

# SHIELD & DIAMOND

OF PI KAPPA ALPHA

MARCH 1977



**What's  
a nice  
girl  
like you  
doing  
on a calendar like this?**

FIND OUT Pg. 12



## *per angusta ad angusta*

It's Latin for "from difficulties to honors." We're using this catchy theme for PKA's Collegiate Superstar Championships for Big Brothers of America. We could use it to describe the ideal result of being a fraternity man, the development of character.

Webster defines character as "moral excellence and firmness. A man of sound character." A synonym would be self-discipline. Two past national presidents spirit another definition of character in the article "Footprints on the sand," page 19.

Character can be elusive to today's youth given the temptations of our society. They are the innocent products of a parental determination to give them all the luxuries their parents never had. It's backfiring as everyone already knows. But one of those luxuries most kids get today — college — just may be the one gift that could save them from their own good fortune.

Since most of today's youth don't have the opportunity to develop character by sacrifice and hard work, they will grow up "without any cotton-pickin' sense," as Tennesseans say. They're spoiled. There are too many college students in that mold now.

But we're seeing more self-imposed pressure to excel around Pi Kappa Alpha's world today than we saw at the end of the 1960's. We're casting an approving eye on more clean-cut Pikes and less tattered blue jeans

and sweatshirts than we did in 1970. Could the fraternity system's return to prominence be responsible? Yes. Today's student member is proud to wear the badge of his fraternity. He is becoming an individual in the best and correct definition of the word.

"From difficulties to honors" is a poetic description of the teenagers' passage from adolescence to adulthood. (It isn't to be confused with an immature pledge training concept.) Fraternity, as most college presidents will tell you, is the most successful maturation vehicle for young men. Of course, it is only as successful today as it was in grooming the freshmen of four years ago — today's seniors. Any improvements in the fraternity environment must be effected from the outside.

That's why Pi Kappa Alpha is on a self-discipline kick. You'll hear all our chapter consultants preach it. You'll hear the executive director praise excellence. You've seen lots of *Shield & Diamond* articles promoting it and you'll continue to in the future. We're confident the fraternity of the future will do what the university of the past once did — develop character and respect for quality among its students. — RJK

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Mountaineer Dr. Gene Mason conquers Mt. McKinley.

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## Mother Knox was A.W.'s secret tonic

The "unpublished interview with Dr. A. W. Knox" brings out many good points. First of all would be his non-sophistication.

In my travels among college students in the twenties, a cycle of *over* sophistication was running its course, to be very soon knocked for a loop in the thirties.

It seems we are going through another phase of the "magnificent Ambersons" similar to the twenties — when too large a percent of our population is clogging the halls of learning with their "it's sharp to be stupid" philosophy. Call it specialization, short sightedness, the new morality, whatever; it is a disease that *needs* some of Dr. Knox's tonic to knock it out.

Dr. Knox said he promised his mother he would not endanger his future by drinking whiskey (the pop wine of his day). How many "mothers" could you find today who would give their sons such a good influence or example? "The hand that rocks the cradle (still) rules the world."

Why is there a dearth of good mothers among the worldly, wise females of this day? Why has American womanhood hit the skids, perhaps to the point of no return? The answer is very uncomplicated; character training has been relegated to the bottom of the heap.

May I also say that the *Shield & Diamond* has now become grown up, matured, dedicated and inspired toward making IKA the greatest!

Fraternally,  
Carl Portz, Alumnus  
ΓΖ (Wittenberg)

## Proud

I received my December issue of the *Shield & Diamond* and wanted to relay some of the response that I have heard. Of course, the "North to Missouri" article was, by far, the best and we here at Alpha Kappa are very, very proud. It was quite an honor for us. Maybe this will stimulate some of our alumni who may have lost contact with the chapter. One can only hope!!

The "North to Missouri" article may have been the best, but the article with the interview of A. W. Knox came pretty close to finishing first. I, like many other IKA's, enjoy reading these kinds of articles because they stimulate a renewed interest in the great history of our Fraternity. I hope more of these types of articles are printed in the future. They not only help the brothers and alumni, they inspire some of the brothers to make sure the pledges know our history.

I just wanted to convey my chapter's thanks and appreciation for giving us the honor of being one of the feature articles. Keep up the good work.

Fraternally,  
Ken Lueckenhoff, SMC  
AK (Missouri at Rolla)

*(Editor's note: Aw shucks. We'd feature every chapter in each issue if we had room — and cooperation like we got from Alpha Kappa. All a chapter has to do to be featured is to point out a specific story idea and be willing to help develop it.)*

## Accolades

Just finished reading the September 1976 issue of the *Shield & Diamond*. As usual, I found the copy to be excellent containing several educational articles. Was especially impressed with the rush discussion by undergraduates.

Appreciate your fraternity sharing a copy of your journal with my office. Having traveled for TKE for two years, I consider programming and ideas from the national headquarters to be the most essential service we give to chapters.

Hats off to you!! It is little wonder that Epsilon Iota chapter continues to be a successful and top chapter on this campus.

Interfraternally,  
Ron Orman  
Director, Greek Housing  
Southeast Mo. State

## Go back to the drawing board

The December issue of *Shield & Diamond* has just arrived and as usual I have read it cover to cover, but it does not make me too happy.

I have been looking for some factual report on the Memphis meeting but to date have had very little. You are where history is made and do not need it, but we oldsters are being deprived of information we crave.

The first two pages carry for me what is bad news for with the stories carried in local news media on the Big Brother groups' tangle with the legal authorities or their extra curricular escapades on the moral side surely does not make any decent Pi Kaps shout for glee.

On the second page the letter from J. R. Verdier brings to mind many more Pi Kaps who have given much of their time as well as worldly goods to help the Fraternity out where efforts have been totally ignored from the day they separated from the active list.

Only recently a former national officer said, "If I had small pox I could not be more ignored than I am as an ex-national officer." This is not the only case and in my correspondence with many contemporaries, the story is the same.

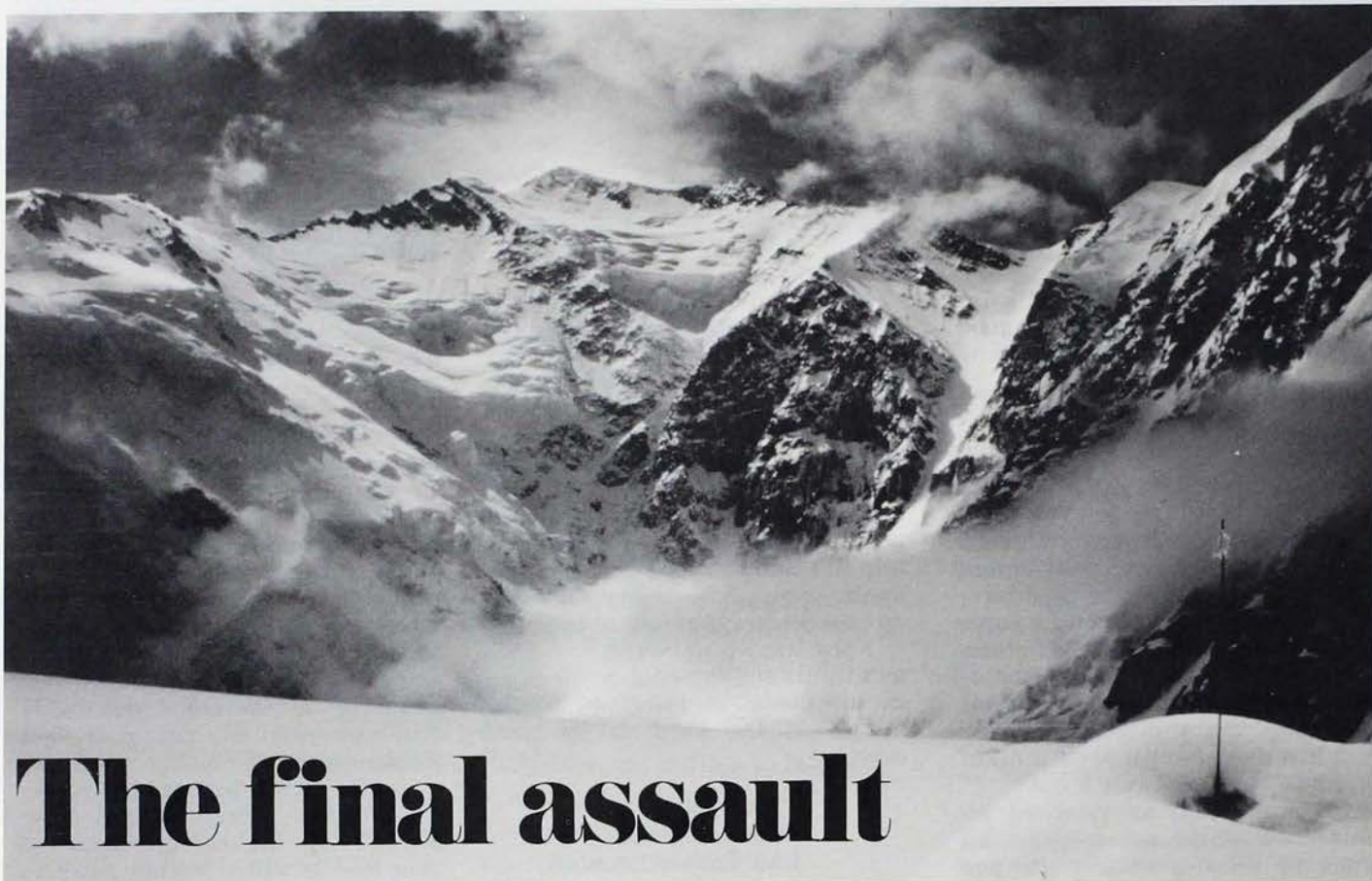
The *Shield & Diamond* carried a story recently that questioned the story of the so-called Paris Supreme Council meeting.

It was pathetic the errors of history that article carried and all because the writer had not done his homework on facts.

Fraternally Yours,  
Sandford N. Smith  
AΨ (Rutgers) alumn

*Editor's Note: 1) The Memphis Convention was reported in the November issue of Shield & Diamond RUSH. You must have missed it, so we sent another copy. 2) We don't know what entanglement Big Brothers had where you live, or if it was even an affiliated agency of BBA. We do know BBA is an important human service organization that deserves all the support we can muster. 3) The story on Past National President (Grand Princeps) John R. Perez was as factual as our research would allow.*





# The final assault

Avalanche cascading off Thayer's Fall on approach to Mt. McKinley

Mountaineering in its starkness, neither as a glorified adventure, nor as a philosophical path to why men climb, describes *Minus Three* by Dr. Gene Mason, Gamma Rho (Northwestern).

The noted anesthesiologist is perhaps the world's most accomplished mountain climber having battled to the top of four continents. He has done what no other man has done in conquering 23,000-foot Mt. Aconcagua in Argentina; 20,320-foot Mt. McKinley in Alaska; 19,710-foot Mt. Kilimanjaro in Africa and 18,481-foot Mt. Elbrus in Russia.

The story that follows is true. It describes the assault on one of the earth's most defying summits — Mt. McKinley. McKinley's inland location and its grab-bag of sheer cliffs, tortuous crevasses and dangerous avalanches defies even the most expert of climbers. Among the handful of successful expeditions was Dr. Mason's

1962 party including five men and a woman.

Beginning 70 miles from base-camp in the land of the midnight sun, *Minus Three* guides the reader through three of Dr. Mason's conquests (all but Elbrus). Dr. Mason's "petty thoughts, as well as his profound ones, his mistakes as well as his triumphs," says adventurer Jon W. Lindbergh, give insight to the cost of a climber's satisfaction.

"Most men slip into the stream of life and follow a rather narrow channel, banked by the conventions and rules of society," Dr. Mason asserts. "A few men during their lifetime are able to deviate, and yet still find their way back into the mainstream."

*Minus Three* is about three such deviations during which Brother Mason tastes sweet victory with the sour wrath of watching a friend die and almost losing his own life.

**D**id you ever go three weeks without a bath? It's surprising how your own body odor becomes more annoying than that of your companions. Did you ever spend three weeks living and sleeping on just snow? Never a tree, a river, a flower. How you miss color and the fragrance of vegetation — and music, how I missed music!

As I trudged along at eighteen thousand feet, I looked at our weary party of six climbing toward the summit of McKinley. We were now almost seventy miles from where we had first strapped on our snowshoes, and hoisted our seventy-pound packs upon our backs. In the preceding weeks we had crossed many miles of treacherous, crevassed glaciers; we had encountered incredible avalanche hazards, and had survived weather which could have easily destroyed us. It was as if we were trespassing on some alien planet.

We had spent the entire day yesterday digging out our storm-buried tents and equipment. We had left camp this morning at six, each carrying a quart of water, a can of meat, and two candy bars. We had hoped to reach the



20,320 foot summit in eight or nine hours. However, wading through miles of deep powder snow had completely destroyed our time schedule. I looked at my watch. It was almost 2 p.m., and we were only at eighteen thousand feet. As we approached Denali Pass, the snow became increasingly hard, packed by the sweeping winds.

We had reached the point where we would climb out of the glacial basin and gain altitude rapidly. We looked up the steep slope and gathered for a rest before continuing. We drank the last of our water, it was full of ice crystals. Kenn took out the thermometer and informed us of the delightful sixteen below temperature. The deep blue of the cloudless sky conveyed the impression that we were high into space. I opened a can of corned beef and began eating it. My enthusiasm for the meat was not shared by the rest of the team. As we began to chill, we reroped and resumed our climb.

We stopped at 18,300 feet to look out toward Anchorage and the complex of rivers glistening far below us with a few clouds drifting in between. The character of the snow was very different now. Mounds of snow carved by the wind stood like pieces of surrealist sculpture. Elaborate ice crystal formations hung from the rocks in fairyland fashion. The surface resembled wave action on a beach, frozen into stillness. One could have been roaming the bottom of a lifeless sea or a desert of snow. I realized how few men had ever seen these sights and how few ever would.

Our spirits were high, but fatigue and breathlessness were overtaking us. When Kenn, Ron and I reached 18,750 feet we stopped to rest. Jon, Helen and Ralph had lagged a considerable distance behind, and we were beginning to worry. As they approached us it was evident that they were delayed only by fatigue. They wearily dropped into sitting position, their eyes glazed with exhaustion. I uneasily realized that the last five hundred feet of altitude had effected a remarkable change. Just when I had begun to believe that the summit was within our grasp, a shadow of doubt had presented itself.

I looked at Jon's bulging pack. "What do you have in your pack, Jon?" I asked.

"The stove," he replied.

"Are we going to need it?" I inquired, turning toward Kenn.

"Probably not," Kenn answered.

Jon began removing it from his pack, working in the usual slow motion necessary at this altitude.

I looked toward the summit, only

about fifteen hundred vertical feet of good snow separated us from the top of this mountain, but I could see the altitude acting like a heavy weight oppressing our drive. I took our central nervous system stimulants from my kit and we each took a tablet. After many more minutes rest, we again began our trudge. We now roped in three rope teams. I roped to Ralph and took the lead. Kenn roped to Ron, traveling almost parallel to Jon and Helen and offering them encouragement.

As I methodically plodded along, I was practically bursting with enthusiasm. The thoughts of the severe hardship and discouragement melted behind me as the summit seemed to be coming within our grasp. I looked behind and found that Ralph and I were gradually outdistancing the rest of our party.

At 19,600 feet we stood on the top edge of a valley that nestled immediately in front of the summit ridge. We had to cross the valley to approach the summit, and it meant losing several hundred feet in altitude. It was disappointing, but not devastating. The white summit dome was vividly brilliant against the clear, dark blue sky. I filled my lungs with the thin cold air and pushed onward.

We crossed the valley and started up the steep icy pitch, the last bulwark of the mountain. The going was very slow. Kenn, Ron, Helen and Jon were getting closer now, because our progress had been slowed. We were about a hundred yards from them now, much of it vertical distance, perhaps thirty minutes ahead of them.

"Hey, Gene," Ron's voice echoed clearly through the frigid air and across the frozen surface.

I stopped and looked down. Ron was standing beside the rest of our group, looking up at us.

"Yeah," I shouted.

"Would you come down here a minute?" he asked.

I thought it was a joke.

"What for?" I shouted down.

"We need you," he responded.

A feeling of resentment stirred within me. I had so keyed myself to continue up this pitch that I was performing more like a machine than a man. It was several seconds before my altitude-numbed mind realized that he wouldn't call me down unless I was urgently needed.

I turned to Ralph and shrugged my shoulders. "Let's go," I said. We began plunge-stepping down, and had joined them within five minutes. I was shocked by what I saw.

Helen was leaning heavily against

Jon; he was supporting her with his right arm. They would occasionally take a stumbling step forward. Helen looked unbelievably weary, as if she had been crying several nights without sleep. She took several rapid short breaths through bluish lips, and started to pitch backward. Ralph caught her. She opened her eyes wide and struggled to her feet again.

"She says she can't feel her feet," Ron said.

"Is that right, Helen?" I spoke directly into her face.

"I guess so," she responded between gasps.

"Helen, we have to stop," I said.

"Oh no," she almost shouted, "I've got to go on."

"But your feet, you're developing frostbite."

"I've got to go on."

"Helen," I took her by the shoulders, "I know you want to climb this mountain, but is it worth losing your feet?" I thought perhaps I could shock her into reality.

"No," she answered, "but I've got to keep going." She pushed against me.

"Listen to me," I shouted, "it's not just you, we're all going to rest awhile before we proceed. We'll warm your feet while we're resting."

Her push against me had dissolved into a heavy lean.

"All right," she muttered.

"How cold is it, Kenn?" I asked. Kenn was keeper of our outdoor thermometer.

"Twenty-six degrees below zero," he answered.

Glowing Browne's Tower





We moved about a hundred feet down into the valley where the surface was level, and I began to unlace Helen's boots in order to examine her feet. I huddled over, with her feet in my lap to shield them from the wind. I pulled off her socks and hurriedly examined her toes — no visible signs except they were cold and white. Superficial frostbite, I thought to myself.

I untied the waist drawstrings on my wind parka, and thrust her feet under my clothing onto my bare abdomen. The cold was almost painful. I tucked the edges of the parka around her legs to effect a seal from the wind. The rest of our party huddled in a tight circle around her.

"She just needs warmth, water and food," I said.

Jon opened a can of tuna fish. It was frozen completely solid. We couldn't even significantly dent the surface with a knife. Our little remaining water was frozen. The food and water problems could only be solved with a stove, which we had left at 18,750 feet.

Finally Helen's feet were almost as warm as my abdomen. Kenn produced a pair of dry wool socks which I quickly placed on her feet. Ron laid out his sleeping bag, the only one with us, and she crawled into it. She was shaking vigorously.

"Someone's going to have to go back for the stove," Kenn announced.

"I'll go." Jon's answer was immediate.

"I'll go with him," Ralph added.

"We'll see you in about four hours," Kenn said. "Good luck."

I sat down next to Helen on the windward side. Kenn sat at her feet, and Ron situated himself on her other side. I watched as Jon and Ralph slowly climbed out of the valley; in about forty-five minutes they finally disappeared.

We were shivering uncontrollably. I directed my gaze toward Helen. She seemed to be sleeping. I recalled that one of our first agreements during our initial planning of the trip was that there would be no women. Tufts of short, frost-covered blond hair framed the edge of her parka. Her freckled face looked so pale and helpless. She had been such a pillar of strength. I wondered if even now she realized her chances of reaching the summit were gone.

"Kenn," I began, "why don't you and Ron make a bid for the summit? It's only about seven hundred feet in



Above: Author inspects Muldrow Glacier. Below: Muldrow's Lower Ice Fall



altitude to go. Nothing further can be done for Helen anyway until Jon and Ralph return."

Ron spoke first. "Count me out. If it hadn't been Helen, it would have been me, I was just a shade behind."

Then Kenn answered, "If I had even one cup of water, I might try, but right now I don't think I could make it."

A few hours ago we were on the verge of victory and our spirits were soaring. Now we were virtually crushed. The irony was devouring me as much as the cold.

Another hour went by. I had been shivering continuously. Mostly I fought to move my progressively numbing toes. I knew I was losing the battle. The smallest toes on both feet had ceased to ache, and there was now no feeling in them. The continuous violent shaking was exhausting me,

and I knew it. At the end of three hours I spent a half hour just gazing at the edge of the valley, desperately hoping for the appearance of Jon and Ralph, but they didn't appear.

"Kenn," I said, "I'm considering going to the summit by myself."

"That wouldn't be wise," he said.

I answered almost before he finished, "I know, but it's not wise to sit here and lose my toes when I could save them by climbing."

He wearily stood up and looked at the summit. It seemed very close.

"I know I've got enough energy to make it," I added. "We could climb it while Jon and Ralph are gone. When we return they can climb it. They'll have had food and water by then."

Kenn, deep in thought, didn't answer at first. "All right," he finally said, "I'll go with you."

I looked at Helen. She was dozing,



apparently comfortable in the sleeping bag. We roped up and spread the rope out between us. At that moment Jon and Ralph were silhouetted against the pale gray sky. Even though they were about thirty minutes away, we decided to wait for the food and water that would be made available when the stove arrived. We agreed that this had been the most miserable bivouac we had ever spent, and we could now talk of how good the water would taste.

Finally they arrived. The stove was immediately set up, primed with alcohol, and the match struck. The flame burned with an uneven glow almost devoid of heat. We couldn't get the burner hot enough to vaporize the kerosene fuel. We tried again and again. We built a windbreaker out of ice blocks. We used every trick we knew, but to no avail. Our efforts wasted, we were right where we had started four bitter hours ago.

The mountain had dealt its last crushing blow. We looked toward the summit, but it was no longer visible. The weather was closing in and it looked like a storm was brewing. We knew we couldn't survive a storm at that altitude without equipment. I looked at my watch. It was almost 6 a.m. We had gone twenty-four hours without sleep and with little food and water.

It was Kenn who spoke. "Let's go. We've been beaten. We can't chance the weather any longer."

"Gene, we can make it." It was Ralph; he refused to give up.

"Ralph," I answered, "there's only one thing in this world that I'd rather do than climb this mountain, and that's to see home again someday. Right now I don't think the two are possible. If the weather were clear I'd go, but if we get caught in a storm, we're dead."

"Maybe it won't storm," he answered.

"It looks too bad," I countered. "I'm sorry, Ralph."

Kenn and Ron led off. Helen and then Jon followed. I fell in line with Ralph behind me.

We moved slowly across the floor of the valley, but instead of feeling crushed, I became filled with an enormous bitter hate. I had had enough of being blown, frozen, dropped, pummeled, starved and thirsted. To get so close and be cheated out of victory was almost more than I could tolerate.

"Gene, look!" Ralph shouted.

I turned to see the summit now partly visible. Apparently a small cloud had been hanging around the summit.

"John," I shouted ahead, "we'll be a couple hours behind you. We're going to make a try for the summit."

I knew I was lying when I said a couple hours. He shouted something to Ron and Kenn.

"O.K.," he yelled.

An incredible flame of enthusiasm possessed me. Ralph and I fairly ran over the level hundred yards to the beginning of the summit ridge. Fatigue quickly overtook us and, panting wildly, we began a slow ascent.

We had ascended a couple hundred feet when my confidence began to stagger. Clouds were again covering the summit, and the weather looked threatening at best. I began to wonder if this wasn't the ultimate in poor judgment. I stopped and shouted down to Ralph.

"It's not too late. We can still turn back and join the others." I was looking for the slightest excuse to turn back, but Ralph wouldn't provide it.

"We can make it. Keep going," he shouted back.

I continued upward. As I began to search routes over and around bergschrunds and crevasses, I suddenly realized we had no wands with which to mark our route. A sensation of panic swept me. We might reach the peak and never be able to find a route down. I began cutting arrows in the icy surface, studiously memorizing snow and ice contours, looking back frequently, striving to remember how the route would look on the descent. I reasoned that if we made the ascent rapidly enough, my direction marks would still be intact.

Suddenly Ralph emitted a non-descript whoop and waved his arms. I looked down at him questioning. How could his enthusiasm be so overflowing when I was so tired? I let it pass.

Finally we gained the ridge we thought to be the summit, only to find the mountain trailing upward to the east. It can't be much farther, I thought. We stopped for a few minutes rest.

"Ralph," I asked, "what were you shouting about down there." I wondered if I looked as haggard as he did. He hesitated a few moments and then answered.

"I thought I saw somebody on the ridge. I guess I was mistaken."

Later I realized that this was the first obvious manifestation of the combined effects of exhaustion, dehydration and oxygen starvation.

I started moving cautiously up the corniced ridge. It sloped steeply to the north and dropped sheerly to the south. We gained the next ridge, only

to find one still higher. I pushed onward, and then, as I topped a snow mound, there it was — the summit. The top of the North American continent was less than a hundred feet from me. The thrill was jarred from me by a tug on my rope. I looked behind just in time to see Ralph stagger and pitch forward into the snow. He lay motionless for a few seconds, struggled to his feet, took a couple uncoordinated steps, and again plunged forward into the snow.

"Ralph," I shouted, "come on. We've only got about fifty feet to go."

He pulled himself to a standing position and muttered through clenched teeth, "Gotta rest." He stumbled backward about ten feet and proceeded to sit on a thin snow cornice overhanging the clouds floating beneath us. I was past the point of terror. I leaned forward heavily on the rope, and he fell forward onto the solid snow.

"Ralph — over here. It's safer." He lifted his head, squinted his eyes several times, and began crawling over to me.

I took him by the shoulders. "Breathe, Ralph, breathe — deeper, faster — breathe." He began taking deep gulps of air. Within thirty seconds he was again clearheaded.

"Look at what you almost did." He directed his gaze to his tracks, which led from the cornice extending out over the glacier far below us. He shook his head slowly. He reached into his pack and pulled out the silk Century-21 Exposition Flag. I took the flag and started along the last fifty feet of the ridge.

After several steps I turned to Ralph. "Don't move," I said. He nodded.

On the summit was the weathered stump of a bamboo pole, protruding about six inches from the surface. Quickly I tied the flag to this fragment and then stood up. I scratched the names of my wife and children into the snow with my ice axe. An endless sea of clouds surrounded me. I could see nothing else. I had thought for months of the glowing words that would almost spontaneously issue from me when this moment was reached, but no words came. Instead, I felt loneliness. I looked back at Ralph sitting in the snow, and wondered about the trip down. Could we find our way? I thought about the other four of our party, their bitter disappointment. Instead of a sensation of elation, I



experienced primarily a sensation of relief—at last I could go home.

I walked down to where Ralph was sitting. He hadn't moved.

"How do you feel?" I asked.

"O.K.," he responded and began to stand up. "I want to plant my foot on the summit now."

"Just a second," I said. I sat down in the snow and looped the rope around my body for a sitting belay.

He started up the last fifty feet. I watched him intently. A careless step could plunge him over the edge. He stood on the summit for a minute perhaps, and then picked his way back.

"Let's go home, Ralph," I shouted. He nodded. "I'd better lead, so I can find my marks in the snow. Before we start down I want you to breathe deeply for a while." He immediately began hyperventilating. We started down.

My arrows and crosses had not yet been erased by the swirling snow. We retraced our route with relative ease, and rather quickly found ourselves at the base of the summit ridge.

Exhaustion now became an overpowering force. I staggered and stumbled along, falling frequently, but always getting up and continuing. I was very much aware of the danger of allowing myself to fall asleep for "a few minutes," with the possibility of awakening hours later, perhaps in a storm. I gave Ralph a central nervous system stimulant and took one myself.

I asked Ralph to lead as we climbed out of the valley since he was more familiar with the route, having covered it an extra time in returning for the stove. He was becoming very quiet. He took the lead, and within about a half hour we had lost the route. We recovered it in a relatively short period, and I again took the lead.

At last we stood looking over Denali Pass and the Harper's Glacier. A blanket of fog had layered down the valley. I knew that our vision would be impaired as we traveled over the glacier, but we had no choice. We moved down to the eighteen thousand foot level and began our retreat down to base camp.

As we advanced into the fog bank, it was as if we had been absorbed by an ethereal mass. I could see nothing except myself. I rubbed my goggles, thinking they must be fogged. No improvement. I took them off. Still no improvement. White pushed out at me from everywhere. There were no shadows. Above, below, to the sides—all the same. I stepped in a strange fashion, feeling for the surface below, not being able to see it. I looked behind me and experienced the strange illusion that Ralph was floating at the

end of my rope. He was perfectly clear, but the white below him was identical to the white beside and above him. We were experiencing a total "white-out."

"Ralph," I called, "I can't see a thing. Would you lead for a while?"

"O.K.," he responded.

We changed positions. After a few steps, he shouted back, "I can't see anything either." I knew that he couldn't but in the rear position I felt better able to stop us both if he were to crash into a crevasse. We continued downward.

About an hour later we approached a long crevasse. Ralph cautiously approached the narrowest spot, which looked as if we could jump it easily. He peered into the crevasse, and then began walking parallel to it, stabbing only the top of his ice axe into the snow and giving it a little twist. The dry snow issued a small creak with each twist. He seemed enormously preoccupied.

I couldn't understand what he was doing, or why, but I knew it was hazardous since a snow-covered side extension of the crevasse would quickly claim him if I didn't stop this.

"Hello down there," he shouted into the crevasse.

"Ralph, what is it?" I asked.

"Jon and Helen are in the crevasse," he said in a very matter-of-fact manner.

"What are they doing?" I inquired. His attitude had tipped me off. He was hallucinating again.

"Oh, just seeking shelter," he answered.

"Ralph, stay right where you are. I'll cross this crevasse and lead awhile."

I moved up to the edge of the crevasse. I had expected Ralph to move out to keep the rope tight, but he had seated himself amid several coils of rope.

I almost asked him to move out to the rope's length, but thought better of it.

"Ralph, could you give me a belay when I jump?" I asked.

He began to take up the rope coils in slow motion.

I got ready to jump, and looked toward him for a final check. He had cinched the rope up to me with no slack, so if I jumped I would have been stopped halfway across the crevasse by the rope. I gave the rope a tug, and stripped enough slack from him to complete the jump. I jumped across and put a belay on him. Then he jumped across.

I moved along in the total whiteness, desperately seeking a shadow, a landmark, a familiar ridge or crevasse

which would indicate the altitude. But all I saw was nothingness. I was very much concerned over the possibility of us passing the camp and descending too far.

"Listen," Ralph broke the stillness, "I can hear them; they're whispering and laughing."

I bent my head and pulled my parka from my ears, but they were filled only by the cold murmur of the wind. We continued.

Perhaps a half hour later Ralph called to me again. "Do you know what the trouble is?" he asked. "They're hiding from us."

"I don't think so, Ralph," I answered.

"I'm sure of it," he said; "I can hear them."

I was reluctant to disagree with him too vocally, for fear of incurring his hostility. If he became strongly antagonistic I could never get him back to base camp.

A huge bank of crevasses faintly loomed through the fog. I stopped, squinting my eyes and demanding my brain to recall their altitude.

My thoughts were interrupted by some activity on the rope. I turned to see Ralph's empty canteen bottle tumbling toward me, and in another direction, Ralph chasing a rolling flare into a badly crevassed area.

"Ralph, let it go," I ordered. He stopped and looked at me.

"They cost two dollars each," he answered.

"That's O.K., get your canteen," I shouted.

Somewhat reluctantly he turned and headed for his canteen, which had stopped its wild roll. Our plod continued.

It was almost 5 p.m. when Ralph shouted, "Wait."

I stopped and turned to him.

"I can hear the hissing of the stove," he said.

We had now been without food or water for almost thirty hours at an altitude that exerts a tremendous dehydrating effect. We had been without sleep for almost thirty-six hours. I turned away from him and continued walking.

Sometime later I stopped to look at a ridge protruding eerily into my field of vision. I thought we were at about 16,500 feet. If this was correct we were almost to base camp, but I couldn't be sure.

Ralph was sitting in the snow swinging the end of a rope around in front of him, which I thought was one



of his sling ropes. His pack was laying in a heap in the snow.

"Come on, Ralph," I said. There was obvious irritation in my voice.

"I have to do something," he answered.

"Don't bother, let's go, it's only a little farther," I lied.

Every time I paused, attempting to determine our location, Ralph would perform some bizarre act. I was becoming increasingly worried about the weather and our physical condition. Even if the weather held, a time was coming when we would be too exhausted and disoriented to rendezvous with the rest of our party. Just how much time we had, I didn't know, but I hated to waste it.

Ralph got up, dropped the rope he had been toying with, and started toward me. A sense of alarm passed through me and I realized he had unroped.

"Ralph," I shouted, "rope up!"

"You said not to bother," he answered.

"Never mind what I said — rope up," I commanded.

He began looping the rope around his waist.

"Put your pack on, too," I shouted.

He looped it over one shoulder and began walking. I almost said something, and then thought if that's the way he wants to carry it, that's his business.

It took several steps before I realized that I couldn't let him travel that way, both because of fatigue and the possible loss of his pack. I stopped and turned toward him. I wondered if I could reason with him.

"Ralph, come here," I called.

He trudged up to me. I grabbed his upper arms and looked into his grizzly face, with an equally grizzly face. I sought his eyes and tried desperately to reach him, deep inside a cave of thirst, hunger and exhaustion.

"Ralph," I said slowly, emphasizing each word, "we're in trouble." I paused a moment to let it sink in. "We conquered this mountain, but nobody's ever going to know it unless we can find camp. Our only chance is to work together. I need your help." I was hoping that somehow I could reconnect him with reality.

He put his pack on, and we started out again.

A short time later we came upon a small cache of supplies. It was the remains of our camp at 16,350 feet. Apparently our party had decided to drop to a lower altitude. They had said something of this before we separated, so while we were disappointed, we weren't completely surprised. I was sure they would adequately mark the

route down from there. Ralph was performing better now. For the first time in untold hours, the tension began to ease somewhat.

We trudged onward, and there in the distance was a red wand marking the route. We continued to follow them, seeing familiar landmarks on the way down to fifteen thousand feet, where we expected to find camp.

And then, through the haze, the faint silhouette of our tents — or was it another illusion?

"Yo!" I hollered.

A muffled but distinct "Yo" floated back to me. We had at last found camp.

We trudged wearily in, sat down, and removed our cramp-ons. We drank a canteenful of water that had been leaning against one of their packs, and we each opened a tin of meat and consumed it greedily. None of our party had come out of the tents, or even spoken a greeting.

Shaking off the snow I crawled into my tent. Ralph crawled into his.

"Hi," I said quietly.

"Hi," Kenn said.

"Hi," said Ron.

I began pulling off my outer clothes. "How's Helen?" I asked.

"Fine," said Kenn. A lot you care, he thought to himself. You guys left her for us to take down. A climbing party should stick together, especially if someone's sick. Some doctor you are.

I finished removing my clothing and crawled into my sleeping bag. God, I was glad Helen was all right; but there was nothing I could do for her as a doctor that anyone else couldn't do. Warmth, food, water and a lower altitude was what she had required.

Kenn twisted uncomfortably in his sleeping bag and thought of how he could explain his second defeat on Mount McKinley. Seven hundred feet, he silently grimaced.

I lay there with my eyes open. They hadn't asked if we had reached the summit. I had the feeling they were afraid to ask, for fear we had been successful. I knew their disappointment was intense. I had specifically asked each of them to go to the summit, together or with me. In fact, I had asked them so I could forever be content with the fact that they had had their opportunity. I didn't know why I had to be ashamed about it. If no one had reached the summit, Helen would be blamed, I thought. It was a comfortable rationalization now, but I had never thought of it while climbing. Finally I spoke.

"Kenn, we reached the summit. Somebody had to do it. You know it was only the result of our combined effort that put us there; our expedition is now a successful one."

Several seconds elapsed before he quietly answered.

"Congratulations," he said.

I didn't know if he was sincere or not, but I knew he would never forgive us.



Dr. Gene Mason

Nearing Karsten's Ridge





# CONFESSIONS OF A RENEWED ALUMNUS

By Judge Tom Wicker

There is no doubt in my mind of Pi Kappa Alpha's pre-eminence in the fraternity world. Pi Kappa Alpha is one of the leaders, one of the front-runners, among Greek fraternities at this time.

Very few of the nearly 80,000 living Pi Kappa Alpha alumni have the chance I recently had to make that judgement. I was one of three alumni who had only occasional contact with the Fraternity to be asked to serve on Pi Kappa Alpha's Alumni Committee. I observed IKA's stature following an interesting meeting of the Alumni Committee at the Memorial Headquarters in Memphis, Tennessee, last January.

I have no doubt that any other Pike alumnus who was thrust from the ranks of the uninvolved into the Headquarters' board room for a weekend conference with the professional staff and a group of top alumni would come away equally impressed. I'm sure my Pike experience parallels that of many others — four years of active, fun-filled involvement followed by many years of relative obscurity where IKA is concerned. It's too bad every alumnus can't be a member of the Alumni Committee — at least for one weekend in his life.

I was invited to join the committee by Chairman Joe Turner, a Supreme Council vice president overseeing alumni relations. It was a great and unexpected surprise. I was delighted, however, that Pi Kappa Alpha even wanted to consider the views of an alumnus like myself in the planning of programs. Very innovative idea.

The first of many positive impressions was the size and beauty of the Memorial Headquarters. I was tremendously impressed by the stateliness and architectural majesty of the building. The interior and furnishings were in exquisite good taste. On tour, I found the exhibits interesting and attractive. In particular, the first minutes and Preamble as written by our Founders, had me reliving many of my most enjoyable moments from the past.

My second impression early in the weekend was the quality of the other committee members. My roommate — and I hadn't had a roommate in many years, other than my wife — was past President of the American Medical Association Dr. Malcolm C. Todd. The distinguished alumnus is now President of the International College of Surgeons and was President Nixon's personal physician.

*Alumni Committee (l-r) Brick Lowry, Dr. Malcolm Todd, Ed Pease, Mike Fletcher and Joe Turner.*







Frank Ivey



Judge Wicker hears cases on the Twenty-fourth Judicial District Court bench in Gretna, La. He was president of the Tulane Alumni Association, 1970-71 and is currently a member of IKA's Alumni Committee.

W. E. "Brick" Lowry. He's an emeritus professor at Sam Houston State University, a highly respected educator whose sharp wit and timely ideas were most impressive in light of his 72 years of living experience.

Frank Ivey. The SMU alumni director is an energetic, idea-oriented young man who I found very interesting.

Joe Turner. Chairman of the committee, he is an alumni relations expert from Clemson University. He conducted the meeting with organization and order.

Ed Pease. An impressive young law student who has worked hard for Pi Kappa Alpha as both a volunteer officer and a member of the staff.

And speaking of the staff, they're not a bunch of stumblebumps who couldn't get a job anywhere else!

Pat Halloran, Executive Director, is very dynamic. A city councilman in Memphis, he is quite obviously a leader in his community. John Kaegi, Director of Communications, and Mike Fletcher, Director of Alumni Affairs, were continually providing valuable input and exciting challenges and ideas during the meeting. They are definitely assets to our Fraternity and living tributes to Pi Kappa Alpha's eminence.

Perhaps most impressive was the interaction between these committee members composed largely of alumni who had not had much contact with IKA, but who took time out from their busy

schedules to become involved. It was obvious that the Fraternity is genuinely interested in obtaining greater and more meaningful involvement from its alumni. They are pursuing every avenue, and there is no doubt they are determined to achieve this goal.

Exemplary of IKA's leadership is the number of firsts it has in the fraternity world. Pi Kappa Alpha was the first fraternity to use a complete line of audio-visual aids for rush, pledge education, public relations and other programs. We saw and were impressed by one of the slide shows.

We were the first to be accepted by a major alumni directory publishing company which previously served only university alumni associations. (And we broke all records for directory sales.) We also were first to introduce modern and dynamic leadership development programs, mixed-media publishing and other communication devices. And, perhaps most important to me, we were first to revamp our alumni program on a professional scale similar to most university alumni offices.

Finally, I observed the loyalty of the committee members both to their committee responsibility and to the concept that IKA is a lifetime experience. Although we get away from IKA on a daily basis, we never really lose contact. One visit to the Memorial Headquarters will stimulate any alumnus' fond memories and create a renewed commitment to Pi Kappa Alpha.

Not to forget the meeting itself, I found the interchange of ideas and reactions most stimulating. We gave priority to the problem of finding and keeping quality chapter advisors — alumni who work locally with the chapter providing assistance and suggestions. Most good IKA chapters have the common trait of a loyal advisor standing behind them through the years. That's our "A-number-one" problem and we're determined to find the answer.

We also suggested closer cooperation between the general fund and Memorial Foundation in their solicitation of gifts from alumni, more effective training of undergraduate alumni secretaries for improved chapter alumni relations and publications, better publicity for alumni programs, greater fiscal priority for communicating with alumni, the formation of an alumni base for the 1978 San Francisco Convention and closer evaluation of alumni services to make sure they actually meet a IKA-related need.

My life was broadened immeasurably by coming to this meeting. I've met people I never expected to meet. I enjoyed an intellectual and social experience in IKA I never thought I'd enjoy again.

I can assure you, Pi Kappa Alpha is a lifetime experience.





There are a lot of nice girls on Pike calendars. This year alone, at least 350 coeds appeared on some 27 dream girl calendars published by chapters. Some of the beauties were professionally posed and photographed. Others were subjects of student photographers. Regardless how they ended up on Pike calendars, they're each promoting our Fraternity (and usually their sorority).

Many Pi Kappa Alpha Chapters have found calendar publishing a hard way to earn a couple hundred bucks profit selling ads--but notoriously fun. The Pike publishing reputation is spreading nationwide as is the appreciation for them on their campuses.

Few claim calendars really help rush, but no one disputes their public relations value.

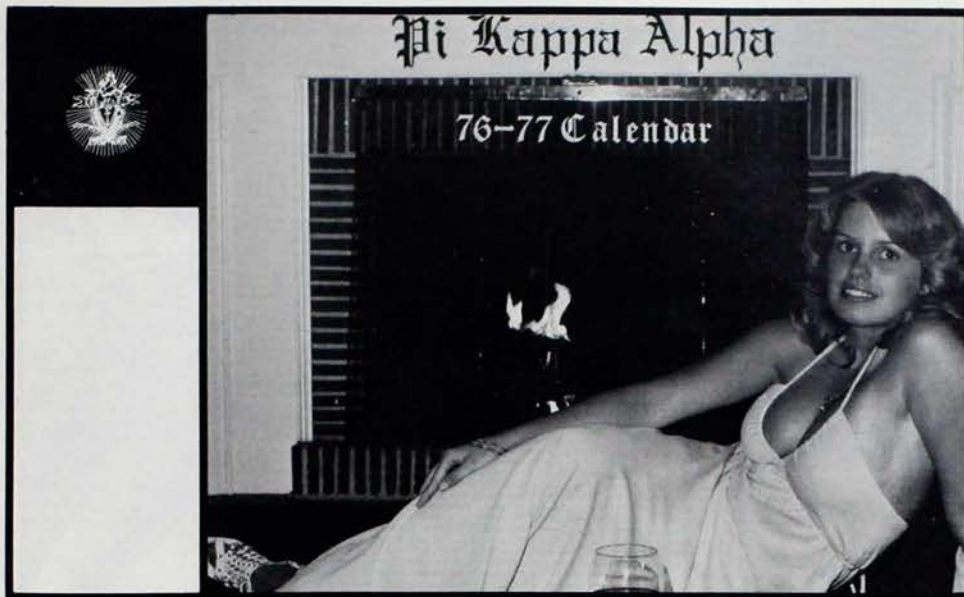
So it's about time we started recognizing these efforts--and these nice girls. Here is our first and hopefully annual attempt at patting a few hard-working chapters on the back for a job well done. Beginning on page 14 are the most attractive calendar girls of the month (according to our subjective judgement) and other categories of achievement for 1976. (Judging based on attractiveness of both subject and design).

Miss November  
Rhonda Feuhring  
University of Illinois

**What's  
a nice  
girl  
like you  
doing**

**on a calendar like this?**






## Best Cover

Patty Murphy  
Texas@ Arlington  
(Eta Upsilon)

### Finalists:

Tennessee  
(Zeta)




Eastern Illinois  
(Zeta Gamma)






## Pi Kappa Alpha

### Dream Girl Calendar

1975-1976

**Delta Tau**  
**Arizona State University**

**Best Calendar:**



Arizona State  
(Delta Tau)

**Finalists:**

Tennessee  
(Zeta)



Illinois  
(Beta Eta)

West Florida  
(Eta Pi)

**Most Attractive Dream Girl (off cover):**

Sherrie Sullivan  
Eastern Kentucky  
(Zeta Tau)

**Most Attractive Dream Girl (off cover) Finalist:**

Donna Vajda  
Arizona State  
(Delta Tau)




**Most Attractive Dream Girl (off cover) Finalist:**

Linda Tugwell  
West Florida  
(Eta Pi)



# JAN.

## Miss January:

Colleen Schmidt  
West Florida  
(Eta Pi)

## Finalists:

Illinois  
(Beta Eta)

Arizona State  
(Delta Tau)



# FEB.

## Miss February:

Pam Wills  
Arkansas @ L.R.  
(Zeta Eta)

## Finalists:

Kansas State  
@ Pittsburg  
(Epsilon Chi)

Idaho  
(Zeta Mu)



# MAR.

## Miss March:

Linda Bruce  
Arizona State  
(Delta Tau)

Finalists:  
Iowa State  
(Alpha Phi)

Illinois  
(Beta Eta)



# APR.

Miss April:  
Debra Daugnette  
West Florida  
(Eta Pi)

## Finalists:

Arizona State  
(Delta Tau)

Austin Peay  
(Eta Tau)



# MAY

## Miss May:

Karen Eubanks  
Eastern Kentucky  
(Zeta Tau)

## Finalists:

Kansas State  
@ Pittsburg  
(Epsilon Chi)

West Florida  
(Eta Pi)



# JUNE.

## Miss June:

Vickie Wilson  
Murray State  
(Epsilon Lambda)

## Finalists:

Arizona State  
(Delta Tau)

Eastern Illinois  
(Zeta Gamma)





# J L Y.

**Miss July:**

Barb Ammentorp  
Arizona State  
(Delta Tau)

**Finalists:**

Iowa State  
(Alpha Phi)

Eastern Illinois  
(Zeta Gamma)



# A U G.

**Miss August:**

Kim Miller  
Illinois  
(Beta Eta)

**Finalists:**

Indiana  
(Delta Xi)

Arizona State  
(Delta Tau)



# S E P.

**Miss September:**

Sherrie Kesterson  
Tennessee  
(Zeta)

**Finalists:**

Kansas State  
@ Pittsburg  
(Epsilon Chi)

Eastern Illinois  
(Zeta Gamma)



# O C T.

**Miss October:**

Sharon Vantreesse  
Texas@ Arlington  
(Eta Upsilon)

**Finalists:**

Tennessee  
(Zeta)

Indiana  
(Delta Xi)



# N O V.

**Miss November:**

Rhonda Feuhring  
Illinois  
(Beta Eta)

**Finalists:**

Tennessee  
(Zeta)

North Dakota  
(Zeta Rho)



# D E C.

**Miss December:**

Jan Miller  
Illinois  
(Beta Eta)

**Finalists:**

Tennessee  
(Zeta)

Austin Peay  
(Eta Tau)





It's a chicken or egg enigma. Are quality rushees attracted by a good chapter which just happens to flaunt its success in a spicy rush book? Or is it the rush book itself which gives Pi Kappa Alpha an irresistible aura?

One thing for certain. Rush is more challenging than ever and more Pi Kappa Alpha chapters are moving up from the challenger position to that of the challengee. And many of those chapters are publishing impressive rush "magazines." Florida State, Miami University (Ohio), Texas and University of Miami come to mind.

Florida State originally used the rush magazine format in 1972 to establish themselves as THE fraternity to beat at FSU. Though competition gets more intense every year, Delta Lambda chapter has remained atop and has published PIKEBOY continuously. Last fall the chapter pledged 32 men.

The other three schools began



# The anatomy of a

By R. John Kaegi  
Editor

Above. Miami's (Ohio) PiKA and Florida



## Pi Kappa Alpha



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Steve Givens  
Mark Jost

### CANFIELD

Ken Nemes  
Jeff Rogers

### CINCINNATI AREA

Kevin Pappas  
Mark Givens  
Jerry Givens  
Steve Moore  
Bill Nemes  
Doug Pappas  
Keith Schaeffer

### MANITOWISH

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## sh book

PIKEBOY. Left, Brotherhood illustrated (PIKA).

the rush magazine idea last spring. All led their campuses in rush (36 at MU; 39 at UT; 25 at UM).

Without a proper image and reputation, pledging quantity and quality can be as elusive as a late date with a cute cheerleader. On your side is the fact that it is easier to create confidence, strength and self-esteem in a group, even if it hasn't got it, than it is in an individual who is shy, soft and introverted. A group can rely upon the talents of its combined membership to psyche itself into a rush advantage.

If you want to see those freshmen bursting with pride to be associated with the Pikes, consider publishing a rush magazine. Touting IKA in pictures not

only impresses rushees; it builds a visible confidence and pride among your members.

Pausing, I caution that a rush magazine is not for every chapter. There are minimum requirements. Such as having a medium-to-large chapter with saleable members. (Just like in advertising, you must put your best foot forward which means showing off your sharp-looking members and sexy little sisters, or girlfriends, or any females who are attractive and happen to be at a Pike function in the photographer's range.)

Speaking of photographers, it is advisable that you have access to a good one who uses 35mm equipment. He will need to snap up to 500 photos to get 50-100 useable shots.

You must also have enough cash to pay for printing the magazine. For 500 copies of a 16-page, black-and-white 8½-inch by 11-inch page size publication, figure on spending about \$500. The greater the volume, the lower the price-per-book. That means your chapter will have to get several printers' bids based on a sketched format or a copy of another chapter's magazine. Knowing the up-front expenditure, the chapter must determine the book's value in next fall's rush. Do you have a big chapter now (or mad money), but see rush as vital next fall? Are you willing to pay the price to become number one? Do you have members with a publishing knack and a chapter consensus favoring the project? If the book can be justified on any reasonable basis, you should read on.

Where to begin? I assume you have one or more writer/designers. Start by selecting an editor and a special publication committee. Unlike the calendar committee, salesmen are not necessary since rush books don't use advertising (although it is worth considering). The committee should be large enough to

take the burden off of one or two men, but small enough to avoid "designed by committee" bugaboo. Suggestion: three-man committee.

Ask the chapter to brainstorm at the next meeting on subjects to be included in the rush magazine. Delta Gamma chapter's PIKA highlights the fraternity's purpose, social activities, athletics (and varsity athletes), campus involvement/leadership, little sisters (a lot of pretty faces) and traditions. Delta Lambda's PIKEBOY adds "People Around the Pike House" (famous visitors and speakers), prominent IKA alumni and a summary of IKA nationally.

While the photographer (hopefully a committee member) is snapping away, the designer should be laying out the format. (You should have had a good idea of what you wanted when you presented the prototype or example to the printers for price estimates.) PIKA is 16-page, self-cover (page one is the cover). PIKEBOY is 16 pages with separate cover making 20 pages in all. The former is printed on a quality, white, 60-pound, offset, enamel paper while the latter uses 70-pound paper of similar quality (and a heavy, bright-white cover stock). It's wise to spend a little more for quality paper that makes the images jump out at the reader than to go half way with inferior paper stock. Both are one-color (black) throughout, although Delta Lambda splurged this year adding red as a second color. One- or two-color is advised to save money.

All rush magazines should be heavily picture-oriented. All covers should be dominated by a single, close-up photograph, preferably of an attractive female associate of the chapter. Simplicity is divine in magazine design — especially for a novice artist. Picture assignments start with an all-house shot with mem-



bers in coat-and-tie, arranged in a casual, but sober, pose. Composite is acceptable. Other photos include individual shots of star athletes, leaders and scholars, dream girl and any beauty queens associated with the chapter. Don't forget calendar cover-girls or recent dream girls if quality photos are available.

Group pictures should always

the rush magazine caps the sale with words. The editor should write interesting but concise captions and copy. Copy should leave a distinct flavor of the Pike experience and a selling point on every page. Headlines should briefly tell the story of each picture sequence in large (48 pt. or larger), bold, clean type. All copy, captions and headlines should be typeset using a mini-

must know how much of the photo you want to use and what size it is to be printed, and the relationship between shape and size must agree.

Your design and copy are enticing, your photos brilliant; you now turn it all over to the printer who you've kept advised as to your deadline and printing schedule. He will prepare "mechanicals" (pasted-up copy



be candid and include photos of parties, beach or mountain trips, athletic activities, expressions of brotherhood and unity and action shots of interest to non-members (rushees). Avoid emphasis on drinking, sex (though pretty girls in sophisticated photography draw the eye), rowdiness or grossness. You know what I mean. Keep it relatively clean so you wouldn't be afraid to show it to your mother. After all, it may be the parents who make or break your attempt to pledge the top rushee.

Though picture dominated,

num number of column widths (one or two, max.) by the printer or local typesetter. Don't forget to edit for spelling and punctuation, either!

You will know how much copy to write when your final design is completed. Small pictures are not interesting. Keep photos as large as possible avoiding the trite collage. Suggestion: get an art or journalism professor to critique your design before you start the copy-writing stage. He can also help you crop and size the photographs to maximize their impact. The printer

and photo positioning) for your approval. Any major changes should have been made by now, but this is your last economical opportunity to make a change. Ask for a proof copy before printing plates are made, just in case. Suggestion: allow three to six weeks for the entire printing process.

Oh! One last idea. Make your alumni proud. Send copies to key grads and display your magazine at homecoming and Founders' Day — along with your great new pledge class.



# Footprints on the sands of time



Roy Hickman



Andrew Knight

Is self discipline a dying attribute? Can we really "leave behind us footprints on the sands of time" as Longfellow suggests? Or are we conversely being "like dumb, driven cattle?"

Two past national presidents who learned discipline's value in their Pi Kappa Alpha experience recently revealed how they were conditioned to succeed as undergraduates.

Roy Hickman, a 1923 initiate of Beta Delta (New Mexico), was national president from 1940-46. He is chairman of the board of Alabama Engraving Co. and Platemakers, Inc. of Birmingham. Brother Hickman was president of Rotary International and has headed many local and statewide organizations. He received the Fraternity's 1973 Distinguished Achievement Award.

Andrew "Hank" Knight, a 1922 initiate of Alpha Pi (Samsford), was IKA's national president from 1948-50. An attorney, Brother Knight was senior general attorney and assistant secretary for the United States Steel Corp. until his recent retirement. He is active in community affairs heading up many organizations and serving on the national council of Boy Scouts of America.

The interviewer is Dr. Jerry Reel, national IKA president from 1974-76. He is associate professor of history at Clemson University while serving IKA as national historian and a member of IKA's Education Committee.

**Dr. Reel:** You both have had the opportunity to be with chapters over a long period of time.

**Mr. Knight:** We have been with the boys, right there in the middle of things.

**Dr. Reel:** What was the chapter like when you were in school? How large was it?

**Mr. Knight:** I would say about 35-50.

**Dr. Reel:** So it hasn't really changed dramatically?

**Mr. Knight:** That's right, but it was a good size for that school, then. We had four fraternities and that was all we could handle.

**Mr. Hickman:** Well, after the War, we had chapters of 125 men.

**Mr. Knight:** You had to be a brother. When they called you brother, they meant brother — they didn't mean somebody that I just knew casually. They wanted to know all about you in rush.

**Mr. Hickman:** Another thing that seemed to strike me was the respect that they had for you as an officer of the chapter. Boy, to be president of the chapter really was something.

**Dr. Reel:** This is interesting, particularly in light of the fact that the chapter was about the same size as it is today — or larger. People criticize the chapter now as being so big that it is impersonal. Apparently it shouldn't be that way.

**Mr. Knight:** It was really something, then, to be selected most



valuable man of Alpha Pi chapter of IKA. There was a lot of competition for the jobs on campus that would help your fraternity. I was fighting to be the most valuable man in IKA with Gene Dawson, who was the son of a Baptist preacher, a very brilliant man. But he had too many other interests. I was just competitive by nature and it gave me an opportunity to develop.

**Mr. Hickman:** But most everything was done for the *fraternity*. It was the challenge that you had to be *worthy* of your membership.

**Dr. Reel:** Did you have a formal rush and pledge period?

**Mr. Knight:** We didn't have quite as strict rushing rules in those days and it wasn't too complicated. If we missed the young man when he first came to school, after we got to seeing how he operated around there, and if we liked him, we pledged him then. It didn't make much difference when.

**Mr. Hickman:** We didn't have any set rule that you couldn't pledge until a certain semester at New Mexico, so they pledged you as soon as they wanted to. In fact, they met me at the railroad station. I was in Clovis, New Mexico. My uncle had a ranch out there and it was there where I would spend my summers. A IKA in town took me to the university and was really responsible for my pledging.

But we always initiated on March 1st.

**Dr. Reel:** I was initiated on Founders' Day, too.

**Mr. Hickman:** That system apparently kept up, then. Do they have pledge daddies and big brothers now?

**Dr. Reel:** Yes, they do in most chapters.

**Mr. Hickman:** I tell you, that was the greatest thing in the world. I remember this pledge daddy of mine, Frank Neher. He was

interested and he watched my grades.

For instance, they had an oratorical contest in the state of New Mexico when I was a pledge at Beta Delta and Frank had dug into my background and had found out that I delivered a high school commencement address. So he said, "I want you to enter this oratorical contest."

He and I went down to the Methodist Church in Albuquerque and day after day I practiced this speech over and over and over. If it hadn't been for Frank Neher, I'd have never won it. I won it. Because I was told that I had to win it for the Fraternity. *Win it for the Fraternity.*

Well, that was true with many different things they wanted. In my junior year they said, "you've got to be a football man." So I went out. I weighed 110 dripping wet. I went up to this big coach and told him I wanted to come out and he looked at me and said, "You can't even carry a bucket of water." But it was my job for the Fraternity. I became water boy and trainer. Then, I had to be president of the student body because the Fraternity had set that out for me.

**Dr. Reel:** Hank, did you ever notice in Alpha Pi chapter that they expected of their men to be involved on campus?

**Mr. Knight:** Oh, of course. There has always been a lot of competition among fraternities at Samford.

**Mr. Hickman:** Well, the thing that has confused me about the Fraternity now for years is the fact that there seems to be a trend to get away from developing the individual members. They are now looking beyond the campus. They are out working and doing things that civic clubs are doing and I think that is wrong.

I think if a youngster goes to

college and gets his grades and is a leader on campus and develops the fraternity, he will be a leader when he gets outside. I think the Fraternity is a greater proving ground for later life than anything you can be involved in. Today, whatever success I might have had in any phase — a lot of it came from my early training as a pledge and then as an active.

What did they do? They started me out with the idea that I had to accomplish something on campus. An upperclassmen said, "Alright, you're going to be president of the student body" or "You're going to edit the newspaper or annual." They gave me goals and the training and experience for later life.

You've got to get along with people. I don't care whether you have all the money in the world, you still have to get along. I think we must emphasize the value of developing a young man while he is in college. If he studies, learns discipline, learns how to live with people with different attitudes and backgrounds, why, it'll be the best practical experience for later life he could get.

**Dr. Reel:** Are you concerned about excessive time spent on community service projects?

**Mr. Hickman:** Yes. Why wouldn't they be better off if they were achieving something on their campus — making a name for themselves — rather than outside activities.

No one is more interested in crippled children than I am, but I think students' place is on the campus to develop themselves and their fraternity.

**Mr. Knight:** What they are doing reflects the revolution of the 1960's. They are putting aside hard concentration on a particular subject they are majoring in for all this welfare. We are all interested in human welfare — compassion as the Democrats say. A little project can be good.



But they take it on a large scale and it takes a great part of their time. It might be thrilling to meet community leaders, but I agree with Roy that other community clubs should be doing that work, not the fraternity.

I'll tell you, and I'm old enough to tell, the time for the hard grind of learning is when you are young and can take it. You have to be around people and work with people to learn how to relate to them. Nobody is going to be a real success until he learns how to relate. There is no better place to start than a fraternity. And there is plenty to do there without taking on these big projects where a lot of money and planning and working goes into it.

**Dr. Reel:** It's going to take alumni like yourselves to provide that kind of insight. How do we get good alumnus advisors?

**Mr. Knight:** I spoke on that topic back in 1938 at the Los Angeles Convention. About how the efforts of the alumnus counselor were unsung. Some of the alumni just have local interest. Some don't want to go beyond their immediate community.

**Dr. Reel:** Roy, do you remember now any alumni from Beta Delta who were involved with the chapter?

**Mr. Hickman:** Well, the old guard was always interested. They would come up to the estufa where we met and they kept in touch. And, then, through the years the actives cut them off. There was an era where they didn't ask for advice and so they got away from it. Now you have some of the old boys coming back.

Glenn Emmons wrote me the other day and said they had a marvelous alumni meeting there and they were bringing back some of the old boys.

All you need to do is pay them a little attention. As we grow older, a lot of us feel like

the chapter is only interested in us for our money. They never write unless they ask for money. If they would just pay these old boys a little attention, then, when they came to the house and saw where improvements

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**Tell me not, in mournful numbers,  
"life is but an empty dream!"  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.**

**Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
"Dust thou art,  
To dust returnest,"  
Was not spoken of the soul.**

**Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act, that each tomorrow  
Finds us farther than today.**

**Art is long, and time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.**

**In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of Life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
Be a hero in the strife!**

**Trust no Future, how'er pleasant!  
Let the dead Past bury its dead!  
Act, act in the living Present!  
Heart within, and God o'erhead!**

**Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time;**

**Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forelorn and shipwrecked brother  
Seeing, shall take heart again.**

**Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing  
Learn to labor and to wait.**

The Psalm of Life  
by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

needed to be made, nine times out of 10 they would volunteer their help. All the chapter need do is invite them.

**Dr. Reel:** I was pleased with the Memphis Convention last summer because I saw a re-awakening of interest in the Fraternity's alumni.

**Mr. Hickman:** Oh yes. I think all the chapters have to do is just keep in touch. I mean, just pick out somebody and be sure he comes back. Then assign someone to him. It has been my impression that you go to a chapter at homecoming and they are glad to see you and you sit down and eat and the first thing you know they are all gone. Here you are standing holding your thumb with nothing to do.

**Mr. Knight:** Some of the boys still do it right. I went to dinner the other night with the boys from Samford, and those students just had a night of it. They invited all the faculty. They knew how to pay attention to us. I mean, they *wanted* to talk to us and *wanted* to be friendly.

**Mr. Hickman:** I think the development of a chapter is no different today than it was forty or fifty years ago. It is simply that you must work at the job of how to get along with people.

**Dr. Reel:** And that takes self discipline.

**Mr. Knight:** Many of these country boys come in here and don't have any manners or any kind of social graces. By watching the actives, they learn.

**Dr. Reel:** Last week I was in Williamsburg, Virginia, for the Bicentennial Celebration of the fraternity system. Margaret Chase Smith was our luncheon speaker and she remarked that the purpose of the fraternity was to set up goals of excellence for its members to follow. She used a little phrase, "and to lick the young cubs into shape." I think you men have been saying the same thing today.



## The celebration



Dr. Jerry Reel, I., past President of Pi Kappa Alpha, reviews final draft of the Fraternity Bicentennial Commission with Indiana Chancellor Herman B. Wells.

(compiled from various reports)

It was a cold autumn day, more reminiscent perhaps of Lexington than Williamsburg. The colonial Virginian village huddled ready for another group of travelers and conventioners in the waning days of the nation's bicentennial. This group, however, was glowing with the warmth of friendship, and united in cause. They represented the social and professional fraternity world which was celebrating its 200th anniversary along side of the nation that spawned it.

Each of the four major interfraternity conferences were there. The National Panhellenic Conference (for female fraternities) established in 1902. The National Interfraternity Conference established in 1909. The Professional Panhellenic Association founded in 1925. The Professional Interfraternity Conference established in 1928. They have in common the establishment of the American Greek-letter fraternity system by Phi Beta Kappa founded as Societas Philosophae in 1776 at William and Mary College in Williamsburg.

Pi Kappa Alpha was represented by past National President Jerry Reel, a member of the American College Fraternity Bicentennial Commission which was finalizing its study of the Greek system, past, present and future. He was joined by Brother Garth Jenkins representing the Southeast Interfraternity Council and Auburn University, Dr. John Mohr, IFC advisor at Franklin College, and IKA Supreme Council Vice Presidents Billy LaForge and Joe Turner. William and Mary IFC President Bob Thompson, a member of Gamma chapter, narrated a slide show history of the American fraternity, and was highly praised for exemplifying the ideal undergraduate fraternity man.

Thursday, Dec. 2, was Interfraternity Day, the highlight of the four-day gathering initiated by meetings of the conferences, commissions and foundations.

"Tonight we do have something to smile about," said Senator John Tower, a Kappa Sigma alumnus who keynoted the featured banquet substituting for President Gerald Ford. "We have turned the corner, and we are assured of the viability of the



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system." He added, "The fraternity is a stabilizing influence on campuses. One out of proportion to its numbers. Why defeat a system that does so much for so many?"

Earlier that day former Senator Margaret Chase Smith, a Sigma Kappa, praised Greeks for being "champions of leadership, civility, kindness and excellence."

The day was not without ceremony and entertainment. Historic Raleigh Tavern, birthplace of Phi Beta Kappa, was the focal point of a tour which included much of the historic town. The costumed Williamsburg Madrigal Singers and the striking Queen's Guard of the College were effective mood setters. Handsome medallions were struck for the occasion and given to guests.

The banquet was a joyous occasion of award-giving, singing and oration. It climaxed, and according to some was the only climax of, the first of many celebrations of fraternity growth in America.

#### **Commission findings**

The nearly 80-member Bicentennial Commission met in Williamsburg to approve the statement of the vital issues that fraternities would face in the next 25 years. It concluded a six-month study which "points the way to a more complete partnership between a dynamic, modern fraternity system and changing institutions of higher education," said Dr. Herman B. Wells, Indiana University chancellor.

Denying the intention to produce a "master plan" the commission attacked instead the process of change as it applies to a chief education concern: What can be done to enable each student to realize his human potentiality?

Given the durability it recognized in the fraternity system, the commission assumed the system would survive into the third millenium. It defined as critical fraternity issues of the next quarter-century:

- \* How well it can foster the personal development of each of its members.
- \* How well it can accommodate a more diverse membership.

- \* How well it can adapt itself to whatever changes may come about in the academic community.
- \* How well it can involve its alumni in the life of the chapter.
- \* How well it can transmit its heritage of ideals, values and principles.
- \* How well it can carry out its ethic of service.
- \* How well it can sustain itself without having to rely on a chapter house as the center of activities.

The commission indicated strong feeling that fraternities will remain self governing despite continued prospect of governmental intervention. The chapter, of its own desire and supported by its alumni, will move toward greater diversity in its active membership of age, religion and race. Chapter programming will include cultural and intellectual activities. Within the chapter, the rituals, whether secret or public, will continue to be of importance. The national fraternity will stress and coordinate cultural activities, and it will provide personal developmental programs for all its members. An intense orientation to the fraternity will remain important in pledge education, but the understanding of self, the relationship of the brother to his companions and the deep moral responsibilities called forth by the fraternity will become the basis of education.

How the public will perceive the fraternity demanded considerable speculation and frustration. Members were frustrated by the lack of concern for fraternities by planners of student personnel conferences and by the admissions offices of many colleges.

"The commission came up with no startling insights, much to the disappointment of many members," said Brother Reel. "The true thrust was that each fraternity must encourage moral conduct and a sense of honor among its members." He added, "President Jefferson's qualifications for a natural aristocracy — talent and virtue — are ideally the standards. And when scrupulously maintained, they insure the validity and continuation of the fraternity."



# PERSONALITIES



Koppel



Wicker

## It's no joke...

Gerald Ford cooks his own breakfasts. Jimmy Carter attends PTA meetings. But ABC-TV news commentator Ted Koppel does it all — all the meals, all the cleaning, shopping and chauffeuring. And "it's not a joke," says the 36-year-old Syracuse (Alpha Chi) grad. He is taking on the household chores with the same sobriety with which he covered Vietnam, Nixon and Kissinger.

He's been labeled by the media a "househusband." But his temporary sacrifice — confronting salesmen, hungry children and muddy shoes — is not the result of a "marriage vow" as *The New York Times* reported. "That's a lot of bull," says Ted.

Brother Koppel's 1962 marriage to Grace Anne interrupted her doctoral study at Stanford University six months shy of her degree. They have often discussed ways she could complete her education — how she could rise above the typical housewife role.

"It would never happen so long as I kept doing what I was doing for ABC for the past 13 years," he explains. It came down to working out a deal with Bill Sheehan, president of ABC News, for two semesters off to raise kids and tend the home while Grace Anne attends law school at Georgetown.

"I don't mind being kidded about my dishpan hands," says Ted. "In fact, the publicity of a public figure gets for doing something like this makes the job easier. But it's unfair. Most women get absolutely no recognition for it and that's the most difficult thing about being a housewife. Her work is only noticed if it's not done."

The relaxed, refreshing style of this political reporter will be viewed full-time again in June. In the meantime, he's still anchoring the Weekend News, taping daily two-minute commentaries and writing a book with Marvin Kalb.

In the *National Interest*, a fictional if realistic story of a future secretary of state who is involved in a Mid-East shuffle, will be published in September by Simon and Shuster.

"The title pretty well gets into the

theme," says Koppel. "Using that caveat, every country in the world is able to cover up a multitude of injustices for 'the national interest.'"

He and Kalb created a 135-page outline for the book nearly two years ago and have worked on it since. It is based heavily upon their experiences as political reporters. How many housewives in America would be able to draw upon that kind of knowledge to write a book in their spare time?

## What's in a name?

When Brother Tom Wicker, Eta (Tulane), was president of the Tulane Alumni Association in 1971, he and other school officials visited Washington, D.C. for a banquet honoring four distinguished Tulane alumni who were members of Congress. President Nixon paid an unexpected visit to the head table shaking hands with the dignitaries.

When he came to Judge Wicker who now sits on the Twenty-fourth Judicial District Court bench in Gretna, La., he greeted Wicker warmly and enthusiastically turning the heads of the pleasantly surprised Tulane officials around him. They were elated to see the President greet him so warmly, until as Mr. Nixon was leaving he remarked, "I read your column yesterday."

Chuckling as they realized the mistaken identity, Wicker's friends knew the President had thought the judge was actually the Tom Wicker, Tau (North Carolina), who was associate editor of the *New York Times* and highly critical of the Nixon administration. (Both Tom Wickers are distinguished IKA alumni.) The Tulane officials began, then, to dispare over future federal funds to their school.

A few months later, Wicker was running for his judgeship. Some of the voters wrote him that they disagreed with "his views" as expressed in "his column" in the local newspaper — actually the views of the *Times*' editor in a syndicated column. The articles were generally contrary to the views of many people in the New Orleans area.

In a reply to Judge Wicker's good-natured complaint over the costly confusion, namesake Brother Wicker quipped "What's in a name?"

## Hall of Fame

Gen. Courtney H. Hodges, Psi (North Georgia), was honored for his military brilliance by the military once again,

this time over a decade after his death. Brother Hodges, commander of the U.S. First Army in Europe in 1944 when its units were first on the Normandy beaches on D-Day, first to cross the Rhine River and first to enter Germany, was the only soldier to be inducted in 1976 to the Ft. Leavenworth Hall of Fame. Described by military leaders as a born infantryman, he joined 28 others in the gallery of the famous fort on the Kansas prairie.

Among the others are Gens. Robert E. Lee, Douglas MacArthur and Dwight Eisenhower.

Like many of his contemporaries on the middle Georgia farmland in the 1890's, Brother Hodges became a rifle marksman before he was 10. By the age of 12 he had schoolmates organized into companies for drill and mock battle. At 16 he entered North Georgia College.

Gen. Hodges fostered the jeep, the "steel pot" helmet and the infantryman's antitank rocket or "bazooka." He also brought airborne troops into the infantry.



Hodges



Cole

## Active retirement

Former GM President Ed Cole, Zeta Alpha (General Motors), hasn't exactly frequented the golf course since his 1974 retirement. The inventor/executive credited with developing the automobile airbag safety device, the ill-fated Corvair, the catalytic converter and the Wankel engine at GM has:

- \* Ramrodded development of a brand new giant jet airplane designed to carry freight.

- \* Stepped up efforts to make marginal oil wells begin producing again by setting off powerful explosives deep inside them.

- \* Pushed for a joint-project hydrazine plant in Kuwait to use natural gas that would otherwise be wasted.

- \* Kept his finger in a variety of inventions and improvements on parts used by dozens in automobiles and elsewhere.

And most of his inventions won't go the way of the tail fin that Cole, by the way, first put on 1948 Cadillacs.





Kim Hereferd of Kappa Delta Sorority reads *Shield & Diamond* article to Brother Porter.

## Brother for life

By Larry Schmidt

Ask Floyd B. Porter what "Once a Pike, always a Pike" means to him. He may not tell you in exact words but there is an effervescent glow that illuminates his face when his Fraternity is mentioned.

Brother Porter was initiated into the ranks of Pi Kappa Alpha 68 years ago at the University of Tennessee at Knoxville (Zeta). Through those many years his Fraternity has remained as dear to him as it did in his undergraduate days.

Porter is now 90 years old and presently resides at the General Care and Convalescent Center in Clarksville, Tennessee, the hometown of Eta Tau chapter (Austin Peay State University). Though Porter has resided in the Clarksville area for some 12 years, Eta Tau only discovered his whereabouts this fall with the help of Mrs. Dorothy Hunter, activities director of the Center.

"I discovered Mr. Porter was a Pike when I was carrying his mail to him. I noticed that he was receiving the *Shield & Diamond*. It just so happened that my daughter was dating a Pike from Austin Peay, so the next time I saw him, I told him about Mr. Porter," explains Ms. Hunter.

One of the main priorities around the nursing home comes with the arrival of the Fraternity magazine, *Shield & Diamond*, as the magazine represents one of his few remaining links to the Fraternity. Porter is unable to read because of cataracts in both eyes. So, a nurse, or sometimes a member from the Kappa Delta sorority at APSU, reads the publication to him from cover to cover.

During his undergraduate days Porter served as SMC of Zeta chapter in 1913. At that time, according to Porter, there were eight active mem-

bers of Zeta. Today there are 101 listed on Zeta's active roll.

"Most of the change I've seen in Pi Kappa Alpha has been in growth, personnel and people. When I was at Zeta there were about 25 chapters and they were all in the South," says Porter.

One of the bigger events while Brother Porter was a student happened in 1911 when Zeta hosted the Pi Kappa Alpha national convention. Porter helped organize the event along with Pike Powers, Sr., a fellow brother at Zeta. The Powers Award, presented annually to the outstanding undergraduate in IKA, was named in honor of Powers and his son, Pike Jr.

After graduation from Tennessee in 1914, Porter pursued a career with the railroad as a civil engineer. For the next 37 years he worked with many railroads before retiring in 1951 from the Wheeling and Lake Erie Railroad in Brewster, Ohio at age 66. He then moved to Guthrie, Kentucky for 10 years before finally building a home in Clarksville.

Porter never married but he and his sister built a home in Clarksville where he resided until July of 1972 when he was admitted to the Convalescent Center following a stroke. His sister had planned to join him in the home, but she died before she was able to be admitted.

Porter outlived his immediate family, but he has some first cousins around the area who visit occasionally. Most of the time he sees the same faces every day.

"I've never seen Mr. Porter in a bad mood," says Ms. Hunter. "He's always in a good mood. It's inspiring to watch how he helps the other patients.

"Mr. Porter has helped us all," she adds. "I never went to college so I wasn't familiar with the sorority-fraternity system. In fact, when my daughter told me she was interested in rushing a sorority, I thought it was a waste of money. After seeing Mr. Porter and how much he loves his Fraternity, I can tell how deep the bonds of brotherhood and sisterhood go in people. Needless to say, I've changed my mind."

When you visit the Center, Brother Porter will greet you with a smile on his face, something he's never without. When he knows you are a IKA, a tear will seep from his eyes as you shake his hand. A tear of happiness, not of grief, and representing the love for the closest thing he has — Pi Kappa Alpha.

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Larry Schmidt is public relations chairman of Eta Tau chapter (Austin Peay State) in Clarksville, Tennessee. He writes and photographs for the school newspaper.



# Where most may wonder at the workmanship

John Milton



Hulcher, I., was particularly effective working with undergraduate officers.

Paraphrasing John Milton's words, most Pikes *will* wonder at the workmanship of Norm Hulcher who served Pi Kappa Alpha as director of chapter services from June through December last year.

Brother Hulcher left the staff at mid-year to head up a family-owned quarry company in Springfield, Ill. In his short time as a resident staff member, Hulcher produced three quality slide show productions complete with audio narration and music. The AV media covered the fraternity system bicentennial, rush and pledge/public education about IKA.

Hulcher also wrote much of the copy for the Fraternity's new ModuLogue (module catalogue of information for chapter officers and alumni advisors) and polished the Chapter Presidents' Conference format for the two December meetings. He served IKA as a chapter consultant the previous fiscal year after his 1975 graduation from Arizona State University (Delta Tau chapter).

Senior Chapter Consultant Dave Dyson, a 1975 graduate of Auburn University (Upsilon chapter), will move into the chapter service director's office this month. He is completing his final travel agenda in the Northwest.

Rylant



Dyson



Brother Dyson was Upsilon's man of the year in 1975 after serving the Auburn student government association as vice president and student senator. He is a member of Omicron Delta Kappa leadership honorary and was listed in the 1975 *Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges*.

## Colburn departs

Also leaving the staff at mid-year was Chapter Consultant Mitch Colburn, a 1976 graduate of the University of Mississippi (Gamma Iota chapter). He decided to accept his admission to the Mississippi School of Law.

W. Keith Rylant, 23, a 1976 graduate of the University of North Alabama (Theta Alpha chapter) will fill the gap left by Colburn's departure. He began his travels following a four-week training program in late January.

The former SMC of Theta Alpha was a varsity football player at UNA. "Keith was an outstanding chapter president (and) made many important contributions when the chapter was at a critical stage in its development," said UNA's Director of Placement Richard Moran.



# ALUMNI

Compiled and edited by  
Renee Pierucci, Copy Editor

## INITIATION DATES 1900 TO 1929

Paul Ramsey (Millsaps) is now a professor of religion at Princeton. One of the nation's foremost writers on problems of ethics, he is the author of many books on questions of war, politics and medical ethics. His latest book is entitled *The Ethics of Fetal Research*. (613 Seventy Nine Hall, Princeton Univ., Princeton, N.J. 08540)

Spencer A. Stone (Missouri at Rolla) is President of the Deister Concentrator Company and holds memberships in AIME and ACS. (1405 Three Rivers, E., No. 1405, Fort Wayne, Ind. 46802)

Clyde E. Wilhite (Missouri at Rolla) recently retired from civilian service in the U.S. Corps of Engineers. He had served the past seven years as chief of the safety office, Pacific Ocean Division, Honolulu, Hawaii. (700 S. Altonway, Denver, Colo. 80231)

Jack C. Williams (Millsaps) is a retired cotton buyer and is active in the Mississippi Senior Golf Association. (640 School St., Clarksdale, Ms. 38614)

Chester C. Wright (Texas) retired in 1966 from the position of construction engineer with Robert E. McKee, General Contractor. During his career, Brother Wright supervised construction of the architecture and home economics buildings on the University of Texas campus, as well as the Statler-Hilton and the Los Angeles International Airport. He and his wife are presently residing in Glendale, California. (1731 Kenneth Rd., Glendale, Calif. 91201)

Guy L. Burns (Samford and Auburn) was recently selected Commissioner of the State Department of Pensions and Security for the state of Alabama. (3009 Massey Rd., Birmingham, Ala. 35216)

## INITIATION DATES 1930 TO 1939

William H. Bizzell (Millsaps), chancellor of the Seventh Chancery Court District, was recently sworn in as a

temporary commissioner of the Mississippi Supreme Court. (1107 Avery St., Cleveland, Ms. 38732)



Burns



Clark

Rev. Roy Clark (Millsaps) is a United Methodist minister in Nashville, Tn. Brother Clark is a member of the Kiwanis Club and enjoys golf and tennis in his spare time. (113 Vossland, Nashville, Tn. 37205)

Glennon DeRoy (Missouri at Rolla) retired from the U. S. Government which he served as a supervisor of mechanical engineers. He is also vice president of the local board of education and on the board of trustees of Hartford Community College. (949 Chesapeake Dr., Havre Grace, Md. 21078)

Robert L. Ezelle (Millsaps) is president of Mississippi Bedding Company in Jackson. He is on the board of the local Little Theatre and is also actively involved in Galloway Methodist Church. (1509 St. Ann, Jackson, Ms. 39202)

Charles H. Fitzwilson (Washington and Lee) retired from U.S. Steel Corp. after 36 years. He and his wife now own and operate a lapidary and jewelry business as a retirement project. He enjoys golf, gardening, travel and gem cutting in his spare time. (48 N. Gordon Way, Los Altos, Calif. 94022)

Robert T. O'Connell (Syracuse) has been named vice president and general manager of Conveyor Systems and Engineering Inc. in Little Rock. Brother O'Connell has more than 30 years of experience with conveyor and material handling systems. He helped design and supervise material handling systems for United Parcel Service and American Airlines, among others. He is certified by the International Material Management Society as a professional in material handling and material management. (1405 Reservoir Rd., Little Rock, Ark.)

Lawrence Painter (Millsaps) is an advertising and public relations exec-

utive and president of Larry Painter and Associates in Jackson, Mississippi. (2211 Wild Valley, Jackson, Ms. 39211)

Bill Valentine (Washington Univ.) recently joined Southern Underwriters, Inc. of Coral Gables, Florida, as a department manager. (12863 S.W. 45 Terrace, Miami, Fla. 33175)

Bob Westwater (Missouri at Rolla) is now serving as president of Atlantic Bearings and Crivers, Inc. (65 Inner Belt Rd., Somerville, Md. 02143)

## INITIATION DATES 1940 TO 1949

Richard H. Bauer (Missouri at Rolla) is President of Missouri Electrochem. He has been a member of the St. Louis County Planning Commission for eight years and serves as President of the UMR-MSM Alumni Association. (5 Sappington Acres Drive, St. Louis, Mo. 63126)

Marion F. "Buddy" Bishop (Mississippi) is serving as administrative assistant to Mississippi Congressman Jamie Whitten. (2328 Rayburn Office Bldg., Washington, D.C. 20515)

Robert J. Ehrlich (Missouri at Rolla) is vice president of manufacturing and engineering for Colgate-Palmolive. He has also received an alumni achievement award from UMR and he holds memberships in New York Anti-Tax Payers and the Chamber of Commerce. (374 Wycoff Ave., Wycoff, N.J. 07481)

Carl E. Guernsey (Millsaps) is a juvenile court judge and professor at the Jackson Universities Center. (4729 Kings Highway, Jackson, Ms. 39206)

Ralph Hutto (Millsaps) has retired after 20 years as press aide to Sen. James Eastland (Dem.-Miss.) and for the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. Hutto was founder and former president of the Senate Press Secretaries Association. A former Mississippi newsman, he will live on Capitol Hill and do free lance writing. (447 1st Street, S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003)

Benjamin F. Lee (Millsaps), a Methodist minister, was recently transferred to First United Methodist Church in Columbus, Mississippi. Brother Lee was pastor in Greenwood. (922 7th Street, North, Columbus, Ms. 39701)



Fredrick D. Stephens (Texas) is in marketing with Stephens and Associates in Lake Park, Florida. Brother Stephens earned his BSME and MSME both from the University of Texas and he was active in intramural sports while on campus. He married the former Barbara JoAnn Beard. (802 Poplar Dr., Lake Park, Fla. 33403)

Julius A. Tracy, Jr. (Texas) is a partner in the law firm of Tracy, Thorvilson & Osgood in Boulder, Colorado. He is on the board of directors of Majestic Savings & Loan Association in Denver and the U.S. Title Insurance Co. He married the former Patricia I. Hughes and they have six children ranging from ages 11 to 23. (4514 N. 63rd, Boulder, Colo. 80301)

## INITIATION DATES 1950 TO 1959

Dr. Richard L. Blount (Millsaps) is chief of staff at St. Dominic's Hospital in Jackson, Mississippi. He is also president elect of the Jackson Ophthalmological Society. (5550 Ridgewood, Jackson, Ms. 39211)

Don Fortenberry (Millsaps) was one of 16 Millsaps College professors and students to visit the People's Republic of China for two weeks last November. They became the first group of Mississippians to visit mainland China. Chaplain Fortenberry originated the idea of the trip and the curriculum of study in world religions, oriental philosophy, the Chinese language, comparative political systems and other areas of Asia and non-western cultures. (246 Valley St., Jackson, Ms. 39209)

Lt. Col. Darryl W. Freed (Iowa) has retired from the Air Force after 20 years of service. He has accepted a position as director of employee training and development at the University of California Medical School in Sacramento. Brother Freed began his military career in 1956 and following a tour of duty in Goose Bay, Labrador, he went to McClellan Air Force Base in California as a navigator in a weather reconnaissance squadron. In 1967 he served two flying tours in southeast Asia and flew more than 950 combat hours. His service decorations include the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Meritorious Service Medal, the Air Medal with six oak leaf clusters, the Commendation Medal with one oak leaf cluster, Combat Readiness Medal, National Defense Medal and many

other citations and awards. Brother Freed and his wife Vicki and their three children are living in south Sacramento. (6781 Arabella Way, Sacramento, Calif. 95831)

Frank R. Gollhoffer (Missouri at Rolla) is a manager of design engineering for Transworld Drilling, a subsidiary of Kerr McGee Corp, developing sub-sea completions. He is active in the Society of Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering and the American Bureau of Shipping Committee. (2401 Oldfarm Lane, Edmond, Okla. 73034)

Lawrence Jilk (Delaware) is senior vice president at Provident National Bank in Centre City, Philadelphia. His community activities include membership in the Economic Development Authority for the city. (5 Meade Rd., Ambler, Pa. 19002)

Kenneth Mann (Missouri at Rolla) is presently employed at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena as a physicist. He is doing research on spacecraft going to other planets. (Box 407, La Canada, Calif. 91011)

John D. McEachin (Millsaps) is a pediatrician and former chief of staff for Meridian Memorial Hospital. He also is a past president of the Millsaps College Alumni Association. (4820 Country Club Dr., Meridian, Ms. 39301)

Claude E. Pope (North Carolina), President and chief executive officer of Cameron-Brown Co., was recently elected 1976-77 second vice president of the Mortgage Bankers Association of America. Brother Pope is a past president of the Mortgage Bankers Association of the Carolinas. (P.O. Box 30532, Raleigh, N.C. 27609)

Gary G. Schumacher (Missouri at Rolla) is a past president of the MSM St. Louis Alumni Association, a city alderman, and was named one of the 1972 Outstanding Young Men of America. He is currently the vice president of Strange & Colman, Inc. (123 Hill, Manchester, Mo. 63011)

Col. Gene T. Sherron (Florida) was recently selected a 1976-77 American Council on Education Fellow in Academic Administration at the National Defense University in Washington, D.C. The fellowship program is designed to strengthen leadership in American higher education by identifying and preparing faculty and staff for responsible positions in academic administrations.



Sherron



Snyder

Brother Sherron presently serves as assistant to the president at the National Defense University. (7434 Tower St., Falls Church, Va. 22046)

James K. Van Buren (Missouri at Rolla and Northwestern) works as the head structural engineer for Sverdrop & Parcel. He is serving his community as a Boy Scoutmaster and Pool Board President. (4764 Springbrook, Annandale, Va. 22003)

Edgar C. Watkins (Texas) is President of Edgar Watkins/Cubics, Inc. Brother Watkins has received a great deal of magazine and press coverage as designer of decorative accessories for the home. (405 East 50th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022)

Parham Williams (Millsaps) has been promoted to senior vice president of Deposit Guaranty National Bank in Jackson, Mississippi. (1904 Teakwood, Jackson, Ms. 39212)

Daniel R. Young (Texas) is living in McLean, Virginia, and is an attorney-executive with Data Transmission Co. Dan is a former president and pledge-master for Beta Mu chapter at Texas. He received a degree from the University of Texas Law School in 1969. He is married to the former Chris Yeagley and they have two sons. (858 Merriewood Lane, McLean, Va. 22101)

## INITIATION DATES 1960 TO 1969

Jack O. Snyder (Penn State) was recently elected President and chief executive officer of Academic Press, Inc., and all its New York subsidiaries. He has also been appointed a senior vice president of Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc. and group head of the Company's University and Scholarly Publishing Group which includes the HBJ International Corporation, the HBJ college department and the Academic Press companies. Brother Snyder and his wife Patricia have one daughter. (65 Nicholson Dr., Chatham Township, N.J.)



# FRATERNITY PROFILE

Robert L. Barber (New Mexico) has recently been named audit services manager for the Public Service Company of New Mexico. Brother Barber has held the positions of plant and property accounting supervisor, plant accounting manager, property accounting supervisor, internal audit supervisor and director of audit service. A native of Albuquerque, he holds a BA degree in economics, is a Certified Management Accountant, a member of the Albuquerque Chapter of the National Association of Accountants, and was recently elected the charter President of the New Mexico Chapter of the Institute of Internal Auditors. (2917 Wisconsin, N.E., Albuquerque, N.M. 87110)

Thomas D. Bull (Gannon) is working for Rowe International, Inc. in Whippany, New Jersey, as an industrial engineer. (Mansfield Village, Apt. 90, Hackettstown, N.J. 07840)

Don Carlisle (Millsaps) is a special agent with the U.S. Treasury Department and a member of the Jaycees. (No. 7 Vineland Drive, Rome, Ga. 30161)

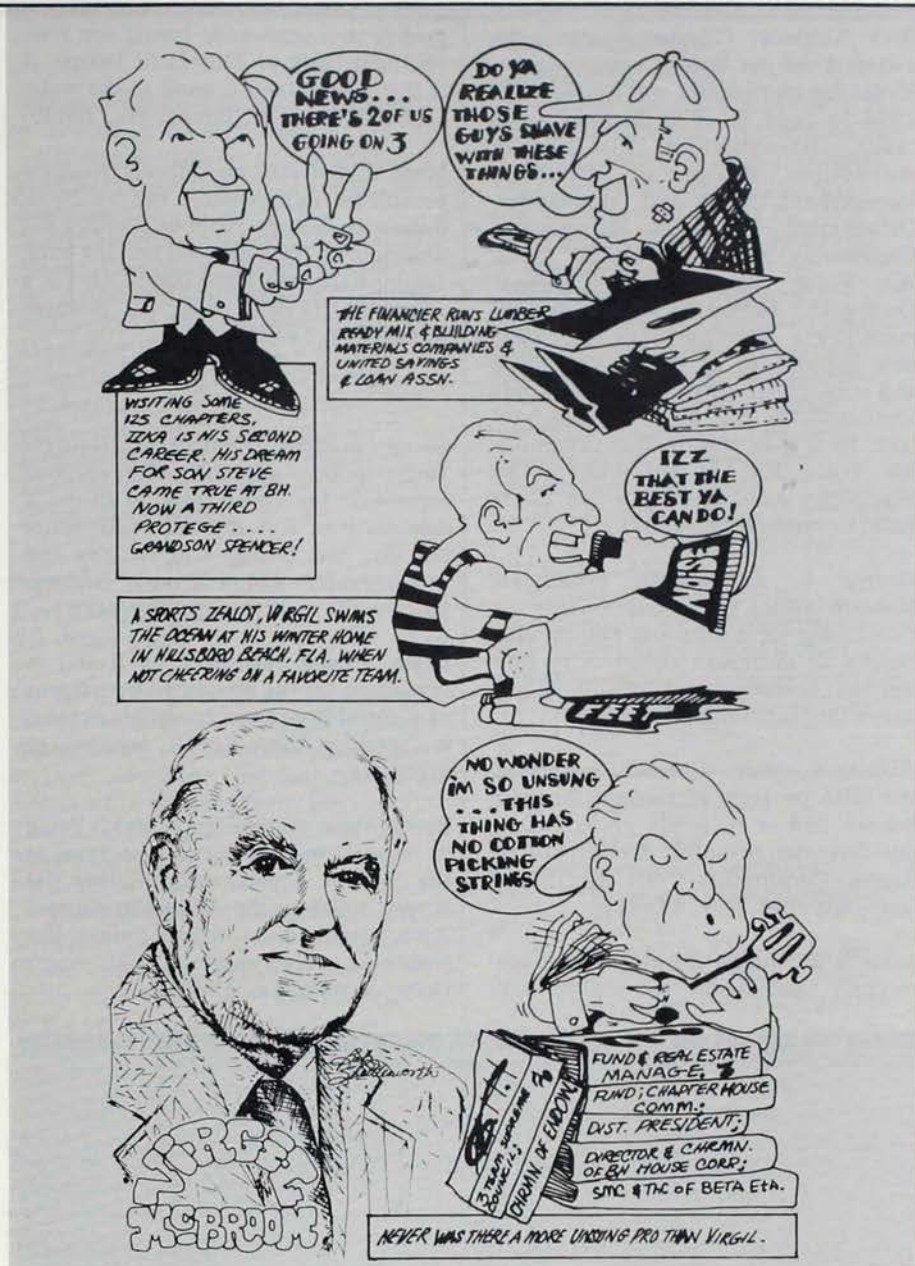
Thomas B. Chance (W. Kentucky) is an account executive with Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith in Knoxville. He is a past president and current chairman of the board for the West Knoxville Jaycees and is a member of Cherokee Masonic Lodge No. 728. (11551 Midhurst Dr., Knoxville, Tn. 37922)

Dr. Paul G. Corcoran (Maryland) graduated from the University of Maryland Dental School and is now in private dental practice in Miami. (9014 S.W. 62 Terrace, Miami, Fla. 33143)

David E. Courter (Bowling Green State) has been selected for promotion to Lieutenant, Supply Corps of the U.S. Navy and recently reported to Navy Transport Management School in Oakland, California. (2716 Oak Rd., Apt. 114, Walnut Creek, Calif. 94596)

Gary Cousino (Ferris State) recently accepted a position as director of conference planning with Grand Hotel at Mackinac Island, Michigan. Gary is a former Chapter Consultant with IKA (1973-74). He married the former Susan Ann Demmon in February. (222 Wisconsin Avenue, Lake Forest, Ill. 60045)

Robert G. Del Popolo (Kansas State) recently accepted a position as an architect with Stanley Consultants,



international consultants in architecture, engineering and construction management. He and his wife Barbara have three children. (1027 Sunshine Circle, Muscatine, Iowa 52761)

James L. Fitzpatrick (Missouri at Rolla) is employed in Rockford, Illinois, as a public works engineer. He is quite involved in the community serving as secretary-treasurer of Toastmasters, treasurer of the Jaycees and has been twice named Jaycee of the Month. (3735 Trilling, Apt. 110, Rockford, Ill. 61103)

Gary Holland (Missouri at Rolla) was recognized as an Outstanding Young Man of America in 1975-76 and is currently working for the Toro Co. as a general manager. (4921 Logan Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn. 55409)

J. Bob Humphries (Florida State) is an attorney with Fowler, White, Gillen, Boggs, Villareal and Banker, P.A. in Florida. (P. O. Box 13572, Tampa, Fla. 33611)

Paul D. Jankovic (Maryland) has opened his own advertising agency in Ocean City, Maryland. The agency specializes in resort and real estate advertising. Brother Jankovic is also serving as adjunct professor of business administration at Salisbury State College on the eastern shore of Maryland. He is in the process of completing the teaching of a course in advertising management. The former Delta Psi SMC will also teach a course in public relations during the spring semester at Salisbury State College. (P.O. Box 692, Ocean City, Md. 21842)



# CHAPTER ETERNAL

Rick Kuhlman (Tennessee) has been awarded the Air Force Commendation Medal for meritorious service Nov. 12, 1973 to Sept. 6, 1976. Brother Kuhlman distinguished himself by meritorious service as Manpower Management Officer and Commander, Detachment 12, 4400 Management Engineering Squadron, Myrtle Beach Air Force Base, South Carolina. During this period he led his detachment in the development of significant new approaches to the measurement and subsequent creation of manpower standards for the A-7D weapon system. He is now stationed at Columbus Air Force Base in Mississippi. (136 Mississippi Ave., Columbus Air Force Base, Columbus, Ms. 39071)

George L. Lepchenske (Southeast Missouri State) is the Coordinator for Continuing Education and Community Service at Jefferson Community College in Louisville, Ky. (6004 Moorhaven Dr., Louisville, Ky. 40219)

William L. Maro (Cornell) completed the MBA program at Harvard Business School and is currently employed in the financial planning department of Xerox Corporation. (49 Northfield Gate, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534)

John S. McMullen (Florida State) was recently promoted to senior vice

president, commercial loans, for First National Bank of Florida in Tampa. It is the second largest bank in the state. (4907 Andros Dr., Tampa, Fla. 33609)

Mark J. Safferstone (Miami) recently completed requirements for his Ph.D. degree at George Peabody College for Teachers in Nashville. He and his wife, Linda, have one son, Todd, who is a year old. (17082 N.W. 55 Avenue, Miami, Fla. 33055)

George Bernard Tremmel, III (Georgia Tech) has been appointed data systems supervisor for Polyacryl Iran Corp., a subsidiary of E. I. duPont de Nemours and Co., Inc. George and his wife and two daughters will be living in Isfahan, Iran for the next three to five years.

Keith Wedge (Missouri at Rolla) is employed by the Missouri Department of Natural Resources as a geologist and is serving the Rolla Jaycees as Treasurer.

Barry White (Oklahoma State) is living in Newark and is a research engineer at the DuPont Experimental Station. He is very active in the Delta Eta Alumni Association and with Delta Eta chapter at Delaware. (17 N. Fawn Drive, Newark, De. 19711)

Joseph L. Armijo, Jr. (Southern California), Jan., 16, 1977, Los Alamitos, Calif.

A. P. Boles (Arkansas & Missouri), Nov. 13, 1976, St. Louis, Mo.

Andrew J. Brugger (Oregon State), Nov. 26, 1976, Newport Beach, Calif.

Hugh C. Carney (Mercer), Nov. 9, 1976, Atlanta, Ga.

Russell R. Casteel (Missouri), St. Louis, Mo.

William H. Cowles (Davidson), Nov. 30, 1976, Statesville, N.C.

Gerald L. Eastham (Southern Methodist), Dec. 4, 1976, Houston, Tx.

William E. Haney, Jr. (Kansas State), Sacramento, Calif.

Thomas Kenny Holyfield (Millsaps), Nov. 6, 1976, Meridian, Ms.

Joseph C. Sargeant, Jr. (Florida Southern), Nov. 12, 1976, Lakeland, Fla.



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Pugh

## Advisor Pat Pugh dies

Pat Pugh, Beta Delta (New Mexico), a long-time supporter of Pi Kappa Alpha both locally and nationally, died recently. He had been president of the Beta Omicron (Oklahoma) Housing Corporation since 1968 and served previously as president of the Oklahoma City Alumni Association.

"Pat made weekly visits to the Beta Omicron house to try to assist them any way he could," memorialized fellow advisor Jim Feighny. "We did everything we could to keep those doors open over the years. He would work with them on accounts receivable and payable, sign legal notes, audit their books and just about anything else they needed."

Gary D. Whitlock (Texas) is living in Colorado where he is President of the Aurora Mountain Bank. He married the former Brenda Lee Aulick and they have two children. (218 Pine Avenue, Colorado Springs, Colo.)

Paul F. Zaentz (Pennsylvania) has joined Fantasy Records and Films in Berkeley, California, as assistant house counsel.

ATTACH OLD LABEL HERE  
(or name, chapter and old address)

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city \_\_\_\_\_ state \_\_\_\_\_ zip \_\_\_\_\_

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The post office charges us 25 cents each for address changes they send to the publishers. It is not unusual for us to receive over 500 changes a week. Please help us reduce this expense by notifying us at least six weeks in advance of your address change.

Forward to: The Pi Kappa Alpha Memorial Headquarters  
577 University Blvd., Memphis, Tn. 38112.



## Recharterings Eyed By Supreme Council

Pi Kappa Alpha's 1973 deliberative expansion plan with top priority given to recharterings is showing signs of success. Three former chapters have been rechartered since 1973 including Xi (South Carolina), Delta Eta (Delaware), and Delta Kappa (San Diego State). One other, Gamma Pi (Oregon), is scheduled to be rechartered this month.

The Supreme Council is evaluating five proposed recharterings for the near future at Alpha Psi (Rutgers), Beta Beta (Washington), Beta Xi (Wisconsin), Beta Upsilon (Colorado) and Gamma Eta (Southern California).

Efforts to place a resident counselor at Wisconsin are in process.

Pi Kappa Alpha is also chartering chapters at prestigious, new schools including the University of Massachusetts, Creighton University, Baylor University, Indiana University Southeast and University of Alabama at Huntsville. Each school, as the expansion plan requires, is fiscally sound with a bright future in higher education and an outstanding reputation. All future expansion projects will begin with a two-year development of local IKA alumni potential assistance.

## Education Committee Gets New Members

Education Committee Chairman Dr. William R. Nester recently announced the appointment of five prominent educators to study the trends in higher education as they affect the fraternity system.

The committee includes Dr. Thomas Bonner, President of Union College in Schenectady, N.Y., Dr. Ernest Ern, vice president of student affairs at the University of Virginia, Dr. Benjamin B. Graves, President of the University of Alabama at Huntsville, Dr. Taylor Reveley, President of Hampden-Sydney College in Virginia, and Dr. Robert V. Wolf, professor of metallurgical engineering at the University of Missouri at Rolla. All appointments are for six-year terms. Joining them will be two ex-officio members from the Supreme Council and Executive Director Pat Halloran.

## Gain Recorded in Membership Figures

A nearly 10 percent increase in pledgings and 15 percent increase in initiations were reflected Feb. 1 in Pi Kappa Alpha's membership statistics.

January saw 251 pledges accept a pin bringing IKA's total pledgings to 2,867 for the fiscal year 1977. It compares to 2,637 last year, or a 230 pledge increase.

A 211 initiation increase was recorded through January. Initiations totalled 1,517 by Feb. 1 compared to 1,306 last year.

By year's end some 4,500 pledgings and 3,400 initiations will result if current trends continue.

## Earl Watkins' death 10 years ago

On April 29, the tenth anniversary of the untimely death of a great Pi Kappa Alpha leader will be observed. T. Earl Watkins served the Fraternity notably as executive director from 1961 to 1967 and a total of 13 years on the Memorial Headquarters staff before his death of cancer.

The Gamma Iota (Mississippi) 1947 initiate devoted his life to Pi Kappa Alpha. He was an active supporter of his church, served on the boards of the Speech and Hearing Center and of the Exchange Club School for the Deaf in Memphis.

Brother Watkins "was a man of faith, a man of works and a man of ideals in action," said former executive director and editor Dr. Robert D. Lynn.

## Housing Survey Results Show 152 Facilities

An annual survey of chapter housing last school year performed by IKA's chapter consultants showed 152 of 168 chapters operate from some type of housing facility.

Total sleeping capacity of all houses was 3,719 men compared to occupancy of 3,039, an occupancy rate of 82 percent, slightly up from 1974-75. Average capacity per house was a little more than 24.

Seventy-six houses are owned by local house corporations, 37 by universities and 33 by private individuals. Six are owned by the national Holding Corporation.

Total annual rent amounts to 1.18 million dollars coming to \$841,000 due local house corporations, \$192,000 to local universities and \$148,000 to others. The average annual rent per chapter was \$7,800.

## Pikes Herald New Superstars Contest

Dovetailing ABC-TV's *Superstars*, Pi Kappa Alpha recently introduced *The Collegiate Superstar Championships*. The nation-wide competition will raise thousands of dollars for IKA's philanthropic focus Big Brothers of America.

Each chapter may sponsor a campus Superstars Championship this spring in which local organizations may enter a competitor by raising \$250 for BBA. The winner and runner-up of the campus contest compete in one of 15 regional Superstar Championships. The 15 regional winners compete at national Superstar Championships to be held in the fall in Florida.

The set-up could raise up to a quarter-million dollars this year for BBA which has an annual budget of only three-quarter million dollars now. In future years, up to three million dollars could be raised.

## Pike of the Month Honors go to Six

Six undergraduates were tabbed Pikes of the Month from September through January.

September's top Pike was Robb Alexander, Eta Theta (Weber State), ThC of his chapter with a 3.0 gpa. In October, John B. Moreland, Zeta Tau (Eastern Kentucky), and Millard Harp, Gamma Chi (Oklahoma State), received honors. Moreland, SMC of his chapter, maintains a 3.1 gpa. Harp carries a 3.9 gpa in pre-law while serving on several committees within the chapter.

November's Pike of the Month was William Macon, Xi (South Carolina), who majors in pre-med and carries a 3.9 gpa while serving Xi as chairman of the membership education and intramural committees.

December's outstanding student member was Doug Minor, Alpha Iota (Millsaps), SMC of his chapter who has a 3.0 average. He was followed in January by Dan Nolet, Eta Delta (MIT), who maintains a 4.2 gpa on a 5.0 scale while majoring in chemistry and earth sciences.

## 42 SMCs Attend December Meetings

Newly-elected presidents from 42 chapters attended two Presidents' Conferences held in December. They learned how to become better chapter leaders, discussed ideas in many program areas.



# IIKA at 109

## 20 LARGEST AMERICAN FRATERNITIES

(Based on total chapters to summer, 1976)

Fraternity	Founded	Chapters Established			Colonies & Affiliates	Chapters Installed In			Initiates
		Active	Inactive	Total		25 yrs.	10 yrs.	5 yrs.	
1. Tau Kappa Epsilon	1899	312	40	352	32	258	119	32	117,626
2. Lambda Chi Alpha	1909	202	46	248	7	93	60	31	134,150
3. Sigma Phi Epsilon	1901	199	44	243	6	124	56	35	112,250
4. Kappa Sigma	1869	176	46	222	5	79	60	18	131,672
5. Sigma Alpha Epsilon	1856	185	35	220	5	65	38	15	164,436
6. Alpha Tau Omega	1865	146	59	205	5	61	38	22	117,800
7. Pi Kappa Alpha	1868	168	33	201	3	90	48	28	104,200
8. Sigma Chi	1855	168	31	199	6	63	34	25	144,000
9. Sigma Nu	1869	170	29	199	8	77	44	26	122,955*
10. Zeta Beta Tau	1898	87	100	187	5	73	42	14	109,050*
11. Phi Delta Theta	1848	142	38	180	3	44	25	9	140,000
12. Theta Chi	1856	150	27	177	3	71	27	10	88,079
13. Delta Sigma Phi	1899	103	52	155	9	65	27	9	59,290
14. Delta Tau Delta	1858	115	33	148	0	43	34	13	91,500
15. Phi Gamma Delta	1848	107	31	138	5	43	32	13	97,375
16. Beta Theta Pi	1839	105	32	137	6	18	13	7	113,500
17. Phi Sigma Kappa	1873	86	45	131	5	56	29	13	54,700
18. Kappa Alpha Order	1865	97	29	126	7	37	18	8	76,243
19. Delta Upsilon	1834	88	32	120	5	46	25	11	79,140
20. Phi Kappa Psi	1852	76	36	112	8	33	22	6	67,691
<b>TOTALS</b>		<b>2,882</b>	<b>795</b>	<b>3,700</b>	<b>133</b>	<b>1,439</b>	<b>791</b>	<b>359</b>	<b>2,125,697</b>

\*These figures based on 1971 statistics.

## OVER 1,000 INITIATES

(As of Jan. 1, 1977)

Chapter (School)	Founded	Total Initiates
AH (Florida)	1904	1,817
AT (Utah)	1912	1,798
Υ (Auburn)	1895	1,677
Z (Tennessee)	1874	1,529
AZ (Arkansas)	1904	1,499
ΓE (Utah State)	1925	1,491
BM (Texas)	1920	1,388
ΓΘ (Mississippi State)	1927	1,297
AΔ (Georgia Tech)	1904	1,281
BO (Oklahoma)	1920	1,231
AM (Georgia)	1908	1,223
Ω (Kentucky)	1901	1,222
AΞ (Cincinnati)	1910	1,146
BΔ (New Mexico)	1915	1,144
BΦ (Purdue)	1922	1,142
A (Virginia)	1868	1,136
ΓA (Alabama)	1924	1,121
ΓI (Mississippi)	1927	1,120
AN (Missouri-Columbia)	1909	1,096
AI (Millsaps)	1905	1,069
T (North Carolina)	1895	1,067
BA (Penn State)	1913	1,055
BH (Illinois)	1917	1,031
AA (Duke)	1901	1,050
AP (Ohio State)	1912	1,017
Σ (Vanderbilt)	1893	1,010

## OVER 25 PLEDGES, FALL '76

Chapter (School)	Fall Pledges 1976
Z (Tennessee)	48
ΓI (Mississippi)	42
BM (Texas)	39
ZB (Delta State)	37
ΔΘ (Arkansas State)	36
EO (Stephen F. Austin State)	35
EI (Southeast Missouri State)	33
ΔA (Florida State)	32
EΣ (Tennessee-Martin)	31
ΓA (Alabama)	30
EN (Georgia State)	30
H (Tulane)	29
AΔ (Georgia Tech)	29
AO (Southwestern Univ.)	29
EΓ (Texas Tech)	29
AΦ (Iowa State)	28
ΔT (Arizona State)	28
ΘA (North Alabama)	28
AT (Utah)	27
ΓΔ (Arizona)	27
ΓΘ (Mississippi State)	27
ZΓ (Eastern Illinois)	27
Υ (Auburn)	26
AI (Millsaps)	26
BK (Emory)	26
BO (Oklahoma)	26
ZM (Idaho)	26
HO (Northeast Louisiana)	26
HΣ (West Georgia)	26