

Transmittal

Manuscript Sorority Row

An original manuscript

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SORORITY ROW

by

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(~~Publisher's~~ Sig)

Chapter I

"This is one of the rooms assigned to Delta Delta Kappas," said Sharon Von Rhodes, the pledge chairman.

Teri Ann stepped inside the door, almost slipped on a small white scatter rug ~~on the waxed floor~~, regained her balance and walked over to the double winged window. She let her gray-green eyes ~~stroll~~ ^{were} ~~(giddily)~~ along the parkway divided street two stories below. Teri Ann had come to Chantilly University from Sainsbury and had registered for Rush Week. For six days she had been traipsing to teas, dinners ~~and~~ open houses. The visit to the Double Delta house was the last tour of of full schedule of visitations.

"You have a good view of Sorority Row from here," said Sharon, standing tall and willow^y beside Teri Ann and looking down slightly at her guest.

Sharon impressed Teri Ann by a ^{flair} ~~flair~~ for charming people, making them feel they wanted to be Double Deltas. But for all the composure and cool aura, Teri Ann detected indications of bashfulness or self-consciousness. She would have expected to meet someone like Sharon at a girls' institute instead of college.

"Do you really call it Sorority Row?" asked Teri Ann in a cloudy soft voice.

"We call it that, but the real name is Pilgrim Street," answered ~~Sharon~~ Sharon. "There are twenty-three houses on Sorority Row. By Sunday night, they will be filled with girls ready to start fall term. Those who aren't pledged will live in the dormitories."

"I can see a beautiful fountain at the end of the street," said Teri Ann leaning out the window. "It looks romantic."

"It's called Ladybird fountain," said Sharon, thrusting her neatly groomed ~~sandy~~ head through the window beside Teri Ann and gesturing ~~with hazel eyes~~ in the opposite direction. "Strolling Park is at the other end. See the tree tops?"

"The trees in the park strip down the middle of the street are beautiful, too," said Teri Ann.

"They are maples, elms and flowering cherries, dull now like a Monday morning or a bashful fellow on a first date. But wait until the spring. You know what spring does to fellows."

"Everything is so grand," said Teri Ann. "I never dreamed it would ^{be} ~~look~~ like this. The sorority houses look like ordinary big houses when you walk by, but from here, they're different. They seem to have personalities, don't they?"

"They sure so," agreed Sharon. "Sorority Row is the shortest street with the longest held memories in Chantilly. Ask any girl who has lived here. Now may I show you the recreation room downstairs where we hold our firesides, and other features of our house?"

"I'd like to see ^{very} much," said Teri Ann. "Everything is so clean."

Half an hour later she was standing in the reception room, drinking coffee from a small blue and white cup embossed with the golden Double Delta crest.

"We clean the house thoroughly each term and paint the rooms. We maintain the most attractive accommodations on Sorority Row," Sharon spoke proudly.

"Oh, oh! My schedule says I'm due back at Wray hall in a few minutes. Thank you very much for ^{inviting me} ~~the invitation~~." Teri Ann pulled on white wrist-length gloves and turned to leave.

"The pleasure was ours," said Sharon, ~~displaying~~ another sun-lit smile. "It was nice of you to come."

in her hazel eyes

from her long eyes

Teri Ann returned to "ray hall, a women's dormitory where everyone registering with the Panhellenic Council lived during Rush week. The ache in her head was matching that of her feet. She ate in the dormitory dining hall and slept uneasily in an uncomfortable, uncompanionable bunk, resting for the following day^{and} the "Squeal" dinner.

She was so tired when she went to the tapping ceremony, ~~she had the~~ ^{her} Reason For coming ~~forgotten she had come~~ to college to follow the hard life of a person seeking knowledge and a career — was forgotten.

The dinner was a dress-up occasion ^{held} in the Student Union ballroom.

Sitting at one of the long tables she was dismal, feeling there was no chance to be pledged by the highest rated sorority at Chantilly.

Pledge chairmen carried lighted candles, walking ~~in aisles~~ behind the girls, ~~stopping~~ ^{they stopped} occasionally, to ~~pin~~ pin a flower on a selected pledge while others squealed excitedly and applauded.

Teri Ann watched glimmering candles moving about in the darkened room. She was nervously looking toward the head table, thinking "they must be nearly through now and I haven't been accepted," when someone touched her shoulder lightly.

Sharon, the pledge chairman smiled in the mellow glow, reached out and pinned a blue flower on Teri Ann's yellow dress and then hugged her shoulders. In a few minutes the lights were turned on and Teri Ann ~~was~~ saw some of the girls were without flowers. She was sorry they hadn't been tapped.

Teri Ann went back to the dormitory unable to believe she had been selected by the Double Deltas. She prepared for bed by brushing her ~~hair~~ fine-textured dark brown hair and arranging ringlets that danced on her neck. Despite a trying week the mirror reflected a trace

of a smile with a bit of a tease ~~tease~~ about the comers of a full, red mouth.

He pulled on a ~~pair of~~ ^{daringly} thin ^{pair of} blue shorty pajamas which had been a favorite when she attended Miss Hester Maner's Select School for Girls, noticing that they clung just right to her solid, trim figure. Then she climbed into a bunk bed, thinking of the past weeks ^{that} ~~which~~ had led from home to college.

Teri Ann had been content at ^{Miss Maner's} school until returning home from vacation she had met Jori St. Mars.

They had known each other at Sainsbury from the time Teri Ann was small, teased about her skinny legs, two missing teeth and ^{bran-like} ~~bran~~ specks of freckles that paraded along her straight nose and pranced out onto either cheek.

~~Teri Ann thought of the decision she had made, leaving a private school to attend a co-educational college.~~

Jori, young, black-haired, black-eyed with a free and easy walk and a substantial body holding her clothes, had gone to Chantilly her freshman year. She had lived with a sister, working in a drug store for Morley, her brother-in-law. Sorority and dormitory girls called her a "townie," but Jori wasn't disturbed. ^{Her} ~~Her~~ Snapping, magnetic eyes ^(and spiked heels) ~~(and spiked heels)~~ could dent almost any college man's heart. She was deceptively plain and knew it, and had told Teri Ann: "I don't have to sex it up to attract a fellow if I'm interested. If I ~~get~~ lipstick on my teeth once in awhile, what the heck. It sets off my cinnamon skin. Campus snobs are just jealous of ^{us} ~~the freedom we~~ townies ["] ~~have.~~ ["]

Teri Ann tossed back the drab-gray woolen blanket and blue sheet from her restless body and rubbed a tired knee dimpled slightly like her ~~soft~~ cheeks. But the ache of walking remained.

She remembered how Jori had told her of the fabulous abundance of college men, two and three ~~fore~~every girl, falling all over themselves for dates. Jori had crammed Teri Ann's ~~elegantly cut,~~ sensitive ears with stories of campus activities. The result was that Teri Ann had coaxed florid-faced, complacent Uncle Karl and prim, mousey Aunt Anya Cathcart until they said she could go away to college. Then she had severed ~~her~~ umbilical connections with home and enrolled at Chantilly.

Teri Ann remembered ^{how} ~~that~~ from the time she had been tormented by self-consciousness of immaturity she had yearned for admiration and respect. Hidden in the darkest and longest halls of her feelings was an ambition to become an author.

The wordless wonder of childhood and ~~her~~ ambition had followed Teri Ann from grade school to high school and pursued her to college.

"I'm going to college to study and learn to be a writer," she had told Jori. "I don't intend to be absorbed in the stream flow of college conformity. Not me."

Jori had laughed, not impudently but sincerely and knowingly.

"I don't intend to be a party girl. You know I don't go for beer blasts like you've been telling me about," Teri Ann had persisted.

Jori's answer had been a tolerant smile. She had known Teri Ann since the time her friend was a frail child, fortunate that Uncle Karl and Aunt Anya had taken her into the Cathcart home after the death of ~~her~~ her parents.

Jori had also known of Teri Ann's wanderings through childhood to nearmaturity with a spoiled cousin, Olive-skinned, sultry Patricia

Jean Cathcart. ^{Patricia} ~~she~~ was beautiful and realized she was attractive to boys. Although four years ~~older~~ than Teri Ann, ^{she} ~~Cousin Patricia~~ had been incapable of comprehending sensitivity or respecting ambitious dreams.

Teri Ann's mouth felt dry. She got out of bed to get a glass of water. Drinking it she looked into the mirror and saw ~~hazel-flecked~~ eyes ~~which~~ ^{that} still held questions ^{as} ~~like~~ they had when she was a child at Sainsbury, constantly asked ^{yet} never answered questions. ~~Then~~ ^{She} she would shake her long, dark curls and scamper to her room, fighting off a longing ~~which~~ ^{that} still roamed inside ^{by} like the hunger of a hollow boy.

Returning to bed she remembered how in childhood she ~~had~~ had isolated herself in her room at home. From ~~there~~ ^{there} she could look through a ~~former~~ dormer window onto the downslope of the town.

The room from which she had watched sunrise pour over the land was never her very own. It had been frequently occupied by relatives and had never been ~~was~~ completely safe from the secret investigations of Cousin Patricia.

Teri Ann's thoughts were unchanged now. Her world ~~was~~ was still somewhere on the outside. ^{AT} ~~Back~~ home she had felt it confidently with the golden magic only childhood knows before life becomes increasingly narrowed and the complexity of its mechanism turns like cog wheels in confining circles. ^{Back} home she had determined to bring the ~~world~~ world outside into herself and interpret it in writings.

She had been frequently enwrapped in books too advanced for her age. Aunt Anya had misunderstood and ^{during} scolded her for not helping about the house ^{detestable} chores like washing, dusting or straightening her room.

Cousin Patricia had never been asked to do housework. ~~But~~ And Cousin Patricia was not ambitious.

Teri Ann remembered other friends who had come home on vacation, chattering excitedly about college life.

She was convinced

~~They weren't man~~ ~~struck~~ ~~girls~~ ~~she thought~~, but wanted companionship, good times and the opportunity of meeting men they had heard so much about and of whom they knew so little. She realized most of them had only one purpose in mind, to secure a good husband. A husband would lead to the inevitability of children and a home if they were for-
bearing. however ~~But~~ Teri Ann ~~also~~ knew older women with husbands who had survived to the time when their days became years ~~in~~ that were dry and lean of youthful ambition. ~~Teri Ann~~ ^{She} had resolved to find her own happiness in her own way and leave men and troubles alone.

Yes, she thought, it had been a constant rush of a week, starting with the plane trip from Sainsbury.

She had taken a taxi to the airport. Aunt Anya had a headache. Uncle Karl and Cousin Patricia slept ~~in the~~ ^{late} they always did on Sunday mornings.

"I'm just tolerated," she had thought, riding along in the brightening dawn. "They are kind to me, but I am only tolerated."

It had been a hazy fall day when she boarded the turbo-jet plane that lifted steeply and thundered away toward Chantilly and ~~the~~ glittering halls of ~~beliefs~~ ^{learning}.

A few hours and a thousand miles later she had looked down on the city of Chantilly where the sun picked up glistening windows and roof tops. Then she had seen another city, one of university buildings. They were brick red and stone brown, spread across acres of park-like ~~colored~~ lawns and golden and yellow tree clumps. The trees, splotted with red, had stood along the uncertain course of a stream like brightly colored collars and cuffs on a sweater.

How will I ever find my way around such a big place, she had thought.

The plane had entered the dog-leg shaped flight pattern around the airport, leveled and glided toward the landing strip. The city within a city had disappeared behind a hemstitching of trees along a stream.

Before losing sight of the buildings Teri Ann had ~~been~~ been impressed by the windows, so many of them, in long three ~~and~~ and four storied dormitories and classroom buildings. The thousands of windows had looked like staring eyes, all watching her ~~arrival~~. And where, she had wondered, ~~were~~ ^{are we} the sorority houses.

Then timidity and apprehension of a small girl had overcome Teri Ann until she had been caught up in such a ~~few~~ confusion of girls there had been no time to be afraid.

Before dropping off to sleep she thought, well, I found the sorority houses, a double row of them. Tomorrow I will ~~move~~ move into the best one.

Chapter II

Two Double Deltas drove to Wray hall in a shiny black sports car on Sunday morning to take Teri Ann away from cold dormitory showers and crowded rooms where privacy was ~~an unheard of pleasure~~ ^{a stranger.}

Sharon called for Teri Ann. She introduced Sally Davis, the house president. Sally had wide-apart eyes ~~with pools of beauty~~ rimmed by long, dark upcurling ~~lashes~~ the color of her jet hair.

"I want to confide in you," said Sally. "Letty Holliday will be your big sister. You may think she's a bit flighty but we figured you will be good for her and ~~she~~ might even help her settle ~~her~~ down."

Teri Ann didn't know what Sally meant by "flighty" but she had a vague idea.

"Letty surprised us at a ^{hashing} party the other night. Said she wanted you for a little sister. ~~She said~~ your name appealed to her," Sharon explained. "We finally conceded that the serious responsibility of having a little sister and roommate in tow might improve her wavering reputation. But don't misunderstand, please," she added hastily.

They ^{came to} ~~reached~~ Ladybird fountain and turned down Sorority Row, overshadowed in ~~mid-morning by the~~ mid-afternoon by the parkway ^{strip} ~~ex~~ trees.

"I'll take this bag," said Sharon when they stopped at ^{the} two-story house, white and trimmed in blue, half-way along the street.

"Remember this?" she asked Teri Ann. "Remember when you called here on the tour?"

"Certainly," said Teri Ann. "It was only last week but it seems months ago." "I hadn't made up my mind which house I liked best until you showed me through the Double Delta ~~house~~ ^{I saw} house and the view from an upstairs window. I'll never forget."

"Like I said about memories," said Sharon. ~~* She winked~~

She picked up one of Teri Ann's ~~white~~ featherweight travel cases, ^{white} banded in green. Sally took another matching bag and they walked

up a short pyramid of steps to the wide porch .

Feigned severity. "We only wait on pledges on occasions like this," warned Sally! *in*
 Teri Ann was thoughtful.

For all of sixty years tired eyed girls had been stepping out the same wide front door opening toward the east, entering squinting, sunlit mornings of ephemeral days. Sharp-eyed housemothers waited for them to return through the paneled blue-trimmed entrance at night, hurrying to beat sign-in ~~time~~ time.

She had a glimpse of
 a picket fenced backyard of the sedate and prim house *which* faced Chantilly University on the west, providing privacy of a kind for sun-tanning girls relaxing on warm afternoons. Although shielded by the high fence, the yard was not concealed carefully enough to protect loungers from spying eyes in upper stories of men's dormitories and campus residences. Experience-wise college planners had isolated the fraternity houses in another part of the grounds.

"After we show you to your room and ~~you~~ you unpack we'll introduce you to the others," said Sally, leading the way up winding blue-carpeted stairs. Teri Ann trailed along, feeling important to have been selected by the most desirable sorority and the highest socially rated girls in college.

Sally knocked on ^a the door, ~~and~~ ^A pleasantly husky voice said "come in. It's not nailed shut."

Teri Ann was surprised to find the room was the same ~~which~~ ^{that} Sharon had shown her during the ~~house~~ tour and from which she had looked down on Sorority Row.

Holliday, her big sister,
 The shock of meeting Letty was ~~an~~ anticlimax to ~~the~~ surprise.

~~Teri Ann gasped at the first impression of Letty, the first sight of her big sister.~~

Letty was curled comfortably on a gold-toned couch, red hair flaming against the ~~antique~~ cushions. Tight, black toreador pants hugged slim legs emphasizing full hips and minimizing a small waist. An open-throated white blouse was half unbuttoned, ^gaping ~~a~~ wide like Teri Ann's round, wondering eyes.

Letty looked up. Pushing long, thick hair back from her face she said smilingly: "Welcome to the rat race. You must be Teri Ann, my little sister."

"Yes, I'm Teri Ann."

When thinking aloud she added: "You fit right into the room, don't you?"

Realizing the import of the words ^{she} ~~Teri Ann~~ flushed and reached for one of the travel cases. Letty put her at ease.

"Yeah, I like it. You'd be surprised how certain colors go with a person's personality. Now me, I'd die if I had a prissy pink and white room. Black and gold suits me."

Gold metallic cloth covered the couch. Teri Ann ~~remembered~~ remembered as she looked about the room. She had toured so many houses but the room in the Double Delta house had ^{been most impressive.} ~~impressed her.~~ ^{most} The colors were repeated on two small chairs which appeared ready to start dancing across the room on ruffled legs. Black velveteen pillows were everywhere.

Three dressers---Teri Ann presumed one was for her---lined the wall. Two were covered with perfumes, bobby pins, hair curlers, jewelry and torn-open envelopes.

The mirrors were rimmed with dance programs and candid photographs of house dances, skiing parties and picnics. Teri Ann's impression of the room was that it was stifling, depressing and sensual. Sex leaped out from Letty, shrieking.