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HURRY!



BY THE HAUNTER

There has been an artist on the campus for the last three weeks who draws pictures of you and me for 50 cents and does it in a funny way. He stopped off to talk to me yesterday and stated that the girls on this "barren" place are either broke or they have too much vanity to have the aces put on paper. We sort of hinted that maybe those fast fellows who were selling magazines a few weeks ago took all the money the poor girls had. Shame on you girls. We thought the ladies had more sense to be taken in by flashy cars.

Jack Christianson Kappa Sig took his honey to the grocery store the other day to help her mother buy some food stuffs. While mother and daughter were in the store, a friend of Jack's who is a driver of a truck of a cleaning establishment in town happened along and offered to take Jack's pants to the shop. Jack said no because he wouldn't have anything to go home in and besides he had his girl with him. But the kind fellow said he was in the car and it would make any difference. The man talked the poor gent out of his pants and when the women folk came out of the grocery Jack couldn't face them without his jeans so they had to walk. The girl was sweet Pauline Boyd, Kappa.

There is an Acacia who is supposed to be going steady with a Chi O and is supposed to be very serious about her. But instead of spending his time with his only one, he goes over to the Alpha Xi Delta house with some little choice bit there. What some men won't do for love and stuff.

BY THE HAUNTRESS

THINGS PEOPLE NEVER TIRE OF: Parking on O street on Sunday evenings to watch the couples promenade arm in arm; eating pop corn in dime shows; driving down sorority row at 12:30 to witness the hurried exits from parked cars; that last class on Friday afternoon; dancing at the Park; just watching the crowd from a booth at the T. P.; riding in cars with the top down; cokes; heading for the wide open spaces in picnic clothes; that Sunday morning sleep; midnight spreads; watching candid cameramen at work; wearing new clothes; browsing about the uncompleted Student Union building; ice cream cones at Smith's; reminiscing over their freshman year at college; bull sessions; spring; seeing their

friends' names in the dirt columns; thumbing thru Cornhuskers of 20 years ago; airing their pet gripes; checks from home; 1 o'clock permission; profs with a sense of humor; and punning, I suppose.

After yesterday's column about the A. T. O.'s who certainly know their onions, a box arrived at the house addressed: "To Mary Anna Cocker, with great anticipation" and wrapped in purple tissue paper was an onion surrounded by a goodly supply of Hauntress columns. The enclosed note read: "To Mary Anna—Thanks so much for the publicity. Being big hearted fellows, we don't want to keep such treasures to ourselves, but would like to share them with our closer friends. Well, we'll be smelling you," signed Francis Lotterie, George Cullen, Stanley Peterson, and Ben Bushman. Oh, if I could only cook, I'd return their scallion wrapped around a Wimpy.

Monday night the Alpha Phi's got what they've been looking for for some time now. Jackie Fuller and Bruce Lyon decided that there was just no use holding out any longer, so they hid themselves down to the confectioners and ordered up a five pound job to be shipped to the Phi house, from whence they trotted over to a tobacco shop and sent out a sizeable order to the Sigma Chi shack. The hour dance following, however, was not the success it might have been for just as the boys had completed the sweetheart song with great gusto, and the girls lined themselves to the right to put the finishing touches on Bruce, that young man made a dart for the front door and thence to his waiting car. Throwing the gears out of reverse, he traversed a couple of front lawns and made his escape. Bruce may not be just sweet 16, but evidently he doesn't approve of wholesale kissing.

Incidentally, Pat Jensen, who always makes her way to an orchestra seat on such occasions, did not arrive on the scene until the man in question was well on his way. Fires and candy passings are two things that young lady hates to miss, so she took it pretty hard.

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FOR THE **Easter Parade**

EASTER EDITION
THURSDAY
APRIL 14

Bruce had better be careful or he'll have some rain check work on his hands.

If you really care to hear a good story you might get in touch with a Sig Ep. The brothers have been telling all around the campus about the hour dance their chapter had at Ways Inn last Sunday night. The only trouble is, that we had thought all along at hour dances it was the fellows who got the cut.

Marjorie Manchester, little Alpha Xi Delta brunette, has "borrowed" a Farm House pin and is wearing it about the campus. However, the sisters seem to think that this is just another method of disguising her real purpose, as some folks don't care for a tubbing just because their minds happen to run to pins and things. Despite all her protests, they won't take her new acquisition lightly. You know the old adage: "A woman convinced against her will is of the same opinion still," and in this case there are 38 of them.

SOCIETY

By Dixie Davis.

Sigma Phi Epsilon initiated the following men: Bruce Person, Dave Holmberg, Harry Seagren, Al Nobak, Francis Morris, Logan Schross and Bob Dreibus.

Virginia Pederson, Alpha Phi, and Ray Elliott, Delta of last year, announced their engagement in Omaha recently. They are to be married the 30th of May and then move to Pamosa Beach, Calif.

Martha Montgomery, Delta Gamma, and George Viereg, Phi Psi, announced their engagement and approaching marriage a few days ago.

A. O. Pi alumnae will meet this evening at 8:30 at the home of Mrs. R. V. Evans, 1520 B.

However, he mentioned that it will be keeping up with the Beta tradition and it will be a party only as the Beta's can give.

Speaking of Beta's, election of officers was just held. President, Kermit Hansen; vice president, Robert Gannon; recorder, Orvan Hager, Jr.; treasurer, Frederic Kiechel; corresponding secretary, Theodore Welton; sergeants at arms, John Stoddart, and John Weingarten.

GOLD DIGGERS

There seems to be something about those publications offices in the basement of U hall. Last year Sid Baker and Bill Hollister, publications moguls, were found to be doing a little office work of rather doubtful value to the publications. The result of one escapade was the glass door in the Awgwan office.

This year is liable to run true to form if Tanton isn't careful. It wasn't so bad yesterday because it was broad day light and he and Ruth Huston were just catching up a little on their night work. Pee Wee says he hopes they put glass walls in the publications offices in the new Student Union building.

For Miss Huston we have two suggestions. First, watch out for the campus cop. Second, run right down to GOLD'S and get one of those new mammoth striped suits. They are made of new Bantam Cloth and the chalk stripes are the nuts. They sell for only \$10.00.

They tell a story of a Sigma Nu from out west who stopped here over the week end. Now there's nothing particularly astounding about that but he happens to be the son of an undertaker and was driving a new hearse out to the old home town. For some reason he stopped at the Kappa Sig house. Fraternity loyalty might impell us to draw some connection between Kappa Sigs and corpses, but we won't.

A few months ago the boys out D. U. way outmaneuvered several of the other clubs and pledged Lloyd Grimm. There was nothing wrong in that but when shortly afterward the boys from out south started approaching the members of the Innocents Society it was rather obvious what they wanted.

It seems that in their eyes Grimm is the most wonderful athlete in the

whole wide world and, even tho his average is a little below the required 78, he would make a terribly fine Innocent.

Now Lloyd is a good boy and a good athlete, but the brother pushing act is getting just a little large. You boys wouldn't want us to think that you just pledged Grimm because he might be an Innocent, do you?

Sunday we published a few lines from, not Shakespeare, but our own Lynn Thompson. They were not too complimentary to his ex-girl friend, Jane Alvey. It wouldn't have been half so funny if Sunday hadn't been the first anniversary of their last date and Thompson, always a great kiddler, got up bright and early and sent a telegram to Jane in commemoration of that great event. Well, they say the girl was more than a little burned up. And so was Tom when he arrived home from sending the wire to spot our little item in the Rag.

Just one week from last Sunday is Easter, and Easter calls for new spring clothes, and that calls for a new suit from GOLD'S. There is really a fine selection to choose from, with gaberdiner, tweeds, and lounge models predominating. You fellows had better see them this week.

Rae Simonson can probably explain the company he was keeping out at Way's the other evening. They were all fellows and were all dressed in cow boy hats a-la-western Nebraska. Perhaps they were just a few friends from the home town in to the big city for a while. At least the wee part of it seems to be correct.

Panned by,

Bob Hadham

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