



A Man For All Seasons



Br. Bob Krear

It has been four years since the Murie Center presented renowned conservationist **Dr. H. Robert “Bob” Krear** (Spring '43) with the Murie Spirit of Conservation Award for his lifetime of work on behalf of wilderness.

The event was held in the Murie Ballroom at Hotel Terra in Teton Village, Wy.

Over 140 guests gathered to honor Krear, who participated in the 1956 Sheejeek Expedition with Olaus and Mardy Murie to the Alaskan wilderness. The expedition to Alaska's Brooks Range, one of North America's least explored regions, provided the momentum to propel the creation of the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge.

As Olaus put it, “We were there to

research the ‘precious intangible value of the natural area’ because conservation isn’t all about science, it’s also about heart.”

The Murie Spirit of Conservation Award is presented to an individual whose life work demonstrates a commitment to conservation, civility and community – trademarks of the Murie family legacy. William Meadows, Counselor and Past President of The Wilderness Society, presented as the keynote speaker.

Br. Krear's entered Penn State Mont Alto in 1943, pledged TΦΔ in the last pledge class prior to our closure due to the war. Later his education continued afterwards as he completed his Forestry degree in 1949, then with a Master's degree in Wildlife Ecology from the University of Wyoming, followed with a Ph.D. in Animal Behavior and Ecology from the University of Colorado-Boulder. He also studied at the University of Montana.



Young Pledge Krear

He taught as a professor of biology at four universities – the last 10 years at Michigan Technological University. At a previous school he had served as the Chairman of the Division of Science and Mathematics, but transferred to Michigan Tech because he preferred to teach.

His Master's research was on the ecology of the Great Plains muskrat,

and his doctoral research centered on the behavior and ecology of the alpine animal — the pika.

Krear has been honored with memberships in the National Scientific Honorary Society (Sigma Xi) and the National Biological Honorary Society (Phi Sigma), as well as being a member of many national environmental organizations.

He authored several scientific reports and a few books, including *Four Seasons North* — his account of the 1956 Alaskan expedition.

As a 21-year old college student during World War II, and a member of the Penn State ski team, Bob learned that the usually rigidly orthodox military was creating a very unorthodox division of alpine troops in the mountains of Colorado. He was already in the Student Enlisted Reserve, so he volunteered, was accepted, and when called, joined the famous-to-be 10th Mountain Infantry Division, along with many thousands of other university skiers, at Camp Hale, near Leadville, Colo.

Krear became a platoon sergeant. The 10th Mountain Division distinguished itself in breaking through the German mountain troops' formidable defense lines in the high northern Apennine Mountains.

They then spearheaded the entire American Fifth Army, which, along with British forces, cut off all German forces trying to retreat northward into the Alps in the major spring offensive in 1945. This precipitated the surrender of all Germans in Italy and southern Austria five days before the end of the war in northern Europe.

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The **Taproot**

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online at: www.tauphidelta.org by
navigating to the "Alumni" page.**

Br. Krear (From page 1)

In his post-war years, Krear's military experience and education led to professional experiences in nearly every ecological zone in North America. Some of this was acquired, when not teaching, as a professional seasonal naturalist in eight major national parks.



There, over a 15-year period, he learned the very diverse natural histories of the Grand Teton, Rocky Mountain, Zion, Everglades, Sequoia, Olympic, and Death Valley National Parks, as well as the Upper Sonora Desert in Tonto Monument in Arizona. As a technical mountaineer, he served on the mountain rescue team in the Grand Tetons. He also observed the ecology of several coral reefs as a scuba diver.

Dr. Krear traveled the world studying wildlife ecology in Africa, Belize, Guatemala and Peru.

As a scientist he was a member of four arctic and subarctic research expeditions: the Dale Osborn Ecological Expedition of Subarctic Labrador on the Ungava Peninsula, as a member of the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service team that studied and worked out the reproductive cycle of the northern fur seal cow on the Pribilof Islands in the Bering Sea of Alaska, and on another team that studied the northern sea otter on and around the western Aleutian Island of Amchitka.

However, he believed he made his greatest contribution as one of the five-member team of the 1956 Olaus Murie Arctic Brooks Range Expedition. These studies of which were a major contribution to the creation of the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge (ANWR), protects the last pristine arctic wilderness

remaining in North America, and perhaps the world.



Br. Krear (L) in Alaska's Sheenjek Valley

Bob Krear was a man for all seasons, in all places – as long as they were in the wild.



Awards `R Us

Last year, **David Patterson** (Fall '63) was presented the 2015 **Fred W. Gottschalk Memorial Award** for his outstanding service to the Forest Products Society (FPS) in a ceremony in Atlanta, Ga.



The citation for the award read as follows: "David received his B.S. at Penn State University, his Master's at Colorado State University, and his Ph.D. at Texas A&M University. His service to the industry and to the Society has been extensive. He has held several positions on various committees within FPS and has been a member since 1972. He served as an officer for the Mid-South Section and was on the FPS Executive Board as the South Central Board Representative from 2000-2010."

David began his career in 1966 at Koppers Company as a yard foreman and served in the U.S. Navy from 1967-1971.

Awards (From page 2)

Upon his return from the service, he started his lifelong career as an educator where he has left an impact on countless students, many of whom have shaped or are shaping the face of the forest products industry today. David still found time to serve the FPS throughout his career with his volunteer positions, by publishing in *Forest Products Journal*, and through his involvement with conferences and events.

In 2010, David retired as Professor Emeritus from the University of Arkansas at Monticello. He and his wife Gerry are actively involved in their community.

The Honorable Phis' Reports

The Board of Directors

By Mitch Vowler (Spring '07), Phi

It's hard to believe yet another year has passed since the last edition of *The Taproot* and another great year at Tau Phi Delta has come to a close.

This past year our Board of Directors has seen some changes starting with our Phi, Br. Mike Prinkey, stepping down, along with directors, Bros. Shawn Cable and Chuck Strauss. It is a bittersweet moment to say the least. These gentlemen have served the Tau Phi Delta Corporation unconditionally for many years and 'Dr. Chuck' has been there since its inception. During Mike's tenure as Phi, he spearheaded the development of the capital improvement projects, some of which are already underway. It has been both an honor and privilege to serve with these men and to call them Brothers. On behalf of the Board and all Tau Phis past and present, thank you for your service and dedication to the continued prosperity of this unique and special organization – you will be missed!

As I sit pondering what to say in this blurb, I cannot help but reflect back on the past 10 years of my life and realize I was fortunate enough to cross paths with TΦΔ in 2006. I was

a freshman in Civil Engineering and I was a blank canvas eager to find my niche within this large college community. A few months later I found myself accepting a bid to pledge as I sought what I was looking for at 427 East Fairmount: The hunt, passion, and camaraderie.

Being a part of TΦΔ gave me a sense of belonging at Penn State and being part of something bigger ... Hard to imagine when our football stadium fills with 107, 282 fans. I had the opportunity to make lifelong friends within the Actives as well as Alumni. As a student, I realized early on that what the Alumni produced from our Brotherhood were the key to the future, both individually and for our fraternity. The Alumni help shape the culture and traditions and assist with the ever-changing world of PSU fraternities. They are the Actives' shoulders to lean on and a pool of knowledge from which they can draw.

Fast-forward 10 years, I am a business owner, a husband and a soon-to-be-father. Where does the time go? One thing that has remained a constant for me over these years is TΦΔ. Shortly after graduating I was approached and asked to serve on the BOD. I accepted without hesitation. It gave me one extra excuse to get back the House and Penn State (not than anyone needs an excuse to go back). This past spring, the BOD was discussing its future and despite being so busy with life, I could not let the Brotherhood down when asked who would be the next Phi. It has too many good memories and too many friends to just walk away. I made one thing clear to the BOD: I would need help. It would not be easy to pick up where our past leaders left off and be successful on my own. We have a good group on the new board and I am confident in their abilities to make competent decisions, and come together to accomplish the many goals and tasks ahead. A leader is nothing without his team.

One great thing about all Tau Phis is that they are "Strong as an oak," and we can rely on our Brothers to come together in a time of need.

The physical condition of our fraternity house is at a point where drastic improvements are needed in order to protect the longevity of it so that all future Tau Phis have a place to call home. In continuation of the BOD's initiatives, the Grand National and the Foundation, we will move forward with the planning and budgeting to overhaul the electrical, mechanical and plumbing.

Last fall, members of the aforementioned groups, along with the active executive committee, held another TΦΔ Leadership Summit to continue the future planning for these projects. As with most things in life, we are on a budget and can only afford to do certain projects each year. During this summit, the attendees focused on the challenges presented to the House and its Active Brotherhood. Some of these challenges included not only the physical conditions described above, but also the recruitment of new members, University-dictated pledging processes and our finances.

Thanks to the estate contributions of the late Br. Porter Gerhart, this past summer we had the roof replaced on the main building as well as the chapter room. The crew did an exceptional job. In addition, some of our Alumni worked hard to donate funds, procure (at a lower cost), and install (free) a new set of kitchen doors [See page 5]. Thanks to all involved with this team effort!

I urge all of you to make an effort and get back to see the hard work the Actives have put into the House with the generous support of the Alumni and their donations.

Until then, I wish you all the best of luck in the woods and in the waters. Be safe out there! If you should have any comments, questions or concerns, please do not hesitate to contact me.

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Foundation's Good News By Kory Enck (Fall '86), Chair

On behalf of the Board of Trustees for Tau Phi Delta Foundation, I want to thank all of those who have given for their generous support!

The Foundation's second run at the paver project was a huge success. An order was placed for 9 pavers and 11 bricks, raising a total of \$5,900. That makes \$12,000 total for the patio since its start date back in 2014!!

Bros. Ben Hoffman, Mike Konz and I will be meeting this fall to install the new pavers. If you have not yet seen the new patio, please stop by the fraternity or contact me and I would be happy to send you some pictures. If you have not bought a paver yet and would like to, we now have the ability to sell them individually. Just let me know.

The '70's Decades Reunion was also a success. Special thanks to Bros. Terry Stemmler, Roy Seifert, Ken Wolfe, Earl Hower, and Kevin Horner and his family for all their hard work. It was a great day and a very well run event. In total we raised over \$3,100 for the Foundation. The Actives and Little Sisters deserve a shout out for their efforts on the reunion [see page 15].

All of the net proceeds from both fundraising projects, along with those raised each year by the Jim Evans Memorial Golf Tourney, are desperately needed to maintain our Foundation and the future of Tau Phi Delta. Fundraisers like these are a necessity to the survival of our fraternity. We need more fundraisers! If you have an idea for a way for us to raise money please contact me and we will try to guide you through. Please think outside the box on this: Host a fishing tournament, sporting clays shoot, smaller pledge class reunions, or a pheasant preserve hunt. I heard a rumor that another reunion is probably in the making, but this time for the 80's alumni?

I would also like to thank the members of the Foundation, Br. Ben Hoffman (Treasurer) stepped up as a "newbie" this year, and has been very instrumental in both of our most recent projects. Br. Sean Sweeney (Secretary) for continuing to help push the Foundation's work and for really being the "ramrod" on all of our efforts.

Finally, we are looking for one more Trustee to join us on the

Foundation. If interested please contact me ASAP, as I fear I will have to appoint someone if nobody volunteers.

The Foundation is doing well, together we have all invested in our fraternity's future and we are making strides towards the perpetuity of TΦΔ. I'm proud to have worked with all of the above mentioned in ensuring the success of our beloved Tau Phi Delta!

In closing, I'll throw out one of my favorite lines from my days at the House, "Mamas don't let your babies grow up to be Tau Phis!" It seemed a bit silly then and we all loved to sing it. But the truth of this, even though the line reflects a bit of sarcasm of those of us who attended, it really is now an honor to be a TΦΔ Brother. It is a line that reflects the attitude of our Brotherhood and who and what we represent. Our Actives and Alumni are different, but together we made a difference in each other's lives and continue to do so.

I remain proud to be a Tau Phi!
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House Phi's Message

By Austin Noguera (Spring '14)

Hello again, from the Active Tau Phi Delta Brotherhood. Entering this fall semester, the House consists of 27 Actives, with 21 living in-house and 6 living out of house. We had 7 members graduate over the past summer, spring and fall.

Since the last issue of *The Taproot*, we have Brotherized 11 new members (10 in Fall '15 and 1 in Spring '16). They have installed a fresh new fence around the back yard and constructed shelves for the laundry rooms. Needless to say, they have been and continue to be a great addition to our fraternity.

Finally, I would like to thank all the Alumni who have helped with projects around the House. Things like new kitchen doors and appliances help us all in many ways.

Your contributions don't go unnoticed and are greatly appreciated by all who live at or visit 427 East Fairmount Avenue.

Feel free to contact me should you have any questions or comments. I hope to see you at Homecoming.

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Advisors' Corner

"Back When I Pledged ..."

By Shaun M. Doran (Fall '03)

I remember hearing this often 13 years ago as a budding young pledge at 427 East Fairmount. I heard it countless more times as a Brother, and as an Alumnus, I used to throw the same phrase back at the Actives every time I came back to the House for a visit, and the elixirs that flow from the taps would start to improve my knowledge and understanding of whatever plight the Active Brotherhood was facing at the time.

Throughout the previous decade or so, well before I pledged, Greek Life at PSU has been subjected a series restrictions and hurdles brought on by a university seeking to impose its control. For example, a ban of flags and banners with fraternity and sorority Greek letters or names was imposed at all athletic events including football game tailgates. The university only acknowledges fraternities with an established national chapter with at least three chapters – thus the reason why our Grand National Chapter continues today and designates our Washington Alpha and Minnesota Beta chapters as "inactive" and not "closed."

Further adding to our frustrations, the Penn State Alumni Association no longer gives fraternities access to their alumni database. Fraternities are also required to register their social events ahead of time and persons from the IFC can enter the at any time to examine the House and the party participants for any violations of their social code.

It is only as a co-advisor, that I've come to appreciate that every Active has a different series of issues to face, and that they are not always the same types of challenges that were faced "back when we pledged."

For instance, the academic standards for Greeks imposed by the university are so stringent that there

Advisor (From page 4)

would have hardly been any active brotherhood to speak of “back when I pledged.” By today’s standards, any potential fraternity or sorority pledge must have at least a 2.5 GPA, effectively killing the potential to have a pledge who is a freshman.

Oh yes, before any student can rush, he or she must complete a university-sponsored orientation course and get a wristband to be considered eligible to pledge. There are further many more limitations on how, when, and how often a fraternity conducts rush.

Authorities on campus must review each semester’s pledge program and initiation process, require changes to the material provided to pledges, and even approve weekly pledge exams. Pledges are forbidden to participate in a working capacity at social functions such as preparation and clean up, and have a limited schedule when they can and cannot be at a fraternity house.

Also, the State College Borough’s ordinances and codes that fraternities have to abide by are above and beyond what most property owners would consider reasonable in any city, borough, or village in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Without a doubt, the biggest change of all to fraternities, and student life as a whole, would be the role that technology has played in changing everything from student social life to how homework is done. Working at campus computer labs to get things done online is by and large a thing of the past, and each student is basically in need of a home office with wireless internet throughout the house to accomplish schoolwork with any type of efficiency. Because of this need for space and constant access to technology, students don’t go off to Penn State with plans to live in a dorm for a year in the good faith that they’ll be able to line something up the following year.

The market for student housing has become so competitive that a student registered for college has to know, in advance, where they’ll be living for the next four to five years. With practice of subletting apartments and

getting out of dorm contracts becoming a thing of the past, it will continue to get more difficult to keep the House full of live-in Active Brothers.

On top of all of these recruitment challenges that today’s Brotherhood face is that our fraternity house is an aging facility with over 50 years of wear and tear and a university’s forestry enrollment that has bottomed out and the closure of wood science degree program a few years ago.

I can assure you, however, that our Brothers are resourceful, and will be doing their best to come up with practical solutions, no matter how “outside the box” they sometimes seem. And as long as we keep attracting the brand of young men that bring the “can do” attitude and strong will to survive to the table, our organization will live on for generations to come.

Fraternity Co-Advisors
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New News**An Alumni Project**

Last installed in 1978, the kitchen galley doors finally ‘met their maker.’ Several Alumni attending the recent ‘70s Decade Reunion took on a challenge from the Actives to help raise the funds to replace a dilapidated galley doors.

Not only did they chip in and raise the \$1,500 needed, but Greg Peiffer managed to purchase the doors units at a very significant discount savings (less \$900) from his employer, 84 Lumber, and he led the install effort with other Brothers this summer.

Thanks to Joel Boogher, Dave Messics, Jim and Cis Stelter, Kevin and Lori Horner, Ed Crow, Steve Torok, Earl Hower, Ed Balsavage, Mark and Candy Brunemer, Sean Sweeney, and Howard Wurzbacher for their donations.

We Are ... Family!

During the last production of *The Taproot*, we actually had one Little Sister pledge who is now our newest legacy Tau Phi.

Little Sister Julie Peiffer (Fall ’15) became the newest family connection. She is the daughter of Br. Greg “Boo-Boo” Peiffer and Little Sister Mary (Herbst) Peiffer.

Congratulations Julie for keeping his family tradition alive at Penn State and as a Tau Phi!

**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 our 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. This year is no exception. The following Brothers, a Little Sister, and a spouse have donated \$10 to \$100 for a generous total of \$945 toward the cost of printing and mailing *The Taproot*.

Dick Aushermann	Tom Breslin
Tom Cheffins	Forest Fenstermaker
Bill Herb	Earl Hower
Dick Kline	Dave Martino
Dave Messics	Dennis Mullin
Gregg Morgan	Wade Nutter
Dave Patterson	Wendy Ranny
Barry Seiple	Sean Sweeney
Rusty Taylor	Tom Witmer
Patricia Wilson-Schmid	
Tom Wolf	Carl Wolfe
Howard Wurzbacher	Don Young

We thank you for your continued support of *The Taproot*; as your contributions have met our goal to support the printing and mailing of this issue. Keep up the good work!

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.

Alumni Updates

RICHARD “DICK” AUSERMAN (Fall '65) remains active in the local rock and mineral club. He enjoys collecting trips into local quarries and planning vacations around mineral sites. He often returns home with so many specimens that he doesn't know where to unload them. Heavy hobby! He and a friend have been exploring local hiking trails in their State Forests. Five miles per day is about the maximum for their age. Dick still lives an outdoor lifestyle, uncovering Mother Nature's secrets. “Thanks for Hey-You and Mrs. Snow articles.”

After exactly 35 years, **JAMES “CATFISH” BINDER** (Spring '77) retired from the Penna. Game Commission at the end of July. He started his career as an Undercover Game Warden, then Wildlife Conservation Officer in Cumberland Co., and finally the Land Manager of the Middle Creek Waterfowl Mgmt. Area. Rumor has it that he left his “government housing” is currently “homeless,” but hopes to soon settle on an old Juniata Co. stone farm house near Port Royal (circa 1850).

TOM BRESLIN (Fall '54), who has just slid past his 80th birthday, wrote that he enjoyed *The Taproot*. His recollection was that Mrs. Snow was hired when he was a pledge, and he believes that he might have been the first to call her “Snowball.” She knew it and never objected. Her location in the vestibule was also strategic because she was close to the buzzer that rang a bell in the basement if the IFC checkers showed up for a surprise visit.

Tom noted, “I last read in *The Taproot* about reunions and I wonder if my submission of one that can never happen again would spur any of the Brothers to make every attempt to attend a reunion of their peers when they get the chance.”



This Pledge Class photo in the basement party room of the old house. The group (L to R) standing is **JOHN KRIZ** – an Air Force vet – and the only one old enough to have alcohol in the event the IFC arrived, **TOM BRESLIN, JOE LOGAN, PETE DRESS** behind the mug held by **BILL GERICKE, TONY MARCHETTI** and seated are **NICK RODRIGUEZ, and BOB TERRY**. Missing from the photo are **PAUL DEBALD, DAVID ALLISON, GORDON MORTENSON, CHARLES BOWERS** and **RICHARD VOELKER**.”

“This photo is of a group of us from the PSU forestry graduating class of '57, reconnecting at the 2003 Mont Alto centennial celebration.”



The group (L to R) was Harold King, **PAUL DEBALD, JOE LOGAN, PETE DRESS, TONY MARCHETTI, Ted Seman, TOM BRESLIN, Norman Galvin, RICHARD VOELKER**.

A year later much of the same group gathered at the Marchetti's family farm near Selinsgrove. Unfortunately this reunion can never happen again because four of these Brothers [**DEBALD, DRESS, LOGAN and MARCHETTI**] are no longer with us.”

tomb3557@gmail.com

Editor's Note: *If your class is having a reunion, please try to attend, as time is slipping by us faster than we can imagine.*

ROBERT “BOB” CARROLL, III (Spring '80) reports that he and his wife, Grace, reside in Yardley, Penna. Since he graduated in 1983, he's been at his family's wholesale distribution business, R. E. Carroll, Inc. across the river near Trenton, New Jersey. In 2009, Bob took over and is now running the business that sells raw materials used in adhesives, ceramics, paint and coatings, plastics, and rubber industries.

They have two sons, one in elementary school and the oldest is a PSU junior majoring in actuarial science. Bob stays involved with the university, serving on the Parents Council. Lastly he asked, “Is there any interest in an '80s reunion at the fraternity in the future?”

carrpsu@msn.com

TOM “TJ” CHEFFINS (Fall '74) recently completed a successful climb of Mt. Aconcagua, in Argentina. At nearly 23,000 feet, it is the highest peak in the Western Hemisphere. He made the 2-week climb as a part of Appine Ascents “Team-The Force Be With Us,” summiting on January 18, 2016 in perfect weather conditions.



Previously TJ had successfully summited Mt. Ranier (2004), two summits of Mt. Whitney (highest peak in the contiguous U.S. at 14,500 feet), Mt. Kilimanjaro, Africa (2014), and Mt. Elbrus, Russia (highest point in Europe) in July 2014. With three of the world's seven summits behind him, he looks forward to climbing Alaska's Denali in June 2017.

Any other Tau Phis who climb should please get in touch with TJ. tomcheffins@gmail.com

CHRIS "SHOESHINE" DAUM (Spring '74) said he regrets not making the recent '70s Decade Reunion and missed seeing all the guys. However, his pledge Br. **KARL "FOOSE" SHAFFER** did come north to Geneva, N.Y. from Pittsboro, N. Car. for some summer fun as, "We had too much fun as always!"

daumc@helenachemical.com

For those in the forest management and forest products industry, the name of the late **PAUL S. DEBALD** (Fall '54) is probably recognized by many. During his career with the U.S. Forest Service, he wrote and/or co-authored scores of research papers and resource bulletins on silvicultural practices, forest products, pests and diseases. At age 80, he was residing in Columbus, Ohio at the time when he lost his battle with cancer on November 28, 2015.

Last fall, **ROBERT "BOB" EHRHART** (Spring '83) was elected to the King William Co. board of supervisors, located near Richmond, Va. For 30 years, he's been employed by the Va. Dept. of Environmental Quality. He is active in local community groups, church, and the TEA Party, as well as a high school basketball referee.

bob_ehrhart@aol.com

As reported in *The Penn Stater* (July/August 2016 issue), **ANDREW G. FEIL, JR.** (PSU '47) passed away on February 23, 2016. He was born in Philadelphia in 1922 and retired in Sarasota, Fla. During WWII, he fought in the Battle of the Bulge. After he graduated from Forestry School, he went on to work for the National Park Service. Also an artist, he used this talent as a landscape architect designing national parks for the Department of the Interior.

FORREST FESTERMAKER (Fall '53) is living with his wife, Ruth, in Williamsburg, Va. where he is retired and staying up to date on local environmental issues. "I was an officer and house manager in the mid-50s and have many good memories and really enjoyed the article on Mrs. Snow."

He is impressed with the quality of *The Taproot* newsletters.

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BILL HERB (Fall '65) is enjoying hearing from so many Brothers and Little Sisters in his role as one of the editors of *The Taproot*. He and Marian (who became grandparents for the first time in May 2015) were goofing off in China last fall while the other editors were slaving away getting the 2015 edition to the printer. He appreciates their efforts.

He also reports that his 4-piece pack rod was nearly turned into a 5-piece rod when he unexpectedly hooked a 4½ foot long tarpon in Fla. this past January. "Unfortunately after three great jumps, the leader frayed through. Another big one got away!"

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CHRIS "ZOO" KAMZALOW (Spring '95 Alpha) is a Sales Engineer and the Operations Manager for M.S. Jacobs, and his wife, Jenn, live in Harrison City, Pa. with their children, Mason and Megan. He enjoys hunting, but he loves trout fishing. "I took up the art of center-pinning for trout, of course fly fisherman look at pinners with disdain. I think they are just jealous because 'pinners' catch more fish!"

His bear hunt at the Olde Buck Camp was a bust last year, no luck. In attendance were **GARY ADAMS, JASON ANDERSON, JOHN HUDSON, JAMIE SNYDER,** and **KEVIN OSKIN** who came in from Ohio. "It was great to see those guys, as I look forward to that every year. We still have fun and our drives stay safe. We did run into **PAT WEISS'** A-Plus Camp crew of Tau Phis. Of course the friendly banter between the two groups was something to be heard. I understand that the House bear hunters had a great season. My hat's off to those guys. Wish I was twenty years younger. I'd love to do those drives again."

His brother **MARC** (Spring '98) is doing well. He and Michelle, have 5-year old twin boys. "We get together to trout fish and hunt deer. He does that 'flintlock thing' and I just purchased a used one so I figure next season I will try my hand at that with him."

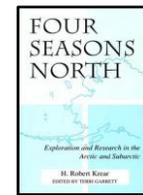
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marcnmc@yahoo.com (Marc)

JEFF KENDALL (Spring '88) has been with the Penna. Game Commission for over 25 years. He's currently the Land Management Group Supervisor in Lawrence and Butler Counties.

He wrote, "Lately I have been thinking of some of my Brothers. A couple of us were looking to go on our first western elk hunt and I am looking for some suggestions. Any thoughts from you seasoned Tau Phi Delta elk hunters?"

RICHARD "DICK" KLINE (Fall '59) is still living in Utah after retiring from the U.S. Forest Service in 1999. His wife, Patti, passed away on July 15, 2015 after 15 years of failing health. He lived in the old House for 2 years until Patti and he got married in 1961. Dick really enjoyed *The Taproot* article on Mrs. Snow since Patti and he shared many social events with her. He plans to stay in Salt Lake City close to his son and daughter in the northern Utah.



The author of this book, **DR. H. ROBERT "BOB" KREAR** (Spring '43), now 94, dropped a line from Estes Park Colo. to wish the

best to all Tau Phi Delts, and mused that this might be his last contact with the fraternity.

Editor's Note: *Let us hope not!*

DAVE "SMILEY" MARTINO (Fall '67) reports that his son, who graduated from PSU in May 2015, is a social studies teacher. He began college at Mont Alto, but later was on the PSU triathlon team. Dave wishes everyone well, and reports that he had a great time at the mini-reunion in 2014.

zimaka@ptd.net

PHIL MCGRATH (Spring '84) resides with Jane, in Pottstown with his their two young adult sons; Tyler at Grove City College and Diller at Montgomery County Community College.

Phil had spent over a decade working in the urban forestry / landscaping field. But in 1999, he fell off a ladder while pruning a branch on the first day of opening his own

landscaping business which left him paralyzed from the chest down.



After a year of getting his life back together, Phil landed a position with the Penna. Bureau of Forestry.

“So I learned how to drive again, resume normal daily living and gain my independence.”

He retired from the Penna. DCNR in 2013 and has since worked as a seasonal horticulturist at Lowe’s and Home Depot and volunteered at Magee Rehabilitation Hospital for patients with spinal cord afflictions.

When he went back to work in 2001, his family and friends held a fundraiser to help him purchase a handicapped accessible van which allowed Phil to drive again.

But his old 2002 Dodge Ram van with a Braun lift is falling apart, and he’s currently seeking to acquire a new replacement van with the state-of-the-art support systems to allow him to operate a power lift chair.

So his friends recently launched a Go-Fund-Me online campaign to raise the funds for a new van at: www.gofundme.com/27n5gcc.

As Phil puts it, “I can still be an independent husband, father, and productive member in society. Having an accessible van has allowed me to be the person that I always was, and to continue to work to support my family. I’ve been blessed to know each and every person I’ve met over the years and cherish and value each one. I thank you for your consideration.”

pmcgrath37@yahoo.com

DAVE B. “TROUT BUM” MESSICS (Fall ’84) reports that, “Life is good!” His family is healthy and he can’t believe that his son is wrapping up 10th grade and his daughter will be starting high school in the fall. His new job is the Vice President of Individual and Foundation Giving at the Tax Foundation in Washington, D.C. Who would have thought that tax policy was so much fun?!

“Let’s have an ’80s Reunion soon!”
dmessics@aol.com

The much delayed news just arrived about **ROBERT W. MEZGER** (PSU ’47) of Klamath Falls, Ore., who died in January 2014. A student at Penn State prior to the Pearl Harbor attack, this Tau Phi left college and entered the military, serving as a U.S. Army Air Corps 2nd Lt. from 1942 to 1945. After his forestry degree, he went onto Cal for his Master’s. He was a Bureau of Indian Affairs forester, later a bank executive, and the owner of Mezger Forests.



DENNIS MILLIN (Fall ’71) is retired from the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers after 31 years. He has operated *Millin’s Hides, Furs, Roots & Tree Seeds* for over 40 years. At first it was a side business – now it is pretty much full time. He spends much of his time managing his 200-acre farm for the deer and turkeys. He tries to get out to Colo. for elk hunting on a frequent basis. While trapping furbearers has been a lifelong passion, but still enjoys downhill skiing. He and his wife of 39 years, Sandra, live in Confluence, Penna., and have two children, Heather and Mark, and grandchildren Grady, Glenn and Faith.

tree seeds@verizon.net

WILLIAM J. MITCHELL (Fall ’61) and his wife, Karen, have moved cross country from Phoenix, Ariz. to Ocean View, Del. They are now much closer to their daughter’s family in nearby northern Va., as well as **PETE ALEXANDER** in Salisbury, Md. and **DAVID DOWNING** in Milton, Del. “Both Brothers have been very helpful in our transition. We find most of our new neighbors are from Penna., so we have no language barrier and the image of the Nittany Lion is a common sight! So much seafood, and so little time.”

williammitchell2@cox.net

GREGG MORGAN (Fall ’78) of Woodstock, Ga., showed up at the ’70s Decade Reunion, but his family (wife Beth, and three sons) stayed behind for the Ga. Tech’s spring Gold White Game held in Atlanta.

Gregg proudly announced that his twin sons made the football team for the “Ramblin Wreck.”



Both outside linebackers, (L to R) Scott and Brad Morgan were recent Scout Team

Players of the Year Award recipients.
gjmorgan20@gmail.com

Also from Georgia, **WADE NUTTER** (Fall ’57) retired as Professor of Forest Hydrology from University of Georgia in 1997. He is presently working as needed by Nutter & Associates, Inc., and environmental consulting firm located in Athens, Ga. He is doing mostly expert testimony on hydrology across the country. He is actively sailing along the S. Car., Ga., and Fla. coasts with a trip most every spring to the Bahamas for six to eight weeks. Between, sailing, consulting, and family with eight grandchildren, Wade is as busy as he wants to be.

wadenutter@gmail.com

Editor’s Note: *Pledges take note that Wade’s mother made the mosaic of the TΦΔ coat-of-arms which was an important part of House trivia.*

DAVE “OBO” OBARTO (Fall ’90), reports that a smaller, but equally dedicated group of TΦΔ alumni attended the National Park Service’s Flight 93 Memorial Park (near Somerset) during this year’s volunteer tree planting days at the site of the infamous 9-11 crash.



Included (L to R) were **DAVE OBARTO**, and son, Chase, **JIM “JC” COWAN**, **MIKE MCNAMARA**, and **TOM WOLF**.

If interested in lending a hand at next year’s event, contact Dave.
obarto@comcast.net

Also retiring from the Penna. DCNR Bureau of Forestry after 30 plus years, **GENE F. ODATO** (Fall '73) left as the Tuscarora State Forest district forester. He plans to do nothing this fall but hunt for Susquehanna River ducks, Colorado elk, and Clearfield County whitetail bucks; along with starting a 'travelling' stone oven pizza business.

godato@pa.net

DAVE "FUDD" PATTERSON (Fall '63), of Monticello, Ark., sadly dropped a note to inform us that his younger brother, Tau Phi **FRANK**, passed away last October.

pattersond@uamont.edu

FRANK L. "BIG LEE" PATTERSON (Fall '72) was residing in West Milton, Penna. at the time of his death. After obtaining a degree in Agriculture Economics, he was employed by the USDA Rural Development as a loan officer until his retirement in 2004.

Br. **GENE ODATO** laments, "I was so saddened to hear of Big Lee's passing. He was such a good mentor and friend to many s Brothers. I recall wrestling and boxing in Phys Ed with him in the basement of Conklin Hall at Mont Alto when I was a freshman. He had me by 100 pounds and was a tough competitor. Lee was my Pledge Master and he will always be remembered for the funny jokes he told and the survival instruction he gave the pledges."

ROBERT V. "BOB" POTTER (Fall '49) of Atlantic Beach, Fla., passed away on July 2, 2015.

He had served in the Navy Seventh Fleet, as a radar operator in the Pacific from 1945 – 1948. Then he came to PSU on the G.I. Bill (B.S. Forestry '52), and later went to Harvard's School of Public Administration (MPA '58).

His U.S. Forest Service career included national forest management and administration in the south; establishment of forestry projects in 16 developing countries; and as a

legislative liaison with Congress, writing of natural resources legislation and legislative reports.

Little Sister **WENDY RANNY** – formerly Wendy Weisel-Armstrong – (Spring '91) wrote to let us know that she and her husband own the Orca Adventure Lodge in Cordova, Alaska. They were awarded a Certificate of Excellence from Trip Advisor for 2015 for their 40-room Adventure Lodge. Check them out at their Facebook page *Orca Adventure Lodge* or online at *orcaadventure.lodge.com*. She would love to get some Tau Phis out for a grand fishing adventure.

On September 10, 2015, there was a small TΦΔ reunion; of sorts. While in Post Falls, Idaho at a Penn State Forestry School reunion.



Bros. **EARL REINSEL** ('56), **JOE EICHERT** ('63), and **CHUCK STRAUSS** ('58) (L to R) managed to break away from the crowds to have their own smaller gathering of the Brotherhood.

BRIAN RICE (Spring '92 Alpha), a 1996 Criminal Justice graduate, wishes to extend his appreciation for the support that he received from the many Brothers during the infamous Freddie Gray trials. Lt. Rice, the highest-ranking law enforcement officer at the arrest site, was found not guilty by a Md. judge at a bench trial. Soon after, the Baltimore's State Attorney dropped all charges for the 6 Baltimore police officers. Brian, a 17-year veteran of the Baltimore Police Department, was leading a bicycle patrol on the day of the April 2015 arrest of the suspect.

A week after attending the '70s Decade Reunion, **DAVE RUPERT** (Fall '77) flew off to old Mexico to hunt wild turkey near Chihuahua. He was in pursuit the Gould's turkey found in the high deserts of the Sierra Madres mountains. He claims there was great food, top shelf booze, great guides, fantastic hunting locations (250,000 acres), a sweet lodge, and they have very good guns – so no need to bring your own gun.

If any Br. would like further information about this hunt, contact him for a heartfelt recommendation on the El Halcon Outfitters.



So with this bird, "I've completed my 'Royal Slam' as I've killed an

Eastern, Merriam's, Rio Grande, Osceola, and now a Gould's."

Dave is the District Manager for the Armstrong Conservation District in Kittanning.

drrupert56@gmail.com

Two Colorado Bros. submitted this last minute photo of their August 16th Rocky Mountain adventure to the top of Quandary Peak. Located in the White River National Forest, it is the highest elevation (14,271 ft.) in the Ten Mile Range near Breckenridge.



(R to L) **LANCE SCHUL** (Fall '91) of Littleton and **KEVIN KARMOSKY** (Fall '90) of Aurora to this day hike, prior to Kevin's upcoming military deployment overseas.

Editor's Note: *Pledges, you better check the coatroom for the House flag!*

BARRY “SEIPS” SEIPLE (Fall '63) has been married to Brenda for 38 years and has 15 grandchildren. His career included 20 years with Bartlett Tree Experts. He was also Superintendent of Grounds at the North Carolina Center for Advancement of Teaching and at the Atlanta Botanical Gardens. He retired to the northern Georgia mountains near Sky Lake in 2005.

bseiple1@windstream.net

TERENCE “TERRY” STEMMLER (Fall '75), best known as the organizer of the recent, and successful '70s Decade Reunion [see page 15], recently retired from the Penna. Bureau of Forestry's district forester at the Gallitzin State Forest.



On his last day, DCNR Sec. Cindy Dunn, stopped by his office to congratulate him for his 37 years of service to our natural resources.

Immediately, he left for Canada for pike fishing trip, but soon after went back to work part-time cruising timber for Br. **TOM WOLF'S** son, Mike's forest consulting business.

terencestemmler@yahoo.com

ASHLEY SWEDA (Spring '77) reports that he just created an educational organic farm and artisan center in Pleasantville near Titusville.

“Brothers should feel free to stop by and hunt bear and deer. We also have a mountain lion on the property!”

ashleysweda@hotmail.com

RICHARD “RUSTY” TAYLOR (Fall '75) lives in Sugarloaf, Penna. (near Hazelton). He and his wife, Kathy, are now empty nesters after raising five children, and they currently have seven grandchildren. Rusty is currently CEO/President of Lehigh Anthracite Coal, LLC. The company

surface mines anthracite coal on an 8,000-acre property east of Tamaqua.

rtaylor@lehighanthracite.com

We all owe **STEVE TOROK** (Spring '86) a debt of gratitude for his efforts to help keep our bear hunting tradition with the Actives alive.

Under his leadership and mentorship, during the last four years the House bear hunts, the young Bros. have harvested 13 bruins.



Steve (front R) led last fall's first day bear hunt drive, when Phi, Austin Noguera (front L) shot and tagged this 500 pound trophy bruin.

He's also a talented wildlife artist. And in responding to a request to illustrate this year's 'text-heavy' "Tau Phis In The Great Outdoors" story with very little space to work them in, and after reading the draft, Steve was quick to respond. "Yes I can do it. 'Cause, if you're Dave Gustafson, you bullsh*t hunting stories ... Because it's what you do! Hey, that sounds just like a GEICO Insurance commercial. Huh!?"

storok@tap-eng.com

WILLIAM H. “BILL” TUCKER (Fall '45) wrote that his wife passed away three years ago. Bill and his wife had two sons and a daughter, all of whom graduated from Penn State. He is going to be 90 on his next birthday, is in pretty good health, and says that he does a lot of fishing. He thinks "it would be great to hear from any other Tau Phi Delts from the 1940s."

*332 Triple Cross Drive
Efland, NC 27243*

The April 23, 2016 passing of **KENNETH L. TYSON** (PSU '55) was noted in the most current issue of *The Penn Stater*. After PSU, he earned his Masters at Millersville University, and had a long career in

education, retiring from the Washington Co., Md. School Board.

As seen on *LinkedIn*, located in the greater New York City area, **KEVIN “HAROLD” VERNAREC** (Spring '78) is the Vice President of Operational Excellence at TKL Research – a full-service, international clinical research organization serving the pharmaceutical, biotechnology, medical device and consumer healthcare industries.

He is a 1980 B.S. Biology graduate.



More sad news as another World War II veteran Br. who passed away at age 91, on February 17, 2016.

ALLEN J. VOHDEN SR. (Spring '43), of Danville, Vt., served proudly as a lieutenant in the U.S. Navy. After the war, he returned to Penn State, completed his forestry degree in 1948 and later earned a Master's degree from Harvard. After career in the paperboard industry, he had retired to Vt. opening the Raspberry Patch Bed and Breakfast Inn.

TOM WOLF (Fall '66) reports another successful Wyoming deer hunt last November. Tau Phi Delts in attendance were: Brs. **CLAGGETT, GEHRINGER, MCNAMARA, YOUNG, WEICKMANN, ZIELINSKI, FEDDEN, and ARMSTRONG.** He also notes that he (and maybe all of them) are "older, slower, but still kick'n!"

wolfe109@verizon.net

After 41 years **CARL WOLFE** (Fall '55) retired from the Nebraska Game and Parks Commission in 2001. As a true "snow bird," he has been a volunteer for the past decade with the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service in Florida during November to March.

His last assignment was studying interactions between humans and manatees in the Crystal River National Wildlife Refuge. He volunteers during the remainder of the year with Audubon's Rowe Sanctuary, Gibbon, Neb.

wolfe321@hotmail.com

Please send us your update on the enclosed yellow Alumni Update & Taproot Support Form ... We'd love to hear from you!

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

By Bill Mitchell (Fall '61)

“Hey-You – The Beginning”

Prequel: **The Most Interesting Dog In The World”**
(Continued)

In the fall 2015 issue of *The Taproot* (pages 11-12), Br. Mitchell offered up a rather detailed accounting of a beagle named Hey-You’s arrival and pledge period. Here’s a continuation about the tale of this dog that shared *his* house with TΦΔ Fraternity in the 60s.

Hey-You – The Bird Dog. About the time I acquired Hey-You, I also was taken by the comely coed whom I eventually wed years down the road. Of the many obstacles to this successful union, Hey-You was the first. He quickly deduced she was competition, and would greet her with curled lips and exposed fangs. Nothing else.



This staring habit of Hey-You’s became rather an embarrassment to the Brotherhood. Some dogs will pester women. OK, this can be resolved in various ways. At our social

Events Hey-You, on the other hand, would park himself about five feet in front of an unlucky woman and “do the stare.” He would just stare with no whining, squirming, and no other communication except the stare. This became uncomfortable for many of our female guests who couldn’t ignore his presence.

Coeds would become self-conscious, blush, spill drinks. Not great for setting a mood. The scrutiny was too much. At this point a Brother would step in and escort Hey-You to the Crow’s Nest for timeout.

Dogs weren’t subject to ogling laws. I think PSU had an anti-ogling law passed around 1889 which says male students cannot stare at a female student for more than 2 minutes. There were cascading penalties for multiple infractions, and really offending students were sent to University of Pennsylvania. It has been reported that the law was discretely removed about the

time The My `O My started offering athletic dancing avec minimalist clothing atop the bar. I believe in 1968 some male students at Erie campus tried to have a similar law passed to protect their privacy and escape harassment. It went nowhere, as coeds used the “long winters” defense.

Hey-You BMOC. Yes, this stands for Big Mutt On Campus. Hey-You apparently was a self-made publicist. It wasn’t long before all the Brothers wanted to be seen with Hey-You as he strode the campus charming the coeds.



That is until he would spot a squirrel, chase and tree it. If he was lucky, he’d catch and finish off a slow squirrel. With coeds screaming “Stop!” Brothers would quickly look at each other, and say “Whose dog is that?” This all while smirking aside and

thinking “Hey, one less tree rat!”

Hey-You was a regular at the grand lecture classroom in Ferguson Hall. Generally, he would stride in Putin-like but without the fanfare. Along the lecture



wall, students would fall to their knees, pleading for him stay with them. Hey-You would move regally down the aisle considering who had hidden treats, the best coats to lie under, and whether he could hear the lecture. His decisions were swift and irrefutable.

He also was well known at and the Hub coffee lounge. In the Hub, it was similar, but he also had to consider, in addition to the treats payoff, how close where the girls sitting, was it good conversation? Then again, he had to ponder, “If I move the pile of coats on top of me, will people shriek? How do I exit the building?”

He and I had time for some quiet chats. He did confide that being a celebrity dog isn't easy —niche audiences to placate, being a role model, and always being expected to give a good bark quote when you really wanted to roll in some long dead skin on the ground. Hey -You provided stress-relieving entertainment for those in need. He passed the pledge requirements and was Brotherized. The Valley Girl was invited, but strangely there was no reply.

Hey-You and Negative Youthful Exuberance.

It was spring, I had summer courses in forest mensuration and surveying to complete for graduation. The end was in sight. Spring break offered me a chance to go home and take my girlfriend to meet my parents and extended family. Hey-You would come to. In Doylestown, we dropped off luggage at the family home along with Hey You who seemed to get along with Lucky the old family dog and my boyhood trapping companion. With my immediate family we went to a family reunion in Langhorne. Later that night, we came back to Doylestown. We opened the front door to find both dogs meeting us. Not good as the family dog knew not to leave the kitchen. My mother looked at the carpet before the front door. There was a five inch square hole dug through the new carpet thanks to you know who. Let me tell you, all previous joking aside, it is not bearable to have your mother cry her heart out over a hole in her new carpet, this all happening after a very, long stressful day in front of my hope-to-be wife and an irascible dog. It was a long night and a quick departure the next day to State College. For 30 years thereafter, I would note a small patch of carpet hiding the hole at the front door to my old home. No words were ever said.

Hey-You and the Long Goodbye. Well seriously, it was a short adios. The senior year 1963 was a blur. I had several offers for U.S. Forest Service employment, graduate school, military, and the Peace Corps – the last option thanks to my girlfriend.

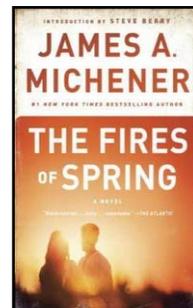
She thought it would be great for me to leave my sweetheart and spend two years in a foreign land. This seemed like a brilliant idea to one of little brain, so obviously I volunteered. Little did I know I would be living in a Malay jungle kompong with no electricity or hot water.

PSU students of a certain era came to campus with little baggage and normally departed with less, and with even less cash. Personal cars were still the exception. Our fraternity had the annual senior's auction where cherished items such as a broken beer

mug, a glass from the Cave, a girl's nylon stocking, or misappropriated street sign, two-piece fishing rod now in three parts were sold for bargain prices.

In my case, I had a dog to auction. A dog known for assertive genes – good and bad. My earlier spring trip meant he was not headed to Doylestown, and his disdain for my girlfriend nixed any rapprochement there. In short, he was a dog without a forwarding address, and the clock was ticking. But then, a great thing happened. Br. Matt Thomas, two years behind me, stepped forward at the auction and said, "I want the dog, and my parents also say it is OK with them." With \$5 exchanged, the deal was done. Hey-You changed owners. Some years later, I met Br. Thomas at a fraternity event. Matty had married, was in banking, and had moved on. He assured me that Hey-You was alive and well, living in upper Bucks County with his parents not far from Doylestown. And this was a far better fate than living on the proverbial 'upstate farm.'

The Michener Connection. Br. Bill Herb's account mentioned (Fall 2014) that James Michener, the renowned writer, had crossed paths with Hey-You. Oddly, Michener lived on my street in Doylestown many years before. I spent one summer at the Raven Ranger Station near Libby, Montana.



For some odd reason, I borrowed a book from the local library which was his *Fires of Spring*, a somewhat biographical account of his growing up in Doylestown. It was ironic reading about people, places, and events that were part of my childhood while residing in "Nowhere" Montana.

In 1972, my wife, yes the Peace Corps one, and I were staying a small motel by Lake Taupo, New Zealand, when we literally walked into Mr. Michener and his wife. We chatted about life in Bucks County, Pennsylvania never knowing he knew Hey-You also.

It is amazing and mysterious how one dog made such an impact.

R.I.P. Tamacus I. Yes as our first House dog, this stately greyhound started something that created a lot of pleasant memories of our many 'canine' Brothers at Tau Phi Delta, including Hey-You.



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

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

“Trippin’ Turkeys With Tau Phis”

As told by Dave “Swede” Gustafson (Fall ’96)
Illustrations by Steve Torok (Spring ’86)

Like many Tau Phis I’ve met through the years, I never saw myself as a “fraternity guy” when I went to Penn State. That all changed when I found TΦΔ. Living at the House for four years in college gave me an opportunity to build some lifelong friendships, and also find some other guys just as addicted to spring turkey hunting as I was.

Even though classes were usually over by the first week of the season, I managed to get out with several Brothers chasing turkeys in the local haunts around the campus — hunting PSU’s Weaver tract, Stone Valley experimental forest, and the astronomy fields.

But it was after college that my grouse hunting with other Tau Phis turned into road trip adventures.

By the year 2000, I had really developed the itch to chase turkeys somewhere other than Pennsylvania, but I needed a pal with a sense of adventure as big as my own. That’s where Br. **Kevin Walter** came in. He was willing and eager to put on some miles and chase turkeys in new places. Being fairly poor recent college grads, we needed to find a way to chase toms on the cheap, as we couldn’t afford outfitted hunts.

So we decided that in 2001 we would travel to the famed turkey hunting state of Missouri, find some public land, camp out, and chase turkeys. The planning was pretty simple. We’d grab a Gazetteer state map book, look for a big blob of public land, drive there, get out and listen for turkeys.

Our first out-of-state expedition to Missouri started with a bang on the morning of our departure, with me killing a bird on South Mountain near Mont Alto where I was living at the time. When Kevin got to my house to leave on the trip we both figured that this had to be a good omen.



We drove all through the night and arrived at the Mark Twain National Forest. As we were standing by the truck changing clothes we heard gobbling in the distance. `Too good to be true? Yes, it was. After a couple days chasing birds and only calling in some young jakes, and running into a ton of other hunters, we beat it for some state land in northern Missouri.

We hit some serious rain that had the creeks flooded, and found ourselves on a dirt road, going down a steep hill, which, according to the map should cross the creek and continue to another hardtop road. Well, we discovered the normally shallow stream ford was a raging river, and realizing that even in 4WD I couldn’t get back up the hill I came down, I decided to gun it and hope for the best. We sank in the silt bank all the way to the frame, just shot of the water’s edge. We waded the creek to walk to a farm on the other side when a truck full of other turkey hunters came down the road. They tied onto my tow strap and they gave a good yank from the far side of the creek. We managed to get across, and after an hour and \$10 in quarters at the car wash to rid the truck of 100 pounds of mud, we crashed in a hotel.

On our last day there, we heard a distant bird that just wouldn’t budge to a call. So we moved in close for a super tight set-up. The bird showed his head for just a second, and Kevin was able to put the shot on target, claiming his first ever spring gobbler, and a true trophy that measured 25-1/2 pounds, with a 10-1/2 inch beard and 1-3/8 inch spurs. It is now ‘roosted’ on Krusty’s game room wall.

After fighting ridiculous hunting pressure in Missouri, we took a year off to regroup and decide where to try next. Tennessee was closer, and was purported to have lots of turkeys and a generous four-bird limit. We scoped out some public ground via maps, bought tags, and headed out. This time Br. **Emory Petrof** tagged along as he found some time to break away from his grad school studies.

The trip opened with me missing a bird in the afternoon of the first day. A picture perfect hunt: calling the bird right up a logging road in full strut from 200 yards away. When I made a cluck to get him to break his strut, he gobbled right as I pulled the trigger and I shot right over his head.

That evening we got a guest at our campsite, when a one-eyed rooster we affectionately named “Ricky” showed up from a nearby farm. He was a fun addition, as he would strut and flap his wings and crow — at all times of the day and *night!* He barely escaped some #5 shot after three days of these antics.

After Kevin shot a jake and Emory was able to kill a boss gobbler, we spent the rest of the morning trekking around on foot and getting good and lost.

One thing about hunting spring turkeys in the

south. It gets HOT. We were underprepared and didn't carry much water. All the running around chasing birds had us pretty wore out and very far from the vehicle. As heat exhaustion set in, I took the remaining water from Kevin and Emory, and I beat feet for the truck. Getting tunnel vision from dehydration, I eventually saw our jeep. I made my way back to the guys who were sleeping in the shade. We vowed to never leave the vehicle without ample water, and a GPS, ever again.

The next year Emory was off to Texas for a job, so Br. **Chris Campbell** filled in as the third wheel to Kevin and my now "annual trip for turkeys." We decided we would leave and drive all night, 13 hours straight, so as to arrive to our new Tennessee honey hole at daylight for the first day of hunting. We arrived on time, and as we exited the truck to change clothes, Chris heard a sound of air leaking. I assumed it was just the air conditioner, but low and behold Chris was right, we had a tire going flat. After changing the tire, we headed out on "gobblers knob" and stuck up some action right away.

We called right in the first bird we heard and Chris tagged it. We continued our way out on the ridge, and by 11 a.m. we hadn't heard anything else.

Not to be deterred, Chris broke out his gobble tube to see if he could provoke a tom. Unbelievably as Chris finished shaking the tube we heard two birds gobble from down in the valley, so after them we went. We called the duo right in, but they were across a creek and too far for a shot. So we let them walk away out of sight, repositioned to their side of the creek and called them right back in. Chris now had the video camera, and had the birds perfectly framed up as I took the shot and downed a bird. Kevin tried to double, but the bird was on the move fast and he missed. When we turned to Chris to see if he got it all on video he proclaimed he had a great view of the action, but had forgotten to press record.

Two more years in Tennessee saw us bag several more birds, but our favorite areas were denuded by the timber company that owned the land, so we decided to try Kentucky. The deluge of rain the night we got there may have gotten Kevin's sleeping bag soaked, but it didn't dampen our spirits.

The first morning started off slow, but as usual, we covered a lot of ground. Getting tired of not hearing anything and ready to head back out to the truck, Kevin told me to try one more call up the next hollow, to which a big old tom responded with a thunderous gobble. We moved in set up and he 'read the script' with me shooting one of my best toms ever.



In 2009, I was sent on a different kind of hunt out of the country. Upon my return from Iraq, Kevin informed me he had won a two-man hunt from an auction at the NWTF national convention, and we would be chasing Merriam's turkeys in Nebraska in 2010, thus starting the second leg of our grand slam chase. It was certainly a different kind of hunt, but we both managed to get our birds, with Kevin's having a snow white-tipped fan, which is also now displayed in a full mount in his game room.

We decided to try Florida in 2011 to see if we could get an Osceola. With public land being small and heavily pressured, we decided to hunt with an outfitter. The opening morning the outfitter sent us with one of his local friends, ironically, also named Ricky. We had to crowd all three of us in a ground blind, with no chairs. I don't know what 'our guide' ate the night before, but it came back to haunt him in the morning, and it was all we could do to stay in the blind and endure his flatulence, let alone his attempts at using a mouth call that sounded more to me like the sound that comes out of a cat when someone steps on its tail. We had birds come, but couldn't maneuver for the shot with in the crowded blind.

Back at camp, we implored the outfitter not to send us back out with Ricky. He obliged, and the next morning I had the third leg of my 'grand slam.' On the last day, Kevin still did not have his bird. After the outfitter left us at a blind, Kevin and I decided it was time to 'run and gun' like we were used to. Not far up a nearby logging road when a bird cut off my calls. A hasty set up proved to be good enough, and Kevin collected his Osceola as it strutted down the road "looking for love in all the wrong places."

By 2012 we were due for another road adventure, so we decided to try a National Forest in South Carolina – The exact federal land honey hole not to be disclosed. As usual, we bought maps, did online scouting and just winged it. The day before, we decided to go for a quick walk, as we had simply thrown a dart at the map to decide where to try first. Not far from the car and the little valley erupted with gobbling. Over the next days we called in several birds. While I missed one, Kevin collected yet another gobbler from another state as we managed to call two mature birds down a hill, and they actually flew across a river to get to us. Exciting times!

The relationships I made at TΦΔ have proved to be a bond of true Brotherhood, and whether it is Kevin and me and other Brothers chasing spring gobblers all over the country, I always know I can count on finding a willing Tau Phi eager to take part in a new road trip adventure for wild turkeys.



The '70s Decade Reunion A TΦΔ Success



A Big Hit: House Trivia Contest



Brothers From All Eras

April 16th, was a beautiful spring day in Happy Valley, and it marked the day of the '70s Decade Reunion at TΦΔ. Most of the returning alumni opted not to go to the annual Blue White Game (Good news Penn State won). But it was the Tau Phis who came back who were the *real* winners!

Event organizer, Terry Stemmler, reported, "A quick tally showed that 88 alumni and family members were in attendance. This count did not include the Active Brothers and Little Sisters who equally made up a big part of the celebration."

Hosted by the Tau Phi Delta Foundation, this was by far the most to return for any homecoming since the one last held reunion in the spring 2010.

Notables: The oldest in attendance was Willard Grubb (Fall '47) who traveled from Florida; while the Little Sister who traveled the longest distance was Linda Brehm-Schindler (Fall '75) from Oregon; and the greatest distance traveled Br. was John Shotzberger (Fall '74) from Montana. Oddly "Shotz" was her "big brother" when she pledged.

While the Spring '77 pledge class had the highest percentage (83%) with five of the six Brothers in attendance – "Whip", "Catfish", "Hosmer", "Dokey" and Ashley – the Class of Fall '75 was equally represented with Bros. Stouffer, Stemmler, Vitolins, Shrenk, Warner, and Zukovich who showed up. A total of 15 different '70s era pledge classes were represented.

Re-acquaintances were made, while general reminiscing of life 40 years ago was the highlight of this daylong gathering.

A trivia contest about life at PSU and TΦΔ in the 1970s was held conveniently next to South Seas Island-styled canoe filled with adult beverages.

A silent auction raised over \$1,000 for the Foundation, along with nearly \$2,100 in donations mailed in advance or made on that day. After the catered BBQ BBQ evening meal, another hit, a wine and cheese tasting party, brought this daylong affair to a close.

Yes, another Tau Phi Delta success!



Next Issue ...

The fall 2017 issue will feature the delayed printing of "Trout Bums Of Tau Phi Delta."

It's about Tau Phis whose life is centered around trout – the most popular North American game fish. Such as those of us who love angling, do guiding and instructing, compete and promote the sport, and work in managing fisheries, and volunteer to stock and improve habitat ...



... Like these two rough looking, wanna-be piscators: Bros. Karl Imdorf and Joe Humphreys.

So send your "fish tales" to: earlh@iwla.org.

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State College, PA 16801-5711
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FALL HOMECOMING

October 8, 2016

9:00 AM	Fraternity Board of Directors & Foundation Trustees Meeting
11:00 AM	Light Lunch
12:00 PM (Noon)	Football Game Kick-Off – Penn State vs. Maryland
One Hour After Game	Victory Celebration Dinner with Beverages at the House Serving A Special Terrapin Soup

~ \$25 per person or \$45 per couple for lunch and dinner ~

For more information, contact:

Jordan Miller or James Ostergaard, Alumni Committee Co-Chairmen

House: (814) 237-2207 **Cell:** (610) 698-1820 **or** (570) 294-2197

Email: *jsm5561@psu.edu or jeo138@psu.edu*

PLAN AHEAD! TΦΔ Spring Homecoming • April 22, 2017 • PSU Blue White Game Weekend