



FRANK J. ASTE

THE CLASS OF '30

"...creeping like snail, unwillingly, to school..."

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Hark! all ye who peruse these pages. Let Freshmen take heed, for here is a record of a class to inspire anyone. Note well, you who are Juniors and Seniors, for here are inscribed the deeds which might well have been your own, save they are far more glorious and noteworthy.

We are the Sophomores!! We entered the doors of our college even as we shall leave it,—we are different. We alone sought diversion, we alone stood forth new in a world of prosaic enterprise. We were the first of those entering Armour to depart from the conventional numerals of the twenties. *We are the Class of Thirty.*

Last year, however verdant we may have been, we left our cigarette stubs off the steps of the main building, our character in the memories of our professors,—yea, and our footprints in the main corridors of the Institute, where elevators were unknown quantities to us.

Who was it last year that gave the Sophs much competition in the annual track meet, and, though losing, furnished much varsity material? The Class of Thirty. Who was it that narrowly lost the interclass basketball championship to the naughty Juniors? Again it was the Class of Thirty. Who was it that threw the best dance of the year on April Fool's day down at the Congress? The Class of Thirty, to be sure. And at the last but not least of the year's gala events, namely Circus Day, it was the Class of Thirty that annihilated the Sophomores in the Class Rush.

Rube's escutcheon bears a Sophomore rampant in a sinister bar and an emblazoned motto, "With the utmost sincerity do I hereby propose this toast, 'Confusion to all women!'."

