

and club sandwiches. And now it's our turn again—for another four years.

Campus politicking has drawn to a close. The faction of Henry Parke, our senior politician, was disastrously defeated—unkind spirits say “no wonder!”—but anyway, Brother Parke makes a fine social chairman. Witness his *début* in office as producer of the Bum Arts Ball, on which poor Hank lost sleep, weight and money.

Winter is over, at last, and spring is here. We hope. The dorm is once more inhabitable, and overcoats are beginning to go into hiding. To Phi Kappa spring brings a new round of activities—and work.

ERNEST E. TUCKER.