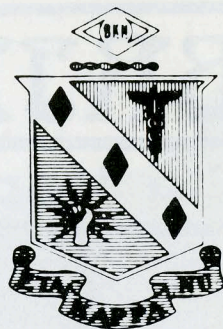


BRIDGE

Eta Kappa Nu



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Student.....

AWARD DINNER

by Marcus Dodson
Chairman

On Saturday night, August 3rd, 1985, the twenty-first annual Alton B. Zerby Outstanding Electrical Engineering Student Award was presented to Yvonne M. Utzig by Eta Kappa Nu President Joanne L. Wait at the Marriott Resort in Lincolnshire, Illinois. Mrs. Utzig attended Cal Poly, Pomona, (California State Polytechnic University) where she maintained a 3.98 GPA as well as an active work and church life.

The date and location were chosen to coincide with the annual meeting of the International Board of Directors which was held that morning. The Eta Kappa Nu International Executive Council consists of President Joanne L. Waite, Vice President Alan Lefkow, Executive Secretary Paul K. Hudson and Junior Past President Earl L. Steele. The members of the International Board of Directors are Alfred L. Arnold, Richard Cockrum, Arthur J. Ellison, Michael Hajny and Eugene L. Mleczo.

Although not in attendance, the students recognized for Honorable Mention were Greg L. Mehall of the University of Michigan-Ann Arbor, John M. Patrick of the Pennsylvania State University and Joseph T. Samosky of the University of Pittsburgh. Finalists in the top ten were Mark L. Heinrich of Texas Tech University, John E. Jablonski of the University of Massachusetts-Amherst, Jeffrey L. Scott of North Carolina State University, Jeffrey H. Sinsky of John Hopkins University, Jeffrey L. Smith of University of Alabama-Huntsville and Michael D. White of the University of Alabama-Birmingham.

Annually each HKN Student Chapter is asked to nominate an outstanding student. This student does not have to be a member of the chapter, or even of the

school. The only requirements are that the student be a full-time undergraduate enrolled in an EE program at an accredited EE school. These nominations are screened to ten finalists by the Los Angeles Alumni Chapter Student Award Committee and their dossiers are forwarded to prominent leaders in The Electrical Engineering Profession. The 1985 judges were Harold E. Foster, Chairman of the Board, WESCON, Ralph A. Lamm, Region 6, IEEE, Earl L. Steele, President, HKN and Cecil P. Wiggins, Chairman. Los Angeles Council, IEEE.

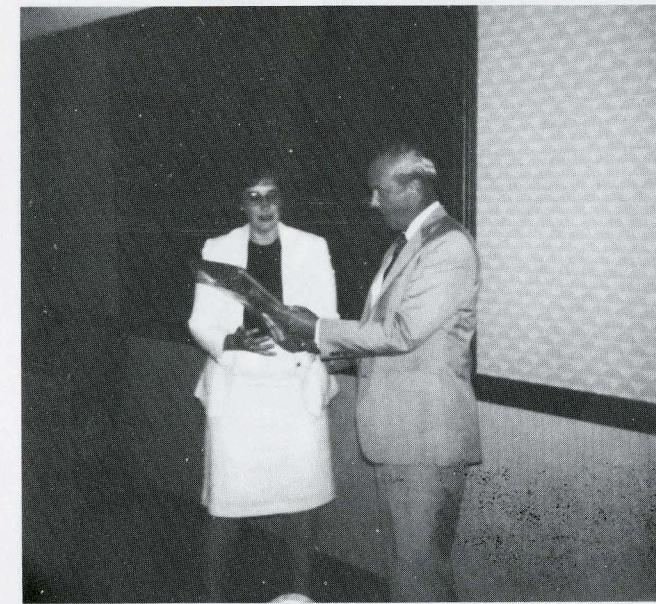
The Los Angeles Alumni Chapter, under the direction of the International Board, is the administrator of the award. The members of the 1985 Student Award Committee were Richard Cockrum, Robert J. Kennerknecht, Stuart McCullough, Donald Stoica and Arthur Sutton, chaired by Marcus D. Dodson.

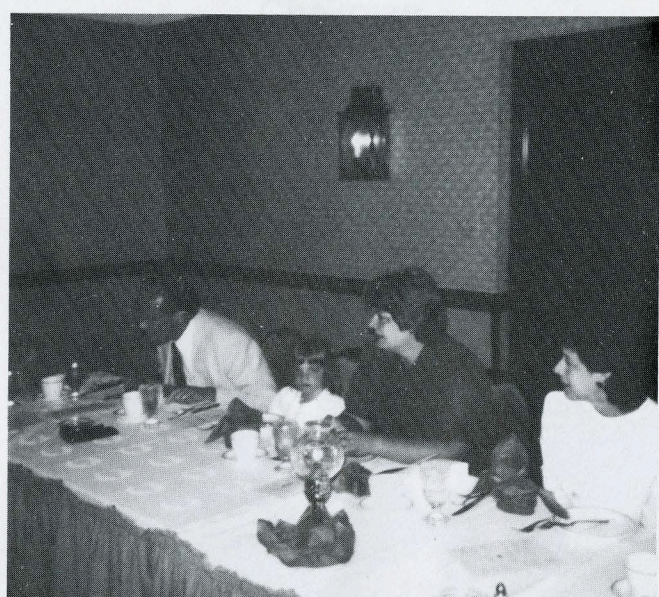
The award administrative expenses and the travel of the winner are funded by the Alton B. Zerby Trust

Fund and the cash stipend (this year \$1000.00) that the winner receives is funded by the Carl T. Koerner Trust Fund. These trusts were set up and funded by friends of HKN so that the Alton B. Zerby Outstanding Electrical Engineering Student Award would be financed in perpetuity.

Following the student award portion of the evening's program, which was Emcee'd by Robert Kennerknecht, President Waite presented Eminent Membership to Donald Christiansen and the Distinguished Service Award to Anthony F. Gabrielle.

At the conclusion of the ceremony Executive Secretary Paul K. Hudson presented mementos of the occasion to everyone present and then invited everyone to join him and his wife Trudy at the theatre to enjoy An American Stock Premiere Production of "A Chorus Line". This was a very enjoyable way to celebrate the awards that were presented that evening.





Tau Beta Pi Convention

by Bert Sheffield

The Tau Beta Pi Association celebrated its Centennial at Lehigh University in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania from October 3 to 5, 1985. Delegates came from chapters all over the US to attend the first two days of committee meetings. The last day also was jam-packed with activities. It included a ceremonial luncheon, which was followed by a Centennial Symposium with speaker Dr. Isaac Asimov, the presentation of the Centennial Plaque, and a Centennial Model Initiation. The day ended with a second century initiation and awards banquet which featured as speaker Mr. Lee Iacocca, chairman and chief executive officer of The Chrysler Corporation.

At the Centennial Luncheon Tau Beta Pi President, Dr. Paul H. Robbins, recognized past council members and representatives of thirty learned societies and associations. Each representative presented a plaque, made a brief statement of congratulations and received in return a lovely bronze Bent, encased in lucite and mounted on a wooden base with an engraved nameplate. In presenting the HKN Plaque, Bert Sheffield read the citation and pointed out the unique feature that it was signed by the first woman president of our society, Joanne Waite.

Author Isaac Asimov spoke extemporaneously for over an hour on the subject "Our Robotic Future". He told some 800 engineers who crowded into Lehigh's Packer Memorial Church that the age of robots, which he believes we are entering, will require many changes, one of which will be the implementation of his own laws of robotics which establish safeguards for robotics. He said he defined these laws in his science fiction story "Runaround" which appeared in the March 1942 edition of "Astounding Science Fiction". He added that robots are going to create unemployment as does every technological advance, but that technology also always creates new jobs. He warned that we must continue to use our brains to the fullest capacity. "The brain", he said, "is like everything else. If you don't use it, you lose it."

At the banquet Lee Iacocca, himself a Tau Beta Pi member and graduate of Lehigh, urged his listeners not to let our American industrial base slip away without even a good fight. In his speech which was peppered with his reknown down-to-earth language he said, "Just get a little mad. Get mad enough to change things." He added an admonition that brought the house to its feet "And if you can't get mad, at least get even".



Eta Kappa Nu Delegate and Past International Director of HKN Bert Sheffield, presents the Eta Kappa Nu Citation at the Tau Beta Pi Convention.

The luncheon and the banquet were held at the Hilton Hotel in Allentown, Pennsylvania. Food and service were flawless. The afternoon events were held at Lehigh University in nearby Bethlehem with transportation by a well organized caravan of busses. The centennial program ran as if by clockwork. James D. Froula, secretary-treasurer of TBP, and his staff, and the many volunteer workes at Lehigh Alpha, deserve great credit for this memorable affair.

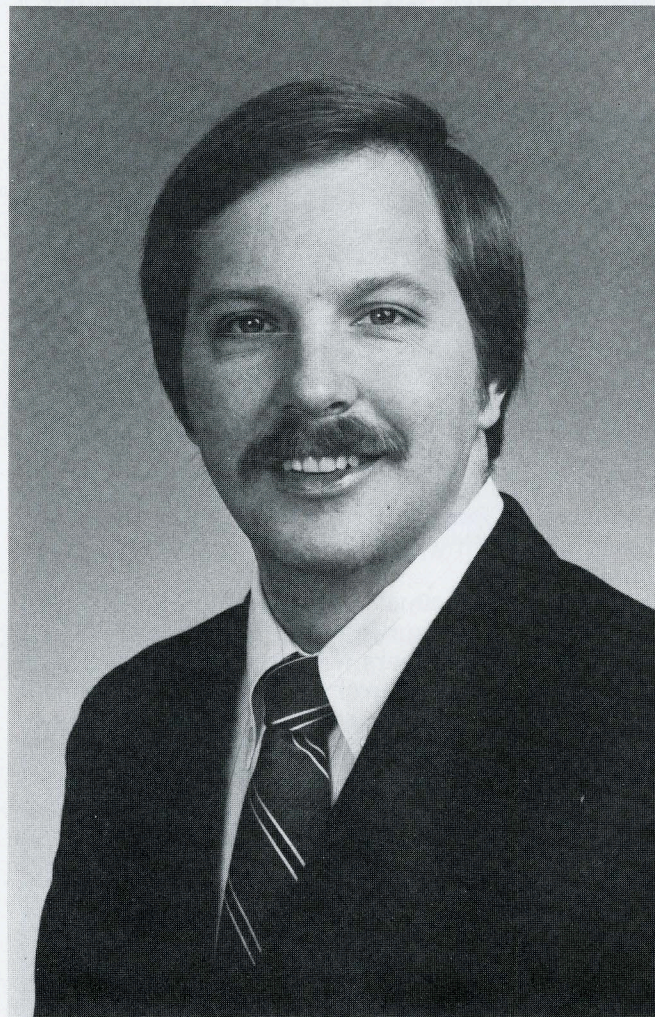
Mark G. Adamiak

Outstanding Young Electrical Engineer for 1985

This year's events, which culminated in the presentation of awards in the Eta Kappa Nu Outstanding Young Electrical Engineer of the Year recognitions program, was of special importance and significance. The award has achieved a major milestone as it celebrated its 50th Anniversary. Golden Anniversaries of any type are significant. Surely, when an activity has continued uninterrupted for 50 years, there is a lot to be grateful for. But when that activity is accompanied by 50 years of recognition of excellence of young electrical engineers, there is great reason to rejoice. And, rejoice we did in Philadelphia during our Golden Anniversary celebrations. That Golden Anniversary event will be described in a later issue of the *Bridge*. This article is devoted to announcing the names of the young engineers who were honored in 1985 for their outstanding achievements.

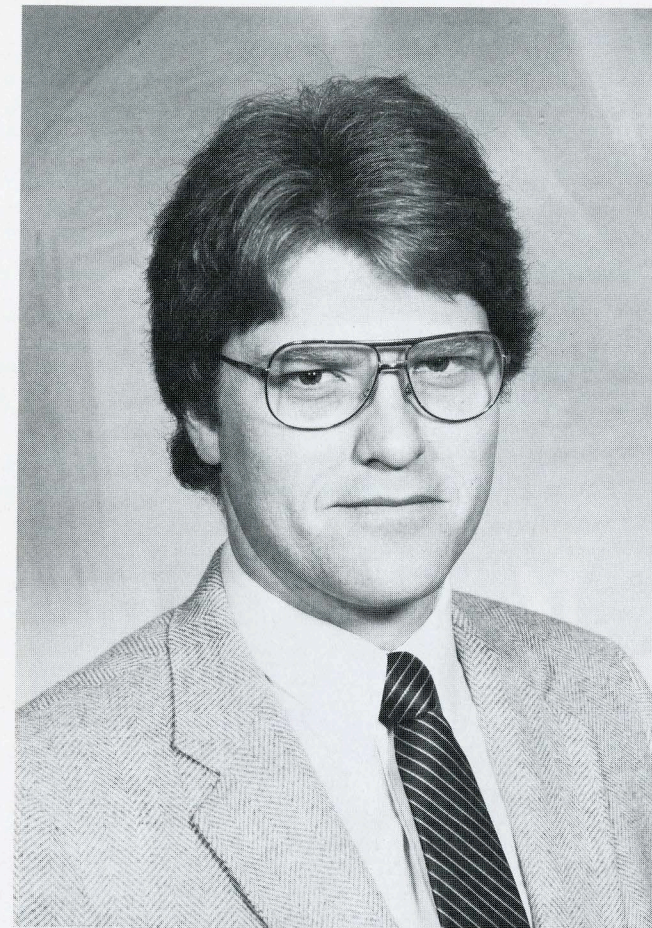
Mark G. Adamiak is the Outstanding Young Electrical Engineer of 1985. The award was presented to him at the 50th Anniversary Eta Kappa Nu Banquet in Philadelphia on April 21, 1986. The recognition is given annually to young electrical engineering graduates for meritorious service in the interests of their fellow men as well as for outstanding achievements in their chosen profession. At the same ceremony, Harvard S. Hinton, Harold A. Hoeschen, Jr. and Michael Keith were awarded Honorable Mention for 1985.

Mr. Adamiak is a Senior Engineer at American Electric Power Service Corporation, Columbus, Ohio. He was named Outstanding Engineer for his "outstanding contributions to the field of digital relaying for power system security, for his involvement in the Big Brother/Big Sister program and in other community activities."



Mark G. Adamiak

by
Irving Engelson
Chairman, Award Organization Committee



Harvard S. Hinton

Mr. Hinton is a Supervisor of the Photonics Switching Technologies Group at AT&T Bell Laboratories, Naperville, Illinois. He received his Honorable Mention for his "contributions to the development of photonic switching technologies and for his involvement in church and community activities."

Mr. Hoeschen is a Technical Supervisor at AT&T Bell Laboratories, Holmdel, New Jersey. He was recognized for his "contributions to the field of 32-bit microprocessor development and for his involvement in church and civic activities."

Mr. Keith is a Member of the Technical Staff at the RCA David Sarnoff Research Center, Princeton, New Jersey. He received Honorable Mention for his "contributions to the fields of computer-composed music and teletext systems and for his involvement in church and cultural activities."

Two other engineers were recognized as Finalists:
—John C. Curlander, Jet Propulsion Laboratories, Pasadena, California;
—James W. Welch, Jr., Volcano Telephone, Pine Grove, California.

The award winners were honored for their contributions to electrical engineering and for their contributions to society at large. Mr. Adamiak was

nominated by Mr. John E. Dolan, Vice Chairman, Engineering and Construction, American Electric Power Service Corporation, Columbus, Ohio. Mr. Hinton was nominated by Mr. J. J. Degan, Executive Director, AT&T Bell Laboratories, Columbus, Ohio. Mr. Hoeschen was nominated by J. O. Becker, Executive Director, AT&T Bell Laboratories, Naperville, Illinois and Mr. Keith was nominated by Mr. William M. Webster, Vice President, RCA David Sarnoff Research Center, Princeton, New Jersey.

The Eta Kappa Nu recognition is awarded to emphasize among electrical engineers that their service to mankind is manifested not only by achievements in purely technical areas but in a variety of other ways as well. Eta Kappa Nu holds that an education based upon the acquisition of technical knowledge and the development of analytical and logical thinking is a prerequisite to achievement in many lines of endeavor.

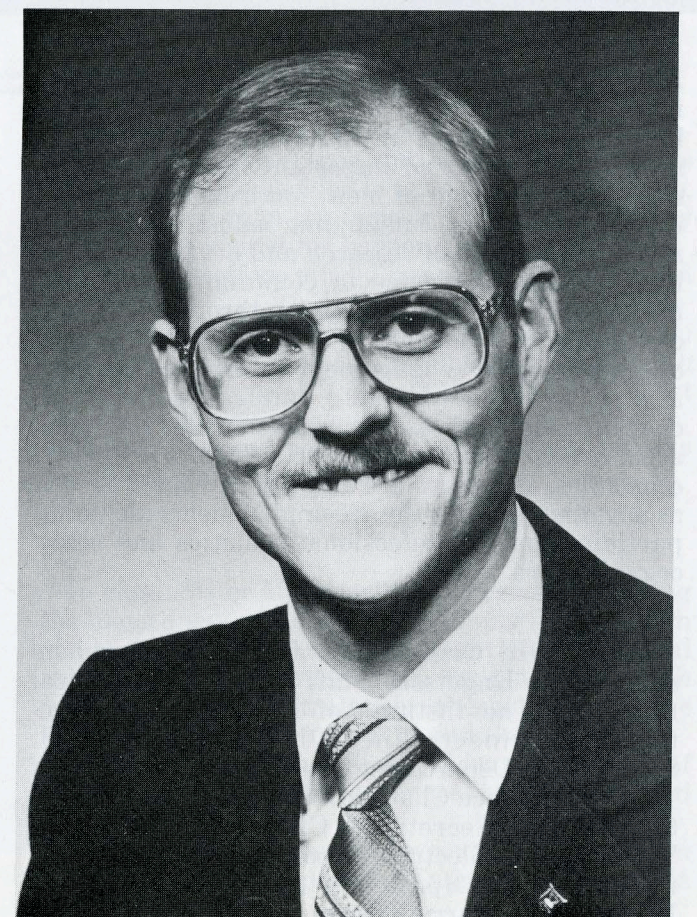
The Jury of Award usually consists of five prominent educators, industrialists, or professional leaders. In 1985, the jurors were:

Dr. Irving Engelson, Staff Director, IEEE Technical Activities;

Mr. Eric Herz, Executive Director, The Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers, Inc.;



Harold A. Hoeschen



Mr. John S. Kemper, Vice President, Engineering, Philadelphia Electric Co.;

Major General Alan B. Salisbury, Commanding General, United States Army Information Systems Engineering Command;

Dr. Max T. Weiss, Group Vice President, Engineering Group, The Aerospace Corp.

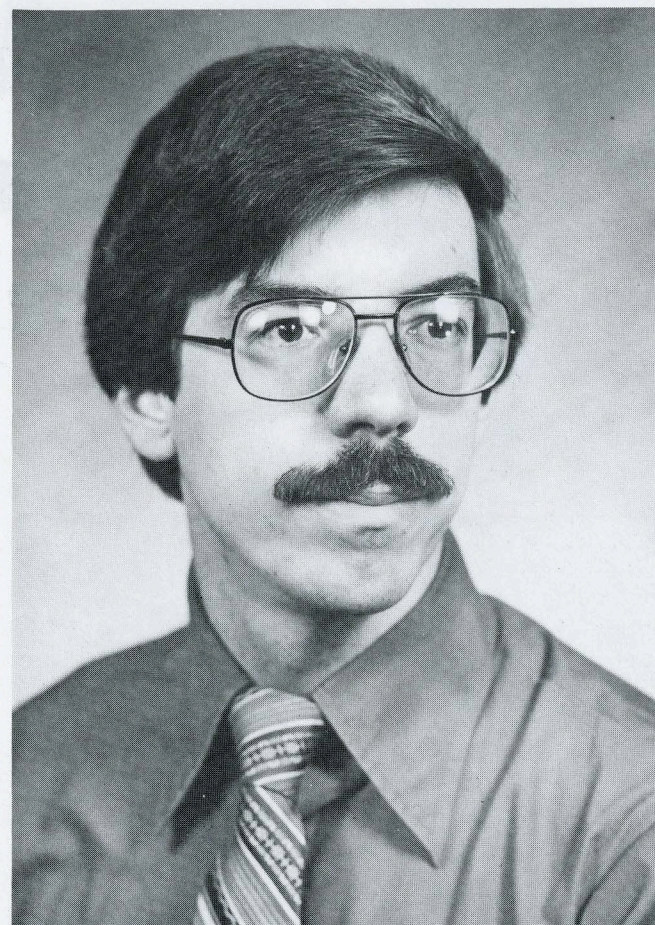
Nominations for the award are solicited each year through the Eta Kappa Nu Award Organization Committee. Nominations may be made: by any member, or group of members, of Eta Kappa Nu; by any Section of Society of the Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers, Inc.; by the head of the EE Department of any U.S. college or university; or by other individuals or groups, who in the opinion of the Award Organization Committee are properly qualified to make nominations.

The nominations for the 1986 awards should be submitted to the Chairman of the Award Organization Committee, or to the Executive Secretary of Eta Kappa Nu, by August 1, 1986. An eligible candidate is one who:

- has an electrical engineering degree (BS, MS, or PhD) from a recognized U.S. engineering school;
- will have been graduated not more than 10 years as of May 1, 1986 from a specified baccalaureate program; and
- will not yet have reached his/her 35th birthday as of May 1, 1986.

Awards are based upon (1) the candidate's achievements of note in his or her chosen work, including inventions of devices or circuits, improvements in analyses, discovery of important facts or relationships, development of new methods, exceptional results in teaching, outstanding industrial management, or direction of research and development; (2) the candidate's service to community, state, or nation, such as activity in philanthropic, religious, charitable, or social enterprises, leadership in youth organizations, or engagement in civic or political affairs; (3) the candidate's cultural and esthetic development, such as work done in the fine arts, architecture or the dramatic arts. Studies in history, economics, or politics are also highly valued as well as any other noteworthy accomplishments including participation in professional societies and other organizations.

The Award Organization Committee members are: Irving Engelson, Staff Director, Technical Activities, The Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers, Inc. (Chairman); Joseph J. Strano, EE Department, New Jersey Institute of Technology (Vice Chairman); Ralph J. Preiss, IBM Corporation (Secretary); Clarence A. Baldwin, Westinghouse Electric Corporation; Donald Christiansen, IEEE Spectrum; James D'Arcy, RCA Laboratories; Larry Dwon, Consultant (formerly



Michael Keith

American Electric Power Service Corp.); Anthony F. Gabrielle, Gulf State Utilities; Quayne G. Gennaro, Bell Atlantic; Willard B. Groth, IBM Corporation; Albert J. F. Keri, American Electric Power Service Corporation; Robert W. Lucky, AT&T Bell Laboratories; Stephen A. Mallard, Public Service Electric & Gas Company; George A. Mangiero, Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute; William E. Murray, Douglas Aircraft Company; Berthold Sheffield, RCA Corporation (retired); and Lawrence D. Wechsler, General Electric Company.

PHOTO ON OPPOSITE PAGE

Jury of Award: Seated, left to right: Major General Alan B. Salisbury, Irving Engelson, Eric Herz.

Standing: l to r: John S. Kemper, Max T. Weiss.



Whoever said that small boys can't be kindhearted didn't know youngsters. We have for our authority a nice old lady and a very small boy who were seated side by side in church. As the collection plate was being passed, the little boy noticed that the lady seemed to be fumbling fruitlessly in her purse.

"Here, Mum," he whispered, "take my offerin'. I'll hide under the seat."

It had been a hard day at the plant and now, at the end of the day, old man Quigley pushed into a subway train and sank into a seat with a sigh of relief. He had hoped to take a short nap before reaching his station, but he was jolted wide awake by a white-haired fellow sitting quietly in front of him. The man was reading his newspaper and paying no attention whatever to a pair of pigeons that were perched on his shoulders.

Several stations further on, when the crowd had thinned out, Quigley, unable to suppress his curiosity a moment longer, stepped across the aisle and addressed the peculiar stranger.

"Beggin' yer perdon, misther," he said politely, "but would ye be afther telling me what those pigeons are doin' on yer shoulders?"

"How would I know?" snapped the stranger. "They got on at Fourteenth Street!"

Six-foot-four, 238-pound Larry Quinn, the strong-man football player, was ribbed so much about his long hair that he decided to have it trimmed a little, but not more than an inch or two. One Saturday morning, he visited his barber.

"Don't take off too much," he warned as he sat down in the chair.

The barber shrugged. "Okay, if that's what you want," he said, eyeing the athlete's shoulder-length tresses. "I suppose if I did cut your hair real short nobody would recognize you."

"Yeah," agreed the giant tackle, "and nobody would recognize *you* either!"

In class, Sister Marguerite had been emphasizing the blessedness of humility, explaining that strength of character was more important than physical strength, and that might does not always triumph over right. To illustrate her thesis, she told the inspiring Bible story of David and Goliath.

"Now, Michael," said Sister Marguerite to one of her pupils, "what important moral have you learned from that story?"

Little Michael, thought for a moment and then offered his studied opinion: "Ya gotta remember ta duck!"

I Think The Best... I Expect The Best

by Amy Betten

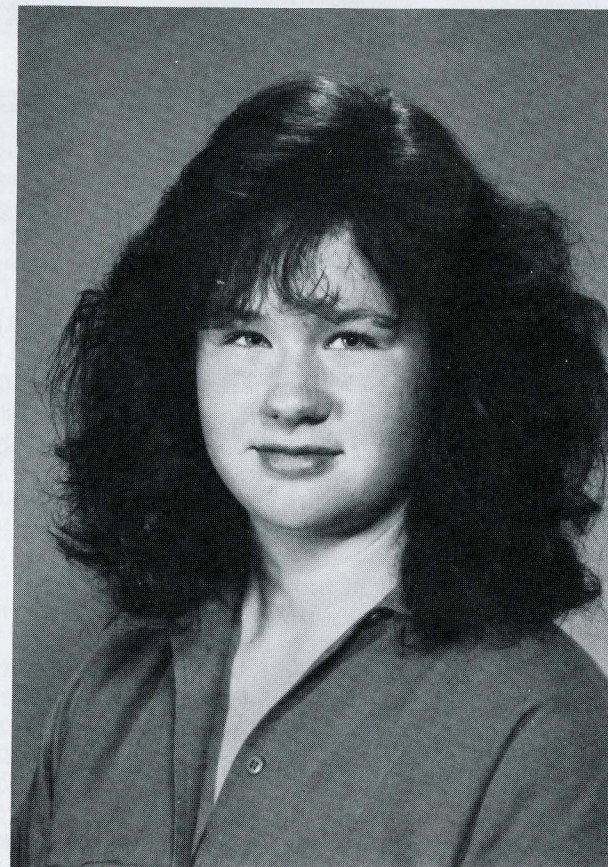
Miss Amy Betten, a fourteen-year old daughter of Past President and Mrs. Robert Betten entered a declamation contest sponsored by the Optimist Club. Amy was the co-winner for the entire state of Missouri. She was invited by the HKN Board of Directors to present her speech at the Student Award Dinner in Lincolnshire. She is a very sweet and talented young lady and we are pleased to present the text in Bridge. (Editor)

Which would you rather have? A brilliantly shining diamond, or a cold dark stone? It's just a matter of choice. As Abraham Lincoln said, "Most folks are just about as happy as they make up their minds to be." I believe people are just about as successful as they make up their minds to be.

I think the best, I expect the best.

In the 1912 Olympic games, the team was travelling by steamship to get to Sweden. On the deck almost all of the contestants were practicing their various events. There was one young man, however, who was sitting in the corner looking almost asleep. The coach walked over to him and said, "Jim, what are you doing?" The boy looked up, opened one eye and said, "I'm practicing coach." This man thought the best, this man was the best. This man was Jim Thorpe, the proud winner of the gold medals in the pentathlon and decathlon. Fifteen gold medals in all.

You may say, wonderful, that was the Olympics, this is everyday life. Yet, with the love of God, the love of family and friends, and with love and confidence in yourself, you



Receives High Award...

John A. Tucker

This past June the Massachusetts Institute of Technology conferred a high honor on John A. Tucker. By a nationwide vote of M.I.T. Alumni Chapters he was elected an Honorary Alumnus and member of the M.I.T. Alumni Association. Only 96 other persons have been so honored during this century; among them Eta Kappa Nu members Lee A. Dubridge and Jerome B. Wiesner.

Mr. Tucker, who joined M.I.T. in 1956 following service with the Bell Telephone Laboratories, was the first departmental Administrative Officer at the Institute. Since 1969 he has served as Director of the VI-A Program, a prestigious 67-year-old internship-type program in their Electrical Engineering & Computer Science Department, a position he still holds.

An active member of Eta Kappa Nu over the years, John has served the Association in many ways. He was the founder, in 1950, of Gamma-Beta Chapter at Northeastern University. For two years he was an HKN International Director and for thirteen years served as Faculty Advisor to M.I.T.'s Beta-Theta Chapter. He was the installing officer for several other chapters and fulfilled many other national functions. He supervised a number of Eminent Member inductions and wrote the first official Induction Ceremony for Eminent Members. When the Boston Alumni Chapter was reactivated, following World War II, John moved through various offices to eventually become its President. He has maintained his contact with both international headquarters and many alumni over the years.

Eta Kappa Nu congratulates Brother Tucker on receiving this M.I.T. award.



BETA UPSILON CHAPTER, University of Kentucky.—Fall 1985 was an eventful semester for the Beta Upsilon Chapter at the University of Kentucky. With faculty advisors Dr. Clayton R. Paul and Dr. Earl L. Steele; and Joan Adkisson, President, the officers of Eta Kappa Nu guided the group in activities which benefited both students and the community.

Throughout the semester, sophomore electrical engineering students benefited from tutoring sessions arranged by Eta Kappa Nu. To assist graduating seniors,

Eta Kappa Nu brought Alcoa back for a second year to conduct mock interviews and to make a presentation on engineering. For a full day, Alcoa's representatives filmed students' interviews and then reviewed the film with the students in an effort to improve their interviewing skills.

As a community service project, members of Eta Kappa Nu spent an afternoon visiting residents of a local nursing home. Members brightened the residents' day by bringing animals from the Humane Society.

Other activities this semester included an Octoberfest picnic

held in conjunction with IEEE and a tee-shirt design contest. The winning design was printed on shirts which were sold as a fund raiser. This November, 27 new members were initiated into the Beta Upsilon Chapter.

The officers for 1985-86 were Joan Adkisson, President; Steve Koenig, Vice-President; Kevin Williamson, Treasurer; Sophie Jang, Corresponding Secretary; Richard Austin, Recording Secretary; Scott Bridges, Bridge Correspondent; and Doug Wagner and Mike Meredith, Engineering Student Council Representatives.
by Scott Bridges

and part of which I was

George H. Brown

Assistant BRIDGE Editor Dr. George H. Brown was formerly Executive Vice President for Research and Engineering of the entire RCA Corporation. He has received many honors including Eminent Membership in Eta Kappa Nu.



Hunger on the Orient Express

A long time ago when I was in high school, I read novels and saw movies which developed for me a somewhat suppressed desire to ride on the Orient Express and to dine in the luxurious dining car used by international spies. The afternoon of October 9, 1963, found my wife and me over the Adriatic on the Yugoslav airline from Rome to Dubrovnik carrying railroad tickets for the Orient Express from Belgrade to Venice.

When getting our visas at the Yugoslav consulate in New York, I had been warned orally and by a printed instruction sheet that we were not allowed to carry Yugoslav money into or out of Yugoslavia and that money could only be changed at banks in Yugoslavia. We landed at the Dubrovnik airport near Cilipe but thirty miles from Dubrovnik only to find the bank at the airport closed. It was while we were waiting to go through passport control that we first learned that this semi-communist country had many rules which were not enforced. A taxi driver approached us to offer his services. I explained my problem relating to a lack of Yugoslav currency and he assured me that Italian or American money was quite acceptable, even welcome. Before I had a chance to show our passport or retrieve our bags for customs clearance, he conducted us to his taxi, hurried back into the airport, and returned with our bags in a few minutes. I assumed that this taxi man

was engaged in illegal monetary activities. In the next few days, I found that foreign currency was quite acceptable in all shops and many displayed large signs offering discounts for foreign money and travelers checks. So much for bureaucracy.

For a few days, we did what all tourists were expected to do. First a walking tour of the old walled city and a bus trip for a panoramic view of the city and the harbor. One afternoon we had a boat trip to Cavtat and viewed on top of a great hill a mausoleum designed by the famous Mestrovic of whom we had never heard. Back at the harbor, we encountered a policeman who spoke Italian and he was thus able to guide us to the museum of the painter Bukovac. On another day, we went by bus to Trebinje to visit the house of the late Osman Pasha, sat in his living room for coffee, saw his bedroom and harem room, and ate Turkish delight.

We received a telegram from our son, George, saying, "Telephone me tonight at Coimbra." Somewhere along the way, the telephone number had disappeared, either in Portugal or Yugoslavia. A week later, he telephoned from Oporto in Portugal to Venice where we explained our apparent indifference to his telegraphic request.

The most dramatic part of our stay in Dubrovnik occurred on the last evening, a concert in the Rector's Palace. I have wondered when it was a palace for it

was a huge ruin with several walls toppling. The roof had a large circular hole in its center through which we could view a bright crescent moon. The moon and a few candles furnished the illumination in the hall. The orchestra from Zagreb and the violin soloist were apparently well known and they put on a superb performance for an enthusiastic audience.

We arrived at the airport early next morning with time to have breakfast. The entire orchestra from Zagreb was already there, having breakfast of coffee, croissants, and slivovitz. Not wishing to be thought odd, we had the same repast. When our plane for Belgrade arrived, the pilot and the entire crew disembarked to have the same meal, including slivovitz.

Since we had experienced some difficulty in Dubrovnik because there were few English-speaking people in evidence, I decided to seek an English-speaking guide for our few days in Belgrade. Before going to lunch at the Metropole Hotel in Belgrade, I asked the concierge to find such a person. Immediately after lunch, a handsome and extremely well-dressed young lady appeared. Milena Dostanich not only spoke English fluently but she quickly judged our interests and our tastes. She showed us the museums, stores, and other points of interest including a fashion show one evening.

It was a comfort to have Milena with us as we emerged from the fashion show with a huge crowd and found no taxis available. We would have had to resort to sign language for assistance but Milena very capably consulted a bus starter to find a bus which went past our hotel. We boarded the indicated bus which immediately drove off in the direction opposite to that of our desires. We traveled several blocks before Milena could get the driver to stop and let us off. As we trudged the long way to our hotel, Milena told us what she thought of bus starters. It was a situation familiar to New Yorkers.

Milena also arranged a meeting for me with engineers at the technical institute where I was shown some very sophisticated work with fuel cells, crystal growth, and purification of germanium ore.

Finally the day of my dreams arrived. Milena arranged to have a taxi take us to the railroad station in the evening but she did not accompany us. The Orient Express was scheduled to arrive at 7:45 p.m. and to depart at 8:45 p.m. so we arrived at the station at 7:30 p.m. in order to avoid hurrying. We were met by several porters. When I said, "Orient Express," they all burst into explanations of some sort, not a word of which did I understand.

Having come from Rome where I was often forced to say I did not understand, I automatically brought forth "Non capisco." What a lucky phrase! One of the porters explained in Italian that the Orient Express was as usual late because it was coming from a communist country where there was always a delay caused by unnecessary paper work. He advised us to go into the station for coffee and meet him at Track Seven at ten o'clock, whereupon he gathered our bags and disappeared.

I explained the situation to an English couple and they asked where I had acquired my information.

When I said the porter had told me, the suspicious Englishman replied, "But he was speaking some ghastly foreign language." He and his wife then sat on their bags for two hours.

We entered the coffee shop which was filled with villainous characters wearing ferocious mustaches, pantaloons, and fezzes but no knives were in evidence. A couple of these desperadoes politely found a table and chairs for us and we were served coffee. There was no food in sight but we were indeed ready for a sumptuous dinner once we were on board our luxury train.

Because we had been advised that the export of Yugoslav currency was forbidden, I suggested to my wife that I would purchase a large bottle of slivovitz to take to our friends in Geneva. So I stepped to the bar and purchased an impressive two-liter bottle of the national drink.

My wife inquired, "Did you get rid of your Yugoslav money?"

To which I replied, "I spent sixty cents for this big bottle. I still have the equivalent of twenty dollars."

This remainder caused no problem. I traded it for Italian money at American Express in Venice and received a better exchange rate than was given in Belgrade.

Finally came an announcement which seemed to indicate that the Orient Express was arriving. But it arrived on Track One! Soon many passengers disembarked but the guards would permit nobody to go to the train. To our consternation, the train soon backed out of the station and disappeared into the blackest night one could imagine. We were completely dismayed and helpless. For ten minutes we speculated as to our next move. Then the train returned, this time on Track Seven. There stood our porter with our bags. When the train came to a stop, we were exactly in front of the steps of the car indicated on our tickets. Our happiness was only exceeded by that of our porter when I gratefully gave him a huge tip for his services.

Our room was in a car of the Wagon Lits Company and was furnished with comfortable beds, clean sheets and towels and fluffy blankets. The nearby toilet room was stacked high with soiled laundry but a chamber pot was provided in our room.

When the train departed from Belgrade at approximately ten-thirty, I asked the guardian of our welfare the direction of the dining car for we were more than ready for food and wine. We were informed that the Orient Express no longer carried a dining car. Near midnight, the train halted at a platform occupied solely by a man with a cart. We hopped off to see what he could provide. A large metal tank contained goat's milk cheese floating in some questionable liquid. There was also a box containing one-kilogram bars of chocolate. At this late hour, these bars seemed very desirable. Elizabeth seized one and I handed some bills to the provider of our repast. He snatched the chocolate from my famished

wife and returned the money to me. But we insisted. He shrugged and let us have the huge chocolate bar. When the train started, we sat down to our candy only to discover that it was black and bitter. Within the hour, we were famished and the chocolate seemed sweeter.

The car next to ours, a third-class car, was crowded with wildly chattering people accompanied by many children. Chickens in net bags and trussed lambs were much in evidence. Early in the morning, these folks shaved the black chocolate into metal cups, added sugar and milk from skin containers, and produced candles with which to heat their morning chocolate.

At last we reached Trieste a 10:30 a.m., the time at which we were scheduled to arrive in Venice. We dashed into the station restaurant for a belated breakfast. On returning to our car, we learned that the Orient Express would for some inexplicable reason depart at 3:00 p.m. with no guarantee of the arrival time at Venice. Since we were to spend only one night in Venice, we negotiated with a taxi driver and by noontime we were on the road to Venice. By 2:30 p.m. we were seated on the Piazza San Marco and I had satisfied my desire for a ride on the Orient Express.

Amy Betten

can bring excellence and prosperity into your own life. First, you must make sure that you are being the best person that you can be. Then you can definitely think the best and always expect the best. Second, you must not look at people and pick out their bad points. I have a friend who I didn't feel was being the best friend that he could be. That really irritated me! Then I began to think about two things. I'm definitely not perfect, so before I start judging him why not take a look at myself. Why was I always picking out the things I didn't like instead of the things that made me want to be his friend in the first place. I started focusing on the good points, and the bad points just seemed to disappear. Now he's like the brother I never had.

Another aspect of having a good life is to trust in God. If you put your life in His hands, then He will help you become all that you want and can be. There is a famous person who I believe is a good example and who exhibits these practices in his daily life. His name is Norman Vincent Peale. He lives

by the power of positive thinking. He thinks the best, he expects the best and he accomplishes the best.

Not only famous people exhibit these qualities. I happen to know a man, just like any other man, who isn't ordinary in the least. I see this man five days a week, every week, so I know him pretty well. He is my geometry teacher. He doesn't let us say "I can't do this"; he makes us do it, he helps us do it, but most of all he makes us know that we can do it. He thinks the best of his students, he definitely expects the best of his students, and he exhibits the best for his students.

What do we really mean when we say "best?" Each person is so special and unique that, of course, we each have a different "best." What the best means to me is always trying to do better, to strive for perfection. If you believe in something, concentrate on it, work on it, put everything you have in you behind it; and whatever it may be, it will definitely be your best. Each of us should know that if our best isn't always the first place or the big piece of pie, that for our own selves it is the gold medallion; and we should be more proud of

Recently, affluent friends have ridden from Paris to Venice on the now-refurbished, highly advertised, and much more expensive Orient Express. They reported that the new version still adheres to the old tradition—it continues to run behind schedule by an ample margin.

A few months after our train trip in Yugoslavia and viewing the mausoleum in Cavtat, we were in a hotel on Michigan Boulevard in Chicago. From our windows we had a view of Grant Park and at the entrance to the park stood two large and impressive statues of American Indians on horseback, reminiscent of a similar statue in Orleans, France. We were so struck by the beauty and grandeur of these statues that we walked across the boulevard for a closer look. Small plaques at the base of each statue revealed that the sculptor was Mestrovic!

Thirteen years after our adventure, we received a letter from Milena Dostanich to tell us that she was living in Santa Monica, California, she was now an American citizen, and she happened to see me a few days before when I appeared on the NBC Today program.

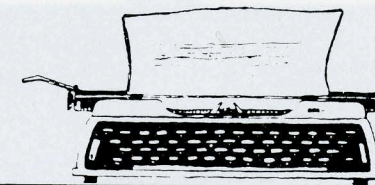
that than any other person's judgement could ever make us. As for excellence, I don't think it is something you define; it is something you achieve. Once you have achieved it, it is something that cannot be taken away like a material item. It will make you stand up for what you believe in and always strive to do better.

Our generation is faced with difficult decisions everyday. Easily accessible to us are things such as drugs, alcohol, cheat sheets, and other questionable items. If young adults our age, however, were always thinking and expecting the best they wouldn't ever have to consider using such artificial crutches.

Thinking the best and expecting the best are easy words to say. But to accomplish these things is a much greater task than just saying them. You must live them. Always!

When sending an address change to Headquarters you must send the old address and old zip code as well as the new address and new zip code.

High Five



The Old Professor says:

Drink is the curse of the working class.
Work is the curse of the drinking class.
Golf is the curse of the leisure class.

Little Kate came home from kindergarten and announced that she had learned a new song: God bless America, land that I love; Stand beside her and guide her, Through the night with a light from a bulb."

It was so cold there, I almost got married.

(Shelly Winters)

On an Assyrian tablet dated 2000 B.C. are the following words: "The gods do not subtract from the allotted span of men's lives the hours spent in fishing."

Gene Fowler, the writer, visited W. C. Fields shortly before his death. Fowler found his ailing old crony sitting in the garden reading the Holy Bible. "I'm looking for loopholes," Fields explained.

APPOINTMENT IN SAMARRA

By Somerset Maugham

Death Speaks: There was a merchant in Bagdad who sent his servant to market to buy provisions and in a little while the servant came back, white and trembling and said, "Master, Just now when I was in the market place I was jostled by a woman in the crowd and when I turned I saw that it was Death that jostled me. She looked at me and made a threatening gesture; now, lend me your horse and I will ride away from this city and avoid my fate. I will go to Samarra and there Death will not find me." The merchant lent him his horse, and he dug his spurs in its flanks and as fast as the horse could gallop he went. Then the merchant went down to the market place and he saw me standing in the crowd and he came to me and said, "Why did you make a threatening gesture to my servant when you saw him this morning?" "That was not a threatening gesture," I said, "it was only a start of surprise. I was astonished to see him in Bagdad, for I had an appointment with him tonight in Samarra." (from SHEPPY)

Dear Mom and Pop,

It sure is nice here and we're having lots of fun. This morning me and Grandma played cops and robbers, and she's gonna bake me a whole bunch of cookies as soon as I untie her. Love, Tim.

It's no wonder today's teenager is so confused, what with half the adult population exhorting him to "find yourself" and the other half telling him to "get lost."

Senator Daniel P. Moynihan tells of the time he heard his maid answer the telephone: "Yis, this is where Dr. Moynihan lives; but, faith, he's not the kind of docthor that does annywan anny good."

Doesn't it make you a bit uneasy that some of the colleges that are teaching our children how to make a living are going broke.

KASHMIRI SONG

Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar,

Where are you now? Who lies beneath your spell?
Whom do you lead on Rapture's roadway far,
Before you agonize them in farewell?

Pale hands, pink tipped, like Lotus buds that float
On those cool waters where we used to dwell,
I would have rather felt you round my throat,
Crushing out life, than waving me farewell.

(Laurence Hope)

"Hi'ya, beautiful," the marine called.

"I bet you're calling me that because I spent six hours in the beauty parlor."

"No. Because I spent six months in the Solomons."

Song title: "I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl That Turned Down Dear Old Dad."

The judge was being stern with the prisoner. "When were you born?" he demanded. No reply. "I say, when were you born? WHEN IS YOUR BIRTHDAY?"

"Whadda you care?" replied the prisoner. "You ain't gonna give me nothing."

The super-duper salesman had accomplished a near miracle. He had sold an icebox to an Eskimo. One day, while in town, he bumped into the customer once more. "How's the refrigerator I sold you?" he asked.

"Swell," said the smiling Eskimo. "But the old lady hasn't got the knack yet of chopping up the ice square to fit them little trays."

The murder trial had reached the highest point of tension and the beautiful blonde hung her head and squirmed under the cross-examination.

"I repeat my question for the fourth time. Where WERE you on the night of December 15?" the D.A. bellowed.

"Oh—I—I cannot tell you."

"YOU MUST TELL US."

"All right. I—I was home working out a cross-word puzzle."

"Why are you ashamed of that?"

"Oh, it's terrible. A beautiful dame like me, wasting a night on a crossword puzzle."



The First Time I Saw Paris

part nine

Our Lady of Paris

by **PAUL K. HUDSON**
Editor — Bridge

I suppose that Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris is the most famous in the world, at least if you asked everyone in the world to name a Cathedral, Notre Dame of Paris would be mentioned more often than any other. Many would just say "Notre Dame" not realizing that there are Notre Dames at other places than Paris. It is considered to be the first of the Great Gothic Cathedrals although, in truth, Saint Denis came first by a few years. Many churches were torn down during the Revolution but, fortunately, Notre Dame was spared. It was badly desecrated but was not torn down because the Revolution decided that it would be a good place to stable horses and store fodder. I have difficulty visualizing horses tied up at the altar and hay piled up in the choir, but it happened.

People have a habit of establishing bench-marks in time and then relating other important events to that. Thus a certain happening was either before or after the flood, the fire, their operation, when the baby came, their retirement, etc. On a more universal scale everything is measured from the birth of Christ. The next most important date in History is probably the Norman Conquest of England in 1066. That is a good one in this case because we can say that Notre Dame was built just a century later. Of course it took a long time to complete the structure but it was started then.

One morning we took a cab from in front of our hotel on the Rue de la Paix and I said to the driver,

←

Left—Notre Dame of Paris

"Notre Dame if you please." he replied, "You mean the Cathedral?" I said, "What else?" But then I realized that he was right. There is a Notre Dame Hotel across the river from the Cathedral and a Notre Dame a lot of other things in Paris.

As we rode along, I thought about what a young French diplomat might think if he went to New York City for the first time, told a cab driver to take him to the United Nations, and the cab driver replied, "You mean the one over on the River?" It could happen though because I am sure there is a United Nations Hotel, a United Nations Tavern, and maybe even a United Nations Dog Cemetery. Those things are getting to be quite popular. What if the cab driver did not bother to ask the diplomat and (because he was dressed in dark clothes and looked a bit sad) took a wrong guess. What would the diplomat think when they drove up into the dog cemetery and the cab driver says, "Well Sir, here we are in the United Nations. Is there any special dog that you would like to visit? I will invite the reader to finish this story for himself. You can end it in all sorts of wild and interesting ways.

Like most everything else in Paris, I was not prepared for Notre Dame. It was my intention to just walk respectfully into the Cathedral, and sit quietly in the nave for an hour or so, meditating on the mystery and wonder of life and death, and the Great Power who causes it all. When I entered the Cathedral I was greeted by the most terrible noise you could imagine. The nave was fenced off and work crews were busy pounding huge holes in the floor with jack-hammers, pneumatic drills and other noisy tools. Through one of the gaping holes I could see the walls

of the crypt below. I have no idea what that was all about—why, after 800 years they have a need to tear up the floor.

I was also surprised by how dark it was inside. Flying buttresses are supposed to allow a Cathedral to have large windows and lots of light. But in Notre Dame, in the middle of the day, you could hardly read a song book without an artificial light. The Cathedral at Toledo is supposed to be the darkest church in the world. If that is so, you wouldn't want to go inside without an emergency light.

Very little polish is used in Notre Dame. It is very old and they apparently want it to look that way. Not much is fixed up or painted up. The Side Chapels in many Cathedrals that I have visited are lovely little places that get lots of attention and housekeeping. For the most part, the Side Chapels of Notre Dame are sad places. Some of them even had old boards piled in them. Maybe they were important boards and maybe they were there only temporarily, but I was deeply shocked by the desecration.

When we arrive at the transept we come to two of the most beautiful things on earth—the Northern and Southern Roses. There are not words good enough to properly tell of their loveliness. Maybe *stunning* is a suitable word because we pretty well lose our senses. If someone speaks to us we do not answer—we just want to stand there and receive into our souls the divine messages that are being transmitted by these masterpieces. Viewing a rose window in Notre Dame is pretty much like looking into the face of God. I have seen a good many printed reproductions of the roses, especially the northern rose, but they are nothing compared with the real thing. They cannot capture the cobalt blues, purples and reds. Also the fact that the roses have a high elevation gives them additional grace. The western rose in the front of the cathedral is much smaller and

serves mainly as a halo for the *Virgin Mary* standing outside on the porch. The effectiveness of this rose on the inside was destroyed many years ago when they bolted a pipe organ in front of it. But as long as Notre Dame can keep its two large roses, it will always be one of the most special places on earth, even if there is another Revolution and they stable horses there again.

On the same island with Notre Dame, but buried in the middle of some public buildings is one of the most interesting chapels in the world. It is the *Sainte-Chapelle*. It has practically no walls. The roof is supported on slender pillars and buttresses between which are windows fifty feet high. It is a masterpiece of balance—a balance so perfect, in fact, that despite its obvious fragility, no crack has appeared in seven centuries. It was built to contain Christian relics but never did so. The relics were taken to Notre Dame. To get to the beautiful upper floor you must pass through a lower floor which is quite ugly. It originally was servant's quarters. I do not know if the Chapel is a parish church and, if not, how it is supported financially. Maybe the tourist coins do it—there was a fee to get in. There was also a sign telling of future concerts to be performed there. The stained-glass windows are the oldest in Paris and are breathtakingly beautiful.

Another church in Paris that has a thoughtful history is the Saint Medard. It is about a mile south of Notre Dame at the end of Mouffetard street. At the start of the eighteenth century the grave of the Saint became a pilgrimage place. Finally religious zeal got the best of many young women who ate dirt and had themselves beaten at the grave. The government finally had to close the cemetery and posted a sign on the church that read: *By order of the King, God is forbidden to perform any miracles in this place*. That is what is called "Sorting things out and letting everyone know who is in charge."

THETA MU CHAPTER, State University of New York at Stony Brook—We are currently reviewing candidates for new membership. Among the qualifications needed is a willingness to contribute to our chapter to help us achieve our goals. Eligible candidates were initiated on Friday evening, November 15, 1985. The ceremony was held in the Student Union, with a reception following.

Current members are required to devote one hour of their time per week for tutoring. We are currently working on advertising for this service. This will help

students in their courses as well as familiarizing them with Eta Kappa Nu.

At the beginning of this semester we sold lab kits to students in the Digital Systems Design class. We plan to do this again next semester. We are selling the kits with Tau Beta Pi. The reason for this is twofold. First, we are familiarizing Engineering students with our organizations. Second, we are selling the kits at less than half the price than the bookstore. We hope to convey the message that the students will not stand to being ripped off by their outrageous prices.

As pre-registration for Spring semester is only a few weeks away, we will be setting up advising booths for students with questions about their programs or courses they are thinking of taking. We also want to hand out brochures about Eta Kappa Nu.

Other current activities include meetings with the Dean of Engineering and representatives from other societies on ways of improving the programs at Stony Brook. The Dean has been very receptive to our criticisms and is pleased with our interest in improving the school for future students.

Maybe We Need...

A REVOLUTION

by Lee Iacocca
Chief Executive Officer
The Chrysler Corporation

When I was growing up in the '40s, we used to have a lot of expressions just like the kids do today. We were always preoccupied with numbers. A fast car would "go like 60." Everybody wanted to "live to be a hundred." and a "million" of anything was awesome.

All I knew was that a million was close to infinity. But now, 40 years later, "billion" (that's a thousand million), has crept into my vocabulary. No, I don't go around saying "Baby, you look like a billion," but I did borrow \$1.2 billion when Chrysler was dying (and paid it back); I spent a billion to bring out our new mini-vans; and I just signed a billion-dollar labor contract. But just as I'm getting the hang of what "a billion" means, "trillion" starts cropping up. (That's a thousand billion!)

Except for astronomers, hardly anyone ever uses the word "trillion." Even our own federal government didn't comprehend it until 1981 when, after 206 years, it found itself \$1 trillion in debt.

And with that debt doubling in just four years to \$2 trillion, people are starting to ask, "Hey, what is this?" In four more years, when that same debt reaches \$3 trillion, those same people are going to get downright mean about it.

Let me try to explain this mess for you. Let's imagine that our government follows its own truth-in-lending laws and levels with us. Every year with our tax forms we would get a statement telling us where we stand on our debt. Right now it would read like this for the average family of four:



Lee Iacocca

"Dear Mr. and Mrs. Taxpayer:

"Your share of the national debt is now \$34,737.32. In the past 12 months your share has increased by \$4,233.56. Your share of the interest bill this year is \$2,174.73.

"Have a nice day."

If Americans saw the debt personalized like that, it might start a revolution. And maybe we need one.

The interest alone on the debt is now running about \$150 billion a year. Remember, that doesn't pave a single road, hire a single cop, educate a single kid or feed a single poor family.

Just five years ago at Chrysler, we had a similar problem. Our debt was so high, I found myself paying more than \$400 million a year in interest alone. That meant I was more than \$1 million in the hole every single day before I even got to work.

I know how Chrysler got into such a financial mess. Some bad luck. Some bad decisions. Some people in the wrong jobs. And some screwed-up priorities. But I'll be damned if I know how the most powerful country on Earth got into such a financial mess. And most of it in just the last five years—during a period of "recovery!"

If things weren't bad enough, Washington in its infinite wisdom has now decided that tax reform is more important than the deficit.

Talk about fooling the people with a decoy. They tout the new tax-reform bill as saving the average family about \$400 per year. That helps it play in Peoria. But in that same year, that same Peoria family's share of the national debt goes up by \$4,000, or 10 times more than the tax break. So their account gets credited for \$400 and debited for \$4,000.

They must think we're all pretty stupid out here in the boondocks. But we know how to balance a checkbook. We know how to live on a budget. And we sure as hell know what happens when somebody in the family goes nuts with the credit card.

Iacocca

Washington has gone from "tax and spend" to something a lot worse—"borrow and spend." Now it's pass the plastic and send the bills to the kids. So maybe we should hear from the kids on this subject. Maybe we should restrict the vote to those under 30 years old, because they're the ones getting stuck with the bills.

Three years ago, I suggested that we start balancing the books by cutting the deficit—then only \$120 billion—in half. My plan was super-simple: Cut \$30 billion in expenses and add \$30 billion in revenues. (That's a tax increase, folks.)

To keep it fair and bipartisan, you attack the two most sacred of all the sacred cows in Washington. You cut 5 percent out of defense (\$15 billion) and match it dollar for dollar with a \$15-billion cut in domestic programs. Then you nail the revenue side with 15 cents a gallon on gas (that's worth \$15 billion) and a \$5 per barrel tax on imported oil (another \$15 billion).

My "four fifteens" would still work today, but now it would take \$100 billion to cut the deficit in half, so I guess we would need "four twenty-fives."

I was surprised (and honored) when President Reagan called me in to discuss this plan. But I was quickly disappointed when his advisers told me that such a plan could never work politically. They never challenged the economic sense of it, just the politics.

My idea's major political flaw was that it asked for sacrifice. The pollsters said it wouldn't play. It was the gas tax part that really gagged the pollsters. They said it was the most unpopular tax you could lay on the American people. And that was with a gas tax of 4 cents a gallon (today it's all the way up to 9 cents) compared to \$1 to \$2 in most other nations of the world.

Politicians get elected by giving us goodies, not by taking them away. As Walter Mondale learned the hard way, asking for sacrifice is political suicide. So we can't get too mad at the politicians for letting the deficits run wild. Suicide is a lot to ask of anybody.

And that leaves nobody to blame but ourselves. The people in Washington live by polls. They don't lead public opinion, they follow it. Democracy works from the bottom up. So the answer is to change the polls. The day the pollsters report that a majority of Americans are willing to sacrifice in order to turn our budget scandal around, you'll see it fixed.

I'm convinced that if Americans really understood how deep in the hole they are, and just what they are doing to their kids' futures, they would not only accept sacrifice, they'd demand it.

When I paid off our loan guarantees, I said: "We borrow money the old-fashioned way: we pay it back." I think the same goes for us as a nation. We borrowed it and we ought to start paying it back. And I mean now!

I Used to Think I Loved You

I used to think I loved you when, amid the roses fair,
I saw the shadows glimmer in your dusky, dark-
brown hair;
When 'neath the film-flecked firmament I watched
the sunlight play
Within your hazel eyes that said more than your lips
dared say.

I used to think I loved you when we murmured soft
and low
Beside your friendly hearthstone in the dying
embers' glow;
When hand in hand we ventured on the very verge of
love
And when your voice far sweeter seemed than coo of
woodland dove.

I used to think I loved you when we sat beside the sea
And watched the waves beat madly while the foolish
heart of me
Was beating still more madly 'gainst the crumbling
shores of speech
And both concealed the longing that was in the heart
of each.

I used to think I loved you when we wandered 'neath
the moon
Whose semi-tropic glow was like a silvered, softened
noon;
When on my arm your light hand lay and thrilled me
through and through—
Those days I hungered always for the sight and sound
of you.

I even thought I loved you on that night when first
your kiss
Sent bounding through my being such a wondrous
wave of bliss;
When first within my starving arms I clasped you to
my breast
And felt, deep in my heart of hearts, a sense of new-
found rest.

But O when in the tiny home your love has made for
me
I hear your blessed accents and your love-lit face I see,
I know that in those early days my love was but a
dream—
So vastly, grandly sweeter does this later loving
seem.

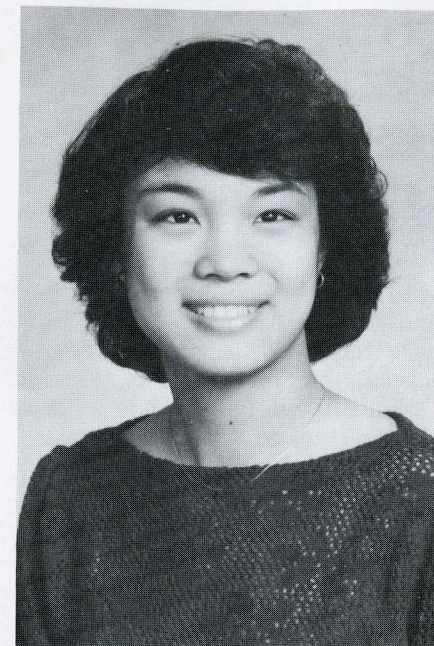
(Strickland Gillilan)

Ruth, what is your father's name?

It's Daddy.

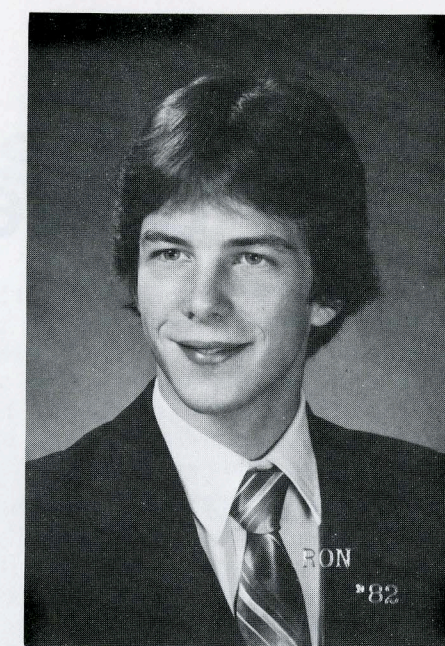
**Yes, dear, but what name does your mother
call him?**

She don't call him any names. She likes him.



Marian C. Lin

The Norman R. Carson Outstanding Junior Awards



Ronald E. Noyes

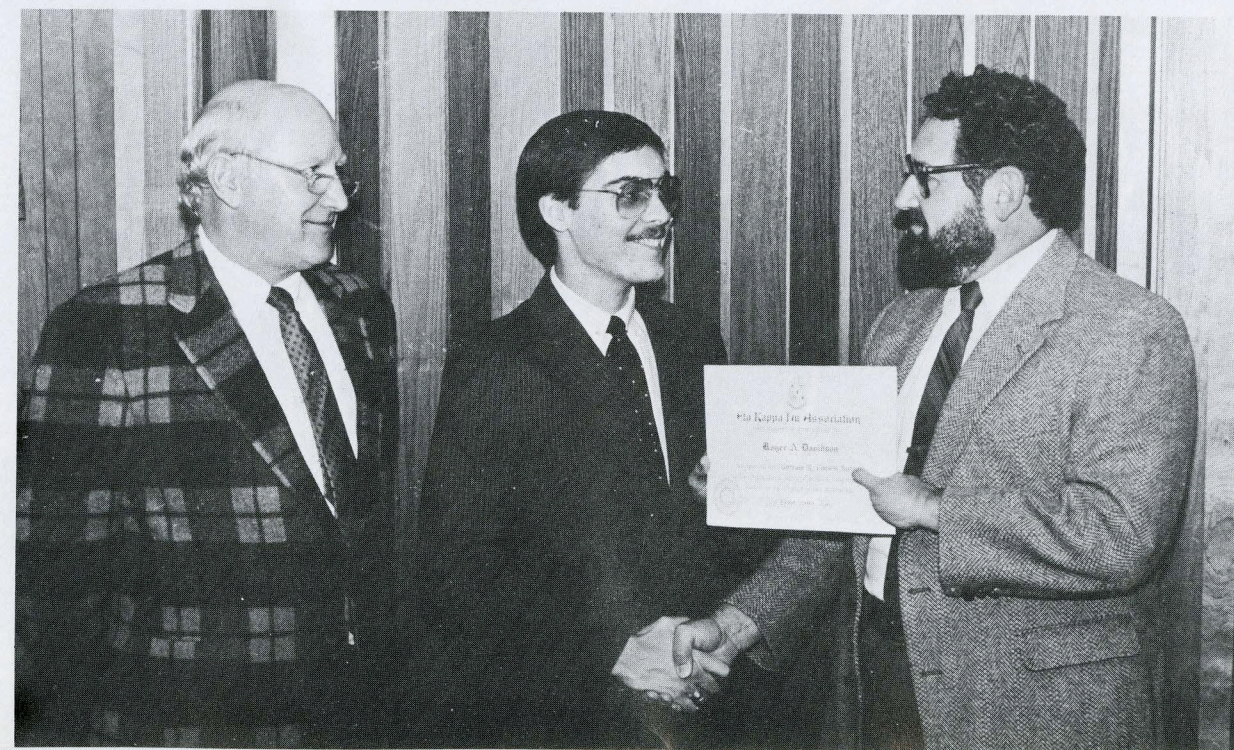
Roger A. Davidson of Epsilon Eta Chapter at Rose-Hulman Institute of Technology, Terre Haute, Indiana has won the Outstanding Junior Award for 1985. The Chapter held an Award Banquet in honor of Mr. Davidson at a Terre Haute restaurant. Following the invocation by Dr. Herman Moench, Senior Vice President of the Institute, a German food dinner was served. Dr. Samuel Hulbert, President of the Institute, then addressed the group, after which Professor J. Derry, Chapter Advisor, presented the award to Davidson. The award consisted of an attractive Certificate plus a gift of \$500.00. The award money is supplied by a Perpetual Trust that was established within the Eta Kappa Nu association

by Past International Director Norman Carson, of Seattle, Washington.

Honorable Mention Certificates were awarded to Mr. Fred Lazarovici of Delta Chi Chapter at Cooper Union, Marian C. Lin of Beta Chapter at Purdue University, Amy Morrison of Gamma Xi Chapter at the University of Maryland, and Ronald Noyes of Theta Tau Chapter at the University of Michigan-Dearborn.

The Jury of Award for this Award Program is made up of members of the Lone Star Alumni Chapter of Austin, Texas. Laureen Parker is President of the Chapter and Ajay Bansal is Chairman of the Committee.

Prof. John Derry presents the Outstanding Junior Award to Roger Davidson. Dr. Samuel Hulbert, President of the Institute looks on.



Iota Eta...

University of Dayton

The University of Dayton's School of Engineering has a curriculum which successfully integrates the liberal arts with technical training. It is committed to producing engineers having a keen ethical sense and interpersonal skills. It is in the spirit of this commitment that the Iota Eta Chapter of Eta Kappa Nu was launched on the evening of December 6, 1985 at the University's Kennedy Memorial Union.

The formation of the chapter was initiated in September by Angela Pajak and Mary Liberatore, who were later elected the chapter's first President and Vice-President. Professor Anthony Evers, Faculty Advisor, helped expedite the transition of the Iota Eta Chapter from September's idea to December's reality, thus allowing current seniors to enjoy a more meaningful affiliation with Eta Kappa Nu.

Along with fourteen student members, Mr.

Michael R. Hajny, a member of the Board of Directors of Eta Kappa Nu, inducted University President, Brother Raymond L. Fitz S.M., and four members of the Electrical Engineering Faculty including the Department Chairman, Dr. Donald L. Moon. The evening was concluded with a dinner for all present, including guests of the inductees. During the dinner, Mr. Hajny presented the charter to the Dean of the School of Engineering, Dr. Gordon A. Sargent. Brief but heartfelt thanks were extended to those whose energy had made the evening possible, and Mr. Hajny shared his impressions of the benefits to and responsibilities of Eta Kappa Nu's members. Appropriately enough, no formal speeches were included in the dinner program. It was, after all, the camaraderie shared among and between faculty and students that provided such an auspicious beginning for the new chapter.



University of Texas-Austin

Eta Kappa Nu's Psi chapter at the University of Texas at Austin had an outstanding semester. The chapter found nothing but success in its service, academic, and social endeavors.

A record 46 pledges fulfilled all requirements and attended the induction ceremonies. This largest pledge class ever was also the most enthusiastic, allowing the chapter to expand its departmental and community services.

The chapter increased the number of tutors from three to five for its two hours of tutoring on Tuesday and Wednesday nights. In addition, we greatly increased the number of volunteers working at the IEEE Parts Bin (a student-operated parts store), allowing the Bin to be open most of the day. We also instituted a new service this semester: that of departmental office help. HKN volunteers gave needed man-hours to the EE department's secretaries. (After all, they have helped us so much in the past!) With such a favorable response from the secretaries, this idea will surely be continued. Several actives and pledges assisted in the annual Engineering Expo by both setting up booths and assisting in the running of the popular company-student information exchange. Over 20 volunteers responded to the call for departmental registration help. They attended the advisor's meeting, where the assistant chairman gave them advising instructions and authorized them to personally advise students. Many more HKN volunteers aided in distributing preregistration materials and in taking pictures of students without a personal photograph (a preregistration requirement). With such help, the chapter was able to greatly expedite the registration process; and, for the first time in our history, to preregister over one-half of the 1600 EE undergraduates. The department's staff has acknowledged that without HKN volunteers, such a large number of students could not be preregistered in only one week: a fact in which the chapter holds great pride. Finally, with the cooperation of the Capital Area Food Bank, the chapter continued its practice of collecting canned food goods for distribution to the needy of Central Texas. Two large boxes of food were donated by pledges and members.

The Psi chapter is proud of its successful fund-raising activities, each of which we believe serves our department. Donut sales were held each Friday morning, and this year brought such success that we had to increase our weekly order of donuts. Coffee continued to be sold every day in our office. The 80 percent occupancy of our 162 lockers demonstrates how much our semester locker rentals serve the student body. Also, recognizing that the EE depart-

ment was one of the few departments without its own T-shirt design, we organized a T-shirt committee which implemented a well received T-shirt sales program. They held a design contest (with a \$50 award for best design), receiving almost twenty designs. A small group of professors selected the top five designs, and the students voted on the best of these five. 150 T-shirts with this design were ordered, and we happily have only about ten left, with plans to re-order.

Among our other committees was the Library Committee, which began the grand task of organizing our textbooks and data books, available to the entire department as reference material. More can be accomplished, but this committee has made a great start in curbing the entropy that has made it impossible to find some very helpful reference books among our three large, over-stuffed bookshelves.

Another successful committee was our moving committee. Amid the reorganization of the EE building, this committee of around 12 moved the above-mentioned books and shelves, a couch, a desk, and hundreds of pounds of HKN material from the third to the first floor into a room of half the space!

A first-time poster committee of ten created colorful full-sized posters promoting our donut sales, tutoring, and locker rentals; as well as two 4 ft. x 4 ft. laminated posters aiding the vice president in keeping track of pledge hours. In addition, the committee acted quickly on various calls for other posters, such as for the T-shirt design contest.

Also, a calling committee recorded active's phone numbers and called both actives and pledges before meetings and other activities, increasing attendance.

In addition, future plans were laid for a EE book exchange (to provide EE students with better used book prices), high school tours of the EE building, and an engineering-wide speaker proposed by Texas Instruments.

Recognizing that social interaction is an important facet of our organization, the officers made a determined effort to bring pledges and actives together in social situations this semester, something we felt had not been adequately addressed in the past. Holding the active's and pledge's meetings "in parallel," we afterwards invited both groups to the Union for beverages and conversation, with good response.

The semester's social activities were kicked-off with a get-together at the lake for both actives and pledges. Members enjoyed music, food, games, as well as (taking advantage of the great Texas weather) skiing and sailing.

Mr. Donald Christiansen, Editor
Inst. of Electronic and Elect. Engr
345 East 47th Street
New York, N.Y. 10017

JUN 20 1986

In addition, some members from our new Alumni Chapter attended many of our Union meetings, describing their professions and providing information about past HKN endeavors. Many Alumni members also attended the smoker, and they invited the Psi Chapter to their Halloween Costume Party.

The semester's smoker (our biannual semi-formal social event) was held at Dr. J. K. Aggarwal's house. The 12-person smoker committee worked at least nine hours Friday night and Saturday afternoon purchasing and preparing everything from fruit bowls to mixed drinks. They also stayed late to spotlessly clean up. Thanks to their efforts, the eighty people who attended all had a great time. Some pledges even found out that professors are people, too!

The semester was capped-off by the Eta Kappa Nu Banquet, held at the Villa Capri Conference Center. The nearly 100 members and guests enjoyed a large steak and Dr. Herbert Woodson's presentation on the future of nuclear power. He presented some provocative ideas about a provocative industry, fielding many questions from the interested audience. Two plaques were presented: Latif Hamrani was named Most Active Member, and Peng

Tsin Ong was named Most Outstanding Pledge. We are proud that many other members and pledges showed outstanding enthusiasm and made these two choices quite difficult. President Art Werkenthin passed the gavel to the new president, who announced the newly-elected officers for the Spring 1986 semester:

President, Greg Yeric; Vice President, Sanjeev Menon; Treasurer, Jay Prichard; Corresponding Secretary, Peng Tsin Ong; Recording Secretary, Davette Berry; Bridge Correspondent, Pam Smith; Student Engineering Council Representatives, Janice Lee and Karen Meinstein.

This is a young (for the first time in recent memory, none will be graduating seniors) and enthusiastic group of officers, sure to further the success generated by this semester's officers.

The old officers concluded their semester just days before finals with an officer's dinner at the Hyatt Hotel. We dined on fajitas and wished good luck to the six graduating seniors and the two returning officers; but, most importantly, congratulated each other on an outstanding and successful semester for the growing Psi Chapter of Eta Kappa Nu.

← Chapter News

Events planned for next semester include a ski trip in January, a job fair in late February, and a fund raiser to enable us to buy a plaque of the Eta Kappa Nu shield for display in the Engineering School. *by Derek Fine*

GAMMA IOTA CHAPTER, University of Kansas—We have had a number of successful activities this fall and are planning many more. At this time we have

set plans for the upcoming initiation. Our Signature Book is now full and we will need a new one as soon as possible. Along with the book, please send a copy of the rituals.

During the past few years the chapter has been sponsoring monthly TGIF parties. These have been well attended by both the students and the faculty. Tickets were sold and beer purchased with the ticket money. A number of laws

in Kansas were changed over the summer and it appears as if we will have to greatly change these popular activities. As many other chapters all across the country may be in this situation, you may want to mention it in the next bulletin. *by David Poisner*

Definition: IMPOSSIBLE—what nobody can do until somebody does it.