



Syracuse University

Alumni Club of South Florida



South Florida Orange Squeezings

General Meeting Was a Hit

With over 30 members in attendance the General Meeting held on June 16th was a roaring success. And, it was not just the numbers, but the active participation that made it so.

We decided on a committee structure. Please turn to Eric Handis' column for his reaction. Here are the committees that have been established:

- Sports (Eric)
- SU events (Richard Paull)
- Outreach (Dean)
- Networking (Ryan)

- Social (Bob)
- Social media (Kerry)

If you would like to be on a committee and help form our parties, activities, and events for the upcoming season send e.mail to me at:

bob@s-i-inc.com

We have the following officers for 2010 - 2011:

- Eric (President/Treasurer)
- Ryan (Vice President)
- Marv (Secretary)

The Networking group will be determining the periodicity of their meetings for the season shortly. Dean in his capacity as Outreach chair will plan National Orange Day. This group will recruit members using their e.mail distribution list so send a message to me or Dean if you want to get on this list.

We will display the calendar for 2010 - 2011 in the next issue of Squeezings and on the website as events are determined. See: www.SouthFloridaSyracuse.com

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The catastrophic explosion that caused an oil spill from a BP offshore drilling rig in the Gulf of Mexico has now obtained the dubious distinction of being the worst oil spill in US history, surpassing the damage done by the Exxon Valdez tanker. Efforts to manage the spill with controlled burning, dispersal and plugging the leak continue and we can only hope and pray for a speedy resolution. Obviously the oil spill has had devastating effects to the environment as well as humans and wildlife in the Gulf region and right here in our own State of Florida. While our club has several home grown Florida members, the vast majority of us are transplanted from other areas.

We came to Florida for various reasons but we all share a deep appreciation for the natural beauty and wondrous and abundant natural resources that are available here. I have already sent an e.mail to Syracuse University asking them to keep us updated on any efforts they undertake with regard to this tremendous tragedy and as those are communicated to me I will keep our Alumni Club members informed.

Syracuse University has a commitment to a robust sustainability policy, which they appropriately have nicknamed, The Orange Go Green! Sustainability is simply balancing the needs and aspirations of the present with the preservation of choices for the future. We should be aware of the University's leadership role and proud of the commitment to

best practices in this regard: "The University's students, faculty and staff act on this commitment to sustainability in many ways: teaching, research and sharing of knowledge related to a healthy and safe environment; an ecological footprint that is respectful of nature, including people and planet-friendly supplies and buildings; and fiscal and policy decisions that encourage judicious use of resources. Building on its substantial achievements in this fast-changing field, Syracuse University will be at the forefront of discovering and implementing sound, sustainable practices."

Recent accomplishments include the following:

Campus Sustainability Day was established to promote sustainable actions and concepts across campus. A sustainability brochure was created using 100% post-consumer recycled paper that resulted from a (Continued on page 3)

Points of Interest:

- General meeting
- Dean's column
 - BP spill
 - National Orange Day
- Memories of SU

Memories

By Marv Cashion

Adjusting to Syracuse

I arrived on campus on a beautiful September day (in 1964) and moved into Booth Hall. I had graduated three months earlier with my high school class of 27, yup, 27 kids, 26 of us who had gone on to college. Alas, it was the third time around for #27, and they finally graduated him with us. I had grown up in Santurce, Puerto Rico, and thus in similar circumstances to those South Florida students who head north for the experience of attending a large private university in the snow belt of Upstate New York. I was, I thought, traveled, sophisticated and ready to take on the academic, social and physical rigors of the "Next Level," as they say in the athletic world.

My first reality check came a day or two into Orientation Week, when we were all trooped over for a mixer on the Quad. As I turned the corner around Slocum Hall and walked onto the Quad, I was overwhelmed at the sight of the roughly 2,500 members of my freshman class plus, oh, I don't know, maybe 500 members of the Goon Squad, sophomore volunteers who helped the freshman class check in and get oriented. Speakers blasted rock 'n roll while there were more kids in one place than I had probably seen during the rest of my up-to-then life added up. I remember staring in amazement at the number of people my age, feeling completely overwhelmed, alone and lost at that

moment, wondering whether I should have taken the advice I had been given by some to attend a small college. But then a pleasant, warming and reassuring realization began to set in; approximately half of the people in this crowd were women!

I remember the following month, my first fall because it was a glorious October day in the throes of what I learned was called "Indian Summer." As I walked across campus and up the hill toward HL, I reveled in the clear blue sky, the fabulous colors of the trees, the nip in the air, and one of my new sweaters. (I never had owned a sweater until I started college...I hadn't needed it!) Not having had my first exam yet and heading to English class, my reverie was interrupted when, out of the corner of my eye, I saw a worker attaching a 12-foot pole to a fire hydrant. My mind inquired, "What in the world is that?" A second later, my mind answered, "Oh, my God, it can't be!" I had to ask, to make sure. I approached the worker and asked him what he was doing. He looked at me as if I was from another planet—which, of course, in a way I was—and answered simply, "So we can find 'em when it starts to snow."

This was the second reality check to hit me in fairly short order. As I stood there and looked at the top of that pole, just about twice my height, I did not get a pleasant, warming, or reassuring realization.

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*President's Corner
by Eric Handis*

To the over 30 members who turned out for the General Meeting of the membership last month, a hearty "thank you." This was the fourth such meeting to discuss the future of our club and by far the most successful.

The principal accomplishment of the session was to establish a committee structure for the SUACSF. These units will suggest programs to the Board of Directors who will approve of same and publish the schedule on our website. This will have a number of direct benefits.

First, it will allow input from members in greater numbers than the board alone. Next, it will provide a vehicle for members to take a more active posture in the club's activities. Finally, it makes for a smooth, more organized way, to schedule, plan, and run these events.

In one area particular, coordination with SU, we should see immediate improvement. In the past the Alumni Office would plan South Florida events without our input. The first we would know about an upcoming activity is when we would receive a card telling us about it. Now, Richard Paull will coordinate plans with SU.

The Memories column runs as often as we have material. This month we have two stories.

Squeezings

Editor: Robert Schuldenfrei
 Staff: Dean Morrison
 Ryan Schultz
 Eric Handis

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This time, I thought perhaps I should have taken the advice I had been given by some to attend a college in a warmer climate.

And soon enough, it began to snow, and snow, and snow, and snow some more. My home town having become widely known, my inauguration came when members of the freshman football team (back then, they had such a thing) who were housed in Booth Hall burst into my room during the first snowfall, pinned me to my bed where I had been reading, picked me up and all, took me down the stairway and deposited me on the lawn in front of the dorm so I could witness, face up, the beginning of my first winter. With time, banks of the stuff accumulated at intersections, trails were shoveled from the dorms where the stuff was at least shoulder high, and much of it was removed by trucks and driven out onto frozen Lake Onondaga where it would all become water in the spring. Amazing icicles developed and hung from buildings. I got to where I would look out the window and say, "Oh, so it's snowing again...big deal." Inside, however, I wondered if it was ever going to warm up.

So, that first year at Syracuse was an adjustment. I struggled to find my place. I felt a long way from home, in a very different environment, competing for grades with an awful lot of kids, living in a city the likes of which I had never experienced, with weather that I had never known before. Frankly, that first winter I thought I was going to die.

The message, however, is to

persevere, to never give up. I eventually found my place, met the woman who was to become, and still is, my wife, learned about snow tires and how to drive in the stuff, took up skiing, did well enough to get into law school (believe it or not, I stayed at Syracuse) and later added a Master's in Law from New York University. These days I am mostly "Grampy" to Ella, Charlie, Scarlett, and Nathaniel. The sun came out on me after all.



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chlorine-free, acid-free processes entirely powered by renewable energy, and printed using vegetable dyes. The brochure features information about the ACUPCC and highlights some of the University's many accomplishments in the areas of conservation and sustainability.

The ACUPCC forum was hosted by the Division of Sustainability, to help higher education institutes from across New York. The forum focused on how to conduct a green house gas inventory, and the attendees shared their theories and advice on how to complete the task requirements of the ACUPCC.

The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency's (EPA) Green Power Partnership (GPP) recognized SU as the 2nd largest purchaser amongst College and Universities and tied for the 23rd largest in the nation in July 2005. The University was recognized for its voluntary purchase of 22,000 megawatt-hours, or enough green power to cover 20% of SU's electric-

ity needs, in the form of low-impact hydroelectricity. SU has been recognized by the GPP as the Big East Champions, in 2005, 2006, and 2007

National Orange Day

for green power purchasing.

I have taken the lead again this year to spearhead the clubs participation in National Orange Day (NOD). For those of you who are unaware or might have forgotten:

"National Orange Day is a wonderful tradition that brings the SU community and alumni clubs across the nation together to celebrate the history of SU, and to engage in projects that support our respective local communities," says Cristina Swift, assistant director of alumni relations. "There is no better way to celebrate SU's birthday than to display our Orange spirit and pride through celebration and community outreach"

The event falls on the 24th of March every year, and our club has participated in one way or the other over the last several years. I'm providing enough notice in the hope that our 2011 event will be the best in our clubs history and will make a profound impact for whatever organization we plan to support. Therefore, I'm appealing to our general membership: Step forward and join our NOD commitment, help plan and implement this great event, and help our club help others that need our assistance. Send me an e.mail message to:

dmorrison@baytreereleasing.com

and say, "Dean, put me down, I want to be a part of NOD".

Anyone who submits stories to *Squeezings* is almost guaranteed to see their message in print.

Memories

By Joel Spiegelman

Send in the Clowns

I was a sophomore and an engineer at WAER. We were doing a “remote” on the “mount” during a Saturday afternoon. Our crew, ready to leave, was all gathered at the WAER hut located behind the Carnegie Library. The problem was we could not find a junior or senior around who had a car and time was running out to set up for our show.

Eventually one of the wise among us called campus security and explained our predicament. Our hero security guard drove up in one of the smallest cars you can imagine. There

were about seven of us and all sorts of remote broadcast equipment. My head was hanging out a window along with some one’s feet. The same was true on the other side of the car. We made quite a scene driving through the quad and up to the mount in a campus security car, screaming all the way. All I could think of then was the circus and all those clowns in a car!

Oh yes, our show was a success and we repeated it many times that year.



Syracuse University

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South Florida

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