

work of the finest mechanical "whiz kids" in the area.

It seems that Cupid and Mars are inseparable partners in mischief. Their latest victim is Clint Lewis '52, who has proudly announced that he will be married to a cute little Alpha Phi February 3 . . . before Uncle Sam crooks the old finger. The air smells of conspiracy, or is it just coincidental that his brother, John Lewis '47, also married an Alpha Phi?

Speaking of love an' daffydills, the Crow Four (professionally planked the "Four-tune Hunters") have been presenting the post-pinning chocolates at several of the local sororities—with tunes (?). Phil (Tex) Trimble '52, thunders the bass, Jack (Mo) Malone crackles the bury-tone, Herm (Hack-saw) Linder '51 "sings a little tenor," and yours (Superfluous) truly throws in a "lost week-end" lead. When th' four gethers 'roun th' pianny fer practicin' (havin' first taken it by force from Bjorn Oden '51) ever'one in th' house is off fer a movie.

Since Ky Ro (the bulking British bull) has been despondent of late over lack of excitement, Jim Dickson '52, has provided him with a little in the person of a tiny Italian-Persian kitten who resides on every available chair, cushion, and mattress in the House. Jim insists on calling her "Planet" ('cause she's out of this world—ha!) but currently she is known and revered by all on campus merely as "I tought I taw a putty tat."

We (and so is he) are happy to announce that Bob Thompson, (was '51) who signed a four-year contract with the wild-blue-yonder boys last summer was initiated January 18. He departed next day for a weather station in Bangor, Maine. Nobody could decide what his shirt pocket would look like decorated with a purple heart, a distinguished flying cross, an all-overseas ribbon, and an Alpha Chi Rho badge but Bob's engagement to a beautiful little Georgia peach took care of the problem.

The B.O.C. (Brothers on Campus) announce: "The boys in the Bamboo Palace have a cover charge after five. The balloons come off the ceiling at nine-thirty and the dancing girls come out of the closet at twelve sharp. Larry (Dad) Hill '51, takes the balloons off the *ceiling*."

Jack Alderson '52, is well on the rocky road to journalistic fame due to his superior peeping Tom-ing for the "Illini Rural Observer."

Paul Lippold '51, the biology major whose chicken snakes crawl out of the bottom dresser drawer every morning in time for breakfast, reports that he is having some difficulty in confiscating the rubber bands from his high school junior artillery. Herm Linder '51 is also practice teaching by turning the smoothest lathe you ever saw for his future little "builders of America." Hermy says that this is the best way to combat juvenile delinquency that he knows of.

In the more classical artery, Fredrick (Lanza) Ottinger '52, has proved what a simple farm lad and former "ag" student can do by capturing some of the choicest rolls in the music school operas. Critics Will Reveal '51 and Jack Lowey (Air-Corps candidate) were present at the last performance.

And on the athletic agenda we find that Bill