

Boston, MA

April 2, 1942

Dear Is,

Hope everything is going great. I did want to see you before I came home for this vacation but it seems that I never can get to see you. Every time I plan to, something comes up which is not as important to me, but yet which has to be done. I am afraid to make an appointment with you for this reason, but I am going to make it a point to see you shortly after I get back which will be next week. I'm warning you... you have time to prepare yourself for the worst.

As I am home for my last vacation before graduation, I can't help but reminisce. Four years in college. What have I accomplished? Fortunately, I do not feel that I wasted my four years although undoubtedly I could have done much better scholastically had I paid more attention to my studies - but I do regret that very much. My marks of last semester satisfied me scholastically, and also proved to my parents that I studied although they do have the comeback, if you did it now why didn't you do it before? But it seems so much easier as a senior. I had three A's, one B and one C and I actually should have had four A's and one B. My C was in Criminology, which was a very interesting course - probably the most lively - yet it was the toughest as far as marks went. Only one student had an A and only a few made Bs.

So much scholastically. After all, is that the main purpose of college? Naturally, the educators take it for granted, but I wonder. I am sure I learned more from associations and work in the fraternity and other extra curricular activities than I did in the classrooms or home at my desk. Without the fraternity I don't know what I would have turned out to be. First of all, I doubt if I would be graduating Temple this year as I would have accepted the athletic scholarship offered to me at the University of New Hampshire if I hadn't been in the house a year and did not want to leave IT - not Temple.

My first recollection of fraternity is Sy Hittleman staying up all through the night my first day at school and having me convinced by 7 o'clock in the morning that I was going to join Phi B.D. if for no other reason than to have him as a close friend. That was rushing par excellence. Then becoming a pledge - being elected as pledge president, a small matter, but big to me at the time, and then one hell of a time torturing the brothers and being paid back double during Hell Week and all through the pledge period. Then a brother! I still didn't know what the count was, but I felt as though I had done something - and I had! Then rolling through the rest of the year with all of my other activities mixed in - including a little school - climaxed by the Spring Formal at which many grads attended. Boy, did I look up to grads THEN.

A summer of very hard work, laboring in an ice cream stand 15 hours a day for 13 weeks and then my return to Temple... now a "wise" sophomore. To

find a sad broken up fraternity with six men who were supposed to have come back not there, including H.P. Schoenbart and my pal, Sy Hittleman. Aaron Rose elected H.P. and I became the Priest because I could talk louder than anyone in the house and I could lick them. I really believe that was the reason for my position. With the H.P. living in Media, my position of Priest became important and I started to run the house then. And how little I knew... and probably still know.

Rushing and other fraternity business came and went - and it was very unsuccessful, being climaxed by Morty Esmark calling one of the pledges' brothers a son of a B and then seven depledges. And we now had eight brothers and one pledge to finish the year with. And the pledge was Falk (Confiscation) who wouldn't have been a pledge except for the circumstances. What a future we had! I, a sophomore, now H.P. with the older fellows consisting of Artie Weiss, Aaron Rose, Konowitch, and Max Rosen, none of whom were of any use. And of course we still had Sol Levine who was a terrible baby although he was 23.

Well, we finished the year and didn't do too bad at that. We won the scholastic trophy after having finished 7th the year previous and we finished second in athletics - all with nine men. This hectic year and given the ruling sophomores much experience and made us a little fraternity wise.

How well I remember the times I went to your office and must have seemed like an awful mixed up baby. You tried to set me straight, but I guess nothing but time would have. And how you, Ben Solomon, and I rushed Max Vistor who was the key to the seven men who had depledged. And we lost although he insisted that he was my closest friend - even through the summer.

I spent the summer fooling around at a gas station and garage my Dad had bought for my Uncle. I did the books and was otherwise a general nuisance. But I earned the \$7 a week I received!

Then just before going back to Temple for my Junior year I went to Max Victor's house and spent about four days with him and his family. And I still couldn't convince him to join Phi B.D. but yet he offered to rush for me! That hurt, that failure.

Back to the house for my third year - no longer H.P. but as a member of the Executive Committee along with my two allies Brenner and Borine. We had a weak king in the chair, Sammy Greenberg, a great guy but certainly no Rex. Oh yes, we were Pi Lams now after that hectic winter when you fought to convince us of the merger and the Convention. I'll never forget that... all the grads fighting their hearts out - some for it and some bitterly against it... your unexpected silence until the clinching speech near the end... Jaskow's double cross, the great martyrs from Michigan, the actors from Cornell... and the excitement between with you shaving while you were a little on the pixilated side with no mirror... and so on. I could keep quoting incidents of that Convention all day including the

bill we got for the clean sweep Falk and his buddies made of the Biltmore's possessions. What a life!

A successful rush season this time and we now had 16 brothers and an active lot at that. We had a great time that year with scraps, etc. but mostly a good time and we were successful, retaining the scholastic Owl, and once again finishing second in athletics.

I ended my most serious romance of my life that year. I began to pull up my miserable marks of my sophomore year - the year when school was really secondary to fraternity. I worked as a waiter at the J.S.A. that year even though I hated it - couldn't stand being ordered around by a buch of jerks and Zeta Lams as well as fussy women. Whew! But I finished that also and was no worse for the experience. Remember how I used to come to your office and then have to tear away in order to be back to work and how most of the time I didn't go back and Bernie Brenner would call them up and lie that I was sick or my uncle had just come to town, or something.

Well, my Junior year was over. I returned to Brockton, bigger and much heavier than I had been when I left as a freshman, and by this time a little more world-wise. Although I guess I still could have been classified as a dumb hick.

I worked hard last summer also, this time throwing liquor cases around for 13 weeks, but it built me up, gave me a lot of money and sent me back to school appreciating the "easy" life of a schoolboy.

And thus started my last year - probably the most exciting of my career. A great rushing season brought the membership up to 21 and the house was then too big for its own good. A great football season, a trip to Boston with Borine and Hal Greenberg. Got the job as Supervisor of Intramural Athletics... that was and is fun, not work, although I do get N.Y.A. wages. Most of the intramural managers who do the actual work for the glory and a sweater were from the house and commanding them was a simple task as it was a cooperative movement, not domineering on my part.

And then war came and we all wondered what we were doing in school, and what we were going to do in June... I'm still wondering although I intend on applying for the V-7 in the Navy which would eventually make me an Ensign in the Navy.

And then War in Pi Lam. Kovner, Brenner, and two Neophytes against the house mostly due to a dirty double cross by the Rex Sam Greenberg. Finally Borine came to our side and then we finally ended the feud but with hard feelings still existent. We got the works from Greenberg, Krosnick, Klein and Falkxxxx. Grindlinger came back to school after a long illness in which he missed all the fireworks and he after hearing both sides blasted Greenberg good and that ended the proceedings. A good Rex would have would have saved this whole fight and probably would have eliminated most of the hard feelings which arose afterwards

during the 2nd Pi Lam World War. The first fight came when the Executive Committee (Brenner and I) moved that we readjust the arrangement of the rooms as we had two freshmen with Falkxxxx and that room was like a menagerie with noise, friendly fights which kept the house awake, and no studying. The arrangement did not suit some of the "noble" brothers and a good fight resulted. And the two close buddies of freshmen we were splitting up joined Brenner and I in the fight! Before we, as the committee, suggested the change, we asked Rex Greenberg what he thought, and he told us to go ahead, as did Max Rosen. When we went ahead, we found that Rosen and Greenberg were opposing us! And so we became the pricks who were trying to upset the whole house. Nuts! It finally ended with the double decker which had been in the room we were trying to break up being put in our room and leaving us with four men in our room. And so the fourth man who had fought Brenner, Levitsky (the neophyte who is my pal) and I got some lousy treatment from we three who did not, and do not, like his guts and this brought more fights. This time we were wrong but we did not care as, if they wanted a real fight, we argued we would give it to them.

That war finally smoothed over and everything proceeded smoothly for a while. Then after finals and a short vacation, we started the second semester. And with the second semester comes elections.

Lenny Grindlinger, the redhead, was finally elected Rex with Ockie Krosnick being elected Archon. Krosnick, who bitterly opposes anything Bornie, Brenner, Levitsky, Miller or I do, as well as half of the other fellows was almost elected but thank God I fixed him. You see, I counted the votes along with Brenner and Rosen. I withheld my vote until I saw how things were coming, and finally phenagled Len in as Rex after a very close election. And believe me, it really saved the house. There would have been a terrible revolution shortly after if Krosnick had been the Rex. In the elections, Morty Klein, Krosnick's pet pal, was not given nay office and so once again hard feelings were on their way.

Grindlinger, by the way, has been a very very good Rex. He is a little domineering but in a way it is good and on the other hand we can tame him down quickly when we want to.

The kitchen brought about the second war, I hope I'm not boring you with this long rambling but when I look back at it, it seems so insignificant and yet at the same time so important that it is amusing. Nevertheless, I believe that it was a little significant at that as there are still many peeves in the house although there are no bitter feuds right now.

Mr. Thomas, the caterer, insisted that he would have to raise the price to \$8.50 without a brunch on Sundays, instead of \$8 for all 20 meals. Naturally, this did not go too well with most of us as we count every penny. Arguments arose as to whether or not we should keep the kitchen. Strangely enough, in the main, the same two "teams" were formed once again. I fought like hell to keep it though I knew the extra money was a sacrifice to the fellows as it was to me. We finally agreed to keep eating in the house and start our own kitchen as soon as

possible. I was appointed to the committee to secure new equipment, etc. Those who agreed with me argued that the kitchen was our best rushing point for the fall and to discontinue it now would ruin all that we had built up all this year. Not only that, if it had not been for the kitchen some of the other fellows would not have spoken to some of the others except for meetings for as long as a month at a time.

Finally we were eating under the new plan, meanwhile pointing towards our own kitchen, when some of the fellows - two to be exact - Morty Klein and freshman Marty Bell who was the Steward and the fourth man in my room during World War I. Well that started it and we really let loose then. If they ate out why shouldn't we? Krosnick stopped also, so then it was three fellows who were always blasting Brenner and I and telling us how selfish we were that we had ruined the kitchen. I had a motion passed that everyone be compelled to eat in the kitchen the same as they had a couple of weeks back before the secession. There was to be a fine from \$5 to \$10. Klein and Bell still ate out and then the executive committee of Krosnick and Falkxxxxx outvoted Borine and ruled no fines. That was enough for me. Those guys were off my list and I, along with several others, didn't speak to them for quite a time. We speak now, but the old fraternalism is no longer there. When we go back we shall be eating out of the house and I probably won't be seeing these particular fellows from one day to the next now.

On top of that Krosnick took Borine's girl away from him and caused a genuine feud there. That was the first time in my four years at the house that any fellow had attempted to touch another fellow's girlfriend without asking the fellow's permission. Because, after all, it is very foolish for fraternity brothers to fight over women... there is enough to fight about without that.

So all in all you can see that things have been happening fast and furious. I guess I started all of the fights but I'm not sorry as I still feel that I was right in most of my actions and that some of the fellows have shown their true colors and they are colors that disagree with me.

But we now have 21 brothers and four pledges, the largest the house has been in over ten years. Our next induction is April 10th - an informal event in the afternoon. Three of the pledges will go through then. One lives in the house, one lives on campus but comes from Allentown, and the third is a swell Philadelphian - Harold Aron by name.

So I guess I really have seen plenty of action in four years of fraternity life. Many of the experiences have been disheartening but they were better teachers than the successful and joyous experiences although naturally, we all favor the better ones.

Upon returning, I must put the pledges through an abbreviated Hell Week and then I guess there is nothing left for me to do in the line of duty other than just to observe and help in whatever comes up.

However, I do feel and know that I am not the same person that went to a Phi B.D. meeting four years ago as a raw neophyte in every sense of the word. I suppose it had been a combination of growing older and fraternity and college that has changed me - for the best I hope. I am much more sure of myself and confident in myself although at times I think I am a little conceited or should I say cocky? But I guess the navy, army or marines will knock that out of me soon. However, I can sum up all this long harangue by saying that with out Pi B.D. and Pi Lam I don't think I would be as I am today. Whether that is a compliment to the fraternity or not, only time will tell.

When I get back, we'll have to get together for a few good bull sessions. I'd really like to spend some evening with just Bob Woletz, you and I. Bob and I get along swell and I'm really sorry that he has not lived with me these four years.

When you read this letter you'll probably get a little mixed up. I haven't reread anything I've written... just written what has come to mind. So no doubt it is a little confused but I'd prefer to leave it this way.

Well, give my best regards to Ben Solomon. I shall look forward to seeing him also.

I sure hope you had the patience to get this far. I guess this is the longest letter I've ever written. My Dad saw the length of it and said I'm nuts. You know, I'm afraid I shall never really understand my Dad. Very unfortunate, but I guess it is too late for me to get to know him as closely as I should have liked to. He is too nervous for me - his work has got the best of him... very high strung. It has taught me one lesson - seeing him and what I know of you although I admit that I know you only from the surface... that I shall never let business and world affairs, etc. to bother me so much that it gets the best of me and that I forget to relax and have fun.

Well, I'll see you after I get back.

Fraternally,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Koko".