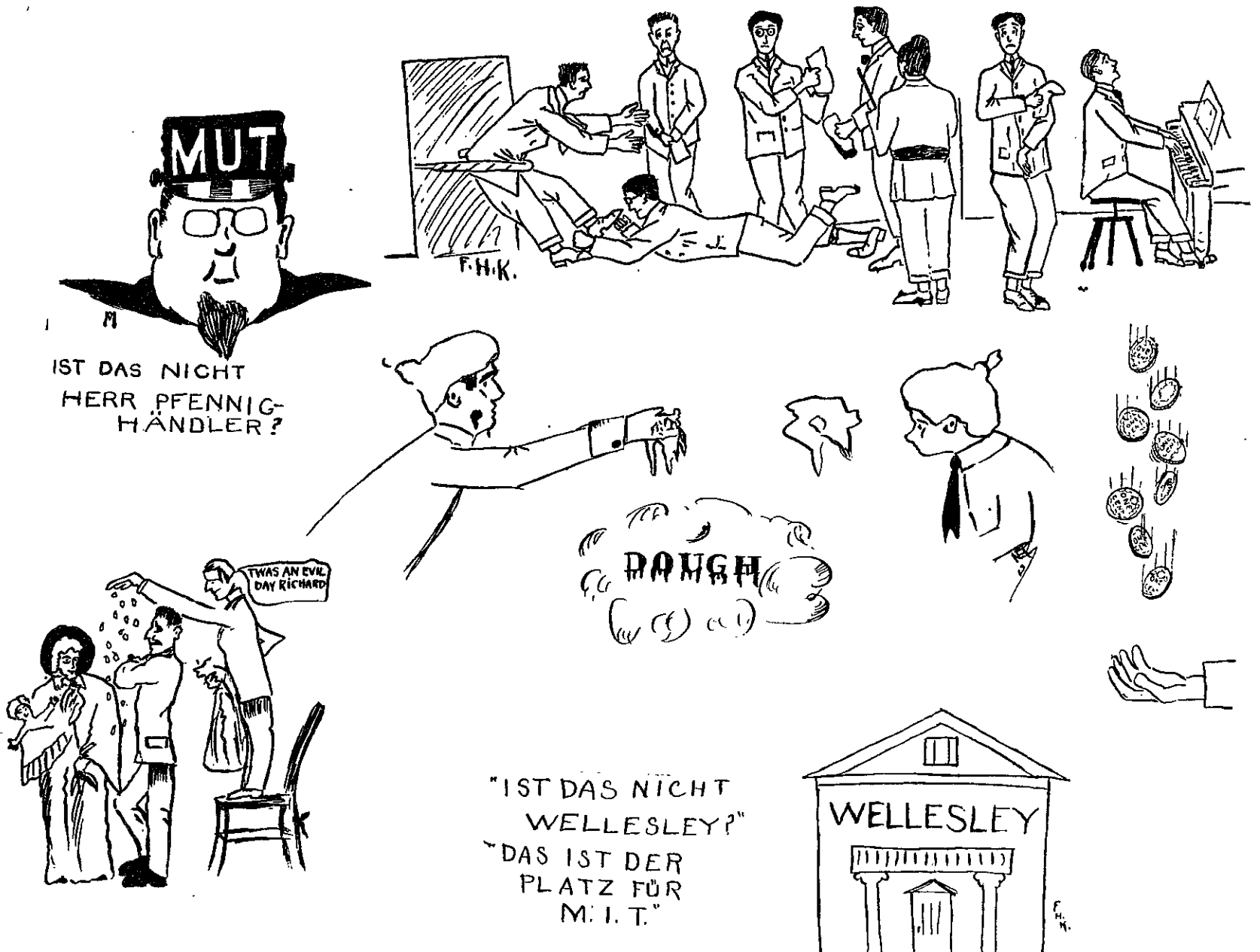


# THE TECH

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PRICE FIVE CENTS



DID THE HOOK COME YOUR WAY?

## CREW PRACTICE AT GYM REGULARLY

### Thirty Men Training---Freshmen Excused From Gym Work

Crew candidates are practicing regularly at the Gym. About thirty-two men have reported and the men 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.

Abu Hamed, Sudan, March 19.—Col. Roosevelt and his party arrived yesterday forenoon after a comfortable journey in a special car over the Sudan government railway. The former President arrives in Rome on April 3, in Paris April 21, in Berlin May 8, and in London on the following 15 or 17th.

## HOOK-NIGHT AT UNION ATTENDED BY RECORD CROWD OF 450 MEN

With hilarious joy a third of the student-body greeted the Hook-night thespians. Everybody came to have a good time, and although the entertainment provided was rather scanty 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 on a bunch of alleged Germans, and while two of these comedy-stars tacked up an artistic canvas, he tooted 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 Gartenhaus," and "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 h—thunder, the faculty, and so on, were pointed out and vividly described. Karl Mason, John Ahlers '10, E. B. Wettingel, and P. G. Laurson, '10 performed this stunt, the best of the evening. They got applause, but not the Hook! The next turn was an octette composed of members of The Tech, Tech Show, and Technique. Led by Dudley Clapp these bold songsters faced the frenzied mob and during the intervals of silence these songs were heard. Verse..

Show, Tech, Technique,  
All of them are very, very fine;  
At each Hook Night,  
You will find them getting right in line;  
Though their members  
Like to grind and do their lessons well;  
I ere this evening  
Is the tale that we can tell:—

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,—  
By a faculty vote.  
Tune—Yama, Yama Man.

Chorus—  
Bursar, Bursar, my Bursar Man.  
Head is so bald, and cheek is so tanned;  
You have an eye for the pretty and spry,  
In your finance plan;  
Money's no object, you don't care for expense,  
Surrounded by Queen, your joy is intense;  
What would we give, if we only could live  
Like a Bur-sar Man.

Tune—What am I Going to do to Make You Love Me.

Chorus—  
What am I going to do to get my sheepskin,  
Isn't there some way to make it a go;  
All of the faculty seem set against it,  
Though I can't imagine why they act so;  
It seems that at every turn they double-cross me,  
They double-flunk me—make me repeat;  
Here is the very point that always sticks me,  
What am I going to do to get my sheepskin.

Chorus—  
Has anybody here seen Molly,  
M-O-double L-Y,  
Has anybody here seen Molly,  
The king of Union Fare;  
Oh, he stands down stairs with his six foot three,  
Taking money from you and me;  
Has anybody here seen Molly  
Molly with the ebony hair.

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 Profs. with a smile;  
Tell old Doc Talbot you love him,  
Chuck Charlie Cross on the chin;  
Then when the C's come 'round,  
You'll be right on the ground,  
And you'll win.

(Continued on page 3.)