



The mesdames of the KLS—when they get together, lenses click like mad.

# The KAPPA LAMBDA SIGMA Initiation Rites



If it's not the Mambo—then we're in for a puzzler.



Floored for the count. These neophytes are down but they don't look like they're out.



Women on the nose. A very untidy habit, indeed, and a tedious method of house-cleaning but the crawling duo doesn't seem to care.

They told me to push the coin on the floor with my nose... they told me to warble the *kundimans* with my mouth full of biscuits... they told me to deliver the Gettysburg address as if nobody had delivered it before... they asked me to dance the mambo with my shadow for a partner and my echo for a drumbeat... they painted my nose red, my cheeks blue... they wrote K-A-M-L-O-N on my forehead... they told me to quit if I can't organize myself to do the things they wanted done or undo the things I did... They are my masters... may their tribe increase!

I am a neophyte... may this grease-paint de-grease!



Singer or grinner? Can't tell whether our subject has just sung or is about to sing but brother is she smiling?



The pose that depresses