

SENIOR CLASS RECEPTION

The Senior Class Reception was held earlier than usual this last year because of the fact that our oldest and dearest friend, Dr. Monin, was leaving the Institute to spend the remaining years of his active life in study and travel in his native land.

The Reception was given by Dr. and Mrs. Raymond and the guests of honor were Dean and Mrs. Monin, who were sailing for Switzerland on the thirtieth of April. The other guests were the members of the senior class—most of whom came, as custom demanded, holding tight to a lady fair.

The library, where Dean Monin had spent so many years of his life, was gay with flowers and ferns, and the sound of joyous laughter and music transformed the atmosphere. A group of numbers by a trio from the Chicago Symphony Orchestra was followed by Dr. Raymond, who gave a short and spontaneous farewell talk in honor of Dean Monin. The Dean, never so vital and human, responded with a beautiful farewell that shook the reserve of all present.

THE SENIOR BANQUET

The Senior class held their annual banquet at the LaSalle Hotel, and as usual, it was accompanied by much merry-making. It was rather well attended, there being present three students, ten chemicals, and about sixty revelers. From the start, things progressed riotously, including the snowstorm caused by lump sugar flying about. The water displayed that unnatural tendency for being everywhere except in the glasses, and silverware was at a premium. From the snappy start caused by the entrance of the soup wafers to the last dessert spoon, the dinner ran its courses remarkably fast, and one hour and fifteen minutes from the time of its beginning, the banquet and senior class were deposited in the middle of Madison Street. Nothing daunted by the inhospitable treatment of the LaSalle Hotel company, the banqueters decided to pass the remaining hours in a tour of Fraternity Row.

The first place to be visited was the Triangle house, but no one seemed to be home, so the party progressed down Boul Mich to the Theta Xi house. The visiting seniors were met at the door and accompanied all the way to the second floor, the tide of battle carrying along both statuary and the Junior class, to finally end up in the tubs.

The next call was made at the Beta Psi house, where, since no one seemed hospitably inclined, after a gentle tapping by Dick Hofer, the door appeared to come down by itself, leaving the prostrate form of Johnny Even underneath, a modern Horatius.

By this time, however, the news of the battle being staged along the Boulevard had reached official ears, and the on-coming wails of the Cadillac squad siren and the bell of the patrol wagon made future visits inadvisable. The visiting cards were called in, straggling guests collected, and quietly folding their garments, the Senior class stole away.

Pax vobiscum—they are now business men!

HONORARY FRATERNITY BANQUET

An atmosphere of friendliness prevailed. Everywhere men were to be seen shaking hands, laughing, and slapping each other on the back. Here and there small groups had congregated and some of the happy incidents of school days were being recalled and retold.

The occasion for such a fine display of fraternalism was the first honorary fraternity banquet ever sponsored by the honorary fraternities at Armour. The date was December eighth, and the setting was the Electric Club of Chicago.

After a hearty repast, an hour of good entertainment was presented by professional entertainers aided by an occasional group of selections offered by that popular group of modernists, the Stresses and Strains. This was followed by several splendid talks by the speakers of the evening.

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