

Begin forwarded message:

From:

Subject: Fwd: [DU] Fwd: RLS Update!

Date: [REDACTED]

To: [REDACTED]

Begin forwarded message:

From: [REDACTED]

Date: February 2, 2013 at 19:10:51 EST

To: DUswat@googlegroups.com

Subject: [DU] Fwd: RLS Update!

Reply-To: DUswat@googlegroups.com

Hi brothers,

[REDACTED] and I are having a wonderful time at the Delta Upsilon Regional Leadership Seminar, and after a long (but not yet over) day of lectures and talks and group sessions and other fun stuff, we thought we'd take a few minutes to share with you some of the things we've learned.

We learned from a bald guy named [REDACTED] who shouted at us for an hour about how much we all misbehave and are assholes that, "if you want to join a fraternity, either you're stupid, or you're just not that smart". This was very insightful. He explained that "sometimes you see a freshman that sees a beer and their reaction is 'holy shit that's a live beer right there!'". He went on to reveal, "you don't get x-number of alcohol poisonings per \$100 raised for charity. You're either doing it for the kids, or you're not doing it for the kids". He ended his hour long rant by shouting an emphatic, incredulous conclusion, as though he were genuinely impressed and slightly surprised at what he had just achieved: "Do you all realise that I just checkmated you on everything? BOOM! Drop the mic. You can't contest that. Try... Check-motherfucking-mate. You got nothing". At this point I let out a snort because I could no longer contain my giggles and he glared at me. Whatever. He was a bag of cocks.

I learned during my special Recruitment training that Penn state may or may not haze, when their [REDACTED] asked [REDACTED] the guy who's coming to Swarthmore next week, "Is it ok if we haze, but tell people that it's fun?". When it was explained to him that the answer to that question was "No.", he followed up with "so if we haze should we not tell people that we haze?". [REDACTED] wasn't really sure how to respond to this, so I explained to our Penn State brother that hazing was illegal, and that none of us do it.

There was also a talk on good party themes and T-shirt slogans. I'm not sure why, I just woke up and this was the topic of discussion up on the projector screen... so here they are:

Party like rockstars
Pound like pornstars
Play like allstars

The hardware party: get nailed, hammered and screwed

Our brotherhood is tighter than your little sister

You have to be 21 to drink
But only 18 to cum

Delts in your mouth, not in your hand

Giving girls their first pearl necklace since 1834

Yeah I'm not kidding there's pictorial evidence if you think we're making these up. Just thought you all should know about the great things we've been learning all day on your behalves. There are also some suggested email addresses if you want to jazz-up your online communication.

Pictures attached. Feel free to forward to the pledges. Or add them to the email list. Anyday now.

Love,

[REDACTED]

Begin forwarded message:

From: [REDACTED]

Date: August 6, 2013 at 00:16:47 EDT

To: "DUswat@googlegroups.com" <DUswat@googlegroups.com>, [REDACTED]

Subject: Summer Minutes

As summer comes to a close, I would like to fill you in on some of the adventures I shared with a few of our brothers. Disclaimer: This edition was written over the course of the summer and is heavily influenced by my mood on any given day. Some of this was written drunk, some was written sober, and some was written after an 0-3 summer league game with 2 strikeouts. If nothing else, maybe these minutes will give you some insight into the emotional ebbs and flows of my summer. It was a roller coaster. I suggest that you download the file for proper format. Enjoy

Fraternally,

[REDACTED]

<DELTA UPSILON Summer Minutes.docx>

Begin forwarded message:

From:

Subject: Fwd: [DU] Rogue Minutes 4/24

Date: [REDACTED]

To: [REDACTED]

Begin forwarded message:

From: [REDACTED]

Date: April 26, 2013 at 07:59:15 EDT

To: duswat@googlegroups.com

Subject: [DU] Rogue Minutes 4/24

Reply-To: DUswat@googlegroups.com

¡Viva la Minutes!



 Reply

 Reply all

 Forward

Begin forwarded message:

From: [REDACTED]
Date: February 24, 2013 at 19:55:13 EST
To: DUswat@googlegroups.com
Subject: Re: [DU] 12/12/12 Election notes (duswat@googlegroups.com)
Reply-To: DUswat@googlegroups.com

The notes will be coming in for the next few days, trying to make up for lost time

On Sun, Feb 24, 2013 at 5:18 PM, [REDACTED] wrote:

MINUTES COUNTDOWN!!!

Its been two months, 21 hours, 46 minutes, and 33 seconds since our last minutes.

--

This e-mail and any attachments may contain confidential and privileged information. If you are not the intended recipient, please notify the sender immediately by return e-mail, delete this e-mail and destroy any copies. Any dissemination or use of this information by a person other than the intended recipient is unauthorized and may be illegal. Unless otherwise stated, opinions expressed in this e-mail are those of the author and are not endorsed by Swarthmore Delta Upsilon.

You received this message because you are subscribed to the Google Groups "Swarthmore Chapter - Delta Upsilon" group.

To unsubscribe from this group and stop receiving emails from it, send an email to DUswat+unsubscribe@googlegroups.com.

Our final meeting of the semester convened on Wednesday, the twelfth day of December. We had an attendance of 35. The newly integrated pledge class showed up in full force, and spoke eloquently, although of course they cannot vote. I apologize if that seemed unfair, but you know, the arch of history is long, but it bends towards justice.

In our opening discussion of the future of the presidency, widespread grumbling began about a so-called "long dick competition" that has been proposed between us and Phi Si. First of all, while we know that length is important, a sexual partner's pleasure is probably more highly correlated with girth. At least that's what I gather from the reading I've done. Let's just get that straight. Secondly, no matter what we are or aren't packing between the legs, how could we ever win a big dick contest against a bunch of kids who - to generalize - are themselves massive cocks? Luckily, [REDACTED] pointed out that we were having the wrong conversation, we are not involved in a big dick competition, but rather a race to see who can plop their pube-plough on the table first. At this point, Associate [REDACTED] ears perk up. [REDACTED]

Moving on, we elect [REDACTED]. Luckily unlike in our national government, the DU president cannot influence fiscal or tax policy, begin preemptive wars of aggression, or make us look like assholes to the rest of entire world (minus Israel, Nauru, and Micronesia), so it's totally fine that he's a conservative. But in all seriousness, [REDACTED] will make a great leader for our organization. [REDACTED]

Next came the election of [REDACTED] to the second highest position in the house. I was not privy to discussion, but I'm sure it involved [REDACTED]'s great work last semester, and his uncanny likeness to Johnny Depp, especially once he's got the facial hair going.

With [REDACTED] administration having won election, we began to sort out their cabinet. Firstly, we discussed social chair. [REDACTED] did a fantastic job raising money for rush. He must have saved at least some of that to use for bribes, because he was immediately agreed upon unanimously to be social chair.... Until someone decided to start the dreaded "co-chair" conversation. The "co-chair" arrangement is relatively controversial, and always manages to stir up strong opposing positions, but nothing productive is ever said. Sort of like talk about guns, or really any public political discourse in the States these days, I guess. Although some brothers insist that the co-chair is pointless considering that there is a committee elected to support the chair, other brothers emphatically remind us all that [REDACTED], [REDACTED]. Without a co-chair, how else could a [REDACTED] learn

about the intricacies of creating posters for parties that are appealing, but not offensive? All joking aside, [REDACTED] is selected for his dedication to the party-side of the DU. [REDACTED], making me proud everyday. Or at least occasionally.

Next we look to the VP position of Loss Prevention. This has become a much more important position recently, as some of our brothers have apparently decided to get wasted and make a few too many racist/sexist remarks. For this position we agree that we want someone like [REDACTED] – a [REDACTED], [REDACTED]y – but actually responsible and less likely to get wasted and make a few too many racist/sexist remarks. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] The only downside with [REDACTED] is that he's a Laker fan. It's okay though, we all have our shortcomings. I mean, I have masturbated in my grandmothers living room before. Several times at that. Obviously that looks like an upstanding moral act compared to idolizing Kobe, but regardless, my point is that we are all still in the process of building better men.

At this point, we turned to the position of Secretary. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] It's a great feeling. If only I had nuclear weapons and was a judo master. I couldn't be prouder to replace [REDACTED], who [REDACTED] described during the course of the night as having "leadership written all over him." I personally have never seen that, but that's just because I always see him fully clothed. It doesn't surprise me at all. Also, in case no one noticed, [REDACTED] wore the same dress to winter formal. I didn't care at all, and I'm sure [REDACTED] didn't either, but I think the ladies were uncomfortable all night.

As we begin discussion over the VP of Public Relations, [REDACTED] makes clear his intention to get us in on Instagram. This is met with a surprisingly small amount of backlash from the brotherhood. Now I'm not the hippest guy around, but isn't Instagram almost passe now? I hear there's some new one where you send pictures people can only see for a few seconds. That might be good if we decide to get into the dick-on-table thing that [REDACTED] was pushing for.

Once the role of the PR VP is explained, [REDACTED] delivers a classic line, "this kind of sounds like a [REDACTED] situation." Discourse ensues, but eventually [REDACTED] premonition proves true, and [REDACTED] is elected.

Next, [REDACTED] is elected Community Service VP. Brothers spoke on behalf of [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] It's great that he understands the importance of grassroots organizing. However, it has been pointed out by other brothers that this is rather self-serving. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] I, however, don't buy this explanation, I think it's all a result of his heart of gold.

After getting beaten out for the Community Service VP spot, [REDACTED] was able to sure up another position as Keg of the Week. Note that this position is entirely ceremonial, as we do not supply kegs for drinking in this house. It was grandfathered in. The Beirut tables downstairs are antiques, and as [REDACTED] [REDACTED] told the International Examiner, we use them to do homework during parties on Saturday night.

It was largely a rough night for [REDACTED], as he had to endure several rounds of the [REDACTED] treatment. With his opinions and interjections considered cockamamie by senior executives, he was repeatedly nominated for the position at hand, ensuring his absence and thus greatly increasing the chance of productive conversation for the brotehrhood. After several dramatic walk-outs, and by unanimous decision, [REDACTED] was elected Weightmeister. He then went on to give a prepared acceptance speech, but attention from the peanut gallery quickly dwindled, and he sat back down.

[REDACTED] are elected to the social committee. Also elected is [REDACTED], who said regarding elections "I will take anything." Funny, I thought that was [REDACTED] motto. Anyways...

The community service committee was appointed on a volunteer basis this year. [REDACTED] all expressed interest. Accompanying them on the committee under [REDACTED] is Comm Serv veteran and legend [REDACTED], and the community serving, keg providing, grand old manning triple threat of [REDACTED].

Awards

The White Knight Award awaits a new name. For now I will compromise with the first wishes of our newly inaugurated leader, and title it the nancy Reagan White Knight award. Note that the n is not capitalized. If you don't get it ask [REDACTED]. This week's winners are [REDACTED]s for his great work as prez for a semester, and [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] for their stupendous effort throughout the pledge process, culminating in the exam.

The Struggle Award has been officially renamed the [REDACTED] Struggle Award, and is presented this week to one [REDACTED].

The Baby Back Bitch Award remains named after [REDACTED], and this week is awarded again to [REDACTED]. I'm not sure exactly what he did to deserve it this week, but I'm sure he did something.

The Missing Award will be renamed upon our next meeting. This week's missing brothers include the [REDACTED].

The Angry man award goes to [REDACTED] for his antics around the exam.

Creation of the [REDACTED] passive aggressive award was discussed. Not sure if this will become institutionalized, but this week it goes to [REDACTED]

The [REDACTED] QOW came in reference to his potential election to Secretary (sorry about that):

"i don't know how to use commas"

[REDACTED] suggested another QOW, which he referenced as "Manitoba Menches"

Although I cannot be sure, I think I know the story he was referencing. I think he is getting at the significance of the Moist Beaver. As most of you know from reading the Cornerstone, the Moist Beaver, along with the Lips That Do Not Speak, is one of the central DU images not included in our Pledge Manuals. The Moist Beaver

was authorized to represent the infamous group of Canadian Jews known colloquially in their time as the Manitoba Menches.

The Manitoba Menches represent one of the most sacred and beloved stories in DU lore. The Menches were a group of four intelligent, honest, young Canadian men. They were raised in a small, tight-knit Jewish community in the provincial capital of Winnipeg. Upon reaching college age, these young men were accepted to the prestigious McGill University in Montreal. However, the social life in McGill was lacking in those years. Social settings were largely either inspired by Canadian or French cultures. The Canadians, as you all surely know, are known to be one of the most boring peoples in the world. On the other hand, the French are pompous, exclusionary, elitist assholes who haven't done anything fun since storming the Bastille. Thus, the Manitoba Menches knew that something had to be done.

Rumors of the anti-secret Delta Upsilon Fraternity had spread quickly since its humble founding in the bucolic Berkshire Mountains 1834. Requests for charters began to inundate DU national headquarter in Indianapolis by the early 1870s. Universities everywhere from Monaco to Mexico, Switzerland to Swaziland, Ecuador to Equatorial Guinea reached out to DU reps, hoping to carry the flag of Dikaia Upotheke in their respective campuses and homelands. These requests were rebuffed one after another. In the wake of the Civil War, DU was going through a difficult transition period, partly due to questioning the power of the national oversight body in relation to individual chapters inspired by wartime disputes.

The Menches were aware of the difficulty of their mission, but, as the saying goes, Moist Beaver would not be denied. They set out south on the Oskaloonahana river on a makeshift craft fashioned from supplies the Menches had gathered from junkyards. Although the nautical journey was treacherous, three of the original four managed to reach Indianapolis alive and well. They demanded a meeting with DU leaders, and made their case passionately and eloquently.

As you all know, the rest is history. The Moist Beaver triumphed, and in 1898 the Menches from Manitoba signed the official DU charter, making us an international fraternity.

Look forward to future notes, in which we might learn about The Lips That Do Not Speak.

Thank you again for my election, I hope you all enjoyed the notes.

With that said, don't expect something this long or in depth next time.

Peace and Love to you and yours,



Preface:

██████████ reign has brought great prosperity to the seven kingdoms. With the aid of ██████████ and ██████████, ██████████ defended DU's landing from the ██████████ Insurgency. Even though the war is over, the kingdom of DU's Landing has become deprived. The ██████████ has been hard at it in the bedchamber of the ██████████, and has dropped the mouse in his duties to entertain the kingdom. Therefore, I, a lowly peasant, will do my best to relieve the kingdom of its current deprivation.

Meeting of 4/24:

The meeting begins with a roaring rendition of "Hail Delta Upsilon." It was pretty good. ██████████ brought up the first order of business, the Alumni Banquet. This event is essential for DU. You need to show up and smooze with the alums. *This also applies to you little shits that have talked openly about post gaming at a different frat (fuck phi psi) IN FRONT OF DELTA UPSILON BROTHERS. Are you people fucking retarded? That's not a rhetorical question, I LITERALLY want you to email me back telling me if you're mentally slow so I can make sure you don't go to anymore night time events. I will fucking cunt punt the next person I hear about doing something like that.*

Prior to the Alumni Banquet it is announced that ██████████, and ██████████ will be volunteering at the annual alumni golf outing. More importantly, ██████████ is not attending the outing. Praise the Lord. Last year, he almost killed two brothers by nearly flipping a golf cart on a straight away...██████████. Furthermore, he was not punished for his crime. Honestly, the only suitable punishment is that we cut off his sword hand *Game of Thrones* style. That way he will suffer massive withdrawals due to his addiction to masturbating. (Don't worry ██████████. If you are really hurtin' for a squirtin' I bet Brother ██████████ would be real giddy to lend a hand and pump you up.)

Soon after, it was reported that the great angry man herself, ██████████, herself will make an appearance this weekend. This is very troubling news. With one drop of alcohol, she will lay waste to the house in her engulfing rage. This is most likely unavoidable, but I do have some suggestions that may quell her shit storm:

- We have our Christian correspondent, ██████████, bless the house with holy water and preform an exorcism need be.
- We get ██████████ to bring his boys down from ██████████ along with some elephant tranquilizer darts to do some shootin'.
- Finally, of course, we sacrifice ██████████ in order to appease the angry man's appetite for destruction and chaos.

Afterwards, ██████████ announces that the new brothers can pick up their own edition of *The Cornerstone* and brother pins. *The Cornerstone* has quite helpful advice. For example, it states (██████████), "Your grip should be firm, but not overpowering. A good shake is made at elbow level and lasts from

three to four seconds." The meeting ended with "Whene'er You Find Two Rivers" and waterboarding [REDACTED]

Awards:

White Knight: [REDACTED] sister [REDACTED]. Fancy her eh?



[REDACTED] Angry Man Award: [REDACTED]. See rant.

Struggle Award: [REDACTED] If there is a will, there is a way.

[REDACTED] Missing Award: [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Douchebag Award: Genderfuck weirdoes. I still wake up in the middle night to nightmares of fucking light up nipples.

Quote of the Week: [REDACTED] said something about giving someone a monkey kiss and then defines it as "to open your mouth wide, place on a person's cheek creating a seal, then move your tongue around viciously essentially licking their cheek and preferably covering it in saliva." (I wonder what cheeks he was talking about?)



DELTA UPSILON

MINUTES: May-August, 2013 Summer Minutes: Driving Miss Hazy

Attendance: [REDACTED]

During senior week I had the opportunity to spend some quality time with [REDACTED]. Unfortunately for me, I was sober for much of the debauchery. Fortunately for you I was able to remember a good deal of the shenanigans that occurred. I'm sure at this point you're all probably saying these minutes are going to suck because our seniors don't do anything and are lame. Well, you were right about [REDACTED], but the rest of them, I'm guessing they just hated us so much that they couldn't have fun around us.

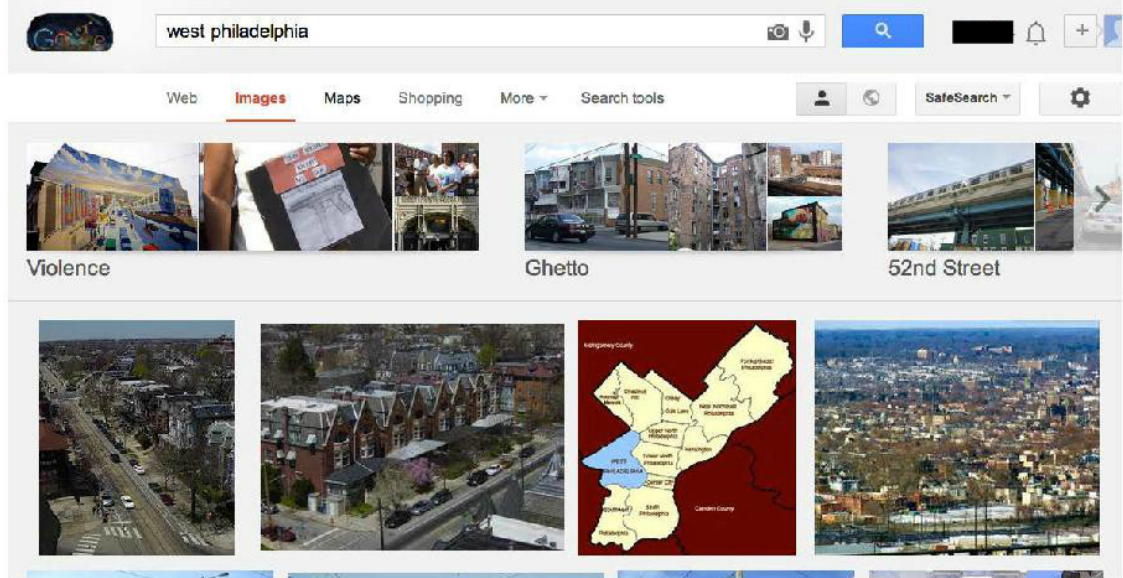
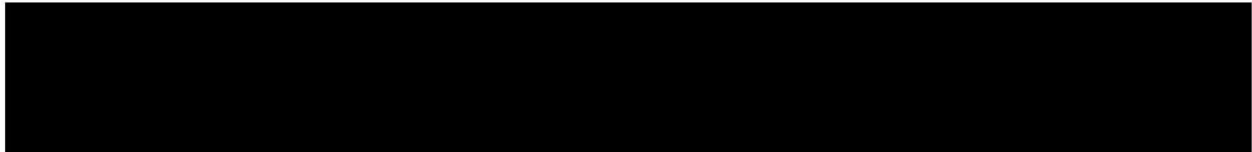
In addition to the seniors, some underclassmen were around for green bottle and various events, including [REDACTED] [REDACTED] r [REDACTED]. For anyone who has yet to attend green bottle, like most things at Swarthmore it was weird and horrible. [REDACTED] remained on campus for literally weeks after his finals, which raised the question amongst the brotherhood, [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

"Check your privilege, Strike your hate"

Phillies Game/Green Bottle:

The evening of Green Bottle I proudly served my country as a designated driver to the Phillies game with [REDACTED]. The game went smoothly and fun was achieved by all. Everything was going well until the inevitable happened, [REDACTED] got sassy and saucy. After the game the fellas enjoyed a few more rounds, we departed and shit hit the fan. As the most intoxicated member of the group, [REDACTED] assumed the role of “Executive DJ and Co Pilot”, and surprisingly he was distracting as fuck. I’m not sure if DUI’s work like second hand smoke, but [REDACTED] was disoriented enough for all five of us, which subsequently lead to an Audi full of white college students driving 8 miles down Baltimore Avenue at 12:30. If you are unfamiliar with Baltimore Avenue, it is in West Philadelphia, and if you are unfamiliar with West Philadelphia, I direct you to the image below:



As you can see, it was no coincidence that Will Smith “got in one little fight, and his mom got scared”, because when you Google “West Philadelphia” the suggested search options are not “Safety” and “Steady Income Households”. Fortunately the traffic lights were in our favor, and we only had to stop once, but as we rolled to a stop, [REDACTED] played “Saturday Night” by the Bay City Rollers, despite being the party anthem of

1976, and a song that [REDACTED] probably listened to whilst mustache deep in a Coed's box, it is a song that basically says I'm looking for bodily harm. (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dBn2ux5vRHk>) In one of my brighter moments I made a split second decision to clench my bunghole and run the red light. My logic was that if I had to stop on Baltimore Ave, I would be a lot safer with a police car behind me. I was not pulled over, and we returned to campus intact.

To celebrate, [REDACTED] and I drank [REDACTED]'s Maker's 46 that he left at the house. It was delicious, I owe you one. At this point in the night things calmed down because we were at a Swarthmore party. If you have not been to green bottle, I suggest that you don't go, mainly because its like every other night a Swarthmore, except the people that you will never see in your time on campus are out in full force. Contrary to popular belief, the underground Swatties just suck, they are horrible. They danced around in little groups no bigger than 5, probably composed of the only people they have ever spoken too, threw stupid little firecrackers at each others' feet, and thought they were the shit. I hate them. If they were a soda they would be Club Soda. The DU seniors, [REDACTED] clustered around a bench in the corner of the party with dejected looks on their faces that said, "So this was my college experience..." Everyone seemed disappointed expect for [REDACTED], who was no where to be seen. I was staying in [REDACTED]'s room for the night as we expected [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] to stay in his room or something, so at this point in the night I retreated to my quarters, opened the door and what did I see...a naked [REDACTED], lying on [REDACTED] bed, alone, peen-a-blazing, hair still neatly combed to the side, and far from functioning. I am an asshole, and I found this pretty amusing, so I went to find [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] asked [REDACTED] a series of questions, mainly for our entertainment, to which [REDACTED] replied with mumbles. [REDACTED] informed [REDACTED] that [REDACTED] and I were here to visit him. [REDACTED] replied by saying, "I know who's here, Fuck you 1, and fuck you 2". This sounded mean, so I retaliated by using my green bottle to deliver a firm slap on the behind. This triggered some strange [REDACTED] twitch reflex in [REDACTED]'s right arm, which we thought was funny at first but then became concerned as to what type of questionable bedroom behavior conditioned him to have this a reaction to having his ass slapped. Kinky shit [REDACTED]. Pictures were taken, case closed.

Kenny Chesney (

The second time I had the pleasure of designated driving some of our beloved brothers this summer was with [REDACTED], and [REDACTED]. The plan was to leave my house with [REDACTED] around 1 o'clock to pick up [REDACTED] at Swarthmore, however, [REDACTED]'s stomach had other plans. In typical rock star fashion [REDACTED] was a fashionable 45 minutes late for our intended departure time, so we figured he was just spending some quality time with [REDACTED]. At 1:45, [REDACTED] rolls up to my house shirtless. Alright hot dick. We approached his car, and notice that something is caught in his usually well kept [REDACTED] chest hair sweater. Long story short, while driving to my house, [REDACTED] threw up all over himself, and figured he should get out of his car, strip down to

his skivvies, and continue driving. [REDACTED] was in no shape to attend his first country concert, so I ushered him inside, told my mom, who was waiting at the door that he spilled coke on himself, and got him cleaned up. Despite this brief delay, we got to the concert in time to meet [REDACTED] at his tailgate, where unsurprisingly, [REDACTED] looked like a total diva. Last time I checked skinny jeans paired with a t-shirt with an ambiguously gendered person seductively fellating a screwdriver, is more reminiscent of

George Michael than George Strait. If you don't get this reference then fuck you.



← George Michael, the flamboyant front man of 80's pop sensation, Wham!, was caught engaged in oral sex with another man in a public restroom.

George Strait, known as "The King of Country", is an American Icon with 60 #1 hits. →



If you have seen the video of Riley Cooper, 3rd string racist on the Philadelphia Eagles, you may notice some familiar faces in the background. As Riley Cooper discussed his plans to beat up everyone darker than

himself, [REDACTED] and I observed a level of promiscuity that would be considered a display of a woman's sexual freedom if it occurred at Swarthmore. As we look to our right, we see a young red-headed lady, who despite being of high school age, for the sake of this story, we will assume was 18. There was a certain glimmer in her eye as she examined the Margaritaville tank clad [REDACTED]. However, there was a road block in her way, [REDACTED]. But this girl was a creative little bugger, and she was determined to get to her prince charming. I will try to describe what happened next in my best [REDACTED] voice. The young female attempted to make a sexual advance upon [REDACTED], and proceeded to thrust her hindquarters into [REDACTED] pelvic region. She then engaged in open mouth kissing with the aforementioned. However, she was feigning interest in [REDACTED] as a tactical maneuver. In layman's terms she only got with [REDACTED] so that she could pass him in the row of seats and get closer to [REDACTED]. I don't know if this seems normal to you but when I really thought about it, this girl actually thought it would be easier to get with [REDACTED] just to move on to [REDACTED] like a minute later, than to just walk past him and say excuse me. Grade A USDA Slut. I will try to explain the next part in my Best [REDACTED] voice, but I really have no clue what the fuck he's ever saying so I can't

[REDACTED] really do that. She then applied the same moves on [REDACTED], what a sloppy bitch.

Wanting to get in on the action, [REDACTED], who until this point had been a bystander, decided it was time to get serious, which meant taking off his shirt and flaunting his sweet vertical side torso tattoos. This display did not work for [REDACTED], which was

unfortunate because it would have resulted in this.

Rush Recruit:

I want everyone to watch this video

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8PQiaurliDM>: There is really too much to say about this video. Yes, the Chinese War Sword is an impressive blade. The way it slices through two whole pig carcasses is just not Kosher. The way this sword cuts through literally hundreds and hundreds of strands of Polyester twine, just too much. The most impressive part of this video is the amount of tie/dress shirt combinations the portly man with the mustache has. The fact the he can execute sword strokes that would make Link cower for fear in just a shirt and short tie, just forget about it. Slicing a trash can full Gatorade with the grace of a thousand Sylvan sprites...piece of cake. This man is an American hero, and should receive serious consideration on Bid Day.

Campus News:

Earlier in the Summer, as you might remember, the WRC decided that in an display of feminine strength and freedom, that it would go topless for this upcoming year. By this I mean that it got its shit fucked by Zeus. Following the incident, prominent Swarthmore feminists stated that they suspected that DU brothers summoned the Greek God of Lighting as an act of revenge. Referendum question 7, "Do you think Fraternities should have the right to interact with ancient deities", is pending.

While picking a color to paint our mold ridden, beer stained basement walls, I asked the opinion of [REDACTED]. He replied that he thinks a flesh tone would be ok. I made the assumption that he meant off white/tan. When I sent him a picture of the paint sample he was disappointed and said he wanted more of an "MLK brown".

While cleaning the house this week, I met an Alum from the class of '85, he was showing his family the house and his composite. His wife had a great rack. Good work brother mid eighties guy.

Awards:

White Knight:

I'm assuming that [REDACTED] was nice to someone this summer, so him.

The [REDACTED] Memorial Socially Conscious Little Bitch Angerman Award:

[REDACTED] at the DU Convention

The [REDACTED] because every minutes needs a [REDACTED] Joke Struggle Award

[REDACTED] "Cosby Sweater" [REDACTED]



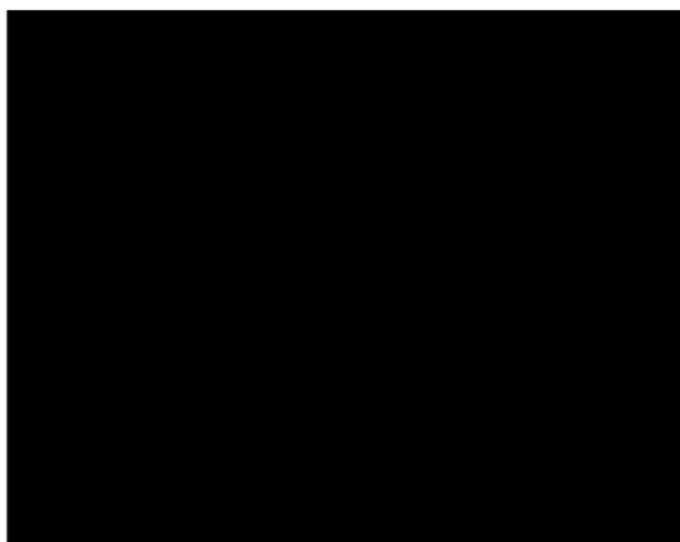
The [REDACTED] Douchebag Award

The Mosquitoes that lay their Larvae in our basement toilet. If you didn't know about this problem, every time I went to the house this summer, there were mosquito larvae swimming in our toilet. So like any good Delta Upsilon man, I diffused them with liberal culture, before flushing them. That's what I call justice.

Missing Award

WRC roof

Warm Regards,



Hi brothers,

██████████ are having a wonderful time at the Delta Upsilon Regional Leadership Sememar, and after a long (but not yet over) day of lectures and talks and group sessions and other fun stuff, we thought we'd take a few minutes to share with you some of the thing's we've learned.

We learned from a bald guy named Mike, who shouted at us for an hour about how much we all misbehave and are assholes that, "if you want to join a fraternity, either you're stupid, or you're just not that smart". This was very insightful. He explained that "sometimes you see a freshman that sees a beer and their reaction is 'holy shit that's a live beer right there!'" He went on to reveal, "you don't get x-number of alcohol poisonings per \$100 raised for charity. You're either doing it for the kids, or you're not doing it for the kids". He ended his hour long rant by shouting an emphatic, incredulous conclusion, as though he were genuinely impressed and slightly surprised at what he had just achieved: "Do you all realise that I just checkmated you on everything? BOOM! Drop the mic. You can't contest that. Try... Check-motherfucking-mate. You got nothing". At this point I let out a snort because I could no longer contain my giggles and he glared at me. Whatever. He was a bag of cocks.

I learned during ██████████ that Penn state may or may not haze, when their ██████████ asked ██████████ the guy who's coming to Swarthmore next week, "Is it ok if we haze, but tell people that it's fun?". When it was explained to him that the answer to that question was "No.", he followed up with "so if we haze should we not tell people that we haze?". ██████████ wasn't really sure how to respond to this, so I explained to our Penn State brother that hazing was illegal, and that none of us do it.

There was also a talk on good party themes and T-shirt slogans. I'm not sure why, I just woke up and this was the topic of discussion up on the projector screen... so here they are:

Party like rockstars
Pound like pornstars
Play like allstars

The hardware party: get nailed, hammered and screwed

Our brotherhood is tighter than your little sister

You have to be 21 to drink
But only 18 to cum

Delts in your mouth, not in your hand

Giving girls their first pearl necklace since 1834

Yeah I'm not kidding there's pictorial evidence if you think we're making these up. Just thought you all should know about the great things we've been learning all day on your behalves. There are also some suggested email addresses if you want to jazz-up your online communication.

Pictures attached. Feel free to forward to the pledges. Or add them to the email list. Anyday now.

Love,

