



*Frosh Reception Committee*

Do you remember those stirring speeches at the Thanksgiving Convocation and the pep rally with the bonfires and the band that night? Do you remember how these things came along just when you were thinking the old school was pretty lacking in spirit? And the snow on Thanksgiving day, the victory that the Bearcats snatched from the Big Reds, and things seemed somehow all right and kind of like college?

Now you remember that Friday evening when almost everybody seemed cheerful and even Cal Robertson's music sounded fairly good and the date you had could almost dance.

There were a lot of new, rather good-looking freshman girls who made seniors feel a bit old. There were a number of uncomfortable-looking freshmen boys who made sophomores feel sophisticated. Swede Hanson was there acting officious. Upperclassmen were there wearing freshmen pots they swiped in order to crash free. Only one frosh co-ed wore her popgun; all the others couldn't be humiliated and made their dates pay to get them in.

Remember how you sat out the intervals in the corridor and talked over the game? And the football men who came in their "C" sweaters so that people would look at

them, and you said "Nice going" to them when they cut in.

You recall the sudden hush when the lights grew dim and someone murmured "Sigma Sigma pledging." Expectant seniors grew nervous, curious freshmen edged their way forward to witness for the first time the strange scene before them. A line of masked black-robed figures slowly wound its way among apprehensive couples, chanting the sacred liturgy: "Torch and Hammer, Skull and Bones; Sigma Sigma, hear our groans." Coming at last to a halt in the center of the hall, five seniors: Allen, Muth, Starick, Hallett and Kunz, were summoned amid bursts of long, sustained applause. Five neophytes honored for their unselfish service to their Alma Mater, and for their all-around qualifications, called to join the ranks of an organization founded over thirty-two years ago.

Don't you recall how happy some people were, and how disappointed others were. And still nothing mattered very much to you when the orchestra swung into a soothing melody.

You remember the night. But do you remember the headache you had for the next two days and the Chem quiz you flunked on Monday morning?

### Committee

*Si Kunz, Chairman*

Isadore Pastor	Swede Hanson
Hammell Hixson	Harry Porter
Robert Watkins	Ruth Cunningham
Eleanor Douglas	Jack Dunlap
Esther Ayres	Peggy Moore
William Elam	George Wallace



*Sigma Sigma Summons*