

# **Typical Reflections of a Typical Freshman during a Typical Hell Week**

By that Grand Old Greek of Belta Rah Belta  
GIL WERNER,  
who is a Sophomore and who has nothing to do with this case.



## *1st Nite*

### THE GATHERING OF THE STORM

Yes, the worthy brothers of the dear old I Patta Thigh Fraternity finally decided to initiate me. The long awaited Hell Week had arrived. I was brought over to the Lodge by my brother, an alumnal member of the B. U. Club. A few words of sound advice, a clasp of the hand and he was gone. I was received in a tepid fashion by Brother 'Pretty Boy,' a renowned active member of I Patta Thigh—very active—'Lemme' see, where was I—oh yes, the Boys accorded me a damp welcome. They don't seem a bit excited over the fact that they are going to initiate me—Oh well, Engineers—no imagination—no appreciation!

Sat up until three in the morning writing that damn theme on Anglo-Saxon Women—Big, beefy, blond broads with blue eyes and bashed-in noses. And so to bed—or rather—and so to profanity! The beds were all taken and I had to sleep on the floor.

## *Next Day*

School O. K.—am in an excited state of emotion, in fact I'm all 'ajitter'—guess that's why I'm not sleepy. The Boys foxed me. They looked up my program and found out that I have no afternoon classes. That means work at the house every afternoon, and my chances to catch-up on sleep are shot to ———. Well, anyhow they informed me that Hell Week was to officially start at 2 o'clock this afternoon.

## *2 P. M. Same Day*

### THE STORM BREAKS!

And so do paddles and my suspenders. Assume the Angle—Bend Down Sister—Bif-Bam! Gosh darn crack-whack-smack-smack-smack! Oh, what a nice little warming party we had this afternoon.

Am given my name and Gawd!—what a name. Lady killer, pansy, apple knocker and what not. The rules are laid down. The iron clad rules. Iron clad, hell! I broke two of 'em already this evening. No smoking eh? And here I am enjoying the cigarettes, gum, mints and candy that I bought for the actives. Ah me!

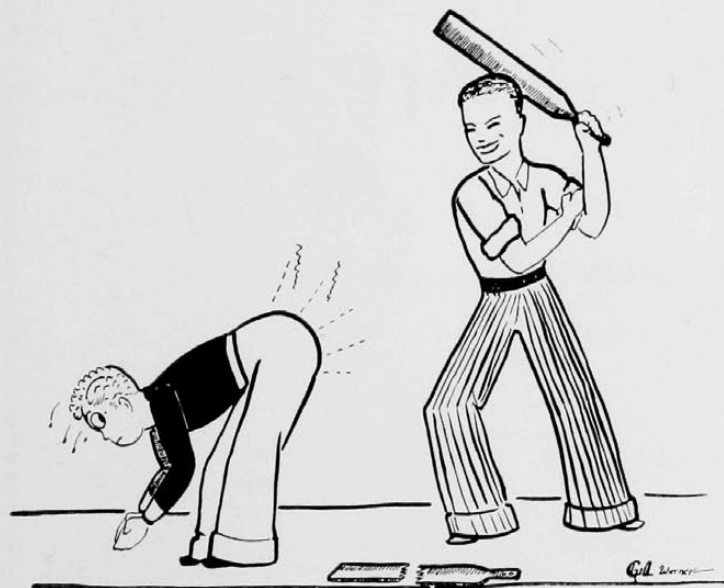
## *6 P. M.*

Had a helluva time getting my dinner. Too much horsen around. At least they ought to let a man eat in peace.

## *7:30 P. M.*

We are to be allowed to study from 7:30 until 10:30—Damn white of them. I'm sure. Tommie Beerson, pride and joy of the tong, makes the 99th guy to bust in and give us a "pal talk." 'Howinell' do they expect me to make Phi Bete if they let every I Patta Thigh and his brother interrupt our study period with those pseudo-confidential talks? Such as—"Now no matter what they do take it like a man and smile—for the love 'geeze' don't act griped! Swallow your guts and smile—We're all real anxious to see you come thru'—Its not going to hurt much—its all going to be real nice and easy."

Nerts, it looks like this good ole rough initiation is going to degenerate into a Beta tea party.



## *Mid-Nite*

Well, the fun started. Just a lot of wise cracks and pie slinging humor—Just the thing to delight a four year old mind—or an engineer. At first it was fun, then it grew tedious, and finally the childish antics became dreadfully boring. They quit at 2 and I burned the midnite oil until 3. Gee, tomorrow, I'll be as groggy as a Put-In-Bay morning after.

## *4 A. M.*

Wide awake all day. So sleepy tonite that even a date with Jean Harlow couldn't excite me. The Boys decide to play "Guess Who." Swish—thud—uh! 'Golly' did that fat pledge brother of mine ever grunt? I was really griped tonite, but I believe I concealed it. Almost caught with my spurious writings—that would have been a help. Well, 'ennywho' this makes 2 down and only 3 nites left to go.