

party in favor of inviting some of the underprivileged grade school children over for the evening. Now we know why they say that little children's legs are hollow. My arm is still sore from cutting their steaks. I think that we got more of a kick out of the Micky Mouse movies shown than the kids did. Everything went fine till Howie Nichols '50, got caught in the chimney bringing the presents down. Believe me, it wasn't caused by the big bundle of packages, but we've got that all taken care of for next year. Howie has promised to go on a strict diet.

A traveling artist recently made individual character sketches of most of the members. It is surprising what an artist can do to some fellows. We had no idea we had that many characters in the house. If Mother could only see me now.

Our old hang-out, the 608 Club recently burned down. It was just like the shock of going on probation. We'll all remember the hot combo which gave us an excuse to throw the books out of the window every Wednesday night. The smell of all those cases of burning beer has almost torn my nerves up.

Our former corresponding secretary, John Lewis, has dropped out of school for awhile to serve a thirty year hitch with the Foreign Legion, so I'll be subbing for him. I would appreciate any inter-chapter correspondence, and we would all be grateful for a copy of some of your local school or house songs. I have been looking around for some songs to send all of you, but I'm afraid that the ones I have found so far wouldn't get by the Post Office inspecting authorities.

JOHN W. PAINTER