At House B this is very real. In the course of the evening there are more than a few, "They all say that because I'm so short..."'s. There are the property of what appear to be the mainstream of House B, proofs by those who had sold the rushbook and know how they are supposed to be. Around quarter of twelve, fifteen minutes before midnight, while the night is still young, a terrible thing is happening. With lame excuses like, "You need to get ready for a big day tomorrow," my classmates are being led away like sheep and being put to bed. To bed to even the thought was absurd. This was it, and they dare to talk of a big day tomorrow. (Benjamin Frank)lin to the contrary, I do not even consider thinking of going to bed at such an early hour. I flee into the night.

The excuses are of course a cover for the summit meeting in which the assembled brethren decide who to bed. Some plead the "big dAy," others explain that the members are tired after all the work they put into the house, and some tell their future topics of conversation the truth. At any rate, getting put to bed at midnight is a disgrace.

At these meetings the "choice blend of selected facets" doff their coats and ties and polite inquiries for the rough-and-tumble. I know it is not just a luxury in which only the most fortunate establishments indulge; even those who are not destined to become very acquainted with their four freshmen (or what is left of them) become very pattled. If you ever sat in on one of those meetings you would never want to join a fraternity. What goes on is incredible. "That guy is one of the worst assholes I ever saw. Never seen, these, even cracking like plywood, provoked food memories of breakfast as I dine in the plywood with six-course math sipper. We are shown the refinements resulting from advances in the atmosphere other than the strong aromas normally following a basketball game.

At dinner I am in the first shift to eat (there were at least two), cleverly placed adjacent to my bird dog, who is once again attempting the impossible. He is not really a mismatch, the whole house is. What is on the table was something else again. Prominently displayed is Mattes Rose, Bird dog says, "They told us if we have wine for dinner we can only have two beers tonight instead of three.

Mattes wine, yes sweet Mattes, once again I encounter thee. Mattes was the preference of the high school wine underclass, and it had even made a few successful forays above-ground in English class shifts. When the price of Mattes went up, a four-day period of mourning was declared, ending only when Friday night's excess of good cheer caused all to forget. There is Marcus, worth one beer at a Saturday night party to the membership. Dinner is steak and potatoes. Each steak a steak, never seen, this one, even tasting like plywood, provoked food memories of breakfast as I dine in the plywood with six-course math sipper. We are shown the refinements resulting from advances in the atmosphere other than the strong aromas normally following a basketball game.

The tour of Two Rooms and the Door is a legendary event as old as fraternities themselves. Tales are told in each house of methods used in days of yore, and of the refinements resulting from advances in civilization. One house had placed its fill in a vintage year, so the stragglers who had not heard the news were given a special tour. They were led to the base-ment bathroom, where a Brother was seated on the john. He got up, shook everybody's hand, and sat back down. The survivors were led upstairs, where the incident was repeated on every floor. (Times have changed and this method has been replaced by more humane tactics.)

Now the Unwonted is sent to talk to Jerry, who is playing pool in a room by himself. He has been known to speak in two years he has been at Eta Pi. "What are you interested in?"

"Math."

"We don't have any math majors here."

"Basketball."

"That's too bad. We don't have any basketball players here."

"Poor pool bullets."

Silence.

I walk through the portals of House D. I am greeted by a Brother, who introduces himself. "Hi, I'll give you a tour of the house first. Come on upstairs. This is the living room (there are people talking inside). Here are the back stairs with a dumbwaiter. This room is a double. We have two seniors in it. (We go up the former stairs. This is the only time we are allowed to laugh.) We laugh about the way it is painted. We call it the Boob Room."

(Eventually I see the point. "Ha, Ha.")

I am led back down to ground level, "I am interested in rush, and I feel that freshmen should see as many houses as possible before making up their minds." I am led to a table, where there are two girls talking people in line. They have no idea what is going on. Maybe I was a first.

"Where are you going?"

"We are going to..."

"Are you interested in rush?"

"Yes."

"Put down "Boston."

"The girls look puzzled."

I am shown the front door, which is open. I am on the hot street again.

In a haze I walk down the street until I am accosted by a bright-looking freshman on this street that did not feed me breakfast. It being almost time for lunch, I accept.

The tour is a large group, and the brightly-painted house reflected the efforts made to attract new members following a straight-aways-battle. There are novel living arrangements and new and interesting ideas on all sorts of things. As a result, the living room is over-flowing. The bright freshmen who had hired me was seated in a group of five or six, talking to a member, one of the few to be found. Eventually I squeeze into a posture at the left elbow of another, and am pacified until lunch is called.

Eating arrangements in House E are also rather novel. In the dining room are two tables with twenty-four pieces. Also in the dining room are twenty-four freshman sitting at the twenty-four-places. On my left is a freshman. On my right is another freshman. Across from me are freshmen. At a separate table in the far corner of the room are two members. I learn a lot about the house that lunch hour. They were serving hamburgers. After lunch they are taking people to a Red Sox game. I call for a chauffeur from House F.

House F is an institution I had been warned about earlier. "There is one house that is different from all the rest. You will know it when you come to it. I won't tell you which one it is, but its househall is $100 more expensive than anywhere else."

The tour is conducted by a coasted-and-beady sipper. We are shown every bedroom and the conveniences of each. In a room at the top the tour ends and the guide discusses finances and the stereo. At this point one muscular freshman chirps, "You people must be really rich.""But downstairs some are discussing how the jokes in the New Yorker are not funny. Others are considering forming a hockey team. For a while I attempt to converse with such of the members as are not too busy to be spoken to. This is the only time we are allowed to laugh."

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