

The Junior Prom—1918

The Junior Prom given by the class of '19 ended the social season at Armour for the year 1918. Throngs of Armourites and their friends filled the Black Cat Room at the Edgewater Beach Hotel on May 10, where they fox-trotted and one-stepped to the best music of the year.

Altogether it was a most enjoyable affair and it was with regret that the smallest hour of the day was reached which made it necessary for the merry crowd to disperse.

A hearty vote of thanks is due chairman Marks and Messrs. Scheuer, Wilbor, Maitre and Danforth of the Social Committee, and to members of the Junior Class for a most enjoyable evening.

M. M.

Battalion Dinner Dance

NEVER in the history of Armour has there been such a large attendance at a dance as presented itself for the Battalion Dinner Dance at the Edgewater Beach Hotel.

It was seven-thirty on the evening of December 7th, when we all marched into the Colonial Room. Ah! What did we see? Yes, you guessed it. Tables set in a style quite foreign to the veterans of that hall of disappointments, the Armour S. A. T. C. mess shack. It was not alone the napkins and shining silver and real china that dazzled us; it was also those attractive favors that the committee had provided. Will you ever forget the gleam in Helen's and Adelaide's eyes as they saw those Japanese jewel cases and book marks?

The dinner, much to everyone's surprise, was not a true banquet. From the cream of celery soup to the black coffee, each course was very gratifying and delectable. Some good men were rumored to have covered off two places in true army fashion. I think it was those Melachrinos that the Buddies were after, however. Did you ever see one pass them up?

There was but one speech during the evening, although we had a speakers' table at which sat all the officers of Capt. Kannally's staff. Mr. or rather Sergt. Anderson made an announcement for Corp. Cook on behalf of the Cycle. This was the first impetus given to what has now turned out to be Armour's foremost Cycle.

The floor was cleared immediately after the dinner and dancing begun. Was it not a stirring sight to see those proud, stalwart chaps, everyone clad in khaki or blue, as they tripped about to the weird strains of that enticing music? Yes, it was a military dance through and through without the strict discipline. Private Hoozis or Seaman Dryboy exchanged dances with Lieutenant Shorty as if they were all members of the same college class. There was no hurrying to get away from this charming conditon as the next day was Sunday and we were all on leave. When the orchestra played the Star Spangled Banner at one o'clock we were certainly proud to have had such an anti-climax to our services under dear "Old Glory," which was soon to terminate.

But let me tell you what made this dance possible. It was the money from the Battalion Fund, which was obtained from the sale of candies, tobacco and other things most essential to a soldier or gob.

Indeed much praise is due to the committee, Sergt. Homer E. Anderson, Corp. Fred A. Hertwig, Corp. Albert F. Spitzglass, Seaman Wm. N. Erickson and Private Leo R. Moses for the very capable and interesting way in which they handled the affair, because a dinner dance for 350 people is quite an undertaking.