

the REVIEW

ST. ANTHONY HALL | SPRING 2010





FROM THE EDITOR

I have been incredibly impressed by the great underlying strength of our order today. Among all our living 7,000 brothers, there are hundreds who daily give their time and effort to the betterment of our fraternity. These are our brothers and sisters who sit on the St. Anthony Educational Foundation board, chapter boards, area associations and other St. Anthony governing bodies. We on the GC this year have met with many of these brethren when making our rounds of the chapters, and each of them has impressed us with their deep dedication and love for our order. We were touched by how much Sis. Ellen Sweeney, K'00, is selflessly devoted to her old chapter and the Rhode Island state area organization. In Cambridge, we received the benefit of a very professional and exhaustive report by Sis. Sandra Carielli, K'95, in her role as president of the Saint Anthony Educational Foundation about the current financial condition of SAEF. Most unforgettably, Sis. Carielli brought her newborn baby, Susan Paige, to the meeting

and, when need arose, breastfed her during our meeting. Now *that's* what we call dedication to the order! Of course, our future strength and lifeblood depends on just over 400 undergraduates. About all of our brethren, it can be said that the adamant strength of our order lies in the true sense of loyalty, which arises in the hearts of Delta Psi everywhere.

When reading our necrology for this newsletter and reviewing the list of the brothers and sisters who have recently passed away, I have been moved by the number whose membership in St. Anthony Hall was noted in their obituaries. Obviously, the Hall was a very important part of their lives, and their families knew that. The obituaries for these brethren are quite impressive and diverse, and we should be proud of the lasting accomplishments of our brothers. Among these obituaries, I learned that one of our late brothers was Dr. William Close, A'47, who was a prominent surgeon deemed responsible for containing the outbreak of the deadly Ebola virus in Africa in the 1970s. (His daughter is the actress Glenn Close.) Elsewhere in this newsletter, you will read about the recent deaths of our prominent brothers C.D.B. Bryan, Σ'55, a famous novelist, and Donald Welsh, A'61, a well-known publisher. Of course, not all our late brothers changed the world with huge fanfare and notoriety; others

did it more quietly and in no less enduring a fashion. I think of Bro. Craig Huff, Λ'39, who was one of the founders of the American Textile History Museum in Lowell, Massachusetts, and was awarded the prestigious Coats Award at Williams College for his enormous contributions to his alma mater. I also think of Bro. James Wright, Σ'42, who, as a successful businessman, was able to give back to his community in Milwaukee. He was on the board of Goodwill Industries of Wisconsin for fifty years. When he died, a local leader said, "We talk about him as a man of vision. He really exemplified the kind of leadership that every non-profit needs and rarely has. His service to Goodwill cannot be overstated." Brothers like these have changed the world for the everlasting good. As I told undergraduates when visiting chapters these past few months, they should hold up these brethren and others like them as a true talisman to be emulated in their own lives. With some 40 or 50 brethren dying on average every year, very sad as it is, the good news is that there are several times over as many new brothers and sisters joining anew every year, and they should and will learn from their late brothers' fine examples of how to lead good, civic-minded, and charitable lives. I urge each of our new brethren to read about the accomplishments of their late brethren and honor their memory by thought, word, and deed, and to put special emphasis on our annual formal rite of SwingOut, when they honor our gone but never forgotten brethren.

I would like to thank the indispensable team for contributing their time and effort into putting this fine newsletter together. You know who you are. Without you, it would be a whole lot of less-meaningful pages. This newsletter is the record of our living history and progression. When I was preparing for my job as newsletter editor this year, I asked our terrific fraternity executive secretary, Nicola Leckie, Φ'09, for the last ten years or so of newsletters and read them over carefully. I was struck by the marvelous continuum that is our order—the living and breathing and evolving organism that is our cherished Delta Psi. Please remember that fraternity honor is a chain with many links—it is up to each of us to keep that chain unbroken with our constant fealty to Uncle Tony.

YITB,

J.A.D. Sharp

T.A.D. Tharp, A'75
H. Fpop.

Fraternity honor

IS A CHAIN WITH MANY LINKS—
IT IS UP TO EACH OF US TO KEEP
THAT CHAIN UNBROKEN.

A LOOK INSIDE

THE REVIEW | SPRING 2010



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Bro. Brian Antczak, Ξ '03 (*above right*), reflects on his service as a U.S. Army medic.

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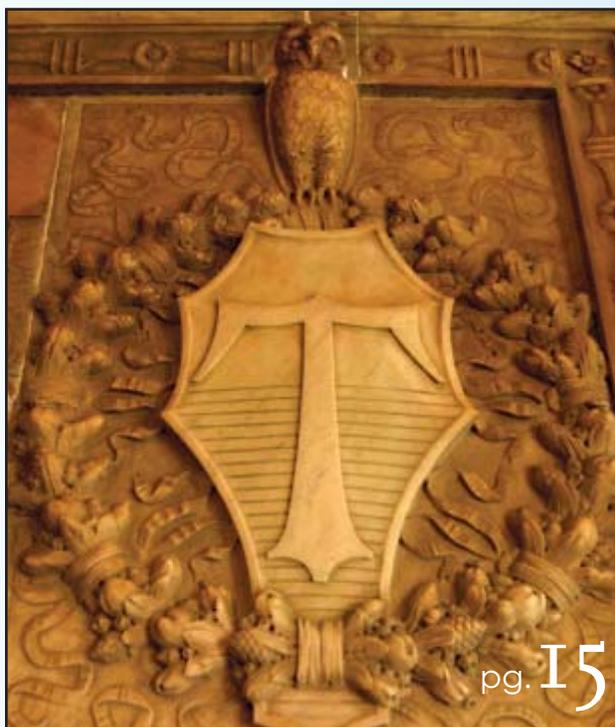
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FRONT COVER photo by Seth Extein, Σ '08.
SPECIAL THANKS to Kelly Jo Garner, Ξ '95, for providing many of the photos in this issue.



RETROSPECT

A REPORT FROM OUR FORMER HD

Richard “Nick” Noble, E’77, reflects on our fraternity’s recent accomplishments.

“A journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step.” Little did I know that the single step I took, agreeing to be HS to Ex. Sis. Elise Packard’s (K’85) HD in 2008, would take me on an odyssey of obstacles and accomplishments, challenges and changes, adversity and adventure, testing and triumph over the next two years.

I began as an Epsilon, my vision shaped by the experiences enjoyed in that beautiful stone tower in Hartford some thirty-plus years ago. It was in Hartford again, this past January, that I ended my two years of active GC service, still an Epsilon, but now much more. “I am a part of all that I have met”—each chapter, from the oldest (Alpha, our mother chapter) to the newest (Iota reborn!) and every one in between is a part of me now. The experience as part of the national fraternity has shaped a national perspective. Certainly, we are exclusive. What organization isn’t, at its core? But we are so diverse and inclusive within the bonds of our exclusivity. Appropriately enough with our literary legacy, I like to think of St. Anthony Hall as a sonnet: bound by form and structure and pattern—traditions and values handed down over 163 years—and yet within those limits of meter and form, completely free to express one’s self, one’s spirit.

Certainly there have been problems, issues, controversies, and passionate disagreement. But we have met (or are meeting) those difficult challenges head-on. We are not perfect, and how we handle our troubles and our differences may not satisfy everyone. But they are being handled. Responsibility is being assessed. And so we move ahead.

The GC in Hartford was a memorable one, and its principal outcome was our vote to approve the refounding of the Iota Chapter after 115 years. It was my privilege to be part of some of the events following that decisive day, in which Tau,

Kappa, and Sigma took major roles, when 17 from Xi made the long road trip to be there, and where at least one brother or sister from ten different chapters was present. The excitement of that historic process may have overshadowed other significant events, such as the national law committee’s efforts to revise our fraternity documents, our successful strategic planning meeting in Washington, D.C. (every chapter was represented), the effort to establish a permanent Delta Psi archive at the Sigma Chapter, and the ongoing national commitment to other chapters, particularly with regard to Theta finding a home for its meetings.

MH&E Bro. Cook has made tremendous progress in many of these areas (and more!) during just his first couple of months as HD, and I commend him for a successful diligence of which I am envious. I am looking forward to a very strong year under his able leadership, culminating in an exciting GC at New Haven next January.

The sisters and brothers that I met for the first time in January of 2008, who have become, in just a few short months, some of my closest and dearest friends, are too numerous to count. But special thanks goes out to Ex. Sis. Packard, to Sis. Ellen Sweeney, to Ex. Bro. Grahame Wood, Bro. Nic Hammond, and to so many other siblings in Delta Psi across so many communities. Once you start naming names, of course, you’re bound to leave someone out. Believe me, no one is left out of my heart. To my two-year GC traveling companions—Bro. Wilkins, Bro. Sudhakar, and Sis. Garner—we need to do it again, but on our own timetable of course, as free agents.

Our bonds, which draw us together, are not chains which hold us back, restricting our true selves. They are a shared commitment which can free our creative spirits to celebrate our diversity, even as we strengthen each other’s resolve and support each other on that journey which, for all of us, began with a single step.

No matter what our background or belief, custom or culture, faith or fealty, once we take those special vows, we are all brothers and sisters in St. Anthony. We mustn’t forget that.

... We are from different worlds, is that so strange?
And what God asks is not that we should change
But that we open and accept in kind
What different gifts we bring, then we are strong—
Our hearts together singing love’s sweet song. ❄️



PHOTO BY KELLY JO GARNER, E'95

once we take

THOSE SPECIAL VOWS, WE ARE
ALL BROTHERS AND SISTERS IN ST.
ANTHONY. WE MUSTN'T FORGET THAT.

PROSPECT

A REPORT FROM OUR CURRENT HD

Alex Cook, Δ'74, shares his thoughts on the goals of our fraternity.

The Hall continues to flourish in 2010. All chapters are healthy and thriving. The growing practice among the undergraduates to visit one another is commendable and encouraged. A wonderful example of this is the Phi brothers recently visiting all our chapters in as many days. Chapter visits lead to a more homogeneous Hall in custom, tradition and sentiment. Those itinerant travelers are opened up to each chapter's unique traditions and diversity.

Our national website continues to expand. All are encouraged to explore this deep resource at stanthonyhall.org. You'll find opportunities for social networking, a chance to connect with old friends, historical tidbits, and information about upcoming social events.

The GC this year, dubbed "That '70s Show," is blessed with a talented and diverse high-energy group. All chapters visited have been gracious hosts and shown openness to advice, compliments and criticism. Thank you.

National goals for 2010:

- Engage all members of the fraternity through improved communications nationally and within each chapter
- Further develop the strategic plan for the Hall
- Bolster SAEF's financials to significantly increase grant capability
- Support and celebrate each chapter's uniqueness and differences
- Complete the ongoing update of the fraternity documents
- Design, complete and move the archives to more suitable home, currently reviewing the Sigma location
- Emztq lm pfsxkq qgc ynla sfxs zfm bp! (3)

Thank you for all the hours and energy that the ex-HDs, committees, grad and alumni organizations, and undergrads pay forward. If any brother or sister is interested in Hall involvement at any level, contact your local alumni or e-mail me with your interests. Volunteering and involvement with the Hall at every level create an appreciation and consciousness of the reality and strength and worth of our fraternity ties.

To quote Robert Thorn, HD 1898:

"I pledge my best loyalty and devotion to Delta Psi, and pray far beyond the narrow vision of myself and those that have labored with me to uphold and hand down to future generations the splendid heritage and traditions which we have received from those who have gone before, many of them members of the chapter beyond the sky." ❄️



PHOTO BY KELLY JO GARNER, Ε'95



PHOTO BY KELLY JO GARNER, Ε'95

GC 2011

It's not too early to begin planning for the 2011 GC convention! The Sigma Chapter looks forward to hosting you the weekend of January 7-8 in New Haven, Connecticut. Keep an eye on stanthonyhall.org for updates.

COMING TOGETHER

Brothers and sisters gather at the 2010 GC.



a MEASURE *of* EXTREMES

ONE BROTHER'S EXPERIENCES IN OVERSEAS COMBAT

BY BRO. BRIAN ANTCZAK, E'03

I was a U.S. Army medic with the 1st squadron, 61st Cavalry of the 101st Airborne Division (Air Assault), deployed to Iraq in 2006 and Afghanistan in 2008. These journal entries are a summary of my experiences while I was stationed in a remote section of southeastern Afghanistan. It is hard to put so many years of your life into a story concise and simple enough for your friends and family to understand.

when one man,

FOR WHATEVER REASON, HAS AN OPPORTUNITY TO LEAD AN EXTRAORDINARY LIFE, HE HAS NO RIGHT TO KEEP IT TO HIMSELF.

— JACQUES-YVES COUSTEAU

Harder still to tell it in a way that honors the lives that have been lost, and lives still tormented in the dust and wind of a world at war, one I have so gratefully and selfishly escaped on this side of the ocean. But there was a time that I would open a letter from a sister at the active chapter at Xi, or a package from a fellow alum that contained books or DVDs to share with my fellow soldiers, and know that I was not forgotten. That same bond of love and constancy endured, even across deserts and generations, and for that, I will always cherish my sisters and brothers in Delta Psi.

JULY 25, 2008 • 12:29 A.M.

I had a 9-year-old boy in my aid station today. He was hit by an explosion that almost completely severed his lower legs from his body. He didn't cry or complain at all while we worked desperately to cut off the bleeding from his mangled feet, infuse his body to raise his blood pressure, warm his core temperature, and clear his airway of vomit. He is the bravest kid I've ever met, even if that bravery were due to the shock of happily walking through the verdant alleys of his hometown one minute, and being thrown backward from the blast of a hidden explosive in the soil the next. He made it on to the helicopter flight to the main hospital, but I don't know if he'll survive through the night. One can only hope. And pray.

It's days like these that I realize, my own personal gripes be damned, I'm making a difference in someone's life, however small or large it may be.

Later on we found out the boy lived, and surgeons at Bagram Air Base saved one of his legs.

AUGUST 3, 2008 • 01:59 A.M.

Like a paradox of day and night, yin and yang, life out here is very much a measure of extremes.

Having had a long and early morning, I ended up sleeping off most of the day, but was thrilled to see the effects of the recent weather. Rain had washed away the dust in the air and left behind green fields all around, and clear air, so that you could see the mountains off in the distance. All day, the skies were filled with tumultuous clouds turning in the air, and the blue haze was beautiful. Even as darkness fell, I spent most of it watching the clouds sail overhead, colored by the setting sun, vibrant oranges, pinks, and violets. The site was beautiful, and the day relaxed. I spent part of it just sitting on the porch of the chow hall, under the shade of camo netting, eating a meal and just staring out at the mountains, fields, villages, and skies all around. The wind that blew through was moist, and reminiscent of life on a beach.

That night was hell. The ground shuddered, the air screamed, and panic and chaos were the champions of some more sinister evil that threw itself into my life without warning. Mortars fell, gunfire pelted the walls, jet aircraft sailed overhead. Nonetheless, I survived, as did my brothers and sisters in arms, but there was no peace for us that night. It is only in the darkness of the hour that I can reflect, and wonder at the world around me. So calm one moment, so torrid the next.

OCTOBER 19, 2008 • 04:05 A.M.

I am a nomad.

I have no home. I live out of a rucksack. I sleep wherever I can find comfort and rest. I am on my feet daily, or the back of a massive, armored vehicle, bouncing along the rugged desert terrain. Vast mountain ranges skirt the horizon. Yellow sand dunes the size of apartment buildings rise, monolithic, out of flat terrain dotted with spiny green shrubs and brown grasses. Dust rises behind our convoy in airy clouds, fading off into the distance.

Hefting my aid bag and rifle, wearing over 60 pounds of gear, I climb on to the rocky trail up the mountainside. The steady wind blows the sweat off my face, as my ragged breaths are drowned out by the howling. Keeping a steady pace, and taking frequent breaks, I make it up to the summit, hundreds of feet above the desert plateau below.

Staring out over the valley, I can see miles upon miles of endless fields, cut through with a wadi [*Ed. Note: a gully or streambed in the Middle East that remains dry except during rainy season*] like a slender green snake writhing through infinite waves of brown dust. A lonely village nests within the expanse, buildings of mud-brick sheltered by a few wisps of trees. Rising in the midst of the great valley seen in miniature is a solitary dust devil, its top end drifting off like a smoke trail, its bottom furiously turning in an ethereal dance like a wandering ghost.

The villages we pass are haphazardly strewn about the wide open deserts and sheltered mountain valleys threaded across the western edge of a long chain stretching all the way to the Himalayas. Some are better off than others, each is a collection of Afghan families living in the farthest reaches of human existence.

Some are camps of wandering nomads. Their tents are like patchwork quilts, composed of squares of ancient material battered by countless winter snows and summer winds. Like great, wide hens, they lay their wings over nests of brush and sand bricks, sheltering each family in a threadbare abode. Herds of livestock wander nearby, and the nomads watch listlessly from their camps, eyes spying us, newcomers to a world long trekked by their tribes.

Some villages are composed of fortresses of high walls guarding lush gardens and pent womenfolk. A miniature cow or flock of nanny goats may wander through the hidden warrens, while herds of children gather together from the shadows and descend on our patrol. Many are curious and suspicious, having rarely seen foreign visitors so strangely attired. They live in quarters without electricity or running water, let alone television, telephones, ovens, mattresses, or soap. They are fascinated by our gifts of blankets, food, and candy. The village elder—a senescent man in a white turban, robe, and gray beard—calls the rabble to order, and hands each boy and girl a portion as they sit meekly in order, before springing to playful liberty. At first it seems a moment of chaos, boys fighting over a soccer ball, a horde of toddlers chasing a hapless soldier carrying a bag of Jolly Ranchers. But I am also astonished by the 7-year-old boy, who curiously sticks a straw in a box of apple juice, and after taking a tentative sip, shares with six other young children, making sure each has a fair taste of the ambrosia elixir.

I have never seen children hold a single box of juice in such high regard, and am humbled more than I could ever be to see such appreciation of what I take for granted.

I am beggar amongst those rich in spirit.

I am pleased to say that some of these supplies were donated by churches in North Carolina, and by members of St. Anthony Hall.

OCTOBER 26, 2008 • 06:39 A.M.

I crawled into the back of the enormous armored steed at o-dark-thirty (military lingo for “too freakin’ early in the morning”), and squeezed myself between the bags of gear and ammunition. I strapped on the headset, listened to the garbled chatter of the radios while the other guys climbed in the truck and we headed off into the convoy. A long trail of vehicles, most clad in sand-colored armor plates and mounted with ferocious turrets and heavy weapons, rolled out of the barbed-wire gate like something out of a Mad Max movie. We lurched

along the desert valley floor as the sun slowly spread its rays across the mountain ridge, spilling into the plateau, and gradually warming the chilly morning air.

We wound through dusty tracks, poor excuses even for dirt roads, crossed over wadis empty of water, and crawled over furrows planted by farmers in wide cropland still vacant of irrigation. The terrain was drier than I had ever seen it. Despite the scattered mists of cooled water vapor in the twilight hours, the shrubs and grasses that had been so green in the spring rains were now withered and brown, leached of topsoil as the silt washed over the fields in dunes of yellow sand. Traders with camels, or shepherds with their sheep, would wander over the land, picking out snippets of sustenance and watching us warily as we drove by.

Soon we reached the mountain pass, and on the horizon ahead lay a growing terrain of bare rocks crumbling under the eroding forces of desert winds. Just as we began to press through it, a rumble shook the vehicle. Far ahead of us, at the front of the convoy, one of the vehicles had hit an IED (improved explosive device). I listened carefully over the radio as we determined the situation. No one was seriously hurt. There weren’t any traces of the enemy in sight, only hints in the shadowed landscape. While the guys up front were recovering the vehicle on a tractor-trailer bed, I scanned the horizon, noting the ancient British fort that watched over the road in the pass as it wound up the mountainside. Its four-pointed tower looked sinister in the daylight, and I wondered who might be watching from underneath its stone turrets, built out of sheer rock instead of the mud bricks of traditional Afghan structures.

French aviators soon arrived to scan the lay of the land. One of the jets shot right overhead, skimming the pass and rolling as it banked right and shot flares directly overhead. We felt more secure, but anything could happen; we weren’t out of the woods yet.

We made it up the steep roads, gaining traction in the mix of sharp rocks and loose earth. The heavy metal crate I rattled around in rocked back and forth precariously as it made its way to higher ground. Perhaps I was overly concerned, but the roller-coaster experience of the ride wasn’t helping.

After we continued on out of the mountains, the terrain flattened out again and we found ourselves rolling through a sandy wadi flanked by vertical mud banks overgrown with brown plants, and pock-marked by weathered holes. As we approached a seemingly empty village of brown buildings, another rumble rippled through the convoy. It didn’t take us long to realize, as the next explosion rocked our vehicle, that we were under attack.

The radio lit up with trucks from each end of the convoy calling out information. The gunner swung to the direction of fire and unloaded with an automatic grenade launcher. Mortars were landing all around, sand flying in the air from the impacts. My buddy in the back of the truck popped open one of the roof hatches and pulled out his SAW (squad automatic weapon) while I called back over the radio next to him. He started yelling out in rage while the rounds sprayed out, showering me with hot brass. A casing landed in the collar of my body armor, burning my neck while I shrugged to get it out. As we both crouched down to reload, a whistle shot over the hatch opening as an RPG (rocket propelled grenade) sailed over us, leaving a smoke trail and impacting the wadi wall next to us.

We approached a group of Afghan truck drivers who had gotten stuck in the loose sand. Some were lying on the ground, shielding their



MAKING A DIFFERENCE

Afghan children react after receiving blankets from soldiers, sent from overseas.

save the
DATE: JUNE 17

TOAST TO TONY

now brethren

FILL YOUR GLASSES

What are you doing June 17, 2010—and every June 17 to follow? Raising a toast to Uncle Tony!

Join together with fellow brothers and sisters of St. Anthony Hall to socialize, mingle, and make merry on Thursday, June 17, 2010. The Toast event is designed to get local St. As together in a casual setting. More than 400 St. As have attended the past two years, across the U.S. and around the world. Help make our third year even bigger and better than before!



RAISING A TOAST

St. As at the 2009 San Francisco toast.



CONFIRMED CITIES FOR 2010 INCLUDE:

BOSTON, MA
CHAPEL HILL, NC
HONOLULU, HI
HOUSTON, TX
OXFORD, MS

PHILADELPHIA, PA
PROVIDENCE, RI
SAN FRANCISCO, CA
WASHINGTON, DC

Don't see your city on the list? Contact the national office at national@stanthonyhall.org for an updated list or to host a toast in your area.

VISIT WWW.STANTHONYHALL.ORG TO VIEW THE FULL CALENDAR OF EVENTS.

A MEASURE OF EXTREMES *continued*



GIVING AID

Bro. Antczak cares for a preemie baby.

bodies from the assault with the truck tires. As another round landed close by, spraying the rear vehicle's trailer with shrapnel, one man flattened, burying his head in the sand. One of the guys in our truck opened his door and started yelling at them. We pulled up to the group of trucks to try to shield them and the cargo from the blasts. My buddy popped open the rear hatch, grabbing the 60mm mortar tube and hopped out, calling for me to cover him as he did. I grabbed my rifle and stood up in the roof, following the direction of the gunners, and started firing in the direction of the onslaught in short bursts until our counter battery of mortars was finished. When my buddy got back inside, our truck hauled ass and moved out of the range of fire.

After we consolidated the convoy, the attack

had stopped. Miraculously, no one was hurt, and the vehicles had taken minimal damage. A responding unit of A-10 Warthogs flew in to support us, and we continued on our way unscathed, though winded, and somewhat exhilarated by the ambush. We later learned that the enemy fighters who had infiltrated the village had run off the locals, including the women and children, leaving us fortunate that collateral damage was mitigated. In a firefight, your first instinct is to survive. But in the end, the last thing you want is to unintentionally take the life of an innocent held hostage by outsiders.

It was a day of smoke, dust, and adrenaline. Though we put it behind us, we will always be vigilant in all the days to come, until there is some peace in this land, and the craters and bullet holes are eroded away by desert winds.

SUSTAINABLE *bonds*

A SAEF GRANT HELPS FOUR ST. AS TAKE A JOURNEY TO WORK ON AN ORGANIC FARM IN ARGENTINA

BY LYDIA MARIK, Ξ'08

Keith Hodson, Ξ'05, Emma Buck, K'08, Caleb McEntire, K'07, and I recently returned from our winter breaks with beautiful, deep farmer's tans and many jars of dulce de leche. While our brothers and sisters at home shoveled snow, we shoveled dirt, hay, and manure on an organic farm near El Bolson in western Argentina. We undertook this mission thanks to a generous SAEF grant. Our primary goal was to become familiar with sustainable agriculture on a working farm. We traversed 14 hours on a plane, 22 hours on buses, 30 minutes in a taxi, and 15 minutes walking to finally arrive at the Valle Pintado ("painted valley") Farm. Bordered by the Andes mountains, wild rose hip bushes, and fields of growing vegetables across the expanse, it's quite appropriately named and worth every leg of the long sojourn to get there. It is part of a system of farms in the World Wide Opportunities on Organic Farms (WWOOF), an organization that links interested farms with potential international volunteers.

The four of us researched and discussed all of the farms on the WWOOF Argentina website in one of the longest Gmail conversations you've probably ever read. Certain farms we contacted were full, or were only accepting one volunteer, or never replied to our emails. But one farmer, Alex, replied to us with a gracious invitation to his farm described on the website as: "a community-in-the-making on eight hectares along the Rio Azul among the Patagonian Andes. Living off the land by organic low-till manual agricultural and natural building. Seed saving. Food preservation. Solar design. Composting toilets. We have fruit trees and grow grains and vegetables. Working with horses, raising cows and chickens, and planning to include bees, aspiring to CSA-model. Experimenting with biodynamics. Need help all year round (except June and July) in garden, animals, building, etc. Encourage music, dance, sharing wisdom, and educating on local current affairs. Mostly vegetarian. Communal cooking. Simple and rustic living. We don't have electricity."

I had never worked on a farm, and didn't know what this all meant, but regardless excitedly told everyone about our plans. "Why do you have to go to Argentina to learn about farming," was the most common question asked, "when you live in North Carolina?" A fair enough question, pragmatically speaking, though sort of an inane thing to ask to someone going off to experience the world. The answer is that if you get an email from Caleb and Emma with the subject line "Super-fun Kappa-Xi adventure time?" gauging your interest in farming with them in Argentina, that's where you go.

I loved traveling with St. As and getting to know them better. Keith and I were only active together for a semester at Xi. Caleb and I had met at "Kappamentment" and the 1-2-3 Conference, but we didn't know



WORKING TOGETHER

Above: Emma Buck, Lydia Marik, Keith Hodson, and Caleb McEntire. Below: The view out of a bus on the way to Bariloche.

each other very well. Emma and I only first met at the International Airport in Buenos Aires on our first night in Argentina! We all got to know each other well as we had deep discussions and shared the difficult and exhilarating challenges of travel and manual labor. I personally enjoy meeting and talking to members of other chapters, but feel closest to my Xi brethren because of our shared daily experiences, which are constant opportunities to get to know each other. Three weeks abroad with such a small group was uniquely conducive for bond-strengthening.

A typical day on the farm began at around 8:00 a.m. with a breakfast of oats or something simple. As the volunteers finished up, a cup of the Argentinian drink mate would be prepared and sent around for the group. Alex, the farmer, would read a meditation called "Para esta era de Micael," then a volunteer read part of an essay from the book *Farms of Tomorrow Revisited* by Trauger Groh and Steven McFadden, and discussion followed. Discussions focused a lot on systems (agricultural, social, economic): how they currently work, problems with them, changes we wanted to make in them, and our wider feelings on all these matters. This was an interesting way to start a day of field work, so that the ideas could ruminate all day. We briefly reviewed what needed to be done in the different areas of crops, in the greenhouse, with the animals, or with the natural building construction project, then split up for the morning.

A pair would volunteer to make lunch at around noon, to be ready by 1:00 p.m. The sun beat down on us, but the valley wind would cool us and the spring water which was laid through pipe down the mountain-side to the irrigation system and community kitchen refreshed us. We would observe the fantastic siesta tradition until 4:00 p.m., napping, swimming, and reading, and then continued work for three or four more hours. Work was done for the advancement of the "farm organism," as Alex called it—the health of the land and the families being fed by it. There was never any resentment among us about working. We were constantly learning, joking around or telling Hall stories as we weeded carrots or carried hay. Another pair of volunteers would then before sunset make dinner. Food was picked from the ripe plants on the farm—we almost always had salad. No matter what ingredients were available, some delicious dish was concocted. The nights included guitar playing and singing, fire pits, and more great discussion. The experience was truly idyllic. I learned so much about agriculture, philosophy, and my travel-mate brethren. I recommend to anyone interested in world politics, environmental issues, or social justice to start taking a look at what's on their dinner plate.

Please feel free to contact me at marikly@email.unc.edu if you have any questions or want further specifics on our trip.

brethren IN THE NEWS



Bro. Alex Gibney, Σ '73 (at right), at the Academy Awards ceremony in 2008.

WILLIAM FARISH, Y'59

Bro. Will Farish, Y'59, was awarded the coveted Eclipse Award of Merit by the National Thoroughbred Racing Association (NTRA) for a lifetime of outstanding achievement in Thoroughbred horse racing at a ceremony in Beverly Hills, California, in January. Bro. Farish is the owner of the Lane's End Farm, a 3,000 acre stallion and breeding farm in Lexington, Kentucky. For many years, he has been a well known leader in horse racing circles and charitable causes. When receiving the award, Bro. Farish said, "I am so honored to have been selected for a sport which has given me and my family so much pleasure and enjoyment for the past 35 years." Over the years, Bro. Farish has owned and bred many great champion horses, including three Triple Crown winners. He was the Chairman of the Board of Churchill Downs Racetrack, "the home of the Kentucky Derby," from 1992 to 2001. Bro. Farish is one of the world's most well-respected and influential horsemen. He serves on the boards of several important racing organizations and charities. Recently, the Farish family gave one million dollars to the Permanently Disabled Jockey's Fund (PDJF). In earlier years, Bro. Farish served as the U.S. Ambassador to the United Kingdom in London from 2001 to 2004 under his friend, President George W. Bush. At the time, Bro. Farish became personal friends with Queen Elizabeth, and she attended the Kentucky Derby in 2007 as his guest.

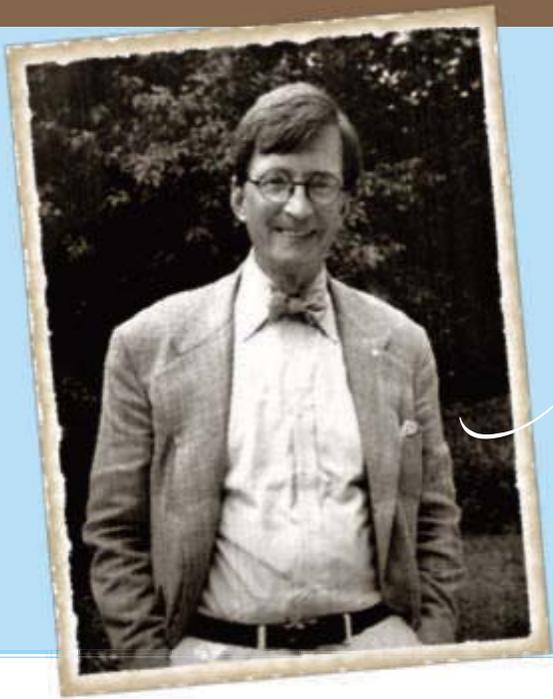
ALEX GIBNEY, Σ '73

The well-known film director, Bro. Alex Gibney, Σ '73, premiered his new documentary film, "My Trip to Al-Qaeda," at the famous Tribeca Film Festival in Manhattan in April. His film chronicles the rise of Islamic terrorism through the eyes of a Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist. Also at the festival, Bro. Gibney's first rough cut of his other new documentary on the downfall of former New York Governor Eliot Spitzer was shown. The documentary about Spitzer, who resigned as governor after a notorious sex scandal in 2008, explores this political morality tale of hubris, sex, and power.

Bro. Gibney is internationally famous as a film director and producer for his documentaries. He has made more than a dozen critically acclaimed documentaries over the last 30 years and was nominated for an Academy Award for "Enron: The Smartest Guys in the Room" in 2005. Bro. Gibney went on to win the prestigious Academy Award for his documentary "Taxi to the Dark Side" in 2008. This documentary told the horrific true story of an innocent taxi driver who was tortured and killed at a U.S. air base in Afghanistan. Bro. Gibney's new film project is a documentary about American bicyclist Lance Armstrong. In 2003, under director Martin Scorsese, Gibney was the producer for the PBS television series "The Blues." Gibney is currently president of his own New York-based film production company, Jigsaw Productions. After attending Yale, he studied at the UCLA Film School. While at Yale, he was housemates with current GC officers Ann Kennedy, Σ '71, and Geoffrey Walker, Σ '67. He currently writes a blog on film for the *Huffington Post*. Recently, when asked how the Hall affected his life and career, Bro. Gibney said with a grin, "St. As made it all happen for me!"

DONALD E. WELSH, A'61

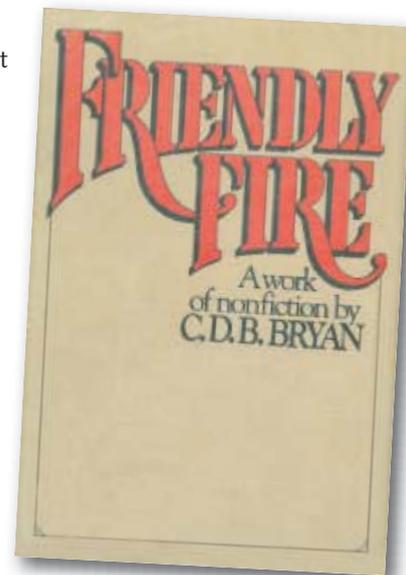
We have just received notification that Bro. Donald E. Welsh, A'61, tragically died in a drowning accident while on vacation in Tortula, British Virgin Islands, on February 6, 2010. He was 66 and lived in Boston Corner, New York, with his wife, Bourne. Bro. Welsh was a long-time, prominent magazine publisher and editor. After graduating from Columbia, he spent his entire career in magazine publishing. Over the years, he held editorships at many well-known magazines, including *Fortune*, *Rolling Stone* and Arthur Frommer's *Budget Travel* and also *Budget Living*. Bro. Welsh created more than 20 specialized magazines for children in the 1980s because he said he wanted to raise the overall quality of existent children's magazines. He sold many of these successful children's magazines to Marvel Comics Company in 1994. Bro. Welsh was the founding editor of *Outside* magazine. He was a great outdoorsman himself. He regularly led Outward Bound trips on diving, climbing, running and scuba diving expeditions. Bro. Welsh was scuba diving on vacation in the Caribbean when he drowned. His widow said, "Donald's whole life motto was: 'Life should be lived like a cavalry charge.'"



friendly fire:

THE LITERARY ACHIEVEMENT OF BRO. C.D.B. BRYAN, Σ'55

Bro. Courtlandt D.B. Bryan passed away from cancer in December 2009 at his home in Guilford, Connecticut. He was a critically acclaimed writer and novelist most famous for his 1976 best-selling nonfiction book *Friendly Fire*. The book was made into a movie starring Sam Waterston and Carol Burnett. When the book came out, the United States public was deeply conflicted about the Vietnam War. Bryan's book was a searing indictment of the chance cruelty and tragedy of the war. It is the story of the death of a young Iowa farm boy, Michael Mullen, who was killed by accidental friendly fire from his own battalion, and then the subsequent cover-up by the U.S. Army from his family of the true circumstances of his death. At the time the book was published, it caused many American people to re-examine and change their views about the Vietnam War. The *New York Times* book reviewer at the time wrote, "The greatest war stories do not deal solely with the death of soldiers, but with the death of idealism. Bryan's handling of that theme is certainly the finest that has come out of the Vietnam War." The *Time* magazine book reviewer in 1976 wrote in the same vein, "*Friendly Fire* is not another self-righteous lamentation about the



United States' tragic blunderings in Southeast Asia; rather, it is as close to elemental tragedy as any nonfiction account to come out of the war. Bryan conveys the dead soldier's mother's grief with such purity and tact that at times she seems like a Midwestern Antigone, challenging the authority of the state in the name of what individuals hold most sacred."

the greatest war stories

DO NOT DEAL SOLELY WITH THE DEATH OF SOLDIERS, BUT WITH THE DEATH OF IDEALISM.

In his introduction to the book, Bro. Bryan wrote, "I suppose one can never be satisfied that one has asked all the questions that might have been asked, double checked all the details that might have been

double checked, seen all the people one might have seen. But I am confident that what I have written is true, and that all the events, scenes, and conversations took place as depicted." Judging from the wide critical acclaim for Bryan's book, he thoroughly succeeded in his task. In a footnote to history, a central figure in the book was Lt. Col. Norman Schwarzkopf, who was actually in charge of the Vietnam battalion in which the friendly fire occurred that killed the Iowa soldier. Schwarzkopf, some 25 years later, was commander in chief of the victorious U.S. Central Command in the 1990-1991 Persian Gulf War.

Upon his death, Bryan's widow, Mairi, said about her husband, "He was very proud of the fact that he exposed the friendly fire issue to the whole country, and the fact that the government had been lying to victims' families about it. Of all his works, *Friendly Fire* was the one of which he was most proud." She went on to say about Bro. Bryan, who was known by friends as "Courty," "He was one of the great conversationalists of his time. He could really hold a room."

Bro. Bryan also published several other well-received novels and wrote for *The New Yorker*, *Harper's*, and the *New York Times* Book Review. He credited his stepfather, the famous American novelist Frank O'Hara, with instilling in him a lifelong love for writing.

shooting up

BY DAVID CASTILLO, K'08

THESE WORKS SERVE

to remind us that literary expression lies at the heart of our order.

Please consider sharing your literary works with your brothers and sisters by submitting them to

NATIONAL@STANTHONYHALL.ORG
for publication in an upcoming newsletter or on the national website.

Hello, my name is David
And I am addicted to words.
I'm addicted to their shape
I'm addicted to their taste.
Words have a taste you know.
Have you ever let "lemon" sit on the tip of your tongue
Until its acid burned your taste buds and you had to spit it out onto the curb?
I'm addicted to the way words writhe and twist when I roll them around in my mouth
I love how their curves press up against my palate
How their edges grind up against the inside of my cheeks.
And even though some of them have sharp corners
And cut me up every time they leave my mouth
I can't stop
Because there is nothing like shouting "F***!" at the top of your lungs
Because every tiny laceration is a brief burst of rapture.

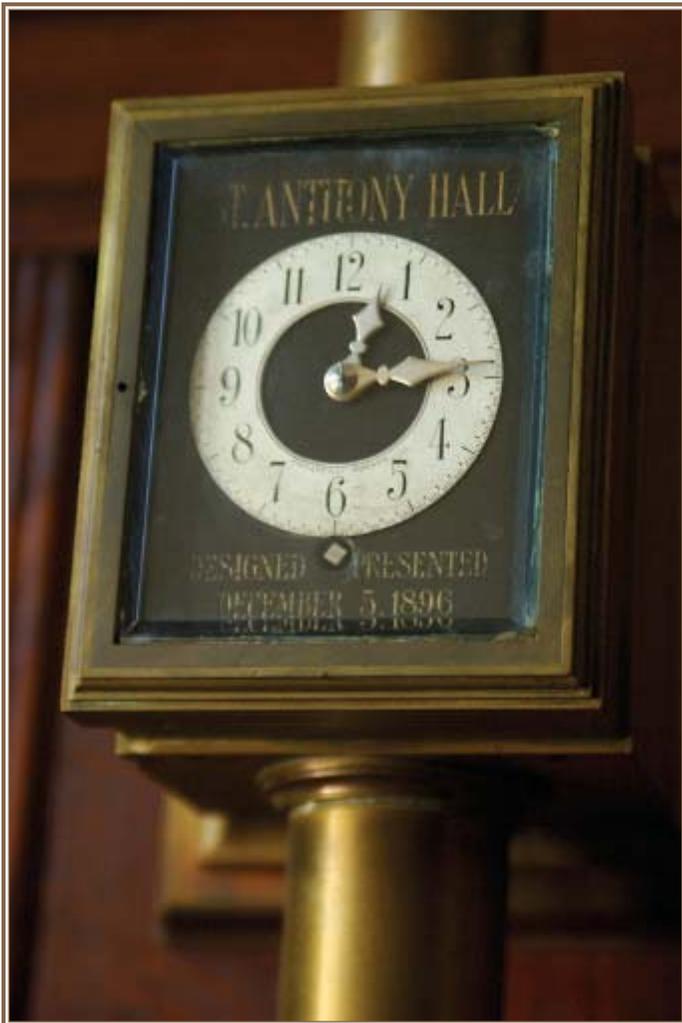
I love the way words feel as they take shape in my mouth
A formless mass that begins in the back of my throat and moves up
Where it's molded by tongue
Like a bear licking its cub into shape
Up and out through my lips
Separating, impacting, contracting
Reforming themselves into countless exquisite curves
Expelling syllables, interlocking into words.
Sometimes they're slick and they slip right out
From my lips to your ears.
And sometimes they stumble over one another and pile up
Practically tripping each other as they try to get out.
Sometimes they get turned around and forget
Which way is in and which way is out.
You have to be careful
Because choking on your own words is a real hazard you know
Even if you don't speak any German.

But let me tell you something
There is nothing as electric
As a word when it slides out
Still hot and smooth
And I don't care how many batteries you lick
There is nothing that will send tingles down your tongue like this.
Down your tongue and down the back of your throat
Into your lungs and into your bloodstream and out through your fingertips
Out through every blood vessel until
Every organ in your body is electrified.
And maybe it'll strike a nerve and send a signal
Looping back around, jumping from synapse to synapse until
It reaches your brain.
And maybe it'll flip a switch and you'll say
"Damn, that was good"
And you'll be craving a cigarette and not know why.
Because there is nothing like finding the right word
Nothing that will send shivers down your spine like that word will
When it leaves your lips and for an instant
Bridges the gap between me and you.

So take a hit.
The first one's free.
Breathe in
Breathe out
And speak.

recipe for disaster

BY MARIE DELUCA, K'09



Note: Some ingredients may require advanced preparation. Please see "Recipe for College."

- 1 Tbs cinnamon
- 2 cups flour
- 1 cup sugar
- 3 eggs
- 2 Tbs sriracha
- 1 clove friendship
- 2 ounces chocolate
- 3 tsp physical space
- 1 long conversation
- 4 hrs sleep
- 2 imminent exams
- 4 cups advice (sifted, 3 good, 1 bad)
- 1 tsp general anxiety
- 1 controversial topic
- 5 ounces desperation
- 2 conflicting personality types
- 2 bars sexual tension
- 1 lb misunderstanding
- 4 false truisms
- 3 missed texts
- 2 broken cell phones
- 1 cup melodrama
- 2 heartfelt e-mails
- 1 strained evening
- 2 tsp ulterior motives

Directions

Combine first 7 ingredients, set aside. Whip together conflicting elements. Fold batter into itself. Preheat oven to 450 degrees (Fahrenheit, Celsius, or Kelvin). Place one pre-greased cookie sheet in preheated oven for 15 minutes. Seek distraction. Remove sheet from oven. Run hands under cold water. Set oven 200 degrees below resolution. Leave.

This recipe serves 5 (if 2 are refusing to eat, and 1 is unintentionally invited).

PHOTO *contest*

Congratulations to Lydia Marik, Ξ'08, who is the winner of the 2009 photo contest! The photo contest is a five-part competition based on the five purposes of our order. At right is Lydia's "Delta Psi Thanksgiving."

The first purpose of the order is "to establish a bond of union between collegiate students who have been proven worthy of admission by moral, social and intellectual good qualities." In Lydia's own words: "Many of our fraternity's strongest methods for establishing bonds of union are unphotographable, but the Xi Chapter has some other special traditions which build relationships. This picture was taken during our annual Thanksgiving feast, which was cooked and attended by brethren only. I can think of few ways better to realize all the values of our order than by sitting all together, sharing a ton of delicious food and drink, and having discussions with the whole chapter all night long."

Pictured in the winning photo are: Eric Mills '07, Owen FitzGerald '05, Fiona Matthews '07, Walter Clark '07, S.R. Mosh '07, Will Clement '07, Clare FitzGerald '08, Peter Pendergrass '07, and the arm of Adam Graetz '06. Wonderful cook of the whole spread: Theo Neikras '05.



"DELTA PSI THANKSGIVING"

Lydia's winning interpretation of the first purpose of our order.

WIN THE FIRST DELTA PSI FLASK IN THE NEXT PHOTO CONTEST:

We would like to announce the second installment based on the second purpose, which is "to improve its members by literary exercises." What does this principle mean to you and your chapter? How could it be visually represented? Be creative! Submit your photos by e-mail (with a brief description) to national@stanthonyhall.org between now and September 1, 2010.

announcing THE MACNELLY TROPHY

It's with great pleasure that the 2010 GC officers announce a new fraternity prize, which will henceforth be awarded annually at the GC. It will be called the MacNelly Trophy, in honor of Bro. Jeff MacNelly, Ξ'66, who was the Pulitzer Prize-winning, widely read and esteemed cartoonist who passed away ten years ago. This prize will be awarded to an undergraduate who is judged by the GC officers to have presented the best so-called "alternative" (i.e. not written) art piece during the GC chapter visits in the previous year.

The genesis for this new prize is that, in this modern day and age, the GC has discovered that so much of what is presented during LD time at chapters is not necessarily written on the page as in past times. It is quite often visual in makeup: paintings, prints, photographs, and computer graphics. Or it may be sound-oriented, whether instrumental or oral. Or sometimes it is

the physical arts—dance and rhythm, etc.—which are performed. In this regard, the GC has decided a new prize keeping up with the trends of artistic expression in these contemporary times is *de rigueur*. It is to be named after our famous Bro. Jeff MacNelly because, in his life's work, he exemplified the highest form of accomplishment in alternative art forms. Through his brilliant and inspired pen-and-ink technique and great humor, he made millions of Americans laugh out loud for decades. He was awarded the Pulitzer Prize three times (1976, 1978, and 1985), and the National Cartoonists Society twice presented him with its highest annual honor. His comic strip, "Shoe," ran in 950 newspapers at his death in 2000, and is still produced and syndicated by his former assistants. When Bro. MacNelly was inducted into the UNC School of Journalism Hall of Fame in 1985 he cracked that, "I'm afraid if my mother finds out, I'll be in big trouble. Because she thinks I have been running numbers in Baltimore since graduation!"

So here is the opportunity for undergraduates to really shine—and shine their very own silver trophy—by winning the first award of the MacNelly Trophy for the most excellent alternative art form expression at the next GC.



CHAPTER REPORTS

A ALPHA CHAPTER COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Report by Alexander Sullivan, A'06

I am pleased to report that the Alpha Chapter enters this new decade as a thriving organization with a robust and confident membership. Thanks to the dedicated work of undergraduate and graduate brothers and sisters, Alpha is financially and legally more stable than it has been in years. Furthermore, we have renewed our institutional commitment to core values of secrecy, constancy, and devotion, and we have infused the chapter's intellectual life with a new vigor befitting a literary society.

In its 163-year existence, Alpha may well not have faced challenges greater than those it faced in early 2009. There was significant financial strain, and budgets were very tight. Despite this, we had a successful and fulfilling semester. The annual Valentine's Day party was more elegantly decorated and well orchestrated than I have ever seen (and was certainly the most fun). After a diligently carried out recruitment season, we admitted eight new members after a pledge process that saw significant innovation due to budgetary restrictions. The spring 2009 class brought a needed infusion of youthful vigor and diversity, and five of those eight members are now serving as officers.

Sadly, last spring was not without its sorrows. The end of the year saw us graduating 20 seniors, most of whom were long-time members, "fixtures" at Alpha, and friends to us all. Those who left could take solace in the fact that the Hall was in a much better state than it had been and that they had helped shepherd it through some of its toughest times.

Autumn found us with 32 active undergraduates, including several returning from semesters abroad. The fall semester brought a growing cohesion among members, both personally and in terms of a shared mission for the Hall. In addition, a long-dormant Alpha tradition was revived, thanks to a generous SAEF grant and the efforts of Clay Wiske, A'06. Natasha Naayem, A'08, arranged the participation of three speakers: Prof. Kathy Eden on philological implications in *King Lear*; creative writing Prof. Ken Park, who read from and discussed his first novel; and a publishing-industry editor who discussed the portrayal of the supernatural in contemporary fiction. Each event drew more than half its attendees from the larger Columbia community.

For Homecoming this past fall, Timothy Tzeng, A'07, led a strong drive to reconnect with Alpha alumni. Nearly 50 alumni visited the Hall, many for the first time in years. They brought with them fresh perspectives. Several offered their help in re-establishing the "Antonian Review" as a bona fide literary journal. Related to our commitment to alumni relations is an effort to teach our current members more about Alpha's history. Bro. Tzeng has been using his skills as a history major to compile a database of books by or about Alpha alumni. Success with this effort came when a pledge read a novel by the early author and Alpha 1869 James Brander Mathews. She declared that the novel spoke to her greatest aspiration: the creation of a New York-based journal of artistic, architectural, and cultural criticism. We will endeavor to forge more personal connections between new members and their esteemed predecessors.

Finally, thanks to our graduate trustees and our financial steward this past year, Michael Topol, A'06, the graduate and the undergraduate chapters have both filed for tax-deductible status.

This will allow us to make repairs to our cherished chapter house—and to secure our financial future. And on the topic of Hall improvements, we thank T.A.D. Tharp, A'75, for donating six antique walnut chairs for the chapter room in honor of Alpha brothers and sisters Scott Bacon, A'75, Anthony Nahas, A'75, Chris Tompkins, A'77, Melissa (Lighthill) Bissell, A'76, Camilla Rees, A'77, and Jeff Burnett, A'76.

This year the Alpha Chapter will again face heavy attrition, with over 20 seniors graduating. Despite these challenges, I am not apprehensive; I am proud that the Alpha Chapter's cumulative effort has yielded a more diverse membership than ever. The chapter defies characterization, and our differences fuel the vigor and acumen to forge confidently ahead. We are united by a commitment to St. Anthony Hall and everything it stands for.

Δ DELTA CHAPTER UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

Report by Eric King, Δ'08

The Delta chapter is off to a strong start this spring semester. After a two-week rush period, we began inducting new brothers in late January. This year's pledge class of athletes, musicians, and scholars is strong and varied. These young men have much to bring to our chapter, not only inside our brotherhood, but also in our Penn community.

Our commitment to the larger community remains strong. We have been involved in several community-service projects, and are looking forward to partnering with some sororities on a few charitable efforts this spring.

One of our main priorities has been to increase and improve our relationship with the Penn administration, and I am pleased to report success in this. The university has found our dedication to improvement exemplary, and has praised us for creating a model for other fraternities to follow.

Alumni presence has been strong—and not just on Wednesday nights. We are very fortunate to have Alex Cook, Δ'74, as a constant and reaffirming presence in our lives. In addition, Bill Bryan, Δ'97, has spearheaded our library renovation project, with help from other alumni.

As part of Delta's speaker series, we will be hosting Ambassador David Girard-diCarlo later this spring. The former U.S. ambassador to Austria, Girard-diCarlo was the Pennsylvania chairman of George W. Bush's 2000 and 2004 presidential campaigns. We are excited about his visit and are looking forward to welcoming the Penn community to the Hall. We also continue to host a variety of student groups here at the Hall.

We are looking forward to Penn's annual Spring Fling celebration, making a strong finish to an already strong semester, and graduation. I encourage you all to come visit—especially our Delta alumni! Our doors are always open to brothers!

E EPSILON CHAPTER TRINITY COLLEGE

*Report by William Burchfield, E'08,
and William S.L. Murphy, E'08*

This has been an amazing year for Epsilon, featuring tremendous renovations, countless community-service activities, great

sports successes, a talented class of new brothers, and a terrific GC celebration. Our living situation couldn't be better, as 30 of the 43 of us live in Ogilby Hall opposite the Hall. Our eating club is thriving, with delicious meals prepared by our head chef. Things really couldn't be better, although the spring term brings the bittersweet experience of seeing our beloved seniors accept their diplomas and depart.

Prior to serving as host for the 163rd GC on January 8-9, Epsilon underwent some fantastic renovations, thanks to generous donations from David Dangremond, E'97, and the entire David (E'54) and Peggy (K'08) Beers family. The Beers family gave a magnificent chandelier, custom-designed for the chapter room, that was received with great applause. This benevolence certainly enhanced an already exciting weekend.

The GC meeting was a good balance of serious debate and pure fun. Having all the chapters present and involved made for a memorable event. Differences of opinion about fraternity policies were put aside as everyone enjoyed the cocktail party, ball, and after-party. Thanks to all who attended; we took away such lasting memories.

Our fall community-service representative, Katy Pluck, E'08, put together a string of popular activities, including Halloween activities for the Hartford community and serving food to the homeless. Katy has done a praiseworthy job making sure we uphold our commitment to community service.

Success in sports has been "a thing of beauty" in recent years. Epsilon senior Chris DUBYAK, E'08, had a wonderful season on the football field as he helped bring the Bantams through a long and grueling season. Men's squash team members Will Burchfield, E'08, Wesley Wynne, E'08, Thomas Melly, E'08, and Cryder Bancroft, E'07, captured the program's 12th consecutive national title.

Epsilon is thriving. But without the great help of our beloved alumni and graduate board, we would likely be just another mediocre fraternity. Gracious donations and continuous support with our daily operations helps on levels that these brothers may not even realize. We invite all in the Hartford area or "just passing through" to stop in for a meal and a tour of our amazing Hall. We love seeing new faces and hearing the stories that have kept our traditions alive for so many years.



THETA CHAPTER
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY
Report by Eve Hanson, Θ'08

We have entered into our busiest time of the year. During the past six months, we welcomed our most recent pledge class into our membership, culminating in October. The Sigma Chapter was again our gracious host in its beautiful chapter house, and the class was brought in with appropriate ceremony and festivity. Since then, the new members have grown in their appreciation for and participation in St. A; our new #3 is a newly-initiated sophomore. Elections were held in late December, and the outgoing officers have been most helpful teaching our new chapter leaders. In December, our first themed rush party kicked off the recruitment season. We have had several more rush parties and coffee dates, and coincidentally rush will conclude as this article goes to press. The chapter is very excited about pledging a new class.

Theta has made excellent progress toward finding a short-term solution for our lack of a formal CR, finding a room in a local club that will serve as an excellent space for meetings as we continue to fundraise for a permanent place of our own. We hope to begin having meetings at the club before this semester is over.

We had our annual loft party in our refunding member's

beautiful loft apartment in New York City. It was wonderful to see so many alumni there, and many new connections were formed between current members and alumni. A particular effort is being made right now to help connect undergraduates with alumni who may share their professional interests, and this was a great opportunity to do some networking. Most alumni in attendance were from the New York area, but there were even attendees from as far away as Guatemala. It was a great party and helped generate some interest in funding a permanent meeting space.

While we have used no SAEF grants over the past six months, two current seniors used them over the summer: one for independent thesis research in France and the other for a creative-writing class in London. Both speak very highly of their experiences.

All in all, things are running smoothly at Theta. The second semester always brings a burst of activity, and we are excited that it involves both new and graduate members. The Delta Psi family just keeps growing!

K **KAPPA CHAPTER**
BROWN UNIVERSITY
Report by David Castillo, K'08

Greetings from Kappa! I'm glad to report that Kappa remains as strong and vibrant as ever as we live with and learn from one another here at 154 Hope Street.

Last spring, we welcomed 17 new siblings, and over the past six months the K'09s have already made an impressive impact, embracing every aspect of Hall life. After the graduation of 13 seniors last year, many of the K'09s have stepped up and assumed leadership roles, holding offices ranging from rush chair to "pledgucator" to house manager. In addition, all of the K'09s have demonstrated a helpful willingness to look closely at various aspects of the fraternity as they seek new ways to strengthen our bonds and achieve our goals of mutual learning and intellectual growth.

Several Kappas have been the recent beneficiaries of SAEF grants, affording them opportunities for both personal and civic growth. Josh Himmelfarb, K'07 has been hard at work researching and compiling statistics about the problem of sexual assault at Brown, in addition to the aforementioned Argentina adventures of Caleb McEntire, K'07, and Emma Buck, K'08.

Continuing our commitment to building strong relationships with other chapters, many Kappas have been reaching out to other chapters in our order, making chapter visits to Alpha and Tau and, of course, traveling en masse to the GC in Hartford.

We are now in the midst of rush. True to this time of year, we are busy, a little bit stressed, and very excited by the prospect of recruiting new siblings. In February, we held a number of successful events at the Hall, including fireside open mikes, lectures by a popular graphic-novels professor and a prominent local sex educator, and our well-regarded, well-attended Sunday pancake breakfasts. So far, we have offered bids to nearly 20 people, all of whom have the potential to become wonderful, productive siblings (and several have already accepted). We thank our rush chairs, Greg Bergeron, K'09, and Marie DeLuca, K'09, for their tireless work organizing our myriad events and to our alumni for their constant support—and copious donations of baked goods and kitchen supplies.

Looking ahead, we eagerly await the beginning of "pledgucation," a process that will culminate with the initiation of the K'10s. As always, we extend an open invitation to any of our siblings who find themselves in Providence to stop by King House and say "hi." Whether you stay for several minutes or several days, you will

always find brothers and sisters eager to greet you and welcome you into our home.

XI CHAPTER UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA *Report by Eric Mills, Ξ'07*

Brothers and sisters all, a growing and thriving Xi Chapter sends you greetings from Chapel Hill!

The spring semester is always a busy time for us. Nary a weekend passes without an official fraternity event bringing brothers and sisters together outside of our weekly meeting. We are beginning the pledge process with five wonderful candidates who will soon join our ranks. It is remarkable to think that we began the 2009–2010 school year with only 19 active members and now appear on track to end it with an active membership of 32, the largest Xi has been in quite some time.

Our most exciting spring event is SwingOut, our annual alumni gathering at Xi. Annie Peacock, Ξ'08, and Shauna Gon-salves, Ξ'08, with the help of several members of SAANC, are planning a wonderful gathering that promises to bring together actives and alumni of all ages and, we hope, from many different chapters. Xi extends a standing invitation to any and all brothers and sisters to attend in future years!

Following the precedent set by tearing down the infamous annex, Xi has undertaken replacement of a rotting backyard deck. Initiated by SAANC, with work spearheaded by David Joyner, Ξ'08, and with the help of many, the project is coming along, and we hope our new deck will be in place just in time for another gorgeous spring in the North Carolina Piedmont.

Xi continues to enjoy interacting actively with other chapters. Nearly half of our members attended the GC in Hartford, and 10 brothers and sisters stopped in at Sigma for a fine visit on the drive back. Only a few weeks later, an astounding 17 of us made the drive to Kappa, then on to Sigma, and finally back to Xi in the span of one weekend to see our brothers and sisters. Many thanks go to Kurt Davies, Ξ'08, and Brian Antczak, Ξ'03, for coordinating and corralling so many of us on that fraternal trip.

Upon her return to Xi, Lydia Marik, Ξ'08, gave an enjoyable presentation on her stay in Argentina: the experience, the farm, the culture, and the food. Her project seems to have sparked interest in SAEF grants among chapter members.

On campus and in the community, Xi continues to improve our image and standing. We are still working with the university to resolve the complicated issue of our official recognition as a fraternity rather than a campus organization. Recent scandals in the Greek community have allowed many outside of the Hall to appreciate what a safe, forward-thinking, and stable organization St. Anthony Hall is. Our annual “Word on Your Arm” party at the beginning of the semester raised more than \$500 in donations for the Orange County Rape Crisis Center, and we will host a forum on sexual violence each semester with the OCRCC.

The Xi Chapter is standing strong. Our doors are always open to all brothers and sisters; we hope to see you soon!

SIGMA CHAPTER YALE UNIVERSITY *Report by Dennis Howe, Σ'08*

A new quorum board hangs in the foyer of 483 College

Street. Upon this wooden board are 56 names, each with a hook beneath it, and upon each hook sits a wooden bar, one side painted blue and the other gold. A visitor to the Hall might find a half dozen or so bars turned gold at any point during the day, signaling the members who are on the premises of our six-story stone castle. In all likelihood, Benjamin Miller, Σ'08, is composing his senior essay on the sixth floor; Eric Simpson, Σ'08, is watching his beloved Phillies in the crypt; and Naomi Woo, Σ'09, is filling the living room with the dulcet melodies of her most recent piano piece. Members come and go throughout the day—the pulse of St. Anthony Hall at Yale.

On Thursday nights, though, the board is teeming with gold as members young and old gather for our weekly meeting. Sigma is now home to its largest membership (56) in recent memory. We have on occasion been visited at our meetings by esteemed alumni—most recently Amy Solomon, Σ'71. It is her honor to be the first female undergraduate to enroll at Yale College and, nationally, the first female member of St. Anthony Hall.

These meetings remain the hallmark of the chapter's activities. The LD has, of late, evolved into a workshop for our resident literati, where writers present their work and enjoy a critical discussion of its language and themes. The weekly “dyad” exercise follows, in which paired members discuss a question of personal or intellectual exploration posed by the #8. The group then gathers in the living room for a one-person presentation on an intellectually interesting topic. But all this is only a prelude to the focal point of each meeting, when the membership gathers together in the CR to hear one senior member present his or her autobiography. The meeting adjourns, and the building awaits our return the following week.

Sigma is pleased to report that our renovated bar is the site of our Friday night bar nights and a general social hub. Our award-winning lecture series has featured Howard Dean, former Democratic National Committee chairman; Sam Roberts, *New York Times* editor; and Juan Enriquez, director of the Life Sciences Forum. Also, group of members has recently organized a queer film series for the Yale community, showing films from gay cinema history each Friday afternoon. In addition, Hall historians have condensed and reorganized a decades-old chronicle of Yale's secret societies.

To all Sigma alumni, and to Delta Psi far and wide: we would be most delighted to enjoy your company as our guests! Thursday meetings begin at 6:45; scrumptious breakfasts are served by our steward, Diane Miserendino, from 9:00 a.m. until 2:00 p.m.; bar nights are generally held on Fridays from 10:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m. The Sigma Chapter is alive and well!

TAU CHAPTER MIT *Report by Issac Buenrostro, T'07*

Every evening, the second floor of our chapter house is graced with the music of Mozart, Beethoven, and Bach—not only from recordings but also from the amazing pianists we are lucky enough to have among our membership, and they are thrilled to be playing our beautiful new concert piano. A few rooms over, jazz or salsa can be heard, and conversations in many different languages. It is in this inspiring milieu that St. As live and study: math, physics, engineering, philosophy, biology, economics.

We are a group of people with so many different backgrounds and interests that one might wonder how we fit together. We do

because we are similar in a vital way: We are committed to the bonds of love and friendship, current and universal discussion topics, and learning all that our brothers and sisters have to share.

Last year we recruited 19 new pledges from 13 different countries. Their majors and were varied, and their interests ranged from music to politics, poetry to philosophy. Even if the weather did not quite cooperate, we managed to make everything go smoothly for their initiation. We visited Sigma and had our scavenger hunt as part of the initiation process. They are a very active pledge class, often seen around the house working or hanging out.

We have been busy making chapter house improvements. With new lights in the study rooms and a library that is always expanding, it is becoming better and better suited to bringing people together. We have also updated our chapter pictures on the walls and made a new and improved lounge in our basement. The hard work of our members has made these things possible.

Our meetings have been conducted regularly and are always improving. New-member presentations have been creative self-revelations, and a chance for us to learn about our siblings and their lives.

We are now getting ready for another season of lectures and meetings. There is also our annual Founder's Day event—always an enjoyable gathering. We are trying to connect more with other chapters, so we hope to visit some of them soon. In turn, our doors are open to any member, undergrad or alum, who wants to come share stories with us. In the end, it's all about meeting the amazing men and women of our order.

Y Upsilon Chapter University of Virginia *Report by John Benjamin, Y'09*

Upsilon was well represented at the Grand Chapter at Epsilon in January. Ross Howard, Y'07, Geer Leboutillier, Y'08, Peter Hawkins, Y'07, and Trevor Houghton, Y'08, attended, along with Upsilon alumni Daniel van Clief, Y'95, Ernie Dettbarn, Y'95, and Raleigh Nuckols, Y'01, who is on the GC this year. The Upsilon brothers especially enjoyed the cultural diversity shared by many of the other chapters. The banquet was a great success, capped off with a rousing rendition of UVA's "The Good Ole Song." We thank the St. Anthony Trust of Hartford for making the event possible.

The Upsilon Chapter at the University of Virginia had another stellar outcome in formal rush. We again saw high numbers in bid acceptance (20). Of these prospects, three have familial ties to St. A alumni, including Peter Taylor Jr. (son of Peter Taylor Sr., Y'77), Evans Grenier (son of Beau Grenier, Y'75), and Sam Funkhouser (brother of Paul Funkhouser, Y'06). Favorite rush events this year included date functions, watching basketball, and the brothers dinner, during which Upsilon alumnus Bart Farinholt, Y'81, spoke about the positive impact joining the university's Greek system, and specifically St. Anthony Hall, has had on his life.

In addition to our focus on a strong pledge class, we are also upholding high academic standards. Once again, St. A achieved an average GPA that ranks in the top quarter of all UVA fraternities. Furthermore, St. Anthony Hall members are active in the university community, participating in philanthropic activities, the Honor Committee, and the Inter-Fraternity Council. We will pass these high standards of academic achievement and university involvement to our new potential members.

On the individual level, the brothers of the Upsilon Chapter continue to excel. Jackson Hill, Y'08, was recently honored to be among

the few students who got a room in UVA's historic, coveted lawn residences. Marshall Burke, Y'09, Rob Belk, Y'09, and Geer LeBoutillier, Y'08, were elected to Inter-Fraternity Council positions. Geer LeBoutillier was elected Upsilon's newest president, and Clayton Vaughters, Y'09, and Nathan Hall, Y'08, will be our pledge trainers.

Several promising events are coming up for Upsilon, including our highly anticipated 150th anniversary, for which the reunion committee and the undergraduates have been preparing for many months. Activities will include a cocktail reception, a luncheon, and an evening gala. This spring we will also hold our annual Parents' Weekend—always one of our most cherished times at the Hall.

Φ Phi Chapter University of Mississippi *Report by Matt Stephenson, Φ'07*

The Phi Chapter continues to mark successes perhaps unimaginable at our refounding 10 years ago. The Phi Chapter remained atop the GPA rankings among the university's major Greek societies this past fall. This honor—which has been bestowed on our chapter every semester in recent memory—is a tribute to our commitment to academic excellence. (Our most recent pledge class received the same award among all groups of new members.)

We have recently taken advantage of the wonderful opportunities offered by the St. Anthony Educational Foundation. One grant enabled us to purchase books to line the previously bare shelves of our library—an initiative led by Austin Alexander, Φ'08. More recently, SAEF has approved a grant to help several brethren visit other chapters in an effort to mitigate our geographic disadvantage.

An upside of our Southern displacement is the large group of "Phi boys" who excitedly make the annual trek to the GC. We once again boasted a strong contingent in January, and every Phi present enjoyed himself. The Phi Chapter also returned to Mississippi with heavier luggage. Matthew Henry, Φ'08, won the coveted Ridgway Award, and the combined efforts of several brothers secured the glistening Delta Psi Literary Pitcher.

Our focus for the beginning of 2010 was completing the initiation process from the previous semester. Since then, Phi has welcomed 17 new brothers to the fraternity. This group has shown much potential, and our chapter looks forward to what these men will add to our already dynamic and exciting number.

Around campus, we continue to remain active and involved. Four brothers write for the student newspaper, *The Daily Mississippian*, including Alex Darby, Φ'08, Paul Katool, Φ'08, Scott Ray, Φ'08, and Jason Smith, Φ'07. Phi also holds seats in the senate of both the Associated Student Body and the Honors College, including the student directorship of the Honors College. Seven brothers play for the university's Ultimate Frisbee club team, and the chapter as a whole takes part in nearly every intramural sport.

Still ahead for spring are a philanthropy event and yet another group of potentially outstanding pledges. We look forward to the remainder of 2010—and intend to excel in everything we do! We will continue to lead by example so that our newest brethren may know what it means to be a true and faithful brother of Delta Psi.

FULL VERSIONS OF THESE CHAPTER REPORTS, AS WELL AS REPORTS FROM GRADUATE CHAPTERS AND AREA ASSOCIATIONS, CAN BE ACCESSED ONLINE AT STANTHONYHALL.ORG.



NECROLOGY *(deaths recorded since 2008)*

Harold L. Amoss Jr., E'38
 Myron L. Arrington, F'49
 Joseph Alexander Atwood, F'77
 Gordon Knox Bell Jr., A'28
 Eliot Ward Berry, A'68
 George H. Bissell, A'39
 Fred Blackwell, F'39
 Merritt W. Bond, E'25
 F. Norman Bowles Jr., E'49
 Courtlandt D.B. Bryan, S'55
 Percy C. M. Butler, A'46
 Stuart G. Christian Jr., Y'40
 William T. Close, A'47
 E. Osborne Coates Jr., A'37
 Robert B.F. Collins, T'24
 Theodore B. Conklin Jr., E'41
 Armand Degrouchy, Y'20
 James G. Dern Jr., A'62
 Mason L. Dewees, F'41
 Barton Hirst Donaldson, A'75
 Strachan Donnelley, S'61
 Hutchinson DuBosque, S'41
 John R. Eckel Jr., A'69
 Robert W. Elmore, S'61
 David E. Fackler, A'36
 Cornelius C. Felton Jr., Y'39
 Robert C. Fernley, A'41
 John Flanigan, T'40
 Thomas Talbot Fleming, A'47
 George D. Fowle Jr., A'42
 Reginald E. Francklyn, S'47
 Churchill J. Gibson Jr., Y'50

William M. Gibson, E'29
 Garrett Goodbody Jr., S'64
 Lucius R. Gordon, S'33
 John C. Hall, A'50
 John A. Hambleton, T'46
 Robert A. Hedrick, E'46
 Harris B. Henley Sr., F'48
 Claude R. Hill Jr., S'49
 R. Stockton B. Hopkins, A'46
 Phin E. Horton III, E'51
 Donald F. Hudson, F'86
 J. Craig Huff Jr., A'39
 Lester T. Hundt Jr., A'48
 M. Ernest Jenkins Jr., E'39
 H. Barnett Jones, Y'22
 Nathaniel Jones, Y'22
 Henry H. Jordan, F'40
 Richard P. Joy III, E'52
 Thomas C. Kelly, F'52
 Carlyle Kirkpatrick, Y'22
 John R. Klotz, A'42
 Philip F. Kobbe III, A'26
 Peter D. Krumbhaar, A'42
 Robert T. MacMillan, E'43
 Irving O. Magee Jr., F'26
 Lyman A. Magee, F'67
 Alfred Marshall II, A'38
 Craig Adair Maston, E'41
 Robert T. Mathis, A'62
 Henry M. McAdoo Jr., A'35
 Frederick R. Miller, S'50
 Michael Millikan, S'52

ABOVE: The Epsilon Chapter would like to thank the Beers family for the donation of a stunning chandelier that was custom-designed by Ray Christensen. The chandelier is so large that it had to be assembled in place.

George B. Milnor, A'27
 George P. Mitchell, F'28
 Walter A. Mixon, F'69
 Carlton F. Moe Jr., F'43
 Archibald R. Montgomery III, A'47
 Milton M. Morse Jr., T'48
 Peter U. Muir, Y'19
 Stanley N. Muirhead Jr., E'51
 Scott Murphy, M.D., S'58
 Russell Murray II, T'43
 Jesse Nalle, E'40
 Hugh Parker, T'40
 Janet Ann Pecsok, E'74
 Henry P. Pendergrass, A'51
 Richard Peters, A'42
 G. Morris Piersol Jr., S'35
 D. Jay Poore, E'92
 Reno Bartlett Renfrew Jr., Y'51
 Peter Richter, S'42
 Richard G. Rumery, Y'41
 Richard M. Ryan, S'16
 George J. Safford, T'49
 John D. Seely Jr., E'51
 Roger S. Seymour, S'47
 James I. Slaff, S'72
 Grant D.I. Small Jr., E'42
 Brooks E. Smith, S'42

Spencer Smith, E'79
 William R. Stanwood, A'28
 Mason B. Starring III, A'42
 Dudley W. Stoddard, A'34
 Donald C. Stuart III, A'62
 John Syrett, A'61
 Benjamin Loyall Taylor, E'41
 Archibald G. Thomson Jr., E'58
 William O. Thweatt, E'45
 Henry C. Townsend III, A'35
 Thomas P. Townsend, A'36
 Robert Tully, A'39
 Edward B. Twombly Jr., S'46
 Floyd Wallace Jr., S'42
 Frank L. Watson Jr., Y'35
 Muir Neville Weissinger, A'46
 William Wellmer Jr., Y'21
 Donald E. Welsh, A'61
 Donald G. Wetherbee, E'34
 Henry C. White, A'55
 Eric L. Wilson, S'53
 Edwin M. Wolfe, S'25
 S. Stuart Wooster, A'35
 James O. Wright, A'42
 Marshall B. Wright, A'84
 G. Geoffrey Young, A'35

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