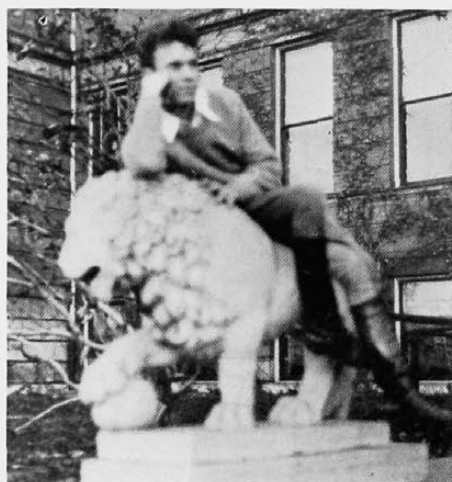




*Breese*

Our little Art Editor, Helen (Breese) Breese has that pleased look on her face because someone has just been able to recognize her modernistic penguin modeled-in-clay as such.



*The Impeccable*

By glancing slightly to the right, one can see King Kramer and Kween Kothe, both of whom were elected to said honors at the Sophomore Hop, waiting at the Charity Ball to greet Russell Wilson. Incidentally, Mayor Wilson was unable to attend. Horace Heidt (his band played at the Gibson for some time) put in an appearance later in the evening. The Charity Ball was quite formal—the Thetas were the only ones not in formal outfits—but that's all right. Our pal Muth was chairman of the dance, but even so he didn't *have* to take that leftover ice cream home. The Charity Ball was really a success. Music was kindly donated by two orchestras, and refreshments were also donated. The proceeds realized from the dance were turned over to Mr. Fred Hoehler of the City Welfare Department.

Below is seen our business manager who includes among his talents, a saxophone, a wiff-horn, an O. D. K. key, numerous old baseball shoes, and—oh, yes, a very charming young female. Notice the tight-lipped, square-jawed, determined look. This comes eventually to all dime-squelchers from having to listen to the ideas of annual editors, which ideas are not only fantastic but often expensive. Always with an eye toward business, "C" is seen coming out of the gym wherein he has just promoted another dance committee into hiring his orchestra.



*The Improbable*

Your editor and hero, looking as per usual, i. e.: slightly out of focus, and gazing at life and love. When he gets close enough to love, he calls it life. Note the look of *savoir faire* or *laissez faire*, or something like that.



*Their Royal Majesties*