



# The Cornell Alpha Delt

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Spring 2001

## President Invites Alumni To Remember, Refresh, And Rebuild Their Commitment To Alpha Delt

I received a letter from a 91-year-old alumna in California last month; he wanted to remind us of the generous benefactor who funded the rebuilding of the house after the fire in 1930. More importantly, he recounted the fond memories he and his brothers had of student life at Alpha Delt over 70 years ago and that they had stayed with him through his life work and retirement. It was a poignant reminder to me of how the brotherhood of Alpha Delta Phi has affected our lives whether as members of the active chapter today or as alumni in our 30s, 50s, or indeed, 90s.

It struck me that for some brothers the impact and involvement with our fraternity is fleeting and passes after three or four years of college; for others it is maintained constantly through life; and for still others, it is a place to return to from time to time as circumstances allow. In many cases, whether as a member of the active chapter or as an alum, we need to refresh ourselves and rebuild the passion we feel for the brotherhood; we need to have an opportunity to remember the core reasons we are members of Alpha Delt and why it truly is a different and quite distinctive place from other fraternities on the hill. One of the main reasons behind the off-site retreat this last fall was to do just that—to really begin articulating what brotherhood means and what it doesn't mean; to spell out what we think makes this fraternity so great and distinctive.

The retreat was the “end of the beginning” of this process. We are planning to have more and would encourage alumni to attend the sessions and participate in the important work of defining who we are and describing our values and our vision in a way that is perhaps a bit more relevant to today's world than some of the oaths and

pledges we all undertake as part of the initiation process.

For me personally, it's all part of defining what's important about Alpha Delt and why I'm motivated to invest my time and money in the corporation and facilities. Simply put, we have to refresh our commitment to the brotherhood and be able to articulate that commitment and passion if we are going to generate more involvement from more alumni brothers.

Moving specifically to someone who has always been committed and deeply involved, last Homecoming I “took over” from Randy Bus, who has played a vital leadership role in Alpha Delt for several years. Some of his role was very visible, especially in areas of improvements to the physical plant and his pithy points of view on facilities management by the undergraduates. A great deal of Randy's role was behind the scenes, such as negotiating with the university on the McGraw Place project, which, fortunately for us, he will continue to manage. The underlying message here is that Randy has put an enormous amount of his time, money, and personal effort into the house for many years, and I want to thank him for that and his strong sense of brotherhood that he brings to meetings, activities, events, and to every interaction he has in connection with Alpha Delta Phi.

We will celebrate his “handoff” at the next alumni meeting at the house where we can all thank him personally with the thought that after a suitable recharging of the batteries, he will return to a formal leadership role.

I look forward to working with Ken Growney '82 and the other members of the alumni board together with the undergraduate chapter during 2001.

Peter M. R. Kendall '68

### DATES TO REMEMBER

#### Brotherhood Workshop

**Sunday, September 9, 9:00 a.m.-5:30 p.m.**

A bus will leave the house at 8:30 a.m. and will return with the active brothers around 7:00 p.m. All alumni brothers are invited, and we hope many will choose to participate. Details will be made available to the active brotherhood shortly.

#### Homecoming

**Saturday, October 13, vs. Harvard**



### Cornell Reunions • June 7-10

*During Reunion Weekend, the Alpha Delt house will be open to all brothers, their families, and friends. Come see our most recent improvements! The Judge Rice and Fred Johnson Memorial New York State Wine and Cheese Tasting will be hosted by Tony Johnson on Friday from 4:00 to 6:00 p.m. All brothers are also invited to and encouraged to attend the corporation meeting at the house on Saturday at 9:00 a.m. For more information, call Tony Johnson at 607/272-6885.*



'80s night: Jake Schtevie '03, Joseph LaMagna '03, and Chad Kaser '03 are "dressed to impress."

## The Great Table: A Symbol Of Our Strength

The Great Table stands as a constant reminder to us of the love our alumni have for Alpha Delta Phi. In 1929, a large fire spread through the Alpha Delta Phi chapter house. Although the brothers were caught unawares, they put the good of the brotherhood ahead of their own well-being. These brave Alpha Deltas had not only the clarity of mind, but also the foresight, to realize that many of our most sacred and important documents, texts, and archives would be consumed by the flames if steps were not taken to protect them.

Those brothers who were present allowed their own belongings to be destroyed in order to make use of the few precious minutes they had. The brothers collected in the Great Hall and turned over the extremely large and heavy table. Brothers then scattered throughout the house, collecting items. The heroes piled the collection onto the overturned Great Table.

Going out into the blustery winter weather, the brothers pushed the Great Table down the icy hill to safety. As the house and brothers' tears fell to the frozen ground, thoughts turned to the future. There was no doubt that Alpha Delta Phi would continue to thrive. Those who risked their lives for the good of the house were the perfect individuals to ensure that the brotherhood continued to thrive, even without a home.

We salute those brothers whose bravery not only saved our most sacred items, but also the Great Table, which continues to stand as a reminder of our old home.

Jake Schtevie '03

## Refurbished Pledge Process Leads To Stronger Brotherhood

Since Alpha Delta Phi has been at Cornell, it has been one of the strongest houses on campus. This has to do with many things, such as our strong alumni relations program, our magnificent house, and our recognition of past tradition. Historically, pledging has played a key role in strengthening the brotherhood's membership and morale.

In recent years the brotherhood has wandered a bit from our strong traditions, opting instead for some of the more "modern" pledging rituals. Concerns about this were expressed by alumni as well as by actives during the annual alumni meeting with the undergraduates at brother Dyson's winery at Millbrook. Acknowledging that the current pledge process sometimes causes resentments toward the active chapter, the undergraduates agreed that it was due for some overhauling.

We are now returning to our roots, which means that we've replaced some rather pointless rituals of recent days with activities that are more relevant to creating a strong brotherhood. This does not mean that we have taken the good times out of the house! Just recently I returned from a trip to the Memorial Chapter at McGill University with all the pledges and a number of brothers. The trip was a complete success. The brothers in the Memorial Chapter put us up for the weekend in their house, and we felt right at home. The previous semester the Memorial brothers had come to us during our formal and were very much impressed with the way we handled our social situations; they, in turn, showed us a spectacular time in Montreal.

This year's pledge process is going very smoothly, and our pledge class of 13 has shown plenty of commitment. One of the pledges has refurbished the bar with a soon-to-be-working fridge and has made the inner pit room into the best pledge room I have seen in my three years at Cornell.

With many of the juniors (including me) living in for our senior year, we should have maximum compacity for next semester, which is very exciting for all of the undergraduates. The attitude of the chapter is high, and we feel that we are moving in the right direction.

XAIPE,  
Jordan Tarry '02  
President

## Welcome, Pledges!

Name .....	Hometown
Peter Andersen .....	Mill Creek, Washington
Thomas Calahan .....	Doylestown, Pennsylvania
Joseph Del Broccolo III .....	East Moriches, New York
George Doeere III .....	Poughkeepsie, New York
Keith Green.....	Huntington, New York
Gordon Hunt.....	Basking Ridge, New Jersey
Nathan Kopp.....	King Ferry, New York
Jared Morano .....	Fairfax, Virginia
Michael Pessiki .....	Jamison, Pennsylvania
Aaron Shapiro.....	Albany, New York
Jordan Willis.....	Eastford, Connecticut
Marc Zowel.....	Purchase, New York
Joseph Zihal.....	Greenlawn, New York

# FROM THE ARCHIVES...



The Alpha Delt brotherhood in the late 1880s.

Alpha Delta Phi at Cornell is an organization with numerous assets: human, financial, and historical. The management of our historical assets has been strengthened recently by a leadership grant from Knight Kiplinger '69 to collect, preserve, and digitize photographs, correspondence, and other images and documents in storage at the house. Many of the books, photo collections, and archival materials in the historian's closet are a century old. They are falling prey to mildew, dry rot, lack of careful handling, and the omnipresent risk of fire or water damage. The alumni board of directors is currently working with the Cornell University archivist to establish the Alpha Delta Phi Collection at Uris Library. As we begin to inventory and catalog our holdings, various treasures will be shared with you in upcoming issues of The Cornell Alpha Delt in a new feature called "From the Archives..." If you have any Alpha Delta Phi historical photographs or documents you would like to share, please contact Howie Schaffer '90 at [hbs3@cornell.edu](mailto:hbs3@cornell.edu). Thank you!

Dear Brothers,

One of the most distinctive characteristics of Alpha Delta Phi, both at Cornell and throughout the national organization, is a keen sense of history and tradition.

It is why, when we were undergraduates, we learned the rudiments of our fraternity's history, the songs, the names of distinguished alumni, and a few things about the Brothers in Arms statue and those wonderful (and extremely valuable) Louis Agassiz Fuertes paintings in the living room.

It is this spirit that led me to enthusiastically embrace the initiative of brother Howie Schaffer '90 to collect, catalog, and protect a mass of documents and photos relating to our Cornell chapter history.... It is very important that we proceed to create a formal archive of Alpha Delt at Cornell. Once compiled and well organized, it can be maintained by the active chapter, in which, in any given year, there are typically a few budding historians among the "live-for-the-moment" undergrads....

The creation of a well organized Adelpic Cornell archive will have the added benefit of encouraging Cornell Alpha Delt members to donate historic materials (or copies thereof) that they own. These materials could be solicited periodically in the chapter newsletter....

The creation and maintenance of this archive is a worthy project to be embraced by all of us, individually and collectively, through the ACEF. I heartily commend it to your consideration for ongoing support.

Xaire,  
Knight Kiplinger '69



Decorations for a faculty egg nog party in December '63.

**THE CORNELL ALPHA DELT** is published by the Cornell Chapter of the Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity at Cornell University for its members, alumni, and friends. News contributions and photos are welcome. Please address all correspondence to the Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity, Alumni Records Office, P.O. Box 876, Ithaca, NY 14851-0876.

PHOTOGRAPH: JUSTIN KRIEGER '03



## The "Secret War"? Not For Those Who Fought It

BY JACK JOLIS '67 (In honor of Frederick S. Johnson '43 and Robert "Bruce" Hart '84)

*The Cornell Alumni Magazine featured a four-page article on Mike Duel (Sigma Phi '57) in the November-December 2000 issue. For those of you who missed it, Mike served a tour as a lieutenant with the Marines after graduation and then joined the Central Intelligence Agency, following in the footsteps of his father. He was killed in Laos in a helicopter crash in 1965.*

*Shortly after graduating, our very own Jack Jolis '67 served a tour as a lieutenant with the Army and then moved to the CIA. His father had been in the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), the predecessor to the CIA, during World War II.*

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

Fourth floor, headquarters at Langley. January 1970. Me gathering dust in the "AF-2" (North Africa) desk. Me, the pampered Fortunate Son. An "elite" career trainee, with a red tab on my 201 file instructing, so to speak, that, at least for now, I should be kept out of harm's way.

Gathering dust? Growing moss, more like. Stuff this lot. I organize lunch with the beautiful red-headed Gayle, who, in addition to owning a neat little blue '69 MGB, is a, *ah*, personal friend of mine. She's also the number-one secretary at the Southeast Asia (SEA) Division.

Reuben sandwiches and beer and wine at the Agency's cafe.

"Hey Gayle. Look, kiddo. I'm slowly dying here on the *fer-kakta* Morocco desk. Would there perhaps be any action over in your shop?"

"Wow. Heck. Yeah, we got action alright. But what're you looking for? You wanta die?"

"Uh, no, not particularly. I tried that last year in 'Nam. Close, but you'll be happy to learn, no dice. But anyway, anything going down there in your Cambodia or Laos, say?"

"OK. I'll check it out. And let you know what I learn. Over dinner. At Clyde's. 8:00 sharp."

That night, over lobster, bacon burger, white wine, and Carling Black Label, she told me: "There might be an opening in Laos. The Northern War."

"Does that mean you've got a Southern War in Laos? Which would make it, if my Algebra for Imbeciles doesn't fail me, two wars in Laos. Which, as it happens, is smaller than the state of Virginia. Which doesn't even have *one* war going on. Unless they forgot to tell me."

"Yeah yeah. In the South, it's run out of Savannaket. 'We' run the show, of course, but our friends down there are the actual Royal Laotian Army. Such as it is...."

"Alright, so what have we got going for us up North? The Plain of Jars' chapter of the Hell's Angels?"

"Well, not far from it. In fact, the next best thing: the Meo. Although we just learned that 'Meo' is Chinese for 'dog,' so these worthies rather understandably prefer to be referred to by their proper name, which is the Hmong. 'We' know them generically as 'Montagnards.' Anyway, we got 55 of 'our' guys up there. Headquartered in a place called Landing Site 20/alternate. (Landing Site 20/non-alternate is actually a firebase on a nearby ridge.) Our 55 case officers—advisers on the ground—are all 'us.' But we've also got an Air Force captain who's the doc and an Air Force sergeant who's the cook—called 'Cookie,' and, yes, he bears an uncanny resemblance to his namesake in Beetle Bailey. Plus. Most of Air America is up there—Hueys, H-34s, Porter Pilatuses, Aztecs, C-7s, C-119s, and C-123s. The Hmong are commanded by a



1970, Long Tieng (northern Laos)

kind of God-like character called General Vang Pao. 'VP.' He's got an army of about 6,000 guys, though by now a lot of these 'guys' are actually kids.

"What we're up against is about six divisions of North Vietnamese. About 50,000 of 'em. The numbers vary a little 'cause their basic job is to haul their asses, tanks, ammo, rice, and equipment down the Ho Chi Minh Highway into South Vietnam. And if they can overthrow the king in his palace in Luang Prabang in the bargain, then that's a bonus. The job of our 55 guys, VP's Hmongs—oh, and I forgot to mention about 1,000 Thai troopies up there as well. You can call in the 'fast movers'—the F-4 Phantoms out of Udorn Thani AFB in Thailand, right across the Mekong, and you've also got the B-52s. Always remember, though, you've got to coordinate all this stuff with Air America. Without your Air America, you're nothing. In fact, without Air America, you're dead. Literally."

"OK. Sounds good. I'm on. So what do I do next?"

I did as I was told. Got "briefed" from some nerd at State. The Agency issued me an Air America ID card (!), and then, from something straight out of *Alice in Wonderland*, a Department of Agriculture ID card saying I was a "crop-duster." For Laos. 1970. (!!). (I don't have to expound too much upon what my near and dear's reaction was to that particular accreditation....)

Pam Am flight 002 from Dulles to Bangkok. Hand bag only. Tan gabbardine Cardin suit, blue shirt, Old School Tie. Black boots.

From Bangkok via Air America C-46 to Vientiane. Got papers all "sorted out," kind of, at the U.S. Embassy. Met my  
*(continued on next page)*

boss, Ted Shackley, who told me to try to stay alive and not be captured, as such would cause diplomatic problems. Hey, thanks, sir.... The ambassador said to me, to my jet-lagged astonishment, "Look, my boy, I know [Dick] Helms [the then-director of the CIA], who served with your Dad in the old Outfit. So endeavor not to get killed, up there."

"Thanks, sir. Sounds in fact like a good career move, in any case." (I'd never had so much concern expressed for my safety in such a short span of time, before, or since....)

Ambassador: "Right, right, so off you go, then."

Spent the night at the Agency's "safe house" in Vientiane. Cold Lucky Lager in the fridge. Lovely, lovely place, Vientiane. (Despite the fact that there was an off-putting abundance of not-very-convincingly "unarmed" North Vietnamese troopies sauntering about. I made a note to endeavor to kill them at my soonest possible convenience....)

Air America ancient H-34 chopper to Long Tieng, where upon my arrival there ensued a bit of a Chinese fire-drill, because while They knew well enough that Dick M. had been three-quarters wasted and medivac'd, it took Them some small time, in between the incoming 82mm mortars, and the odd RPGs and 122mm rockets, to figure out who I was, and, more to the point, what I was supposed to do once there. (It seemed that, other than getting himself nearly killed, nobody seemed too clear what the guy I was replacing had, in fact, been doing....)

Our C.O. was a splendid young chap called Vince S. He was the epitome of the perfect commander, in that he knew how to "delegate." He said, "So, you're the one replacing the effed-up Dick M., eh?"

"Yessir. So I'm led to understand, sir."

"OK, good. So carry on then. Find Tom M. in the commo hooch, and he'll show you which is your bunk."

"Right, sir. But what, if I might inquire, was Dick doing? That, not to sound too facetious, I might carry on his Good Works."

"Look, Jack, you seem like a good element, plus you come red-tabbed by Helms himself. So I welcome you aboard, and I'll help you any way I can. Now, whatever Dick was doing, he sure isn't doing it anymore, so forget about it. But Burr and I" (Burr S., the number two, or "XO"—a shaved-headed manifest lunatic of legendary bravery and mindless recklessness—the NVA radio even had broadcasts "denouncing" him—I'm sorry to say I never, to my knowledge, ever had that honor...) "have been hatching a plan with Hang Sao, VP's S-2 (Intelligence—a potato-shaped major) that I think you could—in fact, should—take on. Develop. Called the 'Rascal' Program. Talk to Burr about it, then get him to take you to Hang, and get the thing off the ground. You'll like it, it sounds like fun—wouldn't mind doing it myself, but I've gotta sit here answering incomprehensible b.s. inquiries from Langley."

I spoke with Burr S. Which was like talking to a deranged superannuated Billy the Kid on speed. He wasn't even brave, because to be brave you've got to conquer your fear. But Burr was a total stranger to fear.

Then I went to talk with the urbane Hmong S-2, Major Hang Sao. Charming fella, invited me to his mahogany villa, where his ever-beaming wife plied me with lao-lao (don't ask) and Lucky Lager. All our dealings were done in French. He quite liked me—couldn't believe any American could speak better French than he. Provided me with my personal interpreter/minder/Man Friday, a hot-shot Hmong corporal, Vang Kou, who'd learned English in Bangkok. Bloody fella would prove indispensable. And so I set about organizing and running the "famous" Rascal Program.

What it amounted to was me and Vang Kou finding, recruiting, and training teams of indigenous Hmong/Lao and inserting them into "enemy areas," both in northern Laos and into North Vietnam itself (on one occasion into

China itself). They were armed with nothing but their peasant clothes and specially crafted radio beacons fashioned by our "Techs" to uncannily resemble rocks or twigs or such-like—even leaves. These guys would be inserted by me and Air America into Indian Country to wander around until they'd find enemy troop encampments, vehicle/tank parks, or POL (fuel) depots. They would then turn on their beacons as close to the target as they could, and di-di the hell out of there to a pre-agreed pickup point. I, flying overhead in some Air America Huey or Porter, would pick up their beacon, then relay the coordinates to the Phantoms in Udorn and/or Arc Light. Then I and the AA jock had to go collect our scared-to-hell Rascals.

I eventually organized, trained, and ran seven such teams. Four men each. The proudest part of my entire military experience is that I never lost a single Rascal. There were beaucoup hairy moments, of course, but we always managed to get ourselves and them out, intact. And God, did we get results. The Air Force after-action reports were impressive. Even back at LS-20/alternate we could hear the explosions and see the sky going black with exploded fuel.

As always in war, our lives (in between the fear and killing and dying) were suffused by black humor—like, our giant panda bear. The king had given one to us as a thank you, and he was our mascot. We called him Ted, after Shackley, and we grenaded a cave for him in the giant rock upon which stood our little cabin we called our "officers' club." We'd get Ted regularly drunk on Lucky Lager. (I can tell you—giant pandas have dreadfully fearful hangovers....)

There was the time my guys captured a Russian "Gaz" jeep up on the Plain of Jars. This was given to me as a "war trophy." Some war trophy. Driving across the hilly Karst on a training run with one of my Rascal teams, suddenly the entire engine fell out the bottom of the damn thing. We had to hump a long way back to Long Tieng. Piece of crap—no wonder the Soviets blew the Cold War.

When Langley beckoned and it got time to go, Generalissimo VP himself threw me my personal *ba ci*, which is a kind of Hmong banquet/orgy/party/celebration sort of thing. I was made an honorary Hmong and presented with the requisite trinkets (I wear my Hmong ring to this day). Vast quantities of lao-lao, sticky rice, and White Horse scotch went down. The ladies were lovely and gracious. The soldiers were pretty convincing in regretting my departure. The Thai commander made a speech which, even if I had understood it, I don't think could be reprinted here. My Yank mates, before passing out, said, Hey, when you get back to the World, don't forget us.

I left via good old Air America to Vientiane, where they burned my passport and issued me with a new one.

Pan Am to DC, via a three-day stopover at the Old Family Haunt in Paris, 10 Ave. Foch. There I met the one and only Carla, who was in those days holding court at the Paris American Express office. I asked her out, and to my profound astonishment, she accepted. She would later say, "When I first met Jack he was dead drunk, stank, dirty, and with military haircut and military glasses was quite the most revolting man I'd ever met. God, he was awful."

She was right, of course, and I said, "Yes, my dear, you're right. But everything is relative—you should see the mates I left behind." Then I gave her my Hmong bracelet.

Which she fairly soon thereafter lost. All in all, though, no harm done. Except, I have reason to hope, to the NVA. Xaire and out.

*In the next issue of The Cornell Alpha Delt, Bill Arthur '44 will revisit the scene of one of his World War II adventures.*

# ALUMNI WRITE

Retired farmer JOHN V. B. RICE '32 writes that he was on hand when the chapter house burned some 70 years ago, and he wants to remind his fellow Alpha Deltas that there would be no house, "or at least a very poor one, if it were not for a wonderful benefactor, a graduate of Cornell (I think) and an Alpha Delt who gave a pile of money at the time and saw to it that the house was rebuilt on the old foundation. I don't think it could have or would have been done at the time without him. I am sure he has passed away by now, but somehow, sometime, he should be given the recognition he justly deserves." John has many fond memories of living in the house, and he's glad to stay in touch with the fraternity through the pages of *The Cornell Alpha Delt*. He makes his home at 2345 Scenic Dr., Apt. 104, Modesto, CA 95355.

Drop a line to ERBIN D. WATTLES '37 at 1006 Berkshire, Grosse Pointe Park, MI 48230.

Retired from publishing, KENNETH I. ZEIGLER '42 spends summers in North Carolina (3767 Rock Bridge Dr., Conover, NC 28613) and winters in Florida (972 Greenwood Court, Sanibel, FL 33957). Brothers are invited to look him up for a golf game at either location. E-mail reaches him at zig1830@aol.com.

RICHARD W. WAMBACH '53 reports that while wintering in Florida, he and Ann enjoyed a gathering with Gail and GEORGE KENNEDY '52, DAVE BROOKE '50, and Jane and WALLY JANSEN '52 at the Kennedy's home on Sanibel Island. Write to Dick at rwam@frontier.net or at 39 Kirklees Rd., Pittsford, NY 14534.

Last September in Fairfield, Connecticut, Amy Olt, daughter of the late BOB OLT '54, was escorted down the aisle by her proud uncle, JOHN A. BROOKE '57. A retiree, John lives at 3404 Sunset Key Circle, Punta Gorda, FL 33955.



A distinguished lecturer at the Darla Moore School of Business at the University of South Carolina, C. STANLEY LOMAX '59 can be reached at slomax1@yahoo.com or at 315 E. 88th St., #4D, New York, NY 10128.

RICHARD W. THATCHER JR. '60 is senior vice president of PMG Capital Corporation in West Conshohocken, Pennsylvania. He and Susan live at 260 Plymouth Rd., Gwynedd Valley, PA 19437, and they have three children (two of whom are Cornell grads) and six grandchildren. Send e-mail to Dick at rthatcher@pmgcapitalcorp.com.

After raising five children and retiring from the steel industry, DOUGLAS P. BRANDON '61 (dougbrandon@prodigy.net) went into business for himself with Brandon Steel Sales Associates. He and wife Gail are having fun restoring a 1790s farmhouse at 1209 Grove Rd., West Chester, PA 19380.

"I remain very active in the local Cornell Club as vice president of programs," writes JAMES A. BRADY '67 (6904 Kitty Hawk Dr., Pensacola, FL 32506; jbrady@bellsouth.net), an administrator at Pensacola Junior College. He adds that he traveled west last spring for the wedding of his older daughter in Mount Shasta, California. His younger daughter is married to the son of a Hudson Alpha Delt, and they have one child.

The president and CEO of SOHA Engineers, STEPHEN LAU '77 can be reached at slau@soha.com or at 57 Roxbury Lane, San Mateo, CA 94402.

THOMAS M. ROTHFELS '76 was recently promoted to executive vice president of worldwide media for Engage, Inc. He runs the global online business in 20 countries and spends a lot of time in Europe, Asia, and Japan. Last summer he saw MARK KENNEDY '78 and CHRIS BOAK '78 in New York City, and he recently spent time with JOHN BRUCKEL '78 at John's new house on Kiawah, South Carolina. Our address for Tom is 74 Balsam Ave., Toronto, Ontario M4E 3B7, CANADA (trothfels@engage.com).

Although he now lives in London, attorney PHILIP E. MCCARTHY II '86 threw a New Year's Eve party in New York to welcome 2001. Among those in attendance was JOE CAPELLA '86. From time to time Phil runs into STEVE EDWARDS '84 in East Hampton, and he keeps in touch with KEN SAKURAI '86, who lives in Japan. Send your regards to Phil at Flat 5, 7 Sloane Court West, London SW3 4TD, U.K. (phil.mccarthy@linklaters.com).

Congratulations to Rachel and HOWARD B. SCHAFER '90 on their December nuptials! Send best wishes to the newlyweds at 19 Chestnut St., Clinton, NY 13323 or at hbs3@cornell.edu.

GAVIN DAVIS '91 and his wife, Stacey, finally finished building their new house in Cumming, Georgia, last fall (4165 Hedgemoore Court, 30041), and their first house guests were BROOKS KITCHEL '92 and his wife, Denise. Send e-mail to Gavin at ghartdavis@aol.com.

Engineer JOHN C. KELLY '98 works for L-3 Communications and lives at 2675 W. Canyon Ave., #538, San Diego, CA 92123. His e-mail address is jck7@cornell.edu.

"After spending six months at surface warfare officer school in Newport, Rhode Island, I drove out to San Diego," pens PHILIP C. BALLARD '00 (pcb5@cornell.edu). "I am currently the main propulsion division officer on board the *U.S.S. John Young*. We just made national news with an 8.6 metric ton bust of cocaine on the high seas." When not cruising the open ocean, Philip lives in Pacific Beach at 1452 Diamond St., #3, San Diego, CA 92109.

## DECEASED

We regret to report the death of HENRY L. AVERY '34 (November 28, 2000), CHARLES Y. NEFF '37 (April 13, 1999), and SOLON A. STERNBERGH '48.