

IT'S A NUMBERS THING

I spent my entire summer trying NOT to think about Beta Gamma Psi. I stayed in Ashland and attended summer school to raise my G.P.A., not because I wanted to be a Beta but because I wanted to have a higher G.P.A. in hopes of getting into a good graduate school or possibly medical school. I worked as a life guard and volunteered on my own free will to teach under privileged children how to swim.

Over the summer, I saw a few Beta's around campus. They were cordial and spoke.

When the fall semester of my junior year began, rumors were flying about Beta Gamma Psi. The first rumor was that they were going to lose their sorority house because they didn't have enough occupants in the house. The second rumor was that the Beta's were not going to be on the yard (a term for meaning active) in the spring unless they had a fall line because all of the super seniors, Ursula, Connie, Cassidy, and Tazmyn were about to graduate. A super senior is a student who is a 5th or 6th year college senior. In addition to the two girls who had de-activated, one of which who had transferred, and the 4 Beta's that graduated in the spring, there would only be 7 active members on campus come spring. At Carver an organization had to have at least 10 members to remain active.

Beta was so exclusive. The other sororities had well over 20 or even 50 members in some cases, but the Beta population at Carver was decreasing. From 17 members during my freshman year, they had fallen to an active membership of 11. So the big rumor was, for the first time in years, the Beta's were going to have a fall line.

Although I had fallen out with Tazmyn, we still spoke when we saw each other and I hoped that the Beta's would include me in the fold some how. My dreams came on September 10^h. I got a phone call from of all people—Ursula.

"Hi, Eva this is Ursula, how was your summer?" she actually sounded friendly.

"Oh it was fine, how was yours?" I responded.

"Great, just great, you know I met your sister at this summers Beta Gamma Psi National Convention in Texas."

My sister had mentioned that she met several Beta's from Carver, but she didn't remember their names.

"For real, she's cool," I said.

"I'm calling today because I was wondering if you were still interested in pursuing a future with Beta Gamma Psi? Mrs. Grable and your sister both put in a good word for you and we do

appreciate the dedication you have shown despite that little misunderstanding last spring. So are you still interested?"

"Yes, I'm still interested," I responded.

"Oh great. Tomorrow we are having a prayer vigil to honor victims of September 11th. If you could attend that would be great. Afterwards, we will head over to the sorority house to chat."

My enthusiasm was not as great as it once was. I had suffered so much disappointment with my aspirations to become a Beta that I didn't want to set myself up to be crushed again.

The prayer vigil was nice and well attended by other Greeks and faculty members. Afterwards, Ashley rode with me over to the Beta house. She also had been invited.

The mood at the Beta house was warm and friendly. I had never been in the Beta Gamma Psi house and I marveled at the tradition in the house. Pictures everywhere, names etched on the walls, paddles hanging near the fireplace. It had a real homey feel. We all sat in the living room. The Beta's had ordered pizza for us. There were about 10 non-Beta's invited. I knew Ashley my old roommate. There was a Puerto-Rican girl named Carmen who wrote for the school newspaper. A popular set of twins, Seneca and Arcadia were in attendance. I had seen them at several Beta functions. I heard a rumor that they were Cassidy's cousins but did not know if this was true or not. I didn't know the other non-Beta girls.

When Ursula and Connie arrived with the pizza the big talk started.

"What goes on in this house, stays in this house, got it?" Connie stated.

We all nodded in agreement.

"It's no secret that we are looking for new potential members. Half of the campus is talking about the anticipated demise of Beta Gamma Psi. First of all, let me explain, it's not gonna happen. We have been in this situation before and we don't look at it as a problem. You all are here because you have had successful interviews in the past and at one time met the requirements for membership. Has anyone's G.P.A. fallen below the required 2.7?"

A shy girl sitting on the floor by the cocktail table raised her hand.

"What is your G.P.A.?" Ursula asked.

"2.65," the girl responded. Ursula pointed to the door.

"Thanks for coming out," Connie said as she opened the door for the girl. The girl stood up and walked out of the door grabbing another slice of pizza on the way out.

"Basically, we have to have another formal rush according to the universities rules. What we would like to do is to take these next

few weeks to get to know you all on a more intimate level before we proceed with any intake,” Connie said.

“What Connie means is that each one of you will be assigned a Beta Big Sister to check in with and we will be doing things with you all as a group and on a one on one basis,” Cassidy explained.

“This will also give you all an opportunity to come up with the required money to pledge, which is \$800,” Ursula said.

We all looked around at each other in shock. First we heard \$650 as a rumor but now the fee was \$800? That was ridiculous. No one complained out loud.

I would have preferred to have Cassidy as a big sister but I was matched with Tazmyn. I was matched with Tazmyn one for convenience because we lived so close and two because we had had conflict in the past and the other Beta’s wanted to make sure that Taz and I could work together.