Ninety-Two’s Class Dinner.

Has '92 lost all her class spirit? Has '92, the class that has always been quickest to respond to any plan that would draw its members closer to each other, at last fallen into the ways of its predecessors of carelessness in support of its class institutions?

Only thirty-eight men were present at the Tremont House, Saturday, December 20th. The dinner was strictly temperance, as that part of the class not present had voted that no wines should be served at the dinner.

The menu was exceptionally fine, and the company particularly brilliant. After a few remarks President Meserve introduced Mr. Oren Allen, the toastmaster. The responses to the toasts were unusually good and witty. Mr. Carvalho, of Brazil, was particularly eloquent in his response to “Technology Aliens.” His remarks took the form of a foreigner’s tribute to America and its institutions in general, but the Institute of Technology in particular. A warm appreciation of his sentiments was shown at the conclusion of his remarks by a hearty applause. Mr. Burrage responded to the toast “Epigrams” in a most pleasing and original manner. He also gave several excellent imitations of some of the well-known dignitaries of the Institute. His remarks and performance were well received.

H. L. Johnson, ex ’92, was present at the dinner, and responded to a call from the toastmaster in a most pleasing manner. In ending his remarks he produced a relic of our last rush with '93,—a red and black banner. This brought forth the class cheer.


On the whole the dinner was a great success, though only a small part of the class was present.

Many of us are at this time feeling somewhat blue. The Christmas vacation gave us just enough liberty to make us long for more, and to such as went home for the three days the coming back to grind seems particularly unpleasant, especially when the thought of the girl left behind will persist in causing absent-mindedness. It is not particularly enlivening to think that the Senies are ahead, and that study must be harder than ever. Bills, those haunting reminders that the first of the month is here, are swelling the pouches of the postmen, to trouble the thoughts and dreams of many of us. But in spite of all gloomy forebodings THE TECH comes forward, smiling as ever, to prophesy a bright future. What though the Faculty’s New Year gift be a trifle undesirable, what though bills accumulate, and it comes hard to return from vacation to work? These are but passing ills,—we shall make light of them six months hence. “The Devil is not so black as he is painted,” say those who know. The Boston Herald, in ignorance, paints the Institute in pretty dark colors;—let us, who know, demonstrate the error. We will give and take, and next term come up smiling for more, with undiminished numbers and unabated zeal. Such, at least, is the hope that THE TECH feels; such is the sentiment that it tries to express in repeating, for the tenth time in its history, the often used, never old, greeting, “Happy New Year!”

Christmas to the average Institute man means very little indeed. To be sure one whole day free is a large factor in his life, but Christmas has heretofore been to him a day for family gatherings, and accompanied by feelings of utter good will and happiness. Now as Christmas Eve approaches he trudges to his boarding-place after a hard day’s work and passes wearily many groups of happy children. He finds in his room, however, a box