

The House is just settling down to normal after the annual invasion by the Dads, who came down nearly thirty strong to spend the week-end with their sons and see Illinois absorb a beating from Iowa. And not only fathers; there were also mothers and sisters and brothers and aunts—yes, and sweethearts.

The class of '39 is also settling down more or less to normal, after the sudden deflation when rushing week was over and they faced the grim realities of existence. They are all old Illini now; you couldn't get them to bite on any of the old gags like Postulant Al Smithson did in September. Brothers Byron Dressler and Dick Shelton, two inveterate jokesters, had him hunting around campus for an entire afternoon trying to join the Orange and Blue Feathers before the poor boy discovered it was an organization for freshman women.

Phi Kappa has lost Brother Ted Hoffman, '36 to Phi Theta, where we hear he is having a hard time climbing up and down the hills of Ithaca to reach his classes. He's used to the billiard-table terrain of Illinois. But if we've lost one Brother, we've gained another: Brother Bill Lindley, of Phi Chi, a graduate student in chemistry. He is known variously as "the City Slicker," "The Noo Yoiker," and "The Flatbush Fumbler." But Brother Bill takes all remarks about his Brooklyn accent good-naturedly.

Brother John Schmid continues to run his well-known and justly famous "humor" column in *The Daily Illini*, Brother Myron Wormley continues to boss the football team (with some help from Zuppke), and Brother Arnie Potteiger continues to hold the House championship in checkers—so he says.

ERNEST TUCKER.