



BY THE HAUNTRESS

Here is a followup story on some of the initiations that took place on sorority row last week end. The Theta's, Triple Delta's, Pi Phi's, A. O. Pi's, Alpha Chi's and Alpha Xi Delt's did a hurlyburly job before down slips were issued which probably saved the life of more than one pledge. But that is just where the Kappa's made their mistake. It seems that when their initiation date was scheduled they did not at the time realize the first six weeks' announcements would be out by then. By the time they had discovered their mistake, it was too late, so now all K. K. G. freshmen are just holding their respective breaths.

Along with initiation came numerous crested gifts to the new initiates from their proud sorority mamas. As a local jeweler laughingly confided, he had asked one of the Tri Delt's who was purchasing a bracelet for her daughter if she knew his niece, Helen Elizabeth Lawrence Ames. Oh yes, answered the sweet young thing. She's my great grandmother. Which, we believe, is carrying things a bit too far.

Another tale concerns Marie Anderson, who when displaying her new Theta kite, was greeted with the comeback, "Well, well, Marie has a new plaything." But Marie in all seriousness was so happy that not even that remark bothered her. Another little gal flounced into the Pastry shop wearing two huge corsages, one on each shoulder. We couldn't exactly figure out whether the girl was trying to show no favoritism in whose flowers she wore or just what she thought the score was, but ask the Pi Phi's about that.

We blush to remember Beverly Weaver's scanty attire the night of the Story Book, but at least she managed to become quite the center of attention in her baby clothes caught up here and there by huge safety pins. People tell us that the blanket she so modestly wrapped herself in while traversing the lobby of the Cornhusker was Ned Anderson's idea.

Saturday night Eva Jane Sinclair really let down her hair which reaches almost to her waist now and played the role, not of Lady Godiva, but of an angel which was set off by Bill Crittenden's portrayal of the devil. We shan't say a word about wolves in sheeps' clothing or vice versa, but somebody did get a bit catty about the way Eva Jane's wings began to wilt during the evening.

Then there's the story about the girl who had to look in on the ballroom earlier in the evening during her sorority's formal banquet. Spying the slide and being an adventurous soul she took the boards on high bursting all the buttons down the back of her gown. But then, girls will be girls.

BY THE HAUNTER

As we followed the Chi Omegas Friday night, we decided the only proper name for us was "scavenger hunter." The hunt, which required the return of various and impossible commodities, taxed the ingenuity of all Ki Omegas and dates and the patience of Lincoln citizens.

Some items specified were a Hiram Walker bottle cap, an old gray bonnet, a "nigger in a woodpile," and something rotten in Denmark.

Many canvassed the somber regions of Lincoln for small colored children, but to no avail. "Something" rotten in Denmark brought everything from Hamlet to hamburger cheese.

Another item on the elongated

only after leaving his watch in hook.

Can't resist writing about Jane Bell and Lou Boyd, Kappas, who wanted to test their social prowess at King's Sunday evening. They agreed with their dates to sit for some five minutes along the sidelines and wait for a request to dance from some of the unattached maids there. But their dates were to sit close by and thwart any such approaches by stags.

The eager gigolos seemed quite disgruntled, after mustering enough courage to ask the fair ladies, to find that they had dates.

Among stuff of interest of the famed costume caper Saturday was: Virginia Fleetwood and Jack Ellsworth in befeathered goon suits... Bud Cather with his good looking high school friend, both exposing comely limbs... Don Moss and Peg Weaverling, scarcely recognizable in black face Uncle Tom and Topsy get-ups... George Galloway and Pearl Stuhr, minus the St. Bernard beast they promised to bring... Slurp Slosburg, undecided as to whether he

was farmer-in-the-dell or barefoot boy... Betty Christiansen, with Elmer Dohrmann, trying to smoke a cigarette through a veil... Bill Crittenden and "Swan" Sinclair in Devil and angel suits, respectively... Gorgeous Pat Brott plenty perturbed because of water guns... Alums, a bit bewildered about it all.

Harry Haynie, Sigma Nu, finally done it!

After several years a smile broke upon his countenance (we're only foolin', but it's fun) as he drew forth his hempen offering in honor of his love for Mary Margaret Maly, Delta G.

Over Zeta Beta Tau way, Bernie White distributed smokes to the boys and candy to the Sigma Delta Taus, showing that he means business with Betty Lou Hirshfeld.

Add to the Ed Weir and son story.

Last night the frosh grid tutor was seen crawling about on his hands and knees behind the free scale, into which his infant son

dropped a dime last week, with a hammer and a screw driver. He was still toiling when the last boy had left the dressing room.

Dale Carnegie, the "How To Make Friends" man, dined at the Beta house yesterday noon, but was strangely reticent about showing the brethren how to turn on the influence. It seems that he is not a fraternity man, (he was brought over for lunch by a Lincoln Beta friend), and was quite excited at the experience of the meal. Maybe now he can write a new book now and call it "How to Win Brothers and Influence Coeds." Or something.

Ruthie Huston, Chi O, and escort made the Story Book Ballers plenty chic-concious as they attended bedecked with Beechnut togs, called "on the Beechnut of Walkiki." At intermission, the two went about their mission of sowing gum (unchewed) among the dancers.

All work and no play makes jack.

list was the initials of Adolf Tejeka in south Lincoln. After scrawling his tag on enough eggs to make an omelet that would blanket the old town square, the man became irate and refused to sign.

When asked for a Phi Delt Eagle, Chuck Tanton begged a White Eagle filling station proprietor for one, which he could take

**ENJOY THE POST TONIGHT**

**Who Is This WHITE MAN WHO SHAPES THE DESTINY OF CHINA**

**WHEN Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek was kidnaped, his release was effected not by any Chinese, but by a white man. One who neither speaks nor reads Chinese, loathes Chinese food, affects no Chinese custom. Yet he is guide, philosopher and friend to Chiang—and also to Chiang's kidnaper. Who is this man? What is his power? See page 5 of your Post for the story of William Henry Donald, China's No. 1 White Boy by H. B. ELLISTON**

**Imagine Chaperoning SIX BLONDES IN WAR-TORN SPAIN!**

**WHEN civil war broke out, Comfort Penrhyn found herself between two converging armies—with six dazzling young ladies of the Art Study Tour on her hands! Getting them to safety was one problem. That handsome Basque, Don Luys, was another—equally exciting.**

**Avenue of Escape by ELEANOR MERCEIN**

**ALSO MR. TUTT GOES FISHING, a short story of a lawsuit with some surprising results. By Arthur Train... BIG BUSINESS HAS TROUBLES, TOO, an article of interest for all businessmen, by Jesse Rainsford Sprague... Walter D. Edmonds, author of Drums Along the Mohawk, writes a story of New York in the 1830's—Young Ames... PLUS serials, editorials, cartoons, and news of authors on the Keeping Posted page.**

**IS THE NATIONAL JUST ANOTHER MINOR LEAGUE?**

**SHOULD National League ball teams be allowed to play in the world series? Eight out of the last eleven series have been won by the American League. Why? A sports writer tells, and shows you why he thinks conservative baseball will soon disappear.**

**New Minor League—the National? by TOM MEANY**

**5¢**

**THE SATURDAY EVENING POST**

**The DAVIS SCHOOL SERVICE**  
 "A Good Teachers' Agency"  
 1918-1938  
 Come in and See Us  
 643 Stuart Bldg. Lincoln, Neb.

**THE SATURDAY EVENING POST**