

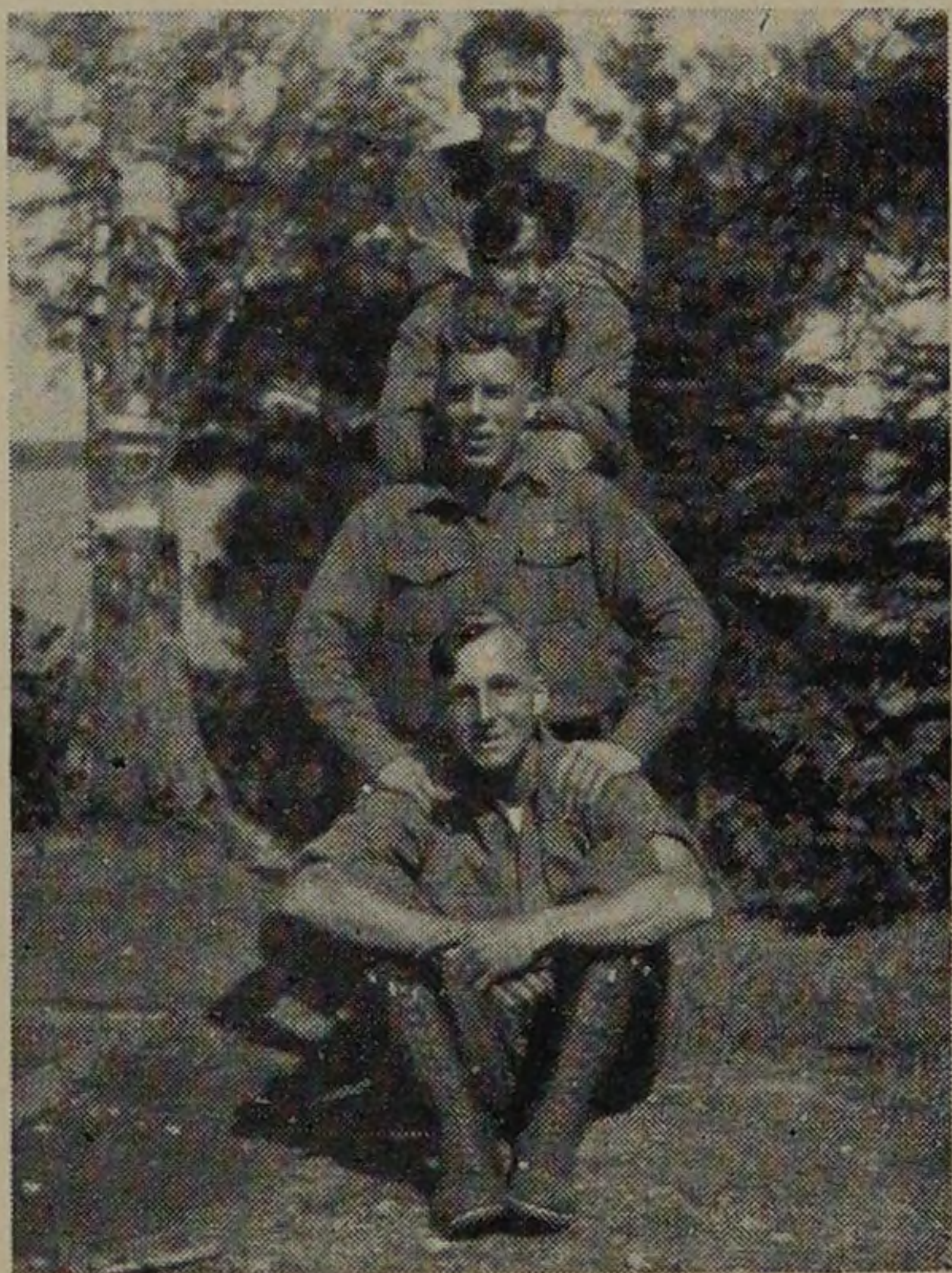


Top Row—FROST, KOHOUT, FILMER, NELSON, BOGOWICZ, PARADZINSKI, SQUIRES, SMITH, WINKLER, HURLEY, BOYNTON  
 Second Row—MUNCH, WILLARD, FOX, WILSON, KOMOROUS, MARTIN, STEBBINS, CAPARROS, ZOLAD, TENNYSON,  
 FLORIAN, HELLER, GANZER  
 Third Row—DYLEWSKI, OTTO, LICHTENSTEIN, TROGNITZ, BIGELOW, WILLIAMS, DUDLEY, NEIMAN, CARLSON, WINKLER,  
 BEAL  
 Bottom Row—WEST, BLOMME, CHUN, FERGUSON, VOJTECH, HAU, EHEMANN, SPIEGEL, RUZEVICH, O'MALLEY, JOHNSON

In a certain class meeting, or rather in two certain class meetings, Thirty selected officers for 1928. Frank Aste was chosen to captain our ship of state. This Frank has done, and nobly, for the personality of this handsome, dark-haired, Southern lad won friends for him beyond number. He is a true representative of the men of Thirty. As right hand man to our captain was chosen Ray Shoan, who by previous trail of merit has proved himself deserving of the title of vice-president. For "ye honorable scribe" Thirty brought into the limelight a friend of our previous year of existence, Bob Butterworth, a truly valuable addition to our crew. But think twice lest you molest our monies, for over our treasury looms the guardianship of one Jeff Rowley, one of Thirty's athletes of renown, as his basketball record testifies. Another of the staff of our good ship is Bechtold, of social eminence. Nuff sed!, for Smilin' Joe from St. Louis has shown himself worthy of his trust. But order we must have and order we will

have, as long as we have as able a sergeant-at-arms as was chosen in the person of "Hoot" Gibson. We would say of him as is said today, he's O.K., boyish smile and all.

These then are the officers of our ship of state, and under their guidance we have serenely sailed the tempestuous seas of a year of college.



*We finally got a line on the "Four Horsemen." The deep-seated mystery that has so long enveloped these appalling figures has now been clarified. Where one leaves off, another begins.*