

duce, I am reflecting upon some of the significant events that have taken place around Phi Kappa since the last issue of *THE GARNET AND WHITE* came out. And to my amazement, the longer I think about it the more I realize how much did happen.

First of all, I imagine all of you are waiting in breathless suspense to know how we "pioneers in new things for campus dances" came out with the Bum Arts Ball, colloquially defined as "The Cave Man Drag." And it was all of that! Dragging half-dressed females along sidewalks at midnight can prove to be quite an adventure as Herb "Hook" Franson '51 found out when the University cops halted him and demanded an explanation of why he was wearing a heavy overcoat with no pants.

And while we're on the subject of dances, the Spring Formal was as springy as ever could be expected. We called it "Gallery Galaxy" and you should have seen the distorted representations of surrealist art that every man in the house presented for decorations. Who knows what evil lies in the hearts of men until they see their subconscious desires strung through the halls of Alpha Chi. Jack Lowey (those architecture students do it every time) came through with a first prize for his "One In a Million" (never did figure it out) and Will Yarde copped second place with a magnificent work of art he created with an eye-dropper. For the final touch, we rigged up a French sidewalk café with our star cook, Gertrude, furnishing the delicacies in the form of a smörgåsbord.

Mother's Day this year was one of the biggest events in history. Thirty-eight mothers came down to the chapter house to see the evil world they had thrust their little boys into. The old hat that is traditionally passed around at this time every year yielded a grand total of \$88—enough to put new drapes in the most conspicuous places and replace the torn sheets that were the victims of final exam nightmares. For entertainment we gave them plenty of variety—everything from Trent Knepper's classic vocalizing to Postulant John Oden's rendition of the "12th Street Rag."

We had our annual get-together with Alpha Phi of Purdue over at Kickapoo State Park the last of May. This consisted of a big feed and a ball game which the shades of night forced into a 6-6 tie. Therefore each of us will keep the trophy for six months. The trophy is a small wooden wine cask, empty now since Brother Linder took it over to the shop to put a brass plate on the side for a record of the games. Of course, he dumped its contents in the Bone Yard—a beautiful little creek that meanders through Champaign-Urbana.

Everybody has been faithfully carrying a volume of the Sex Encyclopedia to class ever since Dr. Kirkendall, a friend of Kinsey, conducted a little fireside chat on campus marriages. As a result, Jim Reedy '49 finally married his campus sweetheart, Alice Profrock, a cute little Gamma Phi Beta. Jim is now preparing to be a big wheel with the Goodyear Rubber Company at Kokomo, Ind.