T angled webs of gold and grey.
H our by h·ur and day by day,
E ach one bending o'er Tim 's loom

B lindly casts the thread of doom.
L onging, laughter, hopes, and fears,
U nfulfilled desire and tears,-
E ach within the plan must be,

P art of man's strange destiny.
R estless weaver, if your eart
I n our book may find some part,
N ot in vain shall we have wrought;
' T was for this alone we sou ht.

—P.
GRATITUDE is the Mother of all Virtues. This oracular statement of the ancient Roman orator has become verified into the adage of to-day. In its present concrete application the sentiment named is induced by one whom no Tech man names but to love and praise. While our loyal gratitude to the Honorable Nathaniel E. Harris has not crowned us with "all the virtues," it has evoked the generic principle upon which those virtues rest, and has thus made debtor in character all our students, past and present, as it will further oblige those who are to follow.

From the rich harvest of a distinguished life Thomas Jefferson selected as the climax of his future epitaph the simple statement: "He was the Founder of the University of Virginia." Many and notable have been the honors heaped upon the chairman of our Board of Trustees, but doubtless from the fruitage of his well-spent life he would select as his memorial the tribute pregnant with perennial good to Georgia's youth: "He was the Founder of the Georgia School of Technology." Not Founder merely, add we, but Father as well, giving to the institution and ourselves the truly fostering, unselfish, and devoted care which parental love inspires. Nor shall we wait to eulogize his virtues upon cold, unresponsive marble, but enshrine him rather upon the living tablets of our hearts. As a simple tribute of our love and gratitude then, we dedicate this first Annual of our Student Body to the one and only Chairman of our Board of Trustees, the

HONORABLE NATHANIEL EDWIN HARRIS.
The Editors wish to express their most sincere appreciation of Prof. Perry's assistance in this work. Without his aid, the undertaking would have been impossible.
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of

THE BLUE PRINT, 1908

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History of the Georgia School of Technology

It has often been said, both in poetical and prosaic terms, that the man who knows and does, in other words, the man of action, is the most useful type of man. It is not our purpose to argue upon the wisdom or folly of such a statement, or to cram this morsel of wisdom, if it be such, down the literary throats of our readers; but it is believed that this sentiment, taken cum grano salis, will appeal to every wise and right-thinking person, and that this summary of the utterance of so many great minds will be accepted by all such persons as, at least, an expression of truth. Ours is essentially an age of action—an age of push and bustle—and he who tarries, either for some want of courage or education, is in peril of being hurried unceremoniously from the great stage of action or, at least, of being jostled rudely aside by others possessed of more zeal or better qualifications. Education is the one great qualification which has, throughout all the changes of time, and in all pursuits, proved lasting and puissant; throughout all history we read that the wise and educated have maintained their supremacy and have occupied a high position in the social scale. Hence, in our present age of scientific advancement, in which scientific principles are given more and more prominence in the industrial world and in which science is each week instrumental in effecting inventions of world-importance, it is but natural that the scientific and technical college should be recognized as a distinct branch of the educational system.

The wisdom of our State Legislature in establishing our own school has been more than proved by the success of our graduates and the constantly increasing number of students who are annually matriculated. The movement for the establishment of a technical school in Georgia was started in 1882, and at the session of the legislature of that year, a committee was appointed to visit technical institutions in the North and to report on the advisability of establishing such an institution in Georgia. This committee rendered a report favorable to the movement. A bill was, therefore, introduced during the session of the legislature of 1883, providing for the founding of the school, but this bill was lost, receiving only sixty-five votes. However, the friends of the bill, led by Hon. N. E. Harris, to whom undoubtedly the credit of the establishment of the school is due, were nothing daunted by this failure. They kept the issue before the people of the State, and during the next year Mr. Harris proved himself an indefatigable worker in behalf of the movement, spending both his time and means in his efforts to arouse the people to the importance of technical education. His work was so successful that a bill introduced by him and calling for an appropriation of $65,000 was passed by the Legislature on October 16, 1885.
The first Board of Commissioners as appointed by Governor McDaniel consisted of the following gentlemen: N. E. Harris, S. M. Inman, O. S. Porter, E. R. Hodgson, and Columbus Heard. The Board soon organized, and elected N. E. Harris as chairman, and S. M. Inman, secretary and treasurer. Of these gentlemen Messrs. Harris, Hodgson, Porter, and Heard, are still serving, while Messrs. George Winship and N. P. Pratt have since been elected as additional members of the Board.

The original appropriation was comparatively small, and the location of the school was settled by competitive bids from various parts of the State; that of Atlanta being most favorable, the school was situated here. With the additional amount secured from the city of Atlanta, it was possible to build and equip the Academic Building and the Shops, and with only these two buildings and their modest equipment the school opened early in October, 1888.

Dr. Isaac S. Hopkins, who was at that time president of Emory College, was known to be a man of ability and one who recognized the value of technical training, and he was elected by the Trustees to the presidency of the new school. The original enrollment was one hundred and twenty-nine, and the faculty consisted of the following: Dr. I. S. Hopkins, President and Professor of Physics; Capt. Lyman Hall, Professor of Mathematics; Dr. W. H. Emerson, Professor of Chemistry; Mr. J. S. Coon, Professor of Mechanical Engineering; Mr. Milton P. Higgins, Professor of Mineralogy and Geology, and Superintendent of Machine Shop; Rev. Charles Lane, Professor of English; and Mr. R. B. Shepherd, Professor of Drawing.

On April 21, 1892, the Shops were completely destroyed by fire. The insurance on the building and an additional appropriation from the Legislature made possible the erection of a new building, which was superior in appearance and equipment to the old and which was ready in a few months for occupancy.

The school continued under the guidance of Dr. Hopkins until 1896, when he resigned to re-enter the ministry and was succeeded in office by Captain Lyman Hall. Through the untiring zeal and self-sacrificing efforts of Captain Hall the institution was raised from “an insignificant and struggling existence” to a position of prominence among the best technical colleges of the country. During President Hall’s term of office, which extended over nine years, the value of the school property increased hundreds of thousands of dollars, and the advance of the institution in prestige and importance was phenomenal.

The first dormitories to make their appearance upon the campus were the now historic “E and F Divisions.” Recognizing the need of more dormitories, the Legislature in 1896 appropriated $15,000 for the erection of the Knowles Dormitory.

In the same year the Trustees established the courses in Electrical Engineering and Civil Engineering, and two years later the Textile Department, which has rapidly grown to be one of the most important branches of the school, was established, the State Legislature appropriating $10,000 on condition that a like amount be raised by public subscription. Public-spirited citi-
zens and firms from many parts of the country responded liberally to the ap-
peal, and during the year more than $30,000 in machinery and cash was con-
tributed. Chief among these generous friends of the college was Mr. Aaron
French, of Pittsburg, Pa., who became interested in the school in the preceding
year and, when asked to co-operate in raising the necessary sum, made dona-
tions totaling $8,600, thus bearing personally a large part of the expense of
the Textile Building. However, Mr. French's liberality did not stop here,
for he made other generous gifts for maintenance and for the founding of schol-
arships in the three years following. In recognition of the magnanimity of
Mr. French in thus upbuilding our own school and aiding the cause of educa-
tion in the South, the Board of Trustees decided to name the new department
in his honor, and it was, therefore, christened "The A. French Textile School."

The Electrical Building was erected in 1901. Up to that time the De-
partment of Electrical Engineering had been very much cramped, and its equip-
ment somewhat limited. The additional laboratories which the building sup-
plied and the new apparatus which the department obtained at this time, how-
ever, enabled it to come forward and take the prominent stand which it has
since occupied as a branch of the school. Through the erection of this building
also the departments of Experimental Engineering and Drawing were materi-
ally benefited. The former was moved to new quarters occupying the whole
of the first floor of the new building, where steam and testing laboratories have
since been fitted out, while the latter was permanently situated on the third
floor and supplied with adjustable desks and other necessary equipment.

The years 1902 and 1903 were marked by gifts to the school of $10,000
from the General Educational Board for equipment and maintenance and
some $13,000 from other friends of the school, and an additional gift of $10,-
000 provided by the will of Mr. James Swann. This amount was spent in the
purchase of property on North avenue, and the erection thereon of a President's
residence. Mr. Wm. R. Hearst of New York, also contributed to the develop-
ment of the school by donating $5,000.

One of the most pressing needs of the institution at this time was a chemi-
cal laboratory, the quarters occupied by the chemical department being cramped
and in many ways inadequate for the needs of the rapidly growing student body.
Through the efforts of Captain Hall the Legislature was led to appropriate
ten thousand dollars for the erection of a chemical laboratory. The appropria-
tion was made, however, on condition that an equal amount should be raised
by public subscription. With his accustomed zeal for the development of the
school, Captain Hall set to work soliciting the necessary funds. This last
arduous task of his career as president was, however, too great a tax upon his
strength, physically weakened as he was by incessant efforts in behalf of the
school. In spite of his weakened condition and heedless of the advice of his
friends, he continued his self-sacrificing work until within a few weeks of his
lamented death, which occurred on August 16, 1905.

That this building, the assurance of which was the climax of our late
president's career, should stand as a monument to his loyalty and ability is
eminently appropriate. In giving the new laboratory the name of the Lyman
Hall Laboratory of Chemistry the Trustees gave but a slight expression of the love and gratitude which the people of Georgia felt for this great educator. Captain Hall's death was mourned alike by faculty and students, and friends of the school and of education the country over realized with deepest sorrow that one of the ablest educators of the country and one of the noblest of Christian gentlemen had entered into the great peace. Death is no victor over him, for his spirit and example will shine on forever.

The Trustees were now called upon to appoint a new head for the school. To find a man who would measure up to Captain Hall's standard of zeal and ability seemed wellnigh impossible. His work had been of such a character that the election of his successor proved a task requiring the most painstaking consideration. Realizing the gravity of the situation, the Trustees made every effort to make a successful choice and they finally placed Prof. Kenneth G. Matheson at the head of our institution. Prof. Matheson was at that time at the head of the English Department. He was a close personal friend of Captain Hall and knew, perhaps better than any other man in the State, the standards which Captain Hall had set for the school and the plans which he wished to carry out in its development.

Dr. Matheson entered upon his new duties with enthusiasm and loyalty, and has, since his election, directed the affairs of the school with the utmost foresight and judgment. He has broadened the sphere of usefulness of the school and has continued the forward movement. His efforts have been rewarded by an increased attendance and an increase of interest among friends of the school. As a result of Dr. Matheson's efforts the great philanthropist Andrew Carnegie, was induced to visit the school and to give to it the new library building, which has already proved of so much value to the institution. Dr. Matheson is a close student of educational work, and his improvements have been along the most advanced lines of thought. His recent opening of the Night School, by which the working men and boys of Atlanta are afforded an opportunity of education and advanced training, which has been previously denied them by circumstances, is characteristic of his policy.

The Georgia School of Technology now has an enrollment of over five hundred and fifty students, which is an increase of nearly five hundred per cent. in about twenty years. It is safe to predict that the institution will continue to grow and prosper under its present management. That the South affords a splendid field for the technically trained man none can deny; and in the present era of development and growth, technical education should command more and more attention. It is certain that the people of Georgia will soon universally recognize the power and value of a technical school of high standards, and our own school will then mount to an unparalleled position in the minds of all right-thinking Georgians. 

RAY C. WERNER.
MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY

Dr. Kenneth Gordon Matheson is a South Carolinian by birth, having been born at Cheraw, in that State, on July 28, 1864. His education was begun at the Cheraw Academy, and, after having completed the work there, he entered the South Carolina Military Academy, better known as "The Citadel." It was here that Dr. Matheson became acquainted with our late president, Captain Hall, who was at that time adjutant of the military post at Charleston. Dr. Matheson graduated with honors from The Citadel, and, shortly afterwards was chosen commandant of cadets at the Georgia Military College at Milledgeville, Ga. He was next called to the University of Tennessee, to act as assistant professor of English and commandant of cadets. He did not remain here long, but resigned to accept a similar position at the Missouri Military College, where he remained six years and succeeded in building up the college to a most prosperous condition.

Dr. Matheson then resigned his position and entered Leland Stanford University, where he pursued post-graduate studies and received his M.A. degree in 1897. During the same year he came to the Georgia School of Technology as assistant professor of English, and has since that time taken post-graduate work at Columbia and at the University of Chicago, having studied English and modern languages at the former institution during 1903-4.

Dr. Matheson was elected as president of the school on June 21, 1906, after having served for about one year as chairman of the Faculty.

Dr. William H. Emerson was born at Tunnel Hill, Georgia, on June 14, 1860. His elementary education was received in the school of his native village. He entered the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., in 1876, graduating there in 1880. Dr. Emerson's chemical education was obtained at Johns Hopkins University, at Baltimore. He studied there from 1883 to 1886, receiving the degree of Ph.D. He was elected to the Faculty of the school when it was established in 1888 and has since that time held the position of Professor of Chemistry.

John Saylor Coon, Professor of Mechanical Engineering and Superintendent of Shops, was born at Burdett, N. Y. His education was begun at the common school in his native village, being continued at the Claverack Academy and Hudson River Institute at Claverack, N. Y. Prof. Coon attended Cornell University from 1874 to 1877, graduating with the degree of B.M.E. He was a member of the original faculty of the school and has, since its establishment, been at the head of the Department of Mechanical Engineering.
Thomas Pettus Branch, Professor of Civil Engineering and Registrar, was born at Tallahassee, Fla., May 20, 1864. He received his elementary education, however, in the public schools of Georgia. In 1882 Prof. Branch entered Vanderbilt University at Nashville, Tenn., and graduated there in June, 1886, with the degree of B.E. He has been in charge of the department of Civil Engineering since September, 1895.

Joseph N. G. Nesbit was born at Milton, Pa., June 17, 1877. He holds the position of Professor of Experimental Engineering. Prof. Nesbit received his degree of B.S. from the Pennsylvania State College at the time of his graduation, and has since received the advanced degree of E.E. He has been with the school since 1902.

Jesse Boland Edwards, Professor of Physics, was born at Columbiana, Ala., September 11, 1874. His college training was received at the Alabama Polytechnic Institute at Auburn, Ala. He graduated here in 1896 with the degree of B.S., and, after one year's post-graduate work, received the advanced degree of E. and M.E. Prof. Edwards later took special work in Physics at Cornell University. He has been at the head of the Physics Department since September, 1897.

William Nathan Randle, Director of the A. French Textile School and Director of Athletics, was born in Rock Mills, Ala. Here and at the high school at Roanoke, Ala., his education was pursued through its elementary stages. His collegiate work began at Roanoke College, Roanoke, Ala., where he graduated in May, 1895. From this college Prof. Randle entered the Philadelphia Textile School, graduating there with first honor in June, 1898.

Prof. Randle organized the Textile Department of the Georgia School of Technology, giving the first instruction in textile work south of Mason and Dixon's Line in February, 1899. During 1902-3 he organized, equipped and superintended the Handley Cotton Mills, at Roanoke, Ala. At the earnest solicitation of President Lyman Hall he resumed his position as director of The A. French Textile School in October, 1904.

Dr. John B. Crenshaw, Professor of Modern Languages, was born in Nottoway County, Va., during the trying times of the Civil War. Immediately after the close of the war his family moved to Ashland, Va., where Randolph-Macon College was located. Here Dr. Crenshaw received the degree of Master of Arts in 1881. He was elected an assistant professor of languages in his Alma Mater, and continued teaching there, with the exception of one year, until 1890, when he resigned in order to complete his university course at Johns Hopkins. Here he made a special study of German, French and Latin and received his degree of Ph.D. in 1893. Dr. Crenshaw was a Fellow by courtesy of the university for three consecutive sessions beginning September, 1899, and took the regular post-graduate work in English at this time. In 1902 he went abroad and studied French and German for a full session at the University of Berlin. At Wolfenbüttel, where there is one of the oldest
and most famous libraries in Germany, Dr. Crenshaw was engaged for some time in investigating the age and claims to priority of one of the earliest printed texts in German.

Dr. Crenshaw came to the school in June, 1904, from the Baltimore City College.

Samuel Stuart Wallace, Professor of English, was born at Deal Island, Md., August 2, 1868. He received his elementary education in the public schools of Maryland and at Dickinson Preparatory School. From the latter school he entered Dickinson College, at Carlisle, Pa. From this institution he graduated in June, 1890, with the degree of A.B., receiving the A.M. degree three years later. Prof. Wallace entered Columbia University in 1897 and after one year's study received the degree of A.M. He has been associated with the English Department since 1899 and has for several years been Superintendent of Dormitories.

Professor Otto T. Geckeler is at the head of the Department of Mathematics. He was born at Patricksburg, Ind., in 1873, and was educated in the public schools of his native town and in the preparatory school of the Indiana University, at Bloomington, Ind. He graduated from this institution in 1894 with the degree of A.B. During 1894-5 he took post-graduate work at the University of Chicago, where he also studied during three summer quarters.

Prof. Geckeler came to the school in 1903, and was elected Professor of Mathematics in 1905.

Harry Peterman Wood, Professor of Electrical Engineering, was born at Muncy, Pa., July 18, 1878. From the Muncy High School he entered the Pennsylvania State College and graduated with the class of 1899, taking the degree of B.S. in Electrical Engineering. He received the advanced degree of E.E. from the same college in 1903. Prof. Wood had practical experience in his profession while in the employ of J. G. White & Co., The New York Edison Company, and The Westinghouse Company. He came to the Georgia School of Technology from the University of Illinois in October, 1907.

Dr. Gilbert H. Boggs was born at Memphis, Tenn., October 2, 1875. His education began at Athens, Ga., where he graduated from the High School in 1892. During the same year he entered the University of Georgia and graduated from that institution in 1896 with the degree of B.S. From 1899 to 1901 Dr. Boggs attended the University of Pennsylvania, where he made a specialty of chemistry and received the degree of Ph.D. He has been associated with the school since 1903, and is now Junior Professor of Chemistry.

William Gilmer Perry, Junior Professor of English, was born at Columbia, S. C., December 5, 1877. Completing his elementary education at the Presbyterian High School at Rock Hill, S. C., Prof. Perry entered Davidson
College at Davidson, N. C., and graduated there in 1898. He received the degree of A.B. upon graduation, and that of A.M. in 1900. He has been associated with the English Department since January, 1900.

Richard Henry Lowndes, Junior Professor of Drawing, is a South Carolinian by birth, having been born in Georgetown County, S. C., February 22, 1879. In 1892 he entered the Ravenscraft High School, where he remained two years, and during the year 1894-5 he attended the College St. James, near Hagerstown, Md. In the fall of 1895 Prof. Lowndes entered the Porter Military Academy at Charleston, S. C., and graduated there three years later. He then attended Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C., for one year, but withdrew to enter the Georgia School of Technology in 1899. Prof. Lowndes graduated with the class of 1903, receiving the degree of B.S. in M.E.

Floyd Field, Junior Professor of Mathematics, was born at Salem, Ore., December 19, 1873. He finished his college course at Willamette University at Salem, Ore., in 1897. Prof. Field entered at Harvard the next year, and continued his studies there until 1902, receiving the degree of A.B. in 1900, and that of A.M. in 1902. He also did special seminar work at the University of Chicago during 1904 and 1906. He has been with the Mathematics Department since 1906.

Edmond Weymon Camp, Junior Professor of Textile Engineering, was born at Moreland, Ga., May 7, 1879. From the Moreland High School he entered the Georgia School of Technology, where he graduated in 1901, having taken the first degree in Textile Engineering given at that institution. In the fall of 1902, he accepted the position of assistant instructor in the Carding and Spinning Department. Since then he has remained at the Tech, now holding the position of Assistant Director of the Textile School.

Dr. William Andrew Jackson, Jr., Physician to the school and Director of Physical Culture, was born in Baltimore, Md., on September 4, 1863. His elementary education was completed in the public schools of his native city. In 1880 he entered Columbian University, at Washington, D. C., studying biology and related subjects, at the same time studying Zootomy at the Army Medical Museum and also holding the position of Curator in Osteology at the Smithsonian Institute. Dr. Jackson then took special work at Georgetown University and at the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Baltimore. In 1887 he received his degree as a Normal Graduate in Hygiene, Physiology, Anatomy, Gymnastics, Athletics and Health Culture, and in 1896, after taking post-graduate work at Harvard University, he received the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

Dr. Jackson has been with the school since September, 1900.
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W. F. Griffin, Instructor, Machine Shop

L. P. Milner, Instructor, Wood Shop

O. O. Boyle, Secretary to President

Miss Ella Pogue, Stenographer to President

A. G. Allen, Steward of the Dining Hall

C. E. Bostwick, Assistant in Gymnasium
At Evening

The day is past.
Far in the west, the sun has left a trail
Of golden dust; and there a single star
Gleams with a silver glory,
And earthward sends a glittering shaft
To pierce the gathering gloom of shadows grey.

The glow dies fast along the distant hills
And from the quiet sky.
There lesser stars begin to blossom,
Like flowers in the fields of Paradise.
Within the great dim city night is come,
And here the lamps flash forth
A second heavens to the star that streams
In silver splendor from the fading west.

Earth's traffic is grown still, and silence falls
Like balm on tired mind and heart,
Or dew on drooping flowers,—
Anon the rumble of a distant car,
And then once more the hush of evening.
But now a gush of melody! Some child
Within a darkened alley, singing—
As strangely sweet as if yon argent shaft
Were of a sudden vocal.

So may I pass,
My day's work ended and its worth appraised!
When fades earth's brightness and the shadows gloom,
Within my sunset sky may some star gleam,
Shedding a glory on my darkening sight;
And may there sound within my heart some voice
Melodious, to lead me on
To that sweet peace which lies beyond the west.

P.
SENIOR CLASS

Class Organization

OFFICERS

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T. F. JOHNSON  . . . . Vice-President
C. H. HENDERSON  . . . . Sec. and Treas.
R. C. WERNER  . . . . Historian
G. W. H. CHENEY  . . . . Poet
E. S. SUMMERS  . . . . Prophet
Morgan Carl Adair  
**B. S. in E. E.**

*BELIEVES BUSINESS TO BE A DIVINE CALLING.*  
Quartermaster.

Charles Adamson, Jr. (Mogul)  
**B. S. in T. E.**

*Some day he will startle the world as a big league manager.*  
Varsity football team, '06 and '07. Captain, Senior baseball team. **D. G. R. Anak.**

John Robinson Baldwin (Puck)  
**B. S. in E. E.**

*The way he puts conditions to rout is a shame.*  
Class baseball team, '08. **X Φ.**
Gamebiel Wyatt Holmes Cheney  
B. S. in M. E.  
"His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles.  
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;  
His tears pure messages sent from his heart;  
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth."  
Class football team. Φ Δ Θ. Anak. Mandolin Club.

James Jernigan Crumbly (Jim)  
B. S. in E. E.  
Fond of passionate hosiery and multi-colored cravats. Future side show barker.  
Σ Ν.

James Eggleston Davenport (Jim)  
B. S. in M. E.  
Champion fuzzer. He is a modern Centaur.  
Φ Κ Σ.
Cherry Logan Emerson
**B. S. in M. E.**


"With too much quickness even to be taught,
With too much thinking to have common thought.”


Hoyt Brown Evans
**B. S. in E. E.**


*Inventive genius. Expects to take a course at Brenau.*

Charles William Forsterling
**B. S. in M. E.**


"Pride hath no other glass
To show itself but pride, for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees."

Quartermaster. Class baseball, '07, '08. Varsity basketball, '05.
Lewis Edward Goodier, Jr. (Ned)

B. S. in E. C.


"He could if he would but he won't."

Believes that the army is the place for Tech grads. Went to Asheville.


George William Gibbs

B. S. in M. E.

Age 23. Born in St. Augustine, Fla. Attended Rollins College, St. Augustine, Fla.

"Time, place, and action may with pains be wrought
But genius must be born, and never can be taught."

Swannanoa Club. BLUE PRINT Board. Σ Α Ε.

Frank Hammond Hardin

B. S. in M. E.


"He who is honest, is noble,
Whatever his fortunes or birth."

Class baseball, '07, '08. Class football, '05, '06, '07. Φ Κ Σ.
Sidney Hargrove (Sid.)

B. S. in C. E.


*Sole ambition is to take Stanford White's place in the architectural world.*

Class football, '06, '07. Anak.

Carl Harlam Henderson (Pinky)

B. S. in E. E.


*They say he designed a generator in one hour. He is a shark at handling dormitory boys in his capacity as Inspector.*

George Armstrong Hendrie (Jigger)

B. S. in M. E.


"Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining. And thought of convincing while they thought of dining."

Julian Herndon
B. S. in C. E.
"Much work is a weariness of the flesh."
Noted for his social aspirations, and even at this early date has acquired the position of Chairman, Senior Dance Committee. Playing bridge and going to Nunnally's are his favorite occupations. Future address will be: Society Editor, Elberton Star, Elberton, Ga.

George Charles Howe
B. S. in E. E.
Age 21. Born in Macon, Ga., where he received his early training.
Familiarly known as "Generator Current." Besides being an expert door-bell repairer, he is polite to the ladies. Carries a pair of pliers with him always. Made a hit as "Tinkle Bell" in "Peter Pan." Is going to Cornell to complete his electrical training.
Local editor Georgia Tech.

Tomlinson Fort Johnson (Tom)
B. S. in M. E.
Noted for his stick-to-it-iveness in shot and hammer throwing. His experiences in boiler testing on steamships, and in New York episodes are common property.
Κ Σ.
Edward Campbell Kollock

B. S. in M. E.

Age 20. Born in Clarksville, Ga., where he attended school before entering Tech.

"I profess not talking, only this: Let each man do his best."

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George Wyman McCarty, Jr. (Mac)

B. S. in M. E.


"He, above the rest
In shape and gesture, proudly imminent,
Stood like a tower."

Class baseball, '06, '07, '08. Manager Varsity baseball, '08. Anak. K A.

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Hunter McClure (Chinch)

B. S. in C. E.


"Oh sleep, it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole," etc.

Noted for his rapidity of movement, and excessive talking. He wants a little house with a roof garden. His works on irrigation are worthy of mention.

T. N. E. Right fielder, Varsity baseball, '08. Σ A E.
Daniel Irwin MacIntyre, Jr.
B. S. in M. E.
“And they all began to talk as it were a thousand voices.”
“Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man’s censure, but reserve thy judgment.”
Track team, ’06, ’07, ’08.

Howell Dupree Pope (Popey)
B. S. in C. E.
Better known as part of the R. D. Cole Mfg. Co. His sole aim is to equal “Blinky’s” tales of travel and adventure, but we doubt his attaining such proficiency because of a tendency to smile during the course of the story.
D. G. R. Local Club.

Willis Adair Pritchard (Prich)
B. S. in M. E.
“When the moon shone, we did not see the candle, So doth the greater glory dim the less.”
Preston Brooks Rice (Grits)

B. S. in E. E.

Age 22. Born in Dublin, Ga. Attended Gordon Institute, also Edgefield, S. C.

When in a good humor he wears a very sedate and distinguished expression. Likes to play dolls and draw "Maud."

Head cheer leader, '07, '08.

Lawrence Wood Robert, Jr. (Chip)

B. S. in C. E.

Age 20. Born in Monticello, Ga., but calls Macon, Brunswick, and Atlanta also his home (some go further and say College Park).

"Love better is than Fame."

His chief ambition is to be chief engineer of the Brazil, Bolivia and Southwestern Railway. Plays everything from chess to football.


Nugent Hunter Slaughter

B. S. in E. E.

Age 20. Born in Danville, Va., where he prepared for Tech.

Has worked four years here in order to install a telephone set in the laboratory during his senior year. Has a smile and a blush for everyone. He hopes to work a "graft" in the telephone business of his friend "Jim" Crumbly.
William Robert Snyder (Schnitz)

B. S. in M. E.

Age 20. Born in Atlanta, Ga., where he was prepared for Tech.

"So work the honey-bees:
Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom."


Willis Timothy Spivey

B. S. in C. E.


He has to date figured the stress in every foot-log in his home county. He hopes to gain fame by completing the Quebec Bridge.

"What shall I do to be forever known
And make this age become my own?"

Swannanoa Club. Σ A E.

Elmer Sease Summer (Mug)

B. S. in T. E.


His love for mathematics is so great that he has continued taking it to date. They say the Summer School is named for him. Recognized authority on Calculus.

Cheer leader, '07-'08.
Arthur Richard Woolfolk, Jr.

**B. S. in E. E.**


*Noted for his inventive powers. Chief of the appliances invented by him is a method for extracting money from banks by means of wireless electrolysis. His knowledge makes a prof. look like fish fur. Quartermaster.*

Edward Donnelly Treanor

**B. S. in E. E.**


*Has completely mastered "Steinmetz." Is now writing a book of his own on "Spasmodic Hysteretic Curves." Exchange Editor Georgia Tech.*

Harry Ried Vaughan (Babe, Grouch, Horace)

**B. S. in E. E.**


*Wears a sweet smiling expression on Sundays only. On other days is much worried and always in a hurry. Often spiels to underclasses on the fire of 1890. Is going to learn how to train big guns in the Artillery Corps, U. S. A. Class president, '07-'08. Class baseball team, '05, '06, '07. Assistant manager football team, '07. Swannanoa Club. Yankee Club. Anak. Φ Κ Σ.*
Ray Cowles Werner (Silas)

B. S. in E. C.

Age 23. Born in Atlanta, Ga. Attended the Boys' High School in that town.

After working a few years at the insurance business he decided to get a technical education. He has gotten it and is now looking for a job.

BLUE PRINT Board. Class historian. X Φ.

Robert Bailey Wilby

B. S. in E. E.


You will always find him in the library reading “Scientific Cutting” or “Loafing as a Fine Art.” Would rather work shop time in the summer than in the winter. Came near joining the “Down and Out Club” several times.

J. H. Woodal (Deacon)

B. S. in M. E.


He has attained great fame during his Senior year as manager of the Senior ball team. (This has nothing whatever to do with the Senior Dance Committee, which is under the directorship of Herndon.)
Charles Atwater Sweet, Jr.
B. S. in T. E.
Age 22. Born in Pheonix, R. I. Preparatory schools in New England, too numerous to mention, gave him his fundamentals. His crown of golden-red hair is in every way emblematic of his career, past, present and future. A rising sun, a shining star, etc.

Harold Adams Young
B. S. in E. E.
Age 21. Born in Eatonton, Ga., where he received his preparatory training. He would have been with the angels ere this, but was detained at Tech in order to build a transformer. Is also very skillful in speech but never uses his art.

William H. Hightower (Piggy)
Age 20. Born in Thomaston, Ga. Attended the R. E. Lee Preparatory School. Piggy is the pluckiest football player at Tech. His 135 lbs. is worth more in a game than twice the weight in a less active body.
Varsity football, '06, '07. Varsity baseball, '06, '07. Σ N.
R. G. Malhoit (Fatty)
Age 21. Comes from a parish behind the Levees. After two years at Louisiana State he decided that he liked cotton better than sugar and so came to Tech. On account of his speed he has played football with the second Varsity for some years.
Φ Κ Σ.

Robert W. Mattox (Bob)
Age 36. Comes from most everywhere but with headquarters at Newnan, Ga. Prepared for Tech at Cornell. Is the youngest (?) man in school, even though the mascot of the baseball team calls him Father. What would Tech have done these last two years without him? President Athletic Association, and head promoter of everything.

R. E. McDonald, Jr.
Age 19. Born in Charlotte, N. C., where he attended the Charlotte High School. This Tar Heel spent some years in the machinery business before coming to Tech. He realized the importance of a technical education, and is now a competent textile man.
DURING the summer and early fall of 1904, Education sounded with renewed note his clarion call throughout the State of Georgia, bidding the youth of the State welcome to the various colleges and universities within our borders. Now, our own school was not backward in publishing to the world the advantages of its particular brand of learning, and its catalogues, teeming with sundry phrases such as "practical education," "trained engineers," "to know—to be—to do," and various other succinct and epigrammatic linguistic morsels, which fall "tripplingly from the tongue," had flooded this and many neighboring States and had beguiled many unwary youths with its attractive pictures and business-like descriptions. The burning sentences telling of the certain fame and fortune awaiting the trained engineer sank deep into the minds of many of the adolescent readers, and effected there the resolve to become engineers. So, heedless of the warnings of Jack or Tom, friends who, like so many others, had been and been "flunked," some two hundred of the flower of the land assembled in the then unfamiliar drawing-room for the crucial test of exams. From the hills of Habersham, from the plains of Sumter, from the swamps of Charlton, from the width and breadth of the State came this heterogeneous assemblage, out of which the class of 1908 has been evolved.

Joy welled up in the breasts of those who succeeded in passing the entrance examinations. They dreamed dreams of their engineering careers and drew mental pictures of themselves holding responsible positions. Alas! How quickly were these dreams shattered by the stern reality of Higher Algebra five times a week, with its nerve destroying calculations as to converging and diverging series; by that monster called the English Department, with its insatiable maw, which must have its tale of weekly themes, all nicely seasoned with punctuation and florid rhetorical figures; by the never-ceasing roar of the buzz-planer and the rip-saw, which all but deafened one's ears to the soft autumn breezes, whispering through the shop windows and calling the tired worker out into the fine autumnal sunshine. The very machines which had seemed so interesting in the catalogue pictures declined in interest now that one was granted the pleasure of associating with them three afternoons a week.

Then, too, the wood-shop was presided over by the lynx-eyed Mr. Henika, who was always sure to happen around just when one had prepared to spend the remaining hour or so in studied idleness. The unfortunate loiterer was likely to be marched off by Mr. Henika, who assumed an air of mysterious severity, which foreboded terrible punishment, and set to carrying or stacking lumber, until he had purged away his sin of idleness—and incidentally, had worn most of the skin off his hands. Also, Mr. Henika was a strict disciplinarian, and woe to the Freshman whom he spied lounging or talking after
his edict of "'Tention!'" had gone forth. That luckless wight was sure to be summoned before that terrible seat of justice, the tool-room window, there to be sentenced to a cut or extra shop-time, or, at the very least, to be exposed to the stinging shafts of Mr. Henika's satire, whose ruthless tongue, as every one knows, is many times sharper than any of the keen-bladed tools over which he presides. Not the least unpleasant part of this expose was the mirth created at the expense of the culprit, who was generally glad enough to hide his diminished head amid the crowd of his laughing classmates, who were always ready to shout with joy at any ironical speech from the lips of their monarch, Mr. Henika. But this is, I fear, tending toward digression.

To return to the onward march of the two hundred, it is needless to say that in the face of these obstacles some were beginning to have a deeper and deeper conviction that their horoscopes had not pointed to engineering as a profession, and that other fields demanded their activities. This conviction waxed strong in proportion to the amount of time they spent at that student's Elysium, Comer's grocery store. With some, indeed, this conviction waxed so strong that, by dint of correspondence they persuaded the "home folks" that they had best be elsewhere before first term examinations took place. They decided that it would sound better to say that they had left school on account of the failure of their eyes, loss of eye-sight being preferable to ignominious death by examination, and so withdrew from the race while yet there was time.

Then came examinations with their terrible hours of suspense, their moments of desperation, and, finally, their subsequent lists of casualties. But no matter if these lists were long. Christmas was before us, and with ten days to recuperate we forgot our troubles, and came back, slightly decreased in numbers but nothing lacking in spirit, and now fully forwarned as to the nature of our work.

At last our weary Freshman year had dragged its length of days into the realm of the past, and then our band dispersed for a quiet three months of rest and pleasure. Our respite from work fled by all too soon, and we returned to take up our labors once more. With hearts emboldened by the thought that we had the satisfaction, at least, of knowing that we were no longer lowly Freshmen, we faced the Sophomore year, high hope throbbing once again in our breasts.

The Sophomore! "Aye, there's the rub." Little did we dream of the profound mysteries of Calculus, or how many of our valiant band would succumb thereto; little did we reck the puzzling processes of metallurgy; and of the physics laboratory, with its insoluble problems of light and sound, with its umbra and its penumbra, its refraction and reflection, its polarization and its perturbation, its viscosity and its velocity, its moments and its moduli we wist not. But, "Hope springs eternal in the human breast." So, with this great encourager, we toiled through the year and shortly began another.

Heroes of the athletic field we have had many, but the praises of these modern gladiators I leave to the facile pen of the class poet, whose great mind is, I have no doubt, even now weaving some immortal epic around the names of the heroes of '08. Therefore, lest I should intrude upon the rightful territory
of the bard, through the medium of whose incomparable and undying art—poesy—deeds of valor and strength are best rendered imperishable, I shall pass on to the progress of our class, without mentioning the records of its athletic leaders. It is not without regret, however, that the writer leaves unmentioned the valiant deeds of "Automobile" Clark, "Mogul" Adamson, "Red" Snyder, and so many others who have rendered illustrious the athletic annals of '08. But I must hasten on and trace our progress through the remaining two years, which have brought us to the pinnacle of graduation.

Do not imagine, patient reader, that our troubles ended with the Sophomore year. We had yet to pass up mechanism, with its cycloids, its epicycloids, and its helices; and analytic mechanics, that truly unintelligible study dealing with angles, moments, re-actions, forces, friction, acceleration, virtual velocities, "Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu'."

And German! The ancestors of the German must surely have been at Babel at the confusion of tongues, and there constructed out of the mixed remnants of language his grammar and vocabulary. Certainly the origin of the German language is reasonably accounted for in this way. The unpronounceable and almost unthinkable words and phrases of his language may sound reasonable to the native German, but to foreign ears they are surely surprising and perplexing. Such words, for instance, as Schwingungszahlenverhältniss, Drehungsgeschwindigkeit, Staubfädenverschiedenheit, and Unsterblichkeitsgedanke proved paralyzers, both to jaw and intellect to most of our class.

One bright remembrance from the Junior year, however, comes to our minds. The machine shop was the one haven where we sought rest. Who of us does not remember with pleasure the afternoons we spent riding leisurely back and forth on the machine planers, almost lulled to forgetfulness by the narcotic effect of its gliding motion? But, lest my indulgent readers tire of this repetition of the work-a-day details of our college life, let me move swiftly on to the conclusion of this chronicle. Our final year has been marked, perhaps, by fewer casualties in our ranks, and the warfare which the faculty waged upon us so relentlessly for three long years has, perhaps, lightened for some of us. Still we may paraphrase and say, "Few, few shall graduate where many entered," but we who have survived in the fight may comfort ourselves by hoping that the gradual diminishing in numbers has been but an illustration of the old law of the survival of the fittest. During our last year, which is now so nearly past, we have been more and more closely drawn together; we have had better opportunities of studying the nature and characteristics of each other; we have been more often associated in ways which taught us to know and respect each other; and we have been enabled to form friendships which will last throughout our lives. And though our tasks have at times seemed heavy and our days darkened with much labor, still we will, doubtless, in future years talk over these times not without emotion and with fond recollections of the days we spent at the Georgia Tech.

R. C. W., Class Historian.
CLASS PROPHECY

What a change five years have wrought in the class of Nineteen Hundred and Eight. Many of our illustrious members, after these many years, have found out that they are not "engineers" in its technical sense, although some few are following their chosen profession. Every member is actively engaged in some definite occupation, or pastime, and it is in these phases of life that I will attempt to place each man.

Who is this portly bald-headed gentleman on the front row, the one so much interested in the strawberry blonde in the pink tights? Can it possibly be my old friend Adair? Well, well, how time changes a man! Five years ago he was a close friend of Dr. Broughton, and was regarded by the "Hard Shell" Baptist denomination as a rising young missionary. It's wonderful how they change! Notice the expression on his face as the pink attired maiden kicks the bottom out of the "Giant's" silk hat.

What is the meaning of this queer noise breaking upon the stillness of the peaceful little village of Carrollton, Georgia? Sounds like the rattling of scrap iron, but upon closer inspection we find that it is only a "tin can" attached to the person of Chas. Adamson. We wonder why this should be, for he has been pitching great ball for the "Chicago Cubs" for two years or more. A sporting extra from the Carrollton Free Press, the next day, announces the fact that a great sensation was caused in the baseball world when it was discovered that Adamson, the man of no-hit fame, had achieved marvelous success by means of a very ingenious electrical device, the secret of which was this: When "Mogul" Adamson pressed the button upon the delivery of the ball, the batter was forced to strike. But one day, while pitching against Stone Mountain, the device failed to work and twenty-seven home-runs were plucked from his delivery. No wonder this tin can.

"Puck" Baldwin, thirsting after the knowledge offered by the greater universities, and also thirsting after something else, betook himself to Heidelberg immediately after his graduation at Tech. He is still at this great university, for he has found something here that he likes even better than knowledge. Imagine him sitting under a tree, his book in his hand, and his favorite drink near him, and you have a picture of perfect happiness.

"Tin-can" Cheney, still determined to get vengeance upon "The Dear Uncle," has at last decided to teach in an engineering school. That he is
getting vengeance will not be doubted at all, when we step into his class-room. He actually threatened to throw one of his students out of the room, and insisted upon telling him that he was totally devoid of common sense, when he asked him who invented the Corliss engine. We wonder if the professor in charge knows this.

While passing down one of the streets of Greater Atlanta, a city of one million or more inhabitants, an immense illuminated sign greets the eye. It reads thus: "Crumbley and Treanor, Electrical Engineers." These two men, after leaving school, united their most exceptional abilities, and success has followed their every movement. They have just been awarded the contract for constructing a subway from the Kimball House to Howell Station, the cars on this great system to be run by wireless electricity.

"Jim" Davenport and "Cherry" Emerson have been working unceasingly upon the problem of perpetual motion, since their graduation at Tech. It is rumored that they have succeeded although the device has never been patented for the reason that "Jim" insists upon "I seen it first" and "Cherry" "Now look what you went and done." We sincerely hope that these two men will adjust this little personal difficulty and benefit mankind by their great discovery.

The class of Nineteen Hundred and Eight seems to be rich in discoverers and inventors of fame. Hoyt Evans has startled the world by his discovery of what electricity really is, aside from its effects. He has also discovered the fact that terrestrial magnetism is caused by blocks of ice striking against the North Pole, thereby producing vibrations in the form of magnetism.

Fosterling has left our American shore and has gone to make Europe his home for good and all. Although we regret very much to lose him, we are proud of him for he has wooed and won the heart of a fair Princess. It is said that it was a case of love at first sight, for how could anyone resist his tempting smiles. Here's hoping that he will some day wear a jeweled crown.

"Who is that emitting those fiendish howls in the third cell to the left," I asked the keeper of a certain well-known insane asylum the other day, while on a tour of inspection. "Come, I will show you," he said. But the sight brought tears to my eyes and all thought of levity vanished, for on looking into the dark and padded cell, who should I see but my old classmate, George Gibbs. The keeper tapped his head significantly: "Gas engine" was all he said and as he turned away I understood. George had but paid the price of being the most brilliant inventor of his age.
“Ned” Goodier has at last risen into prominence in the chemical profession. He has made numerous discoveries in this branch of engineering, most notably among which are: That electrons are living animals and thrive best on a diet composed of Bull Durham and H2SO4; and that stale cheese is the best bait for a trap used to catch molecules. Ned’s private laboratory looks more like a “bug-house” than anything else, so we are not surprised at these discoveries.

Mr. S. J. Hargrove is now a recognized authority in civil engineering. His masterpiece is a “hot-air” bridge over “Gum Swamp.” Sidney says that as he lay on his downy couch, he dreamed that the equilibrium of this bridge was destroyed by a common field rabbit crossing it, consequently it fell. We hope that he will some day see fit to rebuild this great structure.

Perhaps the students who had the misfortune to reside in the dormitory during the regime of that most noble specimen of upright, unimpeachable and unbribable inspectorship, “Pinky” Henderson, will not be surprised to hear of the said “Pinky’s” present occupation. He is warden in the Pikeville County jail. There you will find him, still dispensing those magnetic smiles, and beaming goodwill upon the world in general.

Tom Johnson and George Hendrie, after their trial run from Savannah to New York, decided to spend the remainder of their life upon the “briny deep.” They are now the proprietors of a floating saloon, just off the coast of Savannah. Tom, on account of his hammer throwing abilities, slings drinks, while George plays “Home, Sweet Home” on the cash register.

My fair partner noticed my gasp of amazement as I gazed over the polished floor at the dancers forming for the cotillion. “What is it?” she asked quickly. “Isn’t that man leading off with Miss Rockabilt ‘Ikey’ Herndon?” I asked in turn. “That’s Mr. J. Peachtree Herndon, famous as the best cotillion leader in Washington,” she answered a little severely perhaps, to gently reprove me for my seeming familiarity with so exalted a person. “He is regarded as the most accomplished and polished man in the Capitol and is reported engaged to the president’s daughter,” she continued. But why should I be surprised, I mused to myself, for with a rush of memory I remembered the social aspirations of “Ikey” while still in college. Even then he was a “killer” with the ladies.

Hammond Hardin and George McCarty, two famous Arctic explorers, have succeeded in locating the North Pole. They made this trip with a boat driven by a “Gibbs Gas Engine,” so once more our distinguished inventor appears in the limelight of publicity. It is reported that they put cylinder oil in the bearings and journals of the pole, so don’t be surprised if you should feel
the world turning a little faster under your feet. They have just published a book on their travels, so fellow-students, buy one and read of the great perils these two fellows have undergone just to make the world move a little faster.

And now we have a representative in the theatrical world in the person of G. C. Howe. After applying his intellect to the electrical world for five years, he has concluded that his calling in life is "Tinker-bells," namely, something imaginary. He is still playing the part of "Tinker-bells," but he makes the noise with an ordinary dinner-bell, for this is all he acquired in the way of knowledge while in college.

"Dan" McIntyre, having achieved such wonderful success as advertising manager for the Tech Athletic Association, decided, upon leaving school, to make this his vocation. Mr. Clem Hackney, upon hearing of this determination, immediately offered him the position of advance agent for "Hamlin's Wizard Oil Shows." When Dan was last seen he was engaged in decorating a gin-house at Stroud's Cross Roads with these posters.

Will you be surprised to learn that "Chinch" McClure, a member of the '08 baseball team and also known as the laziest man in school, is now practicing law, being a member of one of the most prominent firms in America? One day while in his office he was very busy, and was actually seen running across the room to get a book. Very strange indeed, for "Chinch" during his whole college career was never known to move any faster than a snail can crawl.

Who ever dreamed of such a thing? A graduate of a prominent technical school, accepting the position as brakeman on a local freight. Well, this actually happened in the case of Kollock, but then he has a motive for so doing, for he is going to work his way step by step to the position of president of the railroad. If it takes as long for each step as it did for this one he will never get there.

One day while in Chicago, I noticed posters in the windows of the stores, announcing the fact that the president of the "Anti-Marriage Society" would address the public in the theatre, the same night. Being very curious to hear what he would say I went, and who should I hear but my old friend Pope. How time changes things. We all thought that he was in the Philippine Islands, but here he is traveling around the United States making speeches on this vital question. But then you will not be surprised if you recall the antagonism that he held against the "gentler sex" during his college days.

Among our classmates whose names are written in the halls of fame, we find that of "Willie" Snyder. Immediately after leaving school he began a
tour of Europe on a motorcycle. While climbing the Alps, he conceived the idea of building an escalator up the side of the Matterhorn. This he did and it proved a wonderful pecuniary success. Having reaped a golden harvest from this scheme, he was enabled to continue his travels through all of Europe, Asia and finally into Africa. One day while picking up precious stones on the banks of the Congo, his gorgeous red head was spied by a tribe of native Africans. The color scheme was so pleasing to their aesthetic nature that he was made "big chief" of the tribe, and he now plays the game of "wooz" as a pastime.

N. H. Slaughter is now following his chosen profession, electrical engineering. This bright young man still holds the position that he held five years ago, so we conclude that he stands high in the estimation of his employers. It is rumored that he is to be promoted next year, so we feel very proud of him and sincerely hope that he will be as popular a motorman on the College Park line as he was on the Marietta St. car.

I was having a little heart-to-heart talk with the president of Brazil, when the door was suddenly thrown open and a bronzed, well-built young man entered, a look of exasperation and determination written on his face. The haughty, overbearing little president's former attitude changed immediately to one of servility as the stranger thundered "Why haven't you finished those negotiations with the United States for the right of way of my railroad over the Panama Canal?" "Don't you know that the line to College Park must be completed by October 1?" "The present road is no good." "Why, they don't even run cars after one o'clock in the morning." "A man can't make a decent call." Where had I heard that voice, that seemed so familiar? Then suddenly I remembered and in another instant was shaking hands with "Chip" Robert, the former captain of the '08 baseball team, all-round athlete, and "hot-shot" society man. The trembling president, noticing the interruption, vanished, and a few moments later over a glass each, of the real stuff (it's wet down here), "Chip" was telling me confidently that while South America was all right for a while, the real and only place in this world for him was College Park.

Alas! who would have thought of it? One of our distinguished classmates is a bar-tender. "Silas Marner" himself would never have dreamed of such a thing, but Ray Werner seems to be proud of his profession. "I've made lots of money out of this business," Ray said as he passed the drinks across the bar, "for my knowledge of chemistry has helped me wonderfully. I can make some drinks that taste as good as the ten-year-old real stuff, and no one knows the difference." Ray's motto is "Graft, graft, everybody grafts."

I was walking slowly down one of the principal streets of Athens, Greece, my mind turning musingly to the stirring scenes once enacted in this famous
old city, when my meditation was rudely shaken and I was suddenly brought to the present by the yell of a newsboy crying lustily: "Extra! Extra! All about the Olympic games! Sweet, the American, wins the shot-put contest." That name sounded familiar, so I bought a copy, and, fellow classmates, this is what I read in big headlines: "Sweet, the auburn-haired American, puts the shot ninety-seven feet."

At last the values of the hitherto indeterminate quantities have been found. For ages mathematicians have been baffled by $0 \div 0$, $0 \div \infty$, and $\infty$. They were never able to settle just what these were equal to, and it remained for a graduate of the Georgia Tech to remove the difficulties and to present to the world the true solutions of these, the most abstruse problems in the whole mathematical field. We find the name of Mr. E. S. Summer, whom we knew as "Mug," heralded and blazoned forth as the mathematical genius responsible for this great discovery. His neighbors in Newberry, S.C., say that they are in no way surprised since Mr. Summer has been wont, even in his boyhood days, to display a wonderful talent in mathematics. These good people also report that his fame has not turned his head and that he is as great a favorite of the fair sex as in his palmiest college days.

"Sunset and evening star
And one clear call"—whoa Mike!

Down upon a cozy little farm in Talbot County there resides one of the most prosperous farmers in that section. Our old friend "Deacon" Woodall, after applying his brilliant intellect to the mechanical world for five years, has accidently succeeded in applying "Whitworth's Quick Return Motion" to all quadrupeds, most effectively, however, to the mule. This invention has proved greatly remunerative to the inventor, hence "Deacon" and his charming little wife are very comfortably situated in their magnificent ante-bellum home.

Down in a little African village near the sea-coast, we can find Mr. H. A. Young, engaged in the effort of uplifting his fellow man. When Georgia went "dry" he resolved to be a missionary. He carries the spirit with him always, but he sells it to the savages on the sly. No wonder he has converted so many, for who wouldn't be converted if there is anything like this coming to him?

A checked suit of clothes, a red vest, a green tie and a large diamond stud confronts the visitor upon his arrival at the Roulette wheel in Monte Carlo. Behind all these we find our old classmate, Mr. Woolfolk. He spends his time turning this great mechanical device, and smiles when a youth walks up to the table and places his hard-earned coin over one of the numbers. We understand that Mr. Woolfolk's knowledge of higher mathematics is the cause of his turning gambler.
Who can this noble specimen of humanity, seated upon the back of a small domestic animal, be? Here he comes skirting the walls of old Jerusalem, waving palm branches aloft. Well, well, it is our old classmate, "Babe" Vaughan, returning from a pilgrimage to the "Holy Land." We can account for this in no way other than "Babe" like the pilgrims of old, got the inspiration.

Notice the expression of delight on the ringmaster's face as he cracks the whip at the prancing horses in the circus. "Grits" Rice is the head ringmaster for these great shows. We always knew that "Grits" was an active man, so we do not wonder at his present occupation.

The class of Nineteen Hundred and Eight has a typical representative in nearly every phase of life, so it befell our old friend "Pritchard" to enter the ministry. After leaving school he entered a prominent Theological Seminary, and now he is the good shepherd of a flock. We understand that he has succeeded in separating the goats from the lambs, so he has accomplished something after all.

Last, but not least, the whole class of Nineteen Hundred and Eight has risen into prominence, by one of her members being awarded the contract to complete the Panama Canal. Spivey has been awarded this contract, and the work is to be completed in two years. So fellows, if any of you should desire a change of position, just call upon him at his office in Washington.

"Nay, Love, Grieve Not"

Nay, love, grieve not beside thy fair rose-tree,
    To see
    A thorn lie hid 'neath every bud that blows:
Rather rejoice, that on a poor bare thorn
    Is born
So rare a wonder as a perfect rose.

—P.
Song of the Georgia Tech

We are the men of the Georgia Tech,
   The children of the Age of Steel;
With brawn and skill, with brain and will,
   We seek our country's weal.
In furnace glare and forge's flare,
   We shape our plan;
The web we weave, the sledge we heave,
   The bridge we span;
With flash of steam, we fix supreme
   The might of Man,—
Great Nature's lord reveal.

Dear Georgia Tech, thy name we'll wear,
   Thy fame we'll e'er uphold;
We'll give the honor to the Engineer,
   And rally round the White and Gold.

We are the men of the Georgia Tech,
   The children of the Age of Love;
For e'er the heart will bear its part
   Our country's worth to prove.
Fair college days, thy pleasant praise
   We now proclaim;
Dear joys that bind us heart and mind
   In friendship's name,
Let strength and youth, let faith and truth
   Be still the same,—
A priceless treasure trove.

Dear Georgia Tech, nor shame nor fear
   Shall e'er our hearts enfold;
We'll live the honor of the Engineer,
   And rally round the White and Gold.

—P.
Class Organization

Z. V. Myers  . . . . . . . . . . . . . .  President
L. C. Connally  . . . . . . . . . . . . . .  Vice-President
A. P. Jones  . . . . . . . . . . . . . .  Secretary and Treasurer
G. W. Barnwell  . . . . . . . . . . . . . .  Historian
Junior Class Roll

W. E. Adamson, M.E.
W. L. Adamson, M.E.
H. H. Arrington, T.E.
J. W. Barkdull, M.E.
G. W. Barnwell, E.E.

L. C. Connally, E.E.
J. R. Cook, E.E.
A. B. Cundell, E.E.
J. G. Cureton, E.E.
H. C. Downing, M.E.

F. H. Gardner, M.E.
F. P. Gary, M.E.
O. L. Harrison, M.E.
E. S. Horsley, C.E.
A. P. Jones, M.E.

Z. V. Myers, C.E.
W. T. Pool, M.E.
E. H. Rogers, T.E.
H. Y. Round, E.E.
W. L. Simons, E.C.

S. I. Bell, T.E.
C. O. Berry, C.E.
C. E. Bostwick, Jr., E.E.
J. G. Chapman, T.E.
W. C. Clarke, T.E.

H. M. Dumas, E.C.
G. W. Duncan, Jr., T.E.
R. Fernandez, C.E.
I. S. Ford, E.E.
F. R. Gable, C.E.

T. L. Lewis, Jr., T.E.
G. F. Luck, T.E.
C. R. Morris, M.E.
E. H. Muse, M.E.
P. H. Myers, C.E.

E. W. Smith, E.E.
W. S. Tutwiler, E.E.
L. I. Wallin, E.E.
W. M. Wilcox, Jr., E.E.
W. L. Williams, M.E.

J. Wright, M.E.
JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

They placed a pen into my hand,
And said, “Be thou a poet.”
I can do naught but write in prose,
So I would have you know it.

1904-'05. The first we hear of the Juniors is when they were called the Subs. At this period of their existence they were a wild, roving band, poorly organized and looking for trouble—which they found. However, as no people can exist without a ruler or head of some kind, these Subs duly elected a president, a vice-president and all that. These honored ones have passed beyond now.

1905-'06. When this band marshalled itself to eke out another year's misery together, they should have been called Apprentices, but those people called the Faculty, by whom they had been conquered, decreed that they should be known as Freshmen. They, at least, had the honor of being the first Freshman Class. Their uniform consisted of beautiful (?) blue hats with a yellow button and edging, and '09 emblazoned on the front in yellow silk.

It was not till now that the orators and statesmen came into the limelight. There was Furman, president of the class, also president of the next three Freshman classes. Long shall we remember Abe Ellis, the stump speaker, afterwards immortalized by the name “T-square,” though why “T-square” no one knows, for Abe was a noted “round-R.”

And Abe’s friend and colleague, Hugh King Allen, called by himself King Hugh, the one-time historian. And who can ever forget Ruck McCarty, the athlete, second only to Hackenschmidt; and Gordon Smith, that noble fullback on the Scrub team. Then there was Apple Pie Jones, secretary to president, and John Willie Barkdull, from the everglades and alligator swamps of Louisiana. It was at this period of their history that “Bones” Garner began to play such spectacular baseball, and Graveyard Cureton to look so glum.

1906-'07. Next is the period of 1906-'07, and it is indeed sad to write about. During this year this noble little band was sorely harassed by their enemies, the Profs. More battles of note, and many minor encounters took place than at any other time in their history. The Profs decreed that the name of these people should again be changed from Freshmen to Sophomores, so Sophomores they were. The great military leaders were given their chance to cope with the enemy. “Many were called but few were chosen.” “Skinny” Maddox thought that he was, but it was his bluff that was called, not “Skinny.” His motto was “To always try to do the best I can,” but the presidency must have turned Skinny’s head—or emptied it, for he “flunked” and is no more.

As I have said before, everything military was in order. The Sharpshooters were the Lions of the Hour. ’Twas during this year that Generals
Murray and Gary, assisted by that grand foreign ally, Fernandez, made such a noble stand against the Profs at the battle of Calculus. And ’twas then that many of the would-be heroes, such as Evander King, Louis Wilcox and “Gloomy Gus” White, were forced by the Profs to flee to the country of the Freshmen and the Special Textiles.

It was about this time that William Stanhope Tutwiler came from far away Virginia to aid in the struggle for independence. Although ’twas a time for warlike things, a great poet was developed in the person of William Van Goidtsnoven. Many poems did Van God-knows-when write, but none of them reach that height of excellence attained in “The Snow.” Yes, that’s where they laid him when he was accidentally shot at the Battle of Calculus.

1907-’08. In September, 1907, a grand review of the army was held on the Academic Steppes. The ranks of the regulars were very much thinned by sickness (?) and the poor food rationed out to them by the commissary department. It was decided to again change names, this time to the Juniors. The offices of state were filled by Ad Vance Myers, president; “Pud Lowndes” Connally, vice-president. Old Mince Pie Jones was given a life sentence at Secretaryship and Harvard Yale Round unanimously elected “Hope of the State.” And the Juniors had a football team—oh well.

Right here let it be said that this little band of Spartans—no, I mean Juniors, was exceedingly generous, for they always gave Luck to the football team, and John Chapman to the baseball team. During this year a kind of truce was kept between the Profs and the Juniors by what was called The Honor System, much to the satisfaction of both.

In February, 1908, there was a terrible freeze, and one of the military leaders, Eric Smith by name, was snowed up in the mountain passes of College Park till aid could be sent him.

This is the history up to the present time, but mind you, the Juniors are still manufacturing history, which will no doubt be published at some future time.

Note: If there should be any objection to the above, remember that it was written by George Washington Bings, the College Story Teller.

GEO. W. BARNWELL,
Historian.

Falling Leaves

The tree of life stands shivering in the biting wind;
Beneath its baring boughs, amid sore leaves, the Mind
Her desolation cries,
Softly the Soul replies,
“How close these pleasant leaves have shut thee in! Now, see
The eternal stars sweep by in silent majesty.”

—P.
Class Organization

Harry J. Wood .................... President
John S. Baldwin .................. Vice-President
Frank B. Atkinson ............... Secretary and Treasurer
William C. Wright .............. Historian
SOPHOMORE CLASS
Sophomore Class Roll

Joseph S. Alexander
Lucius J. Arrington
Frank B. Atkinson
I. M. Auld
John S. Baldwin

Royston Cabaniss
Earl F. Chandler
William McC. Childs
Walton R. Clark
Paul M. Coleman

Archibald Davis
Lysle W. Edwards
Luther Elgin
William M. Fellers
Harold W. Ferst

Fritz W. Hausmann
John G. Hazlehurst
Pierce C. Herault
Homer W. Hesterly
Eugene D. Hill

Earl Johnston
John W. Jones
Clarence E. Jones
B. Kaufman
William D. Kellog

Frank M. Legg
Roy C. Lightner
Henry C. Lumpkin
Evan H. Lyons
William B. Marshall

Allen S. Bedell
Clifford A. Betts
Elden F. Brewster
William E. Burkholder, Jr.
Augustus M. Burt

Charles A. Collier
Walter F. Cook, Jr.
Archie G. R. Crawford
David H. Cronheim
Robin B. Doughtry

James W. Flythe
Frank Y. Freeman, Jr.
Marion L. Gaines
John A. Gantt
Nichols W. Halliday, Jr.

Samuel N. Hodges
Milton W. Howard, Jr.
Ernest D. Ivey
Joseph W. Ivy
Frank S. Jacobs

Carl L. Kimbell
Evander A. King
Edward F. Lafitte
O. H. Lang
Morton H. Levy

James J. May
Courtsworth P. Means
Paul R. Millsaps
Frank Mitchell
Louis R. Mobley
A Handful of Shavings

The Freshman—"The leading lady had what you might call a falsetto voice."

The Sub.—"Yes, and she also had what you might call a false set of teeth."

The Freshman—"Is it still the custom for a fellow to get down on his knees when he proposes to you?"

The Lady—"No, Freshie, but he must get down on his upper lip, first."

Scientific Note—Hunter Muse has discovered a valuable deposit of "Rose quarts" near Chattanooga, Tenn.

The Freshman—"It is remarkable the way Bill Burt lands on his feet no matter what happens."

The Sub.—"Judging from appearances I don't see how you could expect him to do otherwise."

Sherman said, "War is hell." It is evident from this remark that Sherman never went to Tech.

W. L. Simons.
HISTORY OF THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

EW classes in the history of our collegiate world have made greater strides towards development and progress than the Sophomore Class of 1910. The class started as a band of Subs in the fall of 1905 with high prospects of becoming Technical Engineers. This was only a preparatory stage, but the record as subbies was an irreproachable one. The fittest who survived returned in the fall of 1906, and together with the new candidates for initiation, composed the Freshman Class of 1910 about one hundred and seventy-five strong.

Our many accomplishments in this stage formed a powerful length in our onward march. It would take volumes to enumerate, what the class did as Freshmen, with such men as “Lafitte,” “Lobster” Brown, Buchanan and scores of others that might be mentioned. Suffice it to say that most all of the class were able by June to saw square blocks and eat a meal in the mess hall.

On the following fall the chosen ones out of the large body of Freshmen of the previous year were launched forth as Sophomores. The class readily realized its responsibility, and set to work to make this the best Sophomore year in the history of Tech. The class is one unit, and each individual feels a personal interest in his brother Sophomore. There is no phase of college life but what the class is an important factor.

In the class-room the high standard is maintained. The class of 1910 is the first Sophomore class in the history of the school to adopt the honor system. The fellows delve down into the much loved calculus and the romantic (?) sciences with untiring energy, and it is with pride that we predict almost its entire graduation in 1910. Athletics reached their zenith only through the powerful aid of the class, that was well represented in track, tennis, football and baseball. Our class teams were by far the best, and could have done better if they had not taken so much of our material and placed it on the Varsity teams.

So toiling and rejoicing we are marching onward, gradually approaching the coveted sheepskins. Engineers we hope to be, engineers we will be. Outsiders do not understand us, but there are few but what do not wish for our places. With the highest sympathy to those who call themselves above us in name, and to those below us, we close.

W. C. Wright,
Historian.
FRESHMAN

Class Organization

Montgomery S. Hill .................................. President
Van Holt Garrett .................................... Vice-President
Montgomery S. Hill .................................. Treasurer
W. Pope Barney ...................................... Historian
Freshman Class Roll

Victor R. Abrams
Frank S. Adkins
Walter A. Aichel
J. Rush Allen
Wm. A. Alexander
Claud E. Anderson
Allan T. Artley
H. Stewart Baird
Wm. P. Barney
Wm. T. Bales
J. Collier Beall
Lewis C. Benson
Hubert B. Beckwith
Edward A. Bleakley
Ollie W. Bowen
Charles B. Branan
Eugene A. Brooks
James S. Brice
Carliss Buchanan
R. Archie Burroughs
J. Perry Burruss
John C. Chapple
John T. Clarke
Joe A. Clifton, Jr.
Wm. B. Coleman
Marcus H. Cohen
Neward C. Collier
Clifford A. Cowles
James E. Crane
James D. Dawson
Raymond L. Harriss
A. H. Hammett
Roy C. Head
Numa C. Hero
Albert J. Henderson
Dean Hill
Montgomery S. Hill
Frank W. Holt, Jr.
Edward B. Hook
Milton R. Howard
Walter S. Hulsey
Carroll L. Hurst
Albert S. Hutt
R. Brockett Ingle
George S. Inglesby
Joseph E. Inglesby
A. Edward Johnson
Robt. A. Kelley
Arnold Kunze
George J. Kollock
Hayes A. Kroner
Harry W. Loving
W. Arthur Markley
John D. Mathis
J. Philip Matthews
J. Dixon McCarty
Wm. B. McGarey
Lawrence J. McPhaul
Kenneth C. McRae
Wm. M. Murphy
Val S. Dawson
D. Clinton Dawkins
Harry L. Dix
Paul Durden
Milton L. Donaldson
Emile Fallaize
Monie A. Ferst
W. Pope Fleming
Wallace W. Fraser
Frederick W. Frye
Van Holt N. Garrett
Frederick H. Goette
Robt. F. Golden
Wm. H. Goodloe
Bartis E. Goodman
Richard A. Gould
Mark A. Greene
Linwood F. Green
Thomas D. Gwinn
David E. Hamilton
J. Bryan Taylor
Robt. O. Thomas
Leon H. Tippins
Ross O. Tingley
W. H. Westberry
W. L. Wilkinson
Joseph T. Nash
R. W. Neel
Clyde L. Nelms
German Novoa
Stanley M. Oliver
L. Wilson Paschal
H. Wayne Patterson
Wm. M. Robinson
Hamilton R. Sago
Henry H. Simon
Wm. G. Shingler
Randolph Shaffer
Capers M. Simmons
Bryce Smith
H. Roy Smith
John T. Starke
Jack J. Spalding
Frank Suarez
Roger Suarez
Jeff Summeron
J. Alman Tommins
Earle Walton
Julian Walton
Henry G. Weaver
Dan H. Woodward
Roland Woodward, Jr.
HISTORY OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS

If the reader has ever attempted to write a class history, he will remember that it was not easy and will kindly refrain from too harsh criticism.

In the beginning we were “Subs,”—but the history of that period is painful to the majority of us. We spent a large portion of our time receiving the little end of everything and pretending that we liked it. We swept out whole divisions and acted as sponges for numerous buckets of water thrown from upper windows. We stayed in all one Friday night to memorize the rule book; tried in vain to get bath checks, and received a beating every time we ventured to open our lips in public. In short, we were thumped and bumped and fooled and made fun of until we were heartily disgusted with life and would have committed suicide but for the satisfaction gotten by beating the Sophomores in baseball, and the hope of being Freshmen hereafter.

This year we are Freshmen and are proud of the fact. Before exams we had the goodly number of one hundred and forty-six names enrolled as 1911 men. At the beginning of the term we elected our officers and got down to hard work. We turned out the usual number of “flunk-outs” and still have with us the regulation number of “Doctors” and “Skeptics.” In addition to these, we have some “grinds” and a few smart men, but they are greatly in the minority, as any professor will tell you. A notable achievement and one we are proud of is the turning out of a football team that was not scored on. Captain Hook and his team have certainly won the regard of every Freshman by their splendid playing.

At the first of the year the question of the honor system was brought before the class. No action was taken, however, and nothing more has been said on the subject. Is or is not that the proper spirit to show?

Shortly after Christmas one of our number, Mr. T. B. Walker, died. He was well liked by many, and his death was keenly felt by all who knew him.

This is no compendium of Freshman history and I am going to stop right now. If the reader really wants to know more, he had better get a 1911 man to spin the yarn orally for him.

W. P. Barney,
Historian.
Class Organization

W. G. Smith . . . . . . . . . . . . . President
Ralph Irwin . . . . . . . . . . . . . Vice-President
D. C. Black . . . . . . . . . . . . . Secretary and Treasurer
"Reuben Hayseed" . . . . . . . . . . . Historian
Apprentice Class Roll

B. B. Adams
C. E. Aiken
C. N. Aikens
A. W. Almand
T. H. Austin, Jr.

D. C. Black
T. T. Blakely
H. Bond
C. B. Brooks
A. T. Brooks

E. W. Carr
W. M. Carr
C. C. Carson
W. B. Clark
T. E. Cox

J. R. Davis
L. Deloach
W. Desprez
G. O. Dervey
J. P. Burkee

D. A. Finlayson
A. F. Fitzsimmons
R. H. Flournoy
R. M. Fortson
E. H. Fraser, Jr.

W. S. Goddard
P. F. Gould
N. Griffin
B. M. Hall, Jr.
R. J. Hancek

R. Ayres
F. W. Bennett
H. R. Barnes
P. Basil
S. R. Biossat

D. H. Brown
N. B. Brown
J. F. Burke
F. C. Bussey
C. A. Byrd

C. L. Cranford
W. A. Crowe
C. L. Cranley
F. I. Davidson
J. S. Davidson

J. F. Dobbs
R. W. Edmonds
W. A. Emerson
R. Falligant
C. D. Farman

A. C. Frazier
W. P. Garmany
N. C. Geise
L. L. Giddens
C. M. Ginn

C. L. Hardwick
C. J. Harvin
D. W. Harris
B. Haynes
M. Haynes
A. P. Hill
C. Hinton
L. O. Hinton
C. E. Holmes
G. M. Hope
J. A. Hudson
L. Hull
P. Ingram
R. D. Irwin
W. Irwin
W. K. Jenkins
G. B. Jewett, Jr.
R. P. Johnson
W. M. Johnson
E. M. Jones
F. W. Knight
H. G. Kuhrt
W. H. Lamar
G. B. Lamkin
J. A. Landers
S. O. Lokey
W. S. Looper
N. Mannarsch
L. Mann
J. N. Manry
B. Mell
C. E. Melton
W. G. Miller
J. A. Milligan
I. B. Middledorf
F. B. McDonald
T. H. McDowell
G. N. McGrath
F. C. McKinney
J. A. McLeod
S. N. Noble
R. P. Oliveros
O. N. Owen
J. D. Padgett
D. W. Parrish
W. S. Quarterman
R. G. Ridgely
W. L. Reynolds
C. H. Ridley
F. H. Robert
D. Sader
J. B. Scales
J. E. Scruggs
F. C. Semmes
J. B. Sims
P. Smith
W. G. Smith
G. A. Speer
H. T. Spence
T. L. Starnes
A. A. Thomas
J. C. Thompson
P. Thompson
G. C. Tillman
C. H. Travis
R. C. Wheeler
R. H. Williams
L. G. Pease
R. H. Pharr
J. H. Pitts
C. C. Porter
H. N. Pye
J. Y. Roberts
P. T. Robinson
J. A. Roby
G. T. Rogers
H. T. Ross
B. W. Sinclaire
T. S. Sloan
A. H. Smith
A. Q. Smith
G. A. Smith
E. M. Steele
G. L. Stratham
J. C. Swearingen
R. A. Taylor
N. N. Teague
R. D. Vandyke
J. Walden
A. Washington
C. A. Watt
W. H. Westhall
N. A. Winn
B. E. Yancey
EN I comed to this 'ere skule in September, I didn't no nobody, an nobody didn't no me. Funny tho how ev'rybody node my name wus Rube, wasn't it? My ticket to get in clas wid had on it "Apprentice," but by hooky they all called me sub. I don't jes zackly no whut sub means, but I low as how it means sompen fine, cus I'm one.

And I founded out dot dere wus heaps of subs jes like me, only some on 'em had done been here fur to or 3 yares. One day all the subs wus ast by de president Mathewsome too stay in after chaple. You'd be sprised to see how meny subs their wus their. We 'lected Suga Smith president of the clas; Ralph Irwin, vicepres; Red Black, sec and tresrur, an me histriion. I ast 'em whut histriion ment an they sed it ment to rite histry, an thats whut I have did.

Us subs got ambisius and had a football team, with Hicks capten an Irwin mgr. We had a good football team cus subs don't have too study to much, so we won right smart uv our games. But wen Xams comed 'long 'bout febrery it like ter busted up our sub clas. Lots on 'em flunked. Flunked means didn't pas. I flunked on evything cepen clasiks an messhall, and got put on probasion in bath room.

Wen spring comed 'long us subs got ambisius onct more an got us up a baseball team wid Bob Hightour capting an Sugar Smith mgr.

Den somebody sed dat it wus "up to me" as histriion to rite de clas a histry for de Annule, whut they wus goin to have an so dis is it an its all I no.

(Sined) RUBEN HAYSEED,
Histriion.
SPECIAL TEXTILE CLASS

Class Organization

W. G. Burt . . . . . . . . . . . . . President
C. Buchanan . . . . . . . . . . . . . Vice-President
H. C. Moore . . . . . . . . . . . . . Secretary and Treasurer

Class Roll

S. I. Bell
W. H. Bone
S. I. Brice
C. Buchanan
W. G. Burt
R. A. Morgan
T. J. McPhaul
R. Shaffer
W. G. Shingler
T. M. Stienheimer
G. A. Bennet
C. B. Brooks
J. C. Brown
F. B. Derrick
D. E. Hamilton
D. Hill
E. A. Johnson
J. Loeb
H. Moore
J. D. Sutcliff
K. Watson
W. H. Westberry
L. B. Wilcox
B. B. Wolfe
T. W. Jones
F. Saunders
W. A. Sims
H. C. Clifton
H. M. Erwin
Soon after the opening of the Carnegie Library at the Georgia School of Technology, there was held a "book shower" to give friends of the school an opportunity of filling some of the numerous vacancies on the library shelves; and among the many friendly donations was a box of books from one of the old homes of Liberty county. These books were mainly old editions of such standard works as might have found place in the library of a Southern gentleman before the War of the States. One volume, however, was peculiarly interesting. It was a copy of "The Confessions of Jean Jacques Rousseau," printed in the original French and bearing the imprint of "Paris: 1840." Its leather cover and yellowed pages gave evidence of much usage; many passages were underlined, and the margins were crowded with penciled comment. But the point of deepest interest was a bit of verse scribbled on a flyleaf and wearing the title which appears at the head of this article.

The poem is perhaps of small literary worth, but there is something about it that impressed the finder as unusual, and he forthwith began inquiries as to the personality of the man whose name was written below it. Recently the writer has received a letter from the donor of the packet of books that not only throws light upon the matter, but greatly increases the interest of the poem. Below is printed the letter and the poem in full, the names being withheld in accordance with a request.

"My Dear Sir: It gives me great pleasure to tell you what I know regarding the person you mention in connection with the poem that has recently come into your hands. The name you indicate recalls to me what was at once one of the most delightful and most distressing episodes in my rather long life, for he who bore that name was one of the nearest friends I have known, whose memory is precious to me as are few memories and whose companionship has influenced my entire life.

"I entered the University of Georgia soon after the close of the Civil War, and there met the man who was to become so dear to me during the four years of my college life. I remember him as I first saw him. A tall, slender boy of about seventeen, with a dark olive complexion that was, under the slightest excitement or emotion, relieved by a deep red glow in his cheek; long, waving, intensely black hair, and peculiarly large dark eyes. He would commonly have been called unusually handsome, and yet his was scarcely a beauty that attracted. There was something strange, almost impish, about it; and, when under excitement, his eyes glowed with such peculiar, almost terrible light, that one felt as if there were something unholy about it all. You see how vivid an impression his appearance made upon me."
"He was not generally popular. The boys did not understand him, and few boys care to put themselves to the trouble of understanding a man in any way peculiar; it is far simpler and easier merely to ‘drop’ him. Such was the policy we boys followed. In fact, during the first year we two were almost strangers. This is the less to be wondered at, as my tastes were active and athletic, whereas he seldom took any part in our outdoor amusements.

"My attention was first strongly attracted to him, during our second year, by an unexpected incident. An upper-classman made some rather insulting remark about his ‘effeminacy.’ In an instant the lad turned upon him, and though the upper-classman was much the larger, would I believe have killed him had we not separated them. It was the first time I had seen him angry, and I remember to-day how fiercely beautiful he appeared.

"From that day an acquaintance sprang up between us which before many months ripened into friendship. One night he told me the story of his life, a simple but sad little history. His mother was of Creole blood, and his father an American. His home had been on one of the great sugar plantations of Louisiana before the war, and there he had passed a perfect childhood with his parents, two sisters, and an elder brother. During the war his home had been burned, his father and his brother had been killed in the storming of Vicksburg, and his mother, overcome by the weight of misfortune, had died in an asylum. There was still wealth in the family, and the sisters had found a home with their maternal aunt in New Orleans. The loss of father, brother, and mother rested like a cloud above the horizon of my friend’s life, and I think this in a large degree accounted for his quiet, retiring habits.

"As I grew to know him better, I began to realize how little I knew him at all. He was the strangest man I have ever known,—or, perhaps, it would be more exact to call him two men in one, for he came nearer embodying the ‘Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,’ of Stevenson’s wonderful story, than anything else I can think of. At times he was quiet and thoughtful, but entertaining and even lively. Again, he would be seized by an impenetrable melancholy, and would then appear as though possessed of a veritable devil,—he would curse, rave, stoop to the lowest and grossest depths of dissipation and drunkenness and debauchery. And when such a spell was past, I have had him come into my room and weep like a child with remorse. He would strive to resist these wayward impulses, make all sorts of resolutions; but always, however much he would desire for reform, he would at last look up at me despairingly and say, ‘It’s no use. When the impulse comes I shall do it all over again. I can’t help it. God knows I try, but I can’t. God help me!’ But I must not let myself dwell too long on this subject.

"As I have said, our friendship grew very close. I cared for him very dearly, and I believe he also cared deeply for me—even in his ‘days,’ as he called the periods of his dissipation. He often passed weeks at my home, where it was his delight to linger browsing in the library. The summer after our graduation, he accepted my urgent invitation to spend the vacation with me among the North Carolina mountains. This climate agreed with him,
and he became livelier than I had ever before seen him. Only on rare and
infrequent occasions did he seem to feel the weight of his melancholia, and
at such times he generally walked out among the mountains alone, declining
even my proffered company. He always said, 'he could fight it out better
by himself.'

"One night, very late, he came into my room and told me that another
of his 'days' was coming over him and that he was going to start out on a
long mountain walk early next morning. He appeared loth to leave me, and
sat on my bedside talking a long time. Then he did something very sur-
prising. He grasped my hand tight and said, 'If anything happens to me,
remember that I thank you for all you have been to me and that I love you,'
and leaning over he lightly kissed my forehead. Then he hurried out of
the room.

"For the moment I was somewhat taken aback at this last demonstration;
but I had long before learned always to expect the unexpected where he was
concerned, so speedily dismissed this and his last words from my mind.

"The next morning, as I expected, he was gone. I thought nothing of it
until he failed to return at night. When at the next noon he was still ab-
sent, I became alarmed and organized a search party. We did not have to
search far. About three miles from my cottage was a steep cliff, where we
often talked and read together. At the foot of this cliff we found him. The
slight, graceful body was sorely broken by the fall, but even the rocks had
spared his face. And as I then saw it, all that was sad and evil had van-
ished, and only the strange, wonderful beauty lingered there. It was the
face of that part of my friend which was noblest, purest, most lovable.

"I never knew how he fell from the cliff, but preferred to believe it was
accidental. We could not send him to Louisiana, so we buried him in a
valley just back of my cottage; and there he sleeps to-day.

"It has caused me some pain to write this, and I fear that after all my
letter will not be what you wish. If, however, you wish to use it, incomplete
as it is, I shall be very happy to have assisted you in unraveling the little
mystery of the verses.

"I thank you for aiding me in securing the return of the Rousseau. I
wonder that this relic of a day that is dead should have escaped my attention
until you found it for me. For this, too, I am very grateful.

"With the sincere regard of an old alumnus to a younger son of what is,
after all, our common Mater, I beg to remain,

Very faithfully yours,

Below are the verses complete:

"To-morrow."

"To-morrow," I cried, "will I cleanly be,"
But my brain was sodden with wine.
"To-morrow," I cried, "from my lust I'll flee,"
As I reveled in filth with the swine.
"I will cleanse my soul of its foul stain,
And my lips of their curses wild;
I'll begin my life all over again,
Like the life of a little child."

But the morrow came, and the wine was red,
And the woman's face was fair;
"Ah no! not to-day, but to-morrow," I said,
And I laughed in the Devil's lair.

Thus, day after day, do I vainly think
To vanquish this hideous spell;
Yet, day after day, do I ever sink
More deep in the depths of Hell.

I know there's a God who rules the strife,
And a Heaven beyond the tomb;
But always the deeds I would bring to life
Lie unborn in the Future's womb.

It is always the Present I have at hand,
And the Future is ever afar;
And the sin of to-day my judge shall stand
At God's great judgment bar.
FRATERNITIES
ALPHA TAU OMEGA FRATERNITY

Entered Georgia Tech 1888

COLORS: Old Gold and Sky Blue
FLOWER: White Tea Rose

MEMBERS
Frater in Facultate
Dr. William H. Emerson

1908
Cherry Logan Emerson

1909
Harry Hayslip Arrington
George Winchester Barnwell
William Stanhope Tutwiler
William Lamar Williams

1910
John Styles Baldwin
Young Frank Freeman
James Austin Gantt

1911
Clayton William Buchanan
Val Starnes Dawson
Van Holt Garrett
George Screven Inglesby
Marion Glenn Stringfellow
James Davies Dawson, Jr.
Worth Dexter
Robert Francis Golden
Joseph Edmund Inglesby
Myson C. Merriman

1912
Charles Locke Crumley
Emmet Steele
John Sheldon Davidson.
Charles Thomas Hopkins
SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON FRATERNITY

Georgia Phi Chapter

Established 1856

Colors: Purple and Old Gold

Entered Georgia Tech 1890

Flower: Violet

MEMBERS

1908

George Williams Gibbs, Jr.
Hunter McClure
Willis Tillman Spivey

William Giroud Burt

1909

George Washington Duncan, Jr.
Randolph Shaffer

1910

Frank B. Atkinson
Royston Cabaniss
Eugene DuBose Hill
Redding Sims

Augustus Moody Burt
John Griffiss Hazelhurst
Albert Converse Rountree
Rudolph John Thiesen

1911

Tilman Trammell Blakely
John Albin Johnson
Harmon Wayne Patterson
John Young Roberts

Montgomery Stokes Hill
Kenneth McRea
Albert Brown Pitts
Robert Van Dyke

1912

Asher Ayers
Robert Malcolm Fortson
Leonard Garrard Pease

Charles Leional Cranford
William Hawkins Lamar
Willis Irwin
SIGMA NU FRATERNITY

Gamma Alpha Chapter

Entered Georgia Tech 1896

Colors: Black, White, and Gold

Flower: White Rose

MEMBERS

1908

James Jernigan Crumbley
Lawrence Wood Robert, Jr.
William Robert Snyder

1910

Paul Milton Coleman
William Dunlap Kellog
Milton Franklin Legg
Edward Francis LaFitte
Milton Williams Howard, Jr.
Malcolm MacNair McKay, Jr.
Earle Anderson Webster

1911

Ollie Wilie Bowen
Thomas Duval Gwinn, Jr.
John Dawkins Mathis
William Benjamin Richardson, Jr.
Fred. Winn

1912

Benjamin Mortimer Hall, Jr.
Robert Edgar Hightower, Jr.
Montgomery Haynes
Robert Millwood Matthews
Frank Hulon Robert
Henry Turner Spence

Special Textile

William Harrison Hightower
William Harrison Westberry
Laurence Joy McPhaul
KAPPA SIGMA FRATERNITY

Established at Georgia Tech 1898
COLORS: Emerald, White, and Scarlet

MEMBERS
Fratres in Facultate

Elbert W. G. Boogher J. Foote Johnston
1908
George Armstrong Hendrie Tomlinson Fort Johnson, Jr.
1909
Harvey C. Downing Dean Hill
David W. Hamilton Henry Cranfield Clifton
1910
W. Sproull Graves

Joseph Allison Clifton William L. Brazelton
1911
William Taylor Ellsworth

Benjamin W. Sinclair Wallace Stacey Quarterman
Reginald Phillips Oliveros Fred Alexander LaRoque
Robert Douglass Sadler Ralph J. Hancock
William Kimbrough Jenkins Ashley Clarke Frazier
Walter Griffin Smith Henry Browning Landes
1912
Kappa Sigma Fraternity
KAPPA ALPHA FRATERNITY

Alpha Sigma Chapter

Founded 1865 Entered Georgia Tech 1898
COLORS: Crimson and Old Gold FLOWERS: Magnolia and Red Rose

MEMBERS

Fratres in Facultate

Dr. Kenneth George Matheson William Gilmer Perry

1908
George Weyman McCarty

1909
Lowndes Calhoun Connally Walton Conyers Clark
Louis B. Wilcox

1910
William Hart Neville Allen Stanley Bedell
Harry Joe Wood William Connor Wright
Gordon Burton Smith Kenneth Watson

1911
James Dixon McCarty, Jr. Abner Welborn Hill
William Burke Coleman Allan Trotle Artley
James Durrell Padgett Raymond Hill Davis

1912
Allan Gregory Hicks David Calmes Black
Robert Falligant Pendleton Robinson
Hamlin Beattie, Jr.
PHI DELTA THETA FRATERNITY

Georgia Delta Chapter

Founded 1848  Entered Georgia Tech 1902

COLORS: Argent and Azure  FLOWER: White Carnation

MEMBERS

1908
G. W. Holmes Cheney

1909
John G. Chapman
Corliss Buchanan
Eric W. Smith
S. Inman Bell

1910
Joseph Winship
Henry L. Michael
Henry C. Lumpkin
William Murphy
Louis R. Mobley
Clifford A. Betts
Maitland S. Solomon
Schley Gordy

1911
Harry T. Thompson
Albert S. Hutt
J. Hillory Pitts

1912
James B. Scales
William B. Houseal
Fred W. Knight
Frank C. Bussey
Robert H. Flournoy
Robert C. Wheeler
PHI KAPPA SIGMA FRATERNITY

Alpha Mu Chapter

Entered Georgia Tech 1904
Colors: Black and Gold

MEMBERS

1908
James Eggleston Davenport
Harry Read Vaughn
Frank Hammond Hardin
Charles Atwater Sweet, Jr.
Rahula Grant Malhoit

1909
Numa Charles Hero
William McCulloch Childs
Samuel Calvert Morgan

1910
Homer Moore
Earl Franklin Chandler

1911
Harry Wallace Loving
Ross Ogden Tingley
John T. Clark, Jr.
CHI PHI FRATERNITY

Omega Chapter

Founded 1824

Entered Georgia Tech 1904

COLORS: Scarlet and Blue

MEMBERS

Frater in Facultate

R. H. Lowndes

1908

Lewis Edward Goodier, Jr.  Ray Cowles Werner
John Robinson Baldwin

1909

Elliott Hunter Muse  Orrin Lea Harrison
Francis Phinizy Gary  William Lucas Simons

1910

William Gilbert Wilson, Jr.  Jack Johnson Spalding, Jr.
Floyd Wilcox McRea, Jr.

1911

Edward Burgess Hook, Jr.  Frederic Krenson
Dan Hook Woodward  Charles Allen Collier

1912

William Andrew Crowe  Lamar Hull
Nesbit Newton Teague  David William Harris
PI KAPPA ALPHA FRATERNITY

Alpha Delta Chapter

Founded 1868

Colors: Garnet and Old Gold

Entered Georgia Tech 1904

Flower: Lily of the Valley

MEMBERS

1909

Nathaniel E. Adamson

1910

Evander A. King
Sam N. Hodges

J. Walton Flythe
George C. Thompson

1911

J. Alman Tommins

William B. McGary

W. Irl Adams

1912

Duncan H. Brown
R. Howell Williams

Harry M. Houser

G. B. Lampkin
SIGMA PHI EPSILON FRATERNITY

Lambda Alpha Chapter

Entered Georgia Tech 1907

COLORS: Purple and Red  FLOWERS: American and Violets

MEMBERS

1909
William Henry Bone, Jr.
Thomas Lenoir Lewis, Jr.  William Gendron Shingler

1910
James Joseph May
Walter Franklin Cook, Jr.  Ernest Daniel Ivey
Guy Arnold Bennett  Thomas Willis Jones

1911
Raymond Lee Harris

1912
Harry Lee Dix, Jr.
Christopher LaFayette Hardwick  Frederic Lincoln Ison
Ah, so slenderly, Phyllis leans a-dreaming
O'er the shallow brook murmuring thro' the mosses—
All, all, all alone in the quiet woodland,
Like some forest nymph,—dainty, dainty Phyllis!

Green, cool silences lie about her sleeping;
Softest breezes stir whispering thro' the branches;
One lone golden ray, slipping gently earthward,
Lingers happily, tangled in her tresses.

'Neath her dainty feet, violets are purpling;
O'er her dainty head, bends the snowy dogwood;
Swaying jasmine sprays kiss her cheek and forehead;
E'en the fragrant winds tenderly caress her.

Where her image floats, lo, the placid streamlet
Leaps with joy and runs rippling from the shadows!
If I too might wear in my heart her beauty,
All my life would run singing thro' the sunlight.

—P.
Chi Delta Sigma Literary and Scientific Club

A. M. Burt . . . . . . . . . . . . . President
F. W. McRae, Jr. . . . . . . . . . . . Vice-President
J. W. Ivy . . . . . . . . . . . . . Treasurer
W. C. Wright . . . . . . . . . . . . . Secretary
S. S. Yeandle . . . . . . . . . . . . . Reporter

For three years the cultural organization of the school has been the Criterion Literary Society, and its rolls have included many of the college’s most prominent men, but this year from Criterion’s ashes sprang up a new organization. The X Δ Σ aims to bring together socially the representative intellectual spirits of the college, that from an exchange of thought mutual benefit may be derived. Among its members are men who excel in various lines, each contributing his share toward the enlightenment and entertainment of his fellows.

Although several members failed to return, the officers, President Yeandle, Vice-President Neville, Secretary Cabaniss and Treasurer Atkinson, soon organized for the year’s work. The weekly meetings have consisted of debates, papers by members on scientific subjects, discussions of subjects of interest to college life, initiations, and feasts. At the Christmas semi-annual banquet, the toasts of toastmaster Thiesen were brighter even than the decorations of the club rooms.

The club rooms in the Academic Building and in the tower have been a rendezvous for members during off hours. Here they gather and assist one another with their studies, read and talk. Everything from Calculus to Carlyle, gas, gas engines and epic poems fill the air.

Such has been our year’s work; may the next be as pleasant and profitable.
LITERARY SOCIETY

F. B. Atkinson  G. W. Barnwell  O. H. Lang  H. S. Baird
J. Pappenheimer  W. C. Wright  A. M. Burt  F. W. McRae, Jr.
            J. W. Ivy
S. S. Yeandle  J. M. Auld  J. T. Clark  P. C. Herault

NOT IN PICTURE

R. Cabaniss  C. A. Betts  W. H. Neville  V. H. Garrett

HONORARY FACULTY MEMBERS

W. G. Perry  L. R. Jackson
This being our first effort at an annual, we will attempt to summarize very briefly the history of the Y. M. C. A. Not until 1901 was there any organization which was productive of religious training, but in that year a few very zealous students launched a Young Men's Christian Association. At that time there was no general secretary, and since the course at Tech is so broad, covering theoretical as well as practical work, these men found it very difficult to get many students to take an active part in the work. Then the students did not realize the good that could come from a flourishing Y. M. C. A.

In 1906 the Association secured the first general secretary, who, though opposed with many obstacles, proved himself very beneficial in getting the students interested in the association work. In June a large delegation went to the students' convention at Asheville, where each member saw and realized what was being done for the advancement of the religious side of college life at the different colleges, and each determined to do something for the upbuilding of his own association. The Bible study course, which was begun last year, and for which our present secretary has done very much, has about two hundred students enrolled. This year has truly been a very prosperous one, and we feel quite sure that with the present standing of the Y. M. C. A. the next will prove even more profitable.
The Georgia Tech

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The Land of the Sunset Light.

Full sweet the tale of maid and knight
Which twilight legends leave half told,
In far-off lands of sunset light:

Paladins prance in gallant fight,
For ladies clad in cloth-of-gold,—
Full sweet the tale of maid and knight;

Dim forms of ogre, elf, and sprite
Haunt greenwood depth and castle old,
In far-off lands of sunset light;

Brave deeds are done for Truth and Right,
When life is young and love is bold,—
Full sweet the tale of maid and knight;

Strong Love is lord, and rules with might
Both kingly hall and shepherd fold,
In far-off lands of sunset light.

Ah me, the years' resistless flight!
Our hearts are now grown dull and cold;—
Full sweet the tale of maid and knight,
In far-off lands of sunset light.

—P.
ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

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Coach of Baseball, Basket-ball, Football, and Track Teams

Mr. Heisman's success in developing college athletics is without a parallel in Southern athletics. His reputation as a coach is generally recognized throughout the country. Contributing to this reputation was his feat of lifting Georgia Tech from among the unknown in athletics to a proud position among the leaders.

Georgia Tech had participated in inter-collegiate athletics for a dozen years before those in authority discovered the underlying cause of repeated failure. Year by year defeat in football had followed defeat in baseball with such regularity as to cause great wonder at occasional victory.

Looking back over the years before the advent of Mr. Heisman, only one or two athletic teams seem worthy a place in memory. Repeated failure, es-
especially in that best of college sports, football, caused those in authority no little worry and ever-increasing expense. Each season found the Athletic Association deeper in debt. For a time it seemed utterly impossible to continue.

The officers and friends of the association finally located the cause of continued defeat. Experience had proven that the false economy practiced in employing coaches at as small expense as possible was in reality the greatest obstacle in the road to success.

It was decided to raise such a guarantee fund as might be necessary to employ the very best coach to be had. The man to fill the position had been determined from the very inception of the movement. Mr. Heisman had attracted great attention by reason of his successful teams at Oberlin, Auburn and Clemson. His employment began a new era for athletics at Georgia Tech. Other institutions no longer considered our games as purely practice affairs.

At the end of Mr. Heisman's first year we had climbed to our proper position among the leaders in the Southern Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association. During his second year our football team was ranked second in the South. The third year found our baseball team recognized as the championship team of Southern colleges. For the past three years the baseball team has held the championship of the State of Georgia.

It is useless to enumerate the many splendid victories since Mr. Heisman has been among us. His reputation of being the best all-round coach South is well deserved. Beyond question his greatest strength lies in a splendid moral character and in ability to command the utmost respect. He practices and insists that his players exercise the highest ethics of sportsmanship. For a dozen years he has enjoyed the reputation of being the South's most efficient coach and we have yet to see his equal.

WM. N. RANDLE,
Director of Athletics

ATHLETIC HISTORY OF THE SCHOOL

SOME five years back a few people in the city of Atlanta were dimly conscious that Tech had a baseball and football team, but when they thought about it at all, if friends of the institution they wiped away bitter tears; if enemies, they "chortled in their glee." At that time Tech was in the prep. school class in athletics and had not even won the name of Yellowjackets. In those happy days if we won from Howard College or Griffin High School there were bonfires on the campus and other demonstrations of wild enthusiasm. One season Mercer came to Atlanta with a football team and Tech won from them by a rather healthy score, and some people prophesied great success, but in the next game with Clemson the official scorer had a bad attack of writers' cramp
trying to put down all the tallies Clemson made, and when the dust had rolled away the score stood: Clemson 79, Tech 0. So our most promising season was nipped in the bud. We were, it is true, more successful in baseball at times than in football. With the star battery of Henley and Hicks we did finely but when these men left college it was back in the dumps again.

Also the Athletic Association treasury was always in a depleted condition so that no improvements could be carried on. This was very natural, for a team which loses consistently can not be expected to draw a large attendance. At that time, too, Georgia and Auburn took possession of Atlanta on Thanksgiving Day, while Tech, who logically should have played at home, was forced to take a road game. The worst thing of all, however, was the scores in football and baseball, too, that Georgia used to roll up against us, and as they were not perceptibly modest about telling us afterwards how rotten we really were, Tech men had to go home the back way for days after any athletic contest with our sister college.

But how times have changed. Our faithful alumni tired of losing their hard-earned money on teams that could not play ball and also for more disinterested reasons determined to secure for us the best coach in the South and see if the old gold and white, given a fair chance, could not accomplish something in the realm of athletics. The student body woke up and contributed money and enthusiasm, while the faculty also were very generous in their aid. The school to-day owes a debt of gratitude to Captain Hall and Frank Turner, graduate manager of the team, for their work in the athletic Renaissance. Negotiations were begun with Mr. J. W. Heisman, who had coached first Auburn, then Clemson, so successfully that each in turn had been lifted to the forefront of the athletic world. Nothing definite was known, however, about the success of these negotiations till after our Thanksgiving Day football game with South Carolina in 1903. This game was played at Piedmont Park and was the first Thanksgiving Day game played by Tech in Atlanta. When it was over and Tech had been beaten as usual, a great banner was stretched across the field reading, “Tech gets Heisman for 1904,” and all our troubles were forgotten.

We all know pretty well of Tech’s uphill fight since then; our records speak for themselves, but the progress has not been at all easy. Few know how hard Coach Heisman has had to work or how hard the boys who have composed our teams have had to work to make these possible.

Of course our main difficulty has been the high standard of scholarship set by the school and the good records required of our athletes. In many colleges a baseball or football player can take music, English and mess-hall for his course, and if he chooses stay in college four or five years, but at Tech six hours of conditions disqualify a man from playing on the teams, and there is nothing comes easier than a condition unless it is more conditions.

In spite of all this, however, we have done well. During the football season of 1904 we won from Tennessee, Florida, Cumberland, tied Clemson, and best of all, we beat Georgia so thoroughly that they had little to say, which with them is a sign of a terrible defeat. In baseball the same year we had a
star team, and most of their names have been indelibly written in baseball history. With three such pitchers as Day, Butler and Poole, the team just had to be a winning combination. We played Florida, Wofford, Clemson, Auburn and Georgia, winning a great majority of the games. The schedule was played partly at the old Brisbine Park grounds and partly on an improvised diamond inside the race-track at Piedmont Park.

The next year, 1905, found us with a still better football team; in fact it was ranked second only to Vanderbilt in the S. I. A. A. We defeated Auburn, Alabama and Cumberland easily and rolled up a big score on Georgia. On account of over-confidence we were tied 18 to 18 by Sewanee, who gave us an awful scare, the score being 18 to 12 in their favor at the end of the first half. On Thanksgiving Day we won our first victory over Clemson by a score of 17 to 12. The game was beautifully played, and the Yellowjacket defense was superb. It was in this game that Chip Robert (long may he wave) made his first football T. All these games were played in our own park, of which we are justly proud. Not only is it one of the finest parks in the South but practically all the work was done by Tech students. Every fellow who hammered his fingers or dropped timbers on his toes feels a personal ownership in the park. Also this was the beginning of that grand institution, the “Tech Commissary,” which as an antidote to the mess-hall had made Mr. Allen rich beyond the dreams of avarice. From now on all our games were played in our own park.

The baseball team of 1905 was also a “hummer.” Craig Day did most of the pitching, although Butler worked several, one being the Georgia game at Athens. Sam Woodard, the star catcher, had been ruled off so a new catcher had to be developed; he turned up in the person of Tris Hyde, who proved an efficient backstop. We won every series we played that year with two exceptions. Clemson played us two games; losing the first and winning the second, while Auburn took two straight games away from us. This mattered very little, however, as we won from Georgia, Mercer, Trinity, Sewanee and Newberry. The Newberry games, by the way, will be long remembered on account of the bright red uniforms worn by the South Carolina boys, which gave them the appearance of an advertisement for “Red Raven Splits.” Another thing which will be remembered about that season was the playing of the Cleveland professionals who dented up the fences in right and left fields with their long drives.

The season of 1906 found us with the lightest football team of our history and also with hardly any veterans, but in spite of these handicaps the season as a whole was fairly successful. After the prep games, which went off pretty well, Sewanee paid us a visit and was impolite enough to beat us by a score of 16 to 0. We won the next game from Davidson by a place kick which Lobster Brown got over from the forty-yard line, thus giving us the victory by four points. Tech then won from Auburn by a score of 11 to 0 and then beat Georgia 17 to 0. The last victory was due to Georgia’s back field being unable to handle punts. Vandy played us next in a downpour of rain, where several of the men were trampled in the mud and had to be dug out with picks and
shovels. This game was equivalent to a victory for we scored a touchdown against them, something which no other Southern team had done for four years. The second varsity was called out the next Saturday to play Mercer in Macon. This proved a walk-over for Tech. The boys had a fine time on this trip, but the whole varsity was put to rout Saturday morning while at signal practice by a festive goat who ate several sweaters and started on Charlie Sweet's shoes but gave it up as too big a job. On Turkey day Clemson got the best of the argument and won by a score of 10 to 0. Their superior weight, strength, and age were too much for the Yellowjackets. The 1906 team, although light, had a fine kicking game which was responsible for most of its victories.

The 1906 baseball team were the champions of the South, and they certainly won their laurels fairly, for out of a season of seventeen games they lost only three. Lafitte and Day were a pair of pitchers whose equal would be hard to find, while Hamilton, McMillan, Day or Lafitte, and Stiles made a model infield. Knight was a good catcher and the outer gardens were well attended to. With Day in the box and Knight behind the bat we could play the whole twenty-four hours and not let the enemy score. We won the series from Auburn, Clemson, Cumberland, Furman, Wofford, Vanderbilt and Georgia, completing the season in a blaze of glory which will last for many a long year.

Besides having turned out successful football teams our baseball teams have won the State pennant from Mercer and Georgia for three years. Coach Heisman has just signed a new contract which will assure us his services until 1912, so we may rest assured that till that time at least Tech will not fall from her high position.

Best of all the things that we have won has been the friendship of people in the city of Atlanta and all over the South, not only by our successes but by the clean-cut, gentlemanly way in which our teams play ball. Never has a visiting team been mistreated or insulted here, and on the road we still behave ourselves. We feel that we have won the coveted reputation of being modest winners and good losers through all branches of sport, and hope hereafter to uphold the standard that has been set for us by those who have gone before.
Three Flowerets.

Three flowerets I pluck for you—
A violet of tenderest blue,
    A red, red rose, a lily fair,
To twine amid your soft brown hair—
Three wishes from a heart most true.

Three flowerets of richest hue,
Though my own brow wear only rue—
    Ah, love, could my dim life but share
Your sunlit smile!

Three flowerets fresh washed with dew,
For Joy was born where violets grew,
    For Hope is crowned with roses rare,
And Peace and Faith white lilies bear—
These, love, be yours; I merely sue
    Your sunlit smile!

—P.
OH! SEE WOT I FOUND!!

Clemson Football

Yellow Jacket Nest
Football Team

C. A. Sweet, Captain

W. H. Hightower  A. F. Fitzsimons
C. Buchanan

L. W. Robert  D. Hill
J. R. Davis  C. F. Luck
C. B. Smith  J. C. Brown
W. R. Snyder

Substitutes

A. S. J. Henderson  C. Adamson
J. A. Johnson  C. L. Emerson
L. B. Wilcox  C. E. Jones

L. E. Goodier, Jr., Manager
H. R. Vaughn,  F. P. Cary,
Assistant Managers
Football Team
| Gordon Institute | 0 — Tech | 51 |
| Dahlonega       | 0 — Tech | 72 |
| Tennessee       | 4 — Tech | 6  |
| Auburn          | 12 — Tech | 6 |
| Georgia         | 6 — Tech | 10 |
| Sewanee         | 18 — Tech | 0 |
| Vanderbilt      | 54 — Tech | 0 |
| Clemson         | 6 — Tech | 5  |
HERE'S A STICK OF CANDY FOR YOU, LITTLE BOY—I DON'T WANT IT ALL!

BASEBALL

STINGY!
Baseball Team

A. C. Knight
E. Lafitte
C. B. Brooks
W. H. Hightower
W. F. Stewart
J. E. Davenport
C. Buchanan
M. H. Wright
L. W. Robert

Substitute

R. C. Parker

Geo. A. Hendrie, Manager
R. A. McDonell, Assistant Manager
### Schedule

1907

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TECH RECORDS.

100-yard dash . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 10 2-5 sec.
220-yard dash . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 24 4-5 sec.
440-yard run . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 58 1-5 sec.
1/2-mile run . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 2 m. 15 3-5 sec.
1-mile run . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 5 m. 10 4-5 sec.
220-yard hurdle . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 28 3-5 sec.
R. H. jump . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 5 ft. 6 in.
R. B. jump . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 19 feet.
Pole vault . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 10 ft. 2 in.
16-lb. shot put . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 33 ft. 10½ in.
16-lb. hammer throw . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 89 ft. 9 in.
Track Team

L. E. Goodier, Jr., Captain
C. E. Jones
D. I. MacIntyre
L. W. Robert, Jr.

L. R. Munroe
J. E. Davenport
C. W. Pittard

L. A. Emerson, Manager
E. W. Smith, Assistant Manager
Tennis Association

W. B. Coleman . . . . . . . . . . . . President
W. Patterson . . . . . . . . . . . . Vice-President
R. R. Stewart . . . . . . . . . . . . Secretary and Treasurer
L. C. Connally
M. S. Solomon
G. Inglesby
R. Falligant
R. L. Harris
A. G. Hicks
J. D. McCarty
J. Herndon
W. C. Clark
C. Glover
C. A. Betts
M. Fortson
F. Krenson
D. Harris
G. W. H. Cheney
J. D. Dawson
E. Hook
R. C. Werner
Dawkins
H. S. Baird
T. Blakeley
R. Cabaniss
V. S. Dawson
W. Lamar
G. W. Duncan
J. Davidson
R. Oliveros
Swearingen
A. W. Hill
THE SENIORS PUT CURVES AROUND THE FACULTY IN THIS MANNER?

OR —

WHAT A PRECOCIOUS CHILD! HIS KNOWLEDGE OF CURVES IS PRODIGIOUS.

WILL THE FACULTY LAY IT ON THUSLY —

WILL THE SENIORS GUESS THAT'LL FOOL 'EM!

I'LL BE GOOD TEACHER.

I'LL BE GOOD TEACHER.
A Bag of Wind

WHAT THE WINDS FLUTTER
WHITE AND OLD GOLD

WHAT THE WINDS WHISPER
Ve—vi—ve—vo—ve—vi—vo—vum!
Johnny get a rat trap bigger than a cat trap!
Bum—bum!
Hannibal—cannibal—sis—boom—bah!
Tech of Georgia—rah—rah—rah!
Tech—e—ty—reck—reck—reck!
Tech—e—ty—reck—reck—reck!
Boom—rah! Boom—rah!
Georgia Tech!
Bow—wow—hi—yi!
Hot—cold—wet—dry!
Get—there—E—li!
Tech!

WHAT CAUSES WHITLOCK TO BLUSH
(Sung only on the bleachers)
I wish I had a barrel of rum and of sugar three thousand pound,
A college bell to put it in, and a clapper to stir it round.
Like all good honest fellows, I take my whiskey clear;
I'm a rambling wreck
From Georgia Tech,
And the —— of an engineer.

Oh, if I had a daughter, sir, I'd dress her in white and gold,
And take her on the campus to cheer the brave and bold;
But if I had a son, sir, I tell you what he'd do—
He'd yell like —— for the Georgia Tech, like his daddy used to do.

I'm a —— of a, —— of a, —— of a, —— of a, —— of an engineer;
I'm a —— of a, —— of a, —— of a, —— of a, —— of an engineer;
Like all good honest fellows, I take my whiskey clear;
I'm a rambling wreck
From Georgia Tech,
And the —— of an engineer.

(Owing to the melting of the type, it has been impossible to print the parts of the above song represented by blank spaces.)
Glee Club

W. R. Snyder, Leader

Asher Ayres
J. G. Chapman
D. E. Black
R. C. Werner
D. I. MacIntyre

F. Krensen
J. Inglesby
H. Vaughn
M. Solomon
C. L. Hardwick

V. H. Garrett
L. Connally
O. W. H. Cheney
H. W. Patterson
O. A. Hendrie

L. Hull
J. A. Tommins
W. L. Wilkinson
G. W. Semmes
R. Falligant

C. Sweet
F. H. Hardin
H. Muse
J. Wright
J. Thiesen

W. Wilson
L. E. Goodier
J. Mathis
C. J. Harvin
J. L. Jacobs
TRIOLET

When a lad puts his very first kiss
   On red lips just made to receive it,
Can aught in the world yield such bliss,
To a lad, as his very first kiss?
   It may be, but I don't believe it;
No joy gives a thrill such as this,—
When a lad puts his very first kiss
   On red lips just made to receive it.

—P.
Tennessee Club

Motto: We are fellows well met,
And are not dry yet.

Colors: Amber and some more Amber       Flower: Trailing Arbutus

Song: The Girl I Left Behind Me In Sunny Tennessee

Those Who Follow:
John S. Baldwin, Chief Tank and Then Some
Geo. W. Semmes, Chief Tank

Cliff Betts, Tank
“Sunny” Hulse, Nuff Sed

C. Buchanan, Tankard
Phillip Wolfe, Nothing Doing
Motto: Sunshine and the Ladies

Flower: Orange Blossom  Fruit: Alligator Pear

Song: Crocodile Isle

George W. Gibbs, Jr., High Chief Gator
Harry J. Wood, Chief Gator
William Fellers, Gator of the Pen  Frity Hausmann, Gator of the Lucre

Gatorettes

P. C. Herauld (Poet)  N. A. Winn  R. G. Ridgely  E. L. Cranford
R. Woodward  "Windy" Sadler  R. J. Thiesen
W. H. Lamar  "Sport" Auld

We come from the Land of the Seminole,
The land where the gator crawl;
We come from the home of sunshine;
We're Florida boys—that's all.

We come from the Land of Flowers,
The home of the pine tree tall,
The waving palm, and the cypress;
We are Florida boys—that's all.

To distant lands we may wander
In answer to duty's call;
Though far away we still remain
Just Florida boys—that's all.
Anak

OFFICERS

Geo. W. McCarty  . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . President
C. H. Vaughn  . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Vice-President
L. E. Goodier  . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Secretary
C. A. Sweet  . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Treasurer

Organized January 1, 1908. The members consist of students of the Senior Class.

Other members are:

C. A. Hendrie  J. E. Davenport
C. A. Adamson  W. R. Snyder
L. W. Robert  C. L. Emerson
S. J. Hargrove  G. W. H. Cheney
"ANAK" SOCIETY.
"The Yankee Club"

Dean Hill . . . . . . . . . . . President
Charlie Sweet . . . . . . . . . . . Vice-President
Geo. Hendrie . . . . . . . . . . . Secretary

Ned Goodier
"Babe" Vaughan . . . . . . . . . . . Treasurers

Bert Hall
"Chet" Goodier
"Fitz" Fitzsimmons . . . . . . . . . . . Yanks
The "Bone" Club

"What sholde he studie, and make him-selven wood,
Upon a book in cloistre alwey to poure?"

Motto: "Much study is a weariness to the flesh"

Colors: Ultra-Red (because these light waves are least energetic)

Patron Saint: Bonaparte (a very small part)

Favorite Song: "Rest, rest for the weary"

Purpose of Organization: To teach and practice the Doctrine of the Conservation of Energy

"Charlie" Adamson, eminently bon ton . . . . President

"Chinch" McClure, who liketh the bon bon . . . . Vice-President

"Hunt" Muse, who liketh the belle bonne . . . . Secretary

"Jake" Jacobs, who maketh the bon mot . . . . Treasurer

Bons Amis

"Kid" Smith
"Skeet" Coleman
"Railroad" Stewart
"Harry" Arrington

"Fatty" Luck
"Mate" Solomon
"Steve" Noble
Stewart Baird

"Joce" Inglesby
"Bob" McDonald

"Barnesville" Brown
"Dave" Harris
"Charlie" Cranford
"Tiny" Henderson

"Wat" Watson
"George" Duncan
"Frank" Mitchell
"Bob" Falligant

"Lump" Lumpkin
"Bob" Van Dyke

"Joy" McPhaul

Honorary Member
Walton Clark

Accidental Member
W. H. Bone

"Linktum" Smith  "Rat" Wright  "Tib" Means
whom the faculty have wished a bon voyage
The Ancient and Mysterious Order of Baddikif

OFFICERS

W. A. Alexander . . . . . . . . . Worthy Grand Fev
V. S. Dawson . . . . . . . . . . . . Little Grand Ses
J. D. Dawson . . . . . . . . . . . . Small Grand Bev
G. S. Inglesby . . . . . . . . . . . . Worthy Keeper of Wap
R. Falligant . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Scribe of Figwig
J. E. Inglesby . . . . . . . . . . . . Worthy Slinger of Jaf
W. P. Barney . . . . . . . . . . . . Keeper of Gedraf
F. Krenson . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Dispenser of Gik

This noble, honorable and mysterious order was founded by the descendants of the God Neptune, with prodigious labor. It is the purpose of our own humble selves to carry on and elaborate the original policy of this (soul)-cleansing organization.

The aim of the Baddikifs is cleanliness of soul, body and mind, and with as many promising candidates in the future as it has had since its foundation, its ultimate success will be so pronounced as to cause wonder and admiration in the world at large as well as in the inhabitants of the shacks.
Sh! Another Literary Society

Organized to Pass the Coin Away

Motto: Be a Sport and Stack Up

Colors: Gold and Silver on a Green-back Ground

Yell: (Winner) WHOOPI-NA; (loser) Whoop-la

The Pack

Josephus, Joker
Kid, Ace
Jake, King

Tut, Jack
Dutch, Teaser
Beetle the Bug, Deuce

Entrance Requirements: Bull-ion and Bull Durham

Songs:

I’m dreaming of that Happy Land
Where Royal Straights are found;
Where pretty flushes fill the air
And “Four Balls” roll on the ground.
I am the King, the Ace, Queen, Jack
The Tray, the Four,
The Deuce also
In fact the whole d—m pack
Meet me at the Emporium—Open all night
“Sh! Another Literary Society”
The Jingle of the Tin-Pan Man

You have heard how in the Wooden Horse the Trojans heard a clang;
How all the Sabine shields upon Tarpeia fell and rang.
You have heard how Swiss bell-ringers—and eke Georgia "ringers"—play;
How piped the pipers on their pipes at Lucknow, as they say;
Of piping birds, and "Froggy's" pipe—perchance the Pipes of Pan—
Now hear the wondrous jingle of the Tin-Pan Man.

We'd all just finished masticating Mr. Allen's hash,
When above the sound of onion we perceived a sort of crash,
And a bim-bam-bim, with a very merry tingle,
Till we all at once concluded that it surely was Kris Kringle;
For the tangling of the jangling made such a pleasant din
That we thought 'twas gold and silver—or anything but tin.

Each man then grabbed his toothpick, and hied him through the night
To the college Y. M. C. A. and its dim religious light.
There, 'mid many a pot and kettle, coffee urn and frying pan,
Fresh and ruddy, bright and beaming, stood a little Polish man.
Ah, his language was abundant, and his spiel was feathly spoken;
But his English, like his country, was, forsooth, most sadly broken.

He cleared his throat, and blew his nose and tapped it with a pencil:
"Here, schentlemens, before you is aluminum utensil
Off efery kindt, off efery schape, for uses culinary;"
And then he loudly beat his breast, while someone whistled "Dearie."
His brow was moist; his eyeballs flashed; his fist came down like thunder.
He told so many marvels that we stood stock still with wonder.

And then a thing took place which filled our hearts with consternation;
For everything that heard his voice was thrilled with animation.
The very pans began to shake, and then to leap about;
The window lights fell wildly in; the electric lights went out.
And e'en the ceiling seemed to weep, 'mid words both loud and hot;
That Pole cried out, "Mein Gracious," and then he said, "Mein Gott!"

When all once more was quiet and the fragments gathered up,
There still lacked one large bucket and one small drinking cup;
And though they looked both high and low and searched in every place,
Of the little Polish gentlemen they found no single trace.
Hence, many strange fantastic tales are told of that affair;
But Truth, at last, has triumphed, as I now to you declare.
That night two Freshmen straying down the car tracks heard a roar,
And from the campus saw some things like stars arise and soar.
Just look into the North to-night, when shades of evening fall,
And you'll see those lost utensils,—a Dipper Large and Small,
While just beyond the region where those shining Dippers roll,
You'll see a single, big, bright star—and that star is the Pole.

Mess-Hall Regulations

Note—Not as yet published in the rule book.

Do not take more than half the contents of one dish. Give what is left
to your chum.

Be sure and get rid of all the hash. If you don't they will put raisins in
it to-morrow and call it pudding.

Never pour out your own water. Wait until another fellow starts pour-
ing, then shove up your glass.

Place the prune seeds in one corner of your plate. Don't idly cast them
at the waiter.

If there is an extra dessert at the table, leave it for the next meal. It
will place you in ill repute should you eat it.

Use sugar sparingly. Too much is not good for you and remember board
is only $14.50.

Always fill up and get out as soon as possible, so that the waiters may
clean up.

Lastly, do not make any complaints. They probably won't do any good,
and may annoy the management.
What Willie Saw

EDITOR'S NOTE: Among the several prizes offered annually by The Georgia Tech, the college magazine, for different types of literary productions, is the medal for the best personal letter. One of the papers submitted in this year's contest is given below, together with the accompanying note:

EDITOR Georgia Tech,

DEAR SIR: Mister Davis says a personal letter is a letter to your folks, and so I send you this letter. Please send me the prize and return the letter so I can send it to Pa.

Yours ever,

THE LETTER

DEAR PA: I've been wanting to write to you ever since I got here, but it's mighty hard to find time to do anything here except go on class. I certainly do miss Dade county and wish I had some of them good red apples and chine and simmon beer what you all are eating. But I ain't homesick, leastways not as much as I expected to be.

I put that bottle of milk Ma gave me down by some hot pipes they had in the car and it got blinked, but the chicking was fine. I got awful thirsty after I eat my snack, but I was scared somebody might steal my valise if I got out to get some water; besides we never stopped at any of the places hardly long enough to get a drink. I didn't know what to do, but I give the nigger that waited on the train a dime to get me some at the next station and he brought me a glass of fine water. I don't see how he done it, for it didn't seem to me we more than slowed up.

But I got here O.K. and took the car what the catalogue said. There was a mighty nice conductor on that car who slapped me on the back just as friendly and asked me if I warn't from Macon. His name is Mister Beasley. I got right out at North Avenue and carried my valise into a drug store right across the street from the Tech to get me a ginger pop. They've got a awful perite young gentleman ajerkling soda there, his name is Mister White. He's awful smart too, for he asked me right away if I warn't a Freshman. They've got a sign there to catch greenies, it says "Thirteen two-cent stamps for a cent and a quarter." But I never bit, for I knew there aint any such thing as a cent and a quarter.

While I was drinking my ginger pop a man come in with a crinkly black and white beard who Mister White introduced me to and said he was Professor Davis. I decided Id get on his soft side, so I asked him to have a drink, which he took was dope and lime. Then he told me he warn't a professor at all, but was just plain Mister Davis who janitors over at the school. But I warn't sorry I spent ajit on him for hes a regular joshier. He says
more funny things, he just makes them up out of his own head like King Jake's Sam Tub in the Sunday Constitution. He asked me why Luckie street was named that, and when I didn't know, he said "Because it doesn't go to the Tech." I laughed at that some and then he asked me why the Physics course was like Hamlet's soliloquy and I said I didn't know again and he said, "Because it is Toby or not Toby," and then he said kinder solemn, "But it is better Toby, for otherwise you may have a little Payne." I didn't know what he meant, but I asked him to write it down so I might think about it.

Just then a tall, scrawny-looking man got off the car who Mister Davis called a sort of Dutch name. I asked Mister Davis what his job was, and he said, "He teaches some Mathematics, but mainly he takes care that the school may not outgrow its plant." I says "Where is its plant?" And he says, "In the electrical building where the currants grow." But I bet he was just joshing, don't you?

I carried my valise and walked over on the campus with Mister Davis, where there are ever so many big brick buildings. I asked him if it didn't take lots of wood to heat them buildings but he said they used hot air. I asked him where they got the hot air and he said Atlanta was full of it but that there was a considerable amount in the Registrar's office, where there was a branch establishment. I'm going up to see it as soon as I have time.

I asked a red-headed boy who Mister Davis said was name Snyder where I could find the President, and he told me I must be very careful for the President come of a old Irish family who were all royalty and he was awful proud and was always called King George. First I found a fat, sharp-speaking man who I thought was King George, but he was only his clerk, and he told me where the President was.

So I carried my valise into his office. He was mighty glad to see me, and asked me to sit down and what was my name. He certainly was perlite. Then I recollected what that red-headed boy said and called him Mister King George. But he drew himself up proudlike and says, "Young gentleman, you forget yourself." I reckon I never said it just right.

He told me to go over to the Superintendent of the dormitory who would assign me quarters. So I carried my valise over to his office. He was a big, important sort of man, too, and just as soon as I seen him I says to myself, "I bet you take things easy." He just had that kind of look. He sent me over to his assistant whos got a curious sort of name which don't sound what it spells. He's the cleanest man I ever seen, I bet he washes every week. He's the swell Professor, and when he rigged up and starts down the street, its just make way for Liberty.

I've got a room just across from his and right over the kitchen, and when the little window over my door is open you cant do nothing but smell onions and some kind of fancy cologne. I think the onions comes from the kitchen.

We eat in the second story down stairs, in a place they call the refectory. Mister Davis says they call it that because its made up out of two foreign words—"re" which means again, and "facere" which means to make, and thats on account of the hash. Lots of the boys call it the mess-hall. But I don't
I thought it was perlite to make fun of your vittles. Do you? Anyway, we always have store bread and merlasses and gravy and toothpicks, and I can fill up on that any day. They have a big buck nigger there who gives you coffee and little dabs of yellow grease that looks like butter, and a lot of other niggers to take off the empty dishes, and a white man who bosses the niggers and sees that you don't eat too much or don't carry off anything in your pockets.

I noticed that they always had green peas on Sunday and liver on Monday and sausage on Tuesday, and just that way every day in the week, and I wondered why they done that. Mister Davis says that since the insurance companies got so poor they stopped giving away calendars, they do it so you'll know what day it is. I think that's a pretty good scheme. Don't you? Though it does get kinder tiresome.

I like all my teachers fine. My Algebra teacher is a sorter potty stumpy little man who tells us the funniest things. Sometimes I almost die laughing. Mister Davis says he's got a fine joke about tadpoles. But he hasn't told my class that one yet. The man who teaches me Drawing is kinder low and pudgy. He certainly can look important. The boys call him "Puddin." I don't know why. Just as soon as I saw my English teacher I felt right at home with him, he's just like our North Georgia folks. I asked him where he was from and he said "Nubbin Ridge, North Carolina." And I bet he is.

The teacher who teaches me to saw scantling is a sort of camp-meeting preacher with a long black beard. Leastways, he looks that way. He sure can ride a bycicle. I'm learning too how to shovel dirt. Mister Billy says it's a fine course, but I don't think much of it. But I think Mister Billy's fine.

I was about to forget my Chemistry teacher. He's a big fine-looking man, and is mighty quiet in his ways. But I suspicion he's just like our old gray tom-cat who can scratch hardest when she's doing the most purring. Anyway, I notice that none of the boys daren't give him any slack.

They make lots of fine things in the shops here. One of the Professors has got an automobile that was made here I think. Except for looks it's most as good as a sure enough automobile.

I like the Tech fine.

Atlanta has got lots of streets and high buildings, and I have took in nearly all of the moving-picture shows. There are more pretty girls. I bet I make a mash on one of them before I get home. There's the inspectors bell, so I must stop. Love to all.

Your loving son,

WILLIE.

Postscript: The Superintendant never gave me those quarters what the President said—leastways he hasn't yet—so I will have to ask you to please send me some money.
We Want to Know ———?

If Charlie Adamson is preparing a speech for the next Athletic Association meeting.

Whether John Chapman would get mad about a grind on his baseball ability.

How Louis Wilcox acquired a diamond solitaire.

If there is anything Billy Fellers DONT KNOW.

If “Skeet” Coleman was ever any larger and shrunk or was he always that size.

If Billy Snyder is going to be a collector after he leaves college.

Where “Shug” Smith acquires all those Coca Cola tickets.

Who told George Duncan he was handsome.

Why “Fatty” Luck never has an excuse.

Why “The Saturday Afternoon Club” disbanded.

Why “Chinch” McChure is always in such a rush.

Who told “Babe” Vaughan he could ride a bicycle.

Why “The Georgia Tech” doesn’t add a Society Department; why let such an able editor as Herndon go to waste.

Why George Barnwell is called Athletic Editor.

Why Charlie Sweet doesn’t go to school on Mondays.

How hard Ned Goodier really works.

Who took George Hendrie’s girl to dancing school.

If Dean Hill really came from Gloversville.

Who says George Barnwell isn’t a society man.

If Steve Yeandle didn’t make a mistake by not studying law.

If “Mug” Summers will ever pass Calculus.

If “Swede” Johnson ever went to Michigan.

When Jack Theisen is going to quit running for athletic offices.

How many hides it really takes to make a pair of shoes for Bill Burt.

How many Senior Mechanicals know anything about governors.
What became of the dormitory clock.
What will happen when Bob Mattox hasn’t got a new story.
How long Clyde Brown will remain a bachelor.
How much correspondence “Puck” Baldwin has with Chattanooga.
Whether it takes “Chip” Robert as long to go to College Park as it does to come back.
How much more space we have got to fill.
If the Editor will get licked for all of this.
What connection is there between the Alumni-Senior Banquet and the following picture.
Altruism

If I had lots of money,
    I tell you what I'd do:
I'd get a bunch of little boys
    And take 'em to the show;
I'd buy 'em buttered popcorn
    And hot peanuts, and just
A heap of that red lemonade,
    Till they was fit to bust.

And then I'd go to Nunnally's,
    And, my, we'd have a time!
I'd get those fancy kind of drinks
    That's mostly worth a dime;
And then I'd put 'em on the car,
    And ride 'em all around;
Before we got back home, I bet
    We'd see the whole blame town.

And then I'd go somewhere and buy
    All sorts of dandy toys,
With horns and drums and everything
    That makes a lot of noise;
I'd buy some tops and knives and kites—
    And marbles? Course I would,—
Just peas and aggies; kittyguts
    And muddies aint no good.

Now, grandma says that's just the way
    The Golden Rule says do;
But, pshaw, she aint right up-to-date;
    I know a thing or two!
You see, I'd fix them fellows,
    And then I'd let 'em learn
That when it come to settin' up,
    'T would always be their turn.
Tour of the Campus on a Gibbs Gasomobile

Ladies and gentlemen, we are now nearing that institution of learning commonly known as Tech. See the little fat man with the Coca Cola cap. Note the faded smile. Hasn’t heard of the mighty downfall of Comer and the rise of Vickers and Allen by the manipulation of the “Milk Shake Trust.” Some do say it was caused by watered stock. No, fair one, that is not a pile of lumber, that is his store.

Immediately on our right we have “The Man Behind the Mustache” (John H., the Credit King). Lucky, indeed, is the Techite who owes him nothing. Who, that funny little man? Oh, that’s “Fuzzy” White. On our left we have the Swann Dormitory, “all the comforts of home.” What, you can’t see the building? Young man would you kindly ask “Prof.” Wallace to move to one side. Be careful, George, don’t run down the slopes, use the steps or we’ll all get a “cut.” No, that is not a tribe of Indians we see in the distance, merely Baddikif on its monthly (?) visit to the Shrine.

On our left we have the Electrical Building. Have no fear, they are not tearing down the structure, simply the Senior Civils trying to convince Prof. Nesbit that they have another four hours to their credit. The sounds that issue from the second story are the warblings of the Senior Electrical Quartette: “Artie” Woolfolk, Terrible; “Puck” Baldwin, Awful; “Pinky” Henderson, Horrible; “Grits” Rice, Base.

Directly in front of us is the Academic Building. What appears to be a column on the front steps, although as permanently there, is Louis Wilcox in a vain endeavor to raffle off a diamond ring. What, in the rear of the hall? No, we haven’t any zoo, that is where the quartermasters count their hard-earned (?) profits. Don’t be frightened, the building is not on fire, it’s just “Red” Snyder and “Red” Hill in conference with their hats off. Just to the right of the Academic Building we see the Carnegie Library. The young man coming hurriedly out of the building is “Mogul” Adamson. Fast? No, he’s so slow it took him a month to read “Three Weeks.”

See that pale, thin, emaciated looking individual. He is not just out of the hospital, but has been making a scientific inquiry as to whether or not it is possible for one to really exist one whole year on Dormitory food. Oh, it doesn’t make any difference whether he survives or not. He is only a Sub.

Crash! Bang! Whi-r-r! Whi-z-z! Boom! — — — ? ?

Ladies and gentlemen, I am very sorry but we will have to discontinue our trip, as the patent has expired on Geo. Gibbs’ Gasomobile.
Sparks from the Anvil

PICTURES
Picture George Hendrie without a smile,
Picture Dean Hill quiet awhile,
Picture Babe Vaughan with a shave,
Picture Red Snyder digging a grave,
Picture C. Sweet not at a show,
Picture something Ned Goodier don't know—
'Tis a picture no artist can paint.

NOT ALWAYS DRY
At the Prom. last year one of our most verdant and promising freshmen was introduced to Miss X., a young Atlanta society maid. V. F. pried open the conversation as per thus:
V. F.—“I believe Atlanta is a dry town, isn’t it?”
Miss X.—“Oh, I don’t know. It rains now and then in the winter.”
(V. F. faints.)

KNEW HIM
Senior—“Say, Soph, do you know Wood?”
Soph—“Sure, he sleeps next to me in English.”

ACCOMMODATING
Prof. B.—“Is that a cross compound engine?”
Goodier—“I don’t think so, but I’ll try to provoke it for you.”

CRUEL FATE
Babe Vaughan was at a reception given by one of our female colleges. So was a certain young freshie of the college.
“What class are you in, Mr. Vaughan?” she asked, demurely.
“I’m a Senior,” responded Babe, with remarkable presence of mind.
The freshie girlie looked dubious. Just then an upperclass maid come to Babe’s rescue. “Mr. Vaughan is president of the Senior Class,” she said.
The freshie shook her little head.
“I may be a freshman,” she answered, “but I’m not green enough for that to go down without a struggle.”

IS IT?
A maid, a man,
An open fan,
A seat upon a chair;
A stolen kiss,
Six weeks of bliss,
And forty years of care.
“SPORT” McCARTY

In the morning I wear morning dress,
At dinner I wear dinner dress,
In the evening I wear evening dress,
And at night I wear—Oh, can you guess?
(Shame on you, George!)

“THE POWERS THAT (WOULD) BE”

Extract from The Georgia Tech, February 5, 1906

Ode to L. R. J., “07.”

The life of “Jack” will keep us in good cheer;
You know, he says “We’ll make life what we choose,
By taking pretzels straight with good old beer,
And never touching sparkling ‘Wilson’ booze.”

Prof. B. (to class)—“The man who wrote that on the board isn’t worth kicking out of the door, and I don’t expect he’ll be with us after March.”
Hancock—“That last applies to me alright, Professor, but I didn’t do it.”
Prof. P.—“What is a gram?”
“Skeet” Coleman—“One of those little brass things that looks like a collar button.”
Williams, ’09—“Say, George, what did you do last summer?”
George Howe—“I put up wires for the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company.”
Prof. N. (in lab.)—“These suspenders are the limit.”
Emerson—“Sort of elastic limit, I suppose.”
Prof. N.—“No sir, ultimate.”

“Bill” Burt told such a long tale in the weave room the other day that all the other yarns broke. Doff your slubber, Bill!

There was a young man from New York
Whose legs were as long as a stork;
When he swung them around
Far up from the ground,
They developed a h—l of a torque.

APROPOS TO RECENT CHEER LEADER ELECTION

George Burke
Was a merry old Turk;
A merry old Turk was he.
He called a caucus
Of all the talkers,
Saying, “Who’s going to vote for me.
As a vender of hot air
With me none can compare;
Of the talkers I am the sire
Lest there be one Dan McIntyre.
I face the election with grit.
Am I elected?”
Chorus (led by “Red” Hill) “Nit!”
Long before the loom we sat, weavers of little skill;
To and fro the thread did go, on the shuttle never still.
Threads of campus life we wove, of mingled smiles and sighs;
Finished the web is now, and here the pattern before you lies.

Scan the figures gay or dim, scarlet and gold and blue;
See where the black and grey appears! What is it worth to you?—
Meaningless sounds of school-boy jest, record of careless days,
Purposeless stir and shallow mirth,—only an empty maze?

Does the scarlet trace no deed in manly silence done;
Tells the blue no bitter strife by crownless victor won;
Find you in the gold no love strong o'er doubts and fears;
Black and grey—are there not here memories drenched with tears?

Long before the loom we sat, weavers of little skill;
To and fro the thread did go, on the shuttle never still.
Merely the threads of campus life?—lo, yon purpling sod!
Does not a single violet hold the majesty of God?

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