



Top Row—JAMMER, DENNING, YAMPOL, NEWMAN, GOLDMAN, MIRAN, KUTTERUF, DRIGOT, HIGGINS, HEATH, SERSON, KREIBICH, ANDERSON, JOHNSON, HAFNER
Second Row—REICHKE, ESTHER, SCHWARTZ, PAPANTONY, STEIN, DOLLENMAIER, REGLEIN, SWANSON, BERG, MCINERNEY, THOMAS, HAEGELE, BRAMSON, SIMPSON, WELDON
Third Row—FISHER, WEITZUL, PHILLIPS, STECK, TRZYNA, HANKE, BUEHLING, KATZ, GARFINKLE, GUNTHER, MULLINS, KOVARIK, WOLFE, GUYOT, SCOTT
Fourth Row—VANOSDOL, NELSON, DUSBERGER, BECHTOLD, ASTE, SHOAN, ROWLEY, SMITH, SCHONEMAN, JOHNSTON, WHITFIELD, RASMUSSEN, FENSTERLE
Bottom Row—RUSSAKOV, HAMLIN, MARKHAM, LANGHAMMER, AUSTIN, FAULSTICH, WINDBIGLER, SITZLER, SPENCER, ABRAMSON

worst blizzard, namely, February 17, 1928, Thirty held a dance which was a model as Armour dances go. The Cameo Room of the Morrison was chosen by Joe and his comrades as the scene of this social out-burst of merriment, and Van's Society Orchestra was there with plenty of toe-teasing harmonies. The dance was a complete success which Bechtold et al should be proud to have sponsored.

Following this we next encountered Circus Day. Upon this occasion Thirty once more exhibited her true magnanimous and generous spirit, by graciously permitting the lowly Frosh to carry off the honors in the Class Rush. To us who share this secret, let it be known that even in defeat, Thirty was hard-put to keep from claiming victory, for the puny efforts of "thirty-one" were scarcely worth our steel.

But in this minor defeat, as in all of our victories, Thirty lost none of her glamour. Thirty, in the realm of numerals, is still a number to conjure with, and is comparable in fame to seven, eleven, thirteen, or twenty-three. Long may we live and love our class of Thirty.

