



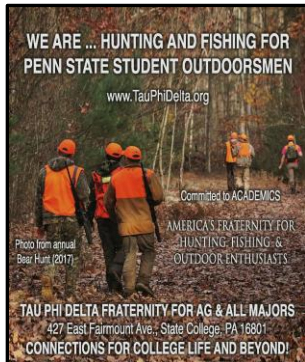
WANTED

POTENTIAL TΦΔ BROTHERS

Our fraternity needs help! While we have recently done a great job in regards to graduating Brothers, the University restrictions over the past two years have created serious and dangerous setbacks in recruiting pledges and marketing our fraternity.

The University's continued mandates against all fraternities could easily sink Tau Phi Delta.

One Alumni Brother, **Jeff Kurtz** (Fall '77), took the initiative to help pay for and place an advertisement in the 2018-19 *Pennsylvania Hunting and Trapping Digest* booklet (page 7).



It will take a collaborate effort from all of us to keep Tau Phi Delta solvent. What can you do to help?

Editor's Note: If you'd like to help contribute to Jeff's effort, you may contact him at (610) 539-5360 or PolarisSurvey@yahoo.com.

INSIDE:

- 3 The Honorable Phis' Reports
- 4 Advisor's Corner
- 5 Alumni Updates
- 10 Old House Heritage
- 12 Tau Phis In The Great Outdoors

"Awards 'R Us"



The "Outstanding Alumni Award" recognizes alumni of the PSU School of Forest Resources and its successor Department of Ecosystem Science and Management for their lifetime accomplishments and contributions, and fosters closer relationships between the award recipients and students, faculty, staff, and other alumni.

In 2018, two more Tau Phi Delta Brothers were honored by PSU.



Bros. Healy and Wurzbacher

Dr. William M. "Bill" Healy (Fall '61) with a B.S. in Forestry (1964) and M.S. in Wildlife Management (1967) from PSU, went on to earned his Ph.D. in Forest Resource Science at West Virginia University (1978), studying the relationship of turkey poult feeding, insect abundance, and vegetation.

Bill later moved to the USDA Forest Service Northeastern Research Station in Amherst, Mass., where he continued his studies on forest wildlife habitat relationships including the effects of white-tailed deer on forest vegetation, the effects of forest thinning treatments on hard mast production, and the relationship between acorn crops and small mammal abundance.

Bill has authored and coauthored more than 100 peer-reviewed publications on wildlife, habitat management, and ecology. Among these publications are *Oak Forest Ecosystems: Ecology and*

Management for Wildlife (co-edited), and *Wild Turkey Harvest Management: Biology, Strategies, and Techniques*.

He's been recognized for his work by the National Wild Turkey Federation and The Wildlife Society.

He remains an advocate for the West Virginia Trappers Association and the West Virginia Wildlife Federation.

His skill as an artist has resulted in his drawings becoming the cover art for a variety of wildlife publications and journals, including *Northeast Wildlife*, the archives of which are housed in the Patee-Paterno Library.

He retired in 2000 to his 200-acre wildlife mecca in West Virginia after a 33-year career as a wildlife biologist. His ground-breaking wild turkey research still influences conservation and restoration efforts today.

Howard G. "Dokey" Wurzbacher, Jr. (Spring '77) following graduation (B.S. Forest Science 1979), he worked as a seasonal technician for the USDA Forest Service in Montana. He next worked in the private sector as a log scaler and later as a procurement forester for Fisher and Young and Endeavor Lumber companies (1982-87).

He then began a 31-year career with the Penna. Game Commission, starting as a forest technician, eventually rising to the level of regional forester (northwest regional office in Franklin).

He's a member of the Penna. Forestry Association, the Western Penna. Conservancy, and the Wildlife for Everyone Endowment Foundation.

Howard has been active with the Society of American Foresters (SAF), serving in multiple leadership roles of the Allegheny Plateau Chapter and the Penna. Division and served on the national SAF Committee on Professional Recognition.

~ Continued On Page 2

The **Taproot**

Tau Phi Delta Fraternity

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Grand National Chapter

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Dave Gustafson, Alpha Phi
Gene Odato, Tau
Earl Hower, Sigma

Penn State Alpha Chapter

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All back issues of *The Taproot*
published since 2004 can be found
online at: www.tauphidelta.org by
navigating to the "Alumni" page.



Awards (from Page 1)

Howard has served on the PSU
Forest Resources Alumni Group
board of directors including as
president.

He is a member of the Penna.
Forestry Association, the Western
Penna. Conservancy and the Wildlife
for Everyone Endowment
Foundation.

After 31 years, he recently retired
and lives in Titusville.

International Association of Wildland Fire

The 2016 "Excellence in Wildland
Fire Management – Management
Award" recipient was **James
Brenner** (Fall '72) of the Florida
Forest Service.



Jim (far
left) was
nominated
by his peers
in Florida
who stated
that he is:
"One of the

*smartest, most innovative and
visionary people in this business."*

He has kept Florida fire
management in the forefront of the
national spotlight, thus providing a
template for other states to follow.

The "Management Award"
honors the achievements and
excellence in the management
of wildland fire programs. It
recognizes an individual who
have made lasting contributions
in program management and
inspired others through their
creativity, innovation,
leadership, application,
guidance, and communication
in response to challenging and
controversial wildland fire
management issues.

**Our congratulations go out to
these three TΦΔ Brothers for the
recent recognitions of their many
impressive, lifetime
accomplishments.**

Supporting The Taproot

The Taproot continues to provide news
about the Actives and Alumni of Tau Phi
Delta through the support of our alumni.
The "Alumni Update" section of this issue
includes many entries provided to us
through emails or the return of the insert
from last year's issue.

Each year out loyal readers, many are
individuals or groups of Brothers and
Little Sisters, have provided financial
contributions so the printing and mailing
of *The Taproot* is not a financial burden
on the actives or the Alpha Chapter. The
following Brothers, Little Sisters, and a
spouse of a deceased Brother have
donated \$20 to \$100 for a total of \$900
toward the cost of printing and
mailing *The Taproot*.

Stan Arner	Tom Breslin
Jim Clark	Lee Cromley
Gordon Cruickshanks	Joe Eichert
Bill Herb	Earl Hower
Glen Janos	Paul Lawler
Tom Muschlitz	John Norwig
Earl Reinsel	Nick Shema
Al Tauses	Steve Toth
Erich Ulrich	William Whyte
Tom Wolf	

We thank you for your continued
support of *The Taproot*; however your
contributions have come up short of our
goal to support the printing and mailing of
this issue. Please support *The Taproot*!

Please take a few minutes to
complete the inserted yellow alumni
update sheet in this issue (Or online at
www.tauphidelta.org) and return it.

Also, sending a check for any amount to
support *The Taproot* would also help and
would be much appreciated! You also can
send an update by emailing Bill Herb,
Editor, at: m.b.tailfeathers@gmail.com.

We Are ... Family!

Two more pledges were recently
added as legacy Tau Phis:

- **Alex Gallaher** (Fall '17) –
first cousin to both **Joshua** and
Aaron Gallaher
- **Luke Norwig** (Spring '18) –
son of **John Norwig**.

Congratulations to Alex and
Luke for keeping his family
tradition alive at Tau Phi Delta!

The Honorable Phis' Reports

The Board of Directors

Br. Kody Unangst (Fall '12)

I hope this edition of *The Taproot* finds you well. A lot has been going on recently in the world of TΦΔ.

The Actives have continued to show determination and grit in the face of adversity. As of late, the University and Borough have not given Greek Life any favors. By means of strict social regulations and crippling recruitment guidelines, every passing semester brings new challenges in advancing our fraternity.

I am continually pleased with the young men that make up our Actives. I make a point to visit the House a few times throughout each semester and am regularly impressed with the state of the physical house, along with the morale of the Brotherhood.

Currently, the BOD is working with the Actives to replace the boiler and upgrade the heating system in the fraternity house. (We are fairly sure that our current boiler was used to heat the Mayflower ... Maybe Zeta Beta Tau!) Several factors including increasing costs of repairs and issues meeting new building code, have forced our hand with this repair. We hope is to complete this project before the spring semester.

Additionally, with the help of several Alumni, we are on track to restart the annual gun raffle. This has been a great fundraiser for us in the past and has helped finance those much-needed improvement projects.

Like always, we are working to update and improve various "behind the scenes" issues, such as, updating our budgets and reallocating our insurance policies. These endeavors are tedious, but helpful in the end.

I would like to thank everyone who has contributed to the work we are accomplishing together. If you should have any questions or concerns, please contact me.

(484) 894-3012

/KodyUnangst93@gmail.com

House Phi's Message

By Tyler Turcheck (Fall '16)

With the fall semester starting up again, that means two great things are upon us: football and hunting season. I wish all of you luck in your hunting endeavors, and that you get to watch plenty of football this fall.

In my second and final semester as the Active Phi, I hope to continue the great things we have done since January, and strive to keep this great fraternity going.

Thanks to the Actives and House Executive Board made up of myself (Φ), AΦ – Matt Mihaly, T – Nick Greci, and Σ – Chris Barnish, we're able to stay on track to be a "Chapter in Good Standing" for the 2018 calendar year.

We continue to strive to take part in numerous community service and philanthropy events during the semester, as well as make progress in the classroom.

In the spring, we welcomed four new Brothers: Eric Kemper, Travis Kostyal, Luke Norwig and Aaron Sweger. These four were great additions to the House, and brings our total to 18 Brothers; 17 of which are living in-house.

We are currently in the recruitment process for the fall 2018 semester, and hope to bring in several new members. For those of you that do not know, the University now requires students to have completed 14 Penn State credits to register for rush, thus eliminating first semester freshmen from being able to pledge. This added challenge now limits fall

rush to upperclassmen, a much smaller pool of guys

We did, however, have a lot of freshmen interested in TΦΔ at the PSU Student Affairs' Involvement Fair this fall. We hope to keep in touch with them, and keep their interest until spring when they can officially rush.

Many improvements have been made to the House since the start of the spring semester. One of which was the spring 2018 pledge project, where the class constructed a meat smoker. It is used on a frequent basis for dinner, as well as weekends while spending time on the patio. In addition, the retaining wall adjacent to the parking spot along Elk Alley has been replaced. I would like to thank the Actives and Alumni that gave their time and effort over Memorial Day weekend to help with the project. Also, the large, aging Norway maple behind the woodshed (next to the Phi's suite) was cut down due to the dangers of it overhanging near both the House and neighboring residents.

Finally, I want to thank the Brotherhood for making our fraternity such a great organization. If it weren't for the great efforts that we all put forth, it wouldn't be what it is today.

As always, feel free to reach out to me with any questions, concerns, or feedback. You can reach me by phone via call or text, or shoot me an email. Please don't hesitate to stop by the House when in State College as well.

(724) 953-8092 / tw5155@psu.edu



Happy Tau Phis at Recent 80's Decade Reunion



Foundation's President

By Kory Enck
(Fall '86)

We currently don't have any changes, additions, or much of a report from the Tau Phi Delta Foundation. However the long-delayed (thanks to the University's restrictions), and much-anticipated (thanks to some persistent Little Sister alumnae) 80's Decade Reunion was successfully held without a hitch on April 21st (See photo on page 3).

We had 45 Brothers and Little Sisters return for this alumni gathering. Bryan Miller traveled the longest distance from Denver, Colo. The day was filled with fun, food, and friendships. We netted \$2,301 from the assorted reunion fundraisers.

The annual W. James Evans Memorial Golf Tournament was held on June 16th at the nearby Skytop Mountain Golf Club, and with two dozen golfers they raised an additional \$1,000 for our scholarship program.

Speaking of which, the Foundation's scholarships were not handed out for the fall 2018 semester due to lack of interest. Any Active Brother interested in scholarship money for fall 2019 is reminded to reach out to us for more information.

Likewise, we do encourage the Actives to take an interest in continuing the "Speaker Series," to aid in educational activities at the fraternity. Our Foundation is prepared to help with this.

It's been quite a while since I've received any patio paver orders. We still have available spaces. So if interested, email our treasurer at: ben.hoffman@outdoorsg.com

Otherwise, we are humming right along as before with money and funds being invested as always.
kenck@nrahq.org

Advisors' Corner

By Martin McGann (Fall '73)

I believe this semester has gotten off to a good start for the House in

general. You will no doubt have read about some of the recently-made improvements and those needed to be made to our fraternity house (I left the telling of that to others).

I have been by the House several times both before the semester and during, and had the opportunity to attend a House meeting recently. During my last visit, I noticed that everything seemed to be well-taken care of which I think speaks well of the Actives currently in the House.

Their main concern now is, and has to be, recruitment. They expect to lose a good number of Brothers both in December and next May. We have spoken about recruiting and retention, and I think that the success of the House rests on the Brothers' ability to recruit a good number of pledges during this coming year.

There is an Apartment Fair on October 21st, at which time the IFC will set up a display table to apprise potential renters (aka boarders) of the option of living in a fraternity.

At this time, it will be of utmost importance for the Brothers to keep in communication with potential pledges and convince them *not* to sign apartment contracts, and instead pledge TΦΔ next year.

The information about this Apartment Fair was received at the most recent meeting of the Lion Fraternity Alumni Association. This is a great group of interested Greek alumni who have the best interests of the Penn State fraternity system at heart. I'm glad that I joined, and find each meeting useful as far as the information that is disseminated.

During this evening session, we had a presentation by the PSU Office of Student Conduct during which information on the disciplinary process and guidelines for first-time offenses was reviewed. After the presentation there was a lively discussion about the extent that the University has gone to in order to oversee the Greek system. Evidently the PSU's Code of Conduct ("The Code") permits the University to monitor actions by students from the time they are admitted to the University until they graduate, irrespective of whether school is in

session or not. The difficulty with this is that the actions of an individual can, by association, involve the entire fraternity. Many of you, who are familiar with the American code of justice, understand that you are innocent until proven guilty, so the following tale will be somewhat unbelievable. I can guarantee, however, that it is true.

A number of PSU fraternity members (not ours), over Christmas break, booked cabins at a popular ski resort in southwestern Pennsylvania. They took their dates and had a good time involving drinking alcoholic beverages. Pictures appeared on social media. It was reported to the Office of Student Conduct that some violations of "The Code" had occurred. This was investigated by the University and no substantial evidence could be found to corroborate the allegation which was given by an anonymous source. Even with this, the said fraternity was brought before a hearing board and found guilty of violating "The Code." Again, it's not the individual members, but the entire fraternity, which in "The Code" is referenced as a student organization. They are currently looking at a four-year suspension, which means they can reestablish themselves in 2022.

You could say that the University acted in a capricious and arbitrary fashion. However, they will point to "The Code" and say they have every right to do this.

What this points out is that even with extensive monitoring of individuals actions, any fraternity could be brought before this oversight body and, without sufficient evidence, have their entire operation shutdown for an extended period of time. As you know, if this were to happen to our fraternity, we would essentially go away forever.

I will be attending the next House meeting and will be going over some of this information with the Actives to reinforce how good behavior is a necessity, not just for the organization as a whole, but for all individuals. What typically has previously passed as individual

rights, may slowly, but surely, be going out the window!

On another note, information from the PSU Office of Student Life indicates that the average fraternity new member class (formerly called a pledge class) is up by 100% to an average of 10 members. There are currently 150 unmatched men of which we could use all 150. As to the at-risk numbers, overall alcohol overdoses are down by 30% according to campus police. I wonder what the borough police have as far as their numbers? There has been the lowest number of noise complaints in eight years and the police indicate that fraternities are now calling the police to assist with the eviction of unwanted guests.

The street parking issues were recently resolved by the borough council. The ordinance is not as onerous as was once thought. Effective January 1, 2019, it will impact all patrons residing in the Highlands neighborhood, where ours and many other fraternities are located. Permits will need to be obtained to park on public streets. Once specifics are available, I will try and obtain those and disseminate them to the appropriate individuals.

Lastly tailgate parties seem to be the next biggest concern for the University. Evidently, with the overhanded oversight on fraternities, the behavior problem has moved up onto the fields around Beaver Stadium. Campus police will be on the lookout for illegal student activities or unruly behavior. If it is deemed that a student organization, such as a fraternity and/or sorority, is having a function there, those organizations may have to answer for violations of "The Code." Here we go again!

Fraternity Co-Advisors

(Martin McGann) mrm19@psu.edu
(Shaun Doran) shdoran@pa.gov



Alumni Updates

JAMES "JIM" BRENNER (Fall '72) is still alive and kicking. He's "Glad to see that things are going well in Happy Valley and that Tau Phi Delta is still alive and well."

Jim has traveled a lot; ending up in southeast Asia and South Africa in 2015 and in 2017 he was on a wild Mediterranean Cruise that started in Barcelona and ended in Venice. This year he was off to New Zealand and Australia.

In 2016, he finished 35 years with the Fla. Forest Service, and retired as the Fire Management Administrator.

fireman452@gmail.com

(Editor's Note: See Awards 'R Us.)

TOM BRESLIN (Fall '54) retired in 1992 from the New York State Parks. He lives in Painted Post, N.Y. with his wife of 60 years, Lucy.

tomb3557@gmail.com

JIM "ROCKS" CLARK (Fall '68) is hiding in York. He has been married for 41 years to Linda, has three children and three grandchildren scattered in Penna.,



New Jersey and Texas.

He still enjoys hunting, fishing, and trapping. With his B.S in Recreation and Park Management, the closest he came to using that education was the 40 winter seasons he spent working at Ski Roundtop, near Harrisburg.

Now "semi-retired," Jim keeps busy as a chauffeur for a handful of private clients, whom he takes to airports and business meetings. He also drives school buses for sports event trips and field trips.

The work he enjoys most, however, is stage, movie and TV acting, along with print modeling. Jim has been a background actor (Those people you see, but don't see) for TV shows like "The West Wing," "Homicide, Life on the Streets," "Homeland" and six times on "House of Cards."

He recently had roles as a priest on the CNN mini-series, "Popes," and

was a reporter/ photographer on the Investigation Discovery channel's "A Crime to Remember."

Jim is thankful for his health, his family, and the friendships he made as part of the TΦΔ Brotherhood, especially his pledge brothers from Fall '68, including **DAVE PUTNAM**, **JOHN BARNETT**, and **BEN ARMUSIK** (Fall '67).

Contact Jim and enjoy a laugh at his roles and characters by visiting: <http://tiny.cc/JimClarkDemo>.

jimclark105@comcast.net

GORDON "GORDIE"

CRUICKSHANKS (Fall '84) married Wanda Julias of Mechanicsburg in 2018. He has two daughters: Amanda (20) in college and Jenna (18) will be starting next year.

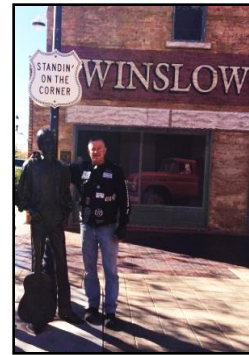
Gordie's career has been with the Borough of Waynesboro for the last 26 years overseeing the operations of the water and wastewater facilities.

He has enjoyed fishing and hunting through the years as much as possible, and has picked up a couple of "wallhangers" along the way.

gordon@waynesboropa.org

Last fall, **DAVE "SKIPPY" DOMIN** (Winter '81) made a cross-country bike trip from West Virginia to see the Pacific Ocean on his Harley.

The 6,100-mile trek was made with 200 of his buddies from the



Gunslingers, a national motorcycle club of retired and current law enforcement officers. They went west via the Rockies to the sea and returning back eastbound on old U.S. Route 66.

Dave even stopped on a corner in Winslow, Az. and waited for that girl in a flatbed Ford – But to no avail!

jessesailor3@hotmail.com

SHAUN “SLO MO” DORAN’s (Fall ’03) time fighting western fires this summer was spent staged for the initial attack for two weeks on the eastern side of the Sierras, just outside of Yosemite National Park in Calif. “As soon as we arrived on site, all the excitement ceased. Our coverage area included Mono Lake and the White Mountains on the Calif. – Nev. border near where ‘High Plains Drifter’ was filmed.”

Later in the fall, he returned out west to Montana. This time, he traveled with a fly rod instead of a radio and pulaski and traded his government-issued, yellow fire shirt for his fishing vest.

shdoran@pa.gov

ERIC EBERLY (Spring ’90) recently wrote, “I don’t get back north very much. I’ve lived in Ala. for 14 years now. As for me personally, I am doing great. Life has been good to me. I am blessed.”

He’s been married for 23 years and has three children (ages 21, 18, and 15). Since leaving PSU, he’s lived in Conn. and S. Car., and done everything from wrapping candy to launching the Space Shuttle.

Eric also approached the Grand National Chapter with a suggestion. “I wanted to pass along an idea for our fraternity. As I read through *The Taproot* alumni newsletter, I think ‘Man, I wish I had known [fill in name] lived near there. I could have looked him up during my last trip.’ What if we have a map showing the locations where there are Tau Phis?”

ekeberly313@knology.net

LEROY “LEE” EBELING (Fall ’62) and his wife spend their winters in (Old) Mexico, as they live during the rest of the year in the middle-of-nowhere in Montana ... Actually near Great Falls.

leeebeleng@gmail.com

JOE EICHERT (Fall ’60) reports that not much changes there in Idaho (except he is getting older). He has been retired for 17 years, and spends most of his time golfing, fishing, hunting, and trapshooting.

Joe is still in close contact with **CHUCK STRAUSS** (Fall ’56), **JOE**

BARTNIKI (Fall ’60) and **TOM YORKE** (Fall ’62).

He enjoys receiving *The Taproot* and getting all the updates on the House and Brothers.

puttergirl1965@gmail.com

Last November, **GREG “CHAMP” FLEMING** (Fall ’96), his wife, Lauren and young son, Ian, took a Washington D.C. subway ride to College Park, Md. They spent the



evening in the University of Md.’s Capital One Field at Md. Stadium and sat with **EARL HOWER** (Fall ’77) to watch the Nittany Lions crush Terrapin shells by a score of 66 – 3.

The game got boring for many Penn State fans ... until they soon discovered refuge in the stadium’s available beer sales.

Sitting not far from them, was **CORBIN RINEHART** (Spring ’08) with his in-laws, as his wife was back home north of the Mason Dixon in York with their newborn daughter.

Greg resides in Springfield, Va. and is a civilian natural resources specialist for the Dept. of Defense at the U.S. Army Garrison Fort Belvoir and he works with **KEVIN “KRUSTY” WALTER** (Fall ’92).

gfleming8@verizon.net

DAVE “GOOSE” GRAY (Fall ’73) is retiring shortly, or semi-retiring at least; hoping to work part time for a couple more years. He’s worked in the offshore oil construction business for the last 40 years. It has recently completely dried up – not enough work to support continued development of offshore oil.

So, he’s leaving Houston where they have lived the last 30-plus years, and moving to the Black Hills of S. Dak. then onto Alaska. They would welcome any visitors who haven’t seen the “Presidents” (Mt. Rushmore), the free roaming wild

buffalo, Crazy Horse carvings, the Badlands, or experienced Sturgis.
goose1395@aol.com

BILL HERB (Fall ’65) and Marian are still hanging in there on Maryland’s Eastern Shore.

They spent a couple of weeks on a road trip in northern Calif. last fall. They cleverly missed the fires in wine country (1 month too early), the wildfires west of Redding (2 weeks too late), the rockslides in Yosemite (1 day too late), the earthquake offshore from Eureka (2 hours too early), the coyote invasion on Telegraph Hill (who knows) and the Summer of Love in Haight-Ashbury (50 years too late). Marian got to see the tallest /largest trees in the world (He’ll make a forester of her yet).

They also got to spend a couple of nice, warm months in Fla. in February and March enjoying their granddaughter, Hope, as she turns 3.

m.b.tailfeathers@gmail.com

EARL HOWER (Fall ’77) and Shelley Martin had been engaged for the last five years. But with his major spinal surgery imminent, they were married by a local wedding officiate (and vice mayor of Leesburg, Va.) on April 20, 2018. Yes, it is true!

Both are proud descendants of the Revolutionary War patriot soldiers,



and she’s a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, so they opted for a civil service in the Loudoun County, Va. courtyard in

front of their Revolutionary War Memorial.

earlh@iwla.org

Editor’s Note: Hmmm, there’s nothing that says a ‘joyous’ wedding occasion more than getting married at a war memorial!

GLEN “AGMAN” JANOS (Fall ’69) has spent 30 years as a Quality Control Tech with Lakeland Aggregates in Conneaut Lake.

He has also worked for 36 years at Goshin Jutsu Karate in Greenville. He still hunts and fishes and is a part-time cook at the Hilltop Restaurant in Greenville.

gjanos@neo.rr.com

Dr. ROBERT “BOB” KREAR (Fall ’42) of Estes Park, Co. and a WWII combat veteran, died last fall. He was featured in an article in *The Taproot* (Fall 2016). An avid skier, he came to Penn State Mont Alto in 1941, pledged the fraternity a year later, then joined the U.S. Army’s famed Tenth Mountain Division. Bob got to see the Alps, along with a lot of Italian and German soldiers. Some captured and a few not breathing.

PAUL LAWLOR (Fall ’70) was hired at a lumber company in Reading upon graduation with the plan to make enough to go back to PSU for his M.S. in Forest Economics. He was hired by International Paper (IP) for a position in northern Fla., however, and instead moved south.

Paul came back to Reading that September to marry Carol Ciotti (now married over 45 years) and got notice that he was going to be drafted. So he returned south, joined the Alabama National Guard and swore allegiance to Gov. George Wallace (Scary!). After six months active duty, he went back to IP in a procurement position in north Texas, supervising wood yards and logging jobs.

After a year, Paul moved to La. and managed 50,000 acres with one forester, five technicians and two tractor crews. His oldest son (a vice president for an online advertising firm in N.Y. City) was born there.

After two years, they were ready to move back north, but before he could quit, IP moved him to central Maine.

He spent a year in the woods, then two years running the region safety program, and two more years as Land Transaction Manager. He was involved in the acquisition of over 250,000 acres in western Maine, disposal of 500,000 acres in northern Maine, a 25,000 acre exchange with

N.Y. state known as Perkins Clearing, and the transfer of 800 acres to the Green Mtn. National Forest part of Lye Brook Wilderness.

While at the region office in Augusta, Me., Paul was assigned to IP Realty and began selling property. This 5-year project lasted over 15 years due to the purchase of Masonite and Hammermill Papers out of Erie.

While in the Erie area, Paul often visited **MARK** (Fall ’71) and his wife, Little Sister **BLARE (CRAINE) WEBB**, and **STUART “MIKE” GOODWIN**. (PSU ’72) His second son and daughter (an epidemiologist in Kansas City) were born in Maine. His second son owns almost 80 acres in central Maine and operates a service garage and small sawmill.

After he ran out of property to sell, IP moved Paul to Georgetown, SC and he was downsized within two years. Lucky for him, he made 25 years and got a retirement buyout.

He is now retired, living a mile from the beach, and has sold real estate for 19 years in S. Car. Carol sold her CPA business 2 years ago, so they are free to travel.

They have two grandsons in N.Y. City (age 3) and another in Kan. City (age 1). They are enjoying travel but still have connections to Penna. Within the last year or so, Paul had lunch with **CARL GEESAMAN** (Spring ’69) – he was in Paul’s wedding – and **JOHN CALDWELL** (Spring ’71) who was one of Paul’s little brothers. Paul spent a couple hours in the fire house with his little brother and senior roommate Paramedic Captain **TOM AMICO**, and recently had lunch with **TOM** (Fall ’71) and wife Little Sister **DEBBIE (KOHLE) KEARSE**. Paul has been in contact with Brothers **JACK GINGRICH**, **JACK DEFORREST** (Fall ’71), **SID SLOCUM**, and **AL GILL** (both Spring ’70).

Recently, Paul spent a very enjoyable afternoon on the Black River viewing nesting ospreys and eagles with **EVERETT “SNIPE” ALLEN, JR.** (Fall ’70). He has lived

no more than three miles from Paul for almost four years without knowing it.

Some years ago, Paul did get back to PSU to see his cousin’s son, Dan, play fullback for JoePa against Ohio State. Before the game, he went to the House but everyone was on campus tailgating.

Paul, who has been involved in Scouting for over 60 years, was featured in their National BSA Alumni Newsletter last summer. He had good company; a Nobel Prize winner, a college president, and a film director.

He hopes to get back to Tau Phi Delta in the future.

JOHN MAZA (Spring ’78) retired this past spring from the Penna. DCNR Bureau of Forestry after 33 years of service. He’s been enjoying the retirement life and he and his son, **JULIAN MAZA** (Fall ’12) even manage to do some fishing together when John’s not working on the “honey-do” list.

Julian is also working for the Bureau of Forestry as a forester in the Delaware Forest District.

Julian and **ROB LUSK** (Spring ’11) were both on a fire crew together this summer and had bumped into **RICH PAINE** (Spring ’91) on the Cougar Fire outside of Hope, Idaho.

It can be a pretty small world out there for us Tau Phis!

jumaza@pa.gov

TOM MUSCHLITZ (Fall ’66) and his wife Jan-Marie have made their home in Trinity, N. Car. since 1976. Tom worked for High Point Parks and Rec. until choosing to go off on his own and take up blacksmithing, producing 17th and 18th century hardware, cooking implements. Now, semi-retired, he ventures to some of his favorite rendezvous.

Jan-Marie retired after 28 years from the Guilford County schools. They have four grown children: Hans, Kurt, Greta, and Kyle along with four grandchildren and one great grandson.

themtnforge@gmail.com

After being missing for many years, the whereabouts of **JON H.**

MUSSELMAN (Fall '62) was finally determined. He had been in Erie, at the Penna. Sailors and Soldiers Home. Unfortunately, he died at age 72, on November 24, 2015 and was buried with full military honors in their cemetery. Jon had been an Air Force pilot and served in Vietnam.

Those who knew him at the House, say that he was fun loving, a great card player, and a lady's man, yet at the veteran's home, he was quiet and somewhat of a mystery to the residents and administrators.

JOHN A. NORWIG (Fall '77) is proud to say that his son Luke will become a Brother this spring. John had a great experience in our fraternity, and hopes the same for his son.

He thinks that he is the only Tau Phi as an athletic trainer. He's been employed at Bellefonte High, Penn State, and Vanderbilt. For the past 27 years has lived in western Penna. – working for the Pittsburgh Steelers.

John has been married for 31 years to Emily (a Nashville, Tenn. girl), and they have three wonderful children: Erin (25), Nick (22 and a PSU graduate), and Luke (20).

norwigj@steelers.nfl.com

Editor's Note: "Go yinz Stillers!"

Dr. DEAN QUINNEY (PSU '50) of



Purcellville, Va., passed away August 2017 at age 89.

Dean, born in Carbondale, was a WWII vet who

served in the Army Air Corps and later in the Strategic Air Command for two years prior to enrolling in college. After his PSU B.S. Forestry, he obtained a M.S. from University of Mich., and thereafter, his Ph.D. in Forestry Economics from Syracuse.

Subsequently, Dean worked for a couple of years as a professor before embarking on a career in the federal government as Deputy Director of Research for the U.S. Forest Service until 1990.

A belated report: "The Tau Phi Delta Alumni Winery Tour" has been born.



CORBIN RINEHART, **WILL LEETE** (both Spring '08), **J.R. MURDOCK** (Fall '06) and **ERIK CASTELLO** (Fall '08) gathered at the residence of **JEFF DECKER** (Spring '07), along with their lovely significant others in Corning, N.Y. to tour some of the wineries around Seneca Lake in January 2016.

They said, "Hopefully this will be an event that becomes an annual tradition and more Tau Phis can join in years to come!"

EARL REINSEL (Fall '56) takes life one day at a time. He is still living in Missoula, Mont., with deer as daily visitors plus fox, turkey and even elk last March. Earl lost his wife of almost 60 years, Anne, to Alzheimer's last May. He saw **CHUCK STRAUSS** (Fall '56) with some other Brothers in Coeur d'Alene, Id., a few years ago. "I have many good memories of TΦΔ!"

aereinsel@montana.com

GREG SCHRUM (Fall '64) passed away on April 1, 2018.

After his B.S. and M.S. in Forestry, he did tour of duty in Vietnam as an U.S. Army first lieutenant.



He worked for 32 years for the Penna. Bureau of Parks and retired as the Chief of the Division of Resource Management and Planning. He was

an active member and officer of the Penna. Forestry Association. He was buried with full military honors at the Indiantown Gap National Cemetery.

NICK SHEMA (Fall '62) reported that after many years of various fun and interesting jobs, he retired after 25 years as a U.S. Geological Survey biologist working on threatened and endangered Hawaiian birds and plants. He is still living in the small village of Volcano just outside of the Hawaii's Volcanoes National Park where he has resided for the past 27 years with his wonderful wife, Ricia.

They live on the windward side of the island, which means they get a lot of rain, around 120 inches a year. "So Volcano is a cool, windy, rainy place, but it is beautiful here." They live in a rain forest with lush ferns and thick forests.

Nick has been spending his retirement years doing some volunteer conservation work with the National Park, conducting birding tours for visitors, playing music on his guitar, dancing hula, bicycling throughout the park, traveling (mostly to Japan) and enjoying living in a tropic paradise.

Editor's Note: Nick has assured us they are not in the lava danger zone.

JOHN HERMAN STRAHLE (PSU '52) of Atmore, Ala., passed away on his 87th birthday on December 1, 2017. Even though he lived most of his life in the land of the Crimson Tide, he was a true Penn Stater until the end!

Last November, there was success had by those "forty-something" TΦΔ Bear Hunters who filled the "A-Plus

Camp" in Forest County.

SEAN SWEENEY (Fall '99) shot a bear during the first day's drives.

Later, **ADAM**



"HIGGINS" HEGGENSTALLER (Fall '95) (above) stayed with a few of the die-hards, and on the fourth, and last, day of the gun season took this 389-pound bruin.

AL TAUSES (Fall '72) retired in 2009 after 35 years of industrial forest management in Ala. Mo, Fl., and Maine. He and his wife then went full-time Rv-ing; seeing the country and volunteering with the Forest Service, the National Park Service and the Fish and Wildlife Service. They have visited in most of the U.S. and Canada.

Al did catch up with two Brothers, **FRED KOSER** and **KARL WOLF**.

Al and his wife have two children who are both very active in the outdoors doing hiking, biking, and running. Al is looking forward to catching up with more Tau Phis as they travel throughout the country.

atauses@aol.com

MATT THOMAS (Fall '62) reports, "Nothing new with Doretta and me although I finally retired two years ago after working for 50 years." They reside in the Lehigh Valley. Their son, William, a Penn State EE Graduate (2001) and a Villanova law school grad (2007), is a senior patent counsel at Citrix Systems in Burlington, Mass., north of Boston.

mattbody@gmail.com

After 31 years, **ERIC S. "RIC" ULRICH** (Spring '61) retired as Manager of Forestry for MetEd and Penelec in 1996. He also grew Christmas trees on a few acres until 2010. He stopped planting when he turned 60, so his "Choose & Cut" job ended when he turned 70.

Ric now grows Penna.-source DNA American chestnuts on his acreage in Berks County. He also has about a dozen B₃ F₃ hybrid chestnuts from The American Chestnut Foundation (TACF) national Meadowview test orchard (mostly American chestnut DNA). These chestnuts allow Ric, now at age 77, to "keep his head in the game and his hands in the dirt."

Ric recently volunteered to help plant chestnuts at the PSU Forest Resources Lab. While there he met three active Tau Phis who were also planting for volunteer services.

It was so very good to see those young Brothers helping the cause of bringing back the "Giant of our Forests" and they renewed his faith in the heart and soul of our beloved "Tree House."

ricstree@comcast.net

TOM WOLF (Fall '66) and his wife, Sharon, downsized to a smaller house in a retirement community in Johnstown. After 44 years in their old house, it was traumatic, but worth the effort.

It is hard for Tom to believe that it's been almost 50 years since he lived in the House. "It seems like yesterday!"

Their granddaughter starts at the Penn State main campus in the Fall, and will be the fifth generation from Tom's family to attend PSU.

wolfe109@verizon.net

TOM YORKE (Fall '62) reported via email that, "Jeannie and I are cruising the western Mediterranean ... and then start another 10-day cruise followed by a few days in Barcelona."

They plan to be back in America in time for to "cruise" from northern Virginia to Happy Valley for PSU Alumni Homecoming and the Michigan State football game.

waterman2000@comcast.net



The Green Mafia

Photo by Br. John Boyle (Winter '75)

In the late 1970s, the *LaVie* staff changed the way they portrayed Penn State fraternities and sororities in the annual yearbooks. They announced a new policy to charge \$200 – essentially a paid advertisement – for each Greek entity to print their group photo and captioned names of the current members shown.

In protest, TΦΔ Brotherhood submitted this group shot (circa 1979) along with a written protest letter and without payment. The University never published it; however it was the beginning of a tradition that continues today four decades later.

The chapter room shelves and scrap books are filled with such annual treasures: Green Mafia Group Photos.

This continuing feature of The Taproot is where Brothers of years gone by can share what life was really like at the old fraternity house at 238 East Fairmount Avenue.

Old House Heritage

“All Creatures, Great and Small - Part II”

By Br. Bill Herb (Fall '65)

(Continued from *The Taproot* Fall 2017)

In the previous installment of “Old House Heritage,” we presented tales of the many other non-brother inhuman reptilian residents. Now we’ll represent those insects and mammals that took up residence, at least on a temporary basis, in our House.

Reptiles, Insects and the Brothers Who Kept Them.

Trying to feed “Leo,” a pet chameleon, on a college boy’s budget was a challenge. Now mealworms cost money, and my roommate, who was a notorious tightwad, decided that he could save some cash by foraging food for Leo.

One day, when working in one of the forestry labs, he was moving some plant containers, and noticed that there were some roaches that had taken residence under the containers. He trapped a number of these, including a mega-roach that was almost as big as poor Leo, and dumped them into the lizard’s cage.



Many of the smaller roaches disappeared, hopefully into Leo’s stomach, but the mega-roach persevered. We began to fear that this behemoth would turn the tables on Leo (As we were not entomologists) and make a lunch of him. One day, when checking the box for survivors (insect or reptile), Brother G managed to allow the mega-roach to escape, heading for the dark recesses under his bunk. I was safe in the top bunk, and could watch the drama unfolding below me.

Brother G, realizing that having a large or even a small roach roaming our room was probably not a good idea, dug out his 6-cell flashlight, and began to explore the dimly lit recesses under his bed.

Somehow, among the dust bunnies and empty

Sunshine Beer bottles, he managed to spot the escapee, and made a mad grab for it. He proudly stood up with the flashlight in one hand and the critter in the other, looking quite pleased with himself.

As the observer of this activity, I immediately thought of, and asked a simple question (Remember, neither of us was an entomologist), “Do roaches bite?”

Now this sounds simple, but when you are holding a flashlight in one hand, and the potentially blood-thirsty insect in the other, what can you do?

The Internet wasn’t invented yet, and this was a real existential emergency. Of course, the correct answer was, “Throw the damned bug as far as you can!”

Brother G had the right idea, but failed in one major part of its execution. This was probably the first diagnosed case of manual dyslexia. Instead of the roach, he hurled the flashlight to the floor where batteries, bulb, and glass lens scattered like an exploding car bomb; and the roach was still in his clenched fist. He finally rid himself of the roach, but I was too busy trying to catch my breath and stop from wetting my pants to fully remember such fine details.

It has been reported that the mega-roach migrated to our rival at the nearby Kappa Delta Rho fraternity house, where it became their house photographer.

Aquila the Hun Moves Into the House. It was a beautiful late summer day, and the roach-tossing expert, Brother G, and I were out taking our guns for a walk, when we heard the sounds of dogs barking as though they had some sort of animal at bay. We followed up on the sounds and found several feral dogs growling and barking at something they had cornered near a trash heap that had grown up over the years.

We drove the dogs away, and checked out what they were so exercised about. It was a small porcupine.

Ideally, we would have looked at it a bit and then



allowed it to go on its merry way, as it seemed to be unharmed. Well, we often do not live up to our ideals, and because the trash heap providentially

gave us a rusty, old bird cage, we shoved the porky into the enclosure and brought him back to the House.

For several days that fall semester, we were entertained by the needle pig. We named him “Chuck” – short for woodchuck – even though he was a porcupine.

We tried to provide him with natural food in the form of twigs and branches for him to snack on, but he seemed to spurn them in favor of a steady diet of Milky Way candy bars from the vending machine in the House. He was a vocal critter, especially in the dark of night, when he made a call somewhere between a baby crying and a tom cat being castrated with a nail clipper.

This went on for about a week, until Friday evening rolled around and we, along with the rest of the Brotherhood relaxed around a quarter keg. To our horror, when we returned to our room, the quill pig was in the throes of some sort of a violent fit. He was moaning more than usual and thrashing about.

It was either the milk chocolate diet that did not agree with him as well as we thought, or he was suffering from rabies, distemper or hemorrhagic fever. We did not want to wait for a post mortem diagnosis on him (or us).

We did not want him to suffer, so the porcupine, cage, and my trusty .22 pistol were thrown into my '58 Ford Fairlane, and Chuck took a one-way, Sopranos-like road trip with me and Brother G to our equivalent of the New Jersey Pine Barrens (The 'dead end' of Shingletown Road), and thence to porcupine heaven.



Yes, That Was What Life Was Like At 238 East Fairmount

“All Creatures, Great and Small Tradition Continues Today”

By Br. Earl Hower (Fall '77)

The longstanding Tau Phi Delta tradition of private menageries continued years later at the new House at the 427 East Fairmount Avenue location. Here's just a few of the wild examples, perhaps with some embellishments:



One homesick Brother from New Jersey brought his pet from home to live in our fraternity. His mouse-eating boa constrictor was raised in glass terrarium next to another filled with a few, very nervous, pen-raised white mice. The snake often drew crowds of curious Brothers and their squeamish dates during the weekly occurrence of the Friday night feeding time.

And there was the tale of the original “Billy Bass” living in a large aquarium tank. This largemouth bass, netted in Colyer Lake, grew from a three-inch fingerling into a three-plus pound bubba in two short years. It was the envy of most Tau Phi anglers ... Right up until the day it was given to Betty Tingle, the fraternity's cook. Tasty, too!

Another Brother (who for the sake of the story, we'll call Doc) had a pair of flying squirrels living in his room. That was, until a visiting alumnus, who was a Pennsylvania Game Commission wildlife conservation officer, spotted them nervously clinging to the inside of the window screen and intervened. After a stern verbal warning, “Rocky” and “Natasha” were emancipated in short order back to Sunset Park, just behind Coach Paterno's house.

That same Brother later discovered a rattlesnake den during geology field trip near Black Moshannon. He returned after class and transplanted a young buzztail into his former squirrel cage (after adding a padlock) now located next to his bed. After one late night jammie, that same snake sent Doc to the Ritenour Student Medical Center for a dose of anti-venom. Lesson learned: “Never drink and try to show off your pet rattler!”

Editor's Note: Perhaps this does give another perspective about how – after consuming too much barley pop – “whipping out the old snake” (either rattler or trouser) can lead to unintended consequences.

This continuing feature of The Taproot — is a place much like the oaken walls of our fraternity — where Brothers can share their successes and failures, in the great outdoors. Send us your tall tales and any related photos for future edition.

Tau Phis in the Great Outdoors

The forest and fields and fish-filled waters are our playground

“Our Colorado 5x5 Bull Elk”

As told by Kory Enck (Fall '86)

Illustrations by Steve Torok (Spring '86)

For about 25 years, my pledge brother **Mike “Cowboy” Konz** and I have been chasing wapiti all over southern Colorado. Most times the elk win, but on occasion we have scored. Together we now have tagged six-bulls and a cow.

It's an over the counter archery tag good for a cow or bull during a “do-it-yourself” hunt. Actually, it's a ten-day camping trip where if we get something it's a bonus. No guides, no fancy lodges, no pack horses ... Just pure unadulterated sweat, blood, and tears in some of the finest, remote elk country around.

To the Hunt. After two decades, we have most of this trip fine-tuned, right down to how many people can go and how many people per vehicle. With only two guys on board in 2017, we needed a third. Enter Brother **Dave Eppinger** (Spring '88). Dave had done his own share of “do-it-yourself” elk hunts in the past, so he was a perfect addition to our crew.

All of our trips are a drive straight through type of trip, no flying. Everything goes with us in an overloaded truck and landscape trailer – All camping and hunting gear precariously perched between three quads, coolers and a ridiculous amount of camo. If you need something out of the truck before we get there, it better be on top!

It's a drive that takes about 31 hours. We sleep in three hour shifts and learn to adjust our bladder excretions in a one-to-one proportion with our gas stops until we make it to the trailhead. On a Thursday morning before the first day of elk season, we arrived at the trailhead with a typical glorious Rocky Mountain morning with crisp cool air, a light breeze and lots of blue sky. Our adrenaline was definitely flowing.

Let's Go Camping. Excited to be there, we finally unpacked truck and trailer, and then we transferred as much as we could onto our ATVs. A lot of ball busting was still left in us from the drive west as we picked, annoyed and sarcastically insulted each other repeatedly – Tau Phi style.

You couldn't find three happier hunters as we made our first trip up the mountain. This would be the first of two trips. That is as long as there were no wrecks or forgotten items. The trail includes rocks, really deep mud, downed trees, boulders, and this year a bear encounter. None of these are for the faint of heart. The slope is steep and the curves are sharp with overhangs and ledges. If you break down here, your trip could be over!

Our camp is located on the downwind side of an aspen grove, perched overlooking about two-thirds of the mountain we hunt on. The upper third is northwest of us and is basically “straight up.” The lower side is a gentle slope down into a basin to the east and a series of small ridges. Below that it drops away to a huge cliff to our south and a steep ravine with a trout stream to the east.

On some evenings when a late western shower comes in, the double rainbows are at eye level. At elevations of 10,200 feet, everything seems magnified. The close encounters with the changing weather, combined with elk sightings and the view, were all magnificent.

Our final arrival to the campsite had us there 48 hours before the season started, plenty of time to set up camp, practice shooting, sip a few beers and spot for elk on the opposite mountain. Yes, it was both relaxing and exhilarating!

Where the Elk Are. The area we hunted is below our camp. We have several “spots” picked out and named them from years before. They include: Yellow Spot, Honey Hole, Bear Basin and (my favorite) Brett's Tit.

Pre-season scouting is never an option for us as we don't have the time or money to make the extra trip. So we based our hunt on past experiences and the skills we developed along the way.

The phrase “Elk are somewhere all the time,” is our motivation and mantra. This was a phrase we picked up in the late 80's from a lecturer who visited the fraternity and spoke on whitetail hunting. At that time it was “Deer are somewhere all the time.” Obviously, this had to become a joke along the way, as although it is true, it's also B.S., especially on the days when you hunt tirelessly and can't find any elk or deer.

Actually the national forest we hunt is well-

populated with elk every year and so we have learned their routines and habits from before. Usually, our main concern is how many other hunters are there and if the pressure will be hard. If it is, being there the first week is the best opportunity because once the pressure increases most elk climb out of our drainage and seek sanctuary on the neighboring private land.

The Hunt. After relaxing for a day and enjoying the star-filled night sky, we tried to get some sleep. As the opening day awaited us, we're very anxious. It was bigger than Christmas for each of us.

Dave was new to the area, so I took him with me to drop him off at another favorite location called the Salt Lick. It's a great spot and one we have killed elk on before. Then I'm to go on out a ridge past and around Mike's spot and still hunt to the end of Brett's Tit. This puts us in an area resembling the back of your hand with a thumb and only three fingers, each representing a ridge. Dave would be in the ravine between thumb and index finger, Mike on top between where the middle and ring fingers, connect and me going out around to the end of a short pinky finger. All of the ridges feed down to the huge cliff mentioned earlier. The area we hunt is well-balanced with spruce, aspen and lush grass. It's elk heaven!

Now if you have elk hunted before you know they have eyes in front and behind their heads. They can see in the dark, are keen to if you are sleeping, breaking for lunch, or in their "living room" at dawn. With that said, Dave and I were about 100 yards from where I was dropping him off when he whispered, "I hear elk calling." I began to argue that it was birds and we couldn't agree, so we stood there listening. Straining to hear anything, it was a bit maddening. In your mind you can see the elk, picture where they might be heading and become frustrated knowing that no matter what tactic you take from here, the elk will probably out maneuver you. Eventually, we heard nothing and Dave dropped down into the Salt Lick while I moved back up towards Mike's location.

The first 300 yards would take me right past Mike but around to the north side. From there I would be beyond him and far out toward the last ridge (aka the pinky). By this time, I would have daylight and the wind from the uphill thermals in my face. I would hunt out the ridge to the "tit" and then drop down in towards the cliff. Knowing my pledge Brother, I was confident that Mike was

snoozing and would probably sleep for hours.

Now for safety reasons, we have a check in time on our radios at 9 A.M. For the first two or three hours, our woods were silent except for stellar's jays, ravens, squirrels, and occasionally mosquitoes. Nobody heard another human unless there was a cry for help or that fond phrase, "Bull down!"

I picked my way slowly, checking all the familiar elk haunts as I went out the ridgeline. A cow and a calf held my attention for about 10 minutes as they grazed from one side of my ridge crossing over to the other. They were alone. By 8:45 A.M., I had reached the spot where I would drop down in off the ledge and sit to wait until something happened.

Eating a quick breakfast snack while I waited, the radio buzzed and everyone checked in. Dave was right, as he walked right into a small herd and they scattered down below him and Mike in the dark. Mike claimed he was awake, but saw nothing. I mentioned the cow and calf. We agreed to talk again at 10 A.M.

Packing up my stuff, I decided to go lower on the steep mountainside. I moved in slow, tiny footsteps surveying the ground below trying to find the right vantage point to watch from for the day. After about 30 steps, I was down on a fringe between aspen stand and spruce timber. I was getting close to where I wanted to be. Hopefully the wind would continue to blow up hill towards me.



Suddenly, I could see elk heads below and ahead of me. One was a bull, but I couldn't distinguish how many points because of the glare. Rays of sunlight streaked down through the dead spruce branches on my right, creating an odd pattern with no depth and

definition; just a bright multicolor glare in the woods. Behind the brightness were their heads. A view of about eight of them was almost floating in the distance. The bright sun light made it very difficult to see anything below their heads. Their brown necks and tan legs lost in the multicolor glare of the sun.

The scene made me squint, trying to discern

exactly how many, where they were heading to and what the bull looked like.

A crash to my left and uphill revealed a lead cow that saw me. She continued up over the hill to my left in the same direction the herd was traveling.

Looking back, I could see that some of them were wary, but none committed to running off.

I had the bull in front of me at 40 yards and still moving toward my left. I dropped further down the hill undetected for about 10 paces, the soft grass quieting my steps.

Then another cow spotted me, spooked, and turned around, and taking another cow with her as they ran below and behind the bull, back in the direction they came from.

All others were on alert, yet unaware of where I was. A large dead spruce tree stood between the bull and I. It was a “no shot” scenario!

Waiting a few seconds nobody moved, then together the herd began to turn. I knew I had to get around that spruce if I had any chance of a shot. I went for it. The bull was still traveling ahead as the rest of the herd was turning back. He had to decide if he should move around on my side of this dead spruce or exit to the downhill side. He chose wrong! As I moved forward he suddenly spotted me, but like a pick in a basketball game, that dead spruce was now in his way, thus forcing him to turn around on my side of the tree bringing him closer for a shot. The distance was now just over 25 yards.

I took one more step as I drew back my bow, focused on the bull and released the arrow as he broke into a run. My arrow found its mark and passed through both lungs leaving a paint brush splatter of blood on the far side.



I waited in place, as elk were running everywhere. I concentrated on the noise that I thought was my bull and finally heard what I

thought was him going down.

Got Elk? Adrenaline pumping, I reached for my radio and shouted, “Bull down, bull down!” as I looked wildly around the area where the bull was standing. I could see skid marks and hoof prints in the direction he went. A spot of blood here and another spot on a stick there, then further behind a small spray pattern of blood across a log.

The boys replied back over the air waves with both congratulations and questions. “Is he big?”

“Where are you?” “Which way did he go?” I responded that he ran out of sight and he headed towards the cliff away from us. I was sure I hit him well, but he ran out of sight. I would have to wait a while to be sure he was down.

The next hour spent in place was a bit disturbing. I was feeling less confident since I couldn’t see him down. Moving on him too soon could make for a really long day if he wasn’t quite dead. That hour was exhilarating and excruciating.

Our Plan. With each elk hunt, our plan is that if anyone gets one, the rest drop what they’re doing and help out the lucky guy. It’s a celebration, but it’s also a huge sacrifice for those who are hunting but now are being pulled away to pack meat. The work involved for one guy is tremendous and although it could be done, you are facing weather problems, getting the meat cooled down quickly and sheer exhaustion; a lot for one person to go through. The work involved in field dressing and butchering it into manageable parts on site, retrieving the packs from camp and hiking the meat out would take most of the day. Three guys working at it made it much more reasonable and the reality is that it may be the only elk we get all week since the odds are so low. So this elk became “our” elk.

True Teamwork. I’m very thankful that Brothers Eppinger and Konz were more than willing to jump in and help. Dave headed straight back to camp to pick up the three frame packs waiting with supplies. Mike made his way halfway to camp to meet Dave and then brought the frame packs to me. In the meantime, I followed the blood trail slowly trying to be sure I did not jump the bull if he was still alive.

I found my bull on the side of the hill no more than 75 yards from where I shot. A beautiful 5x5 awaited me in the ferns, grass and shade underneath a cluster of aspen trees.

I laid my pack down next to him and began to look at him. He was not one for the record books, but as a bull elk taken with a bow and arrow, with an over-the-counter license and while on public land, he was magnificent!

Mike showed up with the frame packs in about an hour, calling on his radio and blowing his bugle as I guided him to me on the mountain. Now the major work would begin. I had begun butchering and was hurrying through it, knowing it would be a long day and at any time the sun could move to where the bull would be exposed to the extra heat, which could be a factor in spoilage if there was

any. At about 850 pounds we were not moving him anywhere until he was mostly butchered.

I had a hind quarter cut off by the time Mike had reached me. He helped me roll him part way, lifting a leg or turning a head. At one point the dead bull slid downhill, so we had tied him off onto a tree. Working while knelling, I cut as fast as I could, knees screaming in pain and hands cramping up as I went. When we finally had a good amount of meat in the frame pack, Mike took off with this first load, straight up over the mountain and down the other side to an ATV trail. If it worked out Dave would be waiting there with an ATV and would return with Mike for the next two loads.

I continued butchering until my hands were about numb and I could feel my back starting to ache. I leaned into the side of that hill cutting, grunting, sweating and smiling for five hours.

Let's Celebrate! Eventually the boys returned together, laughing and carrying on. Mike again shook my hand as hard as he could. It was a giant forceful handshake that just about pulled me over. Dave had a glint in his eye and sat down next to the bull's head admiring the antlers – five points on each antlered branch. One of them said, "This is what it's all about!" What he meant was the camaraderie. Not the kill so much, but the teamwork, the laughter and the continued ribbing.

It's an experience that until you have it, you just don't realize the accomplishment. As in Colorado, one in five successful elk hunters take one with a bow. That's any elk, either a bull or cow. This was an accomplishment for each of us. Hopefully after they sweated the work all day, they would still feel this good. I would owe them regardless.

Over the next few hours, we all worked like crazy. It rained a bit which was fine, as it actually kept the bees and flies at bay. All told, Mike made two trips on foot with meat up and down over to the trail. Dave shuttled several times to from camp and made one hike out. I made the trip with hide and antlers to the top of the ridge, then left that pack under a tree until I could retrieve it later. Finally, I made my way to meet both of them down on the trail with a second ATV. From there we moved the meat down to the truck which was seven miles from camp; eight, very long hours from where I shot the bull.

A Special Time. This hunt, like so many others I have been on with fraternity brothers, was special. It was bonding. It was later sharing a particular joke that came from the day. It hurt! It was fun! It

was delicious, too! There is no better meal than elk tenderloin fresh off the carcass with a can of cold brew chilled in a mountain spring at the dark at the end of a hunt with my Brothers.



Add a pull or two on some Leroux blackberry brandy and Colorado Tincup whiskey, and lots of laughs ... All Tau Phi style! The rest of the week could have ended right there. We were so happy.

Hunt Continues ... Work Is Never Done. The second day there was still plenty of work to do, while Dave and Mike hunted. The first thing in the morning, I retrieved my pack with the elk hide and antlers. I'm pretty sure I was still walking three feet off the ground after my success.

My next trip was down the ATV trail to take the truck into town, drop off the meat and try to find a taxidermist. Although it was a nice bull, I was not getting a full head and shoulder mount; Only a European style skull mount. With new Pennsylvania chronic wasting disease regulations it was now required that no elk may be returned from Colorado without cleaning it free of brain and spinal fluids. It took most of the afternoon to find one who could prepare the skull by the time we'd be leaving on Saturday.

We enjoyed the rest of the week's perfect weather. Dave and Mike continued to see elk and hunt with several close calls. At one point, Mike had two bulls nearly run over him. They sprinted off the top of a low hill, came down over right into Mike's lap, stopped long enough behind some spruce trees (another no-shot scenario) for Mike's knees to nervously shake and sprinted away leaving us all short of breath.

I worked on fleshing the elk hide stretched across several clumped aspens, cleaned up my gear, sharpened knives, spotted for elk on the hillsides, drank some craft beer, and explored the countryside scouting for more elk sign.

Reflection. You couldn't have asked for a better elk hunt. When it comes right down to it — Good friends, nice weather, great country, and a special bonding of Tau Phis as comrades in arms!



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State College, PA 16801-5711
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FALL HOMECOMING

October 13, 2018

9:00 AM

**Fraternity Board of Directors and Foundation Trustees Meeting
with Grand National Elections**

11:00 AM

Light Lunch

12:00 Noon

Actives-Alumni Mega Tailgate Gatherings – Yellow Lot
(Call for location on game day:
Actives (814) 203-5304 – Alumni (484) 769-3311

3:30 PM

Football Game Kick-Off – Penn State vs. Michigan State

One Hour After Game

Victory Celebration with Beverages at the House

~ \$25 per person/\$45 per couple donation requested for lunch/tailgate/evening event ~

For more information, contact:

Gavin Collins or Eric Kemper, Alumni Committee Co-Chairmen

House: (814) 237-2207 **Cell:** (571) 308-4027 or (610) 730-3995

Email: gsc5075@psu.edu or emkemper726@gmail.com

PLAN AHEAD! TΦΔ Spring Homecoming • April 13, 2019 • PSU Blue White Game Weekend