

The Radical Banquet

THE annual initiation of the Freshmen 13 into the Radical Club took place on January 22, 1904. The event was celebrated in the *unusual* manner customary to that bunch of livelies “zum beispiel,” a QUIET little dinner at the Union, and afterward—well afterward—a—a—a—well accounts are slightly mixed. But the dinner was the event of the evening. It was served in a long hall, on one very lengthy table; so lengthy that megaphones were used for long distance communication between the end men. “Dinni” was at the head and “Jimmy” at the foot (or vice versa), and they both got to telling different stories at the same time, and each got sore because the people at the other end always seemed to laugh at the wrong time, and were only appeased when the whole crowd happened to laugh together, and there were a bunch of laughs.

For the first time were there gathered together members from the four classes; but class feeling was entirely submerged in the general feeling of good fellowship. The high and mighty Senior descended from his perch while the giddy Freshman tried to act the “man;” the Juniors quit mimicking the Seniors, and the Sophs forgot to play the fool—for awhile. Songs were sung, speeches were spooched and smokes were smoked while the merry tinkling of the glasses (water), beat time for the ever-increasing joyfulness. Some of the waiters were visibly affected and brought in steins filled with suds, or something.

A little later some one in the next room opened the door cautiously and looked in. Pandemonium broke loose and with scared faces, pausing only long enough to secure their hats and coats, that dinner party took to the street. The fellows then knew they were upholding the dear old Armour standard and redoubled their efforts.

But stomachs, be they ever so large, cannot be stuffed to excess with impunity (or anything else for that matter), and after every one had grafted as many cigars as his modesty (and pockets) would permit, the bunch went to Mussey’s and bowled and bowl we did. No matter if the alleys *were* long and had queer curves, and the gutters seem to cross each other about half way down, such trifles mattered not. Frequently two or three pins were knocked over with one ball, and the crowd would shout lustily, “Hoch! *Hic!* Hoch!”

But “tempus” does “fugit,” and in the “wee sma’” hours of the morning, the crowd broke up, and so ended another good time.