



Icefields Parkway in Alberta, Canada.

BENTSPEDITION FINALE

A 'MONUMENTAL' ADVENTURE — BY NICHOLAS R. DIVILBISS, KANSAS GAMMA '25

INTRODUCTION

What would it take to visit every Tau Beta Pi collegiate chapter? Could a full-time student do it? My name is Nick Divilbiss. I'm honored to serve as the 85th president of the KS Gamma Chapter at Kansas State University, and in December 2023, I began to answer these questions. This is the final article of my multi-year journey:

The Bentspedition

Last summer, I wrote an article detailing the first three legs and defining the rules for this project: all collegiate campuses must be visited in person; flying is not allowed unless driving is impossible; and hotels are off limits. I've since visited 260 of 264 Tau Beta Pi collegiate chapters. A brief update was published in the Winter issue on progress made during the fourth leg which included the Upper Midwest, Mid-Atlantic, Northeast, and New England. The focus of this article is on the fifth and sixth legs, which include all chapters in both mountain and pacific time zones.

THE SOUTHWEST

On November 23rd, I left Manhattan, KS, and began the fifth leg. At 9:30 a.m., I journaled, "About to leave for Lubbock. I'm ready for a break." This was a much-needed escape. Across the flat plains of Southwestern Kansas and the Oklahoma and Texas Panhandles, I traveled with Tortillo the Tacoma. Our first destination – Lubbock, Texas.

Megan E. Lehmann, *TXB '23*, then the TX Beta Chapter president, and I met at roughly 10:00 p.m. at the Texas Tech Univ. Bent monument.

The day ended with Tortillo and I camping at a Walmart parking lot in Hobbs, New Mexico. A wave of energy came over me the next day as the Guadalupes shot up dramatically from the horizon. Zyrtec and Flonase laid waste to my energy when a dust storm hit in the Chihuahuan Desert. Soon after, while overlooking Juarez, Mexico, TX Theta's Bent, the final bent in Texas, was checked off the list at the University of Texas at El Paso.

Tortillo then guided us toward the NM Alpha Chapter's Bent monument

and the Sigma Tau (ST) Alpha Gamma Chapter's Pyramid. Later, in Truth or Consequences, NM, I attended a virtual KS Gamma Chapter's officer meeting at McDonald's, where my palette has been dramatically expanded thanks to *The Bentspedition*. Next in Socorro, I found NM Gamma's indoor Bent at New Mexico Tech. Students watched with confusion as I found an optimal photo angle on the hallway floor of Weir Hall. Albuquerque luck was spent stumbling into the Chi Pyramid at the Univ. of New Mexico. Sitting immediately adjacent to a randomly chosen parking spot, there it stood! I was ecstatic. Its plaque is gone, but its distinctive thru-rail leaves no question of its purpose.

In Arizona, the Painted Desert and Petrified Forest provided a marvelous break from the monotony of the open road (**See Figure 1**). In Flagstaff, the AZ Gamma Chapter's Bent was surrounded by Northern Arizona Univ. students in their atrium. An especially suave student plucked his guitar on a nearby couch and as I photographed their Bent monument, he played



“Long Cool Woman” by the Hollies; I drummed along accordingly on the nearby concrete canoe.

Tortillo raced the sunset as we neared Embry-Riddle Aeronautical Univ. “Hangriness” took hold by the time Prescott appeared. Tortillo felt it necessary to introduce an RPM-dependent rattle after stopping at AZ Delta’s Bent. Trainee pilots soared overhead as my stomach growled and Tortillo rattled on. Will we lose an oil pump? A transmission? Short on time, there was only one way to find out. My main concern was addressed as I found food at a nearby... well, you know where.

Phoenix is flat, with beautiful interstates, and the AZ Beta Chapter’s Bent was found with ease at Arizona State Univ. That night, I slept at a Pilot truck stop on I-10. Tortillo is like Fiona from *Shrek* – Tortillo by day, Hotel Tacoma by night. The next morning, our followers gained unique insight into life on the road as I gave them a ‘walk through’ of Hotel Tacoma. Then, I discovered the AZ Alpha Bent monument under a Tucson sunrise on the Univ. of Arizona campus (**See Figure 2**).

Tranquility is Saguaro National Park. Its longest dirt road leads to a stone picnic structure. There, I sat for an hour and relaxed for the first time in months. It was 65 degrees. The air was still, but for a slight breeze. Gentle chirps of birds and insects filled the air, and faint was the sound of a propeller plane. Oh, and there was no cell signal! Peace perfected.

FIGURE 1



Tortillo the Tacoma basking in the sun while resting at the Petrified Forest National Park in Northeastern Arizona.

On I-8, there’s a pass I fell in love with when approaching San Diego, CA. One moment I was in rural hills and the next overlooking the city and the ocean. A sight for sore Kansan eyes! San Diego was wonderful and the CA Psi Chapter welcomed me into their ranks for a gingerbread competition. Our team’s abstract house wasn’t received well. Still, we sang Christmas karaoke, and I was sent away with a CA Psi t-shirt. A prized possession!

Most of the next day was spent at San Diego State Univ. where I chatted with District 16 Director **Neal T. Bussett, CAX ’09**, and a CA Xi Chapter officer for many hours before carpooling to the Univ. of San Diego. It was refreshing to meet so many people in San Diego, a much-needed recharge before the rest of District 16. The night before Thanksgiving, I headed north from San Diego, sleeping at a state beach by Camp Pendelton.

Fourteen – that’s the number of campuses that Tortillo and I visited on Thanksgiving Day in greater Los Angeles. “Happy Thanksgiving from me to me,” I journaled. Believe it or not, in 250 miles of city driving, I only encountered traffic once! Later, the sun set at Santa Barbara, and I cut the fifth leg short, vowing to return and show our followers CA Sigma’s shiny Bent monument in daylight.

Important sites along the way home were: the birthplace of Borax at Searles Lake; the lowest point in North America at Death Valley; and Nevada Beta’s Bent

at the Univ. of Nevada, Las Vegas.

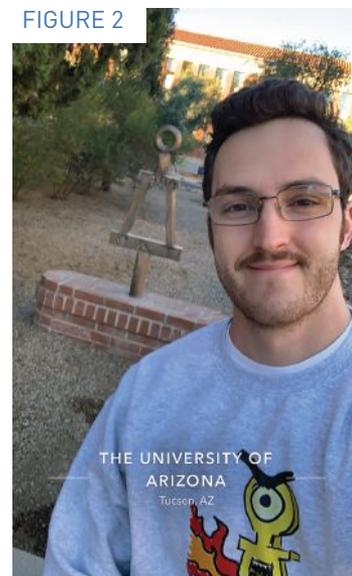
Fun fact: theirs is under the flight path of an international airport!

A scary moment took place between St. George, Utah, and Zion National Park, when parking woes left me sleeping at a pull-off on the side of Utah Route 9. Freezing temps and strange noises woke me up throughout the night. Once, it sounded as though a deafening siren was just outside the truck. By the time I woke up to investigate, there was no one in sight.

Zion, Glen Canyon Dam, and Four Corners were impressive, but what captivated me was a discovery in Durango, Colorado. While meeting virtually with an officer at McDonald’s, I found the Hatch Green Chili McDouuble – a burger with a layer of diced Hatch green chilis. It’s local to New Mexico and Durango. Visit Durango. Do it for the sandwich.

Fourteen and a half hours of driving separated me from my warm Kansas bed the following day. US-550 a.k.a. the “Million Dollar Highway” is beautiful and not for the faint-of-heart. The road tightly hugs icy edges of massive vertical cliffs. The CO Alpha Chapter Bent monument stands prominently in Golden, where yet another virtual meeting took place. Many hours later, I arrived home at 3:00 a.m. on Monday, December 2 – just in time for a nap before Monday morning classes!

FIGURE 2



THE NORTHWEST AND CANADA

The sixth leg was unique in that it crossed international borders and imposed harsh winter conditions and extreme remoteness. I left Kansas City on the morning of December 16 with a plan to cover 10,000 miles over the course of five weeks and knock out all remaining U.S. chapters in one swoop.

In Rapid City, I visited Dinosaur Park for the first time and Cabela's to purchase winter gear and the most insulated sleeping bag I could find. It was 27 degrees when I awoke at a truck stop the next morning. Fresh snow covered the ground. Skies were overcast, and it was windy. "I've got some work to do to be better prepared for this," I wrote.

After visiting South Dakota Alpha's Bent and ST Pyramid, I headed northwest towards Devil's Tower. Slick and snow-packed were the roads, but Tortillo and I pressed onward. We eventually returned to I-90 and entered Montana. Rolling plains and wind-eroded rock shelves extended for miles ahead as the highway vanished into the big sky horizon.

Soon, I met an old friend not seen since the 2023 Convention in Atlanta. Back then, **Logan D. Schmidt, MT A '24**, was MT Alpha Chapter president at Montana State Univ. He has since graduated and now works in Billings. We met to catch up and talk about life. One of the great benefits of TBII membership is making friends across the world; friends who you can chat with when passing through Montana.

Livingston, MT, was the next stop. My stomach growled; Fiesta En Jalisco caught my attention. Eating spicy foods is my forte, so I challenged the staff to serve their spiciest salsa and queso. "Insanely, demonically hot cheese" is my journaled description. Milk could not soothe the searing pain. It was a character-building experience.

In the parking lot of Smith's Grocery in Bozeman the next day, I arose before sunrise. The MT Alpha Chapter's Bent monument was the first stop of the day (**Figure 3**). Hours later, I arrived in historic Butte to see the chrome-plated MT Beta Bent monument at Montana Tech. Their hilltop campus has one of



FIGURE 3



FIGURE 4



FIGURE 5

the most striking views of all the campuses visited thus far, like NY Upsilon's Hudson Valley vista at West Point.

Headwinds plagued the drive to Rexburg, home of the ID Delta Chapter at BYU-Idaho. Advisor **Adam J. Dean, Ph.D., P.E., UT G '05**, and 2024 president **Kallan N. DuPaix, ID D '24**, welcomed me and presented their charter certificate. Idaho State Univ. is located in Pocatello, along with the ID Beta Chapter Bent. It was an exciting find, as were the other Idaho Bent monuments, for which I had no intel. A Vietnamese restaurant in Boise 'Pho Real' later cured my hunger, and a travel stop housed Tortillo and I for the night.

Much time was spent on Boise State Univ.'s campus. For now, there's a charter certificate on display, but no Bent monument. North of Boise is the Payette River National Scenic Byway. Two-lane winding roads, deep canyons, rolling plains, and incredible elevation gradients characterize the drive to Moscow where I later located ID Alpha's Bent; however, no evidence of the ST Rho Pyramid was found. A short drive to Pullman, Washington, provided access to the WA Beta Chapter's Bent monument and the ST Eta's Pyramid, cleverly integrated into a concrete drinking fountain. By 10 p.m., Tortillo's fluids had been checked, his rear mudflap (torn off in Richmond, IN, on the second leg) reattached, and the new sleeping bag deployed. I was ready for the biggest challenge yet:

A Canadian winter.

At Gonzaga, it was clear that there was no WA Delta Chapter Bent, so I began the final push towards Canada on US-95. At 12:41 p.m., I was officially cleared by Canadian border police after they confiscated my pepper spray. My intent was to have it in case of bear troubles, but it's a weapon in Ottawa's eyes, whereas bear spray isn't because "it's for bears." I also had to get used to using SI units in a U.S. market vehicle and the extreme remoteness of the Canadian wilderness.

From the moment I crossed the border (**Figure 4**), the roads were wet with mixed winter conditions at best. I bought a copy of *The Milepost* in preparation for the drive to Fairbanks, but didn't effectively track my route and wound up off-course in a town named Golden, BC. In Golden, there was four inches of slush on all city streets, a constant snowfall, a thick white blanket on endless forests, and a fully obscured Trans-Canada Hwy 1.

Tired and out-of-place, I stopped at a Canadian McDonald's for familiarity. That's when I discovered the glorious 'Le Grande M.' For roughly \$12 USD, one can buy a double-Whopper-sized Big Mac with a thick layer of fried French onions and a side of poutine: a mixture of fries, cheese curds, and brown gravy (**Figure 5**). Oh, and not to mention their jelly-filled donut bites called McPops. Real cane sugar, paper straws, bamboo cutlery – how was this possible? How could Canadian McDonald's be so superior to ours? Utter madness, I say!

“ONE OF THE GREAT BENEFITS OF TBP MEMBERSHIP IS MAKING FRIENDS ACROSS THE WORLD; FRIENDS YOU CAN CHAT WITH WHEN PASSING THROUGH MONTANA.”

At 7:44 p.m., I chose parking spot one, an empty lot on the side of TC-1. At 10:44 p.m., a semi-truck's horn blasting and headlights shining in my eyes is what I awoke to as three trucks waited to park next to me. Oh no, I must be in the way. Actually, the rest of the lot was still empty. Maybe my American license plate prompted the harsh treatment. Spot two was a truck stop just down the road. There, I tried to fall asleep for a few hours, but constant traffic outside my window was not optimal. At nearly 1:00 a.m., I took a major risk and drove east on TC-1 in hopes that conditions would be manageable, and the next rest stop would be open. At times, the thick fog totally obscured my vision. When it cleared, the faint moonlight defined the towering mountaintops above, but no light was reflected from the blackness of the deep valley below. Eventually, Kicking Horse rest area appeared in the fog. There, completely alone, I slept through the first Canadian night.

At sunrise, I drove east to Lake Louise, Alberta. The plan – head north from there on Alberta Highway 93 a.k.a. Icefields Parkway (**As seen in hero image on page 6**). The problem – as soon as I turned onto 93, conditions became treacherous with six inches of slush covering the width of the roadway, and I needed to drive 150 miles with no cell service before arriving in Jasper, AB. So, I anxiously returned to Lake Louise to grab a cherry Coke and some Old Dutch ketchup chips and rethink.

There was no better option, and if I was going to chicken out here, then may as well turn around, because it's only going to get worse in Alaska, so I thought. With new resolve, I headed north and experienced the most breathtaking drive of my life. The road was a solid sheet of ice, but seeing the Canadian Rocky Mountains was worth the risk.

Much later, darkness fell as I approached Grande Prairie, AB. My headlights were almost totally mud-covered and the road lanes were not visible due to even thicker fog. I recall saying some choice words to myself on that white-knuckled drive and acknowledging that I was grossly unprepared. Feeling immense relief upon my arrival in Grande Prairie, I visited NAPA for winter provisions and LED headlights before calling some

friends to weigh my options. At roughly 700 miles north of the lower 48, I was just 80 miles away from a critical point – mile zero of the Alaska Highway. Through recent difficulties, I was still quite fortunate – Canada was experiencing a heat wave as temperatures were above zero. However, this would only last for another five days as temps were then set to drop below -20 degrees. Five days separated me from Fairbanks and conditions were far worse up north. Reluctantly, I decided to postpone the Alaskan leg and made the announcement at Mile Zero the next morning.

In a Canadian Tire parking lot, I spent that cold Grande Prairie night. I had no idea how bad the roads would get on the way back to Washington. For 100+ miles between Dawson Creek and Prince George, I drove on a thick sheet of mud. Other vehicles flew at full speed, unphased by the conditions. When the mud cleared, a composition of slush and thick ice patches took its place. Further south, the road was fully iced over, and Tortillo often tried to kick sideways as his rear tires pushed forward. William's Lake, BC, is where we spent our final Canadian night. There, I slept between Tim Horton's and an A&W at a scenic overlook above town. The A&W restaurants in Canada don't serve root beer floats anymore! Can you believe that?

The relief was great when I hopped back on TC-1 the next day and was blown away by the grandeur of Fraser Canyon. In Hope, BC, I drove on a four-lane freeway for the first time since leaving I-90 four days prior. The Peace Arch in Blaine, Washington, is the northern terminus of I-5. That's where I returned to the United States with unmatched excitement on December 23. Border patrol did a double-take when checking my plate; they had never met a Kansan!

The WA Alpha Chapter Bent monument at the Univ. of Washington couldn't be found because it's in storage, but while standing in the rain I did photograph WA Gamma's Bent at Seattle Univ.

Driving as much of US-101 as possible was a personal goal tied to the project. Touring the Northwest was a treat; I'd

never been there before, and Washington was my 48th state! Just south of the historic Lake Quinault Lodge, I stopped at a pizza diner, where I talked with a retired couple for a few minutes. They had relocated from Seattle, but she was originally from Kansas City. What a small world!

That night, I walked the Univ. of Portland campus searching for evidence of an OR Gamma Bent monument. I found their charter in a glass case in a hallway and they have one of the largest Christmas trees I've ever seen. A late-night drive through downtown Portland took me to a Love's on the east side of town, where I bought chocolate milk as the clock struck midnight on Christmas morning.

'Quiet' was relative in the case of my sleeping spot that night! When I awoke on Christmas morning, there in front of Tortillo was Multnomah Falls, the second tallest U.S. year-round waterfall. It was already wet and rainy, but the mist from the falls took it up a notch. A disposable poncho kept the camera safe.

At Portland State Univ., OR Beta's Bent was easy to find, and I celebrated the holiday by indulging in Indian food from a nearby food truck. Ferocious winds and steady rain characterized my drive down the Oregon Coast. Relief was when I turned inland at Newport for Corvallis, home of the OR Alpha Chapter at Oregon State Univ. and the former ST Zeta Chapter. Online research revealed their big Bent, but I was most interested in searching for an ST pyramid. While wandering, I came across a unique monument – four Bent castings on a concrete block serving as the school's official elevation marker (**image below**). That's one way of ensuring permanence!



Both nights on the Oregon Coast were terrifying. The first was at an overlook by Lake Winema and the next was outside Ray's Food Place in Port Orford. Coastal winds gusted up to 80 mph each night, violently rocking Tortillo. Much melatonin was needed to sleep through those bouts of anxiety.

On December 27, I made it back to California. In the early morning, I stopped to wet my hair in the Smith River at Redwood National Park before heading northeast to Oregon. To my surprise, **Logan Schmidt** was then in Medford, so we met up again to catch up on happenings since our chat in Billings. I then ventured to Klamath Falls to see OR Delta's Bent monument as the sun was setting on Oregon Tech.

That night, I took a side quest to the former site of Copco Lake and 15 miles down what's now a minimum maintenance road, I slept in the driveway of an electric company's utility shed. In the morning, I pressed on and saw empty lake beds and former dam sites along the Klamath River. It's the biggest dam removal and river restoration project ever undertaken, and I'm excited to see if salmon populations will rebound as a result. While leaving, I got caught in a traffic jam (**Figure 6**) of an unusual nature!

Breakfast was sourced at the Hi-Lo Diner in Weed, CA, and the CA Alpha Chapter Bent wasn't accessible, but could be seen through a window at Chico State. Next, I found the Sacramento State (CA Upsilon) Bent monument and my family in Vacaville who was surprised when I appeared out-of-the-blue, as I do. Days passed as we celebrated New Year's. CA Lambda Chapter president **Tate L. Chatfield**, CAL '25, showed me the UC Davis Bent. A short excursion to San Francisco didn't reveal the CA Alpha Gamma Chapter Bent monument, as it hasn't been seen since the start of major renovations at San Francisco State Univ. On January 1, I headed to the Univ. of the Pacific in Stockton, home of the CA Phi Bent. Bay Area Bents were next, but it was not clear where I would sleep. The Berkeley Waterfront was the winning option with its wonderful view of San Francisco.



FIGURE 6



FIGURE 7

CA Alpha's Bent monument was easy to find on the historic UC Berkeley campus. While there's no CA Gamma Bent, the Stanford campus was well worth visiting. The CA Zeta Chapter's Bent at Santa Clara was easily located, but I had to move fast, because my parking job was worth a tow. From the time I parked, it took less than six minutes to find their Bent, take photos, post a video on Instagram, and get back to Tortillo. Minutes later, I parked at CA Eta's Bent monument at San Jose State Univ. Then, I arrived at UC Santa Cruz in search of California Alpha Delta's Bent. I didn't find one, but thankfully found a bathroom. Hurried stubbornness almost got the best of me, as I should have stopped in San Jose!

Further south, I enjoyed scenic CA-25 and felt, aside from the picturesque weather, as though I was back in the Flint Hills of Kansas. A massive landslide had closed the coastal highway

south of Big Sur, and after touring Pinnacles National Park, it was my objective to get to the coast ASAP. Through King City and Fort Hunter Liggett I went and found Nascimento-Fergusson Road. It is hands-down the sketchiest road I've ever driven, characterized by slope failures and precipitous drops to the valley below as the one-car-wide path snakes two-way traffic up and over the Santa Lucia mountains. At times, the descent was so steep that Tortillo began to run away in low gear, but watching the ocean appear over the highest pass at 2,780 feet is a dramatic and worthwhile experience. The southern closure of CA-1 was north of Lucia, and there I spent the night with no cell signal in a turnout hundreds of feet above the Pacific Ocean as the moon reflected vividly against the waves. The distant waves crashing and a gentle breeze lulled me to sleep.

What a wonderful scene to wake up in. I spent an hour on a rock at the edge of the nearby cliff, writing, pondering, existing. Virtual meetings required my attention that morning, so I couldn't stay long. The coastal drive never disappoints. After 30 miles or so, the road flattens out in San Luis Obispo County, where I located the CA Mu Chapter's Bent at Cal Poly – SLO.

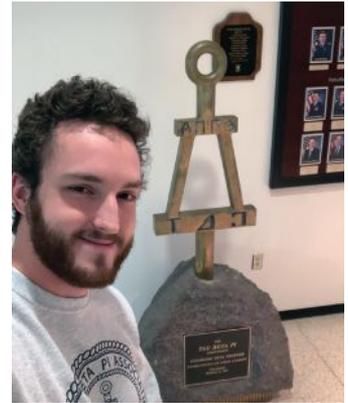
As promised, our followers saw the CA Sigma Chapter's Bent (**Figure 7**) in the glorious sunshine upon my return to Santa Barbara. Tortillo then said his final farewell to the ocean, and I discovered how incredible the views are on I-5 between Los Angeles and the Central Valley. Impressive is the scale of the final descent to the valley floor. As usual, Hotel Tacoma had one opening that night, this time at a rest stop on CA-99 just south of Tulare. Sequoia, Kings Canyon, and Yosemite National Parks all warned of wintry road conditions, but after braving the Canadian winter, it may as well have been summer as far as I was concerned. At Fresno State (CA Rho), I found the final Bent in California, and after nine days, I slept in another state, Nevada, on January 5.

Reno is home to the Nevada Alpha Chapter's Bent monument and the ST Alpha Epsilon's Pyramid.



A map showing Nick's six legs of travel on the Bentspedition.

Use the QR code below to follow along on Nick's journey.



Bent monument #260 at USAFA (CO Zeta).

The “Loneliest Road in America” (US-50) across Nevada was a sweet escape from the bustle of California traffic, and the next cold, windy night was spent on Bureau of Land Management land in the middle of the Utah desert. Gone was California sunshine.

Great discoveries were made in Utah with the UT Beta, Alpha, and Gamma Bent monuments found at Brigham Young, and Utah State universities in Provo, Salt Lake City, and Logan, respectively. During a conversation with UT Gamma Chapter Chief Advisor **Christian R. Bolander, Ph.D., UT G '18**, it became clear that the ST Alpha Delta Pyramid was destroyed to make way for the building we stood in. I'm thankful to have gotten ahold of him, because the UT Gamma Bent monument was in his office, which led to a jovial reveal once he learned why I was there. Winter storms ravaged Kansas City, and I assured my friends that the weather wasn't bad in Utah, which was true, until about 20 miles east of Logan. As the sun began to set, I crossed the mountains and blizzard conditions set in. Many hours later, I arrived in Kemmerer and had the best fried ice cream of my life at El Jaliciense of Wyoming. Feeling restless, I took a risky drive to the I-80 rest area in Lyman to sleep. I was awoken by the cold as the temperature in Hotel Tacoma dropped to zero. Thankfully, Cabela's winter bag, multiple coats, and hats kept me alive.

Much of the next day was spent driving to Laramie to photograph Wyoming Alpha's Bent and ST Omega's plaques at the University of Wyoming. Next, Colorado Delta and their Fort Collins

Bent at Colorado State were standing proudly on an eight-pointed star base in symbolism of ST Alpha Alpha. Boulder is where I slept after leaving Fort Collins. The CO Beta and ST Iota Chapter monuments were found the following day, and they have a unique Bent which is cast as a relief on a concrete picnic table. The CO Epsilon and Gamma Bents were easy to locate, and my focus quickly turned to getting home safely. To my dismay, I-70 was closed between Denver and Kansas, so I took US-36 instead. Bad choice as it was covered by solid untreated ice all the way to Kansas, and 50+ mph crosswinds regularly blew Tortillo sideways even in 4WD at speeds as low as 20 mph. The roads cleared up for a few hours once I made it to Kansas, but eventually I-70 was completely snowed over. I stopped in Wilson, Kansas, home of the world's largest Czech egg, for the night before returning safely back to Manhattan for the first time in 26 days.

For those tracking closely, you'll notice that Colorado Zeta was not mentioned. They are located at the U.S. Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs, and effort was made to conduct a visit on both legs 5 and 6, to no avail. However, we finally gained the clearances needed, and I returned to Colorado the following week on an unrelated trip and was able to gain base access on January 16 to officially see the last Bent in Colorado!

CONCLUSION

The Bentspedition is the greatest adventure I've ever tackled. It has taken me to places I never would have gone, introduced me to people I never would have known, broadened my horizons, and helped me better understand the

world in which we live. Additionally, it has provided for completion of the **Bent-O-Rama map** (bents.tbp.org), three articles in *The Bent* magazine with more student-authored content now in the works, and has inspired and reinvigorated passion for Tau Beta Pi among longstanding alumni.

What would it take to visit every collegiate Tau Beta Pi chapter? We don't know yet, but to visit 260 it takes 6 travel legs, over 2,000 miles flown, over 30,000 miles driven, and one full-time student who's crazy enough to pursue the endeavor.

Whether you're interested in pursuing a Bentspedition or not, it's my hope that this story will inspire you to set a goal and accomplish it despite all obstacles. You don't need to sleep in Home Depot parking lots in Puerto Rico or brave Canadian winter weather to prove that you love Tau Beta Pi; find your own way to give back, foster liberal culture, and make a difference in the Association and in the world. Follow [@ksutbp](https://www.instagram.com/ksutbp) on Instagram if you'd like to keep up with Kansas Gamma and see me complete the Bentspedition. There are still four campuses left!

NICHOLAS R. DIVILBISS is pursuing a master's degree in architectural eng'g at Kansas State University. Next year, he will continue at K-State towards a Ph.D. in civil eng'g. Nick enjoys driving, singing, and litter cleanups. After selling real estate for a few years, he committed to going to college and doing whatever was required to be successful. Nick gained his first leadership experiences through Tau Beta Pi and for that reason he's extremely grateful for TBP's role in both his personal and professional life.