



**BY THE HAUNTRESS**

The Sigma Chi's are known to be a subtle bunch, but Bill McKerney ran untrue to form, Friday night. He and Margaret Krause were headed for the Park when all of a sudden the engine stalled or something went wrong with the car (Marge never did find out exactly what the trouble was). Anyhow those two spent the intervening hours stuck in the mud, until Bill, summoning unusual presence of mind, called a towing car and had the crate hauled back to town just in time for the 12:30 deadline. Funny he didn't think of that earlier in the evening.

When Bob Voigt and Betty Ann Patton accompanied by Ginny Geister and Bob Schleh sought refuge from a storm on a picnic Sunday, they found the cave into which they had crawled had been inhabited previously by a little striped animal who made their hasty exit a necessity. Fun and things.

It might be love in bloom, but anyhow we'll let you draw your own conclusions. When Jimmie Pearson and Keith Baird, a couple of Deltas were late for their dates at the Alpha Xi Delt house Saturday night, they said it with flowers to the tune of sweetpeas to Elma Ruth Lallman and roses to Rilla Mae Nevin. The next morning the order was reversed and roses arrived for Elma Ruth and sweetpeas for Rilla Mae. They must have had guilty consciences because corsages scarcely grow on trees at least in these parts. Maybe their quick jaunt to Omaha can explain their concern.

We'll not soon forget the lovely life sized portrait of Peggy Pascoe in her mermaid costume which appeared again in the Omaha World-Herald. There's something fishy about the way that little girl's picture gets around.

Just to prove how nice and innocent our profs are, Mr. Gettman admitted to his English 22 class that he never could remember just how many pints there are in a quart. He went on to add that he had quite a time with the spelling of the word "nineteen" which couldn't have been just a subtle rebuke to a sleepy eight o'clock class, could it?

**BY THE HAUNTER**

There is a Phi Phi pledge who can't make up her mind in which house she would like to date. In fact we received a letter in the mail yesterday morning telling us this fact. It said that she was having a terrible time deciding whether to go to the Miami Triad or to the Sigma Nu Gold Rush party of the same nite. We think that she should make up her mind soon before the guys get mad at her and change their minds. Thanks for the letter.

The Phi Psis have taken to throwing bottles at passers by and the other night two fellows nearly met with one of them. Why they are doing it no one seems to know. Maybe the waste baskets are filled and they have no place to dump the milk bottles.

Most of the people in the Tasty Pastry shop Sunday nite were disturbed by a riot. We can't tell

**DANCE**  
Sponsored by Lancaster County Young Democrats  
**MEL PESTER PLAYING**  
Everybody Welcome  
**LINCOLN HOTEL**  
Wed., April 20

her window all sorts of words that aren't becoming to a lady. Some of the guys have named her "Os." We can't figure out what that means. Can You?

The Turnpike opened with a bang. Everybody seemed to be able to scrape up enough dough to go and have a whiz of a time. If we started to name every one that was there we would have to get out our little red book. Somebody swiped it so that is that.

We heard of a Pi Phi pledge, another one, who has lowered her age a couple of years so that the gent she likes awfully well will keep coming around. The fellow is a nice boy too.

Don't forget the convocation today. All the worthy ladies and gents are to get their laurels. Let's go and clap.

**AG GRAVATIONS**

What students did not go home for Easter Sunday did some celebrating here at college. The Poultry club boys and their Easter

**BULLETIN**

**Phalanx.**  
Phalanx will hold a meeting this evening at 7:30 at the Lincoln hotel.

**Inter-Fraternity Council.**  
Members of the Inter-Fraternity council will meet this evening in room 9, Morrill hall, at 7:30.

dance provided entertainment for Saturday night.

Wilson and Carlson, A. C. B. C. hotshots, danced the waltz they should have saved for someone else together. Lee Paris came back to school for the dance and escorted Helen Morton, Alpha Chi O. He came back for something more than the dance, tho, because he announced that she had his ring. Does it mean the expected thing or was it just an Easter gift? Eric Thor forgot the home town girl for another night and rated a date with Ann Gersib. How is he going to explain that to Leo Cooksley, who is home at the present?

Hi Lee, Hi Lo, its off on a picnic we go, or rather, they go, because

they positively refused to allow so low a creature as a gore writer go picnicing with them. By "they" we mean the Reids, Marian and Arnold, the Van Horns, Dorothy and Don, the Welchs, Georgine and Palmer, and the Heady's, Marian and Earl. They refused to tell where the thing was to be held, but a little bird and it wasn't Pee Wee (either) says it is going to be far, far from the maddening crowd.

Speaking of gore writers, the Farmers Fair disher-outer is getting quite famous at least some dozen persons are out looking for her scalp. By the way, it might be a most excellent idea for her and me to get together over our mutual back fence and exchange choice items. How about it Madam X?

**Kosmet Klub Ticket Sales Boom**  
(Continued From Page 1.)

cial singing chorus of "Ten Bad Men of History." The Beck-Jungbluth-Gibson orchestra will play for the show, which was written by John Edwards and is being directed by Joe Iverson.

**ENJOY THE POST TONIGHT \*\*\***

*At 24, young Dr. Dafoe was*  
**TOO SCARED TO DELIVER A BABY!**



**YOU** know him as the beloved country doctor who brought the Dionne Quintuplets into the world—but do you know about his first confinement case? The shy young man who 27 years later was to perform a modern miracle of medicine stood helplessly by—because he had never before seen a baby born! What's Allan Roy Dafoe really like? Why did his medical school at first refuse him a degree? A noted correspondent, Dr. Dafoe's friend for many years, brings you the only authorized biography of the world's most famous country doctor. Start it in this week's Post, on page 5.

*Beginning the Real Story of*  
**LITTLE DOC** by FRAZIER HUNT

**MR. GLENCANNON CRASHES THE NIGHT-CLUB BUSINESS**  
*—and vice versa!*



**IMAGINE** Mr. Glencannon's excitement when he hears Dillon's Physical Culture Cafe has been changed into a night club, and that he—Colin Glencannon—is part-owner! Follow him now as he asserts his rights, aided by a bodyguard and a bottle of Duggan's Dew.

*At the Sign of the Brass Knuckle*  
by GUY GILPATRIC



**How Do They Write Those Best-Sellers?**

HERE'S a behind-the-scenes look at the remarkable team that produces best-sellers. What sort of men are they, and how do they work? Who does what? Why do they continue to live in far-off Tahiti? Read this interesting account of them before you start their newest novel, *The Dark River*, in next week's Post.

by JAMES McCONNAUGHEY

**ALSO:** AERIAL DOG-FIGHTS in Spain, as seen by an American pilot, F. G. Tinker, Jr. A PREACHER GOES TO TEXAS, a short story by Lt. Col. John W. Thomason, Jr. WILL FHA BOOM HOME BUILDING? Chester T. Crowell examines the Housing Bill for the answer. . . PLUS serials, editorials, Post Scripts, cartoons and comedy.



**THE SATURDAY EVENING POST**