



Bartusek, Dreis, Goldsmith, Haase, Janas
McCaulay, Schmaltz, Sobolik, Stern, Zwissler

semester's work until the last three weeks of school. That memorable week of events which tightened the knot binding our friendship into a firm everlasting realism, was climaxed with the most befitting of all traditional Junior Formals which was held at the lovely Elmhurst Country Club under the beautiful setting of a warm spring evening and a cloudless starlit sky.

The success of the commission form of class government during the Junior year was the cue for its readoption in our Senior year. Departmental politics, which always have been the chief "bugaboo" of all other forms of student government, were completely disposed of. In a public election a president was elected in the customary way, and two commissioners selected by each department as representatives were responsible for all class affairs. Functioning in the manner, the class made definite strides into the portals of Armour's mythical hall of fame. The long list of extra curricular activities found its way into most of our spare time, and many of us found ourselves very thoroughly occupied acting as leaders in the engineering societies, athletic teams, fraternities, publications, musical clubs, and other time consuming and anti-schoolwork organizations. The social side of our education was taken care of at the Senior Informal, held during the Thanksgiving holidays in the Gold Room of the Congress Hotel. This event furnished a new high in turnout for school dances.

As we reach the last few pages in our book of memories we recall that the most popular expression in our last semester was: "Have you got a job?" Employment was the most popular topic of conversation. Leaving school at the termination of one of the most severe economic depressions, many of our classmates had secured positions long before Commencement Day.

That great day of Commencement gradually crept up on us, and before we knew it, it had arrived and found us, the Seniors, in a very bewildered condition. The bitter thought that Commencement meant for many of us, the last vision of some of our classmates whom we had learned to love and whose friendship and comradeship had developed into an intimate understanding of each other, leaves us with a heavy heart, which furthers our fondness for each other, and makes us realize that even though we may never see them again, they will loom up as bright stars before our dreamy mind as we reminisce in our field of memories of our days at dear old Armour.

