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D. C. Black......Vice-President
C. C. Sloan..............Secretary
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W. N. Randle..............Director

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J. B. Crenshaw, Dr. W. A. Jackson, W.
A. Alexander, Prof. W. N. Randle, D. C.
Black, C. C. Sloan.
A tribute to our Director of Athletics certainly would not be out of place at the present time, and it is with a great deal of pleasure that the Blue Print extends to Professor Randle the appreciation and thanks of the student body for the great work that he has done for athletics here at Tech.

William Nathan Randle, better known as "Billy," assumed the position of Director of Athletics in 1905, succeeding "Bull" Turner in the fall of that year. For seven years Professor Randle has done everything in his power to better athletics and place the Athletic Association upon a better footing financially. He is always watchful as to the expenditure of money and at the same time does his best to please the student body.

The best wish that we have in regard to Tech's welfare in Athletics is that Professor Randle will continue to hold this office, because we feel that there is no one so capable as he.
FOOTBALL
H. W. Paterson  Hugh Luehrman  A. L. Loeb
E. K. Thomason  E. E. Elmer  E. B. Means
W. A. Alexander  C. P. Goree  D. C. Black
W. B. Coleman  Homer Cook  Dean Hill

BASEBALL
H. S. Holland  C. C. Sloan  A. F. Montague
R. H. Drake  J. B. McLin  Murphy Pound

TRACK
C. P. Goree  A. W. Hill  H. W. Patterson
W. B. Coleman  R. F. Monsalvatge  R. W. Edmonds
When school closed in June of 1911 the prospects for a good team in the fall were very fair, and it looked like we would have a good chance to make up for some of our bad work of 1910. To be sure, we knew we would lose Captain Dean Hill, who had played his four years, and Moody Burt and Jack Spalding through graduation. Later, Walter DuBard and Jim Luck left school too soon for them to be eligible the following year, but there were eleven “T” men left, all of whom were expected back. In September, however, it was found that “Ced” Robinson, Courtney Lewis, “Piggy” Johnson and Ben Sinclair were not coming back, and that “Bill Jenkins would be unable to play on account of injuries. Practice started on the 11th of September, and by the time school opened there was a large squad out, but a scarcity of varsity material. After a while we got eleven men and some substitutes in a little shape and sallied over to Birmingham to play Howard. It was a terrible hot day and the field was dry and dusty, and we put up as rotten an exhibition of football as was possible, though we beat them 28 to 0. At this point “Shorty” Sinclair returned, much to our joy, and got back into his old-time form.

Our next game, that with Tennessee, was really the beginning of the season, and the game was looked forward to with much trepidation. The preceding week was one of hard practice. They had a good team and had heard of our poor one and were confident of victory, but we surprised them a little at the jump, and when they woke up at the end we had beaten them 24 to 0. People began to see then that Tech did have a little something, and that Heisman was still at his old job of turning out winning teams.

Mercer, a badly crippled team at the time, we disposed of by a score of 17 to 0, though they were not as easy as we had anticipated. Our biggest surprise was yet to come, though, in the shape of Alabama. We had heard of their lightness in weight and a little of their speed, but never expected such a bunch of pepper as we got. They were fast as lightning, fought with fine spirit, and went hard and low, and it was with difficulty that we kept them from scoring. The game ended 0 to 0.

Next came Auburn, with almost their entire student body and a tremendous football which they rolled through the streets. They just seem to have our goat, for we outplayed them all around, and but for a forward pass which was thrown a little short we would have beaten them. There was a large crowd out to see the game and the rooting was splendid. In the week of practice which followed Ed Elmer dislocated his arm, putting one of our best and heaviest men out for the rest of the season.

Our one great victory of the year was that over Sewanee. For the first time in the football history of Tech the Sewanee Tigers suffered defeat at the hands of the Yellowjackets. It was a good, clean game, hard fought all the
way through, and the victory was one we may rightly be proud of. A beautiful cup, which was promised by Col. James W. English, Jr., long ago for the first Tech football team to defeat one from Sewanee, was presented formally to us the following Monday morning. It is indeed a highly prized trophy and the first of its kind which has been presented to us.

Even before we played Sewanee people all over Georgia had begun controversies about the Tech-Georgia game. Everything at the opening of the season pointed to an overwhelming victory for the University, but as the weeks rolled by, and Tech began to hold up her reputation, and Georgia not to show such a phenomenal team, things began to look a little more equal, and when we beat Sewanee 23 to 0 how the talk did buzz. Secret practices were being held by both teams, and never before in the history of the two institutions was there such intense excitement and anticipation over any Tech-Georgia game. All during the week old Tech and Georgia men came pouring in from all over with but one thing in view—to see "that game." The team, the college, and everybody closely connected with either, were keyed up to the highest pitch.

When the day finally came there was an enormous crowd, the stands were packed, there were autos ten deep, and people were all over the hill at the east end of the field. The game was started and the clash was on. The men on both sides fought like demons from start to finish. When the ball was snapped the two lines just came together with almighty force, but neither gave in. Finally, after numerous attempts, McWhorter got away, and that's all there was to it. If Georgia had had an average player instead of McWhorter we would be fighting yet. We lost fairly and squarely, put up the best fight we were capable of, and that was all we could do. Elmer being out the entire game and Sinclair getting hurt on the first play and having to stay out of the second half handicapped us severely, but, nevertheless, Tech stuck to her guns till the end. Score, Georgia 5, Tech 0.

The following week was a grateful rest and was particularly enjoyed by the team. Saturday being an open date we had two weeks before the Clemson game. The Monday preceding Thanksgiving Day saw us getting back into shape, and, on November 30, we ended our season by beating Clemson, who was very weak, 31 to 0.

The season was a success, we had little and did much. When a man was injured, nobody knew who there was to take his place, but Coach, always resourceful, met the situation every time, and the team met it, too, with the true fighting spirit and struggled on.

Last of all, one man who had tried hard and untiringly for five years to make the varsity, and whose work and knowledge of the game make him the most deserving of football honors was awarded a "T," namely, "Bill" Alexander.

Schedule.

Sept. 30 Tech 22 Alumni 5.
Oct. 7 Tech 28 Howard College 0.
Oct. 14 Tech 24 Univ. of Tennessee 0.
Oct. 21 Tech 17 Mercer University 0.
Oct. 28 Tech 0 Univ. of Alabama 0.
Nov. 4 Tech 6 Auburn 11.
Nov. 11 Tech 23 Sewanee 0.
Nov. 18 Tech 0 Georgia 5.
Nov. 30 Tech 31 Clemson 0.

Total—Tech 151; Opponents 21.
Football Team

H. W. Patterson...........Captain
H. S. Holland............Manager
R. L. Hughes.............Asst. Manager
W. A. Crowe, Jr.........Asst. Mgr.
J. W. Heisman.............Coach

VARSITY
H. W. Patterson          C. P. Goree
E. K. Thomason           Homer Cook
W. A. Alexander          G. J. Sanchez
W. B. Coleman            A. L. Loeb
Hugh Luehrman            E. B. Means
E. E. Elmer               D. C. Black
B. W. Sinclair

SUBSTITUTES
M. B. Hutton             C. B. Cox
C. R. Stegall            C. A. Stabler
K. J. Fielder            J. C. Greer
Base Ball History of 1911

The baseball season of 1911 started off with most of the positions pretty well filled except that of pitcher. Nevertheless, the fellows went to work to do their best, and under the leadership of Harry Holland improved rapidly. The prospects before the season started were not very good, so a success on our part would seem greater for that reason. We lost our first game, April 7, to Mercer, 8 to 6, trying out pitchers, and the next day it rained. We played them again in Griffin the next week, breaking even with them there, which gave them two out of three. Montgomery Hill, who broke his ankle during the first weeks of practice, got back into the game, and on the 17th and 18th of April we took two games from Auburn, and the following week broke even with Trinity, winning the second game 4 to 1 by outhitting and outfielding them. A trip to Birmingham and Tuscaloosa was not as pleasant as it might have been, as two of the four games scheduled were rained out, but we broke even with Alabama.

At 11:30, May 4, the team arrived in Athens and were immediately surrounded by a crowd who told us of the sad fate (?) in store for us. The game began at 4 p. m. Calhoun in the box for Tech and the mighty Brannan for Georgia. First inning, E. Hill fanned, loud shouts of derision from the Georgia rooters; then Calhoun walked, Holland singled, Sloan walked, M. Hill doubled to center, Montague out pitcher to first, Pound rolled a slow one to first and was safe on their first baseman’s error. Drake then grounded out short to first, but four runs had been scored. Georgia was amazed, speechless, crushed and a decidedly blue atmosphere settled over the classic city. We scored two more runs during the game and the best Georgia could do was to get one man to third. They realized that we had a ball team and that they were not invincible. The features of the game were the hitting of Holland and M. Hill and the good steady playing of the entire team.

The game the next day was lost, 2 to 1, on errors and an inability to hit Thompson. Good luck would have given us the game a couple of times, but we lost it on bad plays. The unexpected victory of the day before and the intense excitement was too much on the fellows’ nerves. Georgia for the first time in her history failed to celebrate a victory over Tech. The crushing defeat of the day before and the startling fact that the heretofore
invincible Thompson had to go ten innings to beat a team that made seven errors and only got five hits was too much of a jolter for a celebration. Piggy Johnson was the star of the game with his great running catch in right field.

The two games played in Atlanta also broke even, the first going to us, 2 to 1, in which Thompson’s slightly superior pitching was outweighed by Tech’s magnificent fielding, and Captain Holland’s hitting was a feature. We lost the second game, 6 to 2, fairly and squarely. We got more hits, but Thompson kept them well scattered, while our pitchers, “Mary” Calhoun, “Shag” Hubert, and “Gene” Smith, did not receive the proper support in the pinches. The features of the game were the hitting of Captain Harry Holland, for Tech, and Bob McWhorter for Georgia.

The season was a great success viewed from the standpoint of what we expected it to be. Calhoun did fine work, considering he is no pitcher, but beside him three men stand out for their all around splendid and steady playing; they are, Captain Harry Holland, Montgomery Hill and Carl Sloan.

SCHEDULE.

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<tr>
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<th>Score</th>
<th>Opponent 2</th>
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<td>3</td>
<td>Georgia 6</td>
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Baseball Team

H. S. Holland.............Captain
W. A. Alexander........Manager
J. W. Heisman............Coach

VARSITY

H. S. Holland
R. H. Drake, Jr.
E. B. Montague
M. S. Hill
C. C. Sloan
J. B. McLin
Gene Smith
E. D. Hill
Murphy Pound
W. D. Calhoun
G. L. Johnson
E. H. Hubert

SUBSTITUTES

A. F. Montague
J. P. Burruss
Sid Holland

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Track History of 1911

The track team of 1911 was, if anything, a little below the average of Tech teams. Material as well as candidates were lacking and there was not the seriousness of effort there should have been.

Clemson came down here and cleaned us up 66 to 42, winning a good many of the events that we had felt pretty sure of getting. On May first we went to Auburn; the weather looked bad, and when we reached there it was pouring rain and it rained hard until about three o'clock, and on a very muddy field we went out and slopped around to defeat. Of the six men that were taken to Birmingham on May 6 to the S. I. A. A. meet, all made points. Harvin won the low hurdles, Patterson copped second in the hammer and third in the discus, Jones second and Barney third in the mile, Goree second in high hurdles and McRae third in the broad jump, so that we made a fairly creditable showing.

The Field Day meet, which was won by the Freshmen, was held here on May 10, and was one of the best we have ever had. Prizes had been offered for all the events and there was a good spirit of competition between classes.

One new event of the year was a cross-country run of about two miles, which was won by R. W. Edmonds.

SCHEDULE.

April 24—Tech 42, Clemson 66.................................................. Atlanta
May 1—Tech 31, Auburn 73.................................................. Auburn
May 6—S. I. A. Meet .......................................................... Birmingham

Tech secured third place with 17 points.
Track Team

H. W. Patterson Captain

H. C. McRae, Manager

W. A. Aichel, Asst. Manager

Charlie Thomas, Coach

Varsity.

H. W. Patterson
c. J. Harvin
A. W. Hill
K. C. McRae
W. P. Barney
C. P. Goree
C. E. Jones

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We have here the most unique situation, perhaps, that has ever occurred in college athletics. There are in college three football captains, two baseball captains, and two track captains. They are:

Dean Hill ("Red"), Captain Football Team 1910.
H. W. Patterson ("Pat"), Captain Football Team 1911.
H. Luehrman ("Dutch"), Captain Football Team 1912.
H. S. Holland ("Harry"), Captain Baseball Team 1910-1911.
C. C. Sloan ("Toasties"), Captain Baseball Team 1912.
H. W. Patterson ("Pat"), Captain Track Team 1911.
C. P. Goree ("Roy"), Captain Track Team 1912.
1911 Class Football

The Athletic Association is to be congratulated upon the phenomenal success of class athletics. This branch of athletics, started in the fall of 1910, has given rise to a long-felt want at Tech,—Class Spirit. And what a difference between this spirit and that shown in the "Proclamation of Supremacy" gotten out by the Sophomores in the fall of '06!

The Class football games of 1911-12 showed a marked improvement over those of the year before. Not only were the teams stronger, but the games were well attended and the interest shown was far greater than was anticipated. The season started with a rush on the Saturday following Thanksgiving week. A larger crowd than had ever witnessed a class game before was out, and the games proved well worth coming out for. In the opening game the Seniors and Freshmen tied up in a 0 to 0 score. Right here the fun started. The next two Saturdays also brought forth some fine football;—in fact the games played before Christmas were, as they will probably continue to be, decidedly the best of the series.

The most lamentable feature of the season was the unavoidable delay in the playing of the championship game. Hard as it is to keep up interest in football after Christmas, it looked like the Soph-Freshman game would never come off. Two Saturdays the ground was covered with snow, and then two weeks of exams came before the final struggle. When the game was played, however, it was a battle royal, and if either side had any edge on the other it was hardly "apparent to the naked eye." The score, 0—0, tells the tale. If they were playing yet it is very probable that the score would be the same. The championship points were divided equally between the two, and sweaters were awarded the Sophs on account of their victory over the Seniors.

The Seniors put out a great team, making up for the rather shabby showing made by them the year before.

The Juniors played a much better game than was expected of them, holding the Sophs and Freshmen to one touchdown each.

The Sophomores probably had the best all-around team in the bunch. They showed more team work this year than before.

The Freshmen, although not possessing the unity of the Sophs, made up for it in sheer ability. We look for greater things from the class of '15 next year.
The Subs proved to be the "goat" this year. The team, however, is to be handed the pastry for sticking it out when two or three of their distressingly few football players had given it up and quit.

The All-Class Team, as picked by Coach Heisman, is composed of one Senior, one Junior, four Freshmen, and five Sophomores. The line-up is as follows:

R. E. Logan, Sophomores
R. T. Clements, Sophomores
R. G. Turner, Freshmen
C. Heard, Seniors
L. G. Greer, Freshmen
L. T. Stegall, Sophomores
L. E. Cox, Freshmen
Q. Boyd, Juniors
L. H. Reifsnider, Sophomores
R. H. McDonald, Freshmen
F. B. Hutton, Sophomores

CHAMPIONS
The games of the class baseball season were the last of the inter-class sports, and as a whole were interesting, full of spirit and rivalry.

The first game was between the Freshmen and Seniors and was a walkover for the class of '14—theirs a no error game, while the Seniors totaled eight. The contest between the Juniors and Subs was a lively and spirited game, in which rather good baseball was displayed. The game was won by the class of '15. The third battle was excellent, between the Juniors and Sophomores, the Seniors had the contest won until the last inning, when the Sophs secured two runs and tied the game. The next was between the Freshmen and Juniors, which was a walkover for the Freshmen, who played another errorless game. The Seniors vs. Juniors was a farce or, rather, a track meet for the Seniors. The Sophomore-Sub game was more like baseball, and through hard work and lots of talk, the Sophs at last won. The seventh game was between the Subs and Seniors, which was played in the rain. The spirit and confidence shown by the Subs was most noticeable, the Subs winning from the start.

The eighth game was a hot and bitterly fought contest between the classes of 1913 and 1914. The Sophs played hard but were not equal to the Freshmen. The next was forfeited to the Sophs by the Juniors, who had played poorly during all the season, lost heart and failed to appear.

The last game of the season was an ideal baseball exhibition and was most bitterly fought between the Freshmen and Subs, which showed the keen rivalry between them. It was a non error game for both teams and there was a total of ten hits, of which seven went to the credit of the Freshmen. The class of 1914 won the game to the tune of three runs to one. This gave the class baseball championship to the boys of 1914, and the Sophomores finished second.
Class Basket Ball

Everything considered, Tech's first class basketball season was successful beyond the most optimistic opinions of all those interested. Basketball has been struggling for an existence around the Flats since the almost complete failure of our first and last Varsity team, so it was that mid-season was reached before many learned that the games were well worth witnessing.

Preliminary practice began before Christmas. It was quite a struggle during this time to arouse any interest even among the players themselves. However, having frolicked the holiday spirit out of their systems, these men came back to school and re-opened a fire on the baskets.

The season began with a victory of the Juniors over the Freshmen. On the same night the Seniors failed to present a full team for their game with the Sophomores and the game was forfeited to the Sophs. The following week, two more games were played in which the Juniors landed the big end of the score in their game with the Seniors and the Subs handed a similar lemon to the Freshmen. Following these, the Juniors continued their rampage, landing this time upon the unsuspecting Subs. Likewise, the Sophomores followed with an unmerciful slaughter of the Freshmen. Another week rolled by and again the Seniors lost by forfeit to the Freshmen. This time the Sophomores came off the field carrying the scalps of the Subs. The games played thus far had eliminated the Subs, Freshmen and Seniors from the list of pennant contenders, leaving both the Sophomores and Juniors undefeated. The next game was somewhat of an impromptu affair between the Seniors and Subs, resulting in a victory for the latter. And then the final game for championship honors was pulled off by the Sophs and Juniors. With bright visions of class numerals and jerseys staring them in the face, these two teams went out to draw blood. They succeeded. The detailed records of this game show that during the game the score was tied and untied three different times, both teams having the lead more than once. The score happened to be tied three minutes before play ended. A quick brace on the part of the Sophs gave them two more field goals, the whistle blew and "the deed was did."
1913 BASKET BALL TEAM—CHAMPIONS '10-'11.

Colors—Maroon and White.

Ray Monsalvatge, Center
"Derby" Brown, Forward
"Snake" Porter, Cap't., Forward

"Fax" Montague, Guard
"Buck" Holmes, Guard
"Hardy" Hall, Utility
This is that bunch of "Rough Necks" who acted so rudely when they played Howard College in Birmingham last fall.
Advice on Social Customs

By E. W. G. Boogher.

Dear Professor—I am a young man 18 years old and play third base on the Varsity. Some time ago I gave my nice "T" sweater to a girl friend. I now want it back. Will you kindly tell me the best way of going about it?

H. S. H.

It is unfortunate that you have to ask for the return of your gift. Write the girl's father for the loan of an overcoat. With this in your possession, your sweater will soon come back to you.

Dear Adviser—Do you believe in love at first sight? I have become enamoured with the charms of a striking blonde whom I see on the street continually. Tell me the best way to meet her.

"Kid" Crumley.

I do believe in love at first sight. Start at one end of the street and walk towards her, and you will eventually meet.

"Roy" Goree.

Dear Sir—I am a great athlete. Please tell me the best way of bringing in my athletic prowess in conversation with a young lady.

See my booklet on Correct Clothes for Young Men. Dress as therein directed and she will know immediately that you are an athlete.

Dear Professor—She has chosen another. What shall I do for consolation?

"Doc" Boyd.

Alcohol furnishes temporary relief in cases like yours, but for permanent relief I would suggest a Smith & Wesson.

Dear Sir—I have two dear boy companions who insist on wearing red socks with green ties. Should I speak to them in regard to this improper habit?

Herschel Everette.

Your predicament is a serious one, but by all means speak to them of this. If they do not change, cut their acquaintance at once.

Dear Sir—I have a pug nose. This makes me look Irish when I am really Mohawk Dutch. What shall I do to remedy this?

"Gris" Hill.

Before arising, thoroughly rub the affected part with orange peel; but if this does not have any effect, try bottled "Piels."
Kind Professor—I am often called upon to wear a full dress suit in public. Can you tell me the correct way to carry a handkerchief with such attire. My red hair also makes me very conspicuous. What shall I do?

‘‘Doug’’ Conacher.

(1) I find it very convenient to carry a handkerchief in my sock.
(2) Shave the head.

Dear Instructor—I have a dimple in my right cheek which is very becoming. How can I get one in my left cheek? I am also getting fat. Can you suggest a good remedy?

Homer Cook.

(1) Use a meat axe.
(2) Eat in the Mess Hall.

TECK-GEORGIA BASEBALL GAME
What the Bertillion System would show at Tech.
How to Become an Elocutionist, by "B-bbbbblll" Coleman.
How to Play "Hockey," by R. H. Drake, Jr.
My Secrets of Beauty, by F. H. Goette.
The Right Way to Dance the Turkey-trot, by "Billy Morgan and "Pat" Patterson.
Why I Came to Tech, by "Red" Hill.
Women—Their Faults and Fancies, by C. C. Ely.
Tales of the Ringside, by "Thug" Loeb.
Trails of the Comanches, by Goldman and Houser.
The proper Leading of Chapel Hymns, by "Caruso" Underwood.
Debates, Pro and Con, by Allen C. Clements.
Advice from a Freshman, by Carlisle Cox.
The Tale of the Cash-Drawer, by Hall, Thompson, and Pye.
Fairfax Montague, by "Bob" Hughes.
The Tame Pickle (sequel to The Wild Olive), by W. P. Hammond.
Inspectors—Their Duties, by "Bill" Evans.
Brass—Its Uses and Misuses, by "Money" Hutton.
Why Calhoun Went to Georgia, by "Dutch" Luehrman.
A Night in the Marietta Court-House, by "Cape" Simmons.
The Problem of Inter-collegiate Peace, by "Gene" Turner.
Directions—Take 1 capsule, 2 large pills, 3 small pills, and report to the Hospital immediately, you know.

After the above introduction, we leave it to you to guess who this is standing on the steps of the Hospital. For the benefit of those who have never been sick enough to know him well, we will add that, while he is not a Suffragette, he is very strong for Sal Hepatica. He is thoroughly full of Tech Spirit and has shown it in many ways. When Tech athletics were in their swaddling clothes our subject was Head Nurse and was really the founder of the athletic spirit that we now have. We wish him long life and happiness, and may he feed pills to our sons.

No, peevish peruser, this is not Richard Mansfield, but one of the Junior Profs of our English department. This snap-shot was taken immediately upon his arrival from London, where he served a term of two months in the ‘‘Tower’’ with the suffragette maniacs. So strong is his belief in the equality of the sexes that we expect, any morning, to see him coming to school in a skirt and bonnet. Besides his activities along these lines, he has conducted a teachers’ class in Bible Study for the past three years and is now leading the investigation of the Negro Problem.

For the special benefit of our readers and the State of Colorado, we have dug up from the mines of Colorado the precious jewel, Kid Kell, the Live Wire. We don’t know whether or not he walked from Denver to Atlanta, but we do know that he has been walking ever since he reached here and not a little of the time has he carried something cute in his arms. As a pedestrian he has Willie Weston backed off the map and his personally conducted parties to Birmingham and Gainesville have been pronounced a huge success by all those in attendance. With his characteristic spirit and aggressiveness he has made the Business Lecture Course this spring a decided success.
We now present for your approval the Faculty athlete, mein Herr Crenshaw, the man who refuses to grow old. He spends most of his summers in Atlanta, giving most of his time to teaching younger members of the faculty the art of tennis playing while he rests his tongue from the manipulations of German, French, Spanish, and English verbs. Dr. Jackson says that he is the greatest shortstop that ever played on the Faculty baseball team, besides being a gymnast of repute. He is now waging a great fight in the college paper in the effort to secure a faculty club room, and we hope that his desires will soon be gratified.

"Hit it! Hit it!" This saying applies to the Tech baseball team as well as to the Freshies in the Smithy, for Horace is equally enthusiastic on both subjects. He was on the job the day Tech started and has been with us ever since. The Blue Print will, at any time, wager $500,000.00 (in unpaid subscriptions) that he is the best blacksmith "in de weild." If you can't find him in the Smithy, look for him in the Ball Park, for he is sure to be at one of these two places. He has also gained some reputation as being able to get more work out of Whitlock than any other human being.

"Look out! Gee, I thought he was going to throw an eraser that time. It was only a piece of chalk." Subs, gaze upon the Dean of your class with reverence, for it was only after a great deal of persuasion that he consented to pose for this snapshot. His advice to a flunked-out Sub is, "Come to Summer School." Froggy is one of the best known and most popular men on the faculty and his advice, like his pipe, is always strong and to the point.
"This is our busy day. If you want to talk, talk with Miss Allen." This sign can be seen almost any old day in the office of the Recording Angel, and he isn't designing "plate girders," either, but making out some poor Sub's deficiency report. If he is not doing that, then he is making out his annual report as Secretary of the Civil Engineering Association of the South. If not that, then something else is taking up his time. He is always busy. The proverbial "busy bee" is not in it with Tommy;" but the time is yet to come when he will be too busy to take chapel roll. "Recall of the roll, please." No, that is not the Amalgamated Bakers' College Yell, nothing but T. P. Br. sending a bunch of absentees to four hours of—

Well, Mr. Billy can tell you all about that. If Tommy will cut out burning the wind with that 100-H. P. Mercedes, he may have some chance to enter Heaven, where he can assist Saint Peter in the arranging of seats and calling of the roll.

King Corn—Made in Tech Shops.

Part of the equipment in the Electrical Laboratory—Wooden Davenport.
A Visit to Milledgeville in 1932

Ben Hall, our class secretary, had sent out such insistent commands to be present at our twentieth reunion that it was impossible to disobey him. I packed my bag, and, after twenty-four hours of travel, found myself in Atlanta and with the old bunch again.

You have all heard about the famous twentieth reunion of the class of 1912, so there is no need to tell you of that. There was one man absent at that reunion; and, as we had been such good chums in our college days, I felt it my duty to look him up. He was living in Milledgeville and was in charge of the State Asylum. He got this position soon after graduation because of his wide experience in managerial affairs while in college. I took the P. D. Q. Aerial Pullman and in no time found myself in Milledgeville, grasping the hand of my old college chump Alec.

After showing me the town in about two minutes, we jumped into his dirigible and shortly reached the asylum. On landing, I noticed an elderly gentleman planting hedges in the middle of the road, and, on closer survey, my astonishment knew no bounds when I recognized him as the one-time head of the mechanical engineering department. Passing through the gateway, we approached my friend's quarters, and there, scrubbing the piazza, was our old head janitor, Mr. Davis, who, as Alec told me, had been there ever since Mr. Brown had assumed charge at Tech. We were just about to enter the door when out came Gus Allen, ringing the dinner bell. Of course I had to stop and talk with him, and it did not take me long to see why he was there. He had gone crazy on the subject of Pure Food. Goldman, the butler, then showed me to my room, but before leaving insisted that I should scratch his back. I was about to leave my room when a man entered and, with a wild look in his eye, asked the loan of a dress suit, and in a sad monotone he informed me that the stable-hands were to have a banquet and that his dress suit coat had a grease spot on the lining. He would have passed by unrecognized except for the walking cane that he carried. Alec informed me later that he persisted in carrying it always.

After ridding myself of this nuisance, I strolled out upon the lawn, where I saw a most curious sight. On his hands and knees, gazing frantically about, was Dr. Boggs. "Looking for something?" I asked. "No," he replied. "I am chasing molecules with this atomizer." I wandered around the grounds and soon struck the garden in the rear of the house, where I saw Charlie Jones busily engaged with a pot of red paint. Upon closer inspection I saw that he was applying this paint to several stalks of cotton. My curios-
ity was aroused, and I asked him why he was doing that. He replied, "I have discovered a way to grow red cotton and hope in a few years to do away with all dyeing of cotton." I left him, knowing well that the years spent in the dyeing lab had upset his mind.

I then went in to dinner where several harmless inmates were waiting on the table. One in particular I noticed. Time after time he offered me the toothpicks and became so annoying that Mrs. Alexander had to send him from the room.

After dinner Alec took me through the ward room and there I saw some sad sights. In one suite of rooms which was devoted to teachers of mathematics, I saw a bearded man vainly tearing at the carpet. I was informed by one of the attendants that he spent his time searching for infinity. Stretched out on a cot I saw a white haired man whom I recognized as "Cupid" Connor, and I was informed that he had not left that cot in the fifteen years that he had been there. In one corner of the room I saw a man nervously holding a window to keep it from rattling and beseechingly calling, "Froggy, Froggy, come out from under that bed. Have you deserted your colleague Skiles? Come and show me the tree in which you saw the Cosine's nest."

In the Physics ward room we found our old friend Jesse James Edwards, seated cross-legged on a concrete pier which, he informed us, ran down to solid bed rock so that the experiment that he was carrying on might not be affected by vibrations. His attentions were concentrated upon an endeavor to make the smoke from his Bull Durham stump follow, approximately, the laws of simple harmonic motion. Below him Misery was painfully running around the room, trying to convince me that he was a motor and that the work of the world depended upon his speed.

These sights made me sick and I was determined to see no more. We left and went back to Alec's quarters; and upon approaching saw a very pretty sight. There, out upon the lawn, was Blink, amusing the children and causing shrieks of laughter. He was on his stomach, doing the best he could to slide down a little hill. Alec told me that Blink thought he was a sled, and that he had been a success with the children because of his experience in the nursery department for young professors at Tech.

These few hours had been enough for me and I determined to leave Milledgeville. I went up to the ticket window, intending to buy passage back to Atlanta. There, seated upon a high stool, was our old Registrar, and he informed me that all trains were running on irregular schedules since he had taken charge.

I left Milledgeville a sadder but wiser man and fully determined that my boy, now attending Tech, should not become a college professor.
We almost forgot this JOKE.

Said the Mustard to the Egg,
"I'll mix it with you."
Said the Egg to the Mustard,
"I'll be deviled if you do."

Said the Shoe to the Sock,
"I'll wear a hole in you."
Said the Sock to the Shoe,
"I'll be darned if you do."

Said the Man to the Maid,
"I'll throw my arms around you."
Said the Maid to the Man,
"I'll be held if you do."

Said the Tree to the Creek,
"I'll fall in on you."
Said the Creek to the Tree,
"I'll be dammed if you do."
Dramatic Treat for Tech Students

In another article mention was made of the vaudeville team of Alexander and Aichel. We have received definite information in regard to this matter, and for the benefit of our readers we will divulge the following secrets:

It seems that Aichel and Alexander have been secretly practicing for the last three or four months on a sketch which they will produce at the Bijou on the night of their graduation. Much time and money has been spent on this production and it is expected that it will outshine any other of its kind that has ever been produced in this city.

They have selected for their sketch that pretty little drama entitled, "Ship-wrecked." Alec will play the part of "Ship" and our friend, Mr. Aichel, will play that well-known part of "Wrecked." That these two men are well fitted for their parts is already known, and it is expected that they will make a "howling success."

Later—Just before going to press we received notice that the vaudeville team of Aichel and Alexander has dissolved partnership. A dispute arose as to the "Bar" at which they should be wrecked and an agreement could not be reached. It is now rumored that Alexander will take on "Dutch" Goldman as a partner and that Aichel will associate with Parker in a sumptuous production of "Gimme Back My Old Girl."
This is what becomes of the Profs. who "fire" us.

And the Inspectors who "stick" us.

These are the fellows who never "went in" for anything.
What Mr. Billy may expect.

The Grafters may expect this.

A job through Infinity.
The Proof of the Pudding

No, gentle reader, this is not an advertisement for the Hupmobile, but a very good likeness of Pud, the Speed King. Besides correcting bulls in the drawing hall, he has other duties, one of which seems to be to tear up Atlanta's perfectly good streets and roads. In his younger days he could be seen every morning, with clock-like regularity, pedaling his way towards the Tech campus. One's breath was almost taken away watching him streak down North Avenue.

Nor was he the only member of the faculty who rode a bicycle, for, trailing by his side, there appered another image—that of Uncle Heinie, the Cyclonic Cyclist. These friendly morning rides unfortunately developed into a bitter rivalry, surpassing even that exhibited by Tech and Georgia.

Everything went along smoothly until Uncle Heine decided to enter the International Six-Day Bicycle Race. He immediately began training and no longer could they be seen side by side, but far in the rear, enveloped in a cloud of dust, could be seen the red face of Pud, the Speed King. Pedal as he might, the Speed King soon saw that he could not overcome the advantage possessed by Uncle Heinie. This advantage lay in the luxuriant beard of the Cyclonic Cyclist which, when thrown to the winds, produced an acceleration beyond the power of human ability to overcome.

As the rumbling thunder succeeds the lightning's flash, so did the furious imprecations hurled by Pud follow in the wake of Uncle Heinie. Do you think, even for a moment, the Speed King acknowledged defeat? NEVER! Right here the real "come-back" spirit showed itself. Plan after plan was considered and, finally, the automobile was decided upon as the machine, for it would take a machine to overcome the Cyclonic Cyclist, to bring him back his usurped rights. To be sure, an automobile would cost lots of money, but what is money against one's honor! The tailor's bill must be reduced, and reduced it was. Finally, after months of saving, the dream became a reality.

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The whistle had blown ten minutes before, and still no clang of the bell in the wood-shop. Anxiety showed itself upon the faces of all the Subs, while Uncle Jake made use of a double chew of "Schnapps" to sustain his nerves. Where was Uncle Heinie? The excitement had almost reached its
zenith when there was heard the thud, thud of weary footsteps mounting the
stairs. In came a drooping figure, haggard and worn. It was Uncle Heinie.
Upon seeing the ghastly face of the Cyclonic Cyclist, Uncle Jake dismissed
the Subs and called the Shop's Force together. In came Mr. Billy, Horace
Thompson, and the rest; while Woodshop Sam gazed sympathetically on
from behind a post.

The head of Uncle Heinie was bowed in the realization of ignominious
defeat. "Boys," said he, "I have met my Waterloo. I started out as usual
this morning, and hit up a clip that I had never been able to do before. I
had almost finished my course when my ears became filled with "an hellish"
noise. Nearer and nearer it came until, suddenly, it flashed by me—a ver-
it able streak of smoke. Turning my head for an instant, I recognized the
beaming face of my bitter rival, Pud, the Speed King. Upon my reaching
the campus he confronted me with a paper on which was written the state-
ment that he would torment me with his speed and so tear up North Avenue
that it would be in no condition for me to ride my bicycle. Fellow-Shopmen,
what are we to do?

With an air of supreme confidence, Gus Martindale stepped forward
and declared his intention of defending the honor of the Shops. He is now
engaged upon the building of a machine which will be known not on account
of its beauty but for its speed. He is spending day and night, but no money.
upon this device. However, until it is completed, Pud, the Speed King, will
reign supreme on North Avenue.
Mr. Allen announcing in Mess Hall:

"Supper will be served from 6:15 from now on and all baseball players will be allowed to come down with their pants on."

HE was not a baseball player.

TECH AVIATION MEET
(Flue Gas Test)

BLOCK-HEAD.

Holland—"What is the product of two logs?"
Aichel—"Lumber."
This also went to Birmingham.

Part of "Snake" Porter.
The rest of "Snake" Porter.

Lemon Pye.

Big Doc.
The Eternal Questions

Before Class—"Goin' to shoot 'em?"
In Class—"What time is it?"
After Class—"Shoot 'em?"

DuBose—"What do the Electricals mean by a lightning arrester?"
Carson—"A Bicycle Cop."
This sketch was turned in without a title, and since it is so clever we will print it without a title. It must represent either "After the Bull Dog Banquet" or "A Monthly Meeting of the Coelebs."
Well, we are glad that this little effort is nearly finished. It has been great fun and no little work, but of course nobody thinks of the latter. If this book can in any way help towards making a better Tech Spirit and a Greater Tech, we will feel that our labor has not been in vain. Take it as it is and know that we have given our best, and what more can man do.

We wish to give our thanks to some few men outside of the Board who have assisted us in our work. W. A. Aichel has been of great assistance to the Editor-in-Chief, and to him we give our special thanks. Messrs. A. W. Hill, R. L. Bidez, R. D. McGaughey, P. T. Shutze, W. A. Aichel and Paul Smith are the composers of the Senior "write-ups" for their respective sections.

Among the Artists who have so ably assisted are F. L. Rand, G. M. Hill, J. M. Mitchell and R. Pardo. C. R. Stegall has been the busy man with the camera.
At Parting

She sat and toiled before Time's whirring wheel,
Spinning the threads of human destiny,
Twining the tenuous strands of woe and weal,—
Clotho, the youngest of the fatal Three;
And at her side, Lachesis marked the years
Of mortal life and set their slender span;
Then, veiled in mystery, sad-eyed and wan
With grave compassion, she who held the shears.

A thread of varied hues: ofttimes the light
Of gold, the tincture brave of high emprise;
Or freedom's badge and truth's, unsullied white;
The blue of holiness, that clothes the skies
And paints madonnas' robes; lust's scarlet flame,
Where passion's purple burns to mad excess;
The gray of tears and utter loneliness;
And then, anon, the ebon gloom of shame.

But as they wrought, the winds of Life and Death
Blew back and forth across the shimmering skein,
And caught a myriad threads in their wild breath
Entangled in a mesh of joy and pain;
So, when I sought my life's complete design
And thought to find a single twisted thread,
I found a strangely tangled web instead—
No longer mine alone, but thine and mine.