

Organizations

Pledging—the climax to a hectic summer of kowtowing and currying favor with “just the sort of man we want.” By October we are the deadly enemies of practically everybody but a small group. These latter are our blood-brothers, our very selves, in fact, nurtured at the same bosom of the dear old Fraternity.

And rest assured, those men that were the hardest to get were the ones we got the hardest during Hell Week, yes, sir!

And then the honoraries: The macabre file of hooded beings snakes across the floor mumbling, mumbling, in unintelligible cadence. We thrill to the mystery of this weird business; we call it hokum—and like it. We guess whom they will honor with a summons. Someone dear to us is called into the circle they have formed. Our joy knows no bounds—except that of the lump in our throat—we have been overlooked. But there’s always next year . . .