

In the meantime, Bob Scott and Jim Mueller continue the battle of engineer brains versus the soul of the artist and challenge each other daily in a duel to the death to determine whether Jim is going to study or Bob is going to listen to his long-playing records. But regardless of conflicts like this our house average really soared to the heights last semester. We passed up fifteen fraternities to register in the upper ten, and on a campus which boasts of fifty-four houses, we feel that we have really accomplished something.

Nine brother-suckers-for-punishment are using plenty of sweat, toil and tears in summer school this year. No man in his right mind would enroll for summer school here. I like to remember what last winter was like with all the guys wearing sweat suits, wool socks, and leather helmets into the dorm. Back then Clint Lewis put up a sign on the door which read, "Guaranteed thirty degrees cooler inside." Hah!

I suppose that that about covers the important events of the past few months. In the meantime, if any of you have some super-colossal ideas on rushing, they would be greatly appreciated.

ROGER HANSEN