



Lodge domination spilled right over into the next millennium, but how could it now with our stellar sophomores working the tiller. The Lodge divided itself for sake of efficiency with a further division coming when the 2nd annual piss on Cappy turned into Lodge Brawl 2000.

Reed's protege started the year off right solidifying the KA/SAE pledge classes, after which both his new best friend and girlfriend went southern. We don't remember Homecoming (RA? MIA?) but Margaritaville went off with out a hitch thanks to Steel Drum Willy. We hope Marquitaville will go just as well next year.

Due to increased bills from First Union, Sylvester got shipped out to make room under the salary cap for the Twon-athon. More bills came from the hospital after Cappy came up short in his attempt to best Brother Hillfigger with only a mere .316. This year's Santa didn't require a hospital visit but lodge tradition held true (barely) "a little too early in evening." The Lodge equestrian finished the job by attacking the bar, only later to persecute the tree throwers. In all seriousness, we would like to give our final good-bye to Brother G. We will always be there for you. Its just not the same without you man.

Winter term began with our #1 doing the right thing and proposing (pregnancy?) The behind the scenes rushing of our dedicated seniors yielded the likes of the Pillsbury Yo Boy, Cletus, Boucher, Dues, and very fried Dinner. We sadly report that our first legacy was savagely stolen by KA. More power to ya little brother. Mock Con brought the bitter Indian's revisionist history lesson and mad cow disease to the streets of Lexington (DC?). Thanks again to SPE for Fighting Gravity, were both the girls there for the mixer? FD brought another great bus ride to Kabuki, who was the girl on the crutches anyway? We must sadly report the lack of attendance of one Mr. Likeness. I guess we're not old school, but the short kid kept showing up. The "not too illegal" trip to Atlanta scored us an invite to the national meeting. Refusing to give up, we rallied around each other for the best meeting with our advisor ever.

Spring term began the debauchery one more time...niner five two one seven, you're cleared for take off. We sucked at IM's again this year but will improve one sport at a time as out IM chair learns American sports on Dreamcast. After Beaker had his epiphany he looked to Brother Hillfigger for guidance. In a surprise attack, this new power overthrew the Beirut record held by the mighty Germans. Everybody needs a... We finally realized we had derailed when our bleached sophomores battled with super soakers on the front lawn. The dignity of the beer slide was destroyed as it became a mere slip and slide. Thanks guys.

With the Hillfigga's 363 record left in tack, he departs with an engaged mongoose, along with Moe, cappy 316, the warchild (have fun in Moldova, wherever the hell that is), Crazylegs, our Abercrombie model, Gary Colman, the greatest Santa the Lodge has ever seen (Go Santa!), the VP who did things, the Lil' Jew (Sleepy), the Big Jew (Bitter kid), and Neely. Now the bonk-beast remains with the Ace in the hole as the new alumni advisors to complete the best seven years of their lives, Oh-it's not that we're lazy its just that we don't care. Visit our website at www.nads.com.