

Last Fall's Radical Banquet

ON the ninth of October, 1903, the Radical X Club started the ball (high-ball barred) rolling by having a banquet at the Union. We all know how "Zuck," chief promoter and chairman of the Spoils Committee, failed to show up at the appointed time, and as he had the velvet, his presence was eagerly—yea, hungrily—looked for. He came, but not until after "Benny" and the "Hiller Brothers" had tried in vain to convince the hirelings officiating as the orchestra that our talent at Armour could play a few themselves. Well, the feed was fine. Some few ordered Bavarian lemonade. Toasts were responded to by any one the majority saw fit to call upon. "Pants" told a few stories, and our old favorite Mr. Lowenthal, ex. '05, cleared up several perplexing problems. After the supper was over, while cigars were being ruined, plans for the comic opera by Benedict and Wilson were submitted to the club, and "Herb." Zuckerman was appointed manager. Every good thing has an end and all were sorry when they had to go.