GEORGIA SCHOOL OF TECHNOLOGY

Academic Calendar

Closed on:

March

Easter

March

April

May

June

July

August

September

October

November

December

All members of my classes excused from examination in Soph Calculus

W. Vernon Satter

FOOTBALL RESULTS

Tech 40

Ga 0

Improbabilities

At

Tech
An Approximate Tragedy

This little play was written by “Bill” Shakspere when he was a Sub at Tech and has been in the hands of the Blue Print ever since, but it was just this year when the editorial staff has passed up Physics that we had the nerve to print it.—The Editors.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

King Tobe, a dispenser of prehistoric wisdom.
Squire Misery (His Aides de Camp).
Squire Field (His Aides de Camp).
Slaves to Science, subjects of King Tobe.

ACT I, SCENE I.

Place: Physics Lecture Room. Time: Present.

King Tobe enters, followed by his Royal Jester, Misery, and Squire Field, and Slaves.

(Enter—Slave Parker.)


Slave Parker (Trembling): Your Highness, by your Royal Leave, I fain would beg to differ with thee. My trusty chronometer registers only nine minutes after the hour.


Slave Parker: ’Pon my word, your Royal Highness, I am not late. Look at my trusty biscuit.

King Tobe (in scorn): Your trusty biscuit, indeed. You mean your rusty biscuit. Gaze, little Thermopile, upon this kingly clock of mine, and behold it’s exactness. Yea, verily, I set it every hour.

Slave McLin (from back of room): Oh! Noble King of Molecules, it grieveth me sorely to see such great injustice done a subject, tried and true, as to judge him by a watch that has to be set hourly.

Physics Students' Attention!!

Whose Coiffure is this???
ACT I. SCENE II.

Place: Physics Laboratory,—a battle field. Time: Afternoon.

(Sound of footsteps approaching and ringing of armor.)
Enter King Tobe in full armor followed by Squires Misery and Field.

King Tobe: Come hither, Misery.

Misery (coming up): What wouldst thou my noble Lord?

King Tobe: Haste thee to yon telescope and gaze forth upon the enemy. See, worthy Squire, if they still bombard my trusty galvanometers with their accursed vectors.

Misery: Aye, Aye, noble Liege. (Looks in telescope, face becomes pale with fear and his knees knock together). My Lord the mist groweth so thick that I cannot see through your Majesty's telescope.

Tobe (in anger): Young Field, go thou and look upon the enemy, whilst I reduce Misery's salary one buck. Have a care lest thou too suffer.

Field: I go to do thy bidding, most noble Lord.

Tobe (aside): 'Tis true the atmospheric conditions are not conducive to the best results, but I fain would detect the enemy lest by aid of their long slide rules, they capture my moments of inertia and my faithful dynes.

Field (hastily returning from telescope): 'Tis true noble Liege, nothing can be seen.

Tobe: Back base varlets, thy heads are full of millimeters. Back, I say; I will do this deed myself. Bring forth the royal telescope. (The noble king also fails to see.) What Ho! Verily I say the atmospheric conditions are off their base; the air is full of wireless messages. Curses upon Marconi and the Schroeder, Laine and Hammond Company. But within the limits of
experimental error I shouldst be able to see through this telescope. Ho, Knave, bring forth the royal chisel. We shall see what is the trouble. (Opens telescope and pulls out handful of paper.) Oh, Ha! So! I wouldst say that some base varlet had approximately stuffed my trusty telescope with filmy paper. Misery, bring hither the lowly spies Hughes and Law.

Field and Misery bring in spies who fall on knees before King Tobe and beg for mercy.

King Tobe: Base Caitiffs, didst fill my trusty telescope with paper?

Spies: We did, O most noble Lord, but we humbly crave your pardon.

Tobe: Enough, base wretches, you shall be shot at day break.

Curtain.
HEARD IN THE ELECTRICAL BUILDING:

The lamentations of the armature prevent eddy currents, but they do not stop the hysteries in the cores.

THIS PICTURE HAS NO TITLE—IT NEEDS NONE
Gosh Ding! It are Sally, Don't It?

"Prof." Alexander

Prof. Boogher Reads Poetry.
THE PILLORY

BOX FROM HOME

EVERY SUB HAS HIS DAY
An Architectural Tragedy

IN TWO ACTS

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

M. Frederico Randen
M. Fantasto Dunwody
M. Pauletto Clark
M. Lucien Moore
M. Petit Lott

Students

M. Instructus Smythe, Professor.

OTHER STUDENTS

ACT I.

Scene: Architectural Drawing Hall. Time: 2:30 P. M.

Curtain rises disclosing students hard at work at drawing tables amid a din of repartee among the various fellows.

M. Pauletto: Faith, I am borne up on the wings of a muse. These motifs do weld themselves most mystically into a temple too divine for mortal eyes. D——t, the matter-of-fact doth intrude itself; this pencil hath shed itself of point. Lend me thy penknife, M. Lucien.

M. Lucien: Thou art too brainless a fellow. Go buy thee some sharpened pencils of M. Walker. To Hades, fellows, with so much noise. Here, take the knife, and my servant be. (Hands M. Pauletto the knife.)

M. Fantast: This, my scheme, doth surpass and mount above you all. I cannot hold my sides for the aesthetic that dwells within me. (Laughs long and loud, and raises a general pandemonium in which all join.)

Enter, M. Instructus Smythe at the rear, unobserved

M. Smythe: M. Dunwody, the ears of us all are closer than thou wouldst admit. Pray, put thy foot on the soft pedal.

(A general subsidence of noise and pandemonium.)
Act II. (Same scene, twenty minutes later.)

M. Fantast (tearing his hair and otherwise raving): Grievous wrong hath beset me. Personal possession has been taken from me. Indeed, I am led to believe that the rights of a gentleman art no longer respected. Honesty hath fled.

M. Lucien: Vous avez raisen, Monsieur. When we have more justice on earth and man hath a more brotherly feeling for man, and treateth his neighbor as his brother, then will we have more happiness and peace.—Let us haste to avenge M. Fantast Dunwody.

M. Petit: Oui, oui, he hath been wantonly wronged, no doubt.

M. Frederico (Who has been hard at work, works still harder.)

M. Pauletto: M. Random, I fear thou art ill. Thou hast not spoken one word these four past minutes.

M. Frederico pretends not to have heard.

M. Fantast: Someone hath deliberately purloined a thing I held most dear. It was small, but often have I fondled it in my hand and gloated over the possession thereof. Not because of its intrinsic value, but because of the sentiment that doth cling about it, did I wish to keep it.

M. Frederico (aside, at his desk): At last I have in my possession my soul's desire. This chance hath befell me after many days. (He slips the purloined article under a Beaux-Arts programme on his stool, unpercieved, and strolls down to Signor Neri's for a conic section of ice cream. A search fails to reveal the missing article and M. Frederico returns shortly to work.)

M. Frederico (rising instantly from his stool): The curses of Vignola be upon me. Ouche....(Reaches to his rear elevation just as M. Lucien snatches away the programme pinned thereto, and hands M. Fantast the beloved thumbtack.

M. Lucien (waiving triumphantly the programme): At last is M. Fantast avenged.

Curtain falls as all gather about the distracted M. Frederico.
NO, IT ISN'T A LUNATIC ASYLUM; THE ARCHITECTS ARE AT WORK, THAT'S ALL.
Before going to press we wish to thank the men who, although they are not members of the board, have been of great assistance to the editors. Messrs. W. P. Hammond, G. H. Northcutt, R. F. Monsalvatge, and H. Cook have been of especial assistance to the Editor-in-Chief in composing the "write ups" for the Seniors.

Among the artists whose work speaks for itself are, Messers, F. L. Rand, H. H. Everette, P. M. Russell, P. H. Clarke, E. M. Jackson, H. S. McCrary, and Huxon.

This little effort has been lots of fun and quite a bit of work, but if it can help Old Tech in any way, the editors will feel that the results have been a thousand fold greater than the work. So accept it as our best effort—and remember that—"Angels can do no more."
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FRONTS PEACHTREE 66 and BROAD 65

"Green of Yardrah"

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Prof. W. Skernon Vile,
Prof. Greens Peas,

Repeaters:—Mean Eddie, Smouey, Mont Ednigue, Jake Abraham, Nnyl Dnommur, Ich Lieb Whitner, Little Ike, Mac Uller, Perk Erkins, Awk Alton, Pickled Herring Doodle Turnip, John Strichnine, P. F. Rawborne, Sprog Gnatt, Dick Duck, and others.

Scene. Froggy's class room at two and a quarter minutes past nine. Several repeaters assembled.

(Continued on page 193)
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OWNED AND OPERATED BY AMERICANS
QUICK SERVICE QUALITY BEST
"GREEN OF VARDRAH."

(Continued from page 191)

REPEATERS: (Singing).
Froggy had a piece of chalk,
And it was white as snow.
When he threw it at the box,
Straight in 'twas sure to go.
GO
Straight in 'twas sure to go.
(Enter Mont Ednigue.)
MONT: Say fellows! fellows! Stop singing! Froggy's sick.
REPEATERS: What!
JAKE ABRAHAM: Tough———!
(biz. of tearing hair, raving, etc.)
(Enter Smouey)
SMOUEY: (drawling) I say, guys, what's the row?

(Continued on page 195)

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R. C. BLACK

35 Whitehall Street Atlanta, Georgia

"GREEN OF VARDRAH."

(Continued from page 193)

ALL: Froggy's sick!
SMOUEY: What? Froggy's sick!
ICH LIEB WHITNER: Boys, we've got to put in a sub!
ALL: Oh-h-h-h! A sub!
LITTLIE IKE: Its all right, fellows, we've got to put in a sub;
who shall it be? W. Skernon Vile, or Greens Peas?
(Enter Perk Erkins, Awk Alton, Pickled Herring, Nnyl Dnommurd,
Doodle Turnip, John Strichnine, J. F. Rawbone, Sprog Gnatt
and Dick Duck.)
SPROG GNATT: I say, fellows, what's up?
ALL: Hell's up!
MONT EDNIGUE: Froggy's sick and we've got to put
LITTLE IKE: in
MAC ULLER: a

(Continued on page 197)

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"GREEN OF VARDRAH."

(Continued from page 195)

JAKE ABRAHAM: sub!
(Nnyl Dnommur is disgusted and heaves a piece of chalk at Mean Eddie who enters at this moment. Mean Eddie dodges and the chalk strikes Prof. W. Skerno Vile who enters behind him.)

PROF. VILE: (Excessively sore.) Gentlemen, is this an honor section?

NNYL: Yes, sir.

PROF VILE: Well that's a very peculiar state of affairs.

NNYL: Yes, sir.

PROF VILE: Gentlemen, Prof. Froggy is sick, so Prof. Greens Peas will take charge of the class to-day. (Eveunt.)

JOHN STRICHNINE: Fellows, its going to be hell to pay to-day.

AWK ALTON: All on account of Nnyl's chalk.

(Enter Prof. Greens Peas).

PROF PEAS: This is Prof. Froggy's section, isn't it?

DICK DUCK: Yes, sir:

PROF PEAS: Well I'll now explain some problems, don't it?

ALL: Yes, sir.

PROF PEAS: (writes on board then addresses class) A is equal to B, Aint it?

PERK ERKINS: Yes, sir.

PROF PEAS: Therefore B is equal to A, won't it?

ALL: Yes, sir.

(Mont Ednigue heaves a piece of chalk and strikes Mean Eddie. Mean Eddie picks up chalk and casts it.)

CHALK: (aside to window) Kiss me, kid.

CHALK AND WINDOW: (kissing) ZING-G-G-G-G-G-!!!!!!

JPROF. PEAS: (quite raw) Now gentlemen, lets have quite, isn't it?

Mr. Eddie, did you throw that chalk, ain't it?

MEAN EDDIE: Yes, sir.

PROF. PEAS: Then you may be excused, didn't it?

MEAN EDDIE: Yes, sir. (Exeunt).

PROF PEAS: Gentlemen, take the following problem. (writes on board) Prove that the positive asymptote of an equilateral hypophosphate meets in space as eccentric mean proportional between the abscissa of the ordinate, isn't it?"

ALL: SHOT!!

PICKLED HERRING: Give us back Froggy.

DOODLE TURNIP: (Smiles)

P. F. RAWBONE: Alas, alas!

ALL: ALAS!!!!

(Curtain)
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