Dedication Poem

To EUGENE A. TURNER

Beyond the rim of the hills where sunsets glow,
Beyond the plain's immensity, beyond
The tumult of huge mountains, westward yet,
Beyond the long, lone washes of the sea
There lie strange lands wherein the sons of men
Do walk the ways of this life gropingly,
Like wanderers in some forest, daylight gone.
And there be many voices calling out
To know the Way, with none to show the Way;
And many sick, with none to minister.
Their little poor ones still are comfortless,
And such as have no helper have no hope.
And many in the dimness wait for light
As watchers worn with waiting scan the east
And long for day.

So waited once in need
The race of Rome; and so the blue-eyed Angles,
And so the fathers of the Saxon breed. And one
Named Paul gazed out across the blue Aegean,
Heard a far cry, arose and said "I go".
Aflame with holy charity, his face was joy,
His touch was healing, and his voice was peace.
And others, called of heaven, did follow Paul,
And bore great cheer into a darksome world.

Likewise arose among us one we loved,
And took his torch, and said, "I go", and went
A new crusader, seeking not a tomb,
But rather bearing life that knows no tomb;
A Knight, not seeking for a holy grail,
But leading lost folk to a living Fountain
Which will refresh their souls eternally.—J. R.
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Seven Years of the Blue Print

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF  BUSINESS MANAGER
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1909  C. L. EMERSON  M. F. LEGG
1910  M. F. LEGG  R. J. THIESON
1911  DEAN HILL  C. A. BYRD
1912  DEAN HILL  C. A. BYRD
1913  W. C. HOLMES  W. J. MILNER, JR.
1914  J. A. LOGAN, JR.  DON M. FORESTER
Analysis of Our Faculty

"Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble."
Round about the cauldron go,
Catch their spirits as they blow,—
Five who have a motor car,
—Fords they nearly always are—
Two who love their evening dress,
Tingling 'neath a maid's caress,
Six who have the great "fourped"
Always talking, ever full,
Others too, who plot a graph,
Running motors make some daft,
Many, many, wish to stay
Soundly snoring all the day,
Some can spout in different tongues
Thusly splitting up their lungs,
Youngsters too, who think the name,
Professor, gives them god-like fame,
"Coaching lessons" is a fad,
Loved by everyone, by gad,
'Round about the cauldron go,
Here come some who're very slow,
Talking 'bout their college days,
Lordy, how they've changed their ways,
All have passed, there's naught to see
Save this toast, Oh Faculty.

C. L. J.
In Memoriam

DR. ISAAC STILES HOPKINS

First President of the
Georgia School of Technology

Born June 20, 1841, at Augusta, Georgia
Died February 3, 1914, at Atlanta, Georgia
Faculty


WILLIAM HENRY EMERSON, Ph.D., Dean. Professor of Chemistry. U. S. Naval Academy, 1880; Ph.D., Johns Hopkins University, 1886.

THOMAS PETTUS BRANCH, B.E., Secretary and Registrar; Professor of Civil Engineering. B.E., Vanderbilt University, 1886. Associate Member American Society of Civil Engineers. Engineering Society of the South.

JOHN SAYLER COON, M.E., D.Sc., Professor of Mechanical Engineering and Drawing, Superintendent of Shops. M.E., Cornell University, 1877; Sc.D., University of Georgia, 1912. Youngest Charter Member of American Society of Mechanical Engineering.


JESSE BOLAND EDWARDS, B.S., E. and M. E., Professor of Physics. B.S., Alabama Polytechnic Institute, 1896; E. and M. E., Ibid, 1897.

WILLIAM NATHAN RANDLE, Director of A. French Textile School, Professor of Textile Engineering. Graduate of Philadelphia Textile School, 1898.

JOHN BASCOM CRENSHAW, A.M., Ph.D., Professor of Modern Languages. A.M., Randolph-Macón College, 1881; Ph.D., Johns Hopkins University, 1893; Berlin University, 1902, 1903.

SAMUEL STUART WALLACE, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., Professor of English. Superintendent of Dormitories. A.B., Dickinson College, 1890; A.M., Columbia University, 1898; Litt.D., University of Georgia, 1913.


FRANCIS PALMER SMITH, B.S., in Arch., Professor of Architecture. B.S. in Arch., University of Pennsylvania, 1907.
WILLIAM ANDREW JACKSON, M.D., Director of Physical Culture, School Surgeon. Graduate in Gymnastics Baltimore Y. M. C. A., 1887; M.D., College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, 1896.

GILBERT HILLHOUSE BOGGS, B.S., Ph.D., Associate Professor of Chemistry. B.S., University of Georgia, 1896. Ph.D., University of Pennsylvania, 1901.

WAYNE SALLEY KELL, E.M., Professor of Metallurgy and Geology. E.M., Colorado School of Mines, 1906.


WILLIAM GILMER PERRY, A.B., A.M., Assistant Professor of English. A.B., Davidson College, 1898; A.M., Davidson College, 1900.

ALLAN BENTON MORTON, A.B., A.M., Assistant Professor of Mathematics; Dean of Apprentice Class. A.B., Brown University, 1894; A.M., Ibid, 1895.

EDMOND WEYMON CAMP, B.S., in T.E., Instructor in Textile Engineering and Dyeing. B.S. in T.E., Georgia School of Technology, 1904.

ELMER TAYLOR MCCARTHY, M.E., Assistant Prof. of Experimental Engineering. M.E., Cornell University, 1910.


WILBUR MOORE JOHNSON, A.B., Instructor in Mathematics. A.B., Ohio Wesleyan University, 1909.

JAMES HERBERT GAILEY, M.S. in Arch., Instructor in Architecture. M.S. in Arch., University of Pennsylvania.

EDWARD JOSEPH DUCEY, B.S. in C.E., Instructor of Civil Engineering. B.S. in C.E., Rose Polytechnic Institute, 1911.
EDWARD CHARLES GRUEN, M.E., Cert. in E.E., Instructor in Drawing. M.E., Cornell University, 1912.

HERBERT ALBERT WEISS, M.E., Instructor in Drawing. M.E., Cornell University, 1912.

JAMES HUGH Mckee, Ph.B., Instructor in English. Ph.B., Dickinson College.

ARTHUR HAMMOND ARMSTRONG, B.A., Instructor in English. B.A., Yale, 1912.

B. B. STRANG, B.S., Instructor in Mathematics. B.S., Columbia College.

WILLIAM FERGUS KERNAN, A.B., Instructor in Modern Languages. A.B., Tulane University, 1912.

WILLIAM ANDERSON ALEXANDER, B.S. in C.E., Instructor in Civil Engineering. B.S. in C.E., Georgia School of Technology, 1912.


WILLIAM S. NELMS, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Physics. A.B., Southwestern University, 1903; A.M., Southwestern University, 1904; Ph.B., Columbia University, 1913.

DAVID MELVILLE SMITH, B.S., A.M., Assistant Professor in Mathematics. A.B., Vanderbilt University. A.M., University of Chicago.

ARTHUR A. R. Perrine, B.S., Assistant Professor in Electricity. B.S., Kansas State College, 1908; B.S., Armour Institute of Technology, 1909; E.E., Armour Institute of Technology, 1912.

PAUL STANLEY WOODWARD, B.S., M.S., Assistant Professor in Chemistry. B.S., Stetson University; M.S., University of Ill.

DAVID LESLIE STAMY, A.B., Assistant Professor in Mathematics. A.B., Ursinus, 1908.

JOHN HENRY SCHROEDER, B.S. in E.E., Instructor in Electricity. B.S. in E.E., Georgia School of Technology, 1913.
Robert Mell, B.S. in M.E., Instructor of Experimental Engineering. B.S. in M.E., Georgia School of Technology, 1912.

Philip Trammil Schutze, B.S. in Architecture, Instructor of Architecture. B.S. in Architecture, Georgia School of Technology, 1911.

Harrison Samuel McCrary, J8., B.S. in Architecture, Instructor of Architecture. B.S. in Architecture, Georgia School of Technology, 1913.

John Milton Reifsneider, Instructor in Surveying.

Harry Fulcher Comer, B.S., Associate Secretary Y. M. C. A. B.S., Vanderbilt University, 1912.

Thomas Randle Weems, Instructor in Physical Culture.


Horace Alonzo Thompson, Foreman Smith Shop.

William Van Houten, Foreman Foundry.

John Henry Henika, Foreman Wood Shop.

William Felder Griffin, Chief Engineer, Instructor Machine Shop.

William Cleveland Adamson, Instructor in Machine Shop.

Augustus Theodore Peacock, Instructor in Machine Shop.

Homer Harlan Norman, Instructor in Wood Shop.

Henry Printup, Instructor in Wood Shop.

Joseph Warren Patillo, Instructor in Wood Shop.

David Earnest Philpot, Instructor in Textile Mill.

Frank Sayle Andrews, Student Assistant in Chemical Laboratory.

Harry G. Adams, Secretary to the President.

Miss Laura Hammond, Librarian. Graduate Pratt Institute.

Miss Julia Hammond, Assistant Librarian.

Miss Gertrude Adams, Stenographer to President.

Miss Estelle Allen, Stenographer to Registrar.

Augustus George Allen, Steward.

C. E. Houston, Student Assistant, School Electrician.
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R. A. SHACKLEFORD .............................................. President
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R. H. WHITE, JR. .................................................. Historian
W. M. SLATON ..................................................... Prophet
ALVA DAVIS ADAMS
(Pap)
B.S. in M.E.—1892-1914

"Oh fear not in a world like this, and thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is, to suffer and be strong."

WILLIAM ROBERT ARMSTRONG
(Bill)
B.S. in M.E.—1893-1914

"He left a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale."

ROY LUDWIG BAUER
(Physics)
B.S. in M.E.—1895-1914
Born at Atlanta, Georgia, January 3, 1895. Preped at Tech. High and started his career at Tech. in 1910. Class baseball, '13; Class football, '13; Class track, '12, '13. Tech. High Club, Delphian Literary Society, S. M. E.

"All smiles, and bows, and courtesy was he."
OLIN LUTHER BROOKS
(Ignatz)
B.S. in M.E.—1894-1914

His only regret—That Agnes Scott isn't Co-ed. Well done, Comer, Ga.! He was born there, Feb. 10, 1894. Prepped at Tech. High, entered Tech. in 1911. Class Basket-Ball, '13; Tech. High Club; president Decatur Club, M. M. M. Member S. M. E.

"In aspect, manly, grave and sage."

MARCUS LAFAYETTE BROWN
(Modern Language)
B.S. in M.E.—1892-1914

The man who helped to replace the old Court-house at Decatur, began his career February 18, 1892, at Bremen, Georgia. Prepped at Donald Fraser, and entered Tech. in the fall of 1909. Was out of college in '11 and '12, taking a course in farming, and profiting much thereby. Charter member of the Decatur Club, M. M. M. Member S. M. E.

"He was tall and thin
With sharp blue eyes each like a pin."

GEORGE ALLAN CHAPMAN
(Sub)
B.S. in M.E.—1893-1914

Born at Pittsburgh, Penna., June 7, 1893. The educational advantages there were not good enough, so he came to Atlanta. Prepped at Tech. High and came to Tech. in the fall of 1911. Class Basket-ball, '13; Class Football, '14. Member S. M. E.

"Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice,
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment."
Mechanical

EARLE WHITTIER CONNELL
(Booty)
B.S. in M.E.—1892-1914

A reflection of the sunshine of his native state. Born at Baldwin, Florida, July 21, 1892. Prep'd at Tech. High and entered Tech. in 1911. T. H. S. Club; Florida Club; A II A; Class Football, '12, '13. Member S. M. E.

"He was the mildest-mannered man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat."

ALFRED CHINA DeLORME
(A.C.)
B.S. in M.E.—1892-1914

Was born at Sumter, S. C., February 3, 1892, and prep'd at the High Schools of that city. Came to Tech. in September, 1909, and entered the Sub class. Member of the S. C. Club. Lieutenant in the Dormitory. Assistant Business Manager "Yellow Jacket" '13, '14. Member S. M. E.

"Man's science is the culture of his heart
And not to lose his plummet in the depths
Of nature, as the more profound of God."

CARL EPPS
(Carl)
B.S. in M.E.—1891-1914

Born at Athens, Georgia, November 15, 1891. Prep'd at Athens High School and came to Tech. in the fall of 1909. Secretary and Treasurer M. E. Seniors, '14; Glee Club, '13; S. M. E.; A II A.

"I dare to do all that may become a man
Who dares do more is none."
EDGAR EVERHART, Jr.
(Edgar)
B.S. in M.E.—1894-1914
Born at Decatur, Georgia (couldn't help it), May 18, 1894. Preped at Boys' High, Atlanta, Georgia, and came to Tech in the fall of 1910. Glee Club, '11, '12, '13; Honor Roll, '11, '13; Scholarship "T"; Class Basket-ball, '10, '11; S. M. E.
"His best companions, innocence and health. His best riches, ignorance of wealth."

WILLIAM HUGER FITZSIMMONS
(Fitz)
B.S. in M.E.—1893-1914
Born at Charleston, S. C., February 27, 1893. Attended Charleston High School, and entered Tech. in 1910. Member ΑΤΩ; S. M. E.
"I am the very soul of modesty, and grieve that you should think me bold."

ROGER SHEPPARD HOWELL
(R.S.)
B.S. in M.E.—1892-1914
White Plains, Georgia, claims the honor to be his birthplace. He was born January 30, 1892. Preped at Dawson Institute and came to Tech. in 1910. Honor Roll, '12, '13. Scholarship "T." Member S. M. E.
"Oh wise and upright judge, How much more elder thou art than thy looks."
EDWARD LYNN HUIE

B.S. in M.E.—1891-1914

Born at Morrow, Georgia, August, 1891. Prepped at Tech. High and came to Tech. in 1910. Says he is glad that Atlanta is a suburb of Decatur. Secretary Decatur M. M. M. Club; Member T. H. S. Club; Class Baseball, '12, '13. Member S. M. E.

"A youth, light-hearted and content
I wander through the world;
Here, Arab-like, is pitched my tent,
And straight again is furled."

DONALD L. HURLBUT

Born July 18, 1892, at Lookout Mountain, Tenn. Prepped at Baylor University School, Chattanooga, Tenn., and entered Tech. in the fall of 1909. Class Football, '10, '11; Class Basketball, '11, '12, '13, '14; Manager of the Class Basketball team, '14; Cotillion Club; Koseme. Member Φ Δ Θ.

"Just at the age twixt boy and youth
When thought is speech, and speech is truth."

DAVID CLARENCE JONES, Jr.

B.S. in M.E.—1892-1914

Born at Rift, Georgia, September 24, 1892. Prepped at Gordon Institute, entered Tech. in 1911. Member S. M. E.; Π Κ φ.

"Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge."
MECHANICAL

GEORGE W. JORDAN, 3rd
(otto)
B.S. in M.E.—1893-1914


"With thy clear, keen joyance,
Languor can not be;
Shadow of annoyance,
Never came near thee."

MARTIMER POWELL LAWTON
(M.P.)
B.S. in M.E.—1892-1914

Born at Savannah, Georgia, January, 1892. Savannah should be proud of him. Prep ed at Gresham High School, Columbus, Georgia. Entered Tech. in 1910. Class Football, '12, '13; Varsity Scrubs, '13; Manager Class Football Team, '13; Glee Club, '10; Orchestra, '10, '11, '12, '13; Band, '11, '13; Honor Roll, '11. Member S. M. E.

"His mind was keen, intense, and frugal,
Apt for all affairs."

JOSEPH ANDREW LOGAN, Jr.
(Joe)
B.S. in M.E.—1893-1914


"Some that smile have in their hearts I fear,
Millions of mischief."
AMAZIAH JONES MOSES  
(A.M.)  
B.S. in M.E.—1893-1914


"One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,  
Never doubted clouds would break,  
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph;  
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake."

JOHN W. PITCHFORD  
(Johnnie)  
B.S. in M.E.—1892-1914

Born December 6, 1892, at Atlanta, Georgia. Preped at B. H. S., Atlanta, and came to Tech in 1910. Member S. M. E.

"Large streams from little fountains flow,  
Tall trees from little acorns grow."

MYER LEWIS SCHUR  
(Sure)  
B.S. in M.E.—1892-1914

Born at Omaha, Nebraska, October 15, 1892. Omaha wasn't quite big enough so he went to Savannah, Ga. Preped at Savannah High School, and entered Tech. in 1910. Class Baseball, '13; Class Football, '14. Member S. M. E.

"One whom the music of his own'va'n tongue  
Doth ravish like enchanting melody."
Mechanical

WALDO MAY SLATON
(Waldo)
B.S. in M.E.—1893-1914

Born at Atlanta, Georgia, September 29, 1893. Preped at Boys' High, Atlanta, and entered Tech as a lowly Sub in 1909. Class Treasurer, '12, '13; Junior Marshall; Vice-President S. M. E.; Class Prophet; Honor Court, '12, '13; Scholarship “F.” Member Koseme, Θ Ν Ε, Φ Δ Θ.

"A witty, wild, inconstant, free gallant."

JEAN H. TATE
(Rube)
B.S. in M.E.—1892-1914


"So daring in love, and so dauntless in war."

WILLIAM ARTHUR WARE
(Athur)
B.S. in M.E.—1892-1914

Born at Atlanta, December, 1892. Preped at Prof. Zettler's, otherwise known as Kirkwood Institute, and at Donald Fraser. Entered Tech in 1909. Out of College in '12, '13. Honor roll, 1911. Member S. M. E.

"Though modest, on his unembarassed brow, Nature had written, 'Gentleman.'"
ROBERT HUGH WHITE, Jr.
(Bob)
B.S. in M.E.—1893-1914


"The elements so mixed in him that nature might stand up And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

LEONARD PERKINS WILLIAMS
(Preacher)
B.S. in M.E.—1893-1914

Alias—"The man with the ten thousand dollar smile."
First saw light at Nacoochee Valley, Georgia, October, 1893. Decided the world was too gloomy and proceeded to liven things up. Preped at Young Harris, and entered Tech. in 1910. Class Baseball, 1913. Member S. M. E.

"Why was his face so flushed with happiness."

JOHN EDWARD WILSON
(Dick)
B.S. in M.E.—1889-1914


"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamed of in your philosophy."
Don't underrate Texas; he was born at Fort Worth, May 26, 1894. Preped at Peacock, Atlanta, Ga., and entered Tech. in 1910. Scholarship "T," Member ∆ & O, S. M. E.

"And still they gazed and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."
ELDRIDGE HAYSLIP ARRINGTON

(Belle)
B.S. in E.E.—1892-1914

Born at Augusta, Georgia, October 12, 1892. Prepped at the Academy of Richmond County. Entered Tech in 1909. Class Baseball, '11, '12; Class Football, '12; A. I. E. E.; Assistant Manager Baseball, '12; President of the Senior E. E. Society. Member Cotillion Club, Koseme, Anak; Vice-President Anak; President Bull Dog Club; A T T Fraternity.

"Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun! Who relished a joke and rejoic'd in a pun."

ROSWELL COOK ATKINSON

(Punk)
B.S. in E.E.—1891-1914

Born at Newnan, Georgia, September 18, 1891. Prepped at Emory College. Entered Tech in 1910. Senior Society of Electrical Engineers; X 9; A. I. E. E.

"Some sigh for this and that; My wishes don't go far; The world may wag at will, So I have my cigar."

THOMAS HUGH BARRON

(Hugh)
B.S. in E.E.—1891-1914

Born at Cartersville, Georgia, July 16, 1891. Prepped at Cartersville High School. Entered Tech. in 1910. Member of the Senior Society of Electrical Engineers; A. I. E. E.

"Sobriety is either the desire for health or the incapacity for debauch."
WILLIS LAMAR CLAXTON
(Goat)
B.S. in E.E.—1892-1914
Born at Montezuma, Georgia, August 6, 1892. Preped at the Montezuma High School. Entered Tech, 1909. Member of the Senior Society of Electrical Engineers; Student Member of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers.

"For brevity is very good, Whether we are, or are not, understood."

MALCOLM SAMUEL CONE
(Queen)
B.S. in E.E.—1892-1914

"I count life just a stuff To try men's strength on."

CYRUS SANDS CROFOOT
(Cy)
B.S. in E.E.—1890-1914

"If music be the food of love, play on."
Samuel Freeman
(Sam)
B.S. in E.E.—1892-1914

Born at Cave Spring, Georgia, April 19, 1892. Preped at Hearn Academy, Cave Spring, Ga., and Valpraiso High School, Valpraiso, Ind. Entered Tech., 1909. Senior Electrical Engineering Society; A. I. E. E.

"He was conspicuous by his absence."

Francis Clarke Gaines
(Farmer)
B.S. in E.E.—1894-1914


"His corn and cattle were his only care,
And his supreme delight, a country fair."

Thomas Alvin Gibson
(Gib)
B.S. in E.E.—1891-1914


"Something there is more needful than expense;
And something, even to taste—'tis sense,
Good sense, which only is the gift of heaven."
FREDERICK EMERSON HARLESS
(Fred)
B.S. in E.E.—1889-1914

"Men of few words are the best men."

WILLIAM DUNCAN HEARNE
(W.D.)
B.S. in E.E.—1892-1914

"All things I thought I knew; but now confess
The more I know I know, I know the less."

MILLARD CLIFFORD HOWE
(M.C.)
B.S. in E.E.—1891-1914

"I value silence,—none can prize it more."
WILLIAM HENRY JACKSON
(Genius Jack)
B.S. in E.E.—1894-1914

"I am wild and wooly and full of fleas,
And never been curried below the knees."

FREDERICK BOYD KREIDER
(Fred)
B.S. in E.E.—1891-1914
Born at Hull, Florida, June 17, 1891. Preped at Maryville College.Entered Tech. 1909. Secretary of the Tech. Bible Class; Member of the Senior Electrical Engineering Society; A. I. E. E.

"Ahem! I am sir oracle, and when I ope' my lips let no dog bark."

JOHN R. LEINBACH
(Dutch)
B.S. in E.E.—1889-1914
Born near Rossville, Georgia, May 27, 1889. Preped at the Greenville High School, Greenville, O. Entered Tech. in 1910. Honor Roll, '10, '11, '12; Scholarship "T"; Quartermaster, '12, '13, '14; Member of the Senior E. E. Society; A. I. E. E.

"For what is worth anything,
But so much money as 'twill bring?"
ALLEN FAIRFAX MONTAGUE  
(Fax)  
B.S. in E.E.—1889-1914  
Varsity Baseball, '09, '11, '12, '13; Captain of Varsity Baseball Team, '13; Class Basket-ball, '11, '12, '13; Class Football, '11; Varsity Football, '12; Cheer Leader, '11; President of the Student Association, '12, '13; Secretary and Treasurer of the Senior Class of '13; Cotillion Club; Delphian Literary Society; Junior Marshal; Koaene; Anak; S. A. E. Fraternity; S. E. E. S.  
"The time never lies heavy upon him;  
It is impossible for him to be alone."  

WORTH CALVIN PEACOCK  
(Grafter)  
B.S. in E.E.—1891-1914  
"Look on my work, ye mighty, and despair."  

MARTIN HENRY POWELL  
(Spaghetti)  
B.S. in E.E.—1891-1914  
"Ay me, how many perils do ensend  
The righteous man, to make him fall."
JOHN WILLIAM PYE  
(Pie) 
B.S. in E.E.—1892-1914 


"A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit."

MAXWELL LAMAR RAHNER  
(Max) 
B.S. in E.E. and B.S. in M.E.—1892-1914 

Born at Augusta, Georgia, May 18, 1892. Prep'd at Boy's High School, Atlanta, Ga. Entered Tech., 1909. Received a degree of B. S. in M.E. in 1913; Member of the Senior Mechanical Engineering Society; Member of the Senior E. E. Society; A. I. E. E.; 2 & E Fraternity. 

"Whatever sceptic could inquire for, 
For every why he had a wherefore."

FRANCIS LEE SHACKLEFORD  
(Shack) 
B.S. in E.E.—1893-1914 


Historian of the Freshman Class; "Midnight Son"; Winner of the Freshman Oratorical Medal; Associate Editor of the Yellow Jacket; Freshmen Track Team; Honor Court, '11, '12, '13, '14; Honor Roll, '11, '12, '13, '14; Cheer Leader, '12, '13; Sophomore Banquet Committee; Member of Koseme, Bull Dog, S. E. E. Society; A. I. E. E., Scholarship "T"; K & E Fraternity. 

"And when a lady's in the case, 
You know, all other things give place."
ROBERT ARTHUR SHACKLEFORD
(Shack)
B.S. in E.E.—1893-1914

Born at Chattanooga, Tennessee, March 13, 1893. Preped at Tate's School, Shelbyville, Texas. Entered Tech. 1910. Scholarship "T"; President of the Senior Class; Member Koseme; Chairman of the Honor Court; Member Anak; Σ Ψ E.

"On with the dance."

IRBY BURTON SHEPHERD
(Shp)
B.S. in E.E.—1889-1914

Born at Granville, Tennessee, November 5, 1889. Preped at N. B. S., Nashville, Tenn. Entered Tech., 1910. Member of the Senior Society of Electrical Engineers; Student Member of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers.

"His tawny beard was the equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face."

BERNARD SMITH
(B.S.)
B.S. in E.E.—1892-1914

Born at Fairburn, Georgia, July 17, 1892. Preped at the Fairburn High School. Entered Tech., 1909. Member of the Senior Society of Electrical Engineers; A. I. E. E.

"Slumber is more sweet than toil."
TAZEWELL T. TALLEY, Jr.
(T. T.)
B.S. in E.E.—1894-1914
Born at Columbus, Georgia, September 7, 1894. Preped at the Columbus High School, Columbus, Ga., and Peacock's, Atlanta, Ga. Entered Tech., 1909. Member Senior Society of Electrical Engineers; A. I. E. E.; X & Fraternity.
"As frank as rain on cherry blossoms."

ERNEST PRESTON TITSHAW
(Rip)
B.S. in E.E.—1885-1914
Born at Haschton, Georgia, June 8, 1885. Preped at Martin Institute. Entered Tech., 1908. Played Scrub Football, '09, '10; Class Football, '10, '11, '12, '13; Student Instructor in the Electrical Laboratory, '13, '14. Member of the Senior E. E. Society; A. I. E. E.
"Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet."

JOHN FRANKLIN WARWICK
(Wick)
B.S. in E.E.—1893-1914
Born at Atlanta, Georgia, August 21, 1892. Preped at Tech. High School, Atlanta, Ga. Entered Tech., 1910. Played Class Basketball, '14; Member of the Senior E. E. Society; A. I. E. E.
"Much work is a weariness of the flesh."
EUGENE C. WHITEHEAD
(Whitey)
BS. in E.E.—1893-1914

Born at Rome, Georgia, October 31, 1893. Preped at Georgia Military Academy. Entered Tech., 1910. Technique Staff, '12, '13, '14; Yellow Jacket Staff, '13, '14; Secretary of the Grady Literary Society, '12, '13; Class Football, '10, '13; Class Track, '12, '13; Class Basket-ball, '13; Member of the S. E. E. S.; A. I. E. E.

"He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought And whistled as went, for want of thought."

EDWARD EUGENE WILLIAMS
B.S. in E.E.—1893-1914

Born at Birmingham, Alabama, March 25, 1893. Preped at the Birmingham High School, Birmingham, Ala. Entered Tech., 1910. Member Electrical Engineering Society; Student Member of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers.

"Talking, he knew not why nor cared not what."

LEONARD HARRISON WILLIAMS
(L. H.)
B.S. in E.E.—1891-1914

Born at Cummings, Georgia, August 3, 1891. Preped at the Academy of the John B. Stetson University. Entered Tech., 1910. Member of the Grady Literary Society; Secretary and Treasurer of the Florida Club, '12, '13; Senior E. E. Society; A. I. E. E.

"Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice, Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment."
ROBERT EDWARD WILLIAMSON
B.S. in E.E.—1892-1914

Born at Commerce, Georgia, July 31, 1892. Prepped at Commerce High School. Entered Tech., 1910. Member of the Senior Electrical Engineering Society; Student Member of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers; Class Football, '14.

"Modesty is the grace of the soul."

BENJAMIN HICKS WOODRUFF
(Ben)
B.S. in E.E.—1893-1914


"Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheeks of tan."
Civil

ROSCE TATE ANTHONY
(Tate)
B.S. in C.E.—1891-1914
Born at Crawfordville, Georgia, August 10, 1891. Moved to West Palm Beach, Fla., in 1897, and has lived there since then. Prepped at Palm Beach High School and New Mexico Normal School, Silver City, New Mexico, and entered Tech. in the fall of 1910. Varsity Tennis Team, ’12, ’13; Manager of the Tennis Team, ’13; Vice-President Society of Civil Engineers; Student Assistant, Department of Civil Engineering, ’14. Member Koseme, Cotillion Club, θ Ν Ε, Σ N.

"No greater flirt than he
Yet as helpless as a babe."

E. L. CHAPMAN
(Sleepy)
B.S. in C.E.—1892-1914
Born at Macon, Georgia, December 22, 1892. Prepped at Gresham High School in Macon, and entered Tech. in the fall of 1909. Member Koseme, Glee Club, Cotillion Club, Mandolin Club, Leader of the Mandolin Club. Class Football, ’14. Member Φ ∆ Θ.

"I wish I could write a chapter on sleep,
It is a fine subject."

MARCUS McLEAN CLAYTON
(Cuss)
B.S. in C.E.—1892-1914
Born at Atlanta, Georgia, February 6, 1892. Prepped at B. H. S., and T. H. S., Atlanta, Georgia. Entered Tech. in the fall of 1910, and again in 1912. Member of the Civil Engineering Society; Vice-President C. E. Society, 1914.

"Does well, acts nobly. Angels could do no more."
Civil

DON MONTELL FORESTER

B.S. in C.E.—1890-1914


Class Football Team, '10, '11, '12, '13, '14, All Class, '10, '11; Sophomore German Committee; Junior Marshall; Senior Cane Committee; Class Basket-ball, '10, '11; Junior Prom. Committee; Blue Print Staff, '11, '12; Assistant Manager, '12, '13; Business Manager, '13, '14; Cotillion Club; Secretary and Treasurer, '12, '13; President, '13, '14; Society of Civil Engineers; Secretary, '13; President, '13, '14. "Straggler." Member Koseme, Anak, Bull Dog, 0 N E, 0 N.

"There are but two great men in the world, And he is both of them."

HILLIS KELLY McCULLOUGH

B.S. in C.E.—1891-1914

Born May 19, 1891, at Lima, Ohio. Preped at Staunton Military Academy, and entered Tech in the fall of 1910. Class Football, '10, '11; Treasurer of Society of Civil Engineers.

"I love tranquil solitude and such society As is quiet, wise and good."

MURPHY POUND

B.S. in C.E.—1892-1914

First saw light, November 7, 1892, at Barnesville, Georgia. Preped at Georgia Military College, Milledgeville, Georgia, and came to Tech in September, 1910.

Class Football, '10, '11, '12; Varsity Baseball, '11, '12, '13, '14; Captain Baseball Team, '14; President of the Class in 1913. Member Koseme, Anak, K. A., S. C. E.

Took meals in the messhall for four years and still lives. Excused from exam. under Uncle Si. Helped build walk in front of the Hospital.

"Happy am I; from care I am free. Why aren't they all contented like me?"
Civil

PEARSON HILL SLOAN
(P.H.)
B.S. in C.E.—1892-1914

Born at Augusta, Georgia, August 24, 1892. Preped for Tech. at the Savannah High School, Savannah, Georgia, and entered Tech. in the fall of 1908. Member of I. L., '12, '14; A. C. I. S. (1913-14); Senior member of Society of Civil Engineers.

"He draweth out the thread of his herciosity Finer than the staple of his argument."

PAUL FLETCHER WHITTIER
(Whit)
B.S. in C.E.—1893-1914

Born at Lowell, Mass., June 12, 1893. Was prepared for Tech. privately and entered the sub class in the fall of 1908. Member of Society of Civil Engineers; K Σ.

"Not one immoral, one corrupted thought, One line which dying, he could wish to blot."
Textile

FREDRICK PARAM BROOKS
(Fred)
B.S. in T.E.—1888-1914

Born in Savannah, Georgia. Prepèd at the Savannah Public Schools. Entered Tech. 1908. Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., 1911-12; Vice-President of the Y. M. C. A., 1912-13; President of the Y. M. C. A., 1913-14; President of the Textile Society, 1912-13; Vice-President of the Textile Society, 1911-12; Honor Court, 1911-12-13-14; Vice-President of the Savannah Club, 1912-13; Secretary of the Savannah Club, 1913-14.

"I will be patient and proud, and soberly acquiesce."

LAWRENCE KAUFMAN
(Larry)
B.S. in T.E.—1892-1914


"I know not, let me dream my dreams."

THOMAS HORACE MIZE
(15)
B.S. in T.E.—1892-1914


"I eat and eat, I swear."
Textile

GEORGE DELORIAN RAY
(Tubby) (George)
B.S. in T.E.—1891-1914


"Thinking is but an idle waste of time."

THOMAS COBB WHITNER, Jr.
B.S. in T.E.—1893-1914

Born at Atlanta, Georgia. Preped at the Boys' High School. Entered Tech, 1909. Orchestra; Textile Engineering Society. Member Σ φ E.

"I skim the cream and let all else go."

AT THE OBNOXIOUS GAME

LET Loose THE SQUIREL HERE'S A NUT.
WALTER STRONG ADAMS  
(Walt)  
B.S. in Arch.—1889-1914  
Born at Chattanooga, Tenn., September 4, 1889. Prepied at McCallie, and entered Tech. in the fall of 1910. Member of the Architectural Society, '12, '13, '14; Treasurer of the Architectural Society, '14; Vice-President B. S. A.; President of the Chattanooga; Mention Society of Beaux Arts Architects, New York; K. K. K.  
"I will pass each and see their happiness,  
And envy none."

L. C. MURRAY BOLAND  
(Boly)  
B.S. in Arch.—1893-1914  
"He reads much;  
He is a great observer, and he looks  
Quite through the deeds of men."

WALTER EAGER CONKLIN  
(Conkey)  
B.S. in Arch.—1893-1914  
"From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;  
They are the books, the arts the academies,  
That show, contain and nourish all the world."
WILLIAM ELLIOT DUNWOODY, Jr.
(Nemo)
B.S. in Arch.—1893-1914
Born at Macon, Georgia, June 1, 1893. Preped at Gresham High School, Macon, and Mercer University. Entered Tech. in the fall of 1910. Assistant Business Manager of the Technique, '11, '12; Business Manager of the Technique, '13; Editor of the Technique, '14; Glee Club, '12, '13, '14; Vice-President of the Architectural Society, '12, '13; Executive Committee, '13, '14; Dramatic Club, '13, '14; Junior Marshal, '13; Board of Control of the Dramatic Club. Member Koseme, Cotillion Club, K. K. K., K. A. Fraternity. First prize in the Southern Intercollegiate Architectural Competition.

"A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of ideas in his brain."

THOMAS FIRTH LOCKWOOD, Jr.
(Major)
B.S. in Arch.—1893-1914
Born October 26, 1893, at Trenton, New Jersey. Preped at Columbus Industrial High School, and entered Tech. in the fall of 1911. Glee Club, '11, '12; Mandolin Club, '11, '12; Member of the Architectural Society; Acis; A II A Fraternity.

"I, thus neglecting all worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind."

MILLER WILLIS LOTT
(Cutey)
B.S. in Arch.—1893-1914
Born at Waycross, Georgia, November 19, 1893. Preped at Waycross High School, and entered Tech in the fall of 1909. Member of the Architectural Society; Mention Beaux Arts; Mention Southern Intercollegiate Architectural Contest.

"A man of sovereign parts he is esteemed;
Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well."
Architectural

JAMES LUCIUS MOORE
(John L.)
B.S. in Arch.—1892-1914
Born at Somerville, Tenn., April 25, 1892, but claims Coldwater, Mississippi as his home. Preped at Branham and Hughes, Spring Hill, Tenn., and entered Tech. in the fall of 1910. Dramatic Club, '13; Technique Staff, '13, '14. BLUE PRINT, '14. Member Architectural Society; K. K. K.
"The kindest man,
The best-conditioned and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies."

FRED LEON RAND
(Fritz)
B.S. in Arch.—1890-1914
Born in Leighton, Alabama. Preped for Tech. at Butler Training School, Huntsville, Alabama, and Massachusetts Institute of Technology, '08, '09. Entered Tech. in the fall of 1910. Architectural Society Secretary, '12, '13; Y. M. C. A. Committee; Four mentions Beaux Arts Society; First prize Southern Intercollegiate Architectural Contest; Alumni Prize, '13, '14. Member \( \Lambda \Pi \Lambda \) Fraternity.
"Born for success he seemed,
With grace to win, with heart to hold,
With shining gifts that took all eyes."
FRANK SAYLE ANDREWS
(Sailor)
B.S. in E.C.—1890-1914
Born at Augusta, Georgia, May 3, 1890. Prep at Spartansburg, S. C., and Asheville, N. C., High Schools. Entered Tech, 1909. Honor Roll, '09; Student Assistant in Chemical Lab., '12, '13, '14; Secretary of the Emerson Chemical Society, '12; Yellow Jacket Staff, '12; Glee Club, '13; Acis; I. L.
"Three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths sheer fudge."

CHARLES WILLIAM FISHER
(Fish)
B.S. in Chemistry—1888-1914
"In the first place I would put accuracy."

LAWRENCE SIRRIANE HARDY
B. S. in Chemistry—1891-1914
Born at Savannah, Georgia, July 3, 1891. Prep at the Savannah Public Schools. Entered Tech, 1910. Member of the Savannah Club, '10, '11, '12, '13, '14; Vice-President of the Emerson Chemical Society, '11, '12; President of the Emerson Chemical Society, '13.
"In spite of all the learned have said, I still my own opinion keep."
Chemical
FRED HARDEN SMITH
(Jabbo)
B.S. in Chemistry—1894-1914

Born January 23, 1894, at Conyers, Georgia. Preped at Statesboro High School, and entered Tech in 1910. Yellow Jacket Staff, 1912; Vice-President Chemical Society, 1913; President Chemical Society, 1914; E. C. S.

"You can dream, and not make dreams your master;
You can think and not make thoughts your aim."
HORACE BATTEY

(Horace)

1895-1914


"I would rather have a fool to make me merry,

Than experience to make me sad."

THOMAS BILLUPS HUDGINS

(Thomas H.)

1876-1914

Born at Athens, Georgia. Preped at the Athens High School and at the University of Georgia in '07, and at the same time keeping books at a wholesale commission house. Entered Tech. 1913, leaving a position of general office man with a contracting firm. Member of the Tech Bible Class and the Textile Society.

"Men of few words are the best men."

HERMAN LOVE

(Love)

1892-1914


"Love me and the world is mine."
Senior Class History

T is with a knowing, worldly-wise smile that the now dignified Seniors of the class of 1914 review the years and years that they have spent at Georgia Tech.

From far and wide we came, and bent upon the same purpose—to become engineers and architects, to direct railroads, and to construct great skyscrapers—for hadn't we been led to believe that corporations and manufacturers could hardly wait for Tech. men to be graduated before thrusting big positions and partnerships upon them.

Our first day upon the campus was a busy one. Some of us came in cabs, some of us walked for fear the car would take us by; but we all finally arrived and were assigned rooms in the dormitories, were sold bath tickets and rule books. After buying these few items we rushed to the lower "Shack" where we were immediately put in line for the sale of chapel seats.

But the greatest test was in interviewing the Registrar. We had heard of the formality necessary to meet the Czar of Russia, and of the diplomacy which must be used in interviewing the King of Spain, but we were completely at a loss to the correct procedure necessary in gaining an audience with the "Registrar of the Georgia School of Technology." Such were the trials and hardships endured by the class when entering in the fall of 1909 or 1910.

But such obstacles were overcome; yea, we must have been an indomitable crew, for we survived our examinations and were soon proud to call ourselves Freshman. During this year we numbered nearly two hundred men, an awful lot to look upon, but every one of us was game to the core. On the athletic field we showed to great advantage, winning the championship in football, baseball and track, thereby winning the championship banner. We furnished four men to the varsity football team, and three to the varsity baseball team. Besides athletic stars we possessed several social stars, many hearts as well as records being broken. Our class was the first class to institute the Freshman Oratorical Contest.

Edgar Montague was elected president of this class, which Dr. Matheson pronounced the best that ever entered Tech. Our first sorrow came in the death of one of our class-mates, A. W. Smith.

In the fall of 1911, some of our classmates did not answer to the Sophomore roll, but those who did survive the exam. storms again made themselves famous by their achievements. We were again the class champions in football. There were two of our men on the football team and two on the track team. We were still proud of our
class spirit. This year we originated the Sophomore German, which has now gone down into the traditions of Tech., and is now the first dance of Commencement. E. E. Elmer was president of the class during this year.

In our Junior year we did not meet with as good success on the athletic field as formally, but we put three men on the football team, three on the baseball team, and one on the track team. A Junior won the loving cup for the best story in the "Yellow Jacket." We were progressing along other lines that really count for more than physical prowess.

Sorrow again overtook us in the death of Samuel Hunt Taylor, a beloved comrade and friend.

To Murphy Pound was given the honor of being president of the class during this year.

At last in September, 1913, we are Seniors. We find that we have changed to a great extent, our demeanor being more sober and serious; not that we fail to see the pleasures of life, but we do not let the frivolous predominate our nature.

We began the year by electing one of our best scholars, R. A. Shackleford, president. We numbered about eighty men, and with this eighty we entered upon our last year with the determination to make it the best. To begin with, the Senior Architects carried away all the honors in the Southern Intercollegiate Architectural Competition. Then again in athletics we held full sway, having in our midst the captain of the baseball and track team.

This is but a brief account of our achievements during our stay at Tech. There are many things that can not be expressed in words; the improvement that has taken place in each of us, the broadening of our vision, the realization of our responsibilities, all these have grown gradually and steadily. We were as mere children with our toys when we entered Tech., and it is only now that we realize how much there is yet to learn. As we look back over our college career we find many things that we would not do and many things that we would do if we could travel the course again. We begin to feel the responsibilities that rest upon us as educated young men. We are now entering that broad field of activity, the world, fitted, we sincerely hope, for the tasks and opportunities that will be ours. And may the Master help us to meet these as they should be met.

R. H. White, Jr.
Class Historian.
Senior Class Prophecy

HEN I was first chosen as prophet of the Senior class, not knowing by what means to determine the truth about future events, I was utterly bewildered by the task before me. Having been for four months under the instruction of a gentleman who instilled a love of truth and absolute accuracy in his students, I became more and more shaky and excited as the disastrous event of writing such a prophecy approached.

Many a night throughout the months of November and December, I walked the streets of the city wondering how such a manuscript could be truthfully and successfully compiled. Finally, one clear night, while I was gazing at the stars and wondering over the situation, I suddenly remembered that I had heard something of Astrology. So, forthwith, I decided that I would attend the meeting of “The Astronomical and Astrophysical Society of America,” which was then meeting with the “American Association for the Advancement of Science.” Here I met a certain wonderful and wise Professor who told me a great deal about the mystic science. I at once pursued the study of that branch of Astrology called “Judicial Astrology,” which treats of the foretelling of the fate of individuals. I was fortunate enough to obtain an instrument very similar to the horoscope by means of which the future could be made as clear as the past. And so it was that I came into possession of the following facts concerning the future of members of the class of 1914.

The first thing that the stars revealed to me was the modern Rip Van Winkle in our midst, one E. L. Chapman, besides always mending his neighbors’ fences and aiding them in many ways, often to the detriment of his own affairs. “Sleepy” will never be able to complain of insomnia.

The next thing that came to my attention was a planet with ten or fifteen satellites revolving about it. Upon closer observation I found myself looking upon a fireside scene. There was a sedate Presbyterian Minister with his grandchildren on his knees and feet, running all about the room, playing this game and then that. I was at a loss as to who this gentleman could be, but that never-failing mysterious science showed that it was none other than E. H. Arrington.

Next, Fax Montague looms up as the Captain of the New York Giants, with Reifsnider as manager. It might be mentioned that “Reif” will design valve gears as an avocation.

R. T. Anthony will succeed Prof. Branch as the head of the Civil Engineering Department. Of course it is understood that “Tate” will first have had experience in
railroad engineering and numberless years of practice among the High Schools of the South, so that Tech will find herself fortunate in obtaining his services as Registrar.

"Don" Forester will also attain the dizzy heights of prominence and influence. As to how this wealth will be obtained the stars were rather dim and uncertain, but it seems to be in connection with some publication or prodigious advertising scheme.

"Bob" White, besides being a lover of birds, especially quail, will engage in the business of preserving wood. At this, it is useless to say, fortunes will be made, provided proper inducements be made to the city officials to pave the streets with wooden blocks. "Bob" will have an indispensable right-hand man, one who being thoroughly competent, will be able to conduct the business provided the president of the company never leaves town for more than twenty-four hours. This unusual little old, dried up, white-headed man is Johnny Pitchford.

However the real money-maker of the class will be "Preacher" Williams, "the boy with the thousand dollar smile." "Preacher" will have a large pecan orchard. Between the trees he will plant corn, and by keeping his silos full, he will reap a fortune out of selling stock. As a pastime he will accompany the revenue officers on their various raids on moonshine distilleries.

"Joe" Logan, having a love for politics, will become the editor of a daily paper, running several times for councilman and mayor. The only thing that will keep him from becoming an excellent politician will be his contesting in the Olympic games.

"Jim" Law having decided that electrical engineering is not his calling, will buy a tobacco plantation to which he will invite his friends to come and smoke as much as they please. Natures of other members of the class will also change as time goes on.

For instance, "Don" Hurlbut, having for many years been held in high esteem by those peculiar creatures generally designated as the "Fair Sex," will be disappointed by Dan Cupid's wily tricks, and thwarted in his efforts to get a better half. Fifteen years hence there will be seen a beautiful marble building in the heart of Chattanooga on the outside of which will be seen the sign, "America's Monte Carlo." It is needless to say who the proprietor will be.

One of the most natural and expected events that will take place will be the fate of three gentlemen from DeKalb County. O. L. Brooks will be elected mayor of Decatur, and after hard and furious struggles, will succeed in having elected as mayor pro-tem, his worthy and highly esteemed colleague, Marcus L. Brown, Esq. Arthur Ware will be county engineer, but eventually will lose his position because he will substitute a steel structure for an old wooden bridge, thereby increasing the taxes of the citizens of DeKalb.
“Dewberry” Wright will become a club man of renowned fame. If you ever thought he would shun the ladies you were badly mistaken for he will fairly revel in their company.

“Roger” Howell has devoted his life as a Dr. of Philosophy and a deep research into the origin of the German language. The stars point to a great university and I take that as a sign that he is making his researches there.

Our friend McCullough, I am sorry to say, will always have a perpetual grouch. However, when he strikes oil in Texas his temperament will become somewhat moderated.

Lawton, M. P., from his initials would signify that he might become a politician but this would be a grave injustice to him. He will begin from the very bottom of the steamship business and eventually will be made president of a very prominent company.

A. C. DeLorme also has tendencies towards the art of building steamship engines. Not wishing to confine himself too closely to business he will adopt as his avocation the gentle art of pugilism.

I find that Carl Epps and Allen Chapman will form a partnership as dealers in Motorcycles and Automobiles, especially the former. Allen will explain the workings of the engines, while Carl will give practical demonstrations of their use by racing. He will be sued once or twice for running over poor Ethiopians.

“Cy” Crofoot will be a composer of many famous orchestral selections as well as a poet who will hold the attention and admiration of all America.

The stars are somewhat dim and uncertain as to Schur’s future. But they show enough to enable me to predict that he will engage in either the pawnbroker’s or clothing business, probably the latter.

If there be any truth in my Astrology, the stars will show one thing that is as clear as crystal. Leinbach will always have a large bank account. It might be added that he has made a beautiful beginning.

Since the revelation of the stars is not absolutely clear as to the futures of some of the members of the class of 1914, I dare not of my own accord venture as to the future of Fitz Simons, Ray, Gaines, Tate, and other illustrious gentlemen who receive their diplomas with this class. Their lives should prove more interesting than those that have been mentioned before, since these Seniors will not have to labor under the handicap of knowing the inevitable results of their life-long endeavors.

In conclusion, I would say that I am in no wise responsible for the prophecies made. If any should be displeased, the entire blame falls on the science of Astrology, or perhaps upon the imperfections of the instruments furnished by the Professor.

WALDO M. SLATON, Class Prophet.
### Senior Class Statistics

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Runt ...................... "PUNK" Atkinson
Greenest .................. Kreider
Wittiest ...................
Cheekiest ..................
Most Conceited ................ Waldo Slaton
Most Popular .................. Reifsneider
Most Influential .............. Joe Logan
Most Intellectual ............... Dewberry Wright
Best Man Morally ............ Fred Brooks
Hardest Grind ................ Woodruff
Ugliest Man .................. Allan Chapman
Biggest Lady Killer ............. Joe Logan
Biggest Tobacco Beater ........ Jim Law
Heaviest Eater ................ Mize, 51%; Everhardt, 49%
Best Football Player ............. Tate
Best Baseball Player ............. Pound
Man With the Biggest Feet ........ M. L. Brown
Man With the Biggest Head ........ Gains
Favorite Game ................. Odd Man Out
Cutest Man .................. Connell
Grouchiest Man .............. MacCullough
Biggest Fish ................ Everhardt
Class Infant ................. Johnny Pitchford
Happiest Man ................ L. P. Williams
OFFICERS JUNIOR CLASS

B. J. GANTT .......................... President
I. F. WITHERINGTON ..................... Vice-President
G. M. HILL ......................... Secretary and Treasurer
Junior Class Roll

S. L. Aichel
O. H. Attridge
W. W. Balleg
R. L. Bannerman
O. M. Benton
C. S. Boland
C. P. Brenner
C. F. Burney
C. M. Butterfield
E. H. Carman
H. R. Clarke
R. A. Clarke
J. H. Craxton
R. A. Clay
B. Clements
S. A. Cook
A. A. Council
J. W. Cox
F. B. Crutcher
J. M. Cutliff
J. H. Daniel
F. W. Darby
J. L. Davidson
L. N. Duggan
P. Farkas
E. S. Ford
A. P. Francis
C. W. Franklin
H. O. Fulson
B. J. Gantt
J. J. Gardner
R. P. Glover
J. A. Goldman
S. G. Green
C. B. Grimes

T. P. Hancock
H. L. Harlan
M. J. Hathorn
H. L. Herrington
G. M. Hill
P. Holcombe, Jr.
W. Hope
K. J. Howe
H. W. Hunter
J. B. Hutchinson
C. L. Jordan
H. H. Jordan
W. H. Kempleki
G. B. Lamar
J. A. Landers
R. M. Lang
J. H. Lucas
W. T. McCullough, Jr.
W. C. McLemore
J. B. McLin
R. G. Malone
W. P. Marshall
E. W. Marvin
E. B. Means
J. P. Metcalf
G. A. Miller, Jr.
E. B. Montague
W. T. Morgan, Jr.
E. B. Newell
J. M. Norman
J. B. Osborne
W. E. Pallen
J. L. Parker
A. A. Payne
F. B. Peloubet
F. A. Perkins
M. A. Pharr, Jr.
D. O. Raffo
J. B. Ramsey
P. F. Raybon
J. C. Reed
K. P. Ribble
W. M. Robinson
J. R. Robson
H. O. Rogers
R. M. Rolfe
B. J. Sams
J. A. Simmonds
P. C. Singleton
W. P. Sloan
B. D. Smith
P. C. Sneed
G. H. Sparks
J. J. Strickland, Jr.
W. Strumberg
J. P. Sutton
L. S. Terrell
R. S. Thompson
W. A. Troy
W. R. Tucker
J. W. Turner
J. J. Twitty
J. C. Underwood
V. G. Vaughn
P. W. Vinson
L. G. Watters
C. S. Watts
J. R. Westbrook
V. N. Wier
I. F. Witherington
L. C. Zellner
The innocent cause of it all.
Piedmont's chief attraction.

He has a class.

North Ave. on a June afternoon.

The chute.

Some enjoy it thusly.

And this guy never swam a stroke in his life.

PUZZLE PICTURE:
Where are the other two girls?

Happy hunting ground for camera sharks.
Officers of the Sophomore Class

J. N. Pitts ................................. President
Forbes Bradley ............................ Vice-President
P. E. Beard ............................... Secretary and Treasurer
Sophomore Class Roll

M. K. Aiken
J. Arnold
R. Battle, Jr.
P. E. Beard
L. K. Benedict
B. C. Bond
L. L. Boone
H. Bowden
R. Boyd
F. Bradley, Jr.
G. R. Branson
E. P. Brantley
C. R. Brown
P. D. Bryan
M. W. Burbank
F. D. Burge
E. P. Burruss
R. F. Callanan
J. J. Callanan
H. F. Carlson
H. W. Cheney
J. L. Clarkson
F. V. Cluis
M. D. Coiner
H. T. Collins
C. Cox
R. F. Cresson
H. H. Dancey
C. E. Denton
J. E. Dunwoody, Jr.
H. Durand
W. J. Ferguson, Jr.
S. R. Fetner
K. J. Fielder
H. C. Flanagan
R. S. Fleet
H. C. Fcrd
F. H. Fox
C. S. Gardner
R. D. Gartrelle
S. A. Gayle
H. W. Gee
C. M. Geer
E. L. Goldman
C. M. Goldsmith
A. W. Goree
H. L. Grady
L. E. Greene
J. C. Greenfield, Jr.
A. C. Grist
C. M. Gruber

H. H. Hallman
S. P. Hammond
J. C. Hanes
J. G. Hardwick
H. L. Hardy
S. H. Hardy
H. H. Harris
W. M. Hawkes
T. H. Henderson, Jr.
H. L. Henry
M. N. Holland
E. Y. Holt
F. A. Hooper, Jr.
C. E. Houston
A. C. Howard
C. C. Huber
J. P. Hunt
F. G. Hutchings
A. Illges, Jr.
E. M. Jackson
P. N. Johnston
F. L. Jones
R. M. Jones
R. C. Jordan
W. F. Kauder
C. G. Kiplinger
T. P. Kirkpatrick
M. C. Kollock, Jr.
D. W. Landers
J. A. Lawwill
K. Lee
R. E. Lester
R. P. Little
A. R. Lowi
J. Lucas, Jr.
R. H. McNulty
H. P. Manley
W. L. Manning
L. E. Mansfield
W. B. Martin
J. P. Mellichamp
K. A. Merrill
F. F. Merriman
R. M. Miller
E. J. Mitchell
J. S. Moore, Jr.
D. E. Morrison
F. S. Morton
F. M. Munoz
F. E. Nigels
E. W. Oehmig
R. S. Paden
J. N. Pitts
C. E. Ponder, Jr.
H. W. Rainey
I. Reiley, Jr.
J. A. Riley
J. R. Rivas
R. Robinson
A. J. Roundtree
H. H. Sanchen
A. L. Schlesinger
H. H. Scott
L. D. Semmes
R. G. Seidell
J. C. Senter
H. G. Smith
J. S. Smith
I. Span
E. A. Stanley
C. S. Stevens
C. W. Stoffregen
J. L. Street
A. C. Strother
B. G. Stumberg
M. A. Sullivan
I. E. Summerlin
F. B. Taylor
G. C. Taylor
W. W. Thomas
J. E. Thompson
L. H. Thompson
J. R. Thoron
I. H. Tillman
T. P. Tisinger
C. B. Trawick
C. J. Victoreen
J. R. Wadde
C. O. Walden
F. M. Warrefells
C. M. Watson
J. R. Watts
R. Weddell
F. M. White
A. L. Williams
T. H. Williams, Jr.
L. A. Wilson
J. W. Wolcott
A. P. Woodward
W. Wooten
W. J. Wren, Jr.
P. R. Yopp
M. L. Younger
SCENES IN THE Y. M. C. A. DORMITORY
FRESH
1917

Officers Freshman Class

W. G. Carpenter ................................. President
Jim Preas ........................................... Vice-President
H. M. Maupin ................................. Secretary and Treasurer
Freshman Class Roll

H. Alexander, Jr.  E. J. DelVecchio  G. C. Johnston
J. A. Alford    F. J. Dennis     J. T. Johnston
W. A. Anderson  H. S. Donaldson  A. F. Jones
J. F. Andrews   G. N. Dorset     J. C. Jones
W. H. Aubrey    J. F. Downing    R. S. Jones
T. S. Bailey, Jr. C. G. Drake      C. A. Kern
S. S. Ball      C. L. Ducey      H. Kernan
E. V. Barnes    W. B. Duggan     W. Kiene
R. E. Barnes    E. G. Eastman    R. H. Knapp
E. J. Barry     J. L. Ellis, Jr.  B. E. Komp
J. M. Battson   L. C. Evans      J. I. Kuniansky
P. W. Beck, Jr. C. W. Evans      W. A. Lane
C. E. Benton    H. S. Ezzard     S. E. Levy
M. R. Berry     J. Farago        A. O. Livor
A. S. Bidwell   W. L. Ferguson   H. Loeb
S. Bird        C. L. Fife        G. V. Long
H. L. Blake     H. M. Figgottay R. C. Lonon
A. H. Blount, Jr. J. M. Flannigan  J. L. Looney
E. B. Brantley  R. L. Francis    E. H. Lowenthal
G. C. Bratton  J. M. French      J. S. McCleary
R. E. Breen     C. M. Funkhauser  J. C. McKrae
S. A. Brimm     J. C. Funkhauser  J. E. McDonald
C. A. Brooks    W. A. Gaines      J. T. Mann
G. A. Burdick  J. A. Garlinton   R. A. Martin
B. H. Burgess  E. C. Gartner     C. R. Mather
L. R. Busch    W. P. Geiger       J. A. Mathew
C. Calbeck     H. M. Gershon     W. C. Mathis
W. G. Carpenter  H. L. Gibson    E. T. Mathis, Jr.
J. C. Carter    W. Greenslade     R. H. Maupin
W. G. Casey     L. B. Griffith    C. H. Maurer
R. V. Cates    D. B. Guthers     W. C. Mehaffey
F. J. Cloud    V. H. Hall        E. R. C. Miles
T. R. Cobb     E. E. Harden      B. P. Milner
R. T. Cole  W. H. Hargrave    J. R. Milner
T. E. Coleman  W. J. Harkins, Jr. J. C. Mitchell
W. W. Coleman  G. M. Harrington  M. D. Mitchell
V. Collins  W. H. Harris, Jr.  F. D. Montague
W. D. Conley  G. S. Hary        F. D. Murry
T. W. Conrad  B. H. Hawkins     W. W. Moore
H. P. Conrad  J. A. Hayes       H. G. Mullins
R. L. Couch  U. V. Henderson    R. S. Mulloy
A. C. Cowles  B. B. Hickman     L. S. Munroe
J. S. Crane  J. Hillhouse       M. H. Murphree
E. H. Crowley, Jr. E. P. Hoffman  R. H. Nesbit
T. H. Crenshaw  A. Hopkins       R. O. Newsome
W. L. Crosby  A. Hume          R. G. Ninocks
W. R. Crowell   N. H. Hunter    S. P. Odom
R. Daher    C. S. Johnson     N. H. Palmer
E. E. Dawes  T. Johnson        D. L. Parrish
T. J. Delbridge  F. R. Johnston T. H. Patterson
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<th>Name</th>
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<td>D. W. Pearson</td>
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<td>V. A. Pierce</td>
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<td>N. L. Troud</td>
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<td>H. Z. Smith</td>
<td>W. Trout</td>
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<td>C. W. Vandiver</td>
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<td>L. C. Stevenson</td>
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<td>J. M. Ray</td>
<td>R. A. Stone</td>
<td>R. O. Wallace</td>
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<td>C. P. Reeve</td>
<td>I. Storz</td>
<td>A. W. Weems</td>
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<td>J. E. Register</td>
<td>H. Y. StribLING</td>
<td>W. M. Werner</td>
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<td>A. Roberts</td>
<td>R. W. StribLING</td>
<td>E. H. Willingham</td>
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<td>A. A. Robinson</td>
<td>J. Struppa</td>
<td>F. W. Wolfe</td>
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<td>G. S. Rosenbaum</td>
<td>R. J. Summer</td>
<td>W. C. Woodall</td>
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<td>J. P. Ross, Jr.</td>
<td>G. W. Tappan</td>
<td>G. W. Woodruff</td>
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<td>M. Schwartzman</td>
<td>J. V. Traver, Jr.</td>
<td>M. S. Woodson</td>
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<td>W. B. Scott, Jr.</td>
<td>R. L. Taylor</td>
<td>A. S. Woolfork</td>
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<td>P. E. Seabright</td>
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<td>M. L. Shoelburn</td>
<td>H. H. Thomas</td>
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<td>J. J. Sharum</td>
<td>J. V. Thomas</td>
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<td>J. C. Shaw</td>
<td>N. R. Thompson</td>
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Officers of the Apprentice Class

A. B. Hill .......................... President
S. Mangum .......................... Vice-President
T. Gamble .......................... Secretary and Treasurer

SVB
1918
Apprentice Class Roll

J. C. Alexander  J. B. Holcomb  H. G. Pennington
A. D. Bailey    J. E. Hunnicutt  J. W. Plaster
R. W. Barnwell  V. Hyman     J. C. Randall
F. R. Beal      W. Ingram    C. Rawson
J. H. Bogman    C. W. Irving  A. H. Redding
S. Britt        G. P. Jenkins  H. Reynolds
M. Brittain, Jr. H. H. Johnson H. R. Rice
C. F. Brown     R. R. Johnson L. R. Sams
W. G. Bryant    O. F. Johnston G. M. Shaw
G. C. Chancellor J. B. Jones     I. Y. Suggs
N. Churchill    R. P. Jordan   J. R. Taurman
H. N. Dunwoody  B. N. Knapp   C. A. Taylor
S. L. Eplan     W. C. Lindsay  W. A. Verdier
O. Fitzgerald   P. T. Lunquest T. A. D. Weaver
T. W. Gamble    K. E. Mahon    W. D. Wells
G. S. Golding   S. W. Mangham  T. West
A. S. Harp      W. L. Markert  S. B. Whittier
D. Harrison     L. W. Montague J. L. Willet
T. H. Hawkins, Jr. S. B. Montgomery H. G. Womack
A. B. Hill      R. E. Newsom
School of Commerce

G. J. Blake  
C. J. Bluin  
E. M. Bolan  
T. E. Bridges  
C. Chalmers  
P. L. Clower  
J. M. Donaldson  
S. F. Dunn  
J. F. Elder, Jr.  
H. C. Eubanks  
E. D. Fambrrough  
T. C. Fenn  
L. B. Goodman  
J. L. Graves  
L. S. Hardy  
G. M. Hill  
P. R. Holland  
E. D. Ivey  
M. N. Kaplan  
A. C. Keiser  
F. B. Krieder  
E. D. Lester  
R. H. Lindsay  
H. L. M. Mauck  
M. N. Newbanks  
J. W. Pye  
J. F. Robbins  
W. T. Trusse  
P. B. Wolfe  
P. L. Wootten

Special Textiles No. 1

B. S. Barker  
J. C. Broadnax  
G. S. Brown  
R. A. Camp  
C. Griffen  
S. D. Hammond  
J. R. Hodges  
J. T. Montague  
F. S. Morton  
D. E. McCord  
A. McDonald  
R. J. Newson  
J. S. Patton  
J. R. Rye  
J. M. Robinson  
D. S. Sharpe  
E. L. Thomas
Tech Athletic Association

OFFICERS

J. A. Logan, Jr. ........................................ President
E. B. Means ........................................... Vice-President
Homer Cook .......................................... Secretary
A. G. Allan ............................................ Treasurer
W. N. Randall .......................................... Director

ADVISORY BOARD

Dr. K. G. Matheson ..................................... President
Dr. J. B. Crenshaw, J. A. Logan, Jr.
Dr. W. A. Jackson ................................. E. B. Means
Prof. W. N. Randall ............................... Homer Cook
FOOTBALL TEAM

Homer Cook ........................................... Captain
J. D. Law ................................................... Manager
J. W. Heisman ............................................ Coach
H. O. Rogers ............................................ Assistant Manager
F. A. Perkins ............................................. Assistant Manager

VARSITY

J. C. Alexander  J. T. Johnson  A. F. McDonald  J. H. Preas
P. Beard  R. M. Lang  E. B. Means  E. K. Thomsen
H. Cook  A. L. Loeb  W. T. Montague  C. B. Trawick
K. J. Fielder  D. E. McCord  J. S. Patten
FOOTBALL HISTORY OF 1913

When the first call for candidates for Varsity Football was issued in September, we found ourselves with more athletic talent than we had seen at Tech. for quite a while. We had four four-year men besides wealth of new material. In fact, the newspapers were so full concerning our brilliant prospects that we soon had visions of seeing the "Mighty Bob" go down in defeat before the "OLD GOLD AND WHITE".

The old men on hand were Captain Homer Cook, one of the scrappiest football captains who ever trod a Southern football field; Ed. Means and Thomason. Around this foundation Coach Heisman had to build our team. But with the wealth of new material, prospects seemed mighty bright for a successful season.

The first game outside of the usual "Soldier" game, which we won 19 to 0, was with Citadel, who the year before managed to give our "Midget" team a pretty good scare. We went after them from the time the opening whistle blew until time was up, and after everything had been said and done we found ourselves on the long end of a 47 to 0 score.

The team then journeyed up to Chattanooga for the express purpose...
of bringing back the scalp of the "University of Chattanooga" bunch. Little was known of this team except that they were a gritty and determined eleven. They rushed our boys off their feet in the first few minutes of play and managed to slip over a touchdown. Then our boys woke up and began to score almost at will. The final score was the largest one of the season, being 71 to 6 in our favor.

Then came Mercer, and again we triumphed by a goodly margin. Mercer was light but fast, gritty, and confident. They fought like mad, never giving up until the final whistle had blown. If they had done otherwise we would have rolled up a much larger score. To Mercer goes the palm of being the grittiest team we went up against during the season.

Then came the surprise of the year. Our boys went to Jacksonville and no one thought we would have any trouble in beating Florida by a good size score. But we didn't, being barely able to nose out a victory after the hardest kind of fight. For some reason or other the team seemed unable to get together. It seemed almost impossible to break up Florida's defense. When the game was over we were very thankful to come home holding the 13 of a 13 to 3 score.

The Florida game seemed to instill an undiminishable amount of ginger and
“pep” into our team. Coach Devore from Fort McPherson, a man of remarkable football knowledge and ability, was secured at this time to coach our line, so that Coach Heisman could devote all his time to the backfield. The players and the coaches then went to work with the determination to beat Sewanee or die in the attempt. Right here let it be said that they were very much alive after the game was concluded. Sewanee came to us with the intention of snowing us under. They had the advantage over us in weight, speed and experience. Maybe they were a little over-confident. Anyway, Captain Cook made a beautiful run of 80 yards for a touchdown in the first quarter which seemed to take the heart out of the Sewanee bunch. After that it was merely a question of time as to how large the score would be. Final: Tech., 33; Sewanee, 0; which means that we have another English Cup.

Auburn, the S. I. A. A. champions, came and administered to us our first defeat of the year. They deserved it, outplaying us at every stage of the game, and we do not wish to detract from them any of their well-merited praise. They had an advantage over us of about fifteen pounds to the man, but even then we held them to a margin of three touchdowns. We lost, but every Auburn player realized that he had been in a real battle.
On the 15th of November the "Red and Black" came to town expecting to run away with our team of youngsters. Wasn't Bob McWhorter then playing the game of his life? Sure he was. Nobody seemed able to stop him. He had even ploughed through Virginia's line and circled their ends almost at will. Hence, everyone was conceding a Georgia victory by not less than three touchdowns. But possibly they had forgotten Tech's fighting qualities. Had we not fumbled on the first play the result might have been different. We held them scoreless however throughout the last three-quarters, in fact we outplayed them during the last half. However, we lost and will let it go at that. Bear in mind however, that we stopped McWhorter. It was impossible for him to get away for anything like a sensational gain.

After Georgia came the annual turkey-day feast with Clemson. They really expected to beat us, and with this object in view the entire student body, accompanied by the band, left their native haunt in South Carolina to witness the slaughter. But again Tech's Tradition conquered. WE hadn't lost to Clemson in several years and Tech.'s tradition demanded that we win this time, and win we did to the tune of 34 to 0.

And with the close of the Clemson
game closed a most successful year. Outside of Tennessee, we scored more points than any other team in the South, leading Georgia, Auburn, Vanderbilt, by goodly margins. Our goal line was crossed by Auburn, Georgia, and the University of Chattanooga. Now that the season is over, we are not going to worry over what we did or didn't do, but turn our eyes towards next year. Our team played the best they could and everybody was satisfied over what they accomplished. Next year we intend to remove Auburn from where she now stands and fly the S. I. A. A. Championship banner on "Grant Field."

A LITTLE PREHISTORIC ATHLETIC HISTORY

Georgia Tech stands as one of the very few technical schools in the world that turns out athletic teams of high standard, and at the same time keeps up a high standard of class-room work. Since 1904, Tech has never ranked below fourth place in the S. I. A. A. in either baseball or football, and has won first place in baseball on two occasions, and tied for first place in football once. The track teams have been uniformly successful, never falling below fifth and taking second place twice. Basket-ball has been played two years with fair success, but prospects for this sport seem to be as bright as for the
rest this season. In view of these splendid achievements since 1904, it might not be out of place to look back on those dark days when Tech, Athletically, was a joke, and to see what things caused her to rise so rapidly during the last few years.

Baseball and football were the first sports attempted at Tech. As early as 1895, the school then being just seven years old, we find Tech. football and baseball teams playing whatever teams they could get games with. The most notable happening of this period was that famous "First Georgia Game," in which General Leonard Wood played such a prominent part. It was the first Tech. football team, and General Wood, then stationed at Fort McPherson, feeling sorry for the scrubby-looking lot of youngsters, who were trying to play the game by themselves, volunteered to come out and coach and play with them. Georgia condescended to play them a practice game. The story of how Tech. came, saw and conquered the Classic City is a tale in itself. Suffice to say that this one great achievement was enough in itself to keep alive the spark of hope that threatened to perish during the following years of almost hopeless defeat.

Along about 1900 two persons arrived at Tech. who were destined to play an even greater part in the building of athletic history than General
Wood and that first football team. They were Dr. Jackson, familiarly known as "Quack," and Welden Henley, afterwards famous as a big-league pitcher.

Dr. Jackson organized the first track team in 1901, coached the track team until 1906, started interest in gymnastic work, organized the present Athletic Association in 1902, acted as financial backer to the managers, and in every way possible protected and bolstered up the pride of his heart, good athletic teams. "Quack" used to get up every Monday morning after chapel and say, "Well, boys, they licked us Saturday, but 'by golly' we will get them yet."

"Quack" repeated this refrain regularly for so many years without his predictions coming true that nobody believed in it but himself. He was correct however, and this simply shows what may be accomplished by "Faith."

Henley was a baseball pitcher who was so good that he could win games despite indifferent support. From 1889 to 1902 he was a terror to Southern batsmen. He gave Tech. what it needed and was pining for, "A Winner". Henley's victories and records like that of the first football team kept alive athletic interest and hope.

From 1902 to 1904 things looked very dark for Tech. Material was below the average, no uniforms, very little money, no playing field, all this was enough to make any team lose heart. A different coach had been
employed every season for years, because this was cheaper and because no good coach wanted to stay more than one year. No system had been established, the boys knew smatterings of football and baseball, and that was all. The faculty at this time was considering seriously whether it would not be wise to abolish athletics. The outlook was indeed gloomy.

There is a saying, however, that reads like this, "It is a long lane that has no turning;" and also one like this, "The darkest hour is before the dawn." Both were right in the case of Tech. at this time.

In the fall of 1903 when things were blackest, there arose a little bunch of Tech. leaders who in a three weeks' campaign made Tech. what it is to-day in athletics. The ringleaders in this new movement were: Frank Turner, Bob Hicks, Joe Hall, Dr. Jackson, Billy Holdman, Si Mays, Tom and Don Towers, Ike Hendman, Roy Merry, Link Smith, and several others whose last names the author can not remember. This bunch of fellows rounded up student body and faculty alike, marched them into the chapel and then said, "To have good teams we must have, first, a good coach; second, a playing field, and third, some better college spirit. The first two cost money and lots of it, the third means sacrifice and you fellows have
got to come across with both." They did come across and come across right. The students raised $2,200, and the faculty $1,300. Not so bad for a faculty that was credited with being against the boys. To show further that they possessed horse sense, this committee sent Frank Turner after Johnny Heisman. In this connection it might be said that J. W. came and is still with us, and will be for several years yet. Further than this the committee went to work and built its own ball park. Fence, stands and grading were all done by the students under the direction of Mr. Allen.

At the Thanksgiving game in 1903, Tech. got a glorious licking, but every-

body was happy, for stretched across the field was a large banner with these words, "Heisman will coach Tech. in 1904." All of this happened in the school year of 1903-4. Heisman came in the spring of 1904 and turned out a winning baseball team right off the bat. He has been busy ever since repeating his first stunt, and that is the reason why Tech. is famous athletically.

Such, in a brief way, are a very few of the things that have helped to make Tech. what she is on the Gridiron and Diamond. These are heroic deeds and I think well worth repeating to on-coming Freshman, that they, knowing what their predecessors have done, will also do to make Tech. great and glorious.
ASSISTANT COACH DEVORE

PAUL BEARD

ASSISTANT COACH DEVORE

SCHEDULE

Oct. 4—Tech. ....... 47 Citadel ....... 0
Oct. 11—Tech. ..... 71 U. of Chat. ..... 6
Oct. 18—Tech. ..... 33 Mercer ....... 0
Oct. 25—Tech. ..... 13 Florida ....... 3
Nov. 1—Tech. ....... 33 Sewanee ....... 0
Nov. 8—Tech. ..... 0 Auburn ....... 20
Nov. 15—Tech. ..... 0 Georgia ....... 14
Nov. 28—Tech. ..... 34 Clemson ....... 0

Total—Tech. ....... 250 Opponents ....... 43
"You ask for a toast to the heroes to-night,
To those who were victors in many a fight,
To the names that are sung by the public in praise,
To the stars that rose from a battle field's haze.
Well fill up your glasses and drink to my toast;
Here's a toast to the army, a toast to the host,
A toast to the steel that is worn and rusted,
A toast to the jewel, which fate has encrusted—
It's only a drink to the forgotten, the dub—
Here's a toast to His Honor, His Honor: The Scrub.

"It's only a toast to the shadows—no more—
You never will see them—it's a terrible bore
Watching them struggle in snow and in rain,
Bleeding and fighting for a Varsity's name.
You say that your heroes struggle as well?
Yes, they get the honor; the Scrub, gets the hell!
He's only a shadow—it's all in the game,
And the butterfly see the gold of the flame—
It's only a drink to the forgotten, the dub—
Here's a toast to His Honor, His Honor: The Scrub."

EXCHANGE.
FOOTBALL
J. C. Alexander  A. F. McDonald
P. Beard  E. B. Means
H. Cook  W. T. Montague
H. W. Cushman  A. S. Nance
K. J. Fielder  J. S. Patton
J. T. Johnston  J. H. Preas
R. M. Lang  E. K. Thomason
A. L. Loe  C. B. Trawick
J. Lucas, Jr.  H. W. Rainey
D. E. McCord

BASEBALL
H. W. Amason  E. B. Montague
O. H. Attridge  W. T. Montague
J. M. Donaldson  J. N. Pitts
W. B. Eubank  M. Pound
A. F. Montague  W. L. Wooten

TRACK
J. A. Logan, Jr.  W. M. Robinson  J. L. Street

TENNIS
H. H. Hallman

BASKET-BALL
F. Bradley  W. T. McCullough

SCHOLARSHIP
E. E. Everhart  J. R. Leinbach  R. A. Shackleford
T. A. Gibson  A. J. Moses  W. M. Slaton
R. S. Howell  F. L. Shackleford  B. H. Woodruff
B. D. Wright
Baseball Team

A. F. Montague ............. Captain
Homer Cook .................. Manager
J. W. Heisman .............. Coach
S. L. Aichel .............. Assistant Manager
E. P. Burbus ........ Assistant Manager

VARSITY

H. W. Amason .......... W. T. Montague
O. H. Attridge ........ W. A. Moore
J. M. Donaldson ...... J. N. Pitts
W. B. Eubank .......... M. Pound
A. F. Montague ........ W. L. Wogten
E. B. Montague

The Schedule

March 28—Tech. ........ 3 Clemson ....... 0
March 29—Tech. ........ 3 Clemson ....... 1
April 4—Tech. .......... 2 Mercer ........ 3
April 5—Tech. .......... 4 Mercer ........ 1
April 12—Tech. .......... 2 Mercer ........ 4
April 18—Tech. .......... 2 Auburn ....... 3
April 19—Tech. ... 11 Auburn ....... 4
April 25—Tech. .......... 3 Auburn ....... 4
April 26—Tech. .......... 4 Alabama ....... 7
April 28—Tech. .......... 2 Wake Forest .... 7
May 2—Tech. .......... 13 Sewanee ....... 0
May 3—Tech. .......... 5 Sewanee ....... 1
May 9—Tech. .......... 4 Georgia ........ 3
May 10—Tech. .......... 5 Georgia ........ 4
May 16—Tech. .......... 1 Georgia ........ 4
May 17—Tech. .......... 4 Georgia ........ 2
Baseball History of 1913

When baseball practice started last spring we considered our prospects pretty bright, having seven varsity men of previous years around which to build a team. These men were, Captain "Fax" Montague (undoubtedly one of the best captains Tech. has ever had), "Murphy" Pound, "Ed" Montague, "Goat" Holliday, "Smooey" Eubanks, "Wooch" Fielder, and "Speedy" Staebler. But when we saw the vast array of new talent which came out, our hopes went sky-high. There were at least two men trying for every position on the team, and all of them seemed to be of varsity calibre.

We started off with a rush in the latter part of March by taking the first series of the season from Clemson. Both games were hard fought and furnished some exciting moments. "Joe" Pitts proved that he was a clouter as well as a slab artist when he scored the first two runs of the season with a two-bagger in the opening game. The next day "Smooey" Eubanks occupied the mound, and showed that he also was something of a flinger and treated the Tigers to a good coat of whitewash, while his teammates gathered three from the almost invincible Mr. Ezell.

Mercer happened to be the next on the schedule, and surprised even herself by taking two out of the three. In the last Mercer game "Goat" Holliday was ruled out by the S. I. A. A., and everyone thought that his loss would shoot the team to pieces, but Amason came to the rescue and played the initial bag in jam-up fashion throughout the rest of the season.

The next week we invaded the Auburnites' camp and again lost the series, winning only the second game. The hero of the series happened to be Williams, the receiver for the opposing team, who won the last game by a brace of home runs and a three-bagger.

From Auburn we journeyed over to Tuscaloosa to engage the Alabamians in a two game series, our hard luck seemed to follow us, for we lost the first 7 to 3, and the second 5 to 4. The boys seemed unable to hit when hits meant runs, for the box scores show that we outfumbled and outpitched them in both games. As soon as the team arrived on the "Flats" "Coach" Heisman shoved five of the regulars to the bench and put scrubs in their places.

When the next game began, which was with Wake Forest, the lineup contained only four regulars, and it was only a matter of how bad they would beat us. The "scrubs" managed to hold them 7 to 2 however, which was considered a very creditable showing, as Wake Forest had without a doubt the best college team seen in this section for years.
The season was now fast drawing to a close, only the Sewanee and Georgia games remaining. From what happened to be an excellent outlook at the beginning of the season, the team had dropped to such an extent that they seemed to have no more chance against these two fast-going teams than a prep school nine.

But when we lined up against Sewanee all of the regulars were on again, and they soon showed that they were there to stay by scoring six runs in the first two innings of the first game. Before the game was over two Sewanee hurlers had been driven to the bench and the third one had fared just as bad. We amassed a total of thirteen tallies, while the best Sewanee could do was to get a man to third. The team didn’t let up in the second game, and presented Gordon, Sewanee’s star pitcher, with a 5 to 1 defeat. “Scrappy” Moore brought fame unto himself in this game by poling out the first home run ever made on Grant Field. The team had at last found itself.

The Georgia games were now upon us and all the “dope” pointed toward the Red and Black, but Tech. was fighting mad. Georgia had two All-Southern twirlers, had the hardest hitting team in the South and hadn’t lost a single S. I. A. A. series. They had already applied the title of “Champions” to themselves. The first two games were played in the “Classic City” and both of them furnished thrills galore. “Smokey” Eubanks hurled the first one and had the heavy Georgia swatsmen eating out of his hand for almost the entire game. In the ninth however, with us one run in the lead, a Georgia runner on second and two men gone, George Harrison landed on to one which looked good for a homer. A cry of despair went up from the Tech. side; but “Murphy” saw it and started after it. Although he didn’t seem to have a chance to get it, by the prettiest catch ever seen on Sanford Field he pulled it down and thereby saved the game. The student body went to Athens the next day and again we returned winners, this time by a 5 to 4 score, winning out in the eighth inning after the game seemed hopelessly lost. Pitts furnished great amusement for the Tech. supporters in this game by whiffing the mighty “Bob” twice in succession.

The next week Georgia came over here and won the first game 4 to 1, but we went after them in the final game of the series with a vengeance, and romped home a 4 to 2 winner, thereby winning the series and upsetting the “dope” to such an extent that there wasn’t any of it left.

Thus it will be seen that we won only three series, Clemson, Sewanee and Georgia; but Georgia,—well, that’s what counts.
TECH'S NIGHTSHIRT BALL AFTER THE SEWANEE FOOTBALL GAME
Track Team

J. A. Logan, Jr.  Captain  C. C. Thomas  Coach
E. B. Means  Manager  J. Lucas, Jr.  Assistant Manager

VARSITY
T. Andrews  H. Leuhrmann  W. M. Robinson
O. V. Jones  J. A. Logan, Jr.  J. L. Street
R. F. Monsalvatge

Track History

When March rolled around and the usual call for track candidates was issued, quite a good-sized squad responded. Out of this number appeared only five old men: Capt. Logan, Robinson, Monsalvatge, Leuhrmann and Smith. Well, on this scanty nucleus Coach Thomas built his team. Capt. Logan was to run the first two dashes and the low hurdles. Robinson to do the high jump, Monsalvatge the half and the mile, Leuhrmann the weights, and Smith the pole vault. Now at a glance things did not look so bad, and really Tech did turn out a very respectable track team.

On Field Day, Leuhrmann broke the school record for the discuss, and Street, a Freshman, made a very good broad jump, pushing the record of 21 feet 8 inches, made by George Semmes, very close. All of this was very encouraging and the team got down to real hard work.

On May 3, the team left for Clemson to do or die. Well it did die, but only after a hard fight. In this meet O. V. Jones broke the discus record set by Hugh Leuhrmann on Field Day. Walter Robinson won the high jump handily, Street made a spectacular jump on his last try and won first place. Logan won the low hurdles after a very spirited race with McMahon of Clemson.

The next important meet was that of the S. I. A. A. at New Orleans. Tech. showed to great advantage down there, and carried away some of the most coveted laurels of the meet. It was here that Robinson proved himself to be a master at the art of high jumping by setting a new S. I. A. A. high jump record of 5 feet 9½ inches, one quarter of an inch better than the former record. Andrews, a Freshman, proved worthy of wearing a T by pushing the winner of the high hurdle race hard and capturing second place. When the low hurdle race was run Tech. showed to advantage in misfortune, especially so when Logan, who was leading the field by a good two yards, struck the last hurdle and was thrown heavily, loosing the race to Stahlman of Vanderbilt, Stahlman setting a new record for that distance.

Tech. loses only four men from the 1913 team: Jones, Leuhrmann, Andrews and Monsalvatge. With this nucleus and the promising material on hand Tech.'s chance to win the 1914 S. I. A. A. honors is most promising.
FOOTBALL TEAM

SECRET PRACTICE
Varsity Basket-ball Team

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Captain</th>
<th>Assistant Manager</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Forbes Bradley</td>
<td>F. V. Cluis</td>
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</table>

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Manager</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>W. T. McCullough, Jr.</td>
<td>J. W. Heisman</td>
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<table>
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<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>J. Y. Jameson</td>
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<table>
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<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>H. Cushman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. C. Mitchell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Riviis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T. Johnston</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T. Vaughn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. L. Spence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. Mauck</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. T. McCullough, Jr.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Struppa</td>
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The Basket-ball Season of 1914

When the first call for basket-ball was issued in the latter part of December, a certain feeling of gloom pervaded the Crystal Palace, there being only two of last year’s regular players in school, Manager McCullough and Captain Bradley, but after exams., under the efficient coaching of Heisman and Jameson, the new men were rounded into from and things began to take on a brighter appearance.

The Vandy game, which was a little premature, saw a team composed of four freshmen and one second year man, but these men played ball, and Vandy only won after a hard fight. This game was all that was needed to get the men together, and in Macon on the following night, they administered a drubbing to the Baptists to the tune of 30-20. After those games the team seemed to work harder and play together better, and they trounced Mercer again on February 13th, at the Crystal Palace.

On the 14th of February they journeyed to Athens. But why dwell on that trip? Suffice to say, Georgia had the best team in the South and had cleaned up for the Columbus Y. M. C. A., and when the final count was taken the score stood 58-8.

Right then the boys began work, and they began the foundations of the gamest team that has ever represented Tech. on the basket-ball court.

Auburn came, and the football victory of the fall was wiped out by a walk-a-way, in which Tech. held the large end by about 38 points. This was the beginning, and our team of Freshmen refused to be headed. They carried the Old Gold and White to victory in Chattanooga on the 12th and then delivered another drubbing two days later.

But the crowning game of the season was yet to come. There remained one more game with Georgia to be played on the 27th, at the Crystal Palace. Georgia came, confident of the victory that she thought would so easily be hers, and Tech. waited, resolved that there should be no more walkovers. At the end of the first half, after the best playing ever seen here, Tech. held the lead by one point. The second half was a repetition of the first, only Georgia was the leader, and winner of the prettiest game Tech. has ever played.

The season as a whole was very good, Tech. lost only two games, those being to Georgia, and we are proud of our Freshman team, they played like veterans, and held up the traditions of old Tech., which means that no matter what the prospects, we are going to have a team that we will be proud of, and that will be feared by all the other colleges.
Class Football Champions

CLASS OF 1916

JONES .......... Center
MERRILL ......... Right Guard
FOX ............. Left Guard
SENTER (Capt.) .... Right Tackle
FLANNAGAN, CARSON Left Tackle
GOREE ......... Right End
BROWN, HENDERSON Left End
ROUNDTREE .... Right Half Back
BRADLEY, KAUNDER Left Half Back
MORRISON .... Full Back
SPAN ........ Quarter Back
"WOOTS" FIELDER Coach

Sophs... 20 Seniors... 0
Sophs... 6 Juniors... 0
Sophs... 10 Freshman... 0
Sophs... 21 Subs... 0
'15 Baseball Team

Witherington (Captain) .......... Catcher
Rainey ......................... Pitcher
Herrington ..................... First Base
Hardy ........................ Second Base
Singleton ...................... Third Base
Drake ........................ Short Stop
Perkins ......................... Left Field
Malone ......................... Center Field
Pharr ........................ Right Field
Clark ........................ Manager
'17 Basket-ball Team

Struppa (Captain) ........................................ Center
Preas .................................................. Guard
Mitchell ................................................ Guard
Woolfolk ................................................ Guard
Cushman ................................................ Forward
Spence ................................................ Forward
Francis ................................................ Forward
FRATERNITIES
# Chapter Roll Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity

**FRATRES IN FACULTATE**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Members</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1916</td>
<td>E. Y. Holt, C. M. Watson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1918</td>
<td>D. S. Golding, E. H. Flemister</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity

GEORGIA PHI CHAPTER

*Founded 1856*  
*Established 1890*

FRATRES IN FACULTATE  
Prof. W. F. Kernan

1914  
A. F. Montague  
J. T. Montague

1915  
C. S. Gardner  
J. J. Gardner  
F. A. Perkins  
E. B. Montague  
M. A. Pharr, Jr.

1916  
F. V. Cluis  
E. P. Hoffman  
A. Illges  
T. H. Williams, Jr.

1917  
H. C. Burr  
T. H. Crenshaw, Jr.  
W. W. Colquitt  
W. R. Crowell  
J. A. P. Garlington  
B. H. Hawkins  
J. C. MacRae  
J. C. Mitchell  
A. R. Towers  
C. E. Turner  
A. S. Woolfolk

1918  
F. R. Beall  
J. E. Hunnicutt  
J. C. Alexander  
C. W. Irvin  
A. B. Hill  
W. C. Lindsay
Kappa Sigma Fraternity

ALPHA TAU CHAPTER

Founded 1869

Established 1895

FRATRES IN FACULTATE

Prof. E. W. G. Bogher

Prof. D. M. Smith

Prof. W. A. Alexander

1914

P. F. Whittier

1915

C. M. Butterfield

G. M. Hill

J. S. Moore, Jr.

E. B. Newill

B. J. Sams

V. N. Wier

1916

J. L. Clarkson

F. H. Fox

A. C. Howard

W. F. Kauder

K. A. Merrill

D. E. Morrison

J. C. Senter

J. L. Street

W. J. Wren, Jr.

1917

J. S. Crane

H. W. Cushman

J. M. French

S. W. Harkins

J. T. Johnston

A. Roberts

1918

R. A. Stone

L. R. Sams
Sigma Nu Fraternity

GAMMA ALPHA CHAPTER

Founded 1869 Established 1896

1914
R. T. Anthony R. H. White, Jr. J. H. Tate D. M. Forester

1915
J. L. Parker F. S. Morton A. McDonald

1916
D. S. Sharpe P. N. Johnston A. J. Rountree
C. R. Brown C. M. Gruber Gordon M. Hill

1917
H. I. Donaldson R. O. Newsom E. E. Hardin
C. S. Johnson T. W. Conrad M. H. Murphree
W. E. Turner E. V. Barnes H. Burks
W. C. Woodall A. R. Dasher, Jr. J. H. Starr
E. T. Mathis, Jr.

1918
A. L. Brannen McC. Smith T. M. West R. E. Newsom
Kappa Alpha Fraternity

ALPHA SIGMA CHAPTER

Founded 1865

FRATRES IN FACULTATE

Dr. K. G. Matheson  Prof. W. G. Perry  Prof. H. Hughes  Prof. W. S. Nelms

1914

W. E. Dunwody, Jr.  M. Pound  J. M. Reifsneider

1915

C. B. Grimes  H. L. Herrington  K. P. Ribble
W. M. Robinson  W. P. Sloan  B. D. Smith
P. Sneed  W. A. Troy  J. W. Turner

1916

R. Battle  R. S. Fleet  R. H. McNulty  R. E. Lester

1917

C. A. Brooks  T. Coleman  J. S. Disosway
G. Eastman  W. Moore  A. Redding
A. H. Weems  G. W. Woodruff  V. Wooley

1918

M. L. Brittan, Jr.  L. Willett
Phi Delta Theta Fraternity

GEORGIA DELTA CHAPTER

Founded 1848

Established 1902

1914

E. L. Chapman  D. L. Hurlbut  W. M. Slaton  D. B. Wright

1915


1916

H. L. Hardy  M. N. Holland  J. Reilly, Jr.  H. H. Sancken

1917

E. B. Brantly  W. L. Carpenter  F. J. Cloud  F. S. Dennis


1918

S. W. Mangham  A. B. West
Phi Kappa Sigma Fraternity

ALPHA NU CHAPTER

Founded 1850
Established 1904

FRATER EN FACULTATE
Prof. Hugh McKee

1914
W. R. Armstrong
J. A. Logan, Jr.
G. W. Jordan, III
D. E. McCord

1915
B. S. Barker
E. H. Carman
T. P. Hancock
R. V. Walton

1916
J. F. Downing
H. H. Dancy
C. J. Victgreen
W. W. Thomas

1917
E. E. Dawes
R. H. Knapp

1918
R. W. Barnwell
J. H. B. Bogman
L. P. Grant
Chi Phi Fraternity

OMEGA CHAPTER

Founded 1892

Established 1904

FRATER EN FACULTATE

Prof. R. H. Lowndes

1914

R. C. Atkinson
H. Battey
F. L. Shackleford
T. T. Talley

M. S. Cone

1915

G. M. Brown
C. L. Jordan
W. T. McCullough, Jr.

J. Lucas, Jr.

1916

M. K. Aiken
H. T. Collins

C. E. Houston

1917

L. B. Griffith
A. S. Hopkins
V. H. N. Hall
W. C. MeHaffey

C. H. Prescott
B. M. Wooley, Jr.

1918

C. A. Rawson
Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity

ALPHA DELTA CHAPTER

Founded 1868

Established 1904

1914
C. S. Crofoot

1915
R. A. Camp
E. S. Ford
Carroll Griffin

G. L. Lillard
F. E. Nigels

R. M. Pelle
C. S. Watts
C. M. Wood

1916
L. L. Boone, Jr.
W. J. Ferguson, Jr.

F. G. Hutchins
R. C. Jordan, Jr.

J. B. McLin
J. N. Pitts

1917
W. L. Ferguson
J. C. Shaw

D. B. Guthrie
W. M. Werner

C. R. Mather

SPECIALS
H. M. Hutson
H. L. Pierce
Sigma Phi Epsilon Fraternity

GEORGIA ALPHA CHAPTER

Founded 1900

Established 1907

FRATRES IN FACULTATE

H. S. McCrary, Jr.  P. T. Shutze

1914

G. A. Chapman  W. J. Milner, Jr.
R. A. Shackleford  T. C. Whitner, Jr.

1915

J. C. Broadnax  W. Hope  R. G. Malone  E. O. Smith

1916

P. E. Beard  S. A. Gayle  F. F. Merriam
F. Bradley, Jr.  S. R. Hammond  L. D. Semmes
E. P. Burris  H. H. Harris  E. A. Stanley
J. E. Dunwody, Jr.

1917

J. F. Andrews  R. L. Francis, Jr.  J. W. Shaw
W. D. Coney  J. Struppa
Alpha Pi Alpha Fraternity

Local at Tech. Founded 1912

MEMBERS

1914

E. W. Connell Carl Epps F. E. Harless
T. F. Leckwood, Jr. F. L. Rand

1915

L. N. Duggan D. O. Raffo J. R. Robson
W. E. Palen H. W. Rainey L. G. Watters

1916

J. A. Lawwill C. W. Stoffregen

1917

W. B. Duggan J. M. Flanigen J. E. McDonald
Pi Kappa Phi Fraternity

GEORGIA IOTA CHAPTER

Founded 1904

1914
D. C. Jones, Jr.
T. H. Mize
M. P. Powell

1915
S. A. Cook
J. B. Hutchinson
C. W. Franklin
C. W. Dillingham

1916
G. R. Branson
J. J. Calnan
C. E. Denton

H. H. Durant
R. M. Jones
H. H. Scott

R. W. Stribling
E. L. Thomas
W. L. Wooten

1917
W. H. Melton
SOME OF OUR STUDENTS
Anak Society

President
E. H. Arrington

Vice-President
D. M. Forester

Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

E. H. Arrington
W. E. Conklin
D. M. Forester
J. D. Law

J. A. Logan, Jr.
W. J. Milner, Jr.
A. F. Montague
M. Pound

J. M. Reifsneider
R. A. Shackleford
R. H. White, Jr.
Koseme Society

Founded 1912

OFFICERS

E. B. Montague ........................................... President
J. J. Strickland .......................................... Vice-President
G. M. Hill .................................................. Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

B. J. Gantt .............................. J. Lucas, Jr.
C. S. Gardner ......................... E. B. Means
C. B. Grimes ......................... E. B. Montague
T. Hancock ......................... W. T. McCullough
G. M. Hill ........................... J. L. Parker
H. O. Rogers
B. J. Sams
B. D. Smith
J. J. Strickland
I. F. Witherington
The Senior Hop of 1913 was one of the most unique dances at which any class ever played the hosts, in that it began promptly at one minute past twelve on Tuesday morning of Commencement Week. Coming, as it did, immediately after the Junior Prom. and Sophomore German, it was a fitting climax to the first day of the Quarter-Centennial Celebration. The dance opened with the grand march at twelve o'clock, to the tune of "Marching through Georgia."

Taft Hall at the Auditorium Armory was beautifully decorated with yellow and white bunting, and wild smilax was strung in garlands from the four large fixtures in the hall. Palms and ferns were banked in the corners, and the chaperones were seated around the walls. The punch was served from a booth of evergreens, and miniature electric lights were arranged underneath the punch bowl, in such a way that it gave the effect of a crystal spring bubbling up from a lighted crevasse.

The fairest of the flowers of Georgia's womanhood had come to Atlanta for this first night of the "Georgia Tech. Commencement," and the display was one that would have pleased the "Goddess of Beauty" had she been able to grace the ball with her own presence. A hot supper was served at three o'clock by Frank Roman, and then dancing continued until the first faint rays of dawn were creeping over the Eastern horizon.
ONE of the few and treasured traditions that Georgia Tech. possesses is the Junior Promenade. In former years this last inight of the year was devoted to a good time. The Prom was given as a parting affair to the Seniors and it was the last honor before their battle with the world began.

On Monday night, June 8, 1913, according to the time-honored custom, the band struck up the funeral march promptly at eight o'clock. The Seniors filed across the campus and assembled in a great circle on the lower campus. Each held his torch on high and the flickering blazes threw a weird light over the crowd. The ceremony was opened by "Mister" George Hope, and after a few remarks the bonfire was started. The flames were fed with the beard of Floyd Field and the coat of "Pud" Lowndes. Then each member of the class placed some offering upon the bier, the offerings varying from a calculus note-book to "Reasons I couldn't stop McWhorter," by "Shug" Goebel, and a treatise on finance, by "Fat" Eley.

The campus was at its best, due to the labors of the electrical juniors. A huge electrical display flashed from the top of the Academic building,—GEORGIA TECH., 1888-1913. The walks were festooned with strings of electric lights and the walk to the Crystal Palace was arched with hundreds of miniature lights. In the Crystal Palace, the devotees of Terpsichore held supreme sway until twelve o'clock. The dance was a huge success.
Sophomore German

THE 1913 Commencement was ushered in on Monday morning, June 10, by the Sophomore German. The Crystal Palace was attractively decorated in blue and white, the class colors of the class of 1915. Each corner was covered with an arbor of wild smilax, and behind these booths of evergreens Sophomore punch was served. The Seniors, who were the honor guests, were much in evidence in their caps and gowns. These were discarded as soon as the orchestra played the first march.

The Sophomore German was led by Ed. Carman and Miss Lydia McBride, while the Senior figure was led by Charlie Porter and Miss Kate Cooper. The weather was ideal for a dance, the day being clear and cool. Polier's orchestra furnished the music for the occasion. The dancing continued until two thirty in the afternoon, hot luncheon being served at Neri's and Frank Roman's. Then the dance was adjourned until eight P. M. when the Junior Prom. began.
Pan-Hellenic Dance

ONCE a year the fraternities of Georgia Tech. entertain their active men and alumni with a grand ball. This was the occasion of the most brilliant social affair ever given in the South. It all came about on the night of June 11, 1913. The entire decorations of Taft Hall had been changed from the yellow and white of the Senior hop to a harmonious blending of the colors of the ten fraternities here at Tech. Large banners were conspicuously placed throughout the hall.

The orchestra was screened from the view of the dancers behind a bank of ferns, palms and evergreens. During the space of twelve months the mode of dancing had undergone so radical a change, from the stately waltz and two-step to the Turkey-trot, One Step, and Castle-walk, that the music necessarily underwent a similar change, and no more did "Mike" pour forth his music to the tune of the Blue Danube and Il Trovatore, but now blazed away to the tune of "Here Comes My Daddy Now," "Snooky Ookum," and "In My Harem." The new dances were given a thorough try-out and strange to say they seemed to grow in popularity.

Hot supper was served at two o'clock and everybody was happy. The dancing continued until daylight, and when Old Sol peeped in at the windows he was given a rousing reception with the throwing of confetti and the blowing of many horns. Mike played "Home, Sweet Home" at six thirty, and all agreed on their departure that the "Pan" of 1913 was the greatest ever and that their only regret was that it was not to be all done over again until 1914.
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Certain Techites, asked where they room, incline their head proudly and inform you that they reside at "The Rockefeller Apartments." They call it so, partly because Mr. Rockefeller helped to build it, and partly because of the suggestion of wealth in its luxurious roominess and fine appointments. When the newly arrived man inspects its dormitories, its social hall, its committee rooms, its offices and meeting places for every kind of student activity, its postoffice, its lunch room, its shower baths, its game rooms and auditorium, as a good Tech man he feels a very strong sense of pride in it; but he feels no sense of uneasiness or awe. It is the campus home-spot, and everybody—the untraveled lad from Nubbins, Georgia, and the cosmopolitan youth who yawns at Atlanta's skyscrapers; the timid sub and the dominant soph—everybody feels at home there.

But the Tech. Y. M. C. A. is not merely a splendid house. There are in and about this house two good men who are never wearied in being friends to folks. And it is amazing, the number of ways they know of being friends. Watch them for half an hour in the outer office and see. There is an inner office, too, where a fellow may find a confidential friend and tell his troubles, or get advice, or borrow a bit of money perhaps, or confess his sins for all anybody else knows. These secretaries are men of wisdom, patience, and infinite good will.

But the Tech. Y. M. C. A. is more than building or leaders. It is a living, pervasive spirit in the community. Insistent and invisible as the rising sap in springtime which reveals itself in bud and branch, this spirit reveals itself in kindly actions, in friendly attitude of man to man, in confidential conversation, in college politics aimed at service, in a high sense of a man's honor and worth, in realization of individual duty. There are three hundred men in Georgia Tech. who meet once a week in groups, simply among themselves, to talk over and to study the Bible. It means something. This spirit, persistent and lively, finds expression in the clean-hearted, clear-eyed type of man who stands up straight, looks the world in the eye, bears on his strengthened shoulder his full measure of this life's burden and finds a joy in helping the other man who needs help.
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WANTED A MAN FOR A PLACE

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"Runt" Hardy wins a medal.
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National Sophomore Society—Active Chapters, 70
(Omega-Omega Chapter)

Founded 1870  Established 1894  Chartered 1913

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Dr. Samuel S. Wallace

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R. C. Jordan, Jr.
L. L. Boone, Jr.
S. A. Gayle
Forbes Bradley, Jr.

1915
J. L. Parker
G. B. Lamar
J. H. Daniels

1914
R. T. Anthony
W. M. Slaton
R. H. White, Jr.
D. L. Hurlbut

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KOLOR: Krimson
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"KONK" Conklin .................................................... Keeps Kegs, Kalls Konfabs
"KRAZY" Moore .................................................... Keeps Kollected Kash

KLAN

"Krook" Adams ......................................................
"Kitty" Biggers ......................................................
"Krib" Dunwody ......................................................
"Kris" Hill ...........................................................
"Konk" Conklin ......................................................
"Krazy" Moore ........................................................
"Kanteen" Watts .....................................................
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J. S. Moore, Jr. ............. E ............. J. C. Senter
J. L. Parker ................. H and I ........ M. Pound
S. L. Aichel ................. J and K ........ E. J. Mitchell
W. R. Tucker ................ L and M .......... K. J. Fielder

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W. R. STUMBERG
H. B. WATTS
“Rockefeller Apartment Roomers”

“Brant” Brantley       “J. P.” Hunt
“R. E.” Breen           “Joe” Logan
“Cal” Callanan          “Metty” Metcalf
“Gib” Gibson            “Ed” Oehmig
“Peanut” Hardy          “J. Bascom” Ramsey
“R. S.” Howell          “Jesup” Raybon

“Scotty” Scott          “Jabbo” Smith
“Strick” Strickland     “Sailor” White
“Little” (A. L.) Williams
“Big” (L. H.) Williams

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H. F. Comer              Prof. D. M. Smith
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NORTH AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

CLASS MOTTO: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness"

COLORS: Old Gold and White

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J. H. Lucas .............................................................. L. B. Griffith
M. Jordan ............................................................... F. Flowers
Y. A. Speer .............................................................
Some of Our Motor Bugs

A. W. Goree
E. B. Brantley

Jean Patten
H. W. Willett, Jr.
S. L. Aichel

G. C. Kiplinger
E. P. Brantley

E. J. Mitchell
The man who made a Term grade of 99 per cent in Calculus
WHEN TECH WENT TO ATHENS

They went, they saw, they conquered. Five hundred and more strong the Yellow Jackets invaded Athens on the memorable day of May 10th, 1913, determined to do or die. They had victory in their hearts and nothing but victory would satisfy them—they were crazed with joy over the defeat handed Georgia the day before and they were fully confident that the Old Gold and White would be returned the victor again.

The Seaboard reached the Classic City about two o'clock—some two hours before the festivities were to begin. Immediately Athens was transformed from a quiet little village to a swirling, whooping, howling mass of humanity. The line of march was formed at the depot, with the band leading the procession and soon "Rambling Wreck" and "Teck et a Reck," were heard on every corner. Everybody was in the parade—from Sub to Senior, and all with the same purpose; that was: to "bring home the bacon," that day if rooting and enthusiasm could do it.

The business part of the town was soon reached and then the column broke up. Restaurants were invaded and business of every other kind brought to a standstill. The waiters in the BZB and other cafes were so rushed that they soon ran out of everything but egg sandwiches—"ham and" couldn't be gotten for love or money, much less the costlier dishes. All of this was very trying to the high-spirited Techites who had to wait for nearly an hour for something to eat. "Mike" Greenblat, then the leader of our band, ordered a steak, grapefruit and some pie, and after waiting for over three quarters of an hour a waiter finally came up to him and said, "Here's your egg sandwich, sir." Mike took it.

After everyone had in some way satisfied their hunger the march to the ball park began. Near the centerfield fence was a sign "Georgia Welcomes Tech," which showed that we were at least on friendly ground. Georgia sent up a yell for us and we answered it. The bands played "Glory to Old Georgia," and "Rambling Wreck," and our feelings were getting more tense all the time. As soon as the umpire shouted "Play Ball" and Wooten stepped to the plate, everybody knew that it was going to be some game and some game it was. Hardly a moment of it but what there wasn't some spectacular stab, catch or throw. It was a battle all the way through, with first one side holding the lead
and then the other. Georgia was fighting to redeem her defeat of the day before, while Heisman's lads were equally determined to make it two straight on the enemy's grounds. The cheering was intense—the grandstands and bleachers were alive with streamers of Old Gold and White and pennants of Red and Black. Neither side was willing to be outcheered, and megaphones, tin pans and every other available noise-making instrument was brought into use.

Well, as for the game itself, we won, and that's sufficient. It all came about in the lucky eighth, when Morris blew sky-high. Up until this inning the score stood 4 to 2, with us holding the short end of it and things looking none too good for us to forge ahead. However, everybody got to work in the eighth and by some good playing, together with Morris's ascension, we scored three runs, which proved enough to win the game. "The scene at this stage of the game," said Coach Heisman, "was never equalled before. Never anywhere have I seen such excitement, heard such yelling, seen such extravagant displays of insane joy." And Coach was right about it.

From then until the Seaboard pulled out that night Tech. was seen and heard everywhere. There was a sign in front of one of the drug stores (yes, they have two there), with cartoons of all the Tech. players, and a forecast of the day's score reading, "Georgia, 10; Tech., 0." "Scrappy" Moore and one or two others decided that Tech. Flats was the best place for it, so to Tech. Flats it came.

The real celebration came off that night after the joy-makers reached their native burg. Everybody was keyed to the guns with love for their school and Heisman's hopefuls, and at once a parade through the streets was begun. Possibly they had exerted their vocal organs that afternoon, but it didn't matter and none of them seemed to care. Not a nook or cranny around the busy portion of Atlanta was left undiscovered. The swellest dance of the season was pulled off right in the Terminal Station with hundreds of passengers and several cops composing the crowd of spectators. Everything from the Turkey trot to the Heisman Heave was danced, and then some.

"Georgia's goat" was burned at Five Points and great was the ceremony thereof. After this solemn rite had been performed the crowd journeyed to the Piedmont and everybody made a speech, including Coach Heisman and Joe Pitts. After this part of the program was over the crowd disbursed and Tech. was here, there and everywhere. The Yellow Jacket yell was heard on every corner, for Georgia had been defeated not once, but twice.

Finally there was nothing else to do but the usual stunt—some of them indulged and others didn't. But then who wouldn't have?
Und now
Effrybody
Schmile
Four Young Newtons

We present here the portraits of a quartette of rising young scientists, together with a brief account of important researches made by them during the past year; accompanied in each instance by a historical note by the author.

(1) MR. E. P. BURRUS.

Mr. Burrus proved, in October 1913, the new famous "Burrus Theorem," viz.: \( \frac{dx}{x} = d. \)

He was already well known to the mathematical world by his famous rule;
"To simplify any complicated expression put x and y equal to zero." Mr. Burrus says:
"I was lead to this theorem by a desire to remove the difficulties some of our younger students experienced in differentiation \( \log x \), my theorem has been widely used at Tech, and the results have been very gratifying.

(2) MR. H. P. CONWAY.

Mr. Conway revolutionized the entire chemical symbolism. Perhaps his most remarkable discovery was:
"Formula for nitric acid=Na, "n" for nitric and "a" for acid."
"The inspiration for this epoch-making innovation came to me through the stimulating mental atmosphere which surrounds my room-mate, Mr. Burrus."

(3). MR. J. S. MOORE.
Mr. Moore is the author of the following:

\[ \sin x + \cos x = x (\sin + \cos) = x \]

This theorem is sometimes erroneously attributed to Stone. The author says: "While I consider this theorem of far-reaching importance, a simple corollary of it

\[ \cos (\alpha) = \alpha \]

is of more practical value. I use this corollary constantly in my work."

(4). MR. STRUPPA.
Author of "Four methods of preparing Hydrogen; Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication, and Division."

Mr. Struppa says: "I can not emphasize too strongly the necessity for reducing chemical processes to exact mathematical terms. I attribute a large part of my success to the encouragement and helpful criticism of my room-mates, Mr. Conway and Mr. Burrus."

ITEMS FROM THE GEORGIA CITIES

Mr. Roy Breen of Ga. Tech. is at home for a two weeks' vacation. This privilege of exemption from examinations was accorded to him on account of his high standing in class. Keep it up Roy, my boy, you will make Jesup famous some day.—Jesup Sentinel.

Mr. Thomas Gamble, an Apprentice at the Georgia Tech, is married. Tommy took the fatal plunge during the Christmas holidays.—Savannah Reflector.

We notice by the increase in the board bill of Mr. Thomas Alvin Gibson, a Senior at the Georgia Tech., that Alvin is still keeping up his record as a good eater. We would like to match him against any light-weight eater south of the Mason-Dixon Line.—Dublin Gazette.

Mr. Bob Clarke, a student at Georgia Tech., was home for the holidays. Bob has certainly improved in looks since he has been away at college. Linger on Bob!—Ringgold Racket.

When Murphy Pound arrived home last week for the Christmas holidays he surprised the populace by walking home. Something unheard of for Murphy to take as much exercise as this wonderful feat called for.—Milledgeville Enlightener.

We hear that Kenneth Fielder is a real good football player. We also heard that there was a picture of our village hero in the Atlanta paper. Kenneth, we would like to have that picture to tack up on the town pump, where all the girls in town can see it. We are proud to have you claim Cedartown as your home.—Cedartown Cypher.

They say that Tech. mess-hall fare tends to stunt the growth of a young lad, but it seems to have had the opposite effect on Canty Alexander. Canty, when in the world are you going to stop growing?—Columbus Chronicle."
Tech Auto Department

The Automobile Department is nothing new at Tech, although there may be many who are not aware of that fact. It is not listed in the catalogue, owing to the fact that at present there is not enough equipment for a large number. The department has been in operation for several years, under the able direction of Gus Martindale, the Auto Expert, M.E. in A.E., from I. C. S. The course is a very thorough one, and not a single graduate has been known to be unsuccessful in landing a very lucrative position.

The machine now under construction has been given the name of Martindale "50". Where the "50" came from is a matter of dispute; supporters of the white and gold declaring that it refers to the number of years needed for completion, while the builder states that the machine is going to run about 50 miles (and then fall to pieces). At any rate, it is the original design of E. Benbow, and "belief me kiddo" (apologies to Frank Roman), it is going to be a bear kitty. As has been often stated, no effort is being made to make the machine a beauty; speed being the only end in view.

It will be remembered that two years ago the Drawing Department, represented by Pud, the Speed King, copped the bacon from the Shops Department, represented by Uncle Heinie, the Cyclonic Cyclist. Previous to this the Shops had never known defeat, and since, have bent all their efforts towards the recovery of the aforesaid bacon.

Under the leadership of Gus, the Auto Expert, the entire shop force, from Aunt Polly down to Woodshop Sam, have been putting their time and thoughts (no currency) on the construction of the Martindale "50". Meanwhile, Pud the Speed King, reigns supreme on North Avenue.

Among the more wealthy members of the faculty who have contributed to the Auto Department, we find Tobe, the Physical Phenomenon; Tommy, the Renowned Registrar; Quack, the Pillslinger; and Gus Allen, the Hash-maker. The first three are the proud owners of Fords, and insist that there are none better. The last named should worry for expenses. He buys one at the beginning of one month, wears the very axles off of it, and by the beginning of the next month, he's got a new one. Ish Ka Bibble!

One day the Physical Phenomenon's car just absolutely refused to go. Investigation revealed the fact that there were dust particles on the crank handle. Quack gives his motor a No. 6 every morning, and has never been known to have had trouble. Tommy’s registered Motor Vehicle has a perfectly regular schedule, and is always on the job. The Hash-maker’s limousine is running nearly all the time. He takes
a bunch of fellows to ride after each meal, feeling that as the fellows pay for his gasoline they are at least due a ride, even if they don’t get anything to eat.

Secretary Adams, the Whirlwind Motorcyclist, who, by the way also gets his gasoline from the fellows, is the originator and founder of the Motorcycle Department. He intends to begin his fame by defeating the Cyclonic Cyclist, and then as a climax ease one over on the Speed King. Of course this last at present seems impossible, but the Whirlwind Motorcyclist has lots of confidence in himself, and states that he will be ready for the speed contention in the course of a few years.

It might be said here, that Tech. is not going to stop at this point. “Pap” Adams of the Mechanical Section has expressed his intention of organizing the Aero Club. The first ship will soon be under construction, and strange to say, the Cyclonic Cyclist is going to furnish the material. Look out Speed King, the Cyclonic Cyclist is coming back.

S. L. A.
Wiffle-Poofs Blank Sons of Guns

Vernon Shows Rare Form

Herr Doc Stars for Whiffle-Poofs

The Line-up

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Whiffle-poofs</th>
<th>Sons of Guns</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Big Doc</td>
<td>C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blink</td>
<td>P.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Uncle Si</td>
<td>1B.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cockie</td>
<td>2B.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mr. Billy</td>
<td>3B.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Herr Doc</td>
<td>SS.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mr. Thompson</td>
<td>LF.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tommy</td>
<td>CF.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Randall</td>
<td>RF.</td>
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Umpire—Heinie. Water Boy—Charlie Jones Score-keeper—Bocat Field

Froggie and Uncle Si match for ins and outs but K. G. catches them and threatens to automatically drop them from the roll for gambling. Nevertheless Froggie wins and chooses “ins”, saying that he had rather be in than out any time.

Uncle Heinie steps in front of the grandstand and in stentorian tones cries out “Pay attention up there. The batteries for to-day’s game are Whiffle Poofs, Blink and Big Doc. Sons of Guns, Vernon and Froggie. Play Ball.” And leaving his mouth still open he fixes his eagle eye on the home plate.
None other than the Right Reverend Dutch Goldman throws the first ball in this great contest.
Froggie has lit a cigarette and steps to the bat just in time to meet this one for a single.
Blink shoots a saliva ball to Vernon who immediately takes time out to get a rain coat. Vernon
knocks a long fly to Tommie who muffs it. Froggie goes to third. He jumps up and down on the
base and claps his hands.
Kernan giving Bill Coney his bull-dog to hold steps to the bat. Kernan tries to bunt but Big
Doc analyzes the play and Froggie is caught at the plate. Vernon runs to argue with the Umpire
and is caught off the bag. Kernan whiffs, and takes off his hat and carries it to the bench. Side out.
Big Doc to the bat. He drives a hot one to Ducey who fails to see it on account of his mus-
tache. Blink comes to the bat and is warned to quit expectorating Brown Mule juice into the
catcher’s mit. Big Doc steals second on account of the slippery condition of the ball. Blink gets on.
Uncle Si rolls a slow one to Stamy, and a double play is made, Stamy to Ducey to Boogher.
Elbert making a grandstand catch.
Cockie is a little slow in using the bat, and fans on three straight balls.
Score: W. P.’s, 0. S. O. G.’s, 0.
SECOND INNING
Boogher hands Perrine his ice-cream cone as he comes to the bat. He hits a hot one to
Uncle who makes a great one-hand stab and yells, “You are not so good as you think you are. Con-
found you.” Boogher treats this remark with silent contempt.
Ducey steps to the bat and surveys left field. He tries to get a line of columnation on the ball and
is hit in the eye; H. P. Wood takes his place and goes to first.
Stamey feebly pops up to Herr Doc.
Weather conditions are not conducive to safe hits and Tobe fouls out to Big Doc. Side out.
Mr. Billy hits a grounder to H. P., and is cast out at first.
Herr Doc hits the first ball for a single to left field.
Mr. Thompson batting with one hand lifts Stamey off his feet with a red hot one, and reaches first safely. Herr Doc going to third on the play. Tommy registers a short hit to center and Herr Doc scores but Mr. Thompson's hook slide fails to work on second and he is caught out.
Randall breezes the atmosphere thrice, Vernon showing rare form.
Score: W. P.'s, 1; S. O. G.'s, 0.

THIRD INNING

Gruen rolls one to Cockie and gets on.
Pud draws a pass, having been beaned by Blink with the first ball.
Froggy fans on $X=3$ strikes. He scowls at Blink and mutters—"I'll be damned."
Vernon to the bat. He strikes out on $Y=2\frac{1}{2}$, he having expected a curve of a more complicated nature.
Kernan singles but is called out by Uncle Heinie for not touching first base and put out of the game for "cussing" the umpire.
Side out.
Big Doc to the bat. After receiving an acidified look from Uncle Si he gets a base on balls and ebullites toward first.
Blink is urged by Mr. Thompson to "Hit it, hit it, don't be afraid of it, hit it."
Big Doc neutralizes the second base about this time.
Froggy signals for the Sine Curve. Blink quits the game as soon as Vernon delivers this, saying he is not as sober as he thought he was. Uncle Heinie calls him out.
Uncle Si comes to the bat and pipes to Big Doc who is counting the molecules around second "Conserve your energy," and he singles to right field.
Cockie knocks a home run over the right fielder's head, but is thrown out at first. Big Doc scores.
Uncle gets up steam rounding second and comes puffing in home.
Mr. Billy to the bat hits a line drive to Tobe who mistakes it for an electron. Mr. Billy makes up time going to second.
Herr Doc as he steps to the bat kicks Kernan's bull dog out of the way, addressing him in French. Uncle Heinie puts him out of the game for cussing and calls it three outs.
Score: W. P.'s, 3; S. O. G.'s, 0.
FOURTH INNING

Kell goes in the box for Blink, and E. Benbow Martindale takes Herr Doc’s place.

At this point the game is delayed a few minutes while Boogher changes his suit. He returns wearing a monocle. Boogher singles.

H. P. to the bat, strikes out and charges the battery with conspiracy. The battery so charged shocks the grandstand with spectacular playing.

Stamey advancing to the bat throws a fit, but is soon revived by one of Quack’s 45 calibre capsules, he then gives his famous chicken yell and fowls out to Froggy.

Tobe to the bat defies atmospheric conditions and knocks a hot one over second but does not reach first in time due to negative acceleration. Side out.

Mr. Thompson takes three healthy successive swings at the Spiral of Archimedes, the Cycloid and the Witch of Agnesi. Froggy drops the Witch and Mr. Thompson makes a bolt for first, but Froggy hops up and throws him out.

Tommy hits to short but the ball takes an irregular course and he reaches first safely.

Randall looms up big in this inning with a clean hit to center and Gruen sends out the S. O. S. (save our score) signal.

Big Doc fans.

Kell pops out to pitcher. Side out.

No change in score.

FIFTH INNING

Gruen waddles to the bat and falls an easy victim to the speed of “Kid” Kell, “The Live Wire.”

Pud nonchalantly walks to the bat and marks off the batter’s box.

Uncle Heinie detects this action with his eagle eye and “The Speed King is put out of the game for using a straight-edge to draw the line. Two outs.

Froggy to the bat and pops out to Cockie. Side out.

Uncle and Cocky fall easy to Vernon’s mathematical curves.

Mr. Billy reaches first on four wide ones.

H. P. to the bat. He connects with a speedy one and completes the circuit. Between first and second he suffers hysterisis losses and is almost caught out at the plate.

Mr. Thompson fans.

Game called on account of darkness.

Bo Cat Fields plots the progress of the game on the score board and it takes the form of a Cubic Parabola.

Great applause from the grandstand.
FOUND ON CAMPUS

(Written in memory of my darling sweetheart)

"When your eyes so bright
Have lost their light,
And your voice so dear
No longer here;
When you grow cold and I'm alone,
I won't know what to do.
If the Master knew how I loved you,
I know that he would take me too.
'Twould break my heart
If we should part,
For I've grown so used to you.

Another gem from the same manuscript:

"If my thoughts in words I could only express, I would be happy once more as I was when a babe. But alas! it is no use to feel as I do about it because you will soon be far away and the name of Clarence will never more cross your brain. Oh, If I only knew how to draw your affection towards myself I feel as if I could die with an easy heart, but as the parting draws nearer I feel that all my hopes are lost."

And another:

"Here's to the fairest of the fair, sweet Mary,
So hard to win, too good to lose.
She loves me, God bless her heart,
And I love her; God bless my heart too!"

AN EPILOGUE

"It has been only a few days since I pressed your dear little hand in mine, but to me those few days have seemed ages."

—The signature of the manuscript is withheld by the Editors.
A Sub's Sonnet

(With customary apologies)

When I consider how Dad's cash is spent
Ere my dip at Tech is halfway cinched,
And that one quarter which is left
Lodged with me useless for 'tis bent,
Although I tried to buy stamps to present,
My true account lest he returning chide,
"Doth Dad exact good grades, brains deny'd?"
I fondly ask. But Satan to prevent,
That murmur soon replies, "Dad does not need
Either your grades or his own coin. Who best
Spend all his ready cash, they please him best. His state
Is wealthy; Checks at his bidding speed,
By mail o'er land and ocean too his son;
They also serve who only sweeten pots."

J. L. M.
Blink in Mexico

(As told by himself.)

Me in Mexico? Sure I was there. I had an awful time down there, all on account of a crap game. (Exit Brown Mule.) You see it was like this:

Cockie Wallace and I were strolling around the quaint old Mexican city of Juarez when we came to a cafe. (Exit Brown Mule.) Stewart invited me in to take a dope on him but I told him that a Manhattan was as strong as I could stand. After our nerve became quieter we engaged in a little game of craps, Stewart Wallace producing the dice after the proprietor had sworn that he had none. (Exit Brown Mule.)

While I was busily engaged in relieving Samuel of his filthy lucre, I felt a harsh hand on my shoulder and I looked around into the physiognomy of a six-shooter. We were arrested for shooting craps in Mexico. (Exit Brown Mule.) We were led through the streets of Juarez bound as captives, insulted by the sneers of the populace. Some of them actually spit on us. (Exit Brown Mule.) Disgraced, we two honored Profs. of the Georgia School of Technology. Class, it was terrible.

We were locked in a stuffy, ill-smelling cell and told that our time was coming. Class, you should have seen Samuel Stewart Wallace, he was scared out of his wits. (Exit Brown Mule.)

Well, Tuesday came, and we were removed from our cells and dressed in pink tights. Even Mr. Davis would have laughed if he could have seen Wallace. (Exit Brown Mule.)

Wondering, we were led forth. At last a door was opened and I gazed out upon an arena. The truth dawned upon me. We were to be sacrificed to the Bulls.

You should have seen the wave of satisfaction sweep over Cockie’s face when I was chosen as the first victim. I was led forth to the judge’s stand. (Exit Brown Mule.) The judge, in a deep rumbling voice, informed me that I was to fight the bull single-handed and if I satisfied the crowd I was to go free. Otherwise my penalty was death. (Exit Brown Mule.)

The band struck up “Every Little Movement,” and I turned to see a massive bull, the only bull for miles around, charging madly at me. Class, you know me; I shrink from nothing. (Exit Brown Mule.) As he charged I nimbly sprang aside. Now it appears that this bull had been taught to fight only as the Mexicans fight, but I resolved to try something new and novel on him. That’s one good thing about me, Class, I don’t have to stick to the old, cut and dried customs, I am original, I am. (Exit Brown Mule.) Instead of waiting for the bull to charge me I charged the bull. My tactics seemed to worry the poor brute and I could see that he was decidedly uncomfortable. We raced around the arena, the bull and I, for at least a half an hour.

You see, Class, I was trying to get him out of breath. At last my opportunity came. (Exit Brown Mule.) I swerved from my course, and as the Bull came toward me I kicked him in the mouth and jumped over him. Seizing him by the tail I gave the beast several turns around my head and sent him flying over the grandstand.

We were saved, I had “Slung the Bull” successfully. (Exit Brown Mule.)

"Are you sick," asked Quack of W. P. Marshall; "let me see your tongue."

"It’s no use, doctor," replied Marshall, "no tongue can tell how bad I feel."
A Mellow-Drama—In Two Acts

Act One, First

Dramatis Personae

Percy Pilfer . . . . . . . . . . The Leading Man
Phoebe Pill . . . . . . . . . . The Leading Female
Dancers, Music, Etc.

Place—Segadlo’s Pleasure Palace.
Time—Mystic Hours of Twelve.

Quotation: 'Tripping the light fantastic toe,
She drank some punch and fell on the flo—or.'

Curtain Rises—(No Applause Yet.)

Conversation.

Girl (heroine)—"No, I won’t dance with you any more, you horrid old jester!
The idea of you calling my hair a danger signal,—but—but you might have meant
sweet danger."—And she was whirled away into the maze of dancers.
Incident:—Percy Pushes Painfully Punchwards.
Soliloquy:—Oh! What a blundering blighted gink am I,
  What is she to me, or I to her,
  That I should pine for her?
  What would I do,
  Had I the stolid and the cold indifference
  To her charms? Odds Enids (slang), I would drown the grief with
  punch,
  And please the general ear with pleasant speech,
  And shame the icy mien, awake the love
  Into her bosom,—yet I,
  Outwitted and unstrung, can nothing say,
  But like the cloven clam doth cleave unto my silent pate
  The dry tongue. By the bald and beardless goat
  Of Abram’s carking care! I’ll have her name,
  I’ll have a dance before Appollo
  Opes the starry gates of Heaven,
  Upon my sacred honor.

Action:—Percy Pursues Phoebe.

(Curtain quickly)
INTERIM:—Conjested in a hilarious group, four happy fellows, happy in the true Ga. Tech. sense of the word, were lustily shaming the Thomases and Marias in the near-by moonlight, thusly:

SONG:—First Verse:

Sing a song of weenies,
    A sausage full of rocks,
Four and twenty school girls
    Dressed in gingham frocks.

Chorus:

Booh, Booh, Woof, Zim! Fiddlesticks.

Second Verse:

And when the sky was opened,
    And it began to rain,
They pulled up their dainty skirts
    And gave the boys a pain.

Chorus interrupted by the enticing strains of Robt. E. Lee.

CURTAIN RISES (With Eclat)

CONVERSATION:—"A tribute to thy beauty, unknown Queen," quoth Percy to Phoebe,
    "Permit me."

ASCENT:—Phoebe smiles.

NOISE:—Percy's Pulse Pulsates.

ACTION:—Percy Pulls Poem.

POEM:—

When first I met thee, pretty maid,
My heart within me leapt and said,
    "That is the girl for you."
And when I looked upon thy face,
And saw thy beauty and thy grace,
    My heart had spoken true.
For in those pretty eyes of brown,
I see an angel looking down,
   It seems—as from above.
And in them shines a lovely light,
   As bright as stars, yet far more bright,
   And tells of boundless love.

What though ill luck may tear us apart,
Let distance but enchant the heart,
   And make you think of me.
For though asleep by night or day,
Thy fair face haunts me all the way,
   And 'wakes sweet dreams of thee.

CONVERSATION:—(Enraptured).
PHOEBE:—That to me? Then your past offense is forgiven.
Percy:—(Transplanted)—I knew you were kind, let's seal our friendship with a promise that I may see you again soon.
Phoebe:—(Invitingly)—Come to dinner, my husband is away then.
TRADEGY:—PHOEBE WAS A CHAPERONE.

C. L. J.
DEAR BLUE PRINT:

WE would like to explain a few things to the student body, and so have chosen this means of doing so. We have heard it whispered around that we are grafters. Why should we try to conceal a thing that is so evident. We know we graft every cent we can and thought every one else knew it. All the old men know, or should know, that we are expected to stick them for all we can get. That's the way we pay our expenses. It must be some irresponsible Freshman or stupid Sub, complaining because we have bled him, who is strewing these rumors around. So for their benefit we would like to say that we do not deny that we are grafters,—of course we are, we are expected to be. The job is given to us, not that we may make what we can selling books, that's secondary, but that we may become skillful in the art of grafting, so that when we get through here we may successfully compete in the grafting world.

We would now like to make a request; namely, that now our position is better understood, as little be said about our grafting as possible. The faculty might order an investigation and when they found out how much we are raking in they might think we knew enough about it and give our jobs to some one else. Such an action would deprive us of our very large income and cause us to have to draw on the bank for our expenses instead of making deposits as we now do after all expenses are paid.

Hoping that we are now better understood, that our request will be complied with, and thanking you for this space, we are,

THE QUARTERMASTERS,

LEINBACH, PEACOCK, and WOOD.

FOOLISH DOPE

PROF. GRUEN: (Getting the Senior roll in Business Lecture) "Are there any more names in S."
SCHUR: "Schur."
PROF. GRUEN: "Well, who is it?"

PROF: "Fools often ask questions that wise men can't answer."
FRESHMAN: "I guess that's why I flunk so much."

SAME OLD SUB: "There is some mistake about my grade. I don't think that I deserve a zero."
SAME OLD PROF.: "Neither do I but that is the lowest mark that I am allowed to give."

Joe Street was standing on the corner, a stranger approached and asked, "Is this Williams street?"
"No," was the answer, "this is Joe."

MR. THOMPSON: "What is cast steel?"
FRESHMAN: (quickly) "Soap."

"TUBBY" STONE: "Butterfield went to the Burlesque show every day last week."
BILL WREN: "How do you know?"
"TUBBY" S.: "I saw him there."
DEAR BLUE PRINT:

I wish to state why I have lingered within the walls of Old Tech, for so long a time. Some of
the unknowing accuse me of coming here to absorb knowledge, but such is not the case. The reason
I have hung around here this long is to keep out of work—the longer I go to school the longer I keep
out of work, and standing re-exams, is a darn sight easier than working for your daily bread. I
enjoy life at Tech. very much, being King of the Shacks, a football player and SOME third baseman.

Hoping that I have thrown some light on the subject, and begging to remain a lifer,

Yours,

SENATOR CLAY.

DEAR BLUE PRINT:

I have heard circulated around the campus that I am a bum prize fighter, well that is not the
case at all. I am some fighter, I am, and I want everybody around here to understand it too, seems
to me I have told enough of the Freshman around here about it to have the whole town believing it
in place of the school. Here it is again; my name is Kid Stanley, and I will fight anybody in school,
barring none, EXCEPT Ed. Means, Myer Schur, Jack Roundtree, Jim Preas, and the rest of the
football team, Murphy Pound, Doc Witherington, and the rest of the baseball team, and in fact I
am not rearing to fight any of the athletes. I am very anxious to get a match with Johnny Pitchford,
Dewberry Wright, Tipton, or if I am pushed I might be persuaded to take on Henry. Hoping that
I have at last gotten this matter straightened before the student body, I remain,

Your aspiring young collegian,

JIMMY MOORE.

DEAR BLUE PRINTS:

I want to right myself before the eyes of the student body. I am under the impression that a
lot of the boys up here think that I am conceited. I know that I am good-looking and that a great
many of the students are jealous of my good looks, but goodness knows I am not to blame because I
am cursed with such good looks that all the girls have to stop and look around as I pass. I have
always been good-looking, and I want to be understood that I am not at all conceited over that fact.

Then again dear BLUE PRINTS, I have heard a rumor about the campus that I wear my pretty
yellow sweater all the time, because I am trying to save laundry bills. Well, that is not the case at
all. The reason I wear my pretty yellow sweater and yellow cap so much (I have only worn it six
months this season; I hope to make it a football sweater next year, and then I will wear it all nine
months), is because the combination of a green freshman and a yellow cap and sweater is very be-
coming to me.

I want to thank you very much for the use of your valuable space. I remain,

Your Good-looking Freshman,

JOSEPH ANTHONY HAYES.

Robinson was filling out an eligibility blank in order to make the track team. "Guess they will
turn me down," he said; "it asks here if I have ever played a college game for money and I have;
I've played poker."
ARTO FACATULARIS

At midnight in his lowly shack,
A sub sat dreaming of the hour
When Tech, her back in suppliance cracked
Would tremble at his power.
In dreams through class and term he crams,
And is excused from all exams.
In dreams, his "dip" was in his hand;
Then masters came to ask his aid.
Then bills were very quickly paid,
His name in every paper laid
Throughout the land.

At midnight, in his learned bunk,
The "prof." reviewed his every mark,
By those who wandered, wrote he "Flunk."
By those who studied, wrote he "Shark."
There had he led the ones to fame,
There had he marked across a name.
He yawned, and winked, and stopped.
He read across a sordid page,
As he had done in every age;
"One automatically dropped."

A day passed on—the Sub awoke;
That bright dream was his last,
He woke, to hear the faculty;
"Get out, this is no place for thee."
He woke to see himself, a flunk,
And hastily send off his trunk,
With others going fast.
He hung his head, alone, bereft,
No more was he a child of Fame's,
One of those innumerable names,
That came, and saw, and left.

C. L. J.

ELLIE ARRINGTON: "I never pretend to know a thing that I do not. When I don't know a thing I say at once I don't know."
BLINK: A very proper course, but how monotonous your conversation must be."
September Morn.

He kissed her on the cheek,
It seemed a harmless frolic.
He's been laid up for most a week,
They say it's painter's colic.

After you've written a joke,
Doesn't it make you sore,
When you hear some one remark,
"Rotten! I've heard that before."

G. A. Chapman to lady at Hatcher's Studio: "This picture is a darned sight uglier than I am."
Lady at Hatcher's: "I am sorry, but we took four pictures and that was the best we could get."

The Subs have learned in Geometry that Q. E. D. does not mean "Quite easily demonstrated."

Punk Atkinson wanted to sue the jeweler's agent because his cane was three inches too long for him.
Gate Keeper at Ball Park to Tobe: "Hey, there, a dollar for that car."
Tobe: "Sold."

Ducey: Boys, to-day you look on my face for the last time.
Doc Witherington: You are not going to leave?
Ducey: No; I'm going to raise a beard.

Clayton: Don't bother me, I am thinking.
Slaton: You are?
Clayton: Yes.
Slaton: What with?

Mize: "My sweetheart is surely a sweet girl to kiss.
J. B. Hutchinson: "She sure is."

There's many a slip between the sub and his dip.

Gentleman Cow, thy name is Jim Moore.

How did Looney and Battey get away from Milledgeville?

Ed Mean's mackinaw has Joseph's coat beat a mile.

Quack is a bird.
Bridge

Send me not the I. O. U'ses
That I've lost again at bridge,
Tell me not in harsh abuses
That I can not pay my swidge.

Bridge is real, bridge is earnest,
Bridge is not just empty dreams,
And, unto the guys who furnish,
Bridge is not just what it seems.

Well, I must be up and doing,
E'er I run against their wills,
For there'll be trouble brewing
If I do not pay my bills.

C. L. J.

75 per cent. on dailies is worth 100 per cent. on a re-exam.

"'Senator' dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

Simmons and Robson should put their Damon and Pythias act in vaudeville.

Next year Sam Cook will demonstrate the correct way to carry a Senior cane.

Werner's "reverse" English doesn't go with Prof. Boogher.

Rand has created a new style of Architecture, viz.: Random.

18,237 egg sandwiches were eaten at Tech. in 1913.

Tom says it isn't a Gamble to marry.

Have our Architects made plans for the future?
A TRIBUTE TO THE WHISTLE

From yon brick wall that mystic horn protrudes
Which calls us to the fray,
And many hours of ease and mirth concludes,
And frights our joys away.

Whene'er it fills the lucent atmosphere
With mist of dazzling white,
We student-braves pour out from everywhere,
Each ready for the fight.

It draws together many slaves of science
With its compelling call.
Some do obey, and some do bid defiance;
Some stand, and some do fall.

But, ah, that note with which it thrills at noon
Calls us to rest and ease.
'Tis always welcome, and ne'er comes too soon;
Each one it seems to please.

But when we think of duties yet undone,
It fills our hearts with woe,
Of stern professors with exams begun;
It then becomes our foe.

Blow on, stern Monarch of Tech's mighty crew,
Be always firm and staid;
To your compelling call we'll e'er be true
Till each his part has played.

A. D. A.
Just a Word of Appreciation

With this page ends the editing of the seventh volume of the BLUE PRINT. Before laying aside the editorial pen for the last time it is our pleasure to record a word of thanks to those who have made the book. No one appreciates more than does the Editor of the BLUE PRINT the value of sympathetic suggestions and substantial contributions. The work has been hard and long, but work of this character has its many compensating pleasures, so no kicks or unkind words are offered.

First, thanks is to be offered to Mr. R. S. Howell for his untiring efforts. Mr. W. A. Ware has given much time and efforts to the Senior write-ups, as has Mr. F. L. Shackleford. We feel deeply indebted to Mr. E. M. Jackson for his work in the art department. Mr. Rand has also been an earnest and conscientious worker in the behalf of the BLUE PRINT. Mr. P. F. Raybon has placed time and trouble upon this issue and we can not thank him too much for what he has done for the book. In closing we would only say that we only regret that space will not permit of our mentioning all who have assisted in making our task a pleasant one. They are indeed many and we owe our sincerest thanks to all.
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To the Casual Observer the strictly utilitarian lines of the building shown above suggest only a factory—that and nothing more. In reality it is the palace-home of the ideal, wherein the genii of the graphic arts combine the grayish matter of the human mind with the multicolored substances of the material, in forms fit to address each soul, whether Psyche disport herself for its edification in the academic atmosphere of a cloistered alma mater or out on the breeze-swept campus of the old "University of Hard Knocks." This page is a message for the illuminati, alumni or alumnae. Hear it!
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