The Blue Print

Published by the
Students of the Georgia
School of Technology

VOLUME V
1912

Atlanta, :: Georgia
GREETING

Through the fields of spring I went
Plucking pretty posies,—
Violets and daffodils,
Lilies white and roses.

There they seemed so fresh and fair,
Wide their beauty flinging;
But they look all faded now,
Hardly worth my bringing.

All unskilled my fingers were
In such dainty measures;
Sadly bruised and shattered lie
All my pretty treasures.

Yet these flowers are all I have
(Let sweet pity move you)
And they still their message bear—
Listen! "Dear, I love you."

P—.
To

PROFESSOR JOHN SAYLER COON

Charter Member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers,

Who, for nearly a quarter of a century, as head of the department of Mechanical Engineering at the Georgia School of Technology, has devoted his best energies to the upbuilding of the institution and has been the greatest factor in its rise to pre-eminence;

Who, by precept and example, has instilled into the minds of his students the highest ideals of their profession, and stands before them as the exemplar of all that is best and truest in manhood and in scientific endeavor.

In token of our esteem and respect,
we dedicate this Annual.

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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 Association of the South.

JOHN SAYLER COON, M.E., Professor of Mechanical Engineering and Drawing. Superintendent of Shops. M. E. Cornell University 1877. Youngest charter member American Society of Mechanical Engineers.


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


FRANCIS PALMER SMITH, B.S. in Arch., Professor of Architecture. B.S. in Arch. University of Pennsylvania 1907.


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


RICHARD HENRY LOWNDES, B.S. in M. E., Associate Professor of Drawing. B.S. in M.E. Georgia School of Technology 1903.

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


CHARLES JACKSON PAYNE, A.M., Assistant Professor of Physics. A.M. Harvard 1910.

WALTER KURT VAN HAAGEN, B.S., Ph. D., Assistant Professor of Chemistry. B.S. University of Pennsylvania 1905. Ph.D. Ibid 1909.

EDMOND WEYMON CAMP, B.S. in T.E., Assistant Director of Textiles. Assistant Professor of Textile Engineering. B.S. in T.E. Georgia School of Technology 1901.

HARRY HEBDEN, Instructor in Textile Engineering.

CHARLES ALFRED JONES, B.S. in T.E., Instructor in Textile Engineering and Dyeing. B.S. in T.E. Georgia School of Technology 1904.

WILLIAM ANDERSON JACKSON, B.S. in C.E., Instructor in Civil Engineering. B.S. in C.E. University of Georgia 1903.

FRANK BEALL DAVENTPORT, B.S. in E.E., Instructor in Electrical Engineering. B.S. in E.E. Georgia School of Technology 1904.

LAWRENCE WASHINGTON MURPHY, B.S., Instructor in Mathematics. B.S. Vanderbilt University 1908.

GEORGE BRUCE FRANKLIN, A.B., Instructor in English. A.B. University of Georgia 1903.


OLIVER HOWARD LANG, B.S. in C.E., Instructor in Experimental Engineering. B.S. in C.E. Georgia School of Technology 1910.

ALBERT BLOHM, A.M., Instructor in English.


PETER STOKES CONNOR, B.S., Instructor in Mathematics. B.S. The Citadel, 1907.


WILMURT ADDISON BENNETT, M.E., Instructor in Drawing. M.E.


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

WILLIAM DUNLAP KELLOGG, B.S. in E.E., Instructor in Experimental Engineering. B.S. in E.E. Georgia School of Technology 1911.

GEORGE HOLMAN GARDNER, A.B., Associate Registrar.


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INSTRUCTOR IN ARCHITECTURE

Died March 28th, 1912
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Mechanical Engineering

Founded 1888

Born in Atlanta, and successfully completed the Boys' High School in 1909, then hiked himself to Tech.
Manager class baseball '11; Senior banquet committee; Senior class Prophet; XΔΣ Literary Society; S. M. E.; ΧΦΧ.
"A rare compound of odditiy, frolic and fun."

THOMAS BENJAMIN BETHEL, "Big Ben," B.S. in M.E. (1889-1912)
Born at Thomaston, Ga., and attended the R. E. Lee Institute of his native city, from which he came to Tech. in 1908.
Delphian Literary Society; S. M. E.; class football '10 and '11; Acis.
"A moral, sensible man."

This distinguished lad is an Atlanta product; entered as a Sub in '07.
President of Freshman class '08-'09; varsity football squad '09-'10 and varsity '11; vice president XΔΣ Literary Society '10; assistant business manager Yellow Jacket '10 and manager '11; Glee Club '07-'08-'09-'10; vice president Athletic Association '11; S. M. E.; Anak. KA.
"A lion among ladies"
Born in Atlanta, and claims Peacock's as his preparatory school. Entered in '08.
Delphian Literary Society; Tech Bible class; S. M. E.; X Φ X.
"Three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths sheer fudge."

EUGENE ADOLPHUS BROOKS, "Gene," B.S. in M.E. (1891-1912)
Born in Atlanta, and entered in '07 from the Boys' High School.
Deutcher Klub '10; Glee Club '10-'11; class football '09-'10-'11; varsity squad '10; chairman lecture course committee '12; S. M. E.
"If it be a sin to covet honor I am the most offending soul alive."

CLIFFORD CLYDE CARSON, "Kit," B.S. in M.E. (1890-1912)
Born in Denton, in the wild and woolly part of Texas, and "preped" at Barstow, Tex. Entered in '07.
Scrub football '07, '08, '09, '10, '11; class football '10, '11; Spanish Club '10; president Texas Club '11; Mandolin Club '11; S. M. E.; Acis.
"He hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book."
WILLIAM BURKE COLEMAN, "Bill,"
B.S. in M.E.
(1889-1912)
Born in Americus, Ga. Attended Porter Military Academy and Gordon Institute. Entered in '07. Varsity football squad '07; varsity football '09, '10, '11; basketball '08; track team '09, '10; president Tennis Club '08; vice president class '08, '09; advertising manager Glee Club '12; B. A. C. M. committee '11; president Honor Court '11; president Senior class '11; S. M. E.; Anak; Bull Dog; K. A.

"Some have greatness thrust upon them."

CARL INGERSOLL COLLINS, B.S. in M.E.
(1890-1912)
Born in Asheville, N. C., and came to Tech from the V. P. I. in '08.
Glee Club '08, '09, '10, and president '11; Mandolin Club '09, '10, '11; manager class baseball '09; tennis team '09, '10, '11; assistant manager '11; class football '08, '09; Technique staff '12; Tech Bible class; S. M. E.; Anak; X Φ.

"I am not in the roll of common men."

WILLIAM AUSTIN EMERSON, B.S. in M.E.
(1891-1912)
Born in Atlanta and prepared for higher knowledge at the Boys' High.
Class football '07, '08, '09, '10, '11; varsity squad '11; X Δ Σ Literary Society; D' Club, '10; Honor board '11; class banquet committee '10 and '11; S. M. E.; A T Ω.

"A progeny of learning."
CHURCHILL POMEROY GOREE, JR., "Roy," B.S. in M.E. (1890-1912)

Born in the famous city of Chattanooga, Tenn., but attended the B. H. S. of Atlanta in the class of '08.

Varsity football '09, '10, '11; varsity track '09, '10, '11, '12; captain track team '12; varsity baseball squad '09, '11, '12; Delphian Literary Society; president class '10; S. M. E.; Anak.

"From women's eyes this doctrine I derive: They are the books, the arts, the academies, That show, contain, and nourish all the world."


Kicked his first time in dear old Atlanta.
Preped for Tech at New Mexico Military Institute. Entered '07.

Varsity football squad '09-'11; class football '07, '08, '09, '10, '11; president XΔΣ Literary Society '10; Yellow Jacket "editor-in-chief" '11; honor board '10, '11; president S. M. E. '12; chairman Senior commencement committee; annual board '10; secretary and treasurer of Senior class '11; Bull Dog. Anak. T N E, Σ N.

"Bosom up my counsel. You'll find it wholesome."


Born in Philadelphia, Penn., but preped in the schools of Atlanta. Entered in '07.

Honorman 1910. S. M. E. Chairman Senior "cane" committee.

"A mother's pride, a father's joy."
GEORGE MELVILLE HOPE, JR., "Fats,"
B.S. in M.E.
(1891-1912)
Born and educated in the city of Atlanta. Preped at the B. H. S. Entered Tech in 1907.
Toastmaster Senior banquet; Delphian Literary Society; Bull Dog; T. N. E.; S. M. E.; Ξ Φ Ξ.
"A large fund of 'Hope' dwells in him."

ROBERT EMERSON MELL, "Bob," "Hulk,"
B.S. in M.E.
(1892-1912)
Born near Atlanta and spent his childhood days at Donald Fraser and Stone Mountain. Entered in '08.
Orchestra '08, '09, '10, '11; band '08, '09, '10, '11; Glee Club, '09; class football '10, '11; manager '11; class track team '10, '11; manager '10, '11; cross country team '11, '12; Tech Bible class; S. M. E.; Ξ Φ Ξ.
"He makes sweet music."

JAY ALEXANDER MILLIGAN, "Swat,"
B.S. in M.E.
(1889-1912)
Born at Boston (Ga.) and preped at the Boston High.
Delphian Literary Society; class football '09, '10, '11; varsity squad '10; S. M. E.; Acis.
"Begone, dull Care, thou and I shall never agree."
JAMES DIXON McCARTY, JR., “Dick”
B.S. in M.E.
(1890-1912)

First saw day in Atlanta; preped at the B. H. S. and Culver
Tennis team ’09, ’10, ’12; president Delphian Literary Society ’10 and secretary ’11; Ga. Tech staff ’08; leader Mandolin Club ’10, ’12; Glee Club ’11, ’12; S. M. E.; Bull Dog; K. A.
“I am as honest as any man living.”

ROY DORSEY McGAUGHEY, “Mac,”
B.S. in M.E.
(1892-1912)

Born in Atlanta and finished preparing at the Boys’ High School. Entered Tech in 1909.
Junior class representative in Senior exercises ’11; Glee Club ’10, ’11; honor board ’11; XΔΣ Literary Society; Tech Bible class; X Φ X.
“I leave my character behind me.”

WILLIAM FARRAND OSBORNE, “Bill,”
B.S. in M.E.
(1891-1912)

Landed on earth in Waverly, Iowa, but was raised and educated in Fitzgerald, Ga.
Delphian Society; honor man ’10; vice president Junior class ’10, ’11; honor board ’11; class historian ’12; Tech Bible class; S. M. E.; Acis.
“I lov’ed my books.”
HARMAN WAYNE PATTERSON, "Pat,"  
B.S. in M.E.  
(1889-1912)  
Born in San Francisco, Cal., and received his preparatory instructions at the Polytechnic High School of that city.  
Captain class baseball '08; varsity football squad '07; varsity '08, '09, '10, and captain '11; Glee Club '08, '09, '10, '11, '12; Mandolin Club '08, '09, '10, '11, '12; Southern students' Y. M. C. A. conference '08; vice president Y. M. C. A. '09; president '11; chairman Bible study classes '09, '10; track team '10, and captain '11; manager Junior prom. '10; yell leader '09, '10, '11; Yellow Jacket staff '09, '10; Blue Print board '11, '12; inspector dormitories '09, '10, '11, '12; XΔX Literary Society; tennis team '08, '09, '10, '11; manager baseball '12; Bull Dog; S. M. E.; TNE; Anak; ZAE.  
"I dare do all that may become a man."

WILLIAM BLACKBURN SIMMONS, "Bill,"  
B.S. in M.E.  
(1891-1912)  
Born in the classic city of Jacksonville and attended the Duval High School.  
Delphian Literary Society; president Florida Club '11; Glee Club '10, '11; honor board, '12; Tech Bible class; S. M. E.  
"He is the very pine-apple of politeness."

GRADY ALEXANDER SMITH, "G. A." "Gas,"  
B.S. in M.E.  
(1900-1912)  
Born near Fort Valley, Ga. Preped at Grady Institute, at Fort Valley, and also at Perry High School.  
Commencement committee '11; Yellow Jacket staff '12; S. M. E.; Acis.  
"A good man."  
(With apologies to Uncle Si.)
FRANCIS ARTHUR STIVERS, "Frank,"
B.S. in M.E.
(1890-1912)

Born in Chattanooga and spent his preparatory days at the Chattanooga High School. Entered in '08.
Band '08, '09, '10, '11; Glee club '08, '09; Blue Print board '10, '11; Delphian Literary Society; honor man 1912; S. M. E. Φ K A.

"Describe him who can,
An abridgement of all that was pleasant in man."

NESBITT NEWTON TEAGUE, "Tommy,"
B.S. in M.E.
(1891-1912)

Born in Augusta, Ga., and attended the Richmond Academy in his native city.
Vice president Senior class '12; assistant manager baseball team '10; Augusta club; vice president Junior mechanicals '10; class baseball '11; manager '12; class basketball '11, '12; captain '11; Bull Dog; Χ Φ.

"Thou shalt find him the best king of good fellows."

AUDLEY OSCAR WILLIAMS, "Big Un," "A. O."
B.S. in M.E.
(1890-1912)

Born in Pidcock, Ga., and prepared at Boston (Ga.) High School.
Class football '08, '09, '10, '11; varsity squad '09; Σ Λ Σ Literary Society; Honor board '11; S.M. E.; Acis.

"Much study is a weariness of the flesh."

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Electrical Engineering

Founded 1896

CLYDE AVRIETT BYRD, "C. A.,"
B.S. in E.E.
(1890-1912)
Born in Live Oak, Florida. Preped at Suwannee High School and G. M. A. Entered the apprentice class in 1907.
"Do what he will, he cannot realize half he conceives."

ROBERT DOUGLASS CONACHER, "Doug."
B.S. in E.E.
(1890-1912)
Born at Allens Station, near Augusta, Georgia, but soon came to town. Preped at Richmond Academy. Entered apprentice class 1907.
"He is a scholar and a ripe and good one, exceedingly wise, full spoken and persevering."

EUGENE DIXON DRUMMOND,
B.S. in E.E.
(1893-1912)
Was born in Savannah, Ga., and prepared for Tech at Savannah High.
Scholarship "T"; Spanish Club; Savannah Club; Kilowatt Club; Mandolin Club '12; Glee Club '12; Society of Electrical Engineers.
"A violet by a mossy stone half-hidden from the eye."
THOMAS DUVAL GUINN, "T. D.,”
B.S. in E.E.
(1890-1912)
Born at Covington, Georgia. Prep ed at Stone Mountain.
Class baseball ’08, ’09, ’11. Society of Electrical Engineers Ξ Ν.
“He does allot for every exercise
A several hour.”

DAVID WILLIAM HARRIS, “Dave,”
B.S. in E.E.
(1890-1912)
Born at Macon, Georgia. Prep ed at Gresh am High. Entered Tech in 1907.
“Describe him who can,
An abridgement of all that was pleasant in man.”

RICHARD MANLY HARRIS, “Sport,”
B.S. in E.E.
(1890-1912)
Born at Hampton, Georgia. Prep ed at Stone Mountain.
“He swore, the world, as he could prove, was made of fighting and of love.”
ABNER WELLBORN HILL, "Dub,"
B.S. in E.E. (1890-1912)
"He is so full of pleasing anecdotes,
So rich, so gay, so poignant in his wit; Time vanishes before him as he speaks."

JACOB FOREMAN HEARD, "Jake,"
B.S. in E.E. (1890-1912)
Born in Macon, Georgia. Preped in Gresham High.
"Why should a man, whose blood is warm within, Sit like his grandsire, cut in alabaster."

EDWARD HATCH HUBERT, "Shag,"
B.S. in E.E. (1890-1912)
Born at Fort Robinson, Neb. Preped at Sacred Heart College.
"I do present to you a man of mind, Cunning in Music and the Mathematics."
GEORGE SALLE JONES, JR., "Pink."
B.S. in E.E.
(1891-1912)
Born in Macon, Georgia. Prep'd at Gresham High and Gordon Institute.
"Most men, till by experience made sager,
Will back their own opinions with a wager."

CARL LESTER KIMBELL, "Leroy."
B.S. in E.E.
(1890-1912)
Born at Monroe, Georgia. Prep'd at Covington High. Entered Tech in 1905.
Society of Electrical Engineers.
"Any fool can lay a plan,
But to hatch them requires a man with patience like a hen."

WILLIAM HAWKINS LAMAR, "Little Man."
B.S. in E.E.
(1891-1912)
Born at Monticello, Florida. Prep'd at Jefferson County Institute.
Society of Electrical Engineers. Σ Λ Ε.
"What education did at first conceive,
Our ripened eyes confirms us to believe."
ALONZO LINTON LEMON, "Lime,''
B.S. in E.E.
(1890-1912)
Born at Acworth, Georgia. Prep'd at Donald Fraser.
Kilowatt Club. Society of Electrical Engineers.
"His heart was all on honor bent,
He could not stop to love."

WILLIAM ALDERMAN LINTON, "W. A.,"
B.S. in E.E.
(1891-1912)
Born in Thomas County, Georgia.
Manager class basketball '11, '12. Scholarship
"He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytics."

DUNCAN SHEPHERD McLAURIN, "Mac,''
B.S. in E.E.
(1890-1912)
Born at Jacksonville, Florida. Prep'd at Duval High.
Florida Club. Society of Electrical Engineers.
Σ Φ E.
"He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went for lack of thought."
HENRY HERSHELL MILLER, "Slick,"
B.S. in E.E.
(1890-1912)
Born in Waycross, Georgia. Prep ed at Waycross High.
Society of Electrical Engineers. Acis.
"See what grace has settled on that brow."

JAMES NORRIS MOORE, JR., "Sub,"
B.S. in E.E.
(1892-1912)
Born at Savannah, Georgia. Prep ed at Peacock's.
Delphian Literary Society. Class track '11, '12.
Society of Electrical Engineers.
"This fellow's wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of wit."

JAMES FULLILOVE MYRICK, "Jim,"
B.S. in E.E.
(1891-1912)
Born at Dovedale, Georgia. Prepared at Piedmont Inst.
Society of Electrical Engineers. ΦΚΣ.
"For there was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the toothache patiently."
JOHN FARMER PEACOCK, "Country,"
B.S. in E.E.
(1890-1912)
Born at Madison, Georgia. Prep at Madison High.
"I value silence, none can price it more."

HARVEY NORRIS PYE, "Peach,"
B.S. in E.E.
(1890-1912)
"Let wreathes of triumph now my temples twine,
The victor cried, the glorious prize is mine."

FRANK WILLIAM QUARLES, "Francis,"
B.S. in E.E.
(1892-1912)
Society of Electrical Engineers.
"A wise man has to act like a fool sometimes, Or no one will take him seriously."
HENRY THOMAS ROSS, "Fish",
B.S. in E.E.
(1890-1912)
"I mean to show things as they really are,
Not as they ought to be."

ALFRED QUINTON SMITH, "Q."
B.S. in E.E.
(1890-1912)
Born at Atlanta. Preped at Boys’ High. Entered apprentice class in 1907.
Electrical manager Junior prom. Society of Electrical Engineers.
"He has, I know not what,
Of greatness in his looks and of high fate
That almost awes me."

WARREN AUSTIN SMITH, "W. A."
B.S. in E.E.
(1885-1912)
Born at Jasper, Florida. Preped at Jasper Normal Inst.
"A father’s heart is tender,
Though the man be inside of stone."
JOHN WILSON SPEARS, "Jeff,"  
B.S. in E.E.  
(1892-1912)  
Born at Brunswick, Georgia. Prep at Glynn Academy.  
Class historian '11, Society of Electrical Engineers, Acis.  
"A child in years, though man in mind."

CLIFTON CARL SLOAN, "Toasties,"  
B.S. in E.E.  
(1892-1912)  
Born at McDonough, Georgia. Prep at Stone Mountain.  
"My son, if you would be a wise man,  
Let your ears grow, and tie your tongue with a rope."

HARRY THURMAN THOMPSON, "Tommie,"  
B.S. in E.E.  
(1889-1912)  
Born at Chattanooga, Tenn. Prep at McCallie School.  
"The wisest philosopher that ever lived  
Did not believe half the things he told himself."
Civil Engineering

Founded 1896


First saw the light of day in Charleston, S. C. After graduating at the High School of that city, he entered Tech in the fall of 1907.


"Untwisting all the chains that tie The hidden soul of Harmony."


Emerged into this world in Mulenburgh County of the "Blue Grass State." He soon became a shining light at Greenville High School, emigrating from thence to become the terror of Berry School at Rome, Ga. His engineering education began in 1906.


"Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies."


At the time of his birth he was considered the "cutest little thing in Atlanta." He gained his early education at Mrs. Sauder’s School.

Beef Trust. Sons of Rest. Society of Civil Engineers. Σ Ν.

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild.
In wit, a man—simplicity, a child."
LEWIS JACKSON BUSSEY, "Deacon,"  
B.S. in C.E.  
(1887-1912)  
Born in the shade of the sheltering palms at Jacksonville, Fla. Took up the preparation for Tech at "Sparks Collegiate Institute."  
Society of Civil Engineers. Acis.  
"The silence often of pure innocence Persuades when speaking fails."

FREDERICK HENRY GOETTE, "Goat,"  
B.S. in C.E.  
(1888-1912)  
Imported from Germany, and has since had the nerve to call Brunswick, Macon, Savannah, and several other villages, his "home town." Graduating from Glynn Academy with high honors, he entered Tech in 1905.  
Society of Civil Engineers.  
"He was the mildest mannered man  
That ever scuttled ship, or cut a throat."

CAMPBELL THOMAS KING, JR., "C. T.,"  
B.S. in C.E.  
(1888-1912)  
Got his first good night's sleep in Macon, Ga.  
Attended Gresham High School, but that was many years ago. Prepped by the "Mother of Invention" and the Tech Summer School. Became a Freshman in 1908.  
"Fill the bright goblet, spread the festive board  
Summon the gay, the noble, and the fair.  
Thro' the loud hall, in joyous concert pour'd,  
Let mirth and music sound the dirge of care."
CAPERS MOORE SIMMONS, "Cape," "Spegot,"
B.S. in C.E.
(1884-1912)
The honor of his birthplace is allotted to Southwestern Alabama. Was raised in Cave Spring and Rome, Ga. Attended school in both of these places. Entered Tech in 1902, '04, '05, '08.
President Y. M. C. A. '09, '10. Dormitory inspector. Society of Civil Engineers. D. G. R. ΚΣ.
"Persistence, thou art a jewel."

PRATT THOMPSON, "Pratt,"
B.S. in C.E.
(1888-1912)
Parted with the stork at Dallas, Ga. Received his preparation for Tech in and around Hapeville. Entered Tech 1907.
"Subs may come, and Subs may go, But Graft goes on forever."

CAMPBELL WALLACE, "Campbell," B.S. in C.E.
(1890-1912)
Cartersville, Ga., is proud to call him her native son. Supposed to have "prep'd" at Atlanta B. H. S. Entered Tech 1908.
Society of Civil Engineers.
"'Tis good-will makes intelligence."
Textile Engineering
Founded 1899

MARION HILL BARNETT, "Sue,"
B.S in T.E.
(1891-1912)
First kicked the slate in Washington, Ga., and later graduated from Washington High School.
"Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,
Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious care."

ROBERT LEO BIDELZ, "Bedie,"
B.S in T.E.
(1890-1912)
Born in Rome, Georgia, and prepared for Tech at Piedmont Institute. Entered Tech in 1908.
"All things I thought I knew; but now confess
The more I know I know, I know the less."

GEORGE FELTON LUCK, "Fatty,"
B.S. in T.E.
(1887-1912)
Born in Clayton County, Georgia. Prepared for Tech at College Park Public School and Dahlonega. Entered Tech in 1904 and again in 1911.
"A light heart in a fat body ravishes not only the world, but the philosophers."

Born in Leesburg, Georgia. Prepared for Tech at Smithville High School and entered with the apprentice class in 1907.
Textile Engineering Society.
"When the devil was sick, a saint would he;
When he got well, a devil of a saint was he."

Engineering Chemistry
Founded 1900

ARNOLD E. KUNZE, B.S. in E.G. (1885-1912)

Born at Baltimore, Maryland. After graduating from Summerlin Institute, in Florida, he entered Tech in the fall of 1906.
Student assistant in chemical laboratory '08, '09, '10, '11, '12. President Emerson Chemical Society '12.
"For if he will, he will, you may depend on't,
And if he won't he won't, so this is an end on't."

Chemistry
Founded 1906


He hunted his first molecule in the vicinity of Carrollton, Ga. Preped at Temple High School and finally entered Tech with the apprentice class in 1908.
Class Baseball '08, '09, '10; class football '08; president Emerson Chemical Society, first term.
Acis.
"We do not what we ought.
What we ought not, we do,
And lean upon the thought
That chance will bring us through."
Architecture
Founded 1908

DANIEL AYLESBURG FINLAYSON, "Fin,"
B.S. in Arch.
(1891-1912)
Was born at Ashville, Fla., and prepared for college at Quitman, Georgia, High School.
Architectural Society; K. K. K.; Mention, Society of Beaux Arts Competition.
"My soul has often found relief;
And oft escaped the tempter's snare."

FERDINAND HOWELL OGLETREE, "Ferd,"
B.S. in Arch.
(1891-1912)
Born in Atlanta and prepared at Boys' High.
"Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free."

PHILIP TRAMMELL SHUTZE, "Phil,"
B.S. in Arch.
(1891-1912)
Born in Columbus, Ga., and prepared at West Point High.
"Alas, he drew so much one day
He failed to draw his breath."
HARRY DONALD STUBBS, "Stubbie,"
B.S. in Arch.
(1890-1912)
Born in Bowden, Ga. Prepped at Westminster College, Tehudeand, Tex.
Architectural Society. K. K. K.
"Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes."

Special Textile

ROBERT HARRIS BOWN, "Long Hungry,"
Special Textile.
(1889-1912)
Textile Engineering Society.
"Learning by study must be won;
'Twas ne'er entailed from sire to son."

CHARLES STEWART COLLEY, "Stewart,"
Special Textile.
(1892-1912)
"Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his Spirit."
WINDER GARY, "Snake,"
Special Textile.
"Don't be bashful, toot your own horn."

WILLIAM LAMAR TREADWAY, "Tread,"
Special Textile.
(1890-1912)
Born in Columbus, Georgia, and prepared in Columbus High School.
"His only books were woman's looks, And all they taught him, folly."
History of the Senior Class

One beautiful September morning in 1907 a peculiar looking object came slowly across the campus and hesitatingly climbed the first of the flight of stairs which lead to knowledge. One of the elegantly dressed youths, lounging about on the academic steps, wearing a cigarette in the middle of his face, shouted, "Hey, you Sub!" and the first of the illustrious class of 1912 had been ushered in. Soon many more of us arrived, and after a tearful separation from father's cash by "Par Boyle," we were pronounced apprentices.

After having satisfactorily passed the exam in rule book and bought our bath tickets and chapel song books, we began our search for knowledge in this great institution. Our first year was spent principally in initiating our tender digestive apparatus into the mysteries of mess hall hash and in endeavoring to persuade upper classmen that, in spite of the cold weather, we were quite warm and not at all in need of the services of a pine shingle.

When we returned the following September our number was greatly increased by numerous misguided sons of the plow, who, having removed the "innards" of the family clock, much to its detriment, had become possessed of the idea that they were destined to become great engineers. As Freshmen we greatly distinguished ourselves by furnishing the majority of the varsity men in both football and baseball. We, of course, followed the precedent set us by previous classes and placed our class number upon the roof of the Swann Dormitory, much to the displeasure of the president and the guilty parties.

As Sophomores we found our ranks sadly diminished, owing to the fact that many of us returned to the farm for our vacation and decided that the occupation of following Maude through the cotton fields was much more interesting than the intricacies of mathematics and Mr. Billie's coal pile. The troubles of the Sophomore are written in many a committee report, so let us recall only one distinctive feature of this year. Our track men give the credit for their prowess to the enforced walks to Kickwood and other nearby places, for having forgotten a plumb-bob or a chain.

To make our class famous as Juniors, certain of our members, in company with two or three Seniors, wended their way one beautiful dark night to a neighboring college town, where they proceeded to adorn certain ruminating horned quadrupeds on the campus of Lucy Cobb with the White and Gold. Almost immediately the dormitory students became enamored of the beauties of outdoor sleeping, and from that time until June the campus was covered with blanketed watchers.
A Senior must above all things be dignified, and as some of us were lacking in that respect, we decided that we would "wear" swagger sticks as our class emblem. These beautiful articles of wearing apparel arrived in December, and at once every Senior sought the acquaintance of Prof. Booghee, in the endeavor to learn the proper way to carry them. So great was our success that only a few were broken by getting mixed up with our legs as we wandered home in the early morning. Although our class athletics are not to be boasted of, we have furnished five varsity football men besides Captain Patterson, as well as several stellar baseball artists, among them being Captain Carl Sloan.

And now that we are upon the point of accepting one of those lucrative positions of which we have heard so often, we look back over our college days, so full of joy and happiness, so full of hard work and Mr. Billie, with a sense of sadness. Never again will we call upon those dear committees, never again will we cut chapel and work four hours in the foundry, never again will we hear those instructive lectures from Uncle Si or have him present us with those beautiful bouquets of compliments.

Gentlemen, has the Historian said anything? The Historian has not.

W. F. OSBORNE, Historian, 1912.
Senior Class Statistics

FAVORITE PROFESSOR: Blinks 26% Uncle 15% Big Doc 15% Wood 10%.
FAVORITE STUDY: Blinks Rms. 18% Lang. 15% Hyd. 12% Steam. Eng 10% Math 10%.

SMOKE: Yes 50% No 50%.
CHEW: Yes 24% No 76%.

DRINK INTOXICANTS: Yes 45% No 55%.
COLOR OF EYES: Blue 47% Brown 29% Grey 27%.
COLOR OF HAIR: Light 29% Brown 34% Black 29% Red 8%.

AVERAGE AGE: 21.1 Years.
AVERAGE HEIGHT: Five feet ten inches.
AVERAGE WEIGHT: 148½ lbs.
AVERAGE YEARLY EXPENSES: $486.03.

CHIEF AMUSEMENT: Shows—Forsythe.

BIGGEST SUB: Moore.
FAVORITE DANCE: Waltz 35% "Tech Wiggle" 20% "Turkey Trot" 15%.
FAVORITE TYPE OF WOMAN: Brunette 45% Blonde 39%.

MOST SUSCEPTIBLE: (1) "Hap" Hazzard (2) "Kit" Carson (3) "Spud" Spears.

LAZIEST MAN: (1) Guinn, Finlayson (2) Carson, Aichel.
BIGGEST BOOT-LICKER: (1) A. W. Hill (2) E. A. Brooks.
MOST TIMID: (1) "Spud" Spears (2) Peacock.
BIGGEST TIGHTWAD: (1) H. T. Ross (2) Pratt Thompson.
BIGGEST LIAR: (1) W. A. Alexander (2) P. T. Thompson.
UGLIEST MAN: (1) "Goat" Goette (2) Ben Bethel (3) "Hap" Hazzard.
MOST HANDSOME: (1) Dixon McCarty (2) "Pinkey" Black.
TALLEST MAN: Geo. Hope.
LEANEST MAN: Geo. Hope.

FATTEST MAN: (1) Luck (2) Brannon.
RUNT: (1) Pye (2) Spears.
GREENEST MAN: (1) Ben Bethel (2) Lemon.
WITTIEST MAN: (1) "Pinkey" Black (2) A. W. Hill.
CHEEKIEST MAN: (1) "Hap" Hazzard (2) A. W. Hill.
MOST CONCEITED MAN: (1) Clyde Byrd (2) Harry Thompson.
MOST POPULAR MAN: (1) W. B. Coleman (2) W. A. Alexander.
MOST INFLUENTIAL MAN: (1) H. W. Patterson (2) W. B. Coleman.
MOST INTELLECTUAL MAN: (1) Bill Osborne (2) Quarles.
BEST MAN MORALLY: (1) Linton (2) Ben Hall.
HARDEST GRIND: (1) Bill Osborne (2) Ben Bethel.
BIGGEST LADY KILLER: (1) "Pinkey" Black (2) Geo. Jones.
BIGGEST TOBACCO BEATER: (1) Jim Myrick (2) Austin Emerson.
HEAVIEST EATER: H. W. Patterson.
BEST FOOTBALL PLAYER: H. W. Patterson.
BEST BASEBALL PLAYER: Carl Sloan.
MAN WITH BIGGEST FEET: "Bob" Mell.
MAN WITH BIGGEST HEAD: "Swat" Milligan.
FAVORITE GAME: Football 63% Baseball 10% Others, scattering.
BIGGEST OCCULT PHILOSOPHER: (1) Ben Bethel (2) Austin Emerson.
OLDEST MAN: "Cape" Simmons.
Officers

H. S. Holland .................................. President
Jack Phinizy .................................. Vice President
S. N. Hodges .................................. Secretary
Homer Cook .................................. Treasurer
Junior Class

Adams, O. P.
Andrews, F. S.
Arrington, E. H.
Ashley, D. C.
Avera, A. U.
Bass, L. B.
Berry, J. H.
Boyd, W. R.
Brooks, J. C.
Brooks, F. P.
Brown, J. T. L.
Brown, L. L.
Brownson, V. C.
Bryan, M. M.
Bunn, G. F.
Carr, H. E.
Chalmers, J. C.
Clarke, J. O.
Clarke, P. H.
Connell, T. D.
Cook, H.
Crofoot, C. S.
Crowe, W. A.
Crumley, C. L.
Davis, T. W.
Davis, W. K.
Dillingham, C. W.
DuBose, J. R.
Edmonds, R. W.
Ely, C. C.
Estes, M. S.
Evans, L. B.
Felder, J. W.
Flemister, S. A.
Frankel, S. D.
Gaines, M. L.
Galphin, T. H.
Goebel, A. S.
Hall, H. J.
Hammond, C. S.
Hammond, W. P.
Hill, A. P.
Hill, D.
Hirsch, I. B.
Hodges, S. N.
Holland, H. S.
Holmes, W. C.
Hook, J. P.
Hughes, R. L.
Irwin, W.
Jamison, M. A.
Jenkins, W. K.
Jewett, G. B. Jr.
Jones, P. F.
Kaufman, L.
Kreider, F. B.
Laine, G. W.
Landers, J. A.
Lanham, F. H.
Law, J. B.
Loeb, A. L.
Maddox, G. L.
Matthews, A. C.
Miller, W. G.
Montague, A. F.
Monsalvatge, R. F.
Morgan, W. T. Jr.
McCrary, H. S. Jr.
Northcutt, G. H.
Northern, W. J.
Philips, A. J.
Phinizy, J.
Porter, C. E.
Rahner, M. L.
Roby, J. A.
Reynolds, R. W.
Rockey, J. H.
Sams, R. F.
Segel, H.
Schroeder, J. H.
Sinclair, B. W.
Sloan, P. H.
Stribling, A. L.
Tate, J. H.
Taylor, S. H.
Titshaw, E. P.
Tomlinson, E. W.
Van Epps, G. D.
Ware, W. A.
Warwick, J. F.
Whittaker, W. W.
Wilson, J. E.
Officers

E. E. Elmer ................................President
M. B. Hutton ................................Vice President
J. A. Logan, Jr. ..............................Sec'y and Treas.
Sophomore Class

Adams, A. D.
Adams, W. S.
Anthony, R. T.
Armstrong, W. R.
Ashley, G. S.
Atkinson, R. C.
Attridge, O. H.
Barron, H. T.
Barwick, H. K.
Basset, E. T.
Bauer, R. L.
Bennett, R. L.
Benton, O. M.
Biggers, J.
Birdsong, R. E.
Boland, L. C. M.
Boland, C. S.
Brandon, A. T.
Brindley, S.
Brooks, O. L.
Brown, E. Q.
Brown, L.
Bryson, T. A. Jr.
Burney, C. F.
Butler, C. W.
Butterfield, C. M.
Calder, M. L.
Carmichael, D. L.
Carter, H. G.
Chapman, E. L.
Chapman, G. A.
Chapman, W. L.
Clay, R. A.
Claxton, W. L.
Clarke, W. B.
Claussen, J. C. H.
Clements, A. C.
Cook, S. A.
Cone, M. S.
Connell, E. W.
Conklin, W. E.
Darby, F. W.
Davidson, F. I.
Davis, F. V.
Davis, J. T.
DeGraffenreid, R. J.
DeLaney, W. H.
DeLorme, A. C.
Duncan, W. L.
Dunwody, W. E.
Eastman, D. R.
Elmer, E. E.
Epps, C.
Evans, W. D.
Everhart, E.
Everette, H. H.
Eubanks, W. B.
Farkas, P.
Fitzsimmons, W. H.
Foster, P. B.
Forester, D. M.
Freeman, S.
Fuller, J. E.
Fulson, H. O.
Gaines, F. C.
Gardien, R. B.
Gibbes, Eng. H.
Gibson, T. A.
Gibbons, J. Jr.
Grogan, S. A.
Hagan, A. G.
Hardy, L. S.
Harlan, H. L.
Harless, F. E.
Hathron, M. J.
Heard, J. T.
Hearne, W. D.
Hill, G. M.
Holcomb, P. Jr.
Holleyman, W. C.
Hope, W.
Howell, R. S.
Huie, E. L.
Hurlbut, D. L.
Hutton, M. B.
Irwin, M. D.
Jackson, W. H.
Janes, L. C.
Jewett, G. B. Jr.
Johnson, A. S.
Jones, D. C. Jr.
Jordan, L. K.
Jordan, G. W.
Kytle, R. P.
Lamar, G. B.
Law, J. D.
Lawwill, J. A.
Lawton, M. P.
Leinbach, J. R.
Logan, J. A.
Lockwood, T. P. Jr.
Lott, M. W.
Lovingood, A.
Lubetkin, J.
Malone, C. B.
Means, E. B.
Milner, W. J. Jr.
Mize, T. H.
Moore, J. L.
Moore, J. S. Jr.
Morrison, D.
Moses, A. J.
McCullough, H. K.
McElMurray, R. H.
McLin, J. B.
McMillan, D.
McMurrain, S. B.
Newbanks, M. W.
Norman, J. M.
Parker, J. L.
Parkinson, F. E.
Peacock, W. C.
Perkins, F. A.
Pitchford, J. W.
Pound, M.
Powell, M. H.
Proctor, M. S.
Pye, J. W.
Rand, F. L.
Ray, G. C.
Reifsnider, J. M.
Rhodes, E. L.
Rogers, H. O.
Sheur, M. L.
Shackleford, F. L.
Shackleford, R. A.
Shepherd, I. B.
Shutts, F.
Slaton, W. M.
Smith, B.
Smith, F. H.
Smith, G.
Stegall, C. R.
Stokes, J. D. Jr.
Talley, T. T.
Taylor, E. P.
Thompson, C. B.
Underwood, J. C.
Van Orsdale, A. A.
Vinson, P. W.
Walton, R. V.
Weaver, W. H.
Westbrook, J. R.
Whitcomb, W. E.
White, R. H.
Whitehead, E. C.
Whitner, T. C.
Whittier, P. F.
Whittlesey, P. E.
Wilkins, A. B.
Wilken, A. G.
Wilkinson, E. B.
Wilkinson, J. R.
Williams, E. E.
Williams, L. H.
Williams, L. P.
Williamson, R. E.
Woodruff, B. H.
Word, A. M.
Wright, D. B.
Wright, W. W.
Wynne, A. B.
Zellner, L. E.
Class Officers

M. W. Dixon.............President
John Sloan........Vice-President
J. Lucas, Jr........Sec. & Treas.
E. L. Drummond........Historian
Freshman Class

Adamson, E.
Aichel, S. L.
Anderson, S. H.
Ashley, D. C. Jr.
Bailey, S. P.
Baker, E. B.
Baker, J. H.
Ballew, W. W.
Bannerman, R. L.
Barker, B. S.
Barnes, J. D.
Barrwick, E. C.
Battey, H.
Baxter, A. H.
Benton, H. G.
Boling, C. M.
Boyd, R.
Brim, H. G.
Buchanan, C. T.
Bullen, J.
Burroughs, E. P.
Bryan, P. D.
Calloway, J. A.
Camp, R.
Campbell, R.
Carmen, E. H.
Carson, G. E.
Carter, C.
Cauthorn, E. W.
Cheney, H. W.
Cheney, P. E.
Cheves, T. X.
Clark, H. R.
Clark, R. A.
Claxton, J. H.
Clements, B.
Cobb, A. A.
Coleman, O. A.
Collins, R. W.
Cooper, G. L.
Costley, L.
Council, A. A.
Cox, C. B.
Cox, J. C.
Cox, J. W.
Craig, J. C.
Craig, J. E.
Crawford, J. W.
Crutcher, F. B.
Cutchif, J. M.
Daniel, J. H.
Davison, F. L.
Dillard, R. B.
Dinkins, P. C.
Dixon, M. W.
Downing, J. F.
Drake, R. A.
Drake, R. H.
Drummond, E. L.
Duggan, L. N.
Dwiggers, J. F.
Edwards, H. G.
Embrey, T.
Ethridge, W. C.
Field, H. W.
Fielder, K. J.
Fife, L. L.
Finch, C. H.
Fleming, F. A.
Ford, E. S.
Francis, A. P.
Francis, W. J.
Franklin, C. W.
Fulwood, C. W.
Gantt, B. J.
Gardner, J. J.
Gardner, C. S.
Gay, J. G.
Glover, R. P.
Goldman, J. A.
Govan, E. B.
Graybill, L. A.
Green, A. F.
Greene, L. E.
Green, S. G.
Green, W. H.
Grenfield, J. C.
Greer, J. C.
Grim, E. L.
Grimes, C. B.
Hall, E. V.
Hall, R. E.
Hamilton, L. A.
Hallman, H. H.
Hanes, J. C.
Harbin, R. M.
Hardy, S.
Harris, H. C.
Harris, H. H.
Harris, J. C.
Harrison, J. B.
Herington, H. L.
Hillis, H. C.
Hill, F. B.
Hogsette, H. H.
Holder, N.
Holland, J. H.
Holleman, H.
Horton, W. B.
Huber, C.
Hunter, H. W.
Hutchinson, J. B.
Idleman, L.
Jay, L. P.
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<td>Lein, K. W. II</td>
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<td>Macdonald, A.</td>
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<td>Maloney, H. L.</td>
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<td>Marshall, W. P.</td>
<td>Reed, L.</td>
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Through the generosity (?) of the Sub class this page has been dedicated to the few instructors of their class who were kind enough to pose for one of our artists.
## Apprentice Class

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Special Textile No. 1

Adair, C. A.
Barrett, T.
Davis, R. E.
Falligant, P. I.
Easterling, R. P.
Floyd, T. B.
Fuller, E. I.

Grouse, H. C.
Holliday, W.
Malsby, J. D.
Paine, A. H.
Pease, J. J.
Smith, T. F.
Taylor, E. G.
Wise, M. W.

Special Architects

Haywood, W. S.
Latta, C. B.

Russell, J. M.
Stephens, S. E.
FRATERNITIES
Fraternities

Arranged in the order of their establishment at the Georgia School of Technology without interruption
Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity

Georgia Beta Iota Chapter.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Founded 1865.</th>
<th>Established 1888.</th>
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<tr>
<td>Fraters en Facultate</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dr. W. H. Emerson</td>
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<td>1912.</td>
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<td>W. A. Emerson</td>
<td>J. D. Dawson, Jr.</td>
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<td>1913.</td>
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<td>E. A. Arrington</td>
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<td>G. H. Northeutt</td>
<td>C. L. Crumley</td>
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<td>1914.</td>
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<td>W. E. Conklin</td>
<td>Gadsden Smith</td>
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<td>J. D. Law</td>
<td>H. H. Everette</td>
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<td>1915.</td>
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<td>B. J. Gannt</td>
<td>Reese Mills</td>
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<td>L. P. Jay</td>
<td>J. E. Craig</td>
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<td>C. P. Tye</td>
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<td>1916.</td>
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<td>J. M. Robinson, Jr.</td>
<td>G. J. Sanchez</td>
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<td>H. S. Woodward</td>
<td>C. B. Walmesley</td>
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Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity
Georgia Phi Chapter.

Founded 1856.

1912.
- A. M. Wynne
- C. T. King
- W. H. Lamar

1913.
- Willis Irvin
- A. F. Montague
- J. J. Pease

1914.
- R. J. de Graffenreid
- E. E. Elmer

1915.
- D. C. Ashley, Jr.
- D. P. Wood
- M. Pharr.
- J. C. Harris
- J. F. Gay
- C. C. Shelton

1916.
- F. A. Hooper
- E. Hoffman
- J. T. Montague

Established 1890.

- M. H. Barnett
- H. W. Patterson

- A. H. Paine
- C. W. Butler

- F. A. Perkins

- P. E. Cheney
- P. C. Dinkens

- J. B. Lee
# Kappa Sigma Fraternity

**Alpha Tau Chapter.**

Founded 1867.  
Established 1895.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Professors and Facultets</th>
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<tr>
<td>E. W. G. Boogher</td>
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<td>H. K. Barwick, Jr.</td>
<td>Dean Hill</td>
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<td>W. K. Jenkins</td>
<td>W. W. Whitaker</td>
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<td>T. A. Bryson, Jr.</td>
<td>Griswold M. Hill</td>
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<td>J. S. Moore, Jr.</td>
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<td>E. C. Barwick</td>
<td>K. H. Klein</td>
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<td>H. E. Watts</td>
<td>V. N. Weir</td>
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<td>McCrea French</td>
<td>Richard Harrison, Jr.</td>
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1912.  
1913.  
1914.  
1915.  
1916.
Sigma Nu Fraternity

Founded 1869. Established 1896.

Gamma Alpha Chapter.

Frater en Facultate
W. D. Kellogg

1912.
B. M. Hall, Jr. E. H. Hubert T. D. Guinn
C. B. Branan

1913.
J. H. Tate

1914.
D. M. Forester J. L. Parker R. T. Anthony

1915.
W. W. Pace, Jr. Alfred McDonald Robert Campbell, Jr.
A. C. Lampkin, Jr. K. J. Fielder H. L. Maloney
C. F. McKenzie, Jr. T. H. Mathis H. W. Hunter

1916.
T. C. Richardson C. J. Searles, Jr. J. D. Malsby
J. K. Dobbs
Kappa Alpha Fraternity
Alpha Sigma Chapter.

Founded 1865. Established 1898.

Fraters en Facultate

Dr. K. G. Matheson
D. C. Black
A. W. Hill
M. S. Estes
Murphy Pound
C. B. Grimes
E. S. McKissick
W. S. Latimore
W. A. Troy

J. G. Aldige

Prof. W. G. Perry
W. B. Coleman
C. C. Sloan
W. C. Holmes
D. R. Eastman
G. A. Mercer, Jr.
P. L. Falligant
J. M. Steen
B. D. Smith

G. J. Small
Phi Delta Theta Fraternity
Georgia Delta Chapter.

Founded 1848. Established 1902.

1912.
H. T. Thompson

1913.
D. C. Ashley
M. M. Bryan
H. S. Holland
J. C. Dennis

1914.
M. B. Hutton
R. H. McElmurray
W. K. Davis
E. L. Chapman
D. B. Wright
D. L. Hurlbut

1915.
J. A. Bullen
J. H. Daniel
L. S. Norman
W. P. Stevens, Jr.
H. O. Rogers

1916.
Sidney Holland
M. N. Holland

G. S. Jones, Jr.
C. C. Ely, Jr.
R. E. Davis
J. S. Milner
G. B. Lamar
W. M. Slaton
E. J. West, Jr.
R. P. Wight
J. D. Manghan
Phi Kappa Sigma Fraternity

Alpha Nu Chapter.

Founded 1850.

1912.
J. F. Myrick

1913.
Hugh Laehrman

1914.
J. A. Logan, Jr.
A. A. Van Orsdale
W. B. Eubank

1915.
C. A. Stabler
B. S. Barker
I. L. Fife
E. B. Harrison

1916.
P. R. Nugent

1913.
W. G. Holliday

1914.
G. W. Jordan

1915.
R. M. Harbin
F. A. Fleming
Frederick McDowell
J. F. Downing

1916.
Armand Durant
Chi Phi Fraternity

Omega Chapter.

Founded 1824. Established 1904.

Frater en Facultate

R. H. Lowndes

1912.

C. I. Collins
Thomas Barrett III

N. N. Teague

D. W. Harris
Ralph Ragan

1913.

W. A. Crowe, Jr.
L. B. Evans, Jr.
C. E. Porter, Jr.

W. R. Boyd
J. R. DuBose

Jack Phinizy
H. J. Hall
J. P. Hook

1914.

T. T. Tally, Jr.
J. R. Wilkinson

E. B. Wilkinson
F. L. Shackleford
R. C. Atkinson

C. B. Malone, Jr.
M. S. Cone

1915.

O. A. Coleman
Horace Battey
Jonathan Lucas, Jr.

M. W. Dixon, Jr.
W. T. McCullough

P. C. Turner
Caleb Carter
J. A. Tiller
Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity

Alpha Delta Chapter.

Founded 1868. Established 1904.

1912.
F. A. Stivers

1913.
C. S. Crofoot  S. N. Hodges  R. P. Easterling
E. I. Fuller

1914.
R. H. Williams  O. H. Attridge  S. A. Grogan
J. B. McLin  L. D. Oliver

1915.
R. H. Drake, Jr.  R. A. Drake, Jr.  C. S. Watts
E. S. Ford  J. C. Craig  R. M. Rolfe
R. A. Camp

1916.
G. A. Kenimer
Sigma Phi Epsilon Fraternity

Georgia Alpha Chapter.

Founded 1900.

1912
R. M. Harris
D. S. McLaurin
G. M. Hope, Jr.
P. T. Shutze
W. L. Treadaway

1913.
M. L. Rahner
E. W. Tomlinson
H. E. Carr
H. S. McCrary, Jr.
J. M. Russell

1914
W. J. Milner, Jr.
Welborn Hope
James Gibbons, Jr.
G. A. Chapman

1915
L. D. Semmes
H. H. Harris
E. P. Burruss
R. H. Whitner
P. R. Yopp
H. E. Dunwoody, Jr.
F. F. Merriam

Established 1907.
Theta Nu Epsilon

H. W. Patterson
B. M. Hall
G. M. Hope
A. M. Wynne
Senior Class Characters

"Y'ho! Y'ho! and a bottle of rum.
Gimme a drink and watch out, by gum."

Pat, the Pirate scuttled his first bottle on the coast of California, but of late years has been devoting his time to scuttling scuttles of suds in the land of cotton. One would think by his looks that he had just 'did a deed,' but 'tis not so, fair Geraldine; for he has just stepped off the ball room floor after winning first prize at the Chi Phi Masquerade. In the Y. M. C. A. salvage contest he brought 38 bottles of Schlitz safely across the bar, the unselfishness and nobleness of this deed gaining him the office of president.

"Wine, Woman, and Song.
It's this way all the day long."

Our next victim is Count Romeo Apollinaris, the kid with the kick. As a ball-room favorite he has no equal at Tech. This is not his regular ball-room attire, but one that he requested to be allowed to wear at the Anak initiation, last May. Seldom does the night pass that he is not seated at the festive board in the Georgian Terrace or Piedmont Driving Club, breaking, one by one, the hearts of the admiring damsels gathered 'round. By request from Janie, he sings:

"It's Y'ho! my lads, Y'ho!
The ladies all pursue me,
And it's everywhere I go
They are always clinging to me.
As a breaker-up of homes
I'm a regular sort of knave
Whene'er I go a floating
Upon a Marcel wave."

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"Bye Baby Bunting, Father's gone to college,
Where he is hunting for a certain kind of knowledge."

Ladies and Gentlemen, we call your attention to the next event on the program. We have here in captivity the one and only "Papa" in our midst. He left college about three years ago, married, taught school, and is now with us again, struggling between the Textile department and the Nursery for a "dip." He swears that the first words that "Baby" said were "Teck-et-e-Reck." We don't dispute his word, for they all sound alike to us.

Baron Fritz Anheuser de Pretzel Kunze left his ancestral castle on the Rhine some years ago. Before coming to the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave he toured Europe and neighboring countries with Sig. Spegeft Macaroni Segadlo's marvelous production of trained molecules. The Baron had complete charge of the Atoms, and it was his tremendous will power and magnetic charm that kept these ferocious creatures in captivity. He has utilized this wonderful power since coming to Tech, and for six years he has held sway over the Freshmen in the Chemical Lab.

Here we have the one and only student who has ever thrived on Mess Hall grub. Last year was, perhaps, his banner year, for by the month of May he had eaten his share for the year, and it was decided to ship him off to Florida in order that the other fellows might have the remaining month in which to fatten up. This year he went in to beat his record of last year and finished so far ahead that he had to manage the Electrical Show and give up his position as inspector several months before graduation.
For five years hath he played hymns in chapel. He is able to play any three of them backwards at one time and with his right hand tied to the piano stool. As a musician he has no equal, nay, not even a certain miss who oft times enlivens the hours for the lowly "Studes" of Swann. It is rumored that he and Alexander have a vaudeville sketch which they will produce later in the year.

"Killa de big chief wid de stillett
Lasso de squaw wid de rubber spegett."

"Spegot," or "Speget," will get him and he will kill many an hour, telling you wondrous tales of the lock and dam. He is our oldest inhabitant, having first entered Tech in 1902, and he has been with us off and on ever since. He remembers when the lower shack stood on the spot where the Chemical building now stands and the Sunday morning breakfast when brains and eggs were first introduced. He is trying to make a "getaway" this June, and we wish him every success, although we will miss his rebel yell and his sprightly step at the head of a nightshirt parade.

Philip Rembrandt Christy Remington Fisher Shutze is what we call him for short. When this lad picks up a pen, our old college chump Millet takes another turn in his grave and laments over the fact that he was not born a few years later in order that he might have taken lessons of our Staff Artist. P. R. C. R. F. S. refuses to divulge whether or not he sketches from life, but, if so, we envy him. Judge, Puck, and Life, have made him very enviable offers, but at present he feels that there is more money to be made in the Blue Print, which is no doubt a fact, but not this year.
WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED TO GEORGIA'S GOAT
Officers

President .......... H. W. Patterson
First Vice-Pres.... E. B. Means
2nd Vice-Pres...... C. R. Stegall

Secretary ........... J. C. Brooks
Treasurer .......... E. P. Brooks
General Sec'y ...... E. A. Turner
This is Genial Gene, our General Secretary. He has been with us since the fall of 1907. Besides bringing the Y. M. C. A. from almost nothing to one of the leading institutions at Tech, he has taken an active part in several other activities. Through his untiring efforts in conjunction with those of the advisory board, we have on our campus the most magnificent college Y. M. C. A. building in the South. Before Gene Turner came to Tech there was no such thing as a Bible class. Now almost all of the dormitory students and a great many of those who live on the outside are brought together in weekly meetings for Bible study. This year Gene has piloted the Technique, our weekly paper, and it has been pronounced by many to be the best college paper in the South.
Anak Society
Founded 1908.

OFFICERS
W. B. Coleman...........President
W. A. Alexander........Vice-Pres.
C. I. Collins............Secretary
B. M. Hall, Jr..........Treasurer

MEMBERS
W. A. Aichel
B. M. Hall, Jr.
D. C. Black
A. W. Hill
C. C. Sloan

C. P. Goree
W. A. Alexander
W. B. Coleman
H. W. Patterson
C. I. Collins

H. T. Thompson

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"The meeting will come to order. In the absence of Sister Alexander, I, Sister Patterson, will act as presiding officer on account of my great ability in the manipulation of said office. We will open the meeting with a prayer by our devoted Sister Collins, who will, we anticipate, make it very short.

"Whereas, we are becoming justly dissatisfied with the present state of politics at Tech, we will dispense with the regular order of business and start immediately upon our open-air crusade against man's tyrannical rule. Sister Aichel will come forward and bear our party emblem with its noble insignia, 'VOATS FER WIMMIN,' while Sister Goree will bring up the rear with our voluminous noise-dispenser. Sister Hill, see that the supply of cigarettes is amply sufficient for our needs this day.

"Halt! We are now in the heart of town and, since such a multitudinous crowd is gathered round I will call on Sister Coleman to address the hungry rabble on 'Woman and Her Rights.'

"Such applause as has just rent the atmosphere would seem to justify me in presuming that our cause is fast gaining favor in the hearts of the stronger sex. So, after finishing our general crusade through the city, I wish the following special 'suffragette missionaries' to obey the orders given them.

"Sisters Goree and Hill will invade the patch of Thorns, being careful not to get stuck. Remember the latest Parisian modes of eating—bringing the knife into great prominence.

"Sister Collins will betake herself to the Cole house and if, perchance, one ounce of smut be found upon her fair countenance when she returns, many will be her trials and tribulations.

"Sisters Coleman and Aichel will get themselves gone to the home of our esteemed sympathizer, Hoke Smith; and will use all of the piquant charms in converting his two lovely daughters to our cause."
“Sister Hall and myself (Sister Patterson) will take on our noonday repast at the abode of our adoring admirer, Miss Brown.

“And as a word of parting, I command that all sisters be present at the Tech-Georgia game this afternoon, it having come to our ears that Sister Alexander will appear in the roll of a man bedecked in ball-room livery.”

Editor’s note:—Upon the conclusion of the above nightmare, the persons mentioned therein became active Sons of Anak.
Though for many years past we have had our commencement exercises at the Grand, there has never been very much made of this most important event. It is the why and the wherefore of the collection of college festivities and social functions which we know as a whole as commencement. It was seldom that many of the under classmen were present to see the seniors graduate, small notice was taken of it. Our last commencement, however, the program was arranged to suit the graduating exercises; they were given a noticeable place and made up an important part of the week's proceedings.

Firstly, the whole student body and faculty were required to be there, and, secondly, a proper and suitable way to get them there was decided upon. The school assembled at the corner of Peachtree and Harris Streets and were arranged in divisions with a man in charge of each. The body was formed in column of twos, the sub class in front, next the freshmen, then sophomores and juniors; these last two in caps and gowns. The procession stopped at the theater door and the ranks of the lower classmen opened and faced each other, to allow the faculty and seniors to pass between, on into the building and up on the stage. As they passed the junior class fell in behind them and occupied the front row seats in the orchestra; then the sophomore, and so on, all being seated by classes. The friends and relatives of the seniors and other visitors sat in the boxes and balcony.

Dr. Reed, president of Dickenson College, gave the principal address and was followed by Chancellor Barrow, and then Governor Brown, who also presented the scholarship medals.

After the speaking the diplomas were presented, and as each man came up there were cheers and applause, these being specially loud when a six or seven-year man, like Earl Chandler, would come forward. The exercises were impressive, and though there were many men we hated to see leave, still we were glad for their sakes to see them get their dips and be able to give them our heartiest, best wishes for success on the hard road they had begun to travel.
At last exams were over. After many weary days of boning, Senior Class Day had arrived and everybody was happy, for were we not through with recitations, labs, and shops for three long months; and, too, were we not all going to the Junior Prom that very night? All over the campus could be seen dignified Seniors in Cap and Gown and envious underclassmen wondering if they would ever reach such heights.

Soon everybody gathered in chapel to hear the class prophecy and the giving of the charge to the Juniors. But all these things were of minor interest, for rumors were going around about something that was to happen at the Prom. Nobody except the Seniors seemed to know much about it, and if one of them was asked he would only look wise and smile, so we had to suppress our curiosity as best we could until that night.

It was about ten o'clock when we heard a noise over toward the Academic building. Everybody stopped dancing and came out to see what was going on and, looking around, saw a number of Seniors, still in Cap and Gown, in an along procession, headed by a band, composed chiefly of a trombone. Just behind the band came four Seniors, carrying on their shoulders a bier, on which rested an effigy, the dead body of their former studies. Behind, and completing this stately procession, came the rest of the class in double file, keeping step to the sad music of a funeral march. The effigy, together with many a calculus and analyt book and a coat which many of us remembered having seen very often in the drawing hall, was burned, just as they burned heroes in the days of Homer; and the Seniors danced around the big fire in a wide circle, singing “Rambling Wreck” as only Seniors can sing that glorious song.
The first real social event of the 1911 commencement was the Senior Ball, held in Taft Hall on the evening of June 12. The ball was well attended, there being in the neighborhood of one hundred and fifty couples in attendance. This first event gave a great impetus to commencement week and will long be remembered by the Seniors as a most enjoyable occasion.

The hall was tastily decorated with Old Gold and White bunting and pennants and sweet music was dispersed by an orchestra of ten pieces. It was early in the morning when they finally played "Home, Sweet Home."

This was the first dance to be given by a graduating class at Tech. It is to the 1911 class that is due all the credit for the launching of Tech upon what bids fair to become, in future years, a series of delightfully successful commencements.
The night was beautiful. The stars sparkled with all their brilliancy, and the smell of Spring was still in the air, for it was the early June.

The campus presented a most pleasing appearance. The electric lights that flanked the walks cast their mellow light upon the surroundings with pleasing effect. High above, on the Academic steeple, the big electrically lighted T E C H glistened with marked splendor. From the Electrical building the spot light cast its beams through the leaves, seeking to disclose those engaged in Cupid's game. Over by the Swann a band wafted sweet music to those lovers who in vain tried to elude the spotlight in the hands of the few bachelors in the Senior Electrical class.

Down in the Gym the lovers of the terpsicorean art tripped the light fantastic toe. It was indeed a pretty sight to gaze upon those fair maidens as they glided in their waltz.

Upon the campus perhaps the most popular place was the refreshment booth. Here the gentle youth escorted his Queen, and then they again sought the charms of music. But it was here that those poor youths dwelt who did not bask in the sunshine of some fair damsel's smile.

All in all, the Prom was a great success. Everybody was happy, even the profs enjoying themselves, and, what amounted to more at that time, our fountain stood unmolested through the night.
About the most enjoyable event of commencement week was the Pan-Hellenic dance, given at Taft Hall in the Auditorium Armory by the fraternities. Everything went toward making it a success. It was a beautiful night, clear and warm, with a full moon; and inside the hall, prettily decorated, was very large, affording plenty of room for dancing and cozy corners besides; a many-pieced orchestra played about the best music it could find and seemed to play it just right; the girls were pretty and there were oceans of stags.

The dance began about ten o’clock, and as the evening wore on everybody seemed to get livelier, the music better and the girls more attractive. Between dances the moon outside drew many, and everywhere there were couples, the girls in their light, pretty dresses, laughing joyously, and the boys in white flannel trousers and blue coats, attentively making up compliments or spouting chapters of their life’s history. During the intermission a buffet supper was served.

The moon looked on with approval, but was destined to miss the best part of the pretty scene, for as it sank behind the buildings the first streak of dawn could be seen in the east. It gradually grew lighter and lighter, and the happy company revelled in it, and danced on with the renewed energy it seemed to bring. Soon the lights in the hall were put out and the odd and fascinating effect of dancing by the morning light was more enjoyed than any other part of the dance. Somewhere around four-thirty or five o’clock the strains of “Home, Sweet Home,” came forth and a general sight of regret went up that such an enjoyable time must come to an end. It was broad daylight as the dancers started homeward, and all along Peachtree Street one could see automobiles full of them, hailing each other as they passed. Some of the boys took the opportunity to make morning calls on their return and took pictures out on the lawn, hating to put a final end to the occasion. When they did it was not only to think of what had happened, but also to look forward to the Pan-Hellenic dance of 1912.
The Athletic Association dance, given in February, was the first dance to be held in the "Crystal Palace," the rejuvinated Foundry. The dance proved to be a popular one and the crowd was overflowing. Everyone voted the dance a huge (I hope the printer does not become careless and leave off the final letter of that word) success and it gave a good start to the dances that followed in the Crystal Palace. We have long needed a suitable place on the campus in which to dance and the Crystal Palace serves very well as a place to hold "after game" hops, etc. Let us hope that our new Gym will soon follow and that the Crystal Palace can be soon turned over to the Subs as their nursery.
Her Songs

Oh, the songs you sing!
What memories they bring
To one so far away!
They come with the winds
That the good night finds
To promise a happier day.

Oh, the notes so clear,
Bring thoughts so dear
To one who loves your song;
As blue skies above
Bring thoughts of love
To those who wait and long.

Oh, the songs you sing!
Sweet assurance they bring
That our dreams will come true;
Their melodies sweet
Make love complete
To one who loves but you.
The Yellow Jacket

The Yellow Jacket is one of Tech's oldest institutions, being the first publication attempted at Tech. It was a success from the very start and at one time was a bi-monthly magazine. In its earlier days it went under the name of "The Georgia Tech," and in those days, when it was Tech's only publication, it filled many wants. Now, since the establishment of the Blue Print and the Technique, it has changed its policy and is endeavoring to be a technical magazine. It is published every month and contains interesting engineering discussions, a few short stories and poems, and any of the athletic doings of the past month.

The Yellow Jacket has had its ups and downs, but mostly downs. Now it is in the best condition of its varied career and, since the change in policy, it promises to be a wideawake technical magazine, filling the wants of budding engineers.
B. M. Hall................................Editor-in-Chief
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J. A. Logan................................Athletic Editor
W. P. Hammond......................Exchange Editor
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C. R. Clarke...........................Alumni Editor
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R. L. Bidez..............................Circulation Manager
D. C. Black.............................Business Manager
H. J. Hall................................Assistant Business Manager
The Technique

For a long time there had been a feeling that Tech should have a weekly newspaper, but until the fall of 1911 nothing came of it. However, several loyal Techites got together on this subject early in the session, and the result was the "Technique." The first edition came out on the seventeenth of November. Of course it was received with enthusiasm. The student body realized that a long-felt want was at last supplied. Naturally, the first "Technique" was not the "Technique" of today, for it has since grown in size and developed along other lines, but it was indeed a worthy little publication, and one of which its publishers might well be proud.

The "Technique," bright and breezy, full of life and ginger, improving with every issue, has found a place in the hearts of many, both in Tech and out of Tech, but its prime purpose is to reach Tech men, to let them know of things that are going on around the campus and to bring them closer together. Every week it is full of items of interest to all, from the youngest Sub to the oldest Alumnus. By means of it, questions are agitated and matters brought to the attention of the students that would otherwise have to be dropped. Then, again, there are spicy little jokelets and inexcusable daffydils all through its pages to drive away the cares of study-clogged minds and make life more worth living. In that period between football and baseball, when interest in things generally would probably have lagged, the "Technique" did a great deal towards keeping alive the spirit of the fellows. The "Technique" is undoubtedly making for the "Greater Tech." It is certainly the one best influence here for developing a spirit of loyalty and unity, and to Mr. Turner and Prof. Blohm, who have made it what it is, Georgia Tech is deeply grateful.
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E. A. Turner        A. Blom

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J. H. Lucas
R. Campbell
J. Overhuy
J. R. Vincent

113
Mandolin and Guitar Club

J. D. McCarty, Jr., Leader.

First Mandolins.
O. P. Adams  T. F. Lockwood  J. J. Strickland
C. C. Carson  J. D. McCarty, Jr.  W. A. Troy
B. J. Gantt  H. W. Patterson  J. R. Watts

Second Mandolins.
E. L. Chapman  E. D. Drummond  G. A. Mercer, Jr.

Guitars.
C. I. Collins  E. L. Drummond
E. J. West  D. W. Harris
Orchestra

C. S. Crofoot, Leader.

R. E. Mell
W. A. Aichel
H. G. Balk
M. H. Powell
P. F. Raybon
A. B. Wilkins

L. Brown
J. R. Clark
M. P. Lawton
R. L. Bidez
R. Weddell
P. R. Yopp
Calendar

September.
15 Stalwart band of eight report for football practice.
16 Jim Moore arrives and displays his muscle. All gloom dispersed.
20 School opens—Pete Houser arrives.
22 John Craig, our 197-pound white hope, encounters Pete's stiff-arm.
23 Johnny turns in football suit.
24 8 p. m., Goldman leads band of valiant Sophomores against the newly arrived Freshmen; 9 p. m., Goldman's voice from under the bed, "Alec, is that Freshman with the bowie knife still in the hall?"
25 Y. M. C. A. reception to new men in chapel.

October.
1 Mr. Hicks, the new henglish janitor, tells a jolly good henglish joke to some bloomin' chaps in the Swann. Riot call sent in to quell disorder.
3 O. O. Boyle leaves Tech to go into faster company.
5 New Hospital opens with afternoon reception. Punch served was made by Mr. Allen.
6 Standing room only in Hospital.
8 Bidez holds first Band practice. Balk learns what a swinette is.
15 Bear Jack gets out the 13th revision of his 42nd edition of his now famous "Diversified Alphabets."
20 Jake Goldman reports for football practice.
21 Goldman cuts off part of his belt.
24 Clements finds out where bath room is.
25 Stegall turns in following report: "McMekin ate eight biscuits at breakfast, thereby causing me not to get any."

November.
1 Glee Club practice starts. Lucas "gets religion" and offers to sing solo.
11 Tech 23, Sewanee 0. Scrubs go to Riverside and Brenau.
13 Scrubs called up by Dr. Matheson to find out who was janitor at Brenau.
14 Silver Loving Cup presented to football team by Col. English for defeating Sewanee for first time.
17 First issue of the Technique comes out.
18 McWhorter again.
30 Thanksgiving Day. Tech 31, Clemson 0. Crutcher empties pitcher of water on plum pudding in an effort to extinguish flames.

December.
1 Big Chief Pete Houser goes on the warpath.
5 Second floor Swann championship decided in Holland-Raphael bout.
13 Glee Club concert at Grand. Pinkey Black and Carl Sloan made debut as vaudeville stars.
15 Seniors appear with swagger sticks.
Prof. Boogher discards his cane.
19 Dr. Wallace resigns from the Coelebs—the Faculty Bachelors’ Club.
21 Dr. Wallace pays Cupid’s price.
22 Christmas Holidays start.

January.
2 School re-opens. Many vacancies in dormitories.
3 “Red” Hill moves to hospital.
6 Pardo sees snow for the first time.
22 Exams start.

February.
3 Exams are finished and so are many Subs.
5 Grits Barwixk leaves school.
6 Glee Club disbands.
10 Indian signs noticed around the campus.
11 “Pete” Goldman gets appointed sub-lieutenant.
23 Opening dance in Crystal Palace. Pinkey Whittlesey mistakes a bottle of Apollinaris water for champagne and had to be assisted to his room.
29 Ollie Attridge worships at the synagogue.

March.
1 Dave Harris resigns as Inspector. Bill Evans takes his place.
2 Patterson turns in O. K. report for first time this year.
13 Rube Tate’s feet become warm. He discovers that the dormitory is on fire. Alexander, Black, Aichel, Parker and Prof. Boogher save the building.

April.
1 The misery is over. I am in the hands of the printer.
Three Roses

I planted a rose where grew the weeds:
'Neath rain and sun and the breezes' breath,
My rose grew fair. The weeds, alas!
Grew, too, and choked my rose to death.

I planted a rose where no weeds grew:
The rain and sun and the breezes' breath,
Came all in vain. Where grew no weeds
No rose could grow—it starved to death.

I planted a rose where weeds grew tall:
I plucked them up and cast away
Their evil bodies root and all:
My rose is fairer every day.

E. H. HUBERT.
After the Business Manager and Editor-in-Chief of last year’s Blue Print had taken as much of the profits as they desired quite a sum was left over. For a while it looked as if they would be unable to dispose of this surplus cash. Nobody called for it, and it cluttered the office up so badly that, finally, they appealed to Mr. Allen for help. After much thought, Mr. Allen offered the suggestion that we send Phil Shutze to Paris for the summer with directions to make a few sketches for this year’s Blue Print. Accordingly this was done, and on the next two pages you will see some of the things that our Staff Artist saw in Paris, but not all.
“O Traveler, tell me, where in all the world
Doth lie the place that thou hast found most fair;
Where trees do noblest, coolest grow, and where
The breezes blow the sweetest incensed air?
   Oh, where,” I asked, “in all the whole wide world,
Do waters run with purest rippling ring
And birds with clearest fluted trilling sing
And loveliest honey-perfumed flowers spring?
   Tell me, O Traveler, where in all the world?”
“Hear thou: the fairest place,” he soon replied,
“Where song birds trill from sweetest warbling throats,
Where brooklets run with silv’riest tinkling notes,
Where violet and sky are deepest dyed,—
It is the place where those we love abide.
   There is the fairest place in all the world.”

E. H. HUBERT.
Acis Society

Thomas Benjamin Bethel
Lewis Jackson Bussey
Clifford Clyde Carson
William Farrand Osborne
Paul Smith
William Alderman Linton
John Talmer Peacock

John Wilson Spears
Henry Herschel Miller
Harvey Norris Pye
Pratt Thompson
Jay Alexander Milligan
Grady Alexander Smith
Audley Oscar Williams
Tech Cotillion Club

Founded 1912.

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H. T. Thompson
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A. W. Hill
G. M. Hope
W. K. Jenkins

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Koseme

Founded 1912.

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A. F. Montague
A. L. Loeb
C. E. Porter
C. C. Ely, Jr.
Dean Hill
C. A. Crowe
W. C. Holmes
Hugh Luehrman
## Officers of the Dormitories

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Inspector</th>
<th>Lieutenant</th>
<th>Division</th>
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<tr>
<td>D. W. Harris</td>
<td>J. C. Underwood</td>
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<td>D. C. Black</td>
<td>H. H. Everette</td>
<td>&quot;B&quot;</td>
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<td>C. M. Simmons</td>
<td>J. D. Stokes</td>
<td>&quot;C&quot;</td>
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<td>D. Hill</td>
<td>F. P. Brooks</td>
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<td>E. B. Means</td>
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<td>R. L. Bidez</td>
<td>R. A. Clay</td>
<td>&quot;F&quot;</td>
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<td>W. A. Aichel</td>
<td>J. L. Parker</td>
<td>&quot;H &amp; I&quot;</td>
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<td>W. A. Alexander</td>
<td>R. D. Conacher</td>
<td>&quot;J &amp; K&quot;</td>
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<td>H. W. Patterson</td>
<td>W. D. Evans</td>
<td>&quot;L &amp; M&quot;</td>
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**Utility Lieutenants.**

- J. S. Moore
- P. E. Cheney
- J. F. Heard
- C. R. Stegal
- J. Lucas, Jr.
Stragglers

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E. J. West.................................................. New York
A. B. Wilkins............................................. Illinois
Dean Hill.................................................. New York
G. M. Hill.................................................. New York
D. M. Forrester............................................ Illinois
W. E. Conklin............................................. Illinois
H. E. Watts................................................ Missouri
E. P. Hoffman.............................................. Massachusetts
J. K. Rockey............................................... Pennsylvania
W. H. Sloan................................................ New York
A. A. Van Orsdale........................................ California
C. S. Crofoot............................................. Massachusetts
Prof. E. T. McCarthy................................... New York
The Texas Club

Flower—Blue Bonnet.
Song—San Antonio Bound.
Colors—Old Gold and Red.

Motto—Let each man's works be a credit to the Lone Star State, the largest and best in the Union.

C. C. Carson (Kit) Ranch Boss
H. D. Stubbs (Archie) Range Boss
J. F. Overby (Handsome) Cook

R. M. Rolfe (Slim) Wagon Boss
S. A. Grogan (Spec) Wrangler

PUNCHERS

V. S. Vaughon (Greaser)
L. D. Oliver (Red)
L. S. Whitcomb (Riley)

R. Scharff (Shorty)
E. S. Ford (Tender Foot)
T. B. Patillo (Tilly)
Ramblin' Wrecks From the "Classic City"

Motto: "To know, to do, to beat Georgia."
Favorite Color: The color that the Lucy Cobb Goats once wore.
Favorite Flower: The Daisy.
Favorite Animal: Georgia's Goat.
Favorite Song: "Marching Through Georgia."

MEMBERS

Wm. A. Alexander, "Alex."
Morris M. Bryan, "Steady."
Carl E. Eppes, "Baby."
J. Lawrence Parker, "Pecker."
John J. Strickland, "Strick."
Van Noy Wier, "Happy."
Fred S. Morton, "Seeky."
R. L. Moss, "Jack."
Chattanooga Club

Motto: "Meet me at 8th and Market."

OFFICERS

F. A. Stivers ............ President
H. T. Thompson ........ Vice-Pres.
C. R. Stegall ........... Sec'y-Treas.

MEMBERS

R. A. Shackleford          W. S. Adams
J. R. Lienbach            D. L. Hurlburt
C. R. Stegall             F. A. Stivers
Ralph Wardlaw             T. C. Wright
J. A. Lawwill             Bob Davis
H. T. Thompson            M. S. Estes
C. C. Shelton             W. S. Latimore
Augusta Club

OFFICERS
L. B. Evans, Sr.........President
J. Phinizy.........Vice-President
F. A. Perkins..........Secretary
Chas. McKenzie.........Treasurer

MEMBERS
E. P. H. Arrington Roht. Walton J. B. Lee
J. C. H. Cloussen J. Phinizy O. A. Coleman
J. P. Hook Ned Holder G. B. Lamar
J. O. Clarke Barton Gauze F. A. Perkins
W. H. Jackson Tom Barrett N. N. Teague
L. B. Evans Geo. Balk Frank White
R. D. Conacher J. R. Russell
The Macon Club

Motto: "Be a Booster."
Fruit: Peach.

Flower: Cotton Blossoms.
Song: "Everybody's Doing It."

OFFICERS
President........... "Bill" Coleman
Vice-Pres.......... "Camel" King
Sec-Treas........... "Nemo" Dunwoody

MEMBERS
"Elliot" Chapman   "Nemo" Dunwoody   "Camel" King
"Jimmy" Craig      "Sprog" Gault     "Andrew" Lane
"Bill" Coleman     "Dave" Harris    "Billikin" Morgan
"John" Dennis      "Jake" Heard     "Doc" Newbanks
"Nathaniel" Duggan "Pink" Jones    "Stiff" Howe
"T. A." Gibson     "Walter" Troy
Forest City Club

Spirit (s),
Auto Races,
Women Folks,
Architectural Beauty,
Natural Beauty,
Naval Stores, Cotton, and Lumber
All Around Class.
Hospitality.

OFFICERS
W. B. Clarke, President.
E. L. Drummond, Sec'y-Treas.
M. B. Hutton, Vice-President

MEMBERS
Third Row—Hardy, L. S.; Patterson, H. W.; Floyd, T. B., Jr.; Drummond, E. L.; Hunter, W. H.; Harris, J. C.
Bottom Row—Schroeder, S. H.; Clarke, W. B.; Harrison, E. B.; Dixon, M. W.; 2nd, Hutton, M. B.; Malone, C. B.
Absent Members—Brttey, H.; Evans, W. B.; Grouse, H. C.; Gibbs, E. H.; Mercer, G. A., Jr.; Nugent, P.; Sloan, P. H.
Florida Club

"Fly-up-the-creeks."

High Muck a Mucks.

F. E. Harless..................Chief "Gator"
K. A. Merrill..................Next Grand "Gator" in power
H. R. Woodward..............Recorder and Cash "Gator"

"GATORS"

R. T. Anthony \hspace{1cm} W. C. Peacock \hspace{1cm} R. W. Collins
F. A. Fleming, Jr. \hspace{1cm} W. A. Smith \hspace{1cm} F. M. Munoz
C. A. Byrd \hspace{1cm} E. Q. Brown \hspace{1cm} W. B. Simmons
G. A. Miller, Jr \hspace{1cm} J. M. Holland \hspace{1cm} L. H. Williams
Mississippi Club

W. W. Whitaker........President
E. E. Elmer........Vice-President

E. C. Barwick..........Secretary
J. A. Goldman..........Treasurer

Mississippians in urbe....H. K. Barwick, Jr
Mississippians in faculitate........C. G. Wood

Mississippians in universitate:

K. H. W. Klein
F. B. Crutcher
C. J. Searles
F. E. Gilleylen
C. J. Small
C. M. Butterfield
J. H. Berry
A. R. Lowi
T. C. Richardson
J. L. Moore

137
Tech Bible Class

OFFICERS
R. D. Conacher............President
W. A. Linton...........Vice-President
W. P. Hammond............Secretary
C. R. Stegall..........Treasurer
R. D. McGaughey.........Reporter
H. Cook..............Bible Librarian
Mrs. E. E. Eagan.......Teacher

MEMBERS
S. L. Aichel
W. D. Evans
T. H. Mize
W. F. Osborne
A. S. Goebel
H. Hallman
H. G. Brim
G. S. Smith
R. H. Trippe
F. B. Keeider
J. R. Leimbach
E. D. Drummond
J. C. Hanes
O. M. Lang
F. C. Wright
C. S. Hammond
J. M. Mitchell
T. C. Whitner, Jr
J. E. Wilson
J. C. Craig
J. M. Culliff
J. H. Claxton
H. G. Balk
K. J. Fielder
J. N. Moore
C. W. Fulford
J. S. Robeson
E. Q. Brown
W. D. Hearne
W. B. Simmons
V. N. Weir
W. S. Latimore
A. L. Lemon
M. A. Jamison
F. E. Harless
R. E. Mell
H. R. Woodward
J. T. L. Brown
H. N. Pye
H. R. Clark
J. W. Camp
S. A. Cook
F. I. Davidson
P. E. Cheney
J. C. Chalmers
L. Bleekly
S. A. Flemister
F. S. Morton
R. Boyd
J. A. Roby
F. P. Brooks
A. G. Hagan
G. C. Taylor
H. H. Jordan
G. W. Lane, Jr.
E. L. Drummond
S. P. Howe
J. N. Milner
T. C. Wright
L. A. Hamilton
V. C. Browndson
E. C. Whitehead
P. E. Whittlesey
J. T. Davis
E. B. Critcher
C. L. Collins
F. D. Burge
J. C. Chalmers

138
Honor Court

W. B. Coleman .......... President

SENIORS

B. M. Hall
W. F. Osborne

W. A. Emerson
A. O. Williams

ALTERNATES

W. A. Alexander
D. W. Harris

W. A. Emerson
W. B. Simmons

A. O. Williams
R. D. McGaughey

JUNIORS

E. W. Tomlinson
W. R. Boyd

ALTERNATES

E. W. Tomlinson
R. F. Monsalvatge

J. Phinizy
C. E. Porter

SOPHOMORES

H. H. Everett
F. S. Brooks

Reifsnider
Upon the night of February 9, in the Electrical building, an Electrical Show was given by the members of the Senior Society of Electrical Engineers. So well was it attended and so complete the displays it has created an interest which has assured its continuance annually as one of the important events of the school year.

Each of the 28 members of the Electrical Society had an original exhibit of some description upon this night. The electrical smoke condenser, so recently perfected by Messrs. Guinn and Hubert, was seen for the first time in operation. The fireless cooker, using ice for a stove, was demonstrated by H. T. Ross. A. Q. Smith, with his ladder of fire and dancing pan, was no small attraction. Two complete X-ray outfits were kept in constant operation.

Two illustrated lectures were given continuously throughout the evening. The first, by Karstens of the Holophane Co., dealt with all newest types of reflectors. The second, a stereopticon lecture by D. W. Harris, dealt with the advance of electrical improvements during the past twenty years.

So large was the attendance, that something over $100.00 was cleared. This money will be used by the Society in placing a suitable memoriam in the form of lighting standards in front of the school library.

The managers of the show were: D. W. Harris, general manager; W. H. Lamar, treasurer; E. H. Hubert and R. D. Conacher, advertising managers; W. A. Smith, chief engineer.
OFFICERS

W. A. Alexander......President
D. C. Black......Vice-President
C. C. Sloan..............Secretary
A. G. Allen...............Treasurer
W. N. Randle..............Director

ADVISORY BOARD

Dr. K. G. Matheson, President; Dr.
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
Football History of 1911

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 beauti-
ful 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 Sewance 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 institu-
tions 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 Clem-
son, 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.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Opponent 1</th>
<th>Score 1</th>
<th>Opponent 2</th>
<th>Score 2</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sept. 30</td>
<td>Tech 22</td>
<td>Alumni 5</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oct. 7</td>
<td>Tech 28</td>
<td>Howard College 0</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oct. 14</td>
<td>Tech 24</td>
<td>Univ. of Tennessee 0</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oct. 21</td>
<td>Tech 17</td>
<td>Mercer University 0</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oct. 28</td>
<td>Tech 0</td>
<td>Univ. of Alabama 0</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 4</td>
<td>Tech 6</td>
<td>Auburn 11</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 11</td>
<td>Tech 23</td>
<td>Sewanee 0</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 18</td>
<td>Tech 0</td>
<td>Georgia 5</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 30</td>
<td>Tech 31</td>
<td>Clemson 0</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total—Tech 151; Opponents 21.

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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

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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
The 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 jolt 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.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>April 7—Tech 6, Mercer 8</th>
<th>Atlanta</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>April 14—Tech 2, Mercer 5</td>
<td>Griffin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 15—Tech 7, Mercer 2</td>
<td>Griffin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 17—Tech 4, Auburn 1</td>
<td>Atlanta</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 18—Tech 9, Auburn 4</td>
<td>Atlanta</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 21—Tech 2, Trinity 3</td>
<td>Atlanta</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 22—Tech 4, Trinity 1</td>
<td>Atlanta</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 28—Tech 3, Alabama 4</td>
<td>Tuscaloosa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 29—Tech 3, Alabama 1</td>
<td>Tuscaloosa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 4—Tech 6, Georgia 0</td>
<td>Athens</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 5—Tech 2, Georgia 3</td>
<td>Athens</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 12—Tech 2, Georgia 1</td>
<td>Atlanta</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 13—Tech 3, Georgia 6</td>
<td>Atlanta</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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
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
A. W. Hill
W. P. Barney

C. E. Jones

C. J. Harvin
K. C. McRae
C. P. Goree
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
1911 Class Baseball

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 basket ball season was successful beyond the most optimistic opinions of all those interested. Basket ball 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.

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

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-bbbill" 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 Prosfs 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 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 woild." 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 snap-shot. 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 150-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 curious-
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 appeared 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.

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 veritable 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 statement 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.

HERR) DOC.

Part of "Snake" Porter.
Lemon Pye.

The rest of "Snake" Porter.

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 whirling 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: oftentimes 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, theebon 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.

P.
The Art in Our Clothes

THERE'S AN ART ABOUT OUR COLLEGE CUT CLOTHES that plainly distinguishes them from mere clothing; and although our prices would suggest something commonplace, there's nothing of that in our shop. We carefully take your measure and learn your taste. If you like the new curve-chumming, hip-hugging lines, we'll put them in in such a way as to emphasize your gifts and graces of physique and personality.

Our Woolens are the choicest you will see anywhere. We show only the best and most approved patterns; and the fabrics, being made of pure, new wool, is supple and full of "life," and tailors in the very best manner.

If you want to look as well as the best of your college mates and better than most of them, and feel that you cannot afford to pay a "big" price in order to do so, come in and see what really elegant garments we'll make you for

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WESLEY HIRSBURG
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All of Tech's Boys for
last 7 years
Commencement is drawing near—some of you we'll see another year. To those who return, we wish for you the same success as your Seniors who are going to enter the business world, in either this or foreign fields.

But, wherever you may be, just remember Eiseman Bros. as the home of the Best, Snappiest, Most Fashionable and Up-to-the-Minute Lines of Clothing, Hats, Shoes and Furnishings in the land.

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