

cleanup but suddenly everyone received an inspiration that produced results undreamed of. Nothing escaped the vicious armies of buffers, brooms, and paint-brushes. In all of the rooms, modern design dominated all of the activity, with, of course, individual deviations as to color and arrangement. However, the final outcome put a gleam in the eye of the House that we feel hasn't been there for years.

But the really big spotlight of the month falls on the acquisition of one of the best derved mascots in the world. Samson Mickey, a bouncing bulk of brawny British bull, has captivated the hearts of everyone. Thirty-five pounds of five-month-old jowls, shoulders, big feet, and playful affection have proved that we have nary a worry in the next campus mascot contest. But regardless of his overwhelming popularity, poor little Mickey actually leads a dog's life—for, you see, he has no name. Night after night, the Brothers battle in the Chapter Hall—Alfred—Igor—Winston—Ivan—Axel—and even Mighty Joe receive discussion, applause, cheers, and laughs, and day after day poor little Mickey out of Samson III out of Skyliner VII out of Princeton XIV out of Toreador XXII goes alone and nameless. Can anybody name our dog?

This fall the birds are flying homeward. John Q. Lewis '50 has evidently tired of the Foreign Legion for he is back in the House listening to Beethoven. Karl Franson '48 is working on his Master's in Physics (oh these brains). But now get this—Yonts is back. Yes, the perennial Woodrow Yonts '47 is still working on his Doctor's. For the last two years, cries of "When you leavin', Yonts," have echoed and re-echoed through the halls of Phi Kappa, and at irregular intervals, the little genius from "back in the hills" has appeared at the door of the Chapter House, suitcase in hand and tears rolling down his checks, waving goodbye to the Brothers and entering the brave new world outside all by himself. However, not very many weeks can cross the calendar before that same little genius is making his way up the walk to the Chapter House, suitcase still in hand, but with a broad smile on his little round face—a smile that never fails to generate a yell that can be heard clear down to the law library, "Hey fellas, Yonts is back!" The Brothers have now learned that, "When are you leavin', Yonts?" is a supplication that is to be forever disregarded.

Along with many other lucky people who will thrive on Gertrude's cooking this year is Bob Corning, Phi Tau at Iowa State, who is at Illinois working on his Master's in Chemistry.

The week-end of October 1 and 2, the Phi Kappa Chapter was invaded by the Badgers from Phi Omicron—twenty-five strong. An almost continuous party migrated all over campus most of the time and the boys from Wisconsin highlighted the event by starting a pep rally of their own over in the Illini Union ballroom. In a mid-morning touch football game, the Badgers were massacred by the Illini by the fabulous score of 14-13. This game inaugurated another era of the traveling trophy in which Phi Kappa and Alpha Phi of