



CLASS OF '30

MARTIN VANDERVELDE, *President*

NORMAN BUEHLING, *Vice-President*

WILLIAM HAFNER, *Secretary*

JOSEPH BECHTOLD, *Treasurer*

BUEHLING, VANDER VELDE
BECHTOLD, HAFNER

Three eventful years of activity have passed since first this class entered Armour. It is with a satisfaction that we look back upon our earnest endeavor which spans the time when we entered upon our freshman year and the present time, when we look forward to our senior year and graduation. It is true, of course, that the Institute has not been waiting in breathless silence for the arrival of our class or that it will cease to exist after another year and we have gone our various ways in life. We do, however, hope that the class of '30 may leave the Institute with the feeling that it has done its share in upholding the traditions of the school as well as adding some new ones.

As Freshmen, Armour was an unknown realm of higher learning and before us we could visualize four long, laborious, heart-breaking years towering over us like some medieval giant. After a few weeks of this we soon learned that even college professors are human and that calculus is not a breakfast-food. However, before long the newness of being a college student wore off and we soon entered into the school activities with an interest that rapidly bore the fruits of success.

We as a class made our debut with the Frosh Handshake and later our first dance in the Gold Room of the Congress Hotel. In athletics our teams were but mediocre. Junior Week brought forth the annual fray between the Freshmen and the Sophomores, the overwhelming victory for the former class was the predicted result of the battle.

Not every house has an "Andy Mellon." Toughy, the shirtless wonder is well known for his social tendencies on the near north side.

