

Sorosis

Sorosis of the Budget: a Candida Foto.
(Written Jan. 21-28, 1954.)

Atlantic
L. Home Journal
Mademoiselle

Jan. 28th.
Feb. 8th
Feb 25

Feb. 5th. Letter. Close.
Feb. 23rd.

Written by:

SORORIS OF THE BUDGET: A CANDID PHOTO

Our daughter Lisbeth is radiantly happy these days, ^{by Robert France} she is a

freshman at Midwestern U. and ^{is} pledged Gamma Nu Gamma. ^{Moreover} ~~but in~~
~~she is~~ "pinned" to Nu Gamma Nu. ^{a real line} ~~being pinned,~~ Lisbeth explains, is

an arrangement whereby one becomes engaged to become engaged. His

name is Creighton and his father is "in oil." "Anyway," Grace said, ^{as far as} shrugging philosophically, "so far oil is well." "Off shorely," ^{incredible}

^{replied} Lisbeth has ^{so far} neglected to inform us whether the ^{incredible campus} folkways

of being pinned ^{include} embraces, also the ritual of first being pinned to

be pinned, ^{and somehow} we lack the heart to probe this ^{devious} subject.

^{but it} seems reasonably clear, however, that our Lisbeth has got herself

pinned, and that the pin-or is a "perfect doll." (I find a little

heady the prospect of ever going trout fishing with such a son-in-law.)

That Lisbeth might be asked to join a sorority and, being asked,

might wish to accept, was ^{a contingency} of course a possibility that Grace and I

faced bravely when first we considered her college budget. "How much

shall we allot for such a catastrophe?" I asked, ^{having} ever the realistic

male, I had ^{that} clean forgotten the cost of my own elaborate course in

the three Greek letters I contrived to learn while ^{at} college, ^{but}

Grace seemed to remember ^{only} it had run her dad around a hundred bucks

for her to join the Thetas. Inflation being what it is, and Grace and

I never being ^{ones} to stint our little Lisbeth, I shrugged and with

a careless wave of the hand generously marked down: "Sorority, \$200.00."

It was the act of a dreamer.

The thing started off softly, as mistily muted as the opening strains of ~~one of Wagner's~~^a prolonged musical score ~~by Wagner,~~ "Dear Mommy, Sorry I had to spend \$6.40 for the photo of our pledge class and 5.78 for the flowers for our tea, but ~~it~~^{everything} was simply darling. Let me tell you all about it..." Enter a lone English horn, still ~~far far~~^{faint, still fainter,} ~~away~~^{away} but curiously insistent. "Fraternity supper, 9.80--Creight was there--assessments, 8.70, miscellaneous, 9.70." For ~~once the educational advantages residing in these cryptic items,~~ including the ~~supper, appear to have been miraculously negotiated without benefit~~ ~~a supper could be served and delivered without benefit~~ of photographic plates.

The haunting English horn now swells and gains clearer definition. "Pledge pin, 3.75, pre-initiation fee, 12.25, pledge manual, 3.75." ~~The horn~~^{is} is now joined by heavy growlings from the bass. "Welcome tea for mothers; 8.20--terribly sorry, Moms, you couldn't come--flowers and photos, 12.18." Again: "Dinner-dance for Nu Gam pledges, flowers and photos, 24.80." "New photo of our pledge class, 6.40--one of our cutest girls looked cross-eyed in the first."

"I have a ~~growing~~^{swelling} intuition," Grace remarked just about then, "that ~~we~~^{you and I} are about to co-star in the best-photographed crash in the history of bankruptcy."

"Complete with flowers," I murmured.

Suddenly came a pair of chilling staccato toots from the trumpets. "Assessments, 36.40, miscellaneous, 37.40." ("At last," Grace said, "I have now divined the difference between assessments and miscellaneous--it's one buck!") Now a series of ~~clear~~^{clarion} blasts from the trumpets, introducing the wild ascendant main theme. "Dear Pops, your tattered daughter needs a new formal for the interfraternity ball..." After

Insert A

→ No. 91. (The growing ^{and ~~rather unnatural~~} affinity of these two establishments for each other had not escaped us, and suggested only ~~a pair of~~ ^{reciprocal high-tariff matrimonial bureaus.})
* a pair of epheves

New ¶ "I predict the peculiar ^A affinity of these two Greek clubs for each other," Grace remarked, "will one day ~~founder in~~ perish in a sea of tea."

¶ "At least it's cheaper than ⁱⁿ coffee!" said hisid, a drunken man.

the ball was over little ^{Cinderella} Lisbeth also needed, it appeared, an additional 24.80 for "buffet supper, flowers and fotos." (Alas, in addition to everything else, our Lisbeth was fast falling under the cultural spell of the ^{world's self-admitted greatest newspaper, the} Chicago Tribune.)

By now the grand main theme was in full cry, bass alternately sougning and barking, horns heralding, strings soaring and wailing, the tympani in a state of advanced tremens. Here are ^{but} ~~only~~ some of the high spots: homecoming dance during Mich game; share in homecoming lawn display during same (it took only an honorable mention, the winner having doubtless ^{wrought out} been ~~made~~ of pure gold); buffet supper for parents and old grads after the game--"sorry you handsome old darlings ^{couldn't} be there"--; house tax (whatever that was for); tea for house mothers, more tea for senior advisors, still more tea for the swilling and ubiquitous Nu Gams, new tea gown for return brawl at Nu Gam house... (See Insert A.4 (And our Lisbeth had always loathed tea, too.)

4 Then there was a medieval ^{witch} costume for ^{an} All Saints' ^{tableau}, I believe it was, ^{at} the ^{Halloween party}; a little "assessment" for something or other at Thanksgiving; and a dandy ^{miscellaneous} for chapter house decorations ^{during} the Christmas holidays--doubtless ^{intended} ^{solely} ^{for} the natives, as even our Lisbeth ^{had} ^{at} ^{her} ^{distasteful} ^{by} the 16th. And every grim step of the way was recorded, of course, in ^{endless} ^{fotos}, ^{fotos}, ^{fotos}, ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{home} ^{yet} ^{to} ^{see} ^{one}.

All this and our Lisbeth hasn't even been initiated. Nor do we ~~xxx~~ yet know the imminent fee; ^{we} shudder to ask; and Lisbeth, always an aware and sensitive child, has charitably refrained from telling us. There is one glimmer of hope: the plucked parents of our little pinned wren have just learned she cannot actually live in the "place"-- as Grace and I now call the chapter house--until her third year.

That is one ^{horrifying prospect} ~~approaching~~ horror we refuse to face in advance. In the meantime Grace talks more and more about taking in sewing. "I've always loved to sew," she declares simply. "And next year, remember, our little Julie will be ready for college, too."

Instead of old "Light meter" Traver will
As for me, I am seriously thinking of trading ⁱⁿ my law books ~~in~~ on a candid campus camera. ^{Up life! Down} ~~Away~~ with the dusty cobwebs of the law! ^{his trusty} I'll take ~~my~~ camera and a packsack full of flashbulbs and ^{up and down} prowl the land, ~~up and down~~, scouring every sorority house from coast to coast. "Steady there, Chicks," I'll leer ^{papa and mama} out at all the little expectant pinned darlings. ^{"Look pretty for your parents."} "Remember--you haven't been fotoed since yesterday."

I swear there's a fortune in it.

Ind T
Jan 25, 54.

SOROSIS OF THE BUDGET: A CANDID FOTO

Our daughter Lisbeth is radiantly happy these days--she is a freshman at Midwestern U. and is pledged Gamma Nu Gamma. Moreover she is "pinned" to a ~~sophomore~~ ^{freshman} Nu Gamma Nu. Being pinned, Lisbeth explained, is an arrangement ~~of modern campus folkways~~ ^{a manifestation of} whereby one becomes engaged to become engaged. His name is Creighton and his father is "in oil." "Anyway," Grace said, *shrugging* philosophically, *shrugging*, "so far oil is well." "Off shorely," I replied... Lisbeth ~~has~~ ^{has} neglected to ~~inform~~ ^{tell} us whether the ~~ritual~~ ^{folkways} of being pinned ~~also first~~ ^{embraced} the ritual of first ^{embraces} being pinned, and somehow we lack the heart to ~~pursue~~ ^{probe} this devious subject. It seems reasonably clear, ^{however,} that our Lisbeth has got herself pinned and that the pin-or is a "perfect doll," ^(I find a little heady the prospect of ever going trout fishing with such a son-in-law) That Lisbeth might be asked to join a sorority and, being asked, might wish to accept, was of course a possibility that Grace and I faced bravely when first we considered her college budget. "How much shall we allot for such a catastrophe?" I asked, ever the realistic male. I had clean forgotten the cost of my own elaborate course in the three Greek letters I ~~had~~ ^{had} contrived to learn ^{while} ~~when~~ I was in college, but Grace seemed to remember it had run her dad around a hundred bucks for her to join the Thetas. Inflation being what it is, and Grace and I never being ones to stint our little Lisbeth, I shrugged and with a careless wave of the hand generously marked down: "Sorority, \$200.00."

It was the act of a dreamer.

The thing started off ~~as~~ softly, as mistily muted as the opening strains of one of Wagner's prolonged musical snores. "Dear Mommy, Sorry I had to spend \$6.40 for the photo of our pledge class and \$5.78 for the flowers ^{for} ~~at~~ our tea, ^{but} ~~but~~ it was all so darling. ^{was simply} ~~let~~ me tell you about it..." Enter a lone English horn, still far far away but curiously insistent. "Fraternity supper, ^{9.80--} ~~11.00--~~"

Creight was there--assessments, 8.40, miscellaneous, 9.40." ^{for once} ~~It seems that the profound~~ The ^{including the supper, appear to have been} cultural experiences, residing in these cryptic items were miraculously negotiated, ~~so~~ ^{it seems,} without benefit of photographic ^{plates.}

The ^{haunting} English horn now swells and gains clearer definition. "Pledge pin, 3.75, pre-initiation fee, 12.25, pledge manual, 3.75." The ~~haunting~~ horn is now joined by heavy growlings from the bass. "Welcome ~~to~~ tea for mothers, 8.20--terribly sorry, Moms, you couldn't come--flowers and photos, 12.18." Again: "Dinner-dance for Nu Gam pledges, flowers and photos, ~~xxxxxx~~ 27.00." "New photo of our pledge class, 6.40--^{one of our cutest} ~~cute~~ girls looked cross-eyed in ^{the} first."

"I have a growing intuition," ^G grace remarked just about then, "that we are about to co-star in the best-photographed crash in the history of bankruptcy."

"Complete with flowers," I murmured. ^(bp?)

Suddenly came a pair of chilling ^{staccato} toots from the trumpets. "Assessments, 36.40, miscellaneous, 37.40." ("At last," ^G grace said, "I have now divined the difference between assessments and miscellaneous--it's one buck!) Now ~~came~~ a series of clear blasts from the trumpets, introducing the wild ascendant main theme. "Dear Pops, your tattered daughter needs a new formal for the interfraternity ball..." It ^{also} appeared that after the ball was over little Lisbeth ^{also} would ~~also~~ need ^{it appeared,} an additional 24.80 for "buffet supper, flowers and fotos."

(Alas, in addition to everything else, our Lisbeth was fast ^{falling} being pinned under the ^{cultural} insidious spell of the Chicago Tribune.)

By now the grand main theme was in full ^{bass} cry, ^{alternately} ^{screeching} ^{sawing} and barking, horns heralding, strings soaring and wailing, the typani in ^{a state of} advanced tremens. ^{are} Here ^{only} Homecoming dance during Mich ^{some of the high spots:} game; share in homecoming lawn display during same (it took ^{only} an honorable mention) ^{having doubtless} the winner ^{fastest} must have been made of pure gold); buffet supper for parents and old grads after the game--"sorry you handsome old

darlings can't be there" ⁻³ house tax; ^{whatever that says for,} tea for house mothers, more tea for senior advisors, still more tea for the swelling and ubiquitous Nu Gams, ^{new} tea gown for an impending Nu Gam ^{house...} tea. (And our Lisbeth had always loathed tea, too.)

Then there was a costume for a tableau, I believe, ^{medieval} at the Halloween party; ^{it was,} ~~an~~ ^{solely}

"assessment" for something or other at Thanksgiving; and a ~~mad~~ dandy "miscellaneous" for chapter ^{house} decorations during the Christmas holidays. ^{doubtless & intended for the warden, as seen below.} And every grim step of the way was recorded, of course, in endless fotos, fotos, fotos...

All this and our Lisbeth hasn't even been initiated. Nor do we get know the imminent fee; we shudder to ask; and Lisbeth, always an aware and sensitive child, has charitably refrained from telling us. There is one glimmer of hope: ^{the plucked parents of} we have just learned that our little pinned wren ^{have just learned she} cannot actually live in the "imperial" palace--as Grace and I now call the chapter house--until her third

year. That is ^{approaching} none horror we refuse to ^{face} contemplate in advance. In the meantime Grace talks more and more about taking in sewing. "I've always loved to sew," she declares simply. "And next year, remember, our ^{little} Julie will be ready for college, too." ^{It is all too true. When she's pinned will be plucked.}

As for me, I am seriously thinking of trading in my law books on a candid campus camera. ^{dusty} ^{Away with the cobwebs of the law. I'll take my camera} I'll take it and a packsack full of flashbulbs and prowl up ^{up and down,} and down the land, scouring every sorority house from coast to coast. "Steady there, Chicks," I'll leer out at all the little expectant pinned darlings, "Remember,-- you haven't been fotoed since yesterday."

I swear there's a fortune in it.

solely for the warden, as seen below. pinned home on the 11th.

holidays.

And every grim step ^{of the way} was recorded, of course, in endless fotos, fotos, fotos...

All this and Lisbeth hasn't even ~~been~~ ^{own} initiated. Nor do we yet know the imminent fee; we shudder to ask, and Lisbeth, ^{always} an aware and sensitive child, has charitably ~~forborne~~ ^{refrained} from telling us. There is one glimmer of hope; we have just learned that our little pinned wren cannot, ^{actually} live in the "palace" -- as Grace and I ~~have come to~~ ^{now} call the chapter house -- until her third year. That is ^{only} horror we refuse to contemplate, ^{in advance.} In the meantime Grace talks ^{more and more about} taking in sewing. "I ^{we always love} have to sew," she declares simply. "And next year, ^{remember, our} Julie will be ready for college."

As for me, I am seriously thinking of trading in my law books on a candid campus camera. I'll take it and a ^{bag} full of flashbulbs and ^{up and down the land, serving house} prouid every sorority from coast to coast. "Steady there, Chicks!" I'll ^{out} look at all the little ^{expectant} pinned darlings. "Remember, you haven't been fotod since yesterday." I swear there's a fortune in it.

~~SOROSIS OF THE BUDGET~~
~~FORTUNE IN FOTOS~~

LISBETH IS PINNED; AND
SO ARE WE.

PINNED AND PLUCKED

FOTO OF A PLUCKED FAMILY

Costume for Halloween party -
share of holiday decoration

The thing started off modestly, softly, like the muted opening strains of a prolonged Wagnerian snore.

"Dear Mommy, Sorry I had to spend 6.40 for the photo of our pledge class and 5.78 for the flowers at our darling pledge tea, but let me tell you ^{all} about it..." Enter a lone English horn, far faraway ~~starting~~ but curiously insistent. "Fraternity supper, 11.00, assessments, ^{miscellaneous} 8.40, Swelling. "Pledge pin, ^{3.75} ~~2.00~~, pre-initiation fee, ^{12.25} 16.00, pledge manual, 3.75." Joined ^{by} heavy growl of ^{the} bass. "Welcome tea for mothers, 8.20-- sorry you couldn't come flowers and photos, 12.18." "Dinner for ^{an intuition} Mr Gam, pledges, flowers and photos, 27.00." ~~It was about then that~~ Grace said to me, "This about then, ~~that is going to be the best~~ ^{that is going to be the best} photographed crash in the history of bankruptcy."

Suddenly a series of clear blasts from wild ascendant trumpets. "Assessments, 36.40. Miscellaneous, 37.40." ("At last," Grace said, "I have ^{divined} ~~found~~ the difference between those two -- it's one buck!") "Dear Pops,

I need a new ^{formal} ~~dress~~ for the inter-fraternity ball... The buffet supper ^{after the} for ball ^{and} flowers and fotos (alas, ^{my} Lisbeth was falling under the ^{insidious} spell of the Chicago Tribune) ^{will be} 24.80." By now the theme was in full cry, horns, ^{bass} strings, ^{tippani} and percussion ^{all} ~~vying~~ and run riot ^{we are just a few of the items} ~~homecoming~~ dance during ^{lawn display} much game; buffet

supper for parents after game -- "sorry you two handsome darlings can't be there"; house tax; tea for home mothers, tea for senior advisors, ^{fund} tea for Mr Gam, tea dress for Mr Gam tea, ^{costumes for Halloween party, holiday decorations at Thanksgiving and for holiday} And always, of course, fotos, fotos, fotos.

^{The frequent thing about this is that} And Lisbeth hasn't even been initiated yet. There is one ^{temporary} ray of hope ^{however} we have learned ^{our little pined daughter} she can't actually live in the "palace" -- as Grace and I now call the chapter house -- until her third year, ^{younglings impending} an horror we refuse to contemplate. Nor do we yet know ^{the fee for her impending} two initiation, ^{spring} fees and Lisbeth, ^{an aware and} sensitive child, has charitably forbore from telling us.

In the meantime Grace talks ^{of} ~~of~~ taking in sewing -- "I love to sew," ^{she declares simply} while I am seriously ^{With} contemplating ^{considering} trading ⁱⁿ my law books ^{for} a candid campus camera. "Steady there, Chicka," ^{she} ~~she~~ licks. "H folks, this a ^{fraternal} ~~fraternal~~ fotos."

The thing started as softly as ^{the misty opening strain of a} Wagnerian ^{musical} snore. "Dear Mommy, ^{law} I had to spend \$6.40 for the photo of our pledge, and 5.78 ^{law} towards the flowers for our pledge tea. ^{but} Was it ever darling, etc." Enter ^{an English} horn, still muted, but ^{curious} persistent, rattling. "Fraternity supper, \$11.00, assessments \$8.40."

"Pledge pin, \$18.75"

"Welcome tea for mothers, 8.20 ^{flowers and photo for some} \$12.18." "Dinner for ^{And so on, and so on.} ^{sorry you couldn't come.} ^{flowers and photos, \$27.00.} ^{Here is one comfort,} ^{said Grace to me:} ^{Grace said to me} ^{without a doubt,} "is going to be the best photographed ^{series of} ^{from wild accident} crash in the history of ^{bankruptcy} ^{trumpets} ^{fraternity} ^{ball.} "Assessments, 37.40." "Miscellaneous, 36.40." ("At last," Grace said, "I now know the difference between assessments and miscellaneous -- it's one buck.")

about them.

"Pre-^{initiation} ^{fee and pledge manual, 26.00.} ^{Dear Pops,} ^{need a new dress for the} ^{fraternity} ^{ball.} "Assessments, 37.40." "Miscellaneous, 36.40." ("At last," Grace said, "I now know the difference between assessments and miscellaneous -- it's one buck.")

"Pre-^{initiation} ^{fee and pledge manual, 26.00.} ^{Buffet supper for father, flower and photos, 24.80.} ^{Homecoming} ^{dance for Michigan game.} ^{But} ^{she} ^{mistakenly} ^{checked} ^{out} ^{my} ^{checkbook} ^{and} ^{so} ^{it} ^{went} ^{Homecoming} ^{dance} ^{during} ^{Michigan} ^{game}; ^{buffet} ^{supper} ^{for} ^{parents} ^{during} ^{same} -- "sorry you two handsome darlings, ^{couldn't} ^{be} ^{there}," ^{tea} ^{for} ^{seniors}; ^{tea} ^{for} ^{house} ^{mothers}; ^{tea} ^{dress} ^{for} ^{Mu} ^{Gamma} ^{tea}; ^{photographs}, ^{photographs}, ^{photographs}.

Libeth has yet to ^{we have learned} ~~be~~ be actually initiated and, ⁱⁿ ^{one} ^{ray} ^{of} ^{hope}, ^{as} ^{she} ^{can't} ^{live} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{"palace"} ^{chapter} ^{house} ^{as} ^{Grace} ^{and} ^I ^{now} ^{call} ^{the} ^{chapter} ^{house}, ^{until} ^{her} ^{third} ^{year}. We don't yet know the ^{admission} ^{initiation} ^{fee} and Libeth, ^{charitably} ^{hasn't} ^{told} ^{us}. ~~but~~ On the meantime Grace is thinking of taking in sewing and I am seriously considering ^{trading my law books} ^{for} ^a ^{candid} ^{campus} ^{camera}.

"Steady, Chick, all the way."

There's a ^{million} ^{fortune} ⁱⁿ ^{it}.

some prolonged

The thing started slowly, softly, as mistily muted as
one of Ravel's impressionistic musical sonnets. I heard to speak
of impressionistic colors. "Dear Mama: ~~the~~
\$4.75 for the photo of our pledge class ^{and} \$2.34 for my share
of flowers for the pledge tea." Was it ever darling, etc.

Enter a trumpet, two trumpets, ^{still} far in the
background but ^{curiously} gradually swelling. "Dear Papa,

Dear
We pledges are entertaining the Mr Gam pledge
at dinner at the Choate home next week. ~~I want~~ ^{I already want}
Mamma what that's cost, but I really do need a new
dress, etc. etc.

A sudden crash of cymbals, which made
me sit up. "Dear Mr. Frank: Surely for the purpose of a
memorandum, we remind you, etc.

Lat T
Jan 21, 54.

Sorosis of the Budget

Remorseless catarrh

Budget Go Braw

Our daughter ^{Lizbeth} ~~Lizbeth~~ is a ^{Jidelands} ~~freshman~~ at Gough U. and she is radiantly happy these days--she is pledged Gamma Nu Gamma. What is more, she is "pinned" to a Nu Gamma Nu. Being pinned, Lizbeth explains, is an arrangement whereby ^{current American} ~~a young~~ ^{lady caught up in the folkways of} ~~one~~ becomes engaged to become engaged. His name is Creighton and his father is "in oil." As Grace ^{shrugged and} philosophically put it, "So far so good; ^{maybe} oil is well." "Off-shorely," I replied... Lizbeth has neglected to ^{inform} ~~advise~~ us whether she was first pinned to be pinned, and somehow we ^{have} ~~lacked~~ the heart to probe this dark subject.

That Lizbeth might be asked to join a sorority, and, being asked, might ^{wish} ~~want~~ to accept, was of course a possibility that Grace and I bravely contemplated when we made up her college budget. One ^{has} ~~had~~ to be realistic in ~~these~~ ^{the} things. I had clean forgotten what it had cost ^{for me} ~~me~~ to take my course in three Greek letters I ^{continued to} ~~learned~~ when I was in college, but Grace seemed to remember that it had run her dad around a hundred bucks for her to join the Theta's. Inflation being what it is, and Grace and I never being ones to stint our little Lizbeth, I ^{with a} ~~shrugged~~ and ^{wave of the} ~~carelessly~~ threw up a hand and generously marked down: "Sorority, ~~\$200 (?)~~ \$200 ~~(?)~~." Let the tail go with the hide!

It was the act of a dreamer.

1st
Jan 21, 1954.

Removal of cataract

My daughter Lisbeth is in college, now, and she is radiantly happy -- she has been pledged Gamma Nu Gamma

Budget Jo Crew

Our daughter Lisbeth ^{is a freshman at Jough U and she} is radiantly happy ~~these~~

~~these days~~ -- she is pledged to Gamma Nu Gamma. What is more, she is ^{and} "pinned" to a Nu Gamma Nu. Being pinned, Lisbeth ^{is an arrangement whereby one} ~~is~~ ^{one learns to} become engaged to become ^{His name is Creighton and his father is "in oil."} engaged. Lisbeth has requested to advise us whether ^{and somehow we} ~~she~~ ^{lacked} ~~she~~ ^{heart to prohibit} she was first pinned to be pinned, ^{which is} ~~probably just as well~~

That Lisbeth might be asked to join a sorority and, being asked, might want to accept, ^{of course} ~~was~~ ^{that} a possibility. Grace and I ^{bravely} ~~had~~ ^{contemplated} ~~when we made up her budget.~~ ^{One had to be realistic.} I had ^{clear} ~~forgotten~~ what it had cost me to ^{make} ~~make~~ ^{for college} ~~my~~ ^{beginning} ~~my~~ ^{Gamma} ~~Gamma~~ ^{letters I learned} ~~Gamma~~ ^{applications when I was in college, but Grace seemed} ~~to remember that it had run~~ ^{her debt} ~~around a hundred bucks~~ ~~for her to join the Theta's.~~ ^{Inflation} ~~never~~ ^{being} ~~what it is and Grace and I~~ ~~not~~ ^{being}

course in three

"putting" so far so good; oil is with...
"off-shore"; "inflation"; "never"

ones to stint our little Lisbeth, I shrugged
carelessly
and threw up a hand and ^{generously} marked down ^{to}
"Sorority (?) \$2,000(?)." ^{Let the tail go with the hide!} It was the act of
a dreamer.

~~EE~~

Written by:
John D. Voelker
Ishpeming, Michigan

3

SOROSIS OF THE BUDGET: A CANDID FOTO

by

Robert Traver

Our daughter Lisbeth is radiantly happy these days--she is a freshman at Midwestern U. and is pledged Gamma Nu Gamma. Moreover she is "pinned" to a real live Nu Gamma Nu. Being pinned, Lisbeth explains, is an arrangement whereby one becomes engaged to become engaged. His name is Creighton and his father is "in oil." "Anyway, so far," Grace said, shrugging philosophically, "oil is well." "Off shorely," I replied.

Lisbeth has so far neglected to inform us whether the inscrutable folkways of being pinned include also the ritual of first being pinned to be pinned and somehow we lack the heart to probe this devious subject. It seems reasonably clear, however, that our Lisbeth has got herself pinned, and that the pin-or is a "perfect doll." (I find a little heady the prospect of ever going trout fishing with such a son-in-law.)

That Lisbeth might be asked to join a sorority and, being asked, might wish to accept, was a contingency that Grace and I faced bravely when first we considered her college budget. "How much shall we allot for such a catastrophe?" I asked, having clean forgotten the cost of my own elaborate course in the three Greek letters I contrived to learn while at college. Grace seemed to remember that it had run her dad around a hundred bucks for her to join the Thetas. Inflation being what it is, and Grace and I never being ones to stint our little Lisbeth, I shrugged and with a careless wave of the hand generously marked down: "Sorority, \$200.00."

It was the act of a dreamer.

By now the grand main theme was in full cry, bass alternately soughing and barking, horns heralding, strings soaring and wailing, the tympani in a state of advanced tremens. Here are but some of the high spots: homecoming dance during Mich game; share in homecoming lawn display during same (it took only an honorable mention, the winner doubtless having been wrought out of pure gold); buffet supper for parents and old grads after the game--"sorry you handsome old darlings couldn't be there"--; house tax (whatever that was for); tea for house mothers, more tea for senior advisors, still more tea for the swilling and ubiquitous Nu Gams, new tea gown for return brawl at Nu Gam house...

"I predict the peculiar affinity of these two Greek clubs for each other," Grace remarked, "will one day perish in a sea of tea."

"Cheaper than in coffee!" I hissed, a driven man.

Then there was the medieval witch costume for a traditional All Saints' Day tableau, I believe it was, at the Halloween party; a cryptic "assessment" for something or other at Thanksgiving; and a dandy "miscellaneous" for chapter house decorations during the Christmas holidays--presumably intended for the lone enchantment of the natives, as even our Lisbeth had arrived home by the 16th. And every grim step of the way was recorded, of course, in endless fotos, fotos, fotos...

All this and our Lisbeth hasn't even been initiated. Nor do we yet know the imminent fee; we shudder to ask and Lisbeth, always an aware and sensitive child, has charitably refrained from telling us. There is one glimmer of hope: the plucked parents of our little pinned wren have just learned she cannot actually live in the "palace"--as Grace and I now call the chapter house--until her third year. That is one horrifying prospect we refuse to face in advance. In the meantime Grace talks more and more

The thing started off softly, as mistily muted as the opening strains of a prolonged musical snore by Wagner. "Dear Mommy, Sorry I had to spend \$6.40 for the photo of our pledge class and 5.78 for the flowers for our tea, but everything was simply darling. Let me tell you all about it..." Enter a lone English horn, still far far away but curiously insistent. "Fraternity supper, 9.80-- Creight was there--assessments, 8.70, miscellaneous, 9.70." It was nice to learn that at least a supper could be served without benefit of photographic plates.

The haunting English horn now swells and gains clearer definition. "Pledge pin, 3.75, pre-initiation fee, 12.25, pledge manual, 3.75." The horn is now joined by heavy growlings from the bass. "Welcome tea for mothers, 8.20--terribly sorry, Moms, you couldn't come--flowers and photos, 12.18." Again: "Dinner-dance for Nu Gam pledges, flowers and photos, 24.80." "New photo of our pledge class, 6.40--one of our cutest girls looked cross-eyed in the first."

"I have a ^{growing} swelling intuition," Grace remarked just about then, "that you and I are about to co-star in the best-photographed crash in the history of bankruptcy."

"Complete with flowers," I murmured.

Suddenly came a pair of chilling staccato toots from the trumpets. "Assessments, 36.40, miscellaneous, 37.40." ("At last," Grace said, "I have now divined the difference between assessments and miscellaneous--it's one buck!") Now a series of clarion blasts from the trumpets, introducing the wild ascendant main theme. "Dear Pops, Your tattered daughter needs a new formal for the interfraternity ball..." After the ball was over little Cinderella also needed, it appeared, an additional 24.80 for "buffet supper, flowers and fotos." (Alas, in addition to everything else, our Lisbeth was fast falling under the cultural spell of the world's self-admitted greatest newspaper, the Chicago Tribune.)

Written by:
John D. Voelker
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SOROSIS OF THE BUDGET: A CANDID FOTO

by

Robert Traver

Our daughter Lisbeth is radiantly happy these days--she is a freshman at Midwestern U. and is pledged Gamma Nu Gamma. Moreover she is "pinned" to a real live Nu Gamma Nu. Being pinned, Lisbeth explains, is an arrangement whereby one becomes engaged to become engaged. His name is Creighton and his father is "in oil." "Anyway, so far," Grace said, shrugging philosophically, "oil is well." "Off shorely," I replied.

Lisbeth has so far neglected to inform us whether the inscrutable folkways of being pinned include also the ritual of first being pinned to be pinned and somehow we lack the heart to probe this devious subject. It seems reasonably clear, however, that our Lisbeth has got herself pinned, and that the pin-or is a "perfect doll." (I find a little heady the prospect of ever going trout fishing with such a son-in-law.)

That Lisbeth might be asked to join a sorority and, being asked, might wish to accept, was a contingency that Grace and I faced bravely when first we considered her college budget. "How much shall we allot for such a catastrophe?" I asked, having clean forgotten the cost of my own elaborate course in the three Greek letters I contrived to learn while at college. Grace seemed to remember that it had run her dad around a hundred bucks for her to join the Thetas. Inflation being what it is, and Grace and I never being ones to stint our little Lisbeth, I shrugged and with a careless wave of the hand generously marked down: "Sorority, \$200.00."

It was the act of a dreamer.

The thing started off softly, as mistily muted as the opening strains of a prolonged musical snore by Wagner. "Dear Mommy, Sorry I had to spend \$6.40 for the photo of our pledge class and 5.78 for the flowers for our tea, but everything was simply darling. Let me tell you all about it..." Enter a lone English horn, still far far away but curiously insistent. "Fraternity supper, 9.80-- Creight was there--assessments, 8.70, miscellaneous, 9.70." It was nice to learn that at least a supper could be served without benefit of photographic plates.

The haunting English horn now swells and gains clearer definition. "Pledge pin, 3.75, pre-initiation fee, 12.25, pledge manual, 3.75." The horn is now joined by heavy growlings from the bass. "Welcome tea for mothers, 8.20--terribly sorry, Moms, you couldn't come--flowers and photos, 12.18." Again: "Dinner-dance for Nu Gam pledges, flowers and photos, 24.80." "New photo of our pledge class, 6.40--one of our cutest girls looked cross-eyed in the first."

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By now the grand main theme was in full cry, bass alternately soughing and barking, horns heralding, strings soaring and wailing, the tympani in a state of advanced tremens. Here are but some of the high spots: homecoming dance during Mich game; share in homecoming lawn display during same (it took only an honorable mention, the winner doubtless having been wrought out of pure gold); buffet supper for parents and old grads after the game--"sorry you handsome old darlings couldn't be there"--; house tax (whatever that was for); tea for house mothers, more tea for senior advisors, still more tea for the swilling and ubiquitous Nu Gams, new tea gown for return brawl at Nu Gam house...

"I predict the peculiar affinity of these two Greek clubs for each other," Grace remarked, "will one day perish in a sea of tea."

"Cheaper than in coffee!" I hissed, a driven man.

Then there was the medieval witch costume for a traditional All Saints' Day tableau, I believe it was, at the Halloween party; a cryptic "assessment" for something or other at Thanksgiving; and a dandy "miscellaneous" for chapter house decorations during the Christmas holidays--presumably intended for the lone enchantment of the natives, as even our Lisbeth had arrived home by the 16th. And every grim step of the way was recorded, of course, in endless fotos, fotos, fotos...

All this and our Lisbeth hasn't even been initiated. Nor do we yet know the imminent fee; we shudder to ask and Lisbeth, always an aware and sensitive child, has charitably refrained from telling us. There is one glimmer of hope: the plucked parents of our little pinned wren have just learned she cannot actually live in the "palace"--as Grace and I now call the chapter house--until her third year. That is one horrifying prospect we refuse to face in advance. In the meantime Grace talks more and more

about taking in sewing. "I've always loved to sew," she declares simply. "And next year, remember, our little Julie will be ready for college, too."

As for me, I am seriously thinking of trading in my law books on a candid campus camera. Up life! Down with the dusty cobwebs of the law! Instead old "Light Meter" Traver will take his trusty camera and ~~a~~ packsack full of flashbulbs and prowl ~~up and down~~ the land, scouring every sorority house from coast to coast. "Steady there, Chicks," I'll leer out at all the little expectant pinned darlings. "Look pretty for papa and mama. Remember--you haven't been fotoed since yesterday."

I swear there's a fortune in it.