subsidy, and other financial benefits.

If you are interested in supporting the Alpha Delta Phi Cornell Tradition Fellowship with a tax-deductible gift, please contact the Alumni Records Office at alumnirecords@adphicornell.org

POETRY IN A PANDEMIC

We turn to art, literature, and poetry at important stages and crossroads in our lives. During the COVID-19 pandemic, many of us find ourselves "sheltering-in-place" and redefining our priorities. Turning to words for comfort and inspiration helps us to grapple with the challenges we face.

In early March 2020, Cornell Alpha Delts were invited to submit poems and reflections to provide a written account of important impressions, memories, or experiences that have surfaced during the pandemic while sequestered at home. Presented here are poems from the minds, hearts, and souls of our brethren.

If you are inspired to write something about your experience, please share it with us for inclusion in a future newsletter. We also welcome sketches, paintings, and photos of your favorite places in the chapter house. Heed the wisdom of the excerpt at right from John Young, whose experience as a Cornell Alpha Delt in 1928 echoes a timeless commitment to literary values.

Xaipe,
Howie Schaffer '90

"There is no station in life
– engineer, scientist, builder, chemist –
where an adequate acquaintance with literature,
the ability to think logically and creatively and the ability
to express one's self originally and clearly are not very great
advantages. And there is no station in life where the inability
to do these things does not militate against
a man in his career and in his social life.

It is our belief that the values inherent in
the conception of this Society's literary programs –
the values which can and do accrue to all participating members –
are of incalculable benefit in whatever
walk of life is chosen, whatever profession is entered
after graduation and along whatever paths are followed
in the years ahead."

~John M. Young, 1928,
from "The Literary Aspect of the Alpha Delta Phi"

The House

Stately stone and gracious arch, the oaken door,
the amber glow,
The casement windows in the night.

The looming hall, the balcony,
the muffled laughter in the air,
A grieving soldier on the right.

Chaotic rush; pledges now, some friends for life,
The secret initiation rite.

The dining room, the v-shaped table,
the kitchen noise, the odd food fight;
Sunday dinner; guests ascend the tower's height.

The roaring fire, the games of chance,
the keg of beer, the owl's glance;
All the brothers getting tight.

Fire engine, laughing girls,
the mystic Goat House on the hill,
Valhalla? No. We have yet to take our flight.

Triumphant love, early death,
great achievements, pestilence?
We do not know what lies ahead;
we do not know our moral might.

The suites of rooms, the narrow halls,
the common baths, the library
All the questions, all the talk.
Are we lost? When comes insight?

Time flies, earth spins;
our time at Alpha Delt soon gone.
In June the house is sad and dark,
but each September brings new light.

~Philip Reilly '69

Our Alpha Delta Phi

Words by Douglas Jimerson '73

(Cornell Alma Mater)

Tune: Amici
Con Spirito

High above our fair Cayuga
Standing tall and grand,
We are mighty, bold and fearless,
Alpha Delt's proud band.

We as brothers share together
Memories so vast,
Friendships that transcend all distance,
Strong bonds sure to last.

We are proud to join as brethren
Ready to preserve
And confirm our solemn pledge
This heritage to serve.

Linking arms we stand as brothers
Faithful till we die.
We will always rally round
Our Alpha Delta Phi!

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Hit Pause

Hit pause on this nightmare.
There... just there.
A body unconscious, vomiting a ventilator.
Pallid hands lie limp on the bedsheet.
The reddened eyes of a nurse
Look over her mask at the monitor.
How did we get here?
Take a deep breath, if you can,
Press reverse,
And set the mad scene running backwards.
The body is lifted back onto a stretcher
And rolled down a hall past bodies,
Writhing and coughing on cots.
Out of the building the stretcher goes,
And into an ambulance with blinding lights,
Whose siren voice joins others,
Wailing in the purple dusk.

The ambulance suddenly leaves us,
Gone down a side street.
Look around.
The baseball stadium is vast and quiet,
The souvenir shops shuttered.
Movie theaters and concert halls,
Department stores and barber shops,
All closed.
The supermarket shelves are empty.
Gleaming bars with bottles in rows are empty.
The echoing interiors of restaurants are empty.
Except the kitchens,
Where chefs in masks send boxes and bags
To people spread out in constellations
On the sidewalk, waiting.
In constellations or ellipses they stand
Outside liquor stores and pharmacies.

Go back faster.
Let nights and days succeed each other:
Sunset, sunrise. Sunset, sunrise.
The streets and towering office buildings,
The bars and restaurants and theaters,
Fill again with light and sound and motion.

In this bar, three giant screens
Loom over the rows of liquor bottles.
Stop here. Press play.
Brawling hockey players on one screen,
A fadeaway jumper on another.
A basket! High fives!
And on the third screen, someone speaking.
No one could have predicted this.
Back again, faster,
By jet flying tail first to Beijing,
And another to Wuhan.
More people in masks,
Bodies with tubes like umbilical cords
Filling their lungs with oxygen.
Then none. Busy streets.
A busy meat market.
A bat in a basket.
Follow the basket to a cave,
Where the bat, its throat sore,
And its lungs full of fluid,
Can no longer squeak, or find its way.

Enough! Fast forward,
To funerals and obituaries,
And a time when the living have buried their dead.
Restaurants and bars, theaters and department stores
Are open again!
Then...
Shuttered again.
For a storm is coming, and a flood.
Ocean waters march in waves
Against the lobbies of towering office buildings.
Retreat inland, where the sun shines, and parches the soil,
And forest fires roam the land
Like angry devils impatient for the end.
The supermarket shelves are empty.
How did we get here?
Take a deep breath, if you can.
No one could have predicted this.
Hit pause on this nightmare.

~Peter W. LaVigne '75

POETRY IN A PANDEMIC

Evening Prayer

O Great Mystery
bring us nightly together at the oak table
bless us all
and the waitresses
Protect them from unwanted advances
and Sigma Chi

Bless the president
late to the top of the stairwell
for the third time this week
Teach him
punctuality and fear of the fink box

May the ringing of the chimes
wash away prelim anxieties
inoculate us from bathroom fungus
and the sticky Solarium floor

Shield us from indigestion
and random strands of cook's hair
Grant us a reprieve from rubber chicken
and sheet cake

Look after the wet laundry pile awaiting
the single working dryer
Dispel the hubris of NIBs
on their first trip to Wells

Punish those who skip lines at Hot Truck
and count cards at Victory Club
Reward the substandard pledges
serenading at Kappa at 3am
with uninterrupted sleep

Guard the secrets of the Goat House
and the welfare of virgins and hotelies
Soothe the anger of undertipped pizza deliverers

Watch over streakers and plagiarists
Repair our reputations and defend us
against the angst of the alumni
Forgive them their hypocrisy

~Howie Schaffer '90

What do you do when a legend falls?

A tribute to Tony Biddle '07

As the cruel hands of time exact their final price.

Do you cry out for absolution? Do you yearn for reasons why?
Do you seek the subtle solace of a journey gone on high?

Or should you grip upon the reins and jump atop his steed?
And live the way he taught you. The way he had to be.

For thru the great long winters or summer's harshened breeze.
His path and silent sunshine held... no man could ever seize.

To feel no more the beaming laugh bellowing o'er the roof.
It's rends our hearts in anguish to bear this final proof.

To bare our souls in torment at the futures now unspent.
To strip from us the charges time never shall relent.

And gasp upon the simple phrase, "O Lord, what could've been?"

But nay we cannot dare to dream or hope for fate unturned.
'Cept thank our fallen titan for his burdens never spurned.

Remember all the ways he lived. How his steps were soft yet sure.
And chance to traipse upon the trail he strolled with such pleasure.

Go in peace, you gentle giant, you taught us all your creeds
Xaipe, my fallen brother. Go forth on worthy deeds.

And fret no more about the tasks as yet you've left undone.
Witnesses of your noble crafts shall see the battle won.

~R. Bailey Rogg '13

Cyrus, a Limerick

To his sweetheart a brother named Cyrus,
Said, "My darling your lips so inspire us,
I'm running a fever."
He didn't deceive 'er:
She gave the whole chapter the virus.

~Peter W. LaVigne '75

POETRY IN A PANDEMIC

Seven-fifteen

The geese came back this morning,
long lines vectoring through early
spring's mist, feathers slick and dark,
a move from some far haven back
to start the feeding that plumps the fowl
and smooths the wear of the wind
and the clouds from inside, out.

~Thwen Chaloemtiarana '90

Classroom

Where I sit is not necessarily my seat,
But only a placeholder
When there is no end in sight.
A momentary pause in the trek,
In the pagination of days,
While my words fill the volumes
That most will never know.

~Nick Matuszczak '01

Cayuga

Down the lake
water or me
I slip
stream pulls
bodies roll
together

~Thwen Chaloemtiarana '90

Ode to Mario*

He is Perched above the brotherhood, glancing
Below – with time and experience that a 10 am
Shadow fails to displace,
Wondering and wavering through a sizzling haze
Of vulgarities, an everlasting smirk remains,
Strapped to his face from the memories
Of a time past.
burgers and beer follow the dress of a mid-week
Sup – and allow a pause to reflect
on what one was – and still is.
where faces fail to age,
with mid-sentence segues to
the night before with "this one chick"
the purple haze creeps closer
to facilitate any task at hand,
and all that Is left is a pilot
as the flame flickers one final time
with the arrival of a breathless brother retuning
from learning; desiring nothing more than
some beef wrapped with his insight,
peppered with memories, and sautéed in attitude;
for he is more than a preparer of food,
he is a friend of all who pass through the doors of his domain,
he is chef slim shady,
he is Mario.

~Nick Matuszczak '01

**Mario Giacco was a legendary house chef for more than a decade*

a cop-out to a fraternal experience

(based on a Charles Bukowski's "a cop-out to a possible immortality")

if we can't make memories out of our liberties

what are we going to do with them?

study in the stacks?

i like my bud light
just like any other
nerd with a
sack

~Dani Ben-Reuven '18

Out on the Portico

The sunrise broke through the Great Hall
Like caramel colors of Fall
The most gallant of crews
We're downing some brews
With a bevy of coeds for all

~Dani Ben-Reuven '18

N E C R O L O G Y

Robert J. Entenman '50
December 3, 2019

Robert "Bob" John Entenman Sr. of Hudson, Ohio, died Tuesday, December 3, 2019, at age 90, six weeks after the death of his beloved wife, Ann, on October 10, 2019.

Bob was born in New York City on Friday, February 13, 1929, to Alfred Morris and Augusta (Hinsch) Entenman, the youngest of three children. He grew up in Crestwood, New York, and as a teenager worked summers on the Hudson River Day liner. One of his fondest memories was spending a summer as a 10-year-old at Camp Dudley in the Adirondacks, where he embraced the camp motto, "the other fellow first."

Bob graduated in 1946 from The Hill School in Pottstown, Pennsylvania, where he was an avid track and field competitor and an award-winning debater. He earned a Master's Degree in chemical engineering from Cornell University in 1951 and was a member of the Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity. Upon graduation, he immediately joined the Army and served during the Korean War.

After beginning his career in Niagara Falls, New York, at Hooker Chemical Company, he ultimately moved to Ohio, where he held senior management and sales positions at various chemical companies manufacturing sealants, plastics, roof coatings, and paint, including the Flood Company of Hudson. He lived in Hudson, Ohio, for over 65 years. Bob was known for his enthusiasm, positive attitude, big booming greetings, and boisterous spirit of fun. He loved tennis, sailing, skiing, and cocktail parties and passed these loves along to his children and grandchildren. He and Ann traveled extensively in Europe and enjoyed many summers in Boothbay Harbor, Maine, together.

Bob also loved giving back to his local community and was an active member and one-time president of Hudson Kiwanis Club, running numerous kite flying contests and horse shows. He also served on the Hudson Park Board that established Hudson Springs Park, of which he was enormously proud.

In his retirement, he enjoyed singing in the choir at Christ's Church Episcopal in Hudson, volunteering as an emcee on "Good Morning Hudson" TV, tutoring disadvantaged teenage boys, visiting family, and sailing with the Hudson Yacht Club with his son, Rob. He was a true gentleman, enjoyed life to the fullest, almost always with a drink in hand and pouring one for friends and family. Bob loved his family and was a loyal friend to many.

Charles F. Feledy Jr. '57
March 27, 2019

Richard G. Keir '67

Harry J. Noel Jr. '73
November 14, 2018

Tribute will appear in forthcoming issue.

Philip J. Romero '79
August 24, 2019

Dr. Philip Joseph Romero, 62, of Beaverton, Oregon, passed away suddenly and unexpectedly at OHSU Oregon Health Science University in Portland, Oregon, on Saturday, August 24, 2019. Born in Abington, Pennsylvania, he grew up in his hometown of East Brunswick, New Jersey, with his parents, Joseph John Romero (deceased) and Mildred Edith (Laundis) Romero (deceased).

He was a devoted husband to his wife of 35 years, Lita Grace Flores-Romero (born in Lima Peru). Philip was a graduate of Cornell University and received his MA and Ph.D. in policy analysis from the Rand Graduate School. He was chief economist for the State of California from 1991 to 1999, he was later the dean of multiple university schools of business, most notably the Lundquist College of Business at the University of Oregon until 2004, where he continued as the Miller Professor of Business until the time of his death. An accomplished policy analyst and the author of many books on public policy and investment, he was featured in multiple editions of "Who's Who in Finance, in America and in the World."

Dr Romero is survived by his wife and by his brother, Paul Gerald Romero, of Albrightsville, Pennsylvania. Snatched before his time, Philip lived a life of joy, ambition and accomplishment that makes us all appreciate what we can become.

Jeffrey A. Stokoe '79
September 20, 2019

Captain Jeffrey A. Stokoe, 62, a decorated veteran of the U.S. Air Force 174th Tactical Fighter Wing and 138th Tactical Fighter Squadron, died peacefully surrounded by his loving family at Strong Memorial Hospital on September 20, 2019.

Jeffrey was born on June 3, 1957, in Batavia, New York, to Richard and Judith Stokoe (Crocker). He graduated from Wheatland-Chili High School in 1975. He attended Cornell University on an ROTC Scholarship and graduated in 1979 with a degree in aerospace engineering. After graduating from Cornell, he was stationed at Reese Air Force Base, Texas. In 1981, he flew A-10 Thunderbolts throughout Europe with the 91st Tactical Fighter Squadron, RAF Woodbridge, United Kingdom. After returning to the states, Jeff was based at Davis-Monthon Air Force Base, Arizona, as an instructor pilot for both U.S and foreign students transitioning to the A-37 Dragonfly and to the Forward Air Control mission with the 23rd Tactical Air Support Squadron. In 1987, Jeff returned to the Finger Lakes Region, where he called Syracuse home, flying A-10s and F-16s as an operational fighter pilot and chief of intelligence for the New York State Air National Guard at Hancock. Captain Stokoe logged thousands of hours of aircraft flight time in F-16, A-10, A-37, T-38, and T-37 aircrafts. He held commercial ratings as a commercial instrument pilot (MEL), flight engineer, FAA first class medical, and FCC radiotelephone operator.

Captain Stokoe had top secret security clearance, flew classified missions, and received multiple top gun awards throughout his career. In 1991, Jeff returned to his hometown of Scottsville, New York, and worked on the Stokoe Family Farm. After he retired, Jeff spent time volunteering for the Scottsville Free Library, LifeSpan, Meals on Wheels, Friends in Service Help (FISH), National Warplane Museum, Jewish Family Service of Rochester Inc., and for the VA.

Jeff was a natural comedian and always enjoyed making people laugh. He was an enthusiastic Bills fan and loved living life to its fullest. He truly was the life of the party and wanted to make the most of every moment. He will be greatly missed.

Jeff is survived by his loving wife, Sharon R. Stokoe (Smith), who shared more than three decades of life together; his father, Richard C. Stokoe (Kathleen Lacy), of Scottsville, New York; his sister, Jeanne (Stokoe), and Robert Leonard of Churchville, New York; his brother, Gregory Stokoe (Julie Driscoll) of Scottsville, NY; his companion and dog friend, Bandit, and many cousins, aunts, uncles, nieces, and nephews. Jeffrey is preceded in death by his mother, Judith Stokoe (Crocker), and his loving dog, Maverick, and cat, Goose.

Ngangelizwe M. Beck '94

Anthony Drexel Biddle IV '07
December 30, 2019

See special tribute on next page.

ALPHA DELT BROTHERS ...

Share your thoughts, opinions, and memories of Alpha Delt in the newsletter. Send them to Howie Schaffer '90 by email at [redacted]

REMEMBERING TONY BIDDLE '07

At the request of his family, it is my sorrowful duty to inform you of the untimely passing of our dear brother, Anthony Joseph Drexel Biddle IV '07, on December 30, 2019, following complications resulting from a bicycle accident in Philadelphia.

All who knew Tony will remember him as vivacious, gregarious, wise, and kind; a true example of a gentleman. Being in Tony's company during our time together at Cornell, and in the years after, was both a joy and a gift. He was taken far too soon and will be forever missed by all of those whose lives he touched.

On a personal note, after years between seeing each other, I moved to Philadelphia last August and had the great pleasure of seeing Tony when I got to town. He had recently started his own business, got a puppy, and was as happy as I'd ever seen him, which makes his passing all the more tragic.

I am in contact with his family and they have asked me to be their conduit to the Alpha Delts in Tony's life so please don't hesitate to reach out if there's anything you want to know or need to talk about; I'm here.

Xaipe and be safe,
Tom Reilly '07

I knew Tony well from the day he became a member of Alpha Delta Phi at Cornell University through various officer roles, culminating in his becoming the undergraduate president. And I knew him as an active alumnus who loved to return for Homecoming, initiation, and reunions.

Tony was a classic gentleman. And he was exceptionally versatile. He was witty, urbane, unpretentious, kind, generous, and very popular. That he was also an Eagle Scout is no surprise, as he embodied several aspects of the Scout Law including being trustworthy, kind, courteous, loyal, and cheerful. And he wasn't perfect. He could also be a bit of a rascal, but always in ways that embraced conviviality.

Tony was the kind of brother who could wake up early after burning the midnight oil and set up an entire tailgate picnic. Then he'd head out in the afternoon to make rounds in Collegetown or even plow around off-road in a friend's Jeep and come back covered in mud. With minutes to spare before the dinner banquet would begin, he'd wash up well and arrive just in time in his tuxedo, eager and able to greet alumni and make them feel welcomed and included. He was the kind of guy you could leave your girlfriend with, knowing he'd be charming but protective. He was the kind of guy who could dance with your grandmother at a wedding and you know she'd rave for the rest of evening about what a blessing it is to know you have such wonderful friends.

At Alpha Delt at Cornell, we consider ourselves "a cut above the rest." And Tony was a cut above that. Younger brothers admired him and wanted to emulate him. His peers listened to him and he was often a lonely voice of restraint and compromise among a wild bunch of classmates who hated to be told no.

During my time leading the alumni of Alpha Delt, I've engaged with several hundred young men of great talent and great promise. Among a cohort of exceptional characters, Tony is a stand out for his charisma, integrity, and his big heart. He lit people up. He made people feel good. He made us all proud to be his friend.

Howie Schaffer '90
Alumni President
Alpha Delta Phi at Cornell University

NEWS FROM OUR ALUMNI

Dave Brown '58 writes to convey sadness on the 2019 passing of three Cornell Alpha Delts from the class of 1958: Mal Johnston, Jim Hunt, and Jack Nestor. Dave also confirmed a bit of forgotten history about the chapter house parking lot. Rudi Metzner was an SAE '58 who worked as a waiter at AD along with Ron Demer, SAE '59. Rudi was a civil engineer. While looking at some old maps, he learned that SAE owned a portion of the Alpha Delt parking lot. He shared this information with the active brothers, who agreed. Rudi got some free fill from a Cornell University construction project and extended the SAE lot. It was a big help to SAE and AD still had lots of parking. According to Dave, "We agreed, they filled it, and everyone was happy thereafter!"

The SAE House.

Otto Doering '62 wrote in September: "I retired from Purdue University in May but am still much involved in working with others on conservation, climate change impacts, and agricultural policy. It is going to be a little while before I get to a point that feels like retirement.

Todd Slotkin '74 and Paul Keenan '76 reconnect in Florida in February 2020.

Gerald Gragg '65 wrote in November: "After spending 40 years striving to become the World's Greatest Air Conditioning Equipment Salesman, I sailed out of San Francisco with my wife, Darby, in 2005 on our Passport 42 cruising sailboat for unknown destinations and for an unknown amount of time. Six years later, we found ourselves in Gaeta, Italy, halfway between Rome and Naples on Italy's west coast. In 2014, we sold the boat and became permanent residents of Gaeta. We are planning on joining Jim Hughes '65 and his wife, Marta, in 2020 to celebrate both our 55th Reunion and 55th wedding anniversary! We hope to connect with members of our class during the 2020 Reunion, but also welcome any brothers who find their way to sunny Italy in the coming years."

Left to right: Conrad Wangeman '79, Jeff Weiss '79, Jeff Stokes '79, Hakan Sokmensuer'80, and Tony Johnson '80 at Reunion 2019.

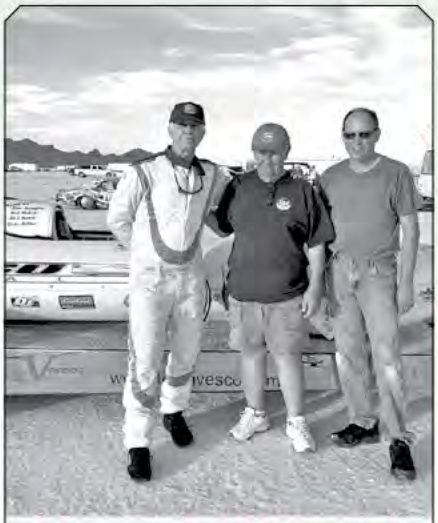
BOB BLAKELY '63 JOINS THE ELITE 300MPH CLUB

UTAH SALT FLATS RACING ASSOCIATION
33rd WORLD OF SPEED 2019 LONG COURSE

Car #	325
Driver	ROBERT BLAKELY
Class	D/GS
Record	310.981
Wind: 14.0 mph from the SE	
Temp: 87.5F	Humid: 7%
SP: 26.219 in	DA: 6251 ft
Direction	Return
Daily Run #	107
Started: 09-15-19 17:53:52	

Segment	Time	Speed
QUARTER	3.59650	250.24350 MPH
FIRST MILE	13.72100	262.37153 MPH
SECOND MIL	12.25430	293.77432 MPH
LAST MILE	11.46100	314.10863 MPH
EXIT SPEED	0.28045	320.91086 MPH

Congratulations to Dr. Robert T. "Bob" Blakely III '63 (pictured below, left) on reaching a racing milestone that few others have achieved. When you have to stop your car with a parachute, you know you are really cruising. Kudos!



Inducted into the 300 MPH Club by Dan Warner, with Bob Hustler.

The Cornell Alpha Delt

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