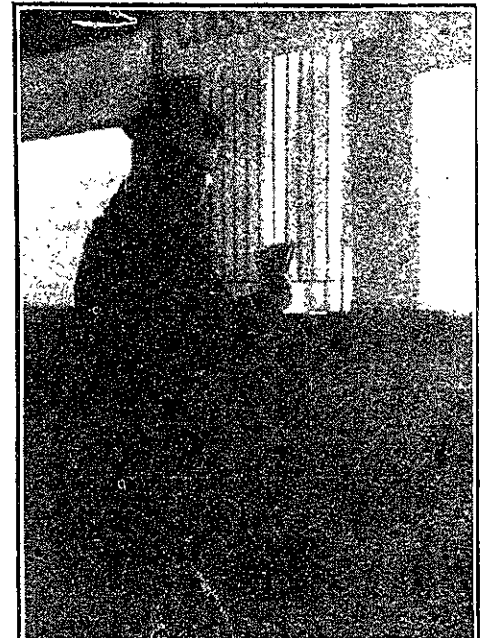


Spring is here. The first really unailing indication is the yearly campaign for redeeming Technique sign-ups.



TUT TUT! It must have been a soft life! Prize winning side show at the Circus gives a clever and seductive version of King Tut's tomb.



FINES. This is an unpleasant picture. It needs no explanation.



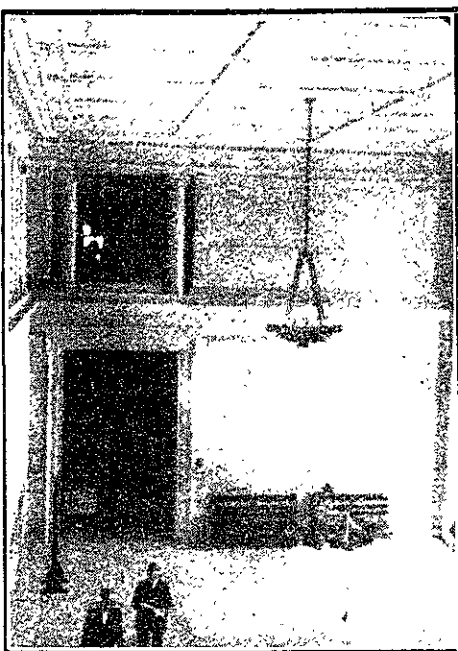
"DISTURBER." Course VI's lightning steed stopped in break-neck runaway by heroic sergeant of Circus police



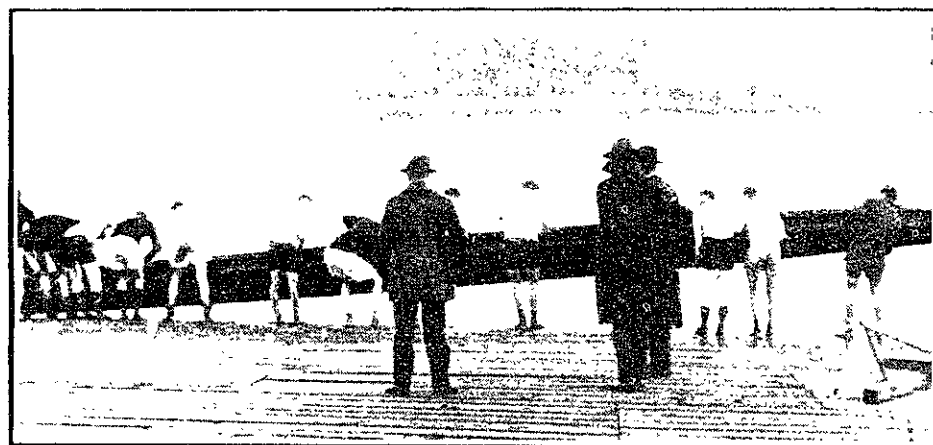
Prof. Dellenbaugh of the Varsity crews with his speaking trumpet



SHADES OF VOLSTEAD. Red eye and free lunch! Circus police were deaf to the protests of the W. C. T. U. in the balcony, even imbibing on their own account.



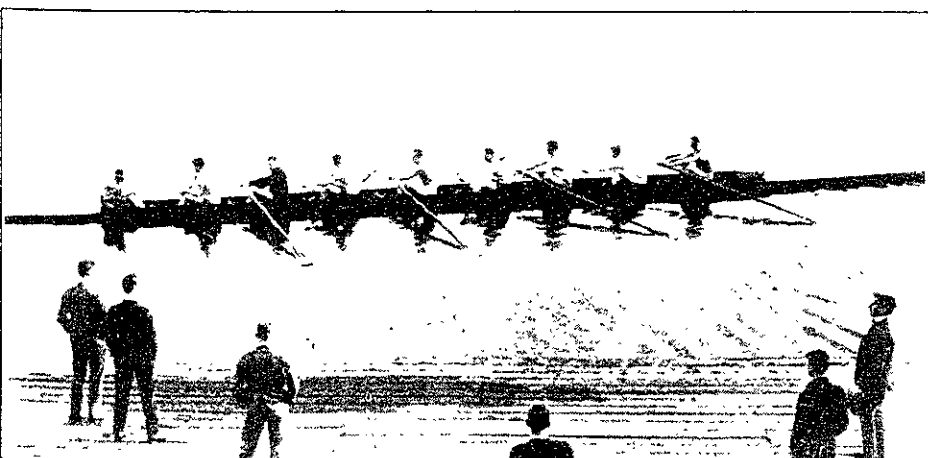
A familiar spot bathed in the glory of the plentiful Boston sunlight.



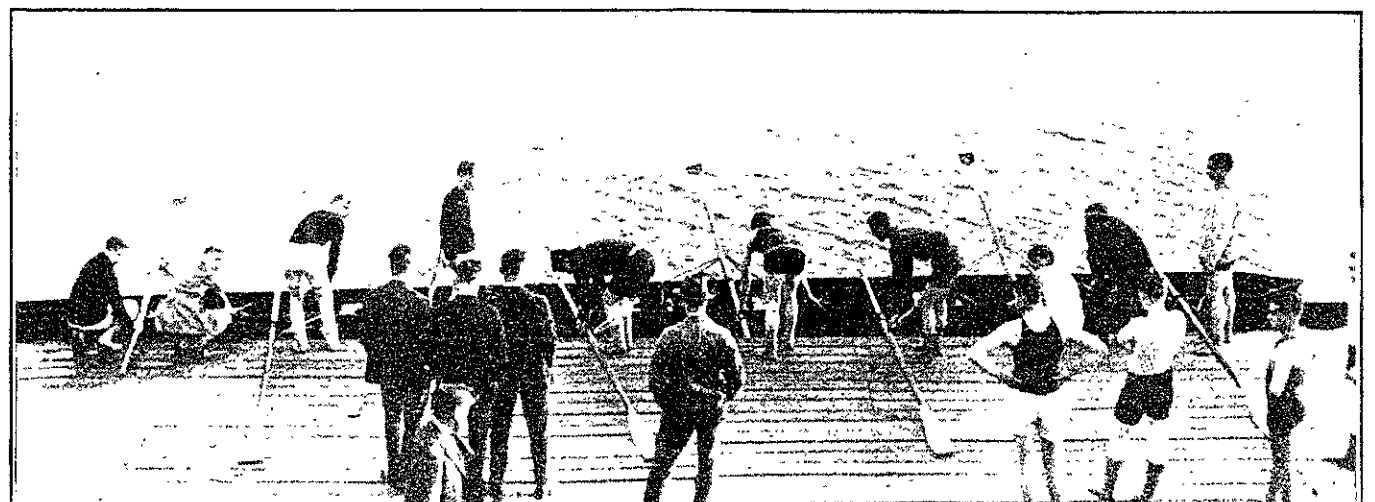
INTO DRY-DOCK. When the basin looks like the Atlantic and boats come in half swamped, it takes an army of oarsmen to raise the water-logged shell.



Captain Greatwood and Coach Dellenbaugh working out a combination for the Varsity eight.



ATTENTION EIGHT! Ready all-I-I—ROW!" Seven new shells recently bought for the Institute Crews will fill a much felt want.



Crew season and spring arrive simultaneously. Rowing is having a big boom at Technology and the oarsmen are busy training for a heavy schedule.