

# JUNIOR FORMAL

"The best at last" was what, in the very best plugger style, we were told to expect. We, however, were from Missouri—we had to be shown. And this time we were shown, definitely. How? Read on, my stalwart lads, read on.

Arriving at the Palmer House at the time specified on the bids, we found two other couples and three waiters in the Grand Ballroom. We had defied tradition and arrived on time. This left us with plenty of time to look over the scene of the impending battle. The lounge, which adjoined the ballroom, was large and contained many easy chairs. The ballroom itself was beautiful and spacious. The tables were lined along the dance floor, which strange as it seems, was large enough to accommodate the dancers. There was a balcony for those

people who like balconies and there was—but let us get on to the important part—the food.

Eventually, most of the couples arrived, so we dined. We started the meal with a "this had better be good for \$5.50" attitude. Surprise after surprise greeted us. First of all, the service was good. As if that were not enough, the food was delicious. When found that some understanding chef had removed the bones from the chicken, we voted him an orchid. Then the climax—the ice cream parade.

To make things complete, the music was unusually good.

At one o'clock, the strains of "Home Sweet Home" sent us scurrying to the check room. The dance was over. The class of '39 had done itself proud; to their social chairman and his committee, a vote of appreciation for a job well done.



Modersohn  
Hanson  
Worcester  
Dunbar  
Thomas  
Healey  
Osri