



Top Row—MUELLER, NARTEN, RAMBOLT, MONTGOMERY, ECKELMAN, BAKER, CHAMISON, FISCHMAN, LOSSMAN, GIBSON, PAUL
 Second Row—ROMINE, GAREN, SCOGGIN, PAMLER, BEATTY, ESCOTT, SANBORN, MECK, SWEENEY, ERLAND, RUDELIUS, KILBOURNE
 Third Row—TARMAN, BALDWIN, RANSEL, STURM, MANSKE, TAYLOR, REIF, JANISZEWSKI, LARSEN, ROSS
 Bottom Row—SOUTHWICK, DEAN, RYAN, KAJKOWSKI, SHORT, SULLIVAN, ROHRER, MOORE, KNITTEL, NEBEL, ROFFEE

Semester finals found us in a state of more or less preparedness, and so it was that after a few sessions of the midnight variety, these bugbears of a Sophomore's existence were coped with.

The second semester began with most of the loyal members of Thirty back in the traces. Thus began our adventure with Calc. II and the other second semester handicaps to which a Sophomore must submit.

As guardians of Armour's sacred traditions, we have kept the snub-nosed Frosh in a most correct position of self-abasement and humiliation. No Freshman dared speak out of turn without first consulting our august wishes. The fence surrounding our campus lawn was placed strictly on the taboo list and the poor, unsuspecting, or openly defiant first-year man was treated unceremoniously on violation. The elevator, that heavenly boon to tired feet climbing to roost in the Freshman drafting room, has been from time immemorial the Nirvana of all Frosh longing. But with stern and unrelenting mien, we bade them consider the comfort of the upper-classmen first and content themselves with using the iron stairway. Cigarette tossing on the campus was likewise frowned upon and the snipes languished on that account.

On the memorable evening of the Windy City's

Tuffy is a hard-boiled, derby-hatted customer from South Haven. Since his hair has been clipped, however, this young Samson is not nearly so much to be feared as his name and former environment would indicate.



Seventy-three