

The Beta Chi Chapter of Kappa Kappa Psi at the University of Virginia

The Beta Chi Chronicle

Fall 2018 Edition



About Beta Chi

Originally founded on September 23, 1950, and active until 1962, the Beta Chi Chapter of Kappa Kappa Psi was re-founded at the University of Virginia on April 23, 2005. The original chapter supplied the first President and Secretary/Treasurer of the Northeast District in 1958 and hosted the first annual District Convention that same year. Today, Beta Chi provides support for the Cavalier Marching Band and other ensembles in the Charlottesville community. The oldest active chapter in the Southern Precinct, Beta Chi has welcomed over 250 well-qualified musicians into the Brotherhood of Kappa Kappa Psi.

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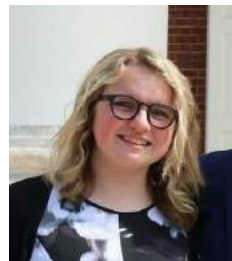
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Beta Chi Mission Statement:

Kappa Kappa Psi is a fraternal organization that promotes the advancement of college and university bands through dedicated service and support to bands, comprehensive education, leadership opportunities, and recognition, for the benefit of its members and society.

Sponsor: Mr. Michael Idzior- *Assistant Director of Bands, Cavalier Marching Band*

Beta Chi Chronicle

Fall 2018 Edition,
Beta Chi Chapter,
Southern Precinct,
Northeast District of Kappa Kappa Psi

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What were the Brothers up to this semester???



Top: (left) Brothers Ahmed and Murphy share an embrace at Band Camp, (right) 4th year Brother Yi performs (and slays) as a 2nd year Drum Major.

Middle: (left) Brothers Jones and Ahmed learn to yodel and spend quality time together in Charlotte, NC, (middle) Brother Tighe supports Brother Hostetter during a coffee break at band camp in (not) the HSBB, and (right) Brother Payne has a poor time on a date with Brother Hostetter during the Beta Chi Chipotle fundraiser.

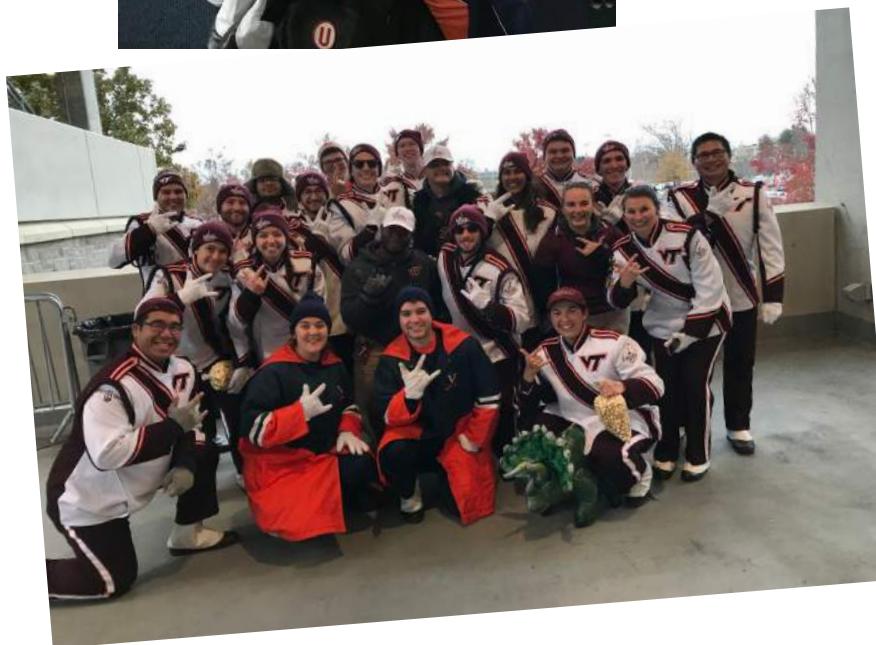
Bottom: Brothers Clark, Alston, Evanko, Coates and Guarriello perform at during a half-time show.



Top: (left) Brothers Clark and Corwin enjoy dinner at Aberdeen Barn with the piccolos and Mr. Pease after winning the Beta Chi raffle and (right) Brothers Payne and She share a lovely moment while celebrating the holidays.

Middle: Brothers Yi, Clark, and Schoorens pose while getting ready for GAME DAY!

Bottom: (left) Brothers Hostetter and Evanko visit with the Eta Beta Chapter of Virginia Tech and (right) Brothers Coates and Olson take a wonderful family photo on letters day.





Top: (left) Brothers Evanko and Davis cuddle for some warmth during retreat musical trivia, (middle) Brothers Clark and Rauch rocking their Beta Chi merch, and (right) Brothers Tighe, Payne, and Guarriello displaying their best cape visuals.

Middle: (left) Brothers Olson, Afferton, and Vanlandingham slaying the summer sun in their KKPsi gear and (right) Brothers Guarriello and Alston share a moment with CavMan during the Belk Bowl.

Bottom: (left) I would never ever ever mess with Brothers Sharpe, Ahn, and Rauch, (middle) Brothers Jones and Hostetter sharing in a family moment and, (right) Brothers Clark, She, and Schooren continue to be weird and amazing.

Brothers and Friends of Beta Chi,

The past fall semester has come and gone quickly, bringing with it an attitude of efficiency and success. The Beta Chi chapter continued to support the Cavalier Marching Band with service events such as truck unloading, U-Crew help, and gameday set-up and tear-down, all while getting to know the other Brothers and the Sisters of Tau Beta Sigma. Beta Chi and the CMB alike saw many changes that allowed us to become much more flexible in our events. At the end of the season, the UVA played in the Belk Bowl in Charlotte, North Carolina against the University of South Carolina and shockingly won 28 – 0. Beforehand, the Brothers of Beta Chi were able to meet up with the Brothers of Zeta Chi from the University of South Carolina, where we were able to exchange our messages of good luck as well as recognize just how similar and different chapters can be.

Looking forward to the spring semester, we will largely be focusing on our incoming class of Alpha Epsilons. After a wildly successful First Year Bash (where first years gathered outside of O-Hill to meet others in the band) and a well-attended information session for KKPsi and TBS, both chapters are looking forward to the new members we will be welcoming next semester. The Beta Chi chapter will continue to follow the Road to Wisdom, however we plan to make it our own and more personal than in years past, allowing for a more rounded experience as a membership candidate.

So take advantage of the extra rest we can get during this winter break, for this next semester will be one of accomplishment and adjustment. As always, Beta Chi will continue to serve, but we will also be focusing on evaluating our efficiency and what makes us successful. 2019 is going to be a good one, and I cannot wait to see what we can accomplish this year!

AEA,
Savannah Rae Olson
President, Beta Chi

'Hoos Back on the Homefront

Adriece Sharpe, Alpha Gamma Class

As a member of the class of 2020 at the University of Virginia, each year I have had the pleasure of experiencing a decidedly unique flavor of band camp. Whether it was storming the halls of Charlottesville's illustrious DoubleTree Hotel as an eager first year, partaking in the hotel's decadently delightful chocolate chip cookies at my whim, or hearing the reverberating response of the band's music ring throughout the Blue Ridge Mountains, all the while being physically picked alive by the summer's most diligent flying pests, each summer band camp brought me new struggles and triumphs.

This year's camp is particularly special in the history of the Cavalier Marching Band because it was the first year that we as a band were permitted to remain on University Grounds for the duration of the camp and have all of our activities from rehearsals, to meals, and even our Section Olympic activities all on University-owned property. As a returning band member living in housing not provided through the University, I will say that the ability to finish an arduous summer day filled with drill and rehearsing, then immediately take a refreshing shower without having to acquire a new personal best sprinting record to the bathroom, ultimately retiring for the night in the same bedroom that I will remain in during the academic semester is a remarkably gratifying feeling.

Initially, I admit that I did have a few reservations about the concept of band camp being held on Grounds because, I, and many other veteran members as well, expressed concerns about not having as many opportunities to bond with the incoming band members. Since the first years would be staying in first year housing areas on Grounds with a curfew, we were worried that we wouldn't be able to have time to interact with them outside of scheduled band hours. This was a significant change from living all together in a hotel for a week or in the Blue Ridge School's high school dorms. My opinion in this regard was gradually ameliorated through the course of camp because I found there was still ample time to get to know the new members through breakfasts, lunches, dinners, sectional rehearsals, which were considerably longer than in previous years due to the time affordance, and of course the (in)famous Section Olympics competition. Our midday lunch break was a massive block of time, so many of the

veterans after finishing their meals in Newcomb dining hall, or rather drowning in its infinite sea of taco beef, were able to host some of the new members in their college homes during the day since hanging out at night time was not an option. As for Section Olympics, even if the piccolo section (the objectively best section) is not the most competitive-oriented group, I still think it was blast in its own regard because each year I am still always amazed at the surprising talent each new class brings to the competition outside of their assumed, accomplished instrumental ability.

On the positive side, I do believe that this band camp was a great success overall because the band reached new heights in terms of time efficiency in learning music and drill during rehearsals and sectionals partially due to the lack of logistical deficits involved in mass transportation. One of my favorite aspects of this years' camp was the first year move-in. Although the Beta Chi chapter has historically played an important role in the move-in of its first years after band camp concludes, this year was special because the entire band was involved in assisting the new members in situating themselves in their dorms during the camp session itself. This event facilitated much more positive (read: non-competitive) interaction between veterans and incoming members across sectional boundaries, and I hoped it made the new members feels more welcome into the CMB family. When you spend days on Carr's Hill Field under the hot summer sun, you appreciate coming back to the practice field when classes are actually in session so much more in the cool fall.



Bottom: (left) Brothers of Beta Chi and Sisters of Iota Kappa join for a picture in front of the HSBB, (middle) Brother Payne lays in the boiling hot turf for a bit of a break and, (right) Brothers Sharpe, Rauch, and Ahn show off Brother Ahn's spectacular new shirt designs (thank you Caleb!!!)

Roll Clark

Mariah Tighe, Alpha Delta Class

I don't even like kids, or at least that's what I thought before volunteering weekly at Clark Elementary School this past semester. I had never intended on volunteering at Clark. As I mentioned before, I never really viewed myself as someone who loved spending time with children, and this disinterest paired with being a generic busy college student caused me to rule this service opportunity out. It was the stress I witnessed increasing in a dear friend, roommate, and brother as a Wednesday approached and no one had signed up that ultimately convinced me to go. I figured it was a one-time thing, but I quickly found myself continually going every week and loving every second of it.

I still remember that first hot mess of a car ride to Clark. For context, I was driving my roommate Andrea and two first years who I had never met before. To start the journey off, Andrea was running late to my car because she needed Chick-fil-a fries from the Pav. Tensions in the car reached an all-time high after everyone had been picked up and we realized we were going to be very late. There was little time for introductions as we were in a full-on race to Clark and I was in a full-on state of panic as I realized I was by default in charge of this operation. Somewhere during this ride Evan, a first year volunteer, realized he had forgotten his volunteer form at Lile and resorted to frantically scribbling one on a sheet of notebook paper. He didn't tell us this until after we had arrived because he knew there was no turning back. Matt, another first year volunteer, was fairly quiet the entire car ride, and looking back at it, he was probably a little too quiet. In his shoes, I would probably also be afraid. Needless to say, we made it. Sure, we were fifteen minutes late, but we made it.

I quickly learned after a few weeks that volunteering at Clark was a mutual exchange of lessons. While we taught the kids about rhythm and how to make kazoos out of popsicle sticks and rubber bands, they taught us lessons far more uniquely valuable. The first is that they are going to put it in their mouths. It doesn't matter what it is, they will put it in their mouths. It could be the musical craft itself, markers, toilet paper rolls, balloons, or even uncooked stale rice that you specifically instructed them not to eat, they always end up putting it in their

mouths. The second is that even though they are only in kindergarten, they play Fortnite and will teach you how to do the Orange Justice. The third is that playing outside is so much cooler than being inside. There are so many hilariously weird and wonderful stories I could tell from my time at Clark, but in order to get the full experience I recommend braving the journeying there in person some time. My words cannot do the experience (orange) justice like fifteen hyper, musically interested elementary school children can.

Volunteering at Clark truly transformed my fall semester in more ways than I can describe. There is a certain joy that comes from a small blonde headed boy named Taylor saying your name with a Ms. in front of it and asking permission to go get water that just simply warms the heart. I am so thankful to have had such a wonderful opportunity and I owe it to KKPsi.

Yee Haw, Y'all

Robyn Guarriello, Alpha Gamma Class

Deep in the heart of the land of the poop trees, brothers were gathered around for some lovely musical trivia. What was soon made clear was that country music is not deep in the hearts of the average brother. Between Carrie Underwood being mistaken for Florida Georgia Line and Shania Twain (the best-selling female country artist of all time) being accused of not being a country artist, country music lovers everywhere left that night with a heavy heart.

I'm not here to convince you to be a country music fan because honestly it will be easier for me to get tickets to concerts without you in my way, but maybe I can get at least half a person to consider maybe possibly letting go of some of the stereotypes of country. First, I've probably heard more people tell me that all country songs are about tractors than I've heard actual country songs about tractors. Though I would love to go for a ride in Jason Aldean's big green tractor, I obviously think Kenny Chesney's tractor is sexy, and there are *some* country songs that reflect these values, that is not what country music is about. In fact, if you type into the Google search bar "country songs about", the top suggested searches are "country songs

about love” and “country songs about death”, with more suggested searches including “country songs about family”, and “country songs about missing someone”. I feel like these are all very relatable topics and (at least some of the time) these are the topics that country fans are listening for. Sure I’m down for a good ol’ tractor song but that will never be why I listen.

Another criticism of country music is that all the songs sound the same, which I won’t say is completely unjustified to the untrained ear but I will say that, if said of country, should be said of most genres. However, I’ll lean into this one a little bit. It was Harlan Howard who first said that “country music is 3 chords and the truth” and it was Sara Evans in 1997 and Chase Rice in 2017 who used this quote as inspiration for their songs – both creatively titled “Three Chords and the Truth”. Country songs are simple because they don’t have to be complicated. How many times have you said “I wish it was that simple” or “I wish life was simple”? Maybe country music has it right. Maybe Chase Rice was onto something when he wrote “all I need is you¹ and three chords and the truth”. Maybe life doesn’t have to be so ridiculously complicated all of the time and we *should* all just go for a ride on Jason’s big green tractor.

Bonus round: Cavman makes an appearance in Brad Paisley’s Country Nation music video so go Hoos!

1: you in this context is all of my wonderful brothers because I love you all



Brother Guarriello and Musicianship Chair, Brother Vanlandingham hanging out at the annual retreat.

Over the Mountains and through the Woods to Blandy Retreat We Go

Julia Payne, Alpha Beta Class

On October 20, 2018 the brothers of Beta Chi embarked on an adventure to Blandy Experimental Farms, the Virginia State Arboretum, for their annual retreat. The weather outside was lovely, if not a little muddy as it had been raining non-stop since January 1, 2018. Regardless, we were graced with a dry, overcast day with only a short spout of rain in the evening. Brothers participated in many activities outdoors, including hammocking, the traditional scavenger hunt, and playing games. Beta Chi fine-tuned their impeccable modeling skills for our expert photographer, Brother Ahn, and our historian (read: not so great photographer), Brother Hostetter. After some socializing, the classes got to work preparing food for the brotherhood which included Stir Fry from the Alpha Deltas, garlic bread and salad from the Alpha Gammas, and Chocolate Oreo Balls from the Alpha Betas. After dinner we played an exciting game of musical jeopardy made by Brother Vanlandingham and her mighty musicianship committee, where individuals showed off their



musicology knowledge. To end the night we went into a more reflective period where we held our ritual and shared our thoughts and feelings about KKPsi and one another. All in all, the weekend was a wonderful break from a hectic semester, allowing brothers time to breath as well as reflect on the lessons of our fraternity.



Previous page: (top) Brothers Culbertson and Lazear take a big-little picture and (bottom) the newest brothers, the Alpha Deltas, create their own personal group photo style.

Top: (left) Alpha Gammas continue their tradition climbing on the steps and (right) the Alpha Betas staring determined at their future past UVA and the CMB.

Middle: (left) Brother Ross holds up Brother Clark (middle) Brother Vanlandingham attempts to hold up Brother French, and (right) Brothers Guarriello, Sharpe, and Ahn make "KKPsi" with their bodies during the annual Scav Hunt.

Bottom 4: (top left) Brother Ahmed gets a lift from Brothers Ahn and Rao, (top right) Brothers Rao, Afferton, and Laux pose for a family photo, (middle left) Brother Renelt hammocking and doing some reading, (bottom left) Brothers Yi, Taylor, and Davis take a day off of Drum Major duties and hang with some brothers, and (bottom right) Brother Corwin holding Brother Rauch up.

#NewCMBFootballStandard

Parker Lazear, Alpha Delta Class

So I need to start this off by saying I do not know how the game of football works. Like I know the points and that there's a quarterback but that's about all I know. Yes, I had "watched" football for five years and yes my dad was a women's flag football coach but no I had absolutely no clue how the game actually worked. Anyways, as someone who will literally use any excuse ever to spend more time with the people in my section, I signed up for CMB Football my first year. When the day came and I watched the saxes begin their stretching, (yes they are way too invested in a no-stakes game), I thought that maybe this wasn't the best idea. We, the clarinets, huddle up and make a plan to do man to man defense (did I know what that meant at the time? Only partly). And who else would I have to guard than our very own, Mr. Pease. Mind you- I was still a first year at the time and was therefore intimidated by approximately every single person in the band, let alone the directors. But there I was about to play football against our Director of Bands. The ball was hiked and I immediately ran for Pease- that's what I had seen so many times in games and movies right? Well jokes on me because in the rules (that I had only briefly skimmed and half-understood) I found out I had to wait for five seconds behind the line of scrimmage before I could rush towards the quarterback. We take the penalty, I feel bad, and they spike the ball again. This time I am screaming "ONE MISSISSIPPI, TWO MISSISSIPPI..." waiting for my turn to cross. Now, I may not be good at football, but I am very good at being hype. If my GPA could be determined by how much I yell I would be top of my class. So, now that I found my proper place on the team I continued and for the most part that's all I did, yell. Sometimes I would get all the way to five but even when I did Pease generally threw the ball before I could even get close. Then, one time as I just finished yelling "FIVE MISSISSIPPI" I ran towards him and was able to get him. However, I may have pushed a little bit too hard because well, he fell to the ground. Not my shining moment to say the least. After



making sure he was okay I go back to the line of scrimmage and now I start yelling when their team huddles or just because. Laughing- mostly because I am being ridiculously loud and over spirited- one of the piccolos, Becca, introduces herself to me. The game continues and we have a crushing defeat. But I came out of the game having made friends and being able to say that I had tackled Pease.

This year I knew what I was getting myself into. It's so fun to see section members who are not playing come out to support their team. I even saw one brother (Sarah) who does not come to our bowl practices because she isn't able to attend the bowl game come right after practice to play in the game. Everyone has a great time supporting their sections on and off the field and in the end of the day it doesn't matter that the c-nets beat the piccs 7-6 (#cnetstbestnets), the first win for the cnets in forever. Nope, it doesn't matter at all.

Walk Your Way to Walker Tutoring!

John McHale and Lauren Jones, Alpha Delta Class

This semester I had the opportunity to join a few of my fellow brothers at Walker Elementary School to tutor fifth and sixth graders during their after school band rehearsals. The band director explained that the students would benefit a good amount simply from hearing us play. Luckily, I was even able to take the saxophones out of rehearsal a few times to give them lessons on intonation and tone- things that are tough to cover in a large elementary school introductory setting. The fifth graders seemed to enjoy hearing us play and the band director made sure to implement us in the rehearsal. The weekly rehearsals were a welcome respite from the academic drone of university and were a nice way to give back to the music community that helped me become a more proficient musician. I look forward to continuing helping out at these rehearsals and seeing the students get more excited about music and band.

~John McHale

I did the Walker Volunteering this semester and honestly, I had a blast. It was such a nice bonding time with John McHale and Kole Bowersox and all the regulars every week. Furthermore, the kids were absolutely AMAZING. I had this one little girl, we'll call her Chloe because I don't know if I'm allowed to use names, who was a flute player. I got to give her private lessons and watch her progress which was amazing. She wore kitten ears every single day ("just because", she told me) and was such a complete and utter sweetheart and truly made my Walker experience. She would roast me so hard every week and I would roast her back and it was a lovely relationship. Between that and the KKPsi/band bonding of rushing after tutoring trying to make it every time before the school busses cut off the road, Walker Tutoring was the highlight of each week this semester. I loved it so much:)

~ Lauren Jones

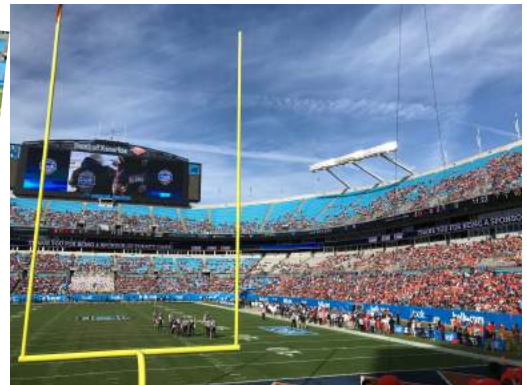
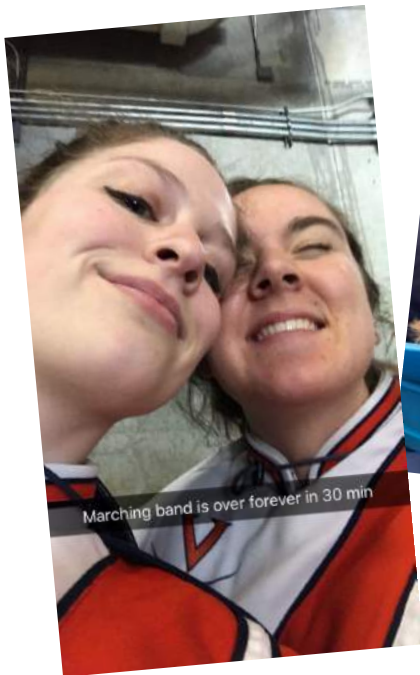
An 8-5 Season, Hoo Could've Seen That Coming?

Becca Hostetter, Alpha Beta Class

A rollercoaster ride. Losing my first ever football game as a CMB member to Notre Dame in the last 12 seconds of the game, ending in a 4-8 season, Mike London leaving, Bronco Mendenhall coming, UVA Basketball being amazing, Hoos Rising, a 2-10 season, Hoos NOT Rising, UVA Basketball being amazing, Bronco's 2nd time around, #NewStandard, beating Boise State @ Boise State, somehow beating Georgia Tech, becoming Bowl Eligible, losing horrendously at the coldest bowl game in human history, a 6-7 season (getting better), UVA Basketball being amazing again (we don't talk about UMBC), #NewStandardRound2, BEATING MIAMI!!!!, becoming bowl eligible AGAIN!, losing to Virginia Tech (ugh), BEATING South Carolina easily..., "UVA is a football school...?", and finally, ending with an 8-5 record. This is what I call the UVA Football rollercoaster ride.

I have spent the past 4 years screaming my lungs out, dancing like crazy, and cheering on the Hoos regardless of weather, score, and quarterback, but I have never been happier to be a UVA football fan until I saw Bronco Mendenhall stand on that stage and accept the Belk Bowl Trophy. It was not because we won or because the weather was nice, it was the feeling of pride and joy I had from being on the field performing with my favorite group of people. It was sitting

in front of the trombones and getting to learn about their interesting traditions (something about spaghetti, I really don't remember). It was smiling down at the wonderful Amanda Yi and seeing her doing what she loves most. It was walking through the crowd when we came off the field and being celebrated by both UVA and South Carolina fans. It was doing tag one last time (in uniform). It was realizing that without this group and without the people I have met, I would not have made it through UVA the way I did. The CMB does so much for the University, regardless of whether we get recognized for it or not. Ending with a win, with my best friends, in a beautiful city made me realize that regardless of the long practices, the drama, and the loss of sleep, joining the CMB was the best decision I made at UVA. I will forever be proud to say "I am an alumni of the Cavalier Marching Band" and will continue to cheer loudly for the Marching Hoos when they enter the field.



(Left) Brothers Payne and Hostetter having mixed feelings about the end of marching band, (middle) Brothers Rauch and Clark share an incredibly cute moment of rest, and (right) a picturesque day in the Bank of America Stadium.

Keeping up with Beta Chi



About the Chronicle

The Beta Chi Chronicle is a semesterly Newsletter that features articles written by current brothers of Kappa Kappa Psi and Alumni. Articles are written on a voluntary basis and collected by the Historian.

If you would like to write for a future issue of the Chronicle, please contact Becca Hostetter, the Chapter Historian, at rh2hd@virginia.edu.

If you are an alumni our Alumni Relations Officer, Buck Schoorens, can be reached at bds9vh@virginia.edu.

Keeping up with Beta Chi

Facebook: Kappa Kappa Psi-Beta Chi

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Our Corresponding Secretary, Annie Ross, can be reached at ar6ze@virginia.edu.