

Clinton Lewis '52, Tolono, Ill.; Paul Lippold '51, Aurora, Ill.; Charles Long '52, Hammond, Ind.; James Mueller '52, Springfield, Ill.; Carl Ohse '52, Yorkville, Ill.; Richard W. Smith '50, LaGrange, Ill.; Philip Trimble '52, St. Joseph, Ill.; Edward C. Wright '50, Chicago, Ill.

The new Initiates were honored at the annual Initiation Banquet at the Phi Kappa Chapter House. We are especially proud of the excellent scholastic average these thirteen Initiates achieved during the past semester. Six of them received a grade average of 4-point or above. Philip Trimble became eligible for the freshman scholastic honorary, Phi Eta Sigma, with his outstanding scholastic achievement during the past semester.

Roger Loefgren '50 reluctantly passed out cigars last week when some of the boys began to sing their old fighting song, "In the Boneyard He Must Go." It seems that Rog hung his badge on a cute little nurse at Burnham Hospital, but before we could clear the cigar smoke from the dining room, he showed up with his pin back on, mumbling "women are no d—n good."

Bob Campbell '49 must have really been bothered over his final exams. It seems that he took off in a cloud of glory for his first of two roughies one cold Saturday, and forgot about the ice on the front steps. After 20 minutes of lamenting and several hundred censured footnotes, he came back inside minus a front tooth and with a Ubangi lip. Famous last words: "It's not fit out for man nor beast, and here the pledges haven't even cleaned off the sidewalk."

One of the boys recently went down to find the file on Advanced Ball Bouncing, and couldn't seem to locate it, so it was decided to give the files a complete going over. We heard that some of the professors are even coming over now to glance through them while making out their lecture notes.

Howard Nichols '50, Bob Campbell '49, Herb Franson '51, Sid Skidmore '51, and Bob Miller '49 have been singing over Station WILL. Our chorus has been getting quite a bit of publicity with Trent Knepper '51 carrying the solos. Just wait until television gives some of you eastern fellows a chance to see the big Pepsodent smiles on their faces when they sing the commercials. The sponsor makes them all swear that they wash their "undies" in Ivory Snow.

Everyone is getting excited over the coming Bum Arts Ball. It's going to be a Cave Man affair with all the guys dragging the girls along by the hair. I doubt that some of the girls will concede to this when they take a look at the costumes. Fur looks good on some people, but when it comes to sewing two fluffy earmuffs on a G-string, I don't know. All kidding aside, the dance should be a big success if we can subdue human nature for one night.

It seems that one of the men in the house is color blind, and he took it upon himself to pick out the paint for a fresh splattering on the third floor rooms. Oh well, if we get tired of the combination, we can always convert the third floor into a nursery. That should blend in perfectly with dawn blue and petal rose.

The Phi Kappas gave up their annual Christmas