

jeka in south Lincoln, After

When asked for a Phi Delt Eagle, Chuck Tanton begged a White Eagle filling station propri-

etor for one, which he could take

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 hurryup 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 firs 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 nu-merous crested gifts to the new initiates from their proud sorority mamas. As a local jeweler laugh-ingly 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 ex-actly 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 Corn-husker was Ned Anderson's idea.

Saturday night Eva Jane Sin-clair 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. 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 bailroom earlier in the evening during her sorority's formal ban-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.

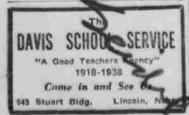
BY THE HAUNTER

As we followed the Chi Omegas Friday night, we decided the only proper name for us was "scav-enger baunter." The hunt, which required the return of various and impossible commodities, taxed the ingenuity of all Ki Omagies and dates and the patience of Lincoln citizena.

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

Many canvassed the somber re-gions of Lincoln for small colored children, but to no avail. "Some-thing" rotten in Denmark brought everything from Hamlet to lim-

Another item on the elongated



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 males 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 jeka 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 Fagle filling station propripromised to bring . . . Slurp Slos-burg, undecided as to whether he

only after leaving his watch in hock.

Can't resist many about Jane Bell and Lou Boyd, Kappas, who wanted to test their savial newests.

Was farmer-in-the-dell or barefoot by . . Betty Christiansen, with boy . . Betty Christiansen, with a hammer and a screw driver. He was still toiling when the last boy had left the dressing room. clair in Devil and angel suits, re-spectively . . . Gorgeous Pat Brott plenty perturbed because of water guns . . Alums, a bit bewildered

Harry Haynie, Sigma Nu, fi-nally 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 Mar-garet 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 busi-ness with Betty Lou Hirshfeld.

Add to the Ed Weir and son

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

Date 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 Lin-coln 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,

Ruthle Huston, Chi O, and es-cort made the Story Book Ballers plenty chicle-concious as they at-tended bedecked with Beechnut togs, called "on the Beechnut of Waikiki." At intermission, the two went about their mission of sowing gum (unchewed) among the danc-

All work and no play makes



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