

Half-Way Through

After innumerable false alarms due to brain-storm of over-zealous members of the other classes, the class quietly assembled at the "Old Bay State" one night in September, 1906, to celebrate in proper style the fact that most of us were on the last half of our course at Tech. Word was passed around during the afternoon as to the place of meeting and each individual was under orders to report at a different time, the whole schedule being so cleverly arranged that no member was detained by the other classes.

At 10 o'clock all were prepared to descend on the banquet hall when a decrepit old Jew emerged from the crowd of outsiders at the entrance, removed his wig and beard, and—presto, Luy Trott. A church supper had proved irresistible, and the disguise had been necessary to enable him further to outwit the less privileged of our schoolmates, who were now fully aroused by the ease with which we had eluded them earlier in the evening.

We then proceeded to torture our digestive apparatus with a bewildering array of viands which even rivalled the elaborate menus at Newton Hall, while songs and cheers shook the walls and knocks of the sledgehammer variety were handed out indiscriminately. When the *chef* finally refused to serve any longer, George Boutelle, the toastmaster of the evening, assumed charge, and in his most happy vein introduced the speakers of the evening. Not a class, prof or instructor escaped unscathed; but no matter what subject the speaker was assigned, each in turn paid to the Class of 1908 the tribute of being the only class on the Hill. Even Strach agreed to that.

Suddenly, in the midst of the gaiety, a police officer appeared at the door, surrounded by a lusty guard, and in a timid voice asked if we would not please go home, as it was bed-time for most of the cops and they wanted to go home. This was scarcely in accord with our plan, however, and they were granted permission to go, but we gently but firmly refused. More speeches followed this little discussion, and who of us will ever forget that stirring little impromptu made by our friend and classmate from the land of the chrysanthemum?

But all things must come to an end and with a final "milk shake" that woke every one in the house, our "Half-way-Through" had become history, and we were brought to a sudden realization of the fact that it was 2 o'clock in the morning, and that outside we were awaited by two hundred Tech men armed with eggs. A collection was quickly taken and,

with a little application for the itching palm of a bell-boy, the night lunch-wagons were speedily raided and we found ourselves in possession of all the eggs obtainable in the city. Our two old gridiron heroes, Fred Lawley and "Dutch," were put in charge of the crowd, with "Sis Hopkins" as self-appointed assistant and, with clothing inside out, we sallied forth in perfect order, prepared to do or die. We were greeted with yells and a few eggs and, with a good cheer of defiance, we marched down Main Street to Lincoln Square. Here a general mix-up ensued between 1908 on one side and all the rest of Tech on the other, with a crowd of unsuspecting police between. The battle raged all over the square and finally 1908 emerged triumphant, although somewhat the worse for wear and dripping with eggs.

After a consultation among the leaders it was agreed to settle the whole affair by a grand rush, and so we marched to the vacant lot on Highland Street. Three mad rushes followed and in these we were again victorious, and victors and defeated joined in one resounding cheer for 1908, the class of the hour.

We then repaired to Prexy's house. Although it was nearly time for him to be up, he refused to appear, and we all wended our way homeward to remove some of the signs of conflict, and then we hustled up on the Hill to hear one poor misguided prof inform us that "every egg that was thrown hit the Institute square in the face." Our landladies could have told him better than that.

Half-Way Through Banquet

BAY STATE HOUSE, WORCESTER, MASS.

Toasts

Toastmaster, George J. Boutelle.

HALF-WAY THRO',

OUR WIVES AND SWEETHEARTS,

THE FACULTY,

TECH FUSSING,

ATHLETICS,

Robert H. Goddard.

Frank E. Lowe.

Earle K. Strachan.

Benjamin F. Sargent.

Leon W. Hitchcock.