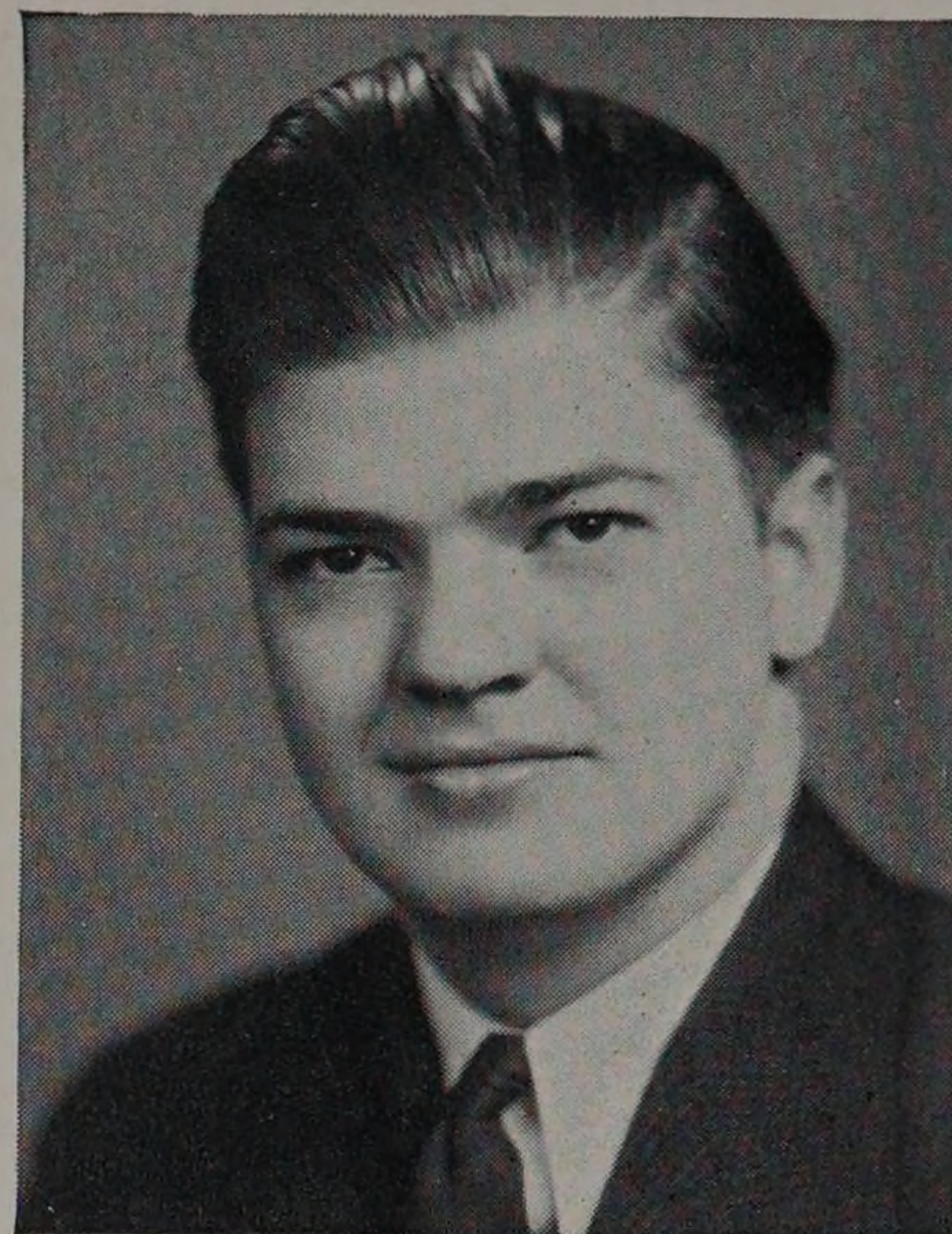


## THE SENIOR CLASS



Martin

### OFFICERS

Paul M. Martin, President

### COMMISSIONERS

Joseph F. Bartusek  
Arthur G. Dreis  
Arthur Goldsmith

Joseph A. Haase  
Leo J. Janas  
John F. McCaulay  
Edward F. Schmaltz

Anton A. Sobolik, Jr.  
Jack C. Stern  
Lewis E. Zwissler

In the spring a young man's fancy turns to many things in addition to love. To the Senior at Armour, spring means Commencement, and Commencement bears the connotation of cherished memories of the past and a hazy outlook into the future. Four years of comradeship, studies, and activities constitute our fond memories. It is the thought of these that leaves us with a lump in our throat and a tear in our eye as the day of Commencement approaches.

Turning back the pages of history and reminiscing into those memorable days as underclassmen, our dreams take us first to our registration as Freshmen. The surroundings of Armour and the newness of college life helped to instill in us that "know it all" attitude apparently so essential and prevalent among Sophomores. As Sophomores we found ourselves already setting new precedents and traditions. Entering the rush as the "underdogs," as the result of having been subjected to ignominious defeat as Freshmen, we rose to the proverbial height of the occasion and became the fourth class in the history of the noble event to win as Sophomores. As Sophomores we became the first class to run two dances, which attained a new high, both in financial as well as social success. Thus we ended the first chapter of our engineering education which prepared us so well for our more specialized training as upperclassmen.

As the Junior year wore on, and the hair on our chin grew so that it became necessary to shave every day instead of the customary every other day, we began to learn the difference between chemistry and chemical engineering, electricity and electrical engineering, and all of those other hazy ideas which cluttered up our mind as Freshmen. Membership in the engineering societies, athletic teams, school publications, and other campus activities began to occupy a very large part of our time. Our contribution to the first semester social whirl consisted of a Christmas dance, held among the beautiful surroundings of the Boulevard Room in the Stevens Hotel. By the time we made up our mind on getting down to serious work for the second semester, we found that Junior Week was upon us, which meant the traditional postponing of the