
◊ Omega Crescent ◊

Since 1924

Fall 2026

Gary “Tuck” Friars (1954-2026)

A man’s true legacy is not measured by money or things. It lives on through the love he shared, the character he built, and the way he helped other people. Every day is a chance to shape that impact.

This happened on May 27th when Tuck passed away after his brief battle with cancer.

In honor of the man we loved to hate, AGR hosted a celebration of life on June 27th at the chapter house. It might have been the most iconic AGR event held at the house in many years. With a gathering of nearly 100 friends, family, and brothers, we celebrated his life and dedication to AGR.

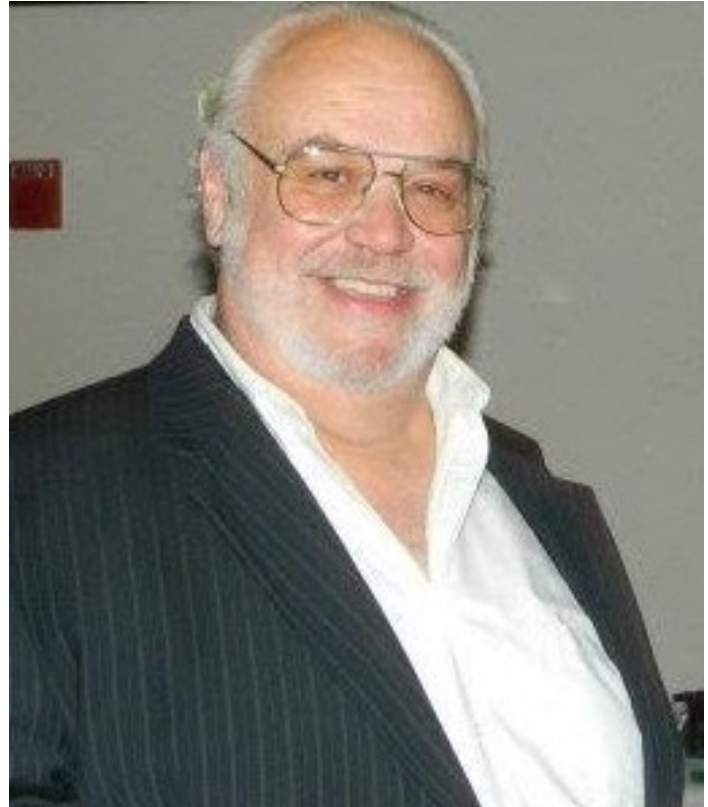
For those of you who could not attend, this was a true dedication of brotherhood. We were able to receive many donations to make sure the house was presentable with having the house cleaned prior to the event. The chapter chef (who is a brother) dedicated his time to prepare appetizers and a meal for the event.

Brothers who had not been to the house in several years were in attendance, a brother drove 5 hours each way to be there for an hour, and others who sent notes that could not be there.

We laughed, cried, told stories, and remembered the man who bled green and gold like not many brothers of Omega ever have.

Not only was it a great send off for someone who gave his life to AGR but it was a true representation of what our brotherhood is all about.

God speed my bother, we miss you dearly and love you.



“Tuck Time”

“What the fuck Tuck” might be the words I miss the most as a brother of Omega Chapter. I had written something for his memorial service and wanted to add more with the Crescent that was less of a eulogy and more of how much he is missed. In all honestly, I never thought I would miss “Tuck Time” or watching him smoke a pack in my driveway when he dropped of an invoice he could have emailed.

What I do miss are the random conversations with him and his stories about people I never met and more so his time spent on the house.

This summer we have had some fire panel issues and replaced the roof and several windows. These were things that I could call him and say you need to be at the house at this time to meet the contractor. No question he was there ready to spend money.

As I would drive to the house to meet the contractors it was a realization that I could not call him. For nearly 30 years these were conversations with Tuck that I could no longer have. As I reached for my phone to call him, I knew that I no longer could have him answer and hope this Bluetooth worked so he could hear me or I would get his full voicemail

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Homecoming 2026

The annual homecoming festivities will be held October 3rd, 2026. The day will start with UNH taking on Elon at 1pm. This will be followed by the traditional reception and meal at the chapter house to follow.

This years meal will include cold appetizers and the follow prepared by Chef Paul

BBQ Pulled Pork
Yellow Potato Salad
House Salad with Raspberry Vinaigrette
Corn Bread
Dirt Cake

If you plan on attending please contact Darren Janicke 603-372-7476 or email at nhdpj296@gmail.com

Advisor's Ramblings

This fall marks the beginning of my 50th year as a brother, having been initiated in November of 1977. It also begins my 39th year as a chapter Advisor, having started in the fall of 1988 as financial advisor, with Haven Hayes being the primary advisor. Did you know that Nationally Haven was the very first Advisor of the year? He was also the first brother National gave the title of Advisor Emeritus to. He was also my best man; I will always miss him.

This past August I, along with three undergraduates, attended the National Convention in Louisville, Kentucky. As always, our brothers were well behaved and on time to all portions of the convention. However, this group was able to do something that no other group had ever done before, either at a convention or a leadership seminar (now Emerging Leaders Institute) they were up and at breakfast before I was, although it only happened on the first day; I was very impressed. We arrived early for the convention and started our time there with a tour of Angle's Envy Distillery. The next morning, we went to the Louisville Slugger Factory and Museum. It was a fascinating experience and we all got to hold a bat used by a legendary player. I held one used by Yaz and one our brothers held one used by Babe Ruth.

This was the 20th Convention I attended starting with the Big Sky, Montana Convention. Pete Stackhouse, Tim Conaty, Haven and I made that trip. This year I was asked to deliver the explanatory lecture, which I was honored to do. Although I have had it memorized for over 30 years, it is still easy to make a mistake here and there. I wanted to get it letter perfect and I was nervous as hell just before my delivery, but I nailed it. One of the five Honorary Initiates was the former Commissioner of Agriculture of Kentucky and now the President of the Community College System of Kentucky, a man who I have known for a number of years and who I count among my friends. He had no idea that I was even at the convention and likely didn't even know I was an AGR. The look on his face when I was introduced was priceless. He told me that it was something he would never forget.

I continue to be proud of our undergraduate chapter and all of the men in it. I look forward to a great year ahead. On September 11th and 12th, we will be holding our annual strategic planning session. This year we will be joined by our Regional Vice-President, Adam Manwarren. I also hope to see many of you at Homecoming on October 3rd.

Fraternally,

Shawn Jasper

#827

Tuck Time Continued

His dedication and love for AGR was nothing that any one could comprehend. His brotherhood has meant a lot to me but beyond that he was part of my family. He was at my wedding, cared about my wife and daughters and was always our “Grumpy” old guy that we invited to all of our events.

Words can not justify what he meant to me or my family. It will be a hole in our hearts that we will never be able to fill.

I would give anything to see his name show up on my phone and answer with “What do you want you grumpy old bastard”.

Thank you for being a brother, friend, and part of our family.

Norbert—1075

Remember the 90's?

Hopefully many reading this article do remember the 90s, this was when the house was last in “decent” shape. The roof, windows, and siding were all replaced. We had redone the first floor with the help of the Cavanaugh brothers’; walls in one piece, carpet that was new, and ceiling tiles that were not water stained.

Well it had been 30 years since these projects were complete. The roof and dormer windows were replaced this summer, the largest significant investment in the chapter since the basement renovation years ago.

A few checks written, and the corporation spent \$50,000 on the project.

As we got into the project, it was determined that most of the sheathing on the main part of the house along with all the trim was rotted and needed to be replaced.

This resulted in an unexpected cost of \$11,000 to remove and replace the trim with PVC

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Overview of the Convention

This past month, brothers Shawn Jasper, Kyle Colucci, John Sturgeon, and Samuel Rapoza had the pleasure of attending the 69th biennial Alpha Gamma Rho National Convention in Louisville, Kentucky. Hundreds of alumni and undergraduate brothers attended from chapters all across the country. The convention began on August 6th where the brotherhood held an opening reception accompanied with a distinguished service initiation welcoming five new brothers to Alpha Gamma Rho. The following day, the brothers attended an interactive opportunity fair which provided countless agricultural opportunities through internships as well as full-time positions in numerous companies and organizations. To wrap up the second day of the convention, the brotherhood traveled to Churchill Downs, home of the Kentucky Derby, the oldest continuously held sports event in the world. The brothers attended a banquet in the Churchill Downs ballroom and were given a tour of the facility that



included an up close look at the Kentucky Derby track. On the final day of the convention, Grand President, Jay Vroom held the final business session where we voted to recognize the West Texas A&M colony as the Gamma Theta Chapter. Not only did we welcome the West Texas A&M chapter into our brotherhood, we elected two new members to our AGR National Board of Directors. Both Tracey Binkley of Alpha Kappa Chapter and Kevin Ochsner of Rho Chapter will now serve as the new-

est National Board Directors. The brothers of Omega Chapter are grateful for the connections formed, knowledge gained, and experiences had at the 69th biennial AGR National Convention.

Undergraduates Attend Top Leader Institute

My name is Jack Sturgeon, and I am currently serving as Scholarship Chair for the Omega chapter. I am honored and excited to take on a role that can positively impact the long-term success and reputation of our brotherhood. My goal throughout my term is not only to maintain academic standards, but to strengthen our culture in a way that is sustainable for years to come.

As Scholarship Chair, I plan to implement several initiatives to better support our members. First, I am working to obtain more files for the filing cabinet in the house library and re-label them to allow future brothers to have an efficient and organized way to aid them in their studies. By improving the accessibility and organization of academic materials, we can create a stronger foundation of shared resources within the chapter. I am also creating a structured system to obtain updates on members' academic performance throughout the semester so that progress can be monitored consistently rather than only at midterm or final grade reports. By combining accountability with support, my aim is to create an environment where academic success is normalized rather than reactive.

Recently, our executive board members had the opportunity to attend the AGR Top Leaders Institute (TLI) in Hartford, Connecticut. The institute brought together undergraduate leaders from chapters nationwide to focus on leadership development, risk management, and accountability. Each member who attended TLI was able to engage in officer-position breakout sessions to learn what other chapters are doing and how we can improve Omega Chapter from our respective roles on the executive board. A theme throughout the program was intentional leadership. Effective and prosperous chapters do not reach success by chance; they build systems, enforce standards, and consistently communicate expectations. Yet another takeaway from TLI was ownership. Leadership positions are not mere titles, they are responsibilities that require initiative, follow-through, and the willingness to address issues directly. TLI was an amazing experience that bettered our officers' abilities to lead our chapter.

Furthermore, the experience at TLI has strengthened my ability to carry out my duties as Scholarship Chair. Instead of viewing academics as a checklist item, I see it as a system that should be deliberately designed and consistently upheld to truly make better men. During the Scholarship Chair breakout session with other chapters, the importance of a detailed academic plan was greatly stressed. Because of this, I am currently implementing a comprehensive academic plan that will clearly lay out the academic guidelines and expectations for each member and for the collective chapter. This plan does not introduce new requirements, but it provides a document where all current and future members will be able to access and understand all academic procedures and expectations within Omega chapter. It has been developed following national AGR standards, IFC policies, and University of New Hampshire requirements to ensure alignment at every level. The discussions our officers had about accountability reinforced the importance of setting measurable goals and following through until reaching success. Thank you for your time.

Keeping Up with Alumni

When I was 14 I began working on a dairy farm in my home town of Portland, Ct. I thoroughly loved working with the cattle and doing field work and decided that I wanted to be a dairy farmer. After graduating from high school in 1962 I enrolled at the University of Connecticut with a major in Dairy Husbandry, and soon thereafter was initiated into the Alpha Nu Chapter of AGR. AGR provided

many of the most memorable and rewarding experiences of my college career and lasting friendships that have enriched my life. As I approached graduation I faced the question of how I could begin a career as a dairy farmer. My family did not own a farm, by the combination of working long hours and being granted several scholarships I had managed to avoid student debt, but I also had virtually nothing in savings. While I felt



capable, I had not demonstrated an ability to manage a farm successfully and I had no credit history. It was then that I was given the opportunity to enter graduate school at Cornell University majoring in reproductive physiology, a subject that had caught my interest as an undergraduate. I married my wife and former sweetheart of Alpha Nu in 1969 while I was still in graduate school, and Nancy and I had our first child in 1970. I received my Ph.D. in 1971, pursued a year of post-doctoral training at Oklahoma State University and had our second child. In 1972 I received my first full-time job at Colorado State University. I also received an invitation to the Class of 1962 ten-year high school reunion! In 1979 our family of six moved to NH where I began my career as a faculty member at UNH.

After a number of years at UNH I was invited to serve as an academic advisor at Omega Chapter. That in turn lead to serving as a co-advisor for the chapter for several years and briefly as the chapter advisor (with Shawn Jasper doing nearly all of the work), and membership on the housing corporation board. In the process I made many new friendships that I would never have made without AGR.

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Those Who Help Us Keep Going... Corporation Donations

The following is a list of those Alumni who graciously made donations to the Alumni Corporation and Educational Foundation during our latest mailing (If we failed to include you please remind us and we will make sure we never

Corporation

Lifetime Member (\$1000 and up)

Dave Darsie
Jonathan Kingsbury
Jones Family
Frederick Courser

Jesse Helper Club (\$100 and up)

Carl Campbell
Jacob Mason
Kevan Whipple
Jeff Allard
Stephen Liss
Donald Clifford
Wilder Simpson
Nick Neaton
John Scippa
Austin Ahearn
Ethan Robertson
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Stephen Bosiak
James Durval
Carl Campbell
Brian Cavanaugh
Paul Hopkins
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Carl Newton
David Coughlin
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Educational Foundations Donations

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Brian Cavanaugh
Christ Stawasz
Ralph Odell
Carl Reed
Donald Clifford
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Mark Radwan
Hugh Dunkley
Kenneth Cressy
Stephen Bianchi

Donation Links

If you would like to make an electronic donation, you can use QR Codes below



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If you would like to make a donation to either the corporation or Educational Foundation, please return the card enclosed within the package.

Checks can be mail to
John Morris
318 Hall Rd
Barrington NH, 03825

Paypal: agr@nhcomputing.com

Remember the 90's Continued

Along with all the plywood. This was money that was earmarked for future projects that we no longer have.

The money to fund this project was years of handwork, donations, and tax abatements that will not come easily in the future. This is where we need the support of the alumni to help rebuild our reserves and keep working on the house that many of us have called home.

-AGR Alumni Corporation



From The House: Fall 2026 Update

As we head into another semester, the brothers of Alpha Gamma Rho have been keeping busy both around the house and outside of it. It has been a great start to the year, with plenty of opportunities for the brothers to spend time together, make memories, and continue improving the chapter.

One of the highlights so far has been a day of cliff jumping, giving everyone a chance to get away from the house and enjoy some time together. Looking ahead, we have plenty more brotherhood activities planned, including a brotherhood shoot day and hopefully an alumni cookout to bring current brothers and alumni together.

A major focus this year has also been improving the house. The brothers have already made significant progress, including installing a new ceiling in the basement, putting on a new roof, replacing windows, and giving the landscaping a much-needed refresh. We also added crushed stone and a bordered fire pit, creating a better outdoor space for brothers and guests to enjoy. (Continued on page 12)

Keeping Up With Alumni Continued

But if I may digress for a moment to make something of a public service appeal, that association also created a sense of guilt in me because it made me realize how much I had been missing in action as an alumnus of my own Alpha Nu Chapter. Moving to the states of NY, OK, CO and NH after graduation took me far away from UCONN, and with the busy life that goes along with graduate school, building a career, being a husband and father, AGR was seldom on my mind. I suspect that many of you may have shared similar distancing for very understandable reasons. My involvement with Omega Chapter made me reflect much more often about the wonderful times I had at Alpha NU, and how it had changed my life. But it was serving on Omega's housing board that made me feel especially embarrassed. When I was an undergraduate at UCONN everyone was



required to live in the dorms. Alpha Nu had the entire half of one dorm building to itself, and we had a house mother, a chef and kitchen manager. But we did not own a house. We did not need to pay for items such as property taxes and insurance, we didn't need to maintain the house and its fire alarm and sprinkler systems, etc. The university even provided house-keeping. We as active members were billed individually by the university and then paid fees to

the national organization and for our meals and social fees. It was very simple and brought few surprises.

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Keep Up With Alumni Continued

We were not dependent upon alumni support. It was only as I began serving on Omega's housing corporation that I became aware of the never-ending financial challenges of owning a fraternity house, as Alpha Nu now does. I quickly realized that I had been missing in action for far too long, something that I since have begun attempting to correct at least in some small way. If you've been missing in action as I was it is not too late. I urge you to re-connect and to continue to reap the benefits of brotherhood. The chapter does care about its alumni and would love to hear from you.



Wishing you all the very best. Bill Berndtson

From the House: Fall 2026 Update Continued

There is still plenty of work ahead. Our next major project will be redoing the drywall in the first-floor hallway, continuing our effort to make the house a place that the chapter can be proud of for years to come.

With recruitment coming up in mid-September, we are also looking forward to welcoming a new group of potential brothers and showing them what AGR has to offer. Between recruitment, brotherhood events, house projects, and hopefully some alumni events, there is a lot to look forward to this semester.

I'm proud of the work the brothers have put in so far, and I'm excited to see what we can accomplish together as we continue building on what those before us have left behind.

My Brother Tuck

In the 45 years I knew him, he was like a real brother, not just a fraternity brother. We had our disagreements just like real brothers, but we also shared a lot of good times just like real brothers.

The tag line for Ghostbusters is “Who ya gonna call?” and that line applies to our relationship to Tuck. He was the one to call for anything at any time, to help us fix just about anything inside or outside (electrical, plumbing, home repair, automotive, landscaping). Or at least give us advice and direction on what to do. For me, even though he lived an hour away, he wouldn’t hesitate to come when called for help. I have many examples of this, including a major plumbing renovation at our cottage on Baboosic Lake, rewiring some rental apartments to bring them up to code, and tearing down then rebuilding a foundation to the back wall of our house before it collapsed. But the most memorable was the immediate need for an overnight apartment transformation when my sister had to move back from CA with barely a week’s notice. Tuck spent several hours working with us to

get the apartment into a move-in condition. And the most important last-minute help came when we had a frozen pipe that burst after starting to thaw, raining water from the ceiling and down the walls, through the door frames and into the basement. Tuck was there to guide us within a couple of hours. He was able to calm us down and remind us it wasn’t the end of the world, that we would rebuild better. And we did.

There were lots of funny moments. Sleeping in his car after Jamie Long’s wedding and the car roof leaking on us when it started raining in the very early morning hours. Celebrating



New Year’s Eve extending into the next two days to celebrate his birthday. We won’t mention his 60th birthday party at the house.

We took several trips together to Disney, to visit Brother Bruce Barmby in Florida, and to Portugal. He was always up for a day trip to a fair, a farm, a demo derby, concerts and last minute Christmas shopping with my sister.

Tuck was family. He attended family celebrations, birthday parties, holidays, weddings and funerals. He was even member of our wedding party.

Life happens as we both got older and we would drift apart, but there would always be an occasion to bring us back together as if no real time had passed. He treated my daughter and my nieces as if they were his own nieces, giving them fix-it advice, showing them how to use tools, and telling them what things they should always carry in their cars. His own vehicle was a traveling toolbox, and he had every imaginable tool packed in it, even some tools most of us couldn’t identify and didn’t know how to use.

To Know Tuck Was to Love Tuck

I met Tuck—whose given name was Gary Friars, although I have literally never called him that...ever—when I first started spending time at the Alpha Gamma Rho fraternity. I was friends with some of the brothers and spent a lot of time at the house after meeting the man I would eventually marry.

I think Tuck was the chef at the time I started hanging around the house. He was probably also the handyman, electrician, plumber, and everything in between. If you knew Tuck, you knew that he was pretty handy to have around. You also knew that everything happened on “Tuck time,” which was usually extended by cups of coffee, cigarettes, and lots of stories in between.

Over the years, Tuck and I formed our own friendship. We would sit in the basement bar at the house and chat, or sometimes walk downtown for a coffee and sit outside and talk. Believe it or not, Tuck was a great listener and actually pretty insightful when it came to people. He had a way of seeing things, and he was often more perceptive than he let on.

Tuck was the kind of guy who would do anything for his friends. I can look around my house and my yard and find reminders of the projects Tuck had a hand in over the years. The first time we lost power for an extended period of time, who was there to help get the generator hooked up to the furnace and refrigerator? Yup. Tuck.

Now, that's not to say there wasn't a fair amount of bantering and bickering back and forth between John and Tuck during these projects. Of course there was. They were both stubborn, and both firmly believed that their way was the only—and right—way. I can still hear Tuck in my head saying, “I understand that, but...”

Tuck was a part of my life for nearly 30 years. And over those years, in addition to being a friend to John and me, he came to know our girls as well. He was there for birthday parties, graduation celebrations, and all the little moments in between.

Sometimes he would just “stop by” to drop something off. Those visits usually happened at the most inopportune times and somehow turned into a good hour-long “drop off.” Half the time would be spent in my kitchen talking, and the other half would be spent in my driveway with Tuck half in and half out of the car, smoking a cigarette and getting ready to leave. That was Tuck.

While I don't want to spend a lot of time dwelling on Tuck's last days, I would be remiss not to mention them, because those last few days were also a part of our story.

The weekend Tuck was transferred back to Wentworth-Douglass Hospital from Boston happened to be the start of my week working at the hospital. Apparently, the universe had a plan.

I was fortunate to have a couple of opportunities each day to pop up to the floor, check on Tuck, and spend a few minutes with him. One particular day, early that week, I went up to check on him and he was causing a bit of a ruckus. He was giving the nurses a hard time, being a bit ornery and argumentative.

Well, that was just Tuck sometimes. So, in a way, it was kind of okay.

I went into his room to see if I could help settle him down. I reminded him who I was and how we knew each other—AGR, Norbert—and initially, I'm not sure he was able to put all the pieces together. He continued to give his nurse a hard time, refusing to take his medications for her.

My Brother Tuck (continued)

He developed an interest in cooking possibly from the exposure to his mother's cooking and her vast collection of cookbooks. When he ventured into catering, he was the chef at two family weddings and many large family gatherings. We gave him a cookbook for Christmas one year that was all about cooking for fraternities, sororities and other large groups. He spent several years as the chef at Omega Chapter.

He had a lifelong interest in mechanical things, how they worked, and he was the "fix-it" guy right up to the end, figuring out new door locks, shower faucets, floor coverings or insulating walls.

The bottom line- he always helped others before helping himself. We will truly miss our go-to fix-it friend and brother.



Brother Jim George, 880

To Know Tuck Was to Love Tuck (continued)

for a few minutes. I caught him up on life, the girls, work, and whatever else I could think of. Most of what he said didn't make much sense, but I think that in that moment, he remembered who I was, even if only for a brief time.

As Tuck continued to decline, my visits became less about conversation and more about checking in with his nurses and sitting with him for a few minutes while he slept. I will be forever grateful that I was able to be there that week.

John, our older daughter, and I visited Tuck over the long Memorial Day weekend and had the privilege of spending his last moments here on earth with him. We let him know that it was okay to go, and that his mom and sister, both of whom he loved tremendously, were waiting for him.

We had the honor of being there when he took his last breath. For that, I will be forever grateful. Grateful that he was surrounded by people who loved him. Grateful that he wasn't alone on his journey. And grateful that, after nearly 30 years of friendship, we were able to be there for him at the very end.

I will leave you with this:

If you were lucky enough to know Tuck, you were lucky enough.

To a longtime and dear friend—Tuck, you will be forever missed and never forgotten.

Until we meet again.

Godspeed.

Final Words

If you have lived in the house, been an out of house brother, or a combination of both, stop and raise your hand.

Did you leave the house better than you left it? Brotherhood or physically wise? The house is old. The corporation has done as much as possible to make sure this is the house you want to live in.

I met someone in the past week that went to UNH and they asked where I lived. When I said AGR, the response was that is a pretty clean house.

That is a testament to all brothers but what does that mean? Yes we have done renovations and maintenance items but is that enough? No.

When Tuck died and I reached out to the alumni to help with his memorial service, it was the most overwhelming response I have seen in years. Brothers I have not heard from in years donated, many offered to help with the service, and many attended the event.

We raised as much money to \clean the house as we have done in a mailing. For Tuck. Yes, we loved and hated him.

I am fully aware that in my position I have not made friends, but that is the task I accepted. Many of you have been to Zero and the read of names, well I have been the Corporation Treasure for 27 years.

Other than my family, there have been 3 constants in my life, Shawn, Tuck, and every 3rd Monday of the month.

Some of this is on me, probably trying to kill Shawn off to be the lone survivor, but the three of us were a majority of the corporation for 30 years. Shawn has there for house meetings or to save us from UNH, Tuck was there way too much, and I was there for the rest. Where were you?

The question is why does someone dying , iconic or not, need to be the reason that we can raise money?

I ask you at this time to set your bitches and complaints aside, and think about the actual house. **Think about 6 Strafford Ave.** Where you lived. Where you partied. The place many of us called home for many years. This is not about personal grudges, times you did not enjoy, it is about AGR and the house that sits on the property,

I challenge you to make a difference and show what AGR Omega is about.

Fraternally

John Morris