



taker. He comes running out with a shotgun—that's funny, reminds me of my last date with a high school girl. Anyway, in my frantic efforts to scam, I fell in—and didn't get a duck after all. Joe brought back his prize all tied up in a pink ribbon—on the end of a fork.

4th Day

An Algebra quiz—Phooey! such luck. If a farmer has 40 sheep, 100 bushels of wheat, 5 cows, 2 quarts of gin and free wheeling—how many children will he have? Hell! that's not an algebra problem. Well, I washed cars all afternoon and was excused for a while tonite to go and get my cheerleader suit—Boy those red 'drillies' are the nerts!



9 P. M.

Brother Outferblood came over for the "fun"—that was a bad omen. I pushed matches across the floor with my nose until all the skin was worn off. That's not funny! Brother Outferblood suggested a round table meeting; I'd call it a 3rd degree affair. I was charged with being too cocky. (This always makes a freshman feel like a regular little heller!) Furthermore, some of the boys were sore because I was taking it all as a joke. 'Yep,' I guess I was pretty much of a 'Bloke' not to be able to realize what a serious and important thing hell-week is. After being tried and convicted, I was massaged with the traditional symbol of fraternal justice. Quick Herbie—an ice pack!

5th and Last Day

Ah—tonite rough initiation, and then I too, will feature the dazzling jeweled pin of I Patta Thigh. I think I'll put it to work immediately. Boy, what a list of stuff we had to get—I still blush to think of it. We had to furnish the paddles ourselves, and what does that dumb cluck Joe do but go out and buy oak barrel staves—clonk!

And now this drivel must cease. Fraternities really are on the "up and up" and I can see no point in "spilling the works" to oncoming freshmen—they are so hopeful. Thinking it all over—maybe it was a good thing for me—such a noble cultural experiment. And what can compare with the culture that flowers and blooms in our American Colleges?—Hot-cha-cha!



3rd Day

Up at 5 o'clock, damn! A terrible French Quiz—double damn! ! Was excused from house work this afternoon 'cause' I'm on the 'Noose' Staff. Pretty soft—I wrote up a couple of 'Blurbs' and then went down to the 'Big E' with Brother Broadbottom and Brother Piddlepoop. Wonder what S. A. E. stands for?—those initials are carved on almost every seat in this dive.

10 P. M.

Everybody in a good humor tonite. Joe and I are sent out on a treasure hunt. That is, we had to go out and get "something," and I had to bring mine back alive. I tore all over Burnet Woods for one of those damn ducks. Got caught out in the middle of the lake in a boat without oars. The ducks let out an awful squak and aroused the care-