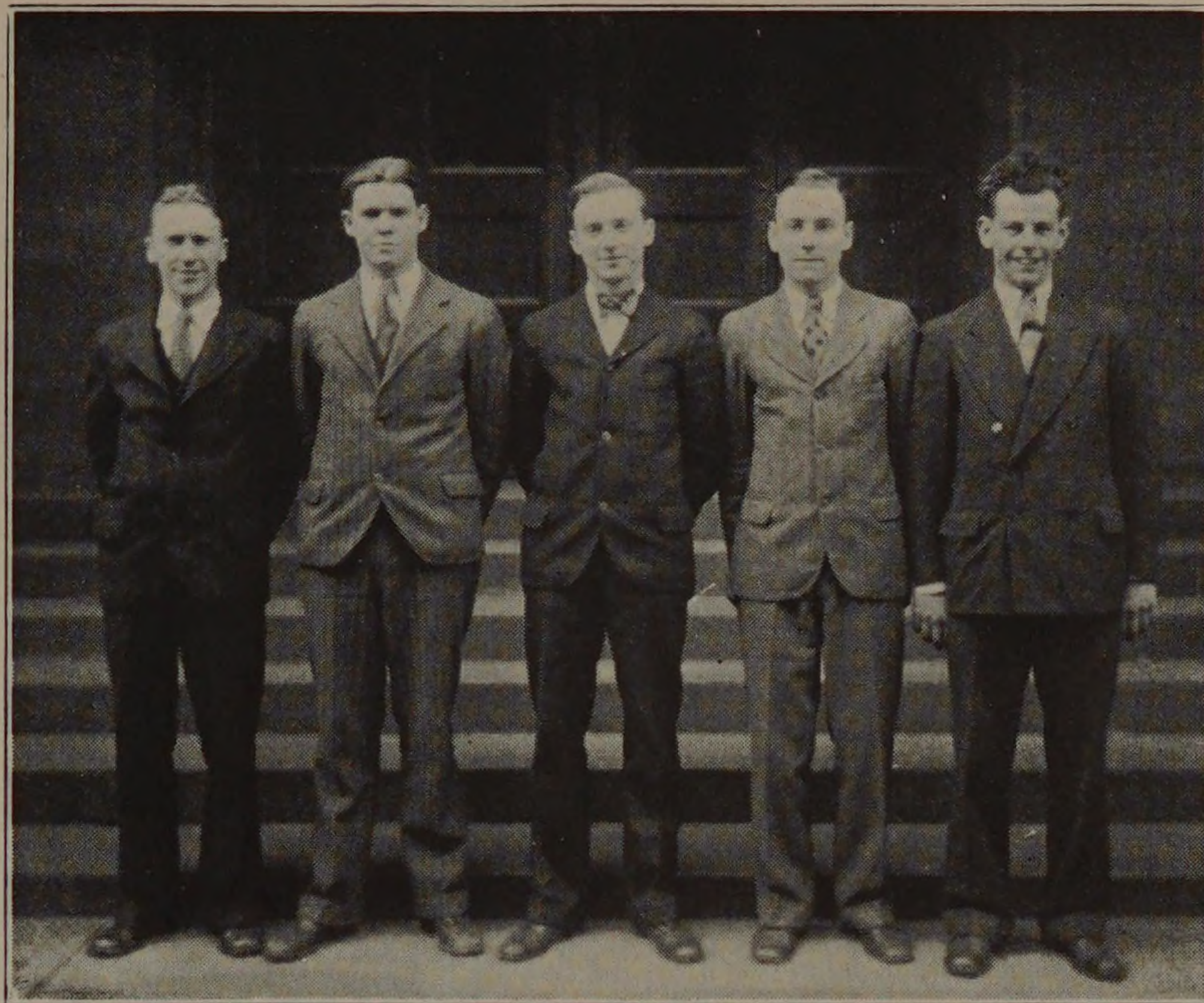


SOCIAL COMMITTEE

ROBERT N. WILSON, *Chairman*
JAMES M. McALEAR
MAXWELL C. LARKIN
FRANK M. JAMES
FRANK M. PFEIFER

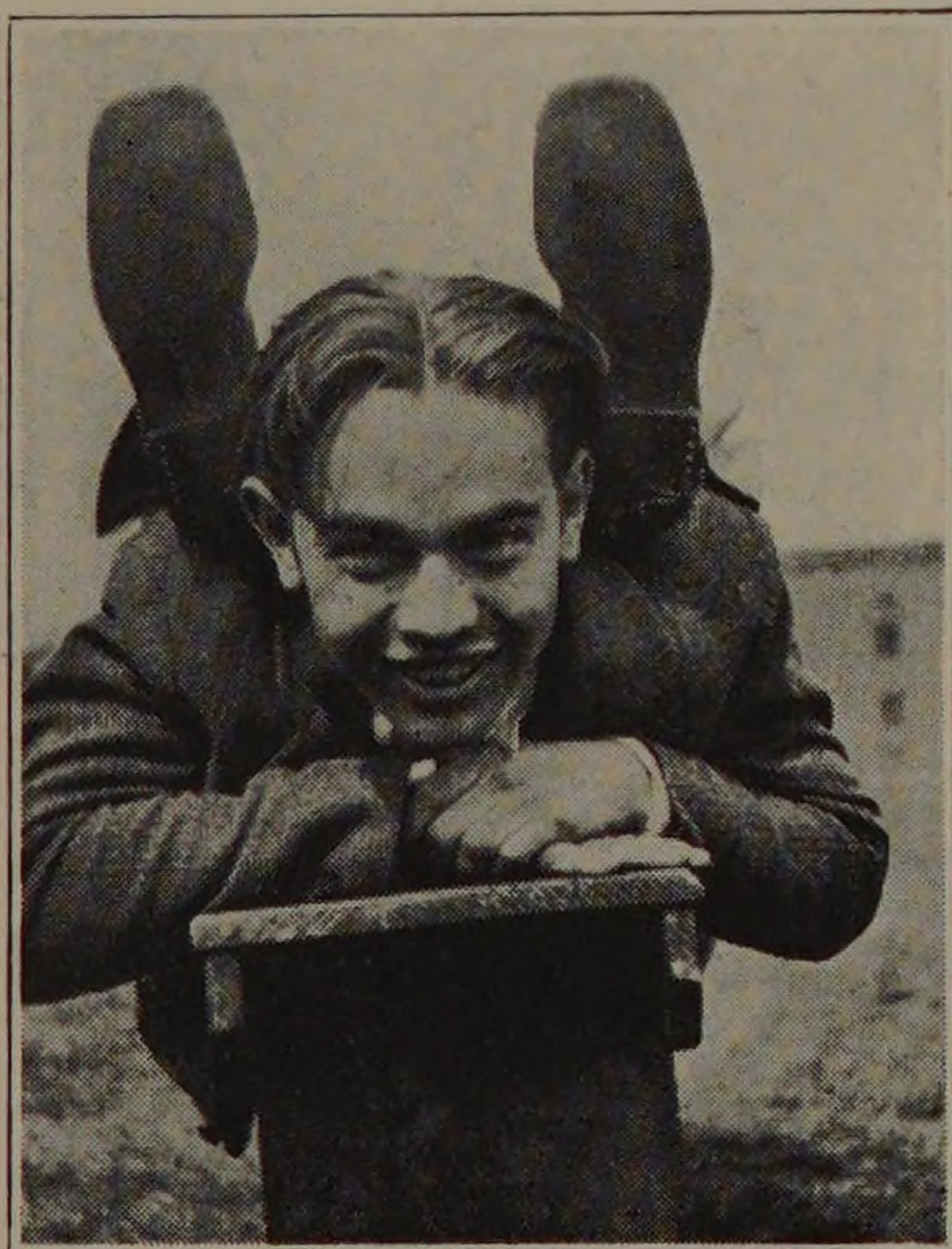


MC ALEAR, LARKIN, WILSON, JAMES, PFEIFER

For four hours the tall vaulted rooms, yea the somber "loop" itself, rang with the shouts of joy from embryo engineers and architects giving vent to long penned up "whoopie." After all joyful events we must reprimand ourselves several times before we can settle back into the track of being a student engineer. With a heart set more on the esthetics we once more entered the valley of darkness where reside those monsters so terrifying to Sophomores' eyes, namely: Calculus, Mechanics, and Physics, which can only be combated with the aid of the "slip stick" and "reports."

The class of '31 again proved that she was composed of winners when she emerged victorious in the Inter-Class Track Meet by piling up a large majority of the total points scored in the meet.

We are now in the closing weeks of our sophomore year and we may well look back on obstacles we have conquered and breathe a sight of relief for we have conquered them thoroughly and set not a few records for other classes to aim at. To those obstacles we are facing in our future days at Armour we may well put our arm around our classmate's shoulder and propose a toast, "Frangas non flectes."



Quite a feat, Steinert. Only one difficulty—the feet aren't big enough and the pants don't match the coat.