IST DAS NICHT
HERR PFENNIG-HANDLER?

IST DAS NICHT
WELLESLEY
DAS IST DER
PLATZ FOR
M. I. T.

CREW PRACTICE AT
GYM REGULARLY

Thirty Men Training—Freshmen Excluded From Gym Work

Crew candidates are practicing regularly at the Gym. About thirty-two men have reported and the man are extremely interested in the work. Manager Herreschoff is making careful note of the work of the different men and reports that he considers everything is going as well as can be expected. Negotiations are in progress for the purchase of a shell and rowing machines as well as for the hiring of the coach.

Freshmen crew candidates will be excused from their regular gym work. This should be to the advantage of all freshmen, for they will get in their regular gym work and it will count toward a position on the crew.

Manager Herreschoff announces that he will get permits to use the Union Boat Club.

With hilarious joy a third of the student-body greeted the Hook-night Thursday evening. Everybody came to have a good time, and although the entertainment provided was rather scant in quantity and in some cases a little questionable in quality, the crowd would not be disappointed; they did have a good time and they did make a big noise.

The first number was "The German School," beautifully rendered by members of the T. C. A. S. Birchard '13 led a bunch of alleged Germans, and while two of these comedy-stars tackled up an artistic canvas, he fooled a little tin horn to give the starting signal. Pointing to the first creation on the aforesaid canvas the lader howled "Ist das nicht ein Garten haus," screamed the chorus in response. Various objects of great interest, such as Wellesley, the new Tech shell which goes like thunder, the faculty, and so on, were pointed out and vividly described. Karl Mason, John Ahlers '10, E. B. Clapp these bold songsters faced the frenzied mob and during the intervals of silence these songs were heard.

Chorus—At the 'Stute,—you can play and
have fun.
If you don't care,—when your
lessons are done:
But you'll find,—you will soon get
a note.
To let you know that you must go,
By a faculty vote.

Tune—Zuma, Zuma Man.

Chorus—By a faculty vote.
To let you know that you must go,
By a faculty vote.

Tune—Zuma, Zuma Man.

Chorus—Bursar, Bursar, my Bursar Man.
Head is so bald, and cheek is so
tanned;
But you'll find,—you will soon get
a note.

To let you know that you must go,
By a faculty vote.

Tune—Zuma, Zuma Man.

Chorus—What am I going to do to make
You Love Me.

Tune—Cheer Up, My Honey.

Chorus—Cheer up, Oh cheer up, you Tech men,
Finals don't come for a while;
Think of your chances,
For shows and dances,
Greet all your Fools, with a smile;
Tell old Doc Talbot you love him,
Chuck Charlie Cross on the chin;
When then the C's come round,
You'll be right on the ground.
And you'll win.

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