

Athletics

Not since the days when the Nebraska Amazons went forth to conquer the Minnesotans have the co-eds so eagerly sought honor and glory in athletics. Unfortunately, these aspirants can no longer satisfy their desire for the fame of the laurel wreath by contests with a foreign enemy. It is not permitted the gently nurtured daughters of Nebraska to travel abroad on so unmaidenly a quest. Rather they must muster all their "pep," stir up a class spirit which if not lacking is at least



latent and do what they may to bring honor to their class and to their Alma

Mater. In these efforts, they are encouraged by a few straggling girls who appear, after many inducements to honor a game with their presence, and many straggling laws who appear in spite of inducements to the contrary.

Occasionally, the co-eds are allowed to walk decorously to the athletic field and play a gentle game of hockey—provided always they behave in a manner unoffending to observers from Mechanic Arts Hall. Hockey, being somewhat new and strange at Nebraska, was looked at slightly askance. Nevertheless, as the season progressed, enthusiasm increased and one day last fall two elevens representing the upper and lower classmen met in a game which resulted in a loss for the Freshman-Sophomore team. It is hoped that another year each class will have a team representing it, and that the grandstand will be filled with spectators.

While the hockey enthusiasts were knocking the little ball up and down the gridiron the tennis experts politely said "Love-fifteen," over on the near-by courts. A series of interesting matches were played which eliminated would-be champions one by one. The final match played November third gave Miss Verna Tinklepaugh the honors and the title of college champion.

The Tournament

When cold days put an end to hockey and tennis, "Buster" Brown and the "Twins," began to look around for Freshmen who would be dangerous basket-ball opponents. Then practice started in earnest, the Sophomores grimly determined to win more glory.

The Juniors and Seniors were sure they would lose and their pessimistic friends kindly told them that their's was a hopeless cause.

Still they pegged away and occasionally made raids on the campus, in a desperate attempt to capture some hapless Junior or Senior who would practice day and night. One, who was able to stand any amount of mauling at the hands of the merciless Soph's and help save the day for the upper classes. A special incentive to practice was the magnanimity of the men in permitting the girls to use the gymnasium any time that they did not want it themselves.

The Twentieth of February was the date set for the great tournament. Interest was intense. Even on Saturday, certain eager spirits defying the wrath of the powers that be and joyously forgetting their Saturday "Labs," crept into the "gym" and spent blissful hours in practice.

A special convocation was the culmination of the growing enthusiasm, and the

chapel was filled with girls, all ready to support their teams.

The real awakening became evident on the night of the twentieth when the Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores and Freshies greeted their respective teams with cheers and yells. The games started off with spirit, Marie Clark played on every part of the field and Gertrude Van Driel, the stately Senior, nonchalantly dropping the ball into the basket, did their utmost to give the honors to the upper classmen. But the Lyda "Combine," was too much



for the Seniors and the final game showed a score of 15 to 11 for the Sophomores.

Xi Delta Announcements.

Xi Delta, the sophomore sorority, announces the following pledges: Alpha Chi Omega, Marian Kastle; Alpha Omicron Pi, Doris Seroggins; Alpha Xi Delta, Della Rich; Achoth, Emma Beard; Delta Delta Delta, Berly Mawhinney; Delta Gamma, Margaret Rustin; Delta Zeta, Helen Peck; Chi Omega, Elsie Busche; Kappa Alpha

Theta, Emily Cox; Kappa Kappa Gamma, Lucile Dennis; Pi Beta Phi, Clara Powers; Alpha Phi, Mary Haller, Adele Simonson, Geneva Seeger.

Ex: "What makes you think that song is catchy?"

Wy: "It's called 'That Scarlet Fever Rag.'" —Chaparral.

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