Dedication

Men of Tech who ventured forth
In answer to the call,
To fight for freedom's pure light
Whatever may befall,
We give to you our gratitude
And owe to you a debt
That though we fear we cannot pay
Yet still we can't forget.

It matters not just where you were—
If on this side or France,
You did your bit and served us well
Whatever may bechance,
Therefore we dedicate to you
This volume of the life
That was enacted at old Tech
While you were in the strife.
THE BLUE PRINT STAFF 1919

THE BLUE PRINT STAFF 1919
Blue Print Staff, 1919

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TWINLE YEARS OF THE BLUE PRINT

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We have hoped, in the Blue Print for 1919, to faithfully mirror the life and activities at Tech during the past year and to record the part Tech was taking in the World Conflict. The part played by the present student body was small. Our training had almost just begun when the Central Powers crumbled and the phrase “Saved at the College” expresses the bitter feelings of some at not having the opportunity to do more. But this student body matriculated last fall with the one idea of service. They hoped, we believe to a man, to be in school for a few months only and then to win a transfer to fields of more active duty. In the comparatively short time that we were in the service quite a number realized this ambition.

Of these and other sons of Tech who went before we have had numerous reports, and we are proud of the way in which they upheld their Alma Mater’s traditions of achievement. They helped to spread the good name of Tech to all parts of the country, and to Europe. For those who fell in battle we have a gold star and a salute and the highest honor for the manner in which they carried on.

The routine of the school was disturbed by our military preparations and the Blue Print staff was unavoidably late in getting to work. We hope no apology is necessary, but if you find the book in any way lacking, before the old alibi is shelved for good let us use it once again. C'etant la guerre.
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CARNEGIE LIBRARY

SWAN DORMITORY
CAMPUS—LOOKING SOUTH

CAMPUS—LOOKING WEST
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Instructor of Foreign Produce

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Instructor of Law

FRANK E. LOWENSTEIN
Instructor of Advertising

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John Henry Henika
Foreman of Woodshop

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Instructor in Woodshop

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Assistant Secretary of the Y. M. C. A.

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Charles Lewis Armsby
Student Instructor in Architecture

Herbert M. Burnham
Student Instructor in Drawing
Senior Class History

The class of 1919 has two rather peculiar distinctions, namely, that of being the last of the famous old sub-freshman classes at Tech and that of being the first graduating class of the post-bellum reconstruction period. Alas! How many things have happened since that happy, carefree bunch of "subs" carried a somberly bedecked coffin in the never-to-be-forgotten carnival parade of 1915, a coffin signifying the passing forever of the sub-freshman class at Tech? How many of those old charter members are on hand this year to receive the coveted sheepskin from the hands of a skeptical faculty?

We all arrived at Tech from all points of the globe. After the dreaded interview with the registrar and the innocent purchase of chapel seats, radiator tickets, and a dozen other tricks conceived by fertile sophomore brains, we soon became regular "subs," as our conduct around the campus testified. Gazing up at the top of that tall ladder from the bottom, a senior looked as big as a U. S. senator does now, and the look in our eyes as they followed some stalwart athlete striding across the campus was positively adoring. John Mangum was the president of that sub class.

The following fall a veritable horde of new freshmen swarmed in, swelling the little nucleus of promoted subs to a tremendous size. "Si" Bell was elected president of this class.

The next year, in 1916, when our class regathered as sophomores, we found that our number had been reduced considerably. Ah! The pleasure of being lordly "sophs" and "goating" the freshmen. This year the calibre of our class began to show itself and we had many men on the different athletic teams and were well represented in all student activities. To George Griffin fell the honor of being president.
In the fall of 1917 when the class was regathered there were a good many faces missing. The strain of our comparative inactivity while everyone else was going over-seas began to tell on us and as a consequence our class-room work suffered. The one cheering thing we had that fall was our famous Golden Tornado Football Team which swept all before it and made the name of Georgia Tech ring throughout the country. Things rocked along like this until spring, with men dropping out now and then, and everyone wondering what the future would bring forth. Then in May came the call for candidates for the R. O. T. C. camp at Plattsburg, and over one-third of our class, then juniors, went. This loosened things up so that after the remainder of the class had taken their examination there was a break for the training camps, each man picking his favorite branch of the service.

So that in the past fall, in 1918, when the S. A. T. C. had taken charge of things and the senior class had gathered together again, we had dwindled to exactly thirty-five seniors. Neither was Tech the old Tech it used to be. With the S. A. T. C. came men who were not real Tech men; all Tech spirit, atmosphere and student activities went to pieces.

Then came the Armistice in November and with it came new life for Tech. The S. A. T. C. was taken out of Tech and the school once more, in the hands of its faculty, began its period of reconstruction. After the Armistice was signed the discharged soldiers and sailors began to flock back to Tech and to make it a Tech that we knew before the days of the S. A. T. C.

So that now most of the old crowd, eighty-five of us all told, are back in school, dignified seniors, with our army life behind us and with a year’s work ahead of us. Besides our class work we are going to re-establish that OLD TECH SPIRIT, and once again to put student activities on the plane they belong. We have our hands full with these tasks and we feel that we will have acquitted ourselves well if we succeed. We do not claim to be the best senior class in the history of Tech, but we challenge you to find one better. We have given Tech an all-southern football and baseball player in Albert Hill, and other stalwart gridiron warriors in Wally Smith, John Rogers, Bell and Dunwoody. We have been represented on the track by such able men as Bill Parker, Heinie Holst, Hop Owens and several others. In addition we have furnished the service with officers in the Coast Artillery, Aviation, Field Artillery, Signal Corps, and Infantry.

So, on commencement day when we finally get those old “dips,” we will gird ourselves a little tighter for the struggle with the world, each man confident that he can wrench success from it; and with each of us we will carry the fond memory of our Old Alma Mater which has meant and always will mean so much to us. Let each man go forth and win both for his own sake and for TECH.

THOS J. SEMMES, Historian.
Senior Class Poem

Four years have slipped away,
And now we have to face
The breaking of the ties
That bind us to this place.

We've worked here and we've played here,
With memories 'tis rife,
But duty calls and we must go
To face a sterner life.

Four years! It seems like yesterday
As freshmen here we came.
As sophomore and junior
We've strove to play the game.

And now we face the game of life,
The game we all must dare,
The goal we have been striving for—
Pray God we play it square.
Senior Class

OFFICERS

R. S. Griffith .................. President
A. J. MacKay .................. Vice-President
F. B. Bradley .................. Secretary and Treasurer
T. J. Semmes .................. Historian
G. P. Howard .................. Prophet
F. C. Owens .................. Poet
RICHMOND HAROLD BIGGERS

Harold first saw light on the 16th of January in the year 1898 in the metropolis of Covington, Ga. He prepped at Mansfield High School and entered Tech in the fall of 1915.

"No day without a deed to crown it."

Member Z. Z. Z.; Student member A. I. E. E.

THEODORE DAVIS BREWSTER

Theodore was born twenty-two years ago on the third day of August. The place of his birth is not on the map, but it is "somewhere in Georgia". Prepped at the well known and far famed Newnan High School. Entered Tech in the days of "Dutch" Goldman.

"Let nothing discourage you, never give up."
JESSE FRANK CARREKER

De Carreker was born in Molena, Ga., September 28, 1899. He prepped at Commerce High School. Entered Tech in the fall of 1916. Since then has had many a voyage on the "good ship Knowles". He expects to spend the rest of his life with Francis Xervia in South America.

"Man the poop decks."

Honor Roll '16-'17-'18; Scholarship "T"; Student member A. I. E. E.; Phi Kappa Phi.

HOWELL NESBIT COBB

This fighting Marine was born during the Spanish-American War, red-haired and with a lust for blood he entered the Marines. Cobb prepped at Tech Hi and entered Tech in the fall of 1917.

"Live to learn and learn to live."

Member Tech Hi Club; Marionettes; Student member A. I. E. E.; Pan-Hellenic basketball; Chi Phi.
FRANK A. COWAN

Was born many years ago on the plot of ground known as Hapeville, Ga. He prepped at Boys High School and entered Tech in the fall of 1916. Since then his fame has spread as a successor to Dr. Steinmetz and Cowan's Co-efficient will be before the world ere long.

"As pure in thought as angels are;
To know her was to love her."

Member Radio Club; Member Boys High Club; Student member A. I. E. E.

ALFRED CARTER CRYMBLE

"Alternating currents" first became known at Tech as a skilled voltmeterist. Before entering Tech he was an inspector of colleges having attended Washington and Lee and Carnegie Tech.

"A light heart lives long."

Member Stray Greeks; Y. M. C. A. promotion committee; Student member A. I. E. E.; Phi Gamma Delta, and a damn good fellow.
THOMAS ROE CURTIS

Kid Curtis has the distinction of being the oldest man in the senior class, barring father Armsby. He began smoking “Lucky Strikes” at the wee age of two in Downey, Cal. He prepped at Webb and entered Tech in the fall of 1916, after completing some post-graduate work at Vanderbilt.

“I learned about women from her.”

Alternate Honor Court ’19; Student member A. I. E. E.; Sigma Nu.

LEONIDAS CLAYTON DANIEL

Daniel was born on the 13th of August some twenty-one years ago. After his return from the Lion’s Den he started school at Riverside, and on account of the rare atmosphere he went to Stone Mountain. Entered Tech in the year of 1915. Enlisted in the Coast Artillery.

“What, ho, cried the king; . . . . , replied Daniel.”
HENRY CLEVELAND DAVIS, JR.

Henry honors Americus by letting that be the place of his birth. He prepped at the Americus High School and entered Tech in the fall of 1914.

"Persistence always wins."

Student member A. I. E. E.

HENRY GRADY DICKSON

"Big Dick" was born in Rutledge, Ga. He received his early training at the North Georgia Agricultural School and entered Tech in the fall of 1915.

"Men of few words are better men."

Class football '15; Scrub football, '15-'16-'17; A. I. E. E.
WILLIAM W. DUSON, JR.

Bill came into this world on the 9th of April, 1896. The place was Crowley, La. He never left Crowley until he entered Tech in the fall of 1914.

"Good name in man or woman is the immediate jewel of their souls."

Garrett Rats; R. A. R's.; Student member A. I. E. E.

WILLIAM WALLACE GODDARD


"He that hath knowledge spareth words."

Gordon Club; Student member A. I. E. E.
ROBERT SHERRILL GRIFFITH

"Rock and Rye" hails from the Blue Grass State. He was born October 4, 1896, at Mayfield. He prepped at Mayfield High and Sewanee. Entered Tech in 1916.

"I'll take the same."

President senior class; Stray Greek; R. A. R's.; Chairman A. I. E. E.; S. O. L. Club; Bull Dog; Delta Tau Delta.

THOMAS HENRY HALL

"Doc" was born in Decatur, Ga., on the 30th of September, 1897. He prepped at Cochran High and entered Tech in the fall of 1914.

"Oh, grant me honest fame or grant me none."

Garrett Rats; Student member A. I. E. E.
HARLAN COFFEE HICKENLOOPER

This promising engineer first saw light February 18, 1898, at the thriving hamlet of Palatka, Fla. He prepped at the high school. Entered Tech in the fall of 1916.

"Ye who are wise know what mirth is worth."

Band '17-'18; Honor Roll '16-'17-'18; Z. Z. Z. Club; President Honor Court '19; Scholarship "T"; Phi Kappa Phi.

GEORGE LEE JONES

He consented to come into this world November 19, 1896, at Columbus, Kan. He prepped at the Cherokee County High School and entered Tech in the fall of 1916.

"No man was ever glorious who was not laborious."

Honor Roll '15-'16; Scholarship "T"; Garrett Rats; S. O. L. Club; Student member A. I. E. E.; Vice-president Honor Court '19.
HENRY H(?) LEWIN

"Lizzie" first saw light last summer but was born in Liveoak, Fla., March 8, 1896. He prepped at Sewanee High School and entered Tech in the fall of 1915.

"My ducats, my ducats."

Charter member S. O. L.; Student member A. I. E. E.

WILLIAM LENTON McEVER

"Mac" was born in Atlanta, Ga., in the year of our Lord 1896 on the 27th day of the month of September. He prepped at Florida Military Academy. Entered Tech in 1915.

"Make all we can, then if there is any left over, have a BLUE PRINT."

Florida Club; Quartermaster; Student member A. I. E. E.; S. O. L. Club; Pan-Hellenic Council '19; Business manager Blue Print '19; Phi Kappa Sigma; Honor Court '19.
JESSE ALMOND McMURRY

"Mac" was born on March 30, 1897. He prepped at Tech High School and entered Tech in the fall of 1917. "Mac" enlisted in the Coast Artillery and after completing the course at Fortress Monroe he received his Shave-tailship.

"Mary had a little lamb,  
It Crafted and Crafted."

Officers Club; Tech High Club; Student member A. I. E. E.; Y. M. C. A. promotion committee.

PAUL HOOPER NICHOLS

"Nick" started standing on Tom Pitts corner as soon as his pedestrian appendages would support his manly frame. He prepped at G. M. A. and entered Tech in the fall of 1916.

"What man dares; I dare."

Student member A. I. E. E.; President S. O. L. Club; Associate member A. I. E. E.; Vice-president G. M. A. Club.
FRANK CAMDEN OWENS

“Hop” started playing tennis on his second birthday in Greenville, S. C. He moved to Atlanta at the tender age of nine and prepped at Boys High School. Here he began running and has been running ever since. Entered Tech in the fall of ’16. After completing his junior year he entered the Field Artillery Officers’ Training School at Camp Taylor, Ky.

“Let every man stand on his own feet.”

Tech Parliament ’17; School singles tennis champion ’17-’18; S. I. A. A. singles champion ’18; School doubles champion ’17-’18; S. I. A. A. doubles champion ’18; Manager tennis team ’18-’19; Varsity track ’17-’18; Winner cross country run ’18; Holder course record; Manager swimming team ’19; Technique staff ’16-’17-’18; Editor-in-chief ’18; Blue Print staff ’17-’18-’19; Editor-in-chief ’19; Class poet; President Marionettes ’19; President Scribblers ’19; Cotillion Club; Student member A. I. E. E.; Koseme; Chi Phi.

EARNEST EVERS PUND

“Double E” was born July 27, 1897, in Augusta, Ga., and prepped at Richmond Academy and Newberry College. Entered Tech in 1916 and after three years’ attendance enlisted in the Field Artillery Officers’ Training School.

“Corrector 28; range three, two, hundred.”

Glee Club ’16-’17-’18; Orchestra ’16-’17; Augusta Club; Student member A. I. E. E.; A. T. O.
HERBERT LEE RICHARDS


“I like them Shorter.”

Advertising manager Blue Print ’19; Student member A. I. E. E.; Y. M. C. A. cabinet ’17-’18; President St. Marks Bible class ’19; Quartermaster; R. A. R’s; Secretary and Treasurer A. I. E. E.

WALTER WADE ROBINSON

“Empty” first sang bass at a little church in Anniston, Ala. He prepped at Peacock and entered the Glee Club at Tech in 1916.

“Boston Tech.”

Glee Club ’15-’16-’19; Y. M. C. A. promotion committee; Student member A. I. E. E.; R. A. R’s.
CLARENCE ALBERT RUGGLES

This prep school inspector was born in 1894. He prepped at Atlanta Select School, McKeas School for Girls, Kirkwood Private School, Morris High School, N. Y. City; Columbia University and others.

"Know something of everything."

Student member A. I. E. E.

FRANCIS WYATT SCOTT

"Scottie" was born in the city of Atlanta, Ga., January 27, 1898. He prepped at Peacock Fleet and Marion Institute. Entered Tech in the fall of 1914.

"Dope and cherry."

Class football '14-'15; Class baseball '16-'17; Scrub baseball '16; Varsity squad; Dormitory lieutenant '15-'16; Student member A. I. E. E.; Bull Dog; President '19; S. A. E.
RICHARD GORDON SANDERS


"Lab reports and Blue Prints don't mix."

Assistant editor Blue Print ’19; R. A. R’s.; Student member A. I. E. E.; Charter member S. O. L. Club; Scribblers.

JOHN H. SIMMONS

This worthy student was born at Jacksonville, Fla. (By the way, do you know Dorothy? She’s from Jacksonville.) He prepped at Dewar High and entered Tech in the sub class in 1914.

"He conquers who endures."

Student member A. I. E. E.; Florida Club; S. O. L. Club; Hospital corps; Rifle Club ’17-’18.
JOHN HALL SKEEN

This electrical shark was born in Atlanta, Ga., in the year of 1897 on the 7th day of October. He prepped at Tifton High. Entered Tech in the fall of 1915.

*NO MOTTO—by request.*

Honor Court '18-'19; Marionettes; Mandolin Club '18; Student member A. I. E. E.; Chi Phi.

FRANCIS XAVIER DE SOUSA (NETTO)

"F. X." was born at Campinas, somewhere in Brazil in the country of South America on the 29th of May, 1895. He prepped at Randolph-Macon Academy and entered Tech in the fall of 1915.

*"Nascere, luctare, vencer e morrer."*

Rifle Club '16-'17-'18; Radio Club '17-'18; Secretary and treasurer Latin-American Club '18; President Chess Club '18; Scrub football '18; Student member A. I. E. E.
WALLACE DUNCAN SMITH

"Wally" was born January 5, 1898. He is a local product. Prepped at Tech High and entered Tech in the fall of 1916, and has spent most of his time on Grant's Pasture.

"Third down, three to go."

Scrub football '16-'17; Varsity '18; Varsity baseball '18; Vice-president Athletic Association '18; Tech High Club; Cotillion Club; Koseme; Bull Dog; Anak; A. T. O.

THOMAS BROOKS WILLIAMS

This seeker of knowledge was born in Americus, Ga., March 27, 1897. He derived Newton's Fourth Law in 1900. He prepped at Americus High School and entered Tech in the year of 1916.

"When in doubt keep silent."

Scholarship “T”; Honor Roll ’18; S. O. L. Club; Student member A. I. E. E.
RALEIGH JOHNSON WISE

"Sir Raleigh" was born December 2, 1897, at Hickory, N. C. He studied the A, B, C's at Siloam High School and entered Tech in the fall of 1916.

"If you can't do it, don't admit it."

Student member A. I. E. E.

WARREN GARDNER YOUNG

Signor Yapinsky Younginelli began his career on April 17, 1896, in the city of Darien, Ga. He prepped in the sub class at Tech and entered freshman in 1913, and has begun running grand opera ever since.

"A watched pot never boils."

Student member A. I. E. E.; Keeper Grant Field; Charter member Alcohol; Grand Opera '13-'14-'15-'16-'17-'18-'19.
AQUILA WOODFIN BAKER

"A. W." was born in Atlanta on the 20th of February in the year of 1893. After spending a few years at Gordon Institute he entered Tech in the fall of 1914. Enlisted in the air service December 1, 1917. Commissioned 2d lieutenant. Re-entered senior class February, 1919.

"If work interferes with pleasure, quit work."

Class baseball '15-'16; Scholarship "T"; Student member A. I. E. E. In best squad in E. E. Lab.

FRANCIS FULLER MERRIAM

This electric student was born on the 24th of March some twenty-four years ago in Atlanta, Ga. After prepping at the Georgia Military Academy he entered Tech in the fall of 1915. Entered the air service and was commissioned 2d lieutenant.

"Let us rest under the shade of the trees."

Class football '16-'17; Student member A. I. E. E.; S. P. E. In best squad in E. E. Lab.
Mechanicals

THOMAS HARPER BRITTINGHAM

“Red” first blinked his eyes at the sun in Augusta, Ga., on the 19th day of January, 1897. He prepped at Sacred Heart High School and also at Richmond Academy where he received a certificate in English. Not being satisfied with this he came to Tech in the fall of 1916.

“Look upon my works, ye mighty, and despair.”

Alternate Honor Court '18-'19; Student member A. S. M. E.; President Augusta Club '19.

FRANCIS SIBLEY BRYAN

“Sib” was born in the town of (listen closely), Union Point, Ga., on September 2, 1897. After spending some time in preparation at Union Point High School he came to Tech in February, 1916.

“Kindly give me one that someone else hasn’t.”

Student member A. S. M. E.; Sigma Nu.
GEORGE W. BLACKWELL

Blackwell is from Tennessee but we overlook this. He was born in Bartlett, Tenn., May 19, 1896. He went to school in Memphis and later came to Tech. He was first noticed on the freshman roll in 1914. George left us in 1916 to enter the air service as an instructor but, of course, came back as soon as the Armistice was signed.

"Nothing really matters."

Cotillion Club; Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

SAMUEL KEMP BURFORD

This mechanical engineer was born in the city of Ocala, Fla., June 27, 1896. He prepped at Ocala High School and by mistake entered the University of Florida in 1915. He soon realized this and came to Tech in 1916.

"Who understands the workings of this man's brain?"

Junior member A. S. M. E.; Kappa Alpha.
ALBERT B. HILL

"AB" was born in the metropolis of Washington (Georgia, silent), on the 12th of August, 1896. He began playing football at Washington High and entered sub at Tech in 1913. Entered training camp at end of junior year and was commissioned in field artillery.

"Take a lead, the bases are drunk."

President class '14; Vice-president class '15; President class '16; Honor Court '15; Class football '13-'14; Varsity '15-'16-'17; All-Southern '17; Varsity baseball '14-'15-'16-'17; Captain baseball '17; All-Southern '15-'17; Assistant coach '18; Manager class athletics '16; Y. M. C. A. promotion committee; Secretary Y. M. C. A. '16; Dormitory inspector; Student member A. S. M. E.; Skull and Key; Cotillion Club; Koseme; Bull Dog; Anak; S. A. E.

FLETCHER LEE HOLLIDAY

This is also a Washington product and studied the minor arts at the Washington High School. Entered the sub class in 1914.

"Be quiet and do nothing rashly."

Honor Roll '14-'15; Class baseball '14-'15; Student member A. S. M. E.; S. O. L. Club.
BURNHAM BROOKS HOLST

Saw the gay lights of Memphis, Tenn., for the first time August 12, 1896. He stayed there long enough to go through Central High School and then, of course, came to Tech in September, 1915. He left school in May, 1918, to enter training camp at Plattsburg and was commissioned 2d lieutenant F. A., U. S. A. (This means family altercations, usually signify alimony.)

"Everybody wants that which is hard to get so place the value of your services at a premium."

Varsity track '16-'17-'18; Captain track team '19; Broke Tech record in broad jump '16; Dormitory inspector '18-'19; Secretary and treasurer junior class; Class football '16-'17; Student member A. S. M. E.; Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

WILLIAM LOAM MARKERT

The shark of the M. E.'s was born at Albany, Ga., March 10, 1896. He flunked out at Cordele High School along in 1911 and entered the sub class in 1913. He would have gotten his "dip" last year if it hadn't been for the little European argument.

"Better late than never."

Honor Roll; Scholarship "T"; Student member A. S. M. E.; Sigma Phi Epsilon.
JOHN KENT PAISLEY

Twenty-one years ago on August 11th the town of Cedarhurst, L. I., was honored by "Jake's" arrival. His yearning for the sunny South was gratified when he came down to Augusta and prepped at Augusta Military Academy. He entered Tech in the fall of 1915.

“One of the best there is.”

Honor Roll '15-'16; Alternate Honor Court '18-'19; Scholarship “T”; Student member A. S. M. E.; Phi Kappa Phi.

WILLIAM ANDERSON PARKER, JR.

“Bill” the young athlete calls Atlanta his home. He has claimed it since the year '99. He prepped at Peacock School for Boys and entered Tech in 1915.

“Be true to yourself and you will be true to every trust.”

Class basketball '15; Varsity track, '16-'17-'18; Manager class football '17; Assistant manager varsity football '17-'18; Technique staff '16; Honor Court '17-'18; Vice-chairman student branch A. S. M. E.; Vice-president Y. M. C. A. '18-'19; Pan-Hellenic Council; Cotillion Club; Skull and Key; Koseme; Bull Dog; Anak; Chi Phi.
HARVEY JORDAN POWELL

Rex was born October 2, 1897, at the city of Monticello, Ga. He prepped at the local high school and entered the sub class in 1914. He is a cross country shark.

"Out to the water works."

Honor Roll '14-'15; Tech Bible class; Y. M. C. A. promotion committee; Student member A. S. M. E.

PAUL PRATHER

Paul was born at Marble Falls on the 16th of November in the year 1896. He prepped at Tate High School and entered sub class in 1914.

"For thus I live remote from evil speaking."

Secretary and treasurer sub class '15; Honor Roll '15-'16; President Gene Turner Baraca class '18-'19; S. O. L. Club; Student member A. S. M. E.
JOHN CABE ROGERS

"Cabe" was born in the city of Memphis, Tenn., in the year of 1897. He prepped at Central High School where he learned football. Entered Tech in the fall of 1915.

"Hike"

Class football '15; Scrub football '15-'16; Varsity football '17-'18; Honor Roll '16; Assistant baseball manager '18; track team '18; Student member A. S. M. E.; Skull and Key; Anak; S. A. E.; Phi Kappa Phi.

THOMAS JENKINS SEMMES

"Tommy" was born midst much racket on the merry 4th of July, 1897, in Memphis. He entered Tech in the fall of 1914. Left Tech in May, 1918, to enter R. O. T. C. at Plattsburg barracks. Recommended for commission in June. Turned down commission and enlisted as private in Engineers and was commissioned as 2d lieutenant and later as 1st lieutenant. Had over-sea orders and was ordered back from port of embarkation a few hours before sailing, because of signing of Armistice.

"Hold the deal."

Scrub football '15; Class football '14-'15-'16-'17; Glee Club '14-'15-'16; Vice-president '16; Mandolin Club '14-'15-'16; Leader '16; Cheer leader '16-'17; President Officers Club '19; Student member A. S. M. E.; Cotillion Club; Skull and Key; Koseme; Anak; S. A. E.
HARRY ESMOND SCARBOROUGH

"Scab" first visited the town of Jonesboro, Ga., in September 1898. He was then quite young. He prepped at Jonesboro High School and entered Tech as a freshman in the fall of 1915.

"Success comes only after the hardest of labor."

Tech Bible class; Honor Roll '16-'17; Scholarship "T"; Student member A. S. M. E.

WILLIAM HODNETT SAUNDERS

"Bill" the young mechanical engineer began his eventful career a long time ago in Metcalf, Florida. He prepped at Metcalf High School and entered Tech in the sub class in 1914. He left Tech and entered the air service but was discharged before completing his course.

"From darkness through battle into light."
LEWIS EDGAR WALLIS

Although "Cocky" was born in the city of Atlanta, for some unknown reason he went to Elberton High School to prepare for Tech. He entered here with the mechanicals in 1914.

"A cheerful disposition is the fund of ready capital."

Tech Bible class; Student member A. S. M. E.; Y. M. C. A. promotion committee; S. O. L. Club.

BENJAMIN BARROW WILLIAMS

"Buck" was born in the near vicinity of Haddock, Ga., on June 20, 1897. He prepped at Gordon and went bare-footed until he entered Tech in the fall of 1915. He received his commission at Fort Monroe in the Coast Artillery corps and came back to school after being discharged in January.

"Give me quiet above all things, No sign of dissension or strife."

Class football '15; Technique staff '16; Marionettes '17-'18-'19; Y. M. C. A. promotion committee '17-'18; Student member A. S. M. E.; Pan-Hellenic Council '16-'17-'18-'19; President Pan-Hellenic Council '19; Cotillion Club '16-'17-'18-'19; Assistant manager baseball team '17; Manager baseball team '19; Bull Dog; Anak; Phi Delta Theta.
JOHN H. BOHANNON

"Johnnie" hails from the town known as Hickory, N. C. He was finally persuaded to leave there to enter Fishbourne Military Academy and thus it was easy for him to come to Tech in 1916.

"Aim high and go high, for life is just what you make it."

Scrub football '15-'16; Civil Engineering Society; Chi Phi.

HOWARD DAVIS CUTTER, JR.

"Doc" the civil engineer informs us that he was born in the city of Macon (Georgia), on the 7th day of August in the year of '97. He first burned the midnight oil at Lanier High School but saw his mistake and came to Tech in 1914. Cutter left school in the fall of 1918 to enter C. A. C. training camp but the war ended too soon.

"Let the wide world wiggle,
I've got it by the tail."

Glee Club '16; Blue Print staff '16-'17; Civil Society; President '18; Cotillion Club; A. T. O.
A. E. DOWMAN

Dowman is another Atlanta product having chosen this place on the 10th of July, 1899. He now lives in the thriving suburb known as Decatur. He prepped at Decatur High and Donald Fraser School and came to Tech in 1915.

"Do the world a good turn."

Class basketball '16-'17.

FERREL HIGHTOWER FRASUER

Frasuer was born in Damascus, Ga., September 18, 1895. While on one of his visits to the city of Cordele he prepared for college at the well known institution, Cordele High School. He advised us in a recent interview that he had the opportunity of getting married at least twice every week.

"Come fill the cup, and in the fire of spring"

Band '15-'16-'17-'18; Sigma Nu.
JULIUS FREIDRICK HANNEMAN, JR.

This civil started driving Oaklands in Philadelphia on November 14, 1897. He wandered down to Atlanta and prepped at Tech High before coming to Tech in 1916.

"Let nothing discourage you;
Never give up."

Tech High Club.

A. J. MacKAY

"Red" hails from the sunny shores of Ocala, Florida. After packing oranges for about ten years he became ambitious and wasted two years at the University of Florida. However, everyone makes mistakes. Red realized this and came to Tech in 1916.

"A smile for everyone."
(Even the ugly ones)

H. A. Reporter Civil Engineering '17-'18; President Civil Society '18-'19; Vice-president senior class; Pan-Hellenic Council '18-'19; Bull Dog; K. A.
DANIEL LAUB SCHARFF

Scharff first started bridge design over the Mississippi River at Natchez, Miss. He prepped at Natchez Institute and entered Tech in 1915.

"You'll never be a Civil Shark
Although you've surveyed Peters Park."

Honor Roll '17-'18; Scholarship “T”; Mississippi Club; Phi Epsilon Pi.

McKENDREE TUCKER
(Special Architect)

This one time aviator was born . . . ., but anyway he came to Tech in 1916 after prepping at Gainesville, Fla., High School. He also has attended the University of Florida.

"High Flyer."

Band '16-'17; Florida Club; Architectural Society; K. A.

Although we have put you with the Civil Crew, We feel that this is, indeed, an honor to you.
EUGENE GANS ZACHARIAS

"Zack", the good natured civil, was born in Bainbridge, Ga., January 25, 1897. His desire to enter Tech caused him to spend four long years at Bainbridge High School. Sometimes when Zack is in a good humor ask him about the engineer reserves. He entered Tech in the fall of 1915 and HOPES to be able to leave in the spring of 1919.

"Thinking is but an idle waste of time."

Honor Roll '17-'18; Phi Epsilon Pi; Phi Kappa Phi.

Textiles

FRANK BOYKIN BRADLEY

"Bokum," the ladies' delight, began his career at Fort Mitchell, Ala., on April 4, 1897. Some of the places where he prepped are the University School for Boys and Riverside Military Academy. Volumes could be written about this young man, but it is better to let the matter drop now. He entered Tech in the fall of 1915.

(High soprano voice): "Oh! there's Frank. Hello! Frank."

Secretary and treasurer senior class; Class basketball.
JOE SLAUGHTER FRANKEL

Frankel came from a good place. He was born in the oasis of Hopkinsville, Ky., twenty-one years ago. He came to Atlanta to prep at Tech High and then entered Tech in 1916.

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

Textile Society; Tech High Club; Scholarship "T"; Phi Epsilon Pi; Phi Kappa Phi.

JULIAN THOMPSON HIGHTOWER

This "Gob" was launched in Thomaston, Ga., December 6, 1896. He touched at Robert E. Lee Institute long enough to take on a little knowledge and finally dropped anchor and made fast at Tech in the fall of 1915. Julian enlisted in Uncle's Navy in the spring of 1918 but had to come back to Tech in January, 1919.

"Swab the aft deck."

Scrub football '15-'16-'17; Dormitory lieutenant; Treasurer Pan-Hellenic Council; Textile Society; Cotillion Club; Koseme; Bull Dog; Anak; Sigma Nu.
CHARLES HAROLD SIMON

This Atlanta aviator was born November 4, 1896. He prepped at Tech High and entered Tech 1914. "Simple Simon" went in the air service and was commissioned 2d lieutenant pursuit pilot. The Armistice cheated him out of his oversea service just as he had received his orders.

"Going Up."

Tech High Club; Textile Society; Phi Epsilon Pi.

WILLIAM ARCHIBALD WILCOX

"Lord-Help-Us" is a Fitzgerald product. The town folk still celebrate September 27th as his birthday. Having heard something of the wonderful street cars he came up to Atlanta to see one of the contraptions and while up here realized that Tech was the place to make him a textile engineer.

"Lord Help Us."

Corporal in the Kitchen Police Detail for three nights.
ALDEN McLELLAN, III

"Mack" hails from that famous watering place, New Orleans, La. He was born there April 6, 1897. In order to be able to enter Tech he first attended Tulane University and then came to college in 1916.

"Better be happy than wise."

Scrub football '17-'18; Varsity track team; Pan-Hellenic basketball and baseball; Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

ROLAND KNOW RUDICIL

"Rudie" was born in Chickamauga, Ga., January 8, 1898. He prepped at Chattanooga High School and came to Tech in 1916.

"When in doubt, keep silent."

Scrub football '16; Scrub baseball '17-'18; Skull and Key; Sigma Nu.
Architects

JOSEPH W. KREIS, JR.

"Joe" claims Atlanta as his home and birthplace. He was born here in March, 1896. After consuming all the knowledge put out by Boys High School he entered Tech in the fall of 1915.

"Hitch your wagon to a star."

Boys High Club; Treasurer Architectural Society '17-'18.

THOMAS DuBIGNON ADKINS

"Tommie" first began playing pool in the thriving metropolis of Vienna, Ga., April 23, 1899. He received his preparatory training at the local high school and entered Tech in 1915.

"Bank the eight ball in the corner."

Architectural Society; Skull and Key; Blue Print staff '18-'19; Staff Artist Blue Print '19; Staff Artist Technique '19; Tech Parliament; Pan-Hellenic Council; Cotillion Club; Scrub baseball; K. K. K.; Pi Kappa Alpha.
CHARLES LEWIS ARMSBY

"Doc" was born in Madison, Wis., December 13, 1883, on a very cold day. Age 35, weight 135, height 5 ft. 8½ in. The winds and snow of Wisconsin were too much for "Doc" so he migrated to the sunny Southland many moons ago.

"I have lived but have not lived in vain—Atlanta."

Architectural Society '17-'18; Vice-president '19; Mention Beaux Arts Institute of Design '19; Student instructor in Architecture; Kappa Sigma.

CLETUS WILLIAM BERGEN

"Chick" came into this world December 1, 1895, in the city of Savannah, Ga. Entered Tech in the fall of 1915 after prepping at Benedictine College. Was commissioned 2d lieutenant in field artillery.

"Groom by detail."

Savannah Club; President '18-19; Architectural Society, '17-18-'19.
LEWIS EDMUND CROOK, JR.

"Buck" was born September 23, 1898, at Meridian, Miss. He prepped at the Meridian High School and entered Tech in the fall of 1915. Entered the service in June, 1918. Commissioned 2d lieutenant in infantry.

"He never did harm that I heard of."

Glee Club '15-'16-'17; Mandolin Club '17; Marionettes '16-'17-'18-'19; Secretary '18; Cast "Dandy Dick"; Honor Court '16; Honor Roll '15-'16-'17-'18; Scholarship "T"; Mention Beaux Arts Architects, N. Y.; Technique staff '17-'18; Blue Print staff '17-'18-'19; Scribblers; Officers Club; Mississippi Club; President Architectural Society '19; President Y. M. C. A.; S. A. E.; Phi Kappa Phi.

HARRY ISADORE HIRSCH

This young man first viewed the snow-capped Rockies in the far away hamlet of Cripple Creek, Colo., on September 1, 1897. Failing to find any satisfactory pay dirt he caught the seven o'clock stage and migrated to Columbus, Ga., where he received his early training for Tech. He entered this institution of learning in 1915.

"Young man, go West."

Architectural Society; Columbus Club; Scholarship American Institute of Architects; Blue Print staff '19.
Chemistry

MAX KUNIANSKY

"Kunie" was born in a small peasant village in Russia, March 30, 1899. Having had a hand in some of the Bolshevik uprisings he had to leave the country. Peaceful Atlanta was where he settled and it was here that he first heard of Tech. He prepped at Tech High and then entered Tech in 1915.

"In lumine." (?)

Emerson Chemical Society; Tech High Club.

CLIFFORD E. ALDEN

"Cliff" was born in Boston, Mass., September 20, 1898. To keep from having to go to a well known technical school near the city of Boston he broke away and settled in the city of Decatur, Ga. He prepped at Boys High School and entered Tech in the fall of 1915.

"No man was ever glorious who was not laborious."

Freshman Oratorical Contest '16; Emerson Chemical Society; Decatur Club; Exchange editor Technique '17-'18; Bible Study class leader; Pi Kappa Phi.
TOM COLE, JR.

"T" was born September 21, 1897, in the thriving metropolis of Newnan, Ga. He prepped at Newnan High School and entered Tech in the fall of 1915.

"Already I am worn with cares and age."

Emerson Chemical Society; Secretary '18; K. A.; Phi Kappa Phi.

LOUIS MILTON GILL

"Lim" was born in the town of Marthasville, now known as Atlanta, twenty years ago on one bright August morning, say the 22d, and prepped at Tech High Grammar School. He entered Tech in the fall of 1916.

"The words of wise men are heard in quiet."

Emerson Chemical Society; Honor Roll '17-'18.
MAX ALBERT HERZOG

"Doc" the chemist, was born in the far away land of Switzerland, on March 7, 1897. The high altitude and Alpine scenery was so dazzling that he found it necessary to come to Atlanta in 1904. While here he prepped at Boys High and then entered Tech in 1915.

"Si je veux."

W. RICHARD HUCKS

This is another one of Atlanta's own. He was born here November 7, 1895. After deciding to be a chemical engineer he went to Tech High long enough to warrant his entrance into the realms of Tech in the fall of 1914.

"Let the other fellow worry."

Vice-president Emerson Chemical Society; Glee Club '16-'17; Tech High Club.
KENDRICK CROW JACKSON

"Casey" was born January 21, 1898, in Atlanta, Ga. He entered the Tech High School in 1912 and graduated some years later (than he should). Entered Tech in the fall of 1916.

"Right Hand."

President Emerson Chemical Society; Member Tech High Club.

GEORGE DEWEY KING

"Doc" King was born June 29, 1898, in Atlanta, Ga. He prepped at Boys High School being in the same class as Cowan and many other notables. Entered Tech in the fall of 1915.

"His corn and cattle were his only care."

Emerson Chemical Society; Honor Roll '17-'18.
Commercials

GEORGE PINKNEY HOWARD

"Oof" was born in Atlanta April 28, 1898. He prepped at Peacock and entered Tech with the last sub class in 1914. Enlisted in army, July 24, 1918, and was at Fortress Monroe when Armistice was signed.

"I've lived but have not lived in vain."

Class basketball '14-'15; Class baseball '14; School tennis champion in doubles '17-'18; S. I. A. A. doubles champion '18; Mandolin Club '14-'15-'16-'17; Leader '17; Technique staff '16; Blue Print staff '16; Member Y. M. C. A. promotion committee; Secretary Commercial Society '16; President '17; Secretary Pan-Hellenic Council '18; Skull and Key; Vice-president Koseme; Cotillion Club; Secretary Bull Dogs; Kappa Sigma.

LEONARD BOOKER PATILLO

This commercial shark was born in Buford, Ga., in the year of 1898 on the 6th of December. He prepped at Buford High School and entered Tech in the fall of 1915.

"One more round."

Technique staff '18; Vice-president Commercial Society '18; Phi Delta Theta.
HAL SHIPLEY DANIELL

This commercial was born in our own Atlanta, January 25, 1893. He prepped at Boys High School and entered Tech in 1915.

"A pioneer of the School of Commerce."

Alpha Kappa Psi.

IRA CANNON EVANS

Jonesboro, Ga., claims this young man. He was born there on February 8, 1897, and being a loyal son of Jonesboro he patronized the local high school until wise enough to come to Tech.

"Live to learn and learn to live."

Secretary Commerce Society; Alpha Kappa Psi; Pi Kappa Alpha.
JAMES MARTIN FRASER

This patriotic young man was born in Liberty Co., Ga., on January 4, 1890. He came to Atlanta with a double purpose in view—to prep at Boys High and come to Tech.

"Do it now. Tomorrow never comes."

Alpha Kappa Psi.

CHARLES HILL GORDON

He is another Atlanta product. His natal day was May 31, 1895. For some reason he went out to East Point High School before coming to Tech in 1916.

"The more you do the more you want to do."

Vice-president Commerce Society; Alpha Kappa Psi.
JOHN CLEMENT RUSSELL

Born in Atlanta on the 14th of July, 1897. He prepped at Boys High School where he realized that Tech was the place to satisfy his burning ambition.

"First things first."

JAMES WADDELL SETZE, JR.

"Jimmie" was born in the city of Marietta, Ga., on December 9, 1894. He prepped at Boys High School and entered in 1916.

"First comes accuracy."

President Commerce Society; Alpha Kappa Psi; Pi Kappa Phi.
## Senior Class Statistics

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<td>Crook</td>
<td>Crymble</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Most influential</td>
<td>Everyone voted for self</td>
<td>Same</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Senior Class Statistics

Laziest man . . . . . . . . . . . . . Howard . . . . . . . . . De Carreker
Prettiest man . . . . . . . . . . . . . Skeen . . . . . . . . . . . Cutter
Ugliest man . . . . . . . . . . . . . Herzog . . . . . . . . . . Hirsch
Cutest man . . . . . . . . . . . . . Skeen . . . . . . . . . . . Daniel
Grouchiest man . . . . . . . . . . . . Arnsby . . . . . . . . Goddard
Happiest man . . . . . . . . . . . . Us (we have just had a
drink on the Blue Print)

Biggest tightwad . . . . . . . . . . . . Goddard . . . . . . . . Hirsch
Biggest lady killer . . . . . . . . . . . . Bradley . . . . . . . . Semmes
Biggest tobacco bummer . . . . . . . Semmes . . . . . . . . Howard
Best man morally . . . . . . . . . . . . Crook . . . . . . . . . . . Parker
Best man physically . . . . . . . . . . . . Rogers . . . . . . . . Smith
Best man mentally . . . . . . . . . . . . Markert . . . . . . . . Crymble
Best football player . . . . . . . . . . . . Hill . . . . . . . . . . . Smith
Best baseball player . . . . . . . . . . . . Hill . . . . . . . . . . . Smith
Favorite game . . . . . . . . . . . . Black Jack . . . . . . . . Stud
Favorite movie actress . . . . . . . . Norma . . . . . . . . Constance
Man with biggest foot . . . . . . . . . Dickson . . . . . . . . Wilcox
Man with biggest head . . . . . . . . . Prather . . . . . . . . Brittingham
Best dressed man . . . . . . . . . . . . Crymble . . . . . . . . Williams
Best all round man . . . . . . . . . . . . Rogers . . . . . . . . Parker
Best Mexican athlete . . . . . . . . . . . . Souza . . . . . . . . Griffith
Best American athlete . . . . . . . . . . . . Hill . . . . . . . . Rogers
Most dignified . . . . . . . . . . . . Blackwell . . . . . . . . Wise
Luckiest man . . . . . . . . . . . . . Holst . . . . . . . . . . Semmes
Best business man . . . . . . . . . . . . McEver . . . . . . . . Richards
Wittiest man . . . . . . . . . . . . . Howard . . . . . . . . Paisley
Man who has done most for Tech . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Hill . . . . . . . . . . . . . Parker
Senior Class Prophecy

Oh, for the spirit of Milton and the ingenious brain of Poe; oh, for the inspirations of Kipling and the overflowing pen of Shakespeare, for upon me has been placed the task of expounding the prophecy of the future of the senior class of 1919.

Hoping that the age of miracles might return or that I might be suddenly smitten with an inspiration that would relieve me in my difficulties, I wandered aimlessly through the city's streets, not knowing where to turn or what to do.

I had walked longer than usual one night, and had by chance strolled into that part of the city with which I was poorly acquainted, and while looking around me in bewilderment for some familiar object that might direct me in wandering, there came to my ears the quaint strumming of some Oriental instrument. Being naturally of an inquisitive nature, I was curious as to the source of this music. Whereupon, I went in search of it; for truly, there is nothing more luring than music, especially when it conveys visions of Eastern romances, loves and wars.

My search led me onward, and lured on by the smell of burning frankincense and myrrh, I found myself within
the doors of a Chinese laundry. I was somewhat at a loss to account for the strange music and Oriental atmosphere of the place, for the inscription on the outside read, "Wun-Lung-Laundry." Chancing to glance toward the rear of the laundry, however, I saw another room, and again I heard the music which at first had so puzzled me. I ventured still further, and at a closer view saw several Chinamen clad in their gayly decorated native costumes, each smoking a queer long stemmed pipe, while one of them was picking a strange long gourd-like instrument; still another was beating a tom-tom and chanting some weird Chinese love song.

I had often read and heard of opium dens and the lure of the small white pills, but never before had I really had the opportunity of seeing one, and my curiosity and willingness to explore unknown regions soon led me to take a puff from one of the pipes extended me.

The first puff seemed to make me dreary and sleepy, but as I took another, the whole world changed and my earthly troubles faded into nothingness, while strange visions and fancies flitted across my brain.

Strange to say, the characters in my vision were none other than my classmates who, having left college, had each tread his way in the paths of life. My vision was that of a family fireside with a happily married couple and four little tots playing merrily upon the hearthstone. Much to my amazement, who should it be but my old friend, Albert Hill, now a pious Presbyterian minister, and a great leader in the movement for nation-wide prohibition.

My visions then seemed to shift from the sublime to the semi-ridiculous, for I next saw Heinie Holst and George Blackwell on a large farm in Australia,
where they were raising pigs in a philanthropic endeavor to lower the high cost of living.

The next thing my visions showed me was a cabaret crowded with people, sipping of the joys of life, where mirth and gayety were indeed unbounded and "Wine, Women and Song" reigned supreme. The proprietor was, indeed, "Buck Shot" Williams, while Tommy Semmes was in sole charge of the entertainments. These two gentlemen had long since discarded the dull profession of engineering and had entered into the great life of High Silk Hats and Evening Dress.

Next, Wally Smith looms up as captain of the New York Giants; as a sideline, however, he has a large interest in a peach orchard in South Georgia, where he spends his time, while not playing baseball.

Frances Scott, having a love for politics had realized his ideals, and my visions showed him as the mayor of Atlanta and taking an active part in the anti-vice crusade. As his chief engineer, I saw Bill Parker, who was busily engaged in the construction of the city's new subway system.

The next vision I had was of a ladies' department store, in which I saw "Hop" Owens as the head of the ladies' clothing department, he having decided that engineering was not his real calling. I next saw John Rogers, who having always had a liking for automobiles and machinery of all kinds, was now head mechanic of a big auto repair shop, where his highest ideals were being realized. I talked to him, however, and he was undecided as to how long he would hold his position, as he was thinking seriously of getting married.

The real money maker of the class was next shown. He was our class president, Bob Griffith. He was sitting in
his office, reading stock reports and raking in money hand over fist. As his representative in the stock exchange, I saw Frank Bradley, who was still as lazy as ever and leading the life of which he had always dreamed. My visions then showed me three of the architectural seniors, who had lived up to their profession, designing fashionable apartment houses and palatial residences for the wealthy class of New York City. They were Doc Armsby, Tommy Adkins and Harry Hirsch. All three of them are now prosperous and happily married.

Julian Hightower was next depicted. He is leading as mild a life as he did in college, being the sole owner of a Wild West Show.

My visions next carried me to a large farm where I saw "Red" McKay raising corn in large quantities and on a scientific scale; the scene then shifted to the cotton fields, where I saw Dick Sanders pulling a gee line over a Hay Burner.

The influence of the opium was now beginning to wear off and I could dimly see Jake Paisley and T. S. Bryan both doing reconstruction work in France and leading a gay life in old Paree.

Next I saw McMurray, Cowan, Lewin, Biggers, Wise, Daniel and Ruggles working at the General Electric Company for $80 per. Brittingham was bookkeeper for the company and Holliday, Markert and Prather were office boys.

McEver and H. L. Richards came before me and I could see them selling old second-hand books at Marietta and Broad Streets. Souza, Carreker, T. H. Hall, Jones and Curtis had established a harem in South America and Brewster, Cobb, Davis and Goddard were paying them a visit much to the annoyance of the owners. Next I saw Hanniman teaching some lowly "sophs" how to manipulate a transit in the depart-
ment of Civil Engineering at the Georgia School of Technology. Saunders had replaced Prof. King and Scarborough was filling Prof. Howell's shoes.

Crymble, the ladies' delight, was running a blind tiger on Decatur Street and was immensely rich due to Kuniansky, Frankel, Cole, Alden, Jackson, Tucker, Simmons and Murphy, his steady customers.

Skeen and Bohannon were chain-men for Scharff and Zacharias, constructing engineers. Weikle was water boy and Fraseur was time-keeper in the construction of a Greater Georgia Tech.

Wallis and Wilcox were members of the Atlanta Fire Department. Herzog, Rudicil, McClellan and Pund were drawing sixty per as policemen.

I then saw the Reverend Powell marrying Buck Crook to the saddest bird that ever went to Segadlos.

Simons, Nichols, Thornton and Duson were ushers at the Bonita, while Dowman had given up engineering and was night watchman. His chief duty was to keep off such "stage door johnnies" as Hardin, King, Hickenlooper, Hucks and Cutter.

Empty Robinson had returned from Boston Tech and had succeeded Doctor Schwartz (don't let them steal your problems, Empty).

Suddenly my visions and fancies came to an abrupt end, and I became conscious of the fact that one of the Chinamen was rudely shaking me and telling me to beat it, for the police were preparing to make a raid. Needless to say, I did not linger any, and altho pretty well frightened, was overjoyed at having at last found the medium for foretelling the future of the class of 1919.

G. P. Howard, Class Prophet.
Junior Class

OFFICERS
D. B. SANDFORD .............................................. President
C. H. SCHOFFIELD .............................................. Vice-President
H. C. ARNALL .............................................. Secretary and Treasurer

Junior Class Roll

ACKLEY, F. R. .............................................. BOHANNON, J. N.
ADAMS, S. T. .............................................. BOUGHTON, S. P.
ANDERSON, L. E. .............................................. BRENNON, J. C.
ARNALL, H. C. .............................................. BRIMBERRY, W. H.
ASKEW, B. S. .............................................. BROWN, G. S.
BALLARD, E. D. .............................................. BROWN, J. W.
BASARRATE, O. .............................................. BRUMBY, L. R.
BEE, E. S. .............................................. BUCKNELL, W. H.
BEWICK, R. H. .............................................. CARR, J. L.
BLAIR, A. .............................................. COCKRILL, S. B.
BOBRIIT, G. L. .............................................. COLLEY, T. N.

CONOLEY, J. J. .............................................. CRUMLEY, H. L.
DOWSON, L. Y. .............................................. DOUGLASS, P. M.
DOWLING, J. H. .............................................. DOYAL, R. S.
DUNLAP, E. F. .............................................. ENLEE, R.
FEAST, F. W. .............................................. FINCHER, W. E.
FLETCHER, W. M.
Junior Class Roll

FRANKLIN, J. B.
FRASER, G. R.
GARRETT, H. O.
GENEVAR, W. P.
GESNER, F. B.
GIDDENS, P. H.
GLISSON, W. R.
GOOCH, R.
GORHAM, J. M.
GUESS, S. Y.
HARVIS, E. H.
HAWES, W. L.
HAYNSWORTH, H. J.
HEATH, J. R.
HELLEY, R. D.
HILLHOUSE, R. M.
HITT, A. S.
HOLLEMAN, E.
HUDGINS, B. B.
HUGHES, H. H.
HUMPHRIES, D. C.
INGRAM, C. C.
JACKSON, G. A.
JARRARD, B. H.
JERGER, W. D.
JONES, F. H.
KAPLAN, B. W.
KEEN, J. V.
KENT, L. F.
KING, R. L.
LECRABE, R. V.
LEFKOFF, I.
LESTER, G. N.
LIMBAUGH, H. B.
LINK, E. G.

McCASH, P. K.
McCLESKY, J. M.
McIVER, D.
McNEICE, R. D.
McPHERSON, C. M.
MacDONALD, J.
MANN, R. A.
MANNING, C. E.
MANNING, L. J.
MASON, J. W.
MATHESON, J. H.
MERCER, W. G.
MERRY, E. R.
MILNER, S. W.
MINYARD, J. P.
MORSE, H.
deNEERGAARD, C. G.
NELMS, J. B.
NESBIT, M. M.
NEWTON, R. B.
NEWELL, E. N.
OLDKNOW, O. S.
OBLOW, H.
PARRAMORE, R. J.
PHILLIPS, G. D.
PITTMAN, W. O.
POLLARD, L. W.
Powers, W. R.
PREUITT, F. O.
PUCKHARBER, F. H.
PYE, J. C.
RAMER, G. W.
REESE, W. R.
ROBINSON, J. M.
RODRIGUEZ, B.
ROWLAND, G. W.

RUSSELL, R. L.
RUTHERFORD, W. A.
RYLANDER, A.
SANDFORD, D. B.
SCHOFIELD, C. H.
SHEFFIELD, F.
SHEFFIELD, I. M.
SHELVERTON, W. L.
SHERLOCK, C. J.
SIMPSON, W. F.
SLEDGE, E. D.
SMITH, I. H.
SMITH, W. E.
SMITH, L. E.
SOMMERFIELD, A. W.
STEARNS, H. L.
STEVENS, L. T.
TANNER, W. M.
THOMASON, G. A.
TURNER, C. F.
VICKERS, J. H.
WALLACE, S. S., Jr.
WARD, C. M.
WEAVER, J. A.
WELLS, W. S.
WENDER, B.
WHEELER, M. L.
WHITNER, J.
WHITTENBERG, J. W.
WILE, J. P.
WILKINSON, F. S.
WILSON, C. B.
WIMBERLY, M. S.
WOOD, T. L.
ZEHST, A. F.
Sophomore Class

OFFICERS

F. R. Yorke 		 President
A. H. Herndon 		 Vice-President
H. M. Schley 		 Secretary and Treasurer

Sophomore Class Roll

Allen, T. J. 
Almond, J. H. 
Anderson, A. S. 
Armbrrecht, C. P. 
Armstrong, J. W., Jr. 
Armstrong, R. H. 
Asbury, F. L. 
Atterbury, W. A. 
Awtrey, B. S. 
Baker, P. W. 
Barnard, J. D. 
Barnes, McK. 
Bell, H. I. 
Bell, R. P. 
Blate, M. V. 
Bleckley, S. C. 
Boone, C. H. 
Booth, W. W. 
Bottoff, H. R. 
Branch, W. H. 
Browne, G. Y. 
Bryan, J. E. 
Burkhart, W. H. 
Burnham, H. M.
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<td>Edwards, J. T.</td>
<td>Hill, W. J.</td>
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Sophomore Class Roll

Marsh, S. T.
Miller, J. O.
Mitchell, R. L.
Moore, D. C.
Moore, H. C., Jr.
Moss, T. S.
Murphy, N. B.
Murray, S. E.
Nicolas, A. R.
Ortiz, S. de F.
Parsons, E. D.
Passmore, C. D.
Pate, R. C.
Phillips, D. W.
Powell, J. R.
Prescott, T. S.
Prieto, F. G.
Ravenell, T. C.
Reid, H. L.
Rice, D. D.
Robinson, J. W.
Robison, W. A.
Rosolio, L.
Sault, S. C.
Schley, H. M.
Scott, R. N.
Self, T. C.
Settle, J. V.
Shepherd, J. D.
Simpson, S. S.
Smith, S. B.
Smith, T. W., Jr.
Smith, W. T.
Spivey, J. G.
Stakely, W. N.
Tennent, T. H.
Thomas, E. F.
Thompson, R. W.
Tolbert, G. V.
Trawick, G. T.
Turner, G. B.
Twitty, T. E.
Vandergrift, J. H.
Watkins, R. F.
Watson, R. O.
Webb, B. P.
Weiss, R. G.
Weldon, F., Jr.
Weston, C. W.
Weston, T. P.
Wheellok, C. C.
Wheellok, F. H.
Whitely, W. R.
Wilcox, H. T.
Wilson, J. G.
Wooten, J. M.
Yates, T. A.
Yorke, F. R.
Young, C. C.
Young, C. E., Jr.
BLUE PRINT STAFF AT WORK

TACK TRYING TO LOOK BUSY

"DOC" CAUGHT WITH A VICTIM

"WOW" RECOVERING

"BLUE" ACTUALLY THINKING

TAO ASK THE ARTIST (?)

"Chief"DRAW" OUTLINE A RAY LADY

1919
Freshman Class

OFFICERS

D. I. Barron ............................................. President
B. R. Flowers ............................................. Vice-President
P. P. Welch ............................................. Secretary and Treasurer

Freshman Class Roll

Adams, C. C.  Aycock, J. A.  Barry, A. F.
Adams, E. F.  Baker, E. M.  Basarrate, A.
Adams, J. Q.  Baker, T. W.  Baumgardner, H. L.
Akers, K. L.  Baker, W. A.  Baxley, A. W.
Allen, E. W.  Barge, R. H.  Bazarth, W. F.
Allman, R. M.  Barker, J. H.  Bell, J. M.
Anderson, G. D.  Barker, W. R.  Bennet, L. J.
Anderson, J. E.  Barnett, J. H.  Berry, C. R.
Arnold, S. E.  Barnett, P. L.  Berry, M. O.
Asbury, H. K.  Barnhart, T. M.  Billings, N. A.
Blanton, C. S.
Bohannon, W. H.
Bower, F. L.
Bradley, H. G.
Brantley, G. W.
Brash, J. E.
Bratton, A.
Brazelton, C. M.
Bricken, W. W.
Brock, O. S.
Brooks, W. A.
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<td>Dozier, W. E.</td>
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<td>Field, W. W.</td>
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<td>Foster, J. F.</td>
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<td>Gaines, H. L.</td>
<td>George, R. L.</td>
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<td>Getzen, J. E.</td>
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<td>Gaines, H. L.</td>
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<td>Griffin, E. E.</td>
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<td>Creighton, H. J.</td>
<td>Graydon, E. L.</td>
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<td>Hamrick, R. M.</td>
<td>Jackson, W. J.</td>
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Freshman Class Roll

mc lain, c. e.
mc lane, a. g.
mc lauren, t. c.
mc mannon, j. j.
mc master, w. j.
mc murry, c. p.
mc neel, f. f.
mc pheron, g. a.
maddox, n. b.
marchburn, r. l.
marrow, f. m., jr.
martin, a. s.
matheson, d. j.
mayer, g.
maynard, r. l.
meaor, w. t.
melanson, r. b.
mendel, s. d.
merritt, e. b.
miller, l. s.
moblely, j. h.
montgomery, t. b.
moran, l. r.
moses, w., jr.
mundy, i. l.
murphey, a. m.
murrah, e. p.
murrah, n. m.
newman, g.
newton, c. s.
nicholdson, t.
nicolas, t. c.
normert, f. g.
oates, e. j.
ogram, a.
oleary, d. j.
osterhoudt, o. j.
osborne, d. w.
osborne, h. p., jr.
paden, c. h.
palin, a. w.
park, m. r.
parks, j. t.
parks, w. v.
parro, l. b.
pardridge, a. d.
apasche, r. s.
apaterson, c. b., jr.
apaterson, k. m.
apatton, j. c., jr.
apatton, r.
apearce, j. w.
aperryman, a. w.
peteet, w. d.
philips, g. a.
philips, t. h.
porre, f. w.
putman, e. h.
quinn, t. w.
radford, r. a.
radford, r. p.
register, o. p.
rice, w. g.
richardson, j. h.
roberts, c. r.
robinson, j. a.
rodenberry, w. b., jr.
roebeck, f. m., jr.
rose, a. w.
rudicil, d. h.
salisbury, t. n.
sanders, t. f.
sanders, w. j.
sargent, i. w.
scurboro, d. d.
schouer, j. h.
schnedl, c. f.
schoen, g. n.
schoefield, j. s., jr.
sessions, a. d.
sheats, f. m.
sheor, j. c.
sherman, e.
serrill, f. a.
shoemaker, g. w.
shumate, j. r.
simmons, t. a.
simmonds, a.
sinclair, d.
skannal, h. f.
slarger, j. h.
slaughter, j. m.
smalley, f. w.
smith, b. w.
smith, j. w.
spears, l. h.
spinks, w. f.
spivey, c. h.
sprout, d. h.
staton, a. h.
sternehaus, k. w.
stephens, c. f.
stephens, c. r.
stoakes, r. h.
stone, j. h.
stovall, s. c., jr.
stromp, e. r.
strozier, w. t.
sullins, d.
summers, w. c.
swain, j. e.
tabor, j. m.
taylor, c. a., jr.
temple, w. s., jr.
thomas, j. a.
thomas, w. w.
thomason, c. y.
thompson, r. l.
thomson, m. v.
tinsley, a. m.
todd, r. l.
trammell, l. n.
tinkle, e.
turnipseed, r. f.
tyler, j. m.
vance, e. a.
vanderven, c. w.
vaughan, w. h.
vogt, a. q.
wade, j. m.
waldrop, g.
waldrop, j. e.
walter, e. v.
walraven, d. e.
waldstron, j. n.
waltlho, c. h.
waltson, w. b.
warner, b. m.
webb, r. t.
webb, w. i.
weil, a. s.
weinkle, i.
welker, h. e.
wells, c. d.
weston, f. w.
white, j. j.
whitehurst, s. a., jr.
whiteelan, f. c., jr.
whiteley, j. w.
wikle, h. w.
wilborne, j. g.
wilkinson, j. m.
wilkins, h. a.
wilkins, j. o.
wilkins, w. l.
wilson, d. h.
wilson, d. w.
wilson, c. d.
wilson, h. r.
wolff, w. m.
wood, w. e.
wen, l. s.
wright, a. p.
wright, g. d.
wrigley, e. f.
young, r. c.
zelenovitz, c.
zoll, m. b.
Student Activities

It has been sagely said that nine-tenths of a college education is acquired on the chapel steps. Perhaps to some this estimate is a bit too high; to others a direct slur at the effectiveness of the class-room; but such was not the genuine purport of the statement. There is today a broader and fuller conception of education than existed a decade or two ago. There is an ever increasing demand for a well-rounded, harmonious development of a man's faculties. It goes without saying that the lectures, recitations, laboratory work, and practice in the field are the essentials of a perfect technical education. But how little would a man gain, how far short of the true magnitude of his own powers would he fall if he omit from his life association with his fellow-man!

So it is that student activities are the very life of the campus, the very heart of an education. At Georgia Tech they have always played an important role in the development of an undergraduate. To them belongs a major part of the credit for the school's success in moulding the characteristic distinctiveness of a Tech man.

Conceive if you can this institution of ours bare of all student life—its campus a drill field, its men a part of the great American army—and you will have a fair picture of what came to pass here in the fall of 1918. When Georgia Tech on October the first became a unit of the Student's Army Training Corps it sounded the death knell of its students' life; it transformed the South's greatest technical school into a veritable army post. All was made subsidiary to America's great drive for victory. Tech gave whole-heartedly, buoyantly, gladly, to the very limit of its resources; its men forgot their former pleasures and pastimes and entered into their new work with an indescribable zeal.

The New Year found Tech no longer a training camp but, instead, re-established as the magnificent college it had formerly been. Absent were the clubs, societies, teams, and publications that have contributed so materially in the making of Tech, but ever present was that inimitable Tech spirit, unconquered, unconquerable. Strengthened by the presence of scores of former students, many of whom had returned as commissioned officers, and by the absence of a multitude of men inferior to the Tech standard, a heroic attempt was made by the student body to renew the glories of the past.

To a marvelous extent they succeeded. From a campus bare of interest, from a school void of the lighter vein of life, in an unimaginably short time, rose the structure work of a greater spirit. The old was reconstructed and the new introduced with an admirable precision. But the summit of our success lies in the future. To this end our present activities are but a suggestion of the brilliant days that are to come!
Tech Athletic Association

Dr. J. B. Crenshaw  Director of Athletics
Dr. S. S. Wallace  Treasurer
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1918 FOOTBALL MEN</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>FINCHER, W. E.</td>
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<td>GUYON, J. N.</td>
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<td>DAY, A. M.</td>
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<td>DAVIS, O.</td>
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<td>FLOWERS, B. R.</td>
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<td>BARRON, D. I.</td>
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<td>HEATH, B. D.</td>
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<td>WHEELER, M. L.</td>
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<tr>
<th>1918 TRACK TEAM</th>
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<tr>
<td>PARKER, W. A.</td>
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<td>BATTLE, W. W.</td>
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<td>STRUPPER, G. E.</td>
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<th>1918 TENNIS TEAM</th>
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<td>OWENS, F. C.</td>
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<th>1918 GOLF TEAM</th>
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"T" Club

OFFICERS

A. B. HILL ......................... President
J. W. HARLAN ....................... Vice-President
C. P. SMITH .................... Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

ADAMS, B. R.  HUFFINES, R. D.  PARKER, W. A.
ADAIR, P.  HILL, A. B.  POLLARD, L. W.
ALLEN, H. T.  HEATH, B. D.  PRUITT, F. O.
ASBURY, F. H.  HOLST, B. B.  ROGERS, J. C.
BARRON, D. I.  HOWARD, G. P.  STATON, A. H.
COBB, F. R.  LAMAR, L. M.  SCARBOROUGH, D. D.
DAVIS, O.  MCELESKEY, J. M.  SMITH, C. P.
DAVIS, V. L.  McLellan, A.  SMITH, W. D.
DOYAL, R. L.  MURPHY, A. H.  TURNER, C. F.
FINCHER, W. E.  NESBIT, M. M.  WHEELER, M. L.
FLOWERS, B. R.  OWENS, F. C.  WHITELEY, W. R.
FERST, F. W.  PRESCOTT, T. S.  WILDER, B.
Varsity Football Squad

W. E. Fincher ........................................ Captain
H. C. Arnall .......................................... Manager

PLAYERS

Fincher, W. E.   Scarborough, D. D.
Guyon, J. N.     Smith, W. D.
Day, A. M.       Doyal, R. L.
Davis, O.        Mathis, W. T.
Flowers, B. R.   Nesbit, M. M.
Barron, D. I.    Rogers, J. C.
Adams, B. R.     Fert, F. W.
Cobb, F. R.      Webb, B. P.
Staton, A. H.    Davis, V. L.
Huffines, R. D.  Lamar, L. M.
Allen, H. T.
Our Coaches


There is no need to introduce Johnny Heisman for anyone who has heard of football has heard of Johnny Heisman, the marvel coach. To Coach Heisman Tech attributes the enviable position it now occupies in the football limelight of America. Way back in the mediæval ages in the year 1904 when Tech was still in swaddling clothes Coach Heisman signed up to coach Tech’s football team and has coached ever since. For fifteen years all his matchless skill has been given unreservedly to Tech. For the last four years he has won the Championship of the South, and in 1917 produced the famous “Golden Tornado,” the greatest team the country has ever known.

Coach Wood was new this year to Tech, but he made good with a jump. He was one of the greatest linemen ever turned out by Notre Dame. He had entire charge of the line and he proved beyond a shadow of a doubt the efficiency of his methods. To him is due a great deal of credit for the wonderful showing made this year. Above all Coach Wood is a prince of good fellows and is admired by every man in Tech.
Varsity Football Squad

During the first days of 1918 football practice, the outlook was gloomy enough to discourage anyone but Coach Heisman. In the first place the only regulars of last year back were Captain Bill Fincher and the Big Chief, Joe Guyon. A peach of a nucleus, at that, but two men cannot make a team, however good they are. A very few who had seen service on the scrubs, and a right healthy looking bunch of former prep men completed the list. Not so encouraging a prospect. And then came the doubt and confusion caused by the government taking over the colleges, and one day the report would come that there was to be absolutely no football, the next it would be denied. It was enough to discourage any group of men, and about the only thing that kept anyone at practice was the "never say die" spirit of Coach Heisman and Bill Fincher. At last things began to brighten up; the authorities saw fit to encourage football rather than frown upon it and concessions to the S. A. T. C. colleges were more liberal than any had dared dream for. So the squad took on new life and when Dowling, Rogers, Mathes, and Simpson of last year's squad turned up things moved with all the old time pep.

At the beginning of the season the old men back got together and elected William Fincher captain to take the place of Everett Strupper, who had entered the army. And no better man could have been picked to fill the shoes of the great Strup. Bill is a man not only with the knowledge necessary to captain a great football team but with the personality and spirit to get the best out of it. Bill was able to show every man on the team just how the thing ought to be done as he has played every position but center himself. As
a member of the famous “Golden Tornado” of 1917 Bill made practically unanimous All-Southern tackle, and this year, though playing a position unfamiliar to him, namely end, won the great honor of being placed on Walter Camp’s All-American pick. Bill, however, is modest with all his honors, and is a man the lowliest scrub could approach and be sure of getting patient advice. Bill made Tech an ideal captain and all praise is due him.

Next to the Governor of the State, probably the most important personage in these parts is the “Big Chief,” Joseph N. Guyon. Aside from speaking the Chippewah Indian tongue fluently, Joe has other accomplishments. Joe is judged by many the foremost athlete in America and one of the country’s greatest all-time football players. At Carlisle in 1912 while only eighteen years old Joe was a prominent All-American pick, and has been getting better every succeeding year. Joe was the mainstay of Tech’s freshman wonder team this year. The Big Chief was assistant coach and all-around utility man, playing sensationally in both backfield and in the line. Joe will always be loved for the great work he did defensively against Pittsburg.

From a rather prickly thorn in Tech’s side, to one star performer, is the story of A. Ralph Flowers, better known as Buck. When Buck left Davidson and came to Tech and was allowed to play on the Gold and White’s football team because of the coming of the S. A. T. C., it was a bright day for Tech. Buck was the sensation of the football world in 1917 at Davidson College, where despite his diminutive size he side-stepped his way into an All-Southern berth. Buck did not rest on his laurels this year. His brilliant work in the Pitt game attracted the attention of Walter
Camp, an interested spectator, and gained him a place on Camp's All-American second team.

“Pup” Phillips' loss could not help but be felt, for it is no snap to fill an All-American center's place. But no better man could have been found to fill Pup's rather large size shoes than Ashel Day, formerly of the Porter Military Academy. No man can fill an All-American's position better than another All-American; yes, you have it; Ashel Day was accorded the most signal distinction ever given a Southern football player. In his freshman year he did what no other player at any Southern college has ever done. He made center on Camp's first string All-American pick. That is going some for a freshman.

Now Tech will have two All-American centers when Pup Phillips returns in the fall.

D. I. Barron, sometimes known as "Red" just couldn't help being a football player. Red first gained attention when he, in the Clemson game, ran forty yards for a touchdown by the simple method of hurdling over the tacklers instead of trying to dodge. From that day on "Red" held on to his place at quarterback.

H. T. "Pug" Allen was taught the elements of football at Porter Military Academy and we'll give 'em credit, they sure did the job well. "Pug" was a fullback of the Tommy Spence type, the plunging type of back. He'd hit that line just like a ram, and come through like it was chaff with shreds of said line clinging to him. With Joe to keep the ends guessing and "Pug" to punish the line the enemy never had a chance.

You would never accuse Frank Ferst of being a demon half back at first sight. Frank is ordinarily a very mild-mannered, well-behaved and decorous young man, but pour him into a suit
of football togs and give him a bit of opposition and the fireworks begin. Frank made Tech a mighty good man and entirely lived down the rep that he had once gained by going to Georgia.

Boys High School has turned out some mighty good football material but she never produced a better halfback than Brainard Adams. "B" was the sensation of the prep league for many years, and in his last prep appearance he and Judy Harlan as opponents staged a hectic battle on Grant Field. But "B's" performance on Grant Field this year eclipsed all past records. "B" is a man on the type of Albert Hill—a stocky, low set sort of a fellow—but, great guns! fast as lightning and a brilliant broken field runner. "B's" sixty-yard run for touchdown from kick-off on a muddy field in the Auburn game will never be forgotten at Tech. And incidentally "B" Adams was one of the few men who made an appreciable gain around Pitt's ends.

Boys High was also well represented at Tech in the person of Albert Staton, another Atlanta prep star. Albert's motto is "Treat 'em rough" and all rival ends can testify that he lives up to it in a most disheartening way. Those lanky arms and legs looked awkward and no doubt were, for they were ever getting messed up in the thick of the fray. As a running mate for Bill Fincher Albert was a distinct success.

Everyone was mighty glad to see Wally Smith hit his stride this year, and lose the bit of hesitancy in running which held him back last year. We imagine Wally just grinned that old trick away for Wally just keeps plugging and grinning at the same time. But though happy always, Wally was unusually joyous Thanksgiving, and was as frisky and elusive as a young pup, much to the sorrow of Auburn.
Football Review

Tech opened the season on October 5th with Clemson, and that team went down in defeat at the hands of the Yellow Jackets as she is accustomed to do year after year. The Tech team played raggedly in spots but the famous "jump shift" was handled well by the new men and at the end of the contest Tech stood on top of a 28-0 score.

OCTOBER 12TH. TECH 118—FURMAN 0

Tech's second game of the season was an uninteresting affair after the first ten minutes of play, as the Furman combination was unable to stop the track meet.

A sensational play was pulled by Barron and Flowers in the fourth quarter. The former Davidson star dropped back on Tech's seventy-two-yard line for a forward as Barron sped on down the field. Barron caught the ball forty-two yards away and ran the remaining distance for a touchdown.

The track meet ended with touchdowns credited to the following: Barron 4, Allen 3, Adams 2, Ferst 2, Guyon, Fincher, Wally Smith, Cobb and Doyal 1 each. Bill Fincher had a perfect day at goal kicking, placing the ball between the uprights fourteen straight times.

OCT. 19. TECH 123—11TH CAVALRY 0

After only two minutes of the second half had been played with the score 123 to 0, the soldiers of the 11th Cavalry were forced to surrender to Tech, their reserves having given out. Tech scored at will and the feature of the game were the long passes from Flowers to Fincher or Barron. The eighteen touchdowns were scored by the following men: Flowers 5, Barron 4, Ferst, Allen and Staton 2 each, Smith, Fincher and Cobb 1 each.
October 26. Tech 28—Gordon 0

Twelve thousand people saw Tech defeat Camp Gordon, in one of the best games ever witnessed on Grant Field. It was a bitter contest and for two full quarters the Heisman machine was stalled and helpless. In the two furious quarters even Flowers and Guyon were unable to gain, so fierce was the soldier’s defensive.

The better condition of the younger men won out in the remainder of the game, but the Tech team was forced to the limit to win over the soldier combination.

“Red” Barron played the game of his life and scored two of his team’s touchdowns. Pug Allen’s line plunging was also a feature of the contest, while Frank Ferst started the fireworks by making the first touchdown by swooping up the ball after Strupper fumbled and going over the line for a tally. Ferst also scored the other remaining touchdown. Bill Fincher kicked goal successfully upon all occasions.

Nov. 10. Tech 128—N. C. A. & E. 0

Tech piled up the record score of the season against North Carolina Agricultural and Engineering Institute on Grant Field, November 10th. Neither Flowers or Guyon was used in this game, the star pair being saved for the Pittsburg contest.

The touchdowns were made by the following: Ferst 4, Smith 3, Allen 3, Staton 2, Cobb 2, Adams 1. Fincher scored fourteen points by goal kicking after touchdowns.

November 23. Pittsburgh 32—Tech 0

The first defeat suffered by Tech in four years came at the hands of Pittsburgh. The freshman team of Tech was no match for the Pitt-Panthers, who had
six four-year men and eight varsity men from the year before on their team.

The Pittsburg defense was impregnable, while the offense revolving around Davies and Easterday was brilliant.

"Injun" Joe Guyon was certainly there in the midst of the thickest fighting and played the best game of his career. His number "27" could be seen in every play, and McLaren, the much advertised fullback of the Panthers, was unable to gain against Tech. Bill Fincher and Joe Guyon were too much for him.

"Buck" Flowers made the longest run for Tech, netting twenty-one yards by a sensational break-away. Albert Staton, Brainard Adams, Day and Ferst also displayed some fine football. In fact the whole Tech team played splendidly and fought to the end, but the odds were too overwhelmingly in favor of Pittsburg. The aerial attack and versatile plays of Pitt held the less experienced team at a disadvantage, but Tech was far from being disgraced by the defeat, as all the Northern papers commented on their fighting spirit.

Nov. 28th. Tech 41—Auburn 0

Tech experienced little difficulty in winning over the Auburn combination on Grant Field Thanksgiving. The field was wet and soggy and slowed up the game considerably, but the game was never in doubt after the first quarter.

Joe Guyon scored first for Tech by catching a forward pass from Flowers and sprinting over the line.

"Buck" scored the second touchdown by an end run of fifteen yards, Fincher kicking goal. Guyon made the third by bucking center for five yards. "Wally" Smith made a touchdown by skirting left end for twelve yards. Barron carried the ball over from the one-yard line for the last score of the season.
The Football Banquet

Pittsburg and the adventures of the Tech football team in that smoky town may have dampened the spirits of the members of said team for a time, but if those happenings had any effect on their appetites it failed conclusively to manifest itself on the night of December 7th. For unlike those who would cry over their spilt milk and never think of salvaging part of it, the Tech team was given as splendid and care-free a banquet as though the dark cloud of Pittsburg had never appeared on the horizon. It was only just that this team, though defeated by the most powerful team in the country and so breaking a no-defeat record of four years standing, should be treated as royally as the team which had gone through the season with clear record. One defeat and by so mighty an adversary could not take from the long string of glorious victories, which this “miracle freshman team” had accomplished.

The time was nine to twelve; the place the Druid Hills Golf Club. As it was announced that the “eats” would come promptly on schedule time, the team to a man was present at 8.30 o’clock. That half hour of wait was long, but Mabel! it was sure worth it. The big dancing hall was strung with Tech pennants, an immense one almost covering the wall on each side. And the center of attraction, a great table arranged in the form of an immense “T”.

Toastmaster Lowry Arnold took position at the head of the table, with Coach F. F. Wood and Captain Fincher on either side. The rest of the team occupied the head of the “T”; then came the faculty representatives, Dr. Smith, Dr. Crenshaw, and Mr. Armstrong; then the members of the Tech High-Muck Club consisting principally of George Adair, Bill Oldknow and last, but not least the honorable sporting writers’ union, Dick Jemison, “Ole” Bill Keeler, and Morgan Blake.

Then bedlam let loose, for Bill Oldknow in the hopes that the sounds of mirth might carry even unto Pittsburg had procured various and sundry infernal machines—horns, rattles, whistles and the like. Finally, Mr. Toastmaster succeeded in making himself heard to the effect that all hot air would be reserved to the last as the spuds might get cold, etc. (Register prolonged and joyous cheering.) The game was on. The waiters registered first down, skirting right end and deftly forward passing great platters containing chicken, rice, potatoes and other delicacies. The passing was intercepted by the diners, however, and the play became fast and furious. Everyone showed the effects of excellent training and had little trouble in lasting out the half. Salad made its appearance in the third quarter, and the game ended with ice cream and cake. The condition of some of the participants was pitiful. They were all in.

Lowry Arnold began the further persecution of the guests by introducing George Adair “whom you have doubtless seen hanging around Tech during the months of October and November”. Mr. Adair electrified his audience by an eloquent and convincing talk on the value of religious attention to your studies. It is feared by many that the milk had gone to his head. Dr. Crenshaw followed, speaking on the value of the football man to his college. Prof. D. M. Smith, “the man who taught Bill Fincher calculus and led Joe Guyon through the mazes of analyt,” had his hearers weeping in sympathy. One of the best speeches of the night was given by Bob Jones, the only Georgia graduate who ever attended a Tech banquet. At this point Joe Guyon was presented with a pair of cuff links as the most useful man on the team, and responded in the Chippewah Indian tongue. Bill Fincher was presented with the captain’s knife, and Coach Wood with a token of esteem. Dick Jemison, then Morgan Blake were heard from, and the meeting then broke up in disorder when O. B. Keeler responded with a few original jokes.

The only feature which took from the occasion was the absence of Coach Heisman, the first Tech banquet he has missed in fifteen years.
You ask for a toast to the heroes tonight,  
To those who were victors in many a fight,  
To the names that are sung by the public in praise,  
To the stars that rose from a battlefield's haze.  
Well, fill your glasses and drink to my toast;  
Here's a toast to the army, a toast to the host,  
A toast to the steel that is worn and rusted,  
A toast to the jewel which fate has encrusted—  
It's only a drink to the forgotten, the dub—  
Here's a toast to His Honor, His Honor: the Scrub.

"It's only a toast to the shadows—no more—  
You never will see them—it's a terrible bore  
Watching them struggle in snow and in rain,  
Bleeding and fighting for a Varsity's name.  
Yes, they get the honor; the Scrub, gets the hell!  
He's only a shadow—it's all in the game,  
And the butterfly sees the gold of the flame—  
It's only a drink to the forgotten, the dub—  
Here's a toast to His Honor, His Honor: the Scrub."
Baseball Team, 1918

M. F. GUILL ...................................................... Captain
J. S. BUDD .......................................................... Manager

VARSITY

HEATH, B. D.  WILDER, B.
WHEELER, M. L.  WEBB, B. P.
GUILL, M. F.  GUYON, J. N.
TURNER, C. F.  MURPHY, A. H.
WHITELEY, W. R.  PRUITT, F. O.
SMITH, W. D.  ASBURY, F. H.
INGRAM, L. C.  IVENS, H.
Baseball History, 1918

WAS a fair day in March, the second to be exact, when Tech's new coach, Mr. Joe Bean, called his baseballers and would-be baseballers together on Grant Field. Eighty-two men reported and of all this number Coach Bean was able to find but two men of Heisman's 1917 Varsity. These two men were "Shorty" Guill and Hal Ivens. However, among the men out were some members of the 1917 scrub team and they, with the two regulars, were the nucleus around which Coach Bean built the team.

"Shorty" Guill was elected captain a few days afterward and from then on practice was in earnest. The squad was cut and a sign out list established. The ambitions of many a young Tech freshman were blighted by this action on coach's part but all took it philosophically. After two weeks of practice the team played a couple of practice games which they easily won. Then hard luck began. Wally Smith, who had been playing a brilliant game at short, broke his leg and was out for the entire season. His loss caused coach much worry but it was a formidable team that opened the collegiate season against Mercer on March 29 at Grant Field. But the new team was in for a surprise. Winn, a southpaw, who pitched for Mercer, was extremely right and Tech was beaten 8 to 0. It was just a case of a pitcher being too good, and though Asbury, for Tech, twirled a heady game, Mercer won out.

The next day, though, the team started two things; first, a glow of pride in the student body by beating Mercer 5 to 2; and, secondly, a precedent for being a fifty-fifty team. Whenever the Jackets lost a game it was a sure bet that we would win the next day or vice versa. A loss didn't discourage the 1918 team. Next day would bring revenge. In fact the Boston Red Sox couldn't have taken two games in a row from us. It just wasn't being done that spring. Old Man S. O. L. hit Tech again on April 2d when Joe Guyon, who had been playing a bang-up game in center field was forced to return to his ranch in order to hold it. This weakened the team considerably and caused a shift in the lineup but it didn't discourage Joe Bean a bit.

Davidson came next and played a doubleheader on Grant Field on April 6th. In the first game the Jackets were stung to the tune of 7 to 1. In the second game though Tech came back and with Pruitt pitching a masterly game won a curtailed affair with a 6 to 1 advantage.

On the 13th of April Tech entertained Auburn and Murphy, Asbury and eight other athletes downed the clan from the small town and placed Tech at the head of the college league. The casualty list in the morning papers showed that Tech had accumulated just twice as many tallies as Auburn; the score was 8 to 4. But our precedent was our undoing, for the next day the Jackets were trimmed 10 to 4 and we dropped from the lead.
Tech then took her first road trip, going to Auburn, where they won the first game 8 to 3, but the jinx overtook them and the next day Tech was whitewashed 3 to 0.

The following week the Bean Boys played a match game with Oglethorpe, beating them 5 to 1, with Pruitt in the box, and then on the 27th of April the team made Vanderbilt bite the dust, 4 to 1.

On May 3rd the team went Maconward and on that day were beaten by Mercer 4 to 3, but on the following day Asbury let Mercer down with three hits and the Jackets copped, 10 to 0. We were still fifty-fifty.

Then came the big show, the climax of Tech's baseball season, the four games with Georgia. Tech went to Athens on May 10th and in a hard fought game were beaten 2 to 0, though the Jackets looked dangerous in every stage of the game. Murphy opposed Philpot in this game and though both pitched great ball the luck was all with the Red and Black twirler.

The next day the second game of the series was played. Tech was there one hundred per cent with the Yellow Jacket band. Every Techite knew the Jackets would win, for hadn't we lost the day before; but Georgia evinced a Missourian disposition and so Tech showed her, with a 4 to 3 score. Asbury pitched a great game and the whole team was behind him from start to finish.

Georgia reported to Grant Field on May 17th and though the Tech nine strove hard Holliday had it over them and Georgia won, 4 to 2. The season ended next day and a glorious end it was. The game started off with Georgia in the lead and she held this lead until the eighth when Tech, by bunching hits and taking advantage of the Red and Black errors, tied the score. Georgia scored again in the ninth but the Jackets, fighting an up-hill battle, knotted the count again in their half of this inning. The tenth passed by with nothing startling and also Georgia's part of the eleventh. Then Tech began to "ramble," and when with Turner on third, Heath singled and Turner came home with the run that beat Georgia and ended the 1918 season and the Georgia series fifty-fifty.

If the Yellow Jacket luck was fifty-fifty there was nothing fifty-fifty about the fighting spirit of our 1918 team. They were one hundred per cent fighters and under as popular a captain as ever led a Tech athletic team, they never quit. Tech may have better teams and greater teams in the future but she will never have any team that will surpass the 1918 team in fighting qualities.

About two weeks after the season closed two of the Tech regulars were rewarded for their good work during the season by being picked on Mike Donahue's All-Southern team. These men were Captain "Shorty" Guill at second base, and Bevo Webb our first sacker. These two men were certainly deserving of this honor as they played great ball throughout the season.
Track Team, 1918
Captain

G. E. STRUPPER

Manager

C. B. BLACKWELL

VARSlTY
PARKER, W. A.

RAE, O. O.

BATTLE, W. W.

BLACKWELL, C. B.

STRUPPER, G. E.

MCCLESKEY, J. M.

HOLST, B. B. 'MCLELLAN, A.
ROGERS, J. C.

MCCREA, W. W.

POLLARD, L. W.

CHAMPION, E. F.


Everett Strupper piloted the Tech track team to victory on April 23d on Grant Field, in a four-cornered meet in which Davidson, Sewanee, Mississippi A. & M., and Tech competed. The Tech captain was the star of the meet, winning first place in the 100-yard dash, the low and high hurdles, and the 220-yard dash. Hammond, the Sewanee captain and muchly touted champion, failed to deliver all that was expected of him and was unable to push Strupper closely in any of the events in which the two competed.

Tech won the meet by a large margin, scoring more points than the other three competitors combined. Points were scored as follows: Tech 62, Davidson 32, Sewanee 16, and Mississippi 5.

The 100-yard dash was won by Strupper, the football star running the distance in 10 2-5 seconds. McRae of Tech was second and Hammond of Sewanee third.

Perhaps the most exciting race of the day was the 440-yard dash. Battle of Tech finally emerged the winner after being closely pushed until the last 100 yards by Crouch of Davidson, who finished second.

Brand of Davidson pulled off a big surprise when he ran away with the mile event. At the end of the third lap the Davidson man was about fifty feet behind McCleskey of Tech, but sprinted the entire remaining lap and won by a good margin. Parker placed third for the Yellow Jackets.

The 220-yard dash went to Tech, being won by Strupper in the excellent time of 22 3-5 seconds. "Heinie" Holst also of Tech pushed the winner close and finished second.

Tech was only able to place third in the 880-yard run, Parker finishing behind Finley and Brand of Davidson, who captured first and second places respectively. The winners' time was 2 minutes and 8 seconds.

Strupper won the high hurdles for Tech in 16 seconds. This was one of the prettiest races of the afternoon, Hammond of Sewanee being beaten about 4 yards. McLellan captured third place for Tech.

McQueen of Davidson won the high jump, clearing the bar at 5 feet 8½ inches. Blackwell and Pollard of Tech, and Hammond of Sewanee tied for second place.

Tech won both first and second places in the 220-yard low hurdles. Strupper crossed the line first, his time being 26 seconds for the distance. Holst was the winner of second place for Tech.

The running broad jump was an event which caused more than usual interest. "Heinie" Holst captured this event for Tech, leaving Mother Earth's surface for a distance of 20 feet and 6 inches. Holst had little difficulty in defeating Charlie Hammond of Sewanee, the latter being pushed closely for second place by McCrea of Tech who finished third.

The pole vault was captured by Mississippi A. & M. by a big margin. Worthington of the college named was the only representative sent by that institution and was the winner of the pole vault. The winner cleared the uprights at 10 feet 6 inches. McCrea, the Tech athlete finished second, and Eates of Sewanee third.

The javelin throw was won by Tech, McCrea hurling the slender pole a distance of 129 4-5 feet. Hammond of Sewanee was second and Strupper third in this event.

The only event in which Tech failed to place was the shot put. Grey of Davidson easily won this event, Ellam and Hammond of Sewanee finishing second and third respectively. The winner's distance was 37 feet and 10 inches.

Grey also won the discus throw, the Davidson man throwing the discus 110 feet. Champion and Rogers, both of Tech, finished second and third respectively.

The meet plainly demonstrated that Tech had among its dominions the best collection of track athletes in the South. She won by substantial margins and showed conclusively to her competitors what the White and Gold could do under test.
Tennis Team, 1918

F. C. Owens ............................ Manager
G. R. Fraser ............................ Assistant Manager
F. C. Owens ............................ Singles Champion
G. P. Howard
F. C. Owens ............................ Doubles Champion
G. P. Howard
F. C. Owens ............................ Team
Tennis History, 1918

With the entire 1917 tennis team in school and a wealth of new material and many old heads such as Beall, McMath, Milner, and Fraser, Tech was slated to have the best tennis team ever turned out.

With one of the largest fields ever competing in a Tech tournament K. H. Merry and F. C. Owens went to the finals in singles. Merry won his way to the finals after defeating McMath in straight sets, 6-1, 6-2. Owens defeated Fraser in the upper bracket of the semi-finals, 6-3, 6-0. In the finals Owens defeated Merry in straight sets, 6-3, 6-2, 6-3. It was the case of careful, steady chops of Merry’s against the driving, lawfords of Owens.

In the doubles Howard and Owens met and defeated Merry and Beall in straight sets by the count of 6-1, 6-2, 6-4. The match was never in doubt and Howard’s “slop-bucket” serve had his opponents completely baffled.

The first meet of the year was when the Tech tennis team journeyed to Knoxville to play the University of Tennessee. The closest contest of the entire match was the first contest between Smith of Tennessee and Owens. “Hop” dropped the first set 4-6, but came back and took the next two after playing an up-hill game throughout. On the same day Allenberg of Tennessee, defeated Howard of Tech, 8-6, 6-1.

Howard and Owens defeated Allenberg and Smith in the doubles in straight sets 6-3, 6-4, 6-3. It was not until this match that the Tech representatives found themselves.

On the following day the teams swapped around and Howard took on Smith while Owens met Allenberg. Howard lost his match 5-7, 6-0, 6-3, but Owens defeated Allenberg 6-3, 6-2, which gave Tech the meet.

The next meet was the S. I. A. A. held at East Lake. Tech carried off both the singles and doubles honors. In the semi-finals Howard of Tech defeated Sullers of Mercer, 6-4, 6-4, while Owens of Tech was disposing of Barker of Mercer, by the count of 6-0, 6-4.

After Mercer had been eliminated in the semi-finals Owens and Howard clashed to settle the individual honors. Owens defeated his team mate in straight sets, 6-2, 6-2, 6-1.

In the finals in doubles Howard and Owens defeated Barker and Sullers, 6-2, 6-3, 6-3. Tulane won the meet in 1917 when Howard and Owens were defeated by the Tulane team in New Orleans. The meet this year will be held in Atlanta.
Golf Team, 1918

T. S. Prescott .................... Captain
F. J. Howden .................... Manager

TEAM
Adair, P. (1)  Watkins, E. (3)
Prescott, T. S. (2)  Howden, F. J. (4)
Golf History, 1918

Last year marked the first season that Tech ever turned out a golf team and it met with marked success in the matches with the Eastern colleges.

To get to the personnel and work of the team. Very little time was had by the men to practice, but they went to it with a will and when the time for the first match with Columbia came around, a formidable quartet was on hand. Perry Adair, one of the foremost golfers in the South, was number one man. Adair has been playing golf around Atlanta since twelve years old and holds many of the course records in the South. Fred Howden of Savannah, was elected manager. Howden had a score of notable records to his credit there. Ewing Watkins, one of the best golfers in Tennessee and said to be the longest driver in the South, and Tom Prescott of Atlanta golf fame, comprised the other two members of the team.

TECH 15—COLUMBIA 0

Tech opened her invasion of the East with a match with the University of Columbia. Scoring in this match as in all the contests which followed, was kept on the Nassau system, the winners on the first nine being awarded one point, the same being true for the second nine holes, and an additional point being awarded for the best ball of the match.

The first matches were played in the morning, Tom Prescott and Perry Adair playing the best ball against A. L. Walker (Junior Inter-collegiate and Staten Island champion), and A. J. Boyd, also a golfer of collegiate fame. Ewing Watkins and Fred Howden were paired up against Bigin and Straumberg of Columbia.

Adair and Prescott had little trouble in taking the measure of the Easterners and defeated them handily, 5 up with 4 to play. Perry Adair played the course in 76, a most excellent score as a high wind was blowing. The results of this match netted the Tech team 3 points, Nassau.

Watkins and Howden showed their opponents little sympathy for their teammates defeat and the Tech golfers won 5-3, giving Tech 3 more points.

In the afternoon Perry was matched against A. L. Walker, the inter-collegiate champion, to decide the singles championship. This match was fairly even until the twelfth green where Walker laid Adair a stymie. The Tech golfer pitched over his opponent's ball into the cup for a win, this seemed to upset the Eastern champion, and Adair had easy sailing from then on, capturing the match 5-4. Adair's win added 3 more points to the Tech score for the day.

Tom Prescott and Bigin of Columbia also were matched in the afternoon play. In this match the only chance Columbia had of scoring was thwarted by Prescott on the ninth hole. Prescott was one down through the eighth hole, and came back and captured the ninth making the score even at the turn. Having pulled out of the hole Prescott continued his good playing and won the match 5-4. This gave Tech 2 additional points.

Fred Howden locked horns with Straumberg. Howden was two down at the end of the seventh green but played excellent golf at this point in the match and captured the next five holes in succession, playing the second nine holes in 37 strokes. This
was the last match of the meet with Columbia, and Tech had totaled 15 points against none of their opponents.

TECH DEFEATS YALE 17 TO 1

The next day Tech was scheduled to play the Yale golf team. They had time only to play the course, on which the match was to take place, around once. When the match took place the next day a high wind was blowing which was another handicap, but in spite of the two disadvantages scored heavily on the Bull Dog golfers. The Jackets scored 17 out of a possible 18 points.

Adair and Prescott were matched against Moorkwell and Balch in the morning doubles. The Tech pair had the best ball for the entire match and scored 3 points by their complete victory.

Howden and Watkins defeated Joffrey and Davis in the best match of the day. Watkins terrific drives and the consistent putting of Howden were too much for the Bull Dogs.

In the individual matches the Yale team met with little more success. Adair was matched with Moorkwell and won easily, 6-5, the winner playing consistent golf at all times during the contest. Perry had the best ball on all occasions and his win netted Tech 3 points.

Fred Howden turned in the best card of the day in his match with Joffrey, and defeated the latter, 8-7. Howden shot a 76 on the round and led his opponent throughout the entire match, giving Tech an additional 3 points.

The only score of the day was made in the match between Watkins and Davis. Watkins defeated his opponent handily on the first nine and on the second nine the score was all even through the seventeenth hole. On the eighteenth hole a small pebble on the green turned Watkins ball while putting for a win, this resulting in the only score made by the Yale golfers during the day.

PENN DOWNED 14 TO 3

The last contest of the Jackets in the East came when the University of Pennsylvania was played. After Penn was defeated a successful invasion was brought to a close.

Ewing Watkins and Prescott met and defeated Kundt and McNeal in a close match, the former pair winning, 2-1. The Southerners lost on one nine but captured the other and had the best ball of the contest. Tech was awarded 2 points in this match.

Perry Adair and Fred Howden played Jacks and Webster of Penn and won to the tune of 4 up with 3 to go. The Tech pair completely outclassed the Penn pair and scored 3 points for Tech.

In the individual matches Adair tied up with Jacks and won 6-4. The Quaker golfer was at the mercy of Adair at all times and Tech annexed 3 more points by the results of this match.

Tom Prescott defeated Kundt in a fairly close match winning 2 points for Tech, while Watkins had little trouble in downing McNeal, 6-4, giving the White and Gold golfers 3 points.

Fred Howden lost a close match to Webster, the Penn man winning 1 up. This was the last score made by Penn and the match ended with Tech on the big end of a 14 to 3 score.
Swimming
Swimming Team

G. R. Fraser .................................................... Captain
F. C. Owens ..................................................... Manager

TEAM

Scott, R. H.
Fraser, G. R.
Evans, J. G.

Carson, H. D.
Weiss, R. G.
Owens, F. C.
Swimming History

The first year that Tech entered aquatic sports was marked by great interest in the game and wonderful records by members of the team. At the beginning of the year when the first tryout was held in the pool of the city Y. M. C. A. about sixty men came out—a wealth of material—and it was with some difficulty that a team was finally decided upon. It was a team that has some of the fastest water splashes that the South has ever turned out and one that would make any Eastern college hustle to beat. In G. R. Fraser, captain of the team, Tech can boast of the best swimmer in the South. He holds the Southern record in both the 220-yard swim and the 50-yard.

The first meet that Tech had was with the Clemson Tigers at Clemson. Tech sent six men up, Fraser, Weiss, Scott, Carson, Evans and Owens, and they returned with a 50 to 19 victory. In this meet excellent time was made by both teams. Fraser and Weiss were the stars for Tech, Fraser swimming the 220 yards in 2 minutes and 50 seconds, cutting 4 seconds off his own Southern record. Weiss swam first in the 20 yards, 40 yards, 40-yard back, and swam the relay. Carson placed second in the 100- and 220-yard swim, being only a few feet behind his team mate, Fraser, in both events. Evans swam the 440 yards in the short time of 6 minutes and 30 seconds, while Scott and Owens boosted the teams points with second places, Scott placing in the 20 yards and medley swim, while Owens placed second in the breast. In the relay Owens, who swam first for Tech, obtained a good lead over his man and Carson, Weiss and Fraser each increased this lead till finally it was ten yards.

When this book goes to press this is the only meet that the team has participated in, but there is a great probability that they will go East, and if they do they should give a good account of themselves.
Cross Country Run

The steenth, annual cross-country run passed into history, according to Father Time's best records, on Saturday, the fifteenth day of March, in the year nineteen hundred and nineteen. In magnitude and brilliance it eclipsed its predecessors by a large majority, despite any insidious insinuations to the contrary.

'Twas a miserable, drizzling rain and a wintry, northern wind that greeted the various and sundry entrants as they emerged from their seclusion around the appointed hour of the get-away. Nothing daunted, the ambitious, care-free exponents of Marathon, some two hundred and thirty in number, concealed in a partial degree by bath-robcs, kimonos, and mackintoshes, stepped bravely forth and doffed their variegated frocks. The motley crew, their nine hundred and twenty limbs thus boldly displayed, were clad in an assortment of athletic garb or regalia that would make an illustrated Spalding catalog look like a fashion book for elderly spouses. Uniforms, or segments thereof, representing the essential apparel of every known and unknown sport from pinochle to bathing to I. D. R., were visible. Truly, it was a sight for sore eyes.

It was but a few moments after the hour of two that the gallant stalwarts, nervous and expectant, lined up across Grant Field. After several minor disputes for the more preferable positions, the preliminary instructions and announcements were read and the field cleared for action. Captain Heinie Hoist of the track team deftly pulled the trigger of a six-shooter and the men were off.

Gibby Fraser, famous as a follower of the arts of Neptune, hastened out in front of his multitude of opponents at the very start and attained the honor of leading the regiment through the northern gates of Grant Field. Some Apollo, bedecked in a dainty blue, one-piece, Annette K., guaranteed-not-to-shrink-or-fade bathing suit drew up the rear guard. Immediately outside the gates, however, he was deprived of this unenviable position, when a certain, ponderous, prodigious freshman of football fame collapsed under the strain of the terrible pace and fell by the wayside.

Exactly nineteen minutes, fifty-three and four-fifths seconds after the report of the gun, Bill Parker passed under the rope a winner, holding a safe lead of one hundred yards. Closely coupled till the very last dash were Fouche and Haskell but the former managed to crowd out his rival by a nose. For the next ten minutes, until the gates were locked, droves of weary, wayworn travelers, singly and collectively, returned to the fold.

Out of the two hundred and thirty entrants, the remarkable number of one hundred and seventy-one successfully completed the route. To the one-two-three men, medals of gold, silver and bronze, respectively, were presented as a token of their superlative endurance. For the next thirty men there were cakes of varying savor and delectableness. The attractiveness of his prize proved the undoing and unsettling of one ravenous youth who rashly sought to satisfy his ill-timed appetite without any especial observation of the rules of a finely trained runner. No other casualties were noticed or reported but unconfirmed rumors of quite a few natural deaths were prevalent for nearly a week.

The first thirty men to finish were Bill Parker, D. D. Fouche, A. H. Haskell, Cobb, McLellan, W. D. Smith, Havis, Baumgartner, Fraser, Harrison, Howden, Russell, Cox, Khoury, Milner, Nelms, Williams, Shepard, Temple, Heyward, Burnham, McNeice, Lowndes, Paden, Bohannon, Schenck, Richardson, McMaster, Val Cook and Frankum.
To Mars, and to his pugnastic disposition, we attribute a multitude of troubles, sins and defects. Nor are our accusations against the martial war-lord unjust or undeserved. So completely did he disrupt college life and the institutions of the campus that it is doubtful if his disastrous attacks can be overcome in any short time. In the course of these ruthless onslaughts, amid the dying and the dead, we find the pitiful remains of the once brilliant Class Athletics.

Whose memory goeth not back to the days of old when the dignified Senior battled with the austere Junior on the gridiron or when the complacent Sophomore smothered the verdant Freshman on the diamond.

These games proved themselves of inestimable value both to the institution and to the student body in more ways than one. As the seasons rolled around, from football to basketball to baseball, each in its turn brought to light a world of undeveloped, natural athletes. The essential athletic training that so many would otherwise have missed was here attained, the physical standards of the Tech man being raised appreciably each year as the result.

The surcease of Class Athletics came simultaneously with the birth of our military regime. A new exercise, in the form of infantry drill, supplanted the old, as it were, over night. The athletic courts and grounds were changed to drill fields; the motley garbs and outfits gave way to khaki. All the spirit, all the fight, and all the energy of Tech's splendid manhood was united in the gigantic struggle.

But Peace, the glorious and wonderful, has come! Shining at first through the tiniest rift in the angry clouds of war, it beams at last with all its splendor from a glowing, restful heaven of blue, bringing with it hope, animation, and happiness.

In the interim Tech, stripped of all its campus activities, moved majestically along. Her loyal, patriotic sons returned not to a school but an army post. They dreamed of the past, fought for the present, but endured and lived in the future.

The task of re-establishing Class Athletics is but one part of the tremendous work ahead of our student body. The present Freshman class, as well as those to come, is unacquainted with traditions and combats of old. Upon the upper classmen, who unfortunately are in the minority, lies the greater part of the reconstructive and initiative work.

Resumption of Class Athletics cannot be accomplished on the spur of the moment. The new men, so to speak, must needs be educated up to the true meaning of class loyalty and spirit. The old men must take hold of the task with that vigor which characterized their efforts when Freshmen. All of the pent-up energy and surplus fighting spirit of our undergraduates once directed in the right channels can, with astonishing ease and rapidity, put Class Athletics back into the limelight that is so rightfully theirs.
Pan-Hellenic Basketball

Hail to the champs of the Georgia Tech Fraternity Basketball League of 1919—the Chi Phi quintette. This five was one of the best fraternity teams ever seen at Tech and deserved without a shadow of doubt the title of champions and the loving cup which goes with the title. From the first it was seen that the Chi Phi’s had a real basketball team and were almost sure to win their way to the finals, and, believe me, that meant something this year, for never in the history of the school has it had a more successful year, in every way. The interest in the games was high and large audiences of rooters turned out each time. Then the teams were all good and each and every one fought like bear-cats. It meant something to come out on top against such a field.

The S. A. E.’s won their way into the finals by defeating the A. T. O. team in the most exciting and hard-fought game of the season by the close margin of one point, the final count being 14 to 13. So now it was up to the S. A. E.’s to defend their title against the onset of the Chi Phi five.

But this time the old dope ran true to form, and the S. A. E.’s were snowed under by a score of 34 to 9, in a game far more interesting and exciting than the score begins to indicate. The ball was fought for to the last breath and the teams hit a pace which very nearly exhausted them both. But fight as they might the S. A. E.’s could not stop the shooting and passing of Wrigley, Fraser, Cobb, Prescott, and Parker, and were kept continually on the defense. It seemed that Gene Wrigley had a favorite spot on the board which he almost wore out during the game. The bank on that particular spot seemed to throw the ball through the ring every time. This ended the greatest and best basketball season that the pan-Hellenic league has ever held and basketball is not on a plane with baseball so far as interest in the game goes.
S. A. T. C. Officers

Cook, Major R. P.
Hermance, Major R. J.
Schultze, Capt. E. C.
Bailey, Lieut. C. C.
Barber, Lieut. W. N.
Bledsoe, Lieut. R. I.
Brashear, Lieut. J. H. B.
Buerger, Lieut. O. M.
Carlton, Lieut. C. B.
Dunn, Lieut. L. B.
George, Lieut. E. S.
Gottschault, Lieut. A. C.
Grage, Lieut. H. W.
Greil, Lieut. R. J.
Grether, Lieut. J. R.
Mullally, Ensign C. L.

Heffernon, Lieut. R. W.
Hershey, Lieut. C. P.
Heyman, Lieut. Herman
Kegley, Ensign E. A.
Kovach, Lieut. F. C.
Mills, Lieut. A. L., Jr.
Mills, Lieut. T. H.
Morris, Lieut. D. H., Jr.
Orr, Lieut. T. W.
Reardon, Lieut. J. T.
Respess, Lieut. E. R.
Ruder, Lieut. R. E.
Ryan, Lieut. H. W.
Walters, Lieut. W. W.
Whitcomb, Lieut. Douglas
Ellerbee, Ensign F. R.
The Band

FRANK ROMAN . . . . Leader
G. E. MANNING . . Assistant Leader

O. S. OLDKNOW . . . Drum Major
S. S. WALLACE . . . Manager

CLARINET SECTION
Tinckle, E. Walton, W. B.

CORNET SECTION
Allen, E. W. Getzen, G. E. Kohlruss, C. F. Miller, L. S.

SAXOPHONE SECTION
Hendricks, C. F. McKillop, I. H.

ALTO SECTION
Shumate, J. R. Smith, T. W. Gilbert, J. H. Marrow, F. M.

TROMBONE SECTION
Arnald, J. Y. Edwards, J. T. Foster, J. F. Partridge, A. D.

BARITONE SECTION
Wilder, J. B. Wilson, D. W.

BASS SECTION
Scarboro, D. D.

CLARK, J. J. LEVY, L. R.
JONES, C. M. McNEEL, F. F.

1919

DRUMS

ORLOW, H. WILSON, D. H.
THE FIGHTING

Tech's Military Programme

It was early in the spring of 1917, shortly after the declaration of war on Germany, that Georgia Tech adopted its first military programme. The organization in the beginning was, to be sure, hurried and incomplete. It was, to a certain extent, an experiment although it was the outgrowth of the existing emergencies and imperative needs of the times.

The corps as organized consisted of two battalions of four companies each, every man in school being required to take the drill. The officers and non-coms were selected from those students who had previously had drill in military academies or preparatory schools. The work had scarcely gotten under way when the term ended, automatically interrupting the organization.

During the summer that followed an aviation ground school was founded at Tech by the government. Sergeant Blake, an old army man who had had charge of the students' corps, continued as military instructor throughout the summer. When the student body returned in September he was again placed in command. Through his efficient and careful organization, Tech's cadet corps assumed a very formidable aspect. The officers of it were selected as in the previous spring and a unit of like size was formed.

Early in the winter when the reserve officers' training corps were established in various colleges over our country, Lieutenant-Colonel H. W. Hubbard was assigned as commandant of the unit at Tech. He was a retired officer of the Coast Artillery and a soldier of long experience. His excellent, executive ability caused the work of the corps to move forward with a bound, the accomplishments of the ensuing months being remarkable.

In May of the same year it was announced that R. O. T. C. camps were to be established in several selected places for the month of June. Each R. O. T. C. college was to be represented in one of these camps by a stated number of men, Tech's quota of fifty being assigned to Plattsburgh.

Our entire representation arrived in camp on Monday, June the third, and were immediately assigned to their respective companies. They experienced their first reveille at 5 a. m. Tuesday morning and wearily climbed out of bed. It took them but a short time to learn that their drilling at Tech was not even a fair sample of the work that was now required of them. But they worked, they endured, and, in the end, they succeeded gloriously. Practically the entire group of Tech men were recommended for commissions after further training. Three of them attained the signal honor receiving the "special recommendation" which was given to a very limited number of men in the entire camp.

The second Plattsburgh camp, lasting two months instead of one, was commenced ten days after the first terminated. An even larger number of Tech men entered this one, some remaining
from the first camp and others coming in from their homes. Very intensive military training, similar to that taken up in the first, was pursued. Again Tech came to the front, with an admirable number of its men winning their commissions in the infantry or in the field artillery. Those in the former were assigned in short time, many of them being given commands in the government schools and training detachments, while those in the latter were transferred to Camp Zachary Taylor in Kentucky for a broader and more thorough study of gunnery.

The fall of 1918 saw Tech as a real military post. Congress, in a bill during the summer, had created the new student’s army training corps, whereby the colleges of the country were made an integral part of our great American army. The student was allowed to attend the institution of his choice and at the same time be regularly enlisted in one of the various branches of service. The purport of this arrangement was two-fold: the colleges must not be depleted of their students by the effect of the existing selective draft calls; and the army was in dire need of college trained men as officers.

Because of the technical features of our school and because of the excellent standard and character of its work, Georgia Tech was designated not only as a training school of the army but for naval and marine corps units as well. The distinctive honor of possessing sections of each of the three branches of service came to but ten other colleges in the entire country.

The students’ army training corps of Georgia Tech was organized on October the first under the command of Major Radcliffe Hermance.

Promptly at eleven o’clock on that bright October morning, one thousand Tech men took the oath of allegiance to their country. A beautiful flag was presented to the school by thirty of Atlanta’s most representative maidens. Dr. Matheson and Major Hermance responded in short talks of acceptance, excellently expressing the appreciation and gratitude of our school over receiving such a splendid gift. Addresses were made by high officials of the army and state and the Tech band played the stirring, martial melodies of our nation. The new students’ army training corps passed under public inspection for the first time on the afternoon of the same day when the several units joined in the monstrous liberty parade held in Atlanta.

The naval unit was mustered into service a week later, under the command of three ensigns. The marine corps unit took the oath of enlistment on the fourteenth of October.

Under the regime of the S. A. T. C., the military life predominated here as well as in the several hundred other similar institutions. The scholastic side of the student’s life was made subsidiary, schedules and courses were seriously disturbed, and successful class work was practically impossible. After the signing of the armistice, the morale of the student soldiers deteriorated to an alarming degree. The wholesale discharge of the S. A. T. C., coming as it did early in December, proved a Godsend to the American colleges. With its sucession, Tech readjusted herself admirably, and in less than a month had successfully eliminated many of the disagreeable features that had unfortunately crept in during the period of the war.
Naval Unit
The three units of the S. A. T. C. were taken into the forces of the United States on October 1, 1918, when the entire student body was sworn in. The occasion was made memorable in the history of Tech by a very complete program. Short talks were made by Governor Dorsey, Mayor Candler, Dr. Matheson, Major Hermance and other men equally as well known. The regimental colors were presented to the school by the sponsors. The exercises were carried out on Grant Field and a great many visitors were present.

The work of organization had been started and was completed when all men moved into the barracks. The army unit of the S. A. T. C. was assigned the Swan Dormitory and the Crystal Palace, which was improvised as a barracks and the new barracks built by the government in the rear of the new power plant. The "B" section of the S. A. T. C. occupied the remainder of the government barracks. The naval unit was assigned the Knowes Dormitory entirely. The marine unit composed of the units from Tech together with the marine units from the Universities of Texas, Kansas and North Carolina was assigned to the chapter houses of the Alpha Tau Omega and Kappa Alpha Fraternities. The entire body was divided into three battalions, each in charge of the first lieutenant. The first battalion under First Lieutenant Gottschault, U. S. Infantry, was composed of companies A, B and C. The second battalion under command of First Lieutenant Brashear, U. S. Marines, was composed of naval unit, marine unit and company K. The third battalion was composed of the vocational students in the S. A. T. C. Companies A, B and C were composed of the regular students, A and B of freshmen and C of upper classmen.

NAVY

The naval unit was barracked in the Knowes Dormitory. It was commanded by Ensign Kegley, U. S. N. R. F., who was assisted by Ensign Ellerbee, U. S. N. R. F. All the petty
officers were men who had seen active service and were detailed to Tech. Later Ensign Mullally was stationed at Tech as commander of the naval unit. He outranked the other ensigns because he had seen overseas service. The naval unit was one of the livest units of Tech. The naval unit won the football game from the army unit and one of the best dances of the season was given by the naval unit at the Capital City Club.

They were sworn in on October 10th by local recruiting officers and Ensign Basco. They were not called into barracks until October 18th. The naval unit was the most popular at Tech, a great many trying to get in who were turned down. The naval unit at Tech was recognized as the best in the South. Between the time Basco left, and the ensigns assigned here arrived, and Ensign Corlon.

Lieutenants George and Bledsoe, U. S. A., were in charge of navy with McKay as C. P. O.

MARÍNES

The U. S. Marines established only twelve marine units of the S. A. T. C. throughout the country and Tech was picked as one of the leading colleges at which to establish one of these units. The unit was established at Tech after the army and naval units. As no freshmen were admitted and because of the strict physical examination, the quota of one hundred men was not reached. The same conditions existed at the other colleges where a marine unit was established and to centralize more, the marine units of the Universities of Kansas, Texas and North Carolina were transferred to Tech. The entire force was barracked in the Alpha Tau Omega and the Kappa Alpha Chapter Houses and was under command of First Lieutenant Brashear, U. S. Marines, who was assisted by First Lieutenants Boyd and Downs, U. S. Marine Corps. Every one knows the high standard set by the marine corps and it was an honor that Tech was selected as one of the colleges at which to establish a marine unit of the S. A. T. C.
Co. C—S. A. T. C.
Pan-Hellenic Council

OFFICERS
B. B. WILLIAMS ............................................ President
J. C. ROGERS ................................................ Vice-President
G. P. HOWARD ............................................... Secretary
J. T. HIGHTOWER .......................................... Treasurer

REPRESENTATIVES

| WILLIAMS, B. B.                        | ADKINS, T. D.                  |
| GILBERT, S. F.                        | KEEN, J. V.                    |
| HOWARD, G. P.                         | MASON, J. H.                  |
| RUTHERFORD, W. A.                     | TURNER, C. F.                 |
| PARKER, W. A.                         | MCEVER, W. L.                 |
| COLLEY, T. N.                         | LESTER, G. N.                 |
| SMITH, W. D.                          | ROGERS, J. C.                 |
| HIGHTOWER, J. T.                      | BROWN, J. W.                  |
| PHUITT, F. O.                         | NEWTON, R. B.                 |
| ROBINSON, J. M.                       | MACKAY, J. A.                 |
Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity

GEORGIA BETA IOTA CHAPTER

FOUNDED 1865
ESTABLISHED 1888

FRATRES EN FACULTATE

EMERSON, Dr. W. H.

CUTTER, H. D., Jr.
PUND, E. E.

DOUGLASS, P. M.
DOWLING, J. H.
HEATH, J. M., Jr.
SCHOFIELD, C. H.
COLLEY, T. N.

KING, R. L.
OLDKNOW, O. S.
POLLARD, L. W.
SCOTT, R. H.

ARNOLD, J. Y.
ARMBUCHT, C. P.
BLECKLEY, S. C.
CURRY, W. H.
TWITTY, T. E.
HALL, M. S.

HILL, W. S.
SPIVEY, E. H.
TURNER, G. T.
VANDEGRIFT, J. H.
ARNOLD, J. Y.

COLE, R. D., 3rd
HAYES, T. S.
LONGINO, T. C.
PARKS, J. T.
PATIN, A. W., Jr.

SCHOFIELD, J. S.
SHERMAN, E. R.
STEPHEN, C. H.
THOMAS, J. A.
BENNETT, L. J.
## Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity

**GEORGIA PHI CHAPTER**

**Founded 1856**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Members</th>
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</table>
| 1890 | Holst, B. B.  
      | Hill, A. B.  
      | Crook, L. E. |
| 1919 | Semmes, T. J.  
      | Scott, F. W.  
      | Blackwell, G. W.  
      | Rogers, J. C. |
| 1920 | Nowell, E. N.  
      | Parramore, R. L.  
      | Brown, J. W.  
      | Lindon, W. S. |
| 1921 | Spivey, J. G.  
      | Garlington, T. R.  
      | Hawes, A. L.  
      | Colburn, W. C. |
| 1922 | Hill, J. Mc.  
      | McNeel, F.  
      | Davis, O. G.  
      | Kinney, W. O.  
      | Maddox, N. B.  
      | Salisbury, T. M.  
      | McKee, J. T.  
      | McLarre, A. G.  
      | Barron, D. I.  
      | Daugherty, L. L.  
      | Butt, C. H.  
      | Keeton, R. C.  
      | Jones, R. T.  
      | Mundy, Q. L.  
      | Sullins, D. |
The Blue Print

1919
# Kappa Sigma Fraternity

**ALPHA TAU CHAPTER**

**Founded 1869**

**Established 1895**

**FRATER EN FACULTATE**

*Smith, Dr. D. M.*

1919  
*Howard, G. P.*

1920  
**WALLACE, S. S., Jr.**  
**RUTHERFORD, W. A.**  
**SHERLOCK, C. J.**  
**WOOD, T. L.**

1921  
**YATES, T. A.**  
**HAYNSWORTH, H. J.**  
**WILSON, J. G.**  
**SMITH, C. B.**  
**MURPHY, N. B.**  
**MOSS, T. A.**

1922  
**WALLACE, E. V.**  
**ADAMS, B. R.**  
**WREN, L. S.**  
**STATON, A. H.**  
**SINCLAIR, D.**  
**MCBRIDE, L. C.**  
**ELLIOTT, J. M.**  
**BRAGLETON, C. M.**  
**OATES, E. J.**  
**BROOKS, H. O.**  
**FLOWERS, R. B.**
Sigma Nu Fraternity

GAMMA ALPHA CHAPTER

Founded 1869

Established 1896

1919

Bryan, F. S.
Curtis, T. R.
Frasuer, F. H.

Hightower, J. T.
Rudicil, R. K.
Thornton, G.

1920

Bowen, A. S.
Betts, R. B.
Brimberry, W. H.
Pruitt, F. O.

Pye, J. C.
Rylander, A.
Whiteley, W. R.

1921

Brock, H. B.
Darling, C. L.
Fox, M. P.

Hubert, H. B.
Snoots, W. F.
Weston, C. W.

1922

Kyle, W. W.
Speight, M. C.
Whiteley, J. W.
Roberts, D. M.
Jones, B.
Kyle, E. C.
Phillips, T. H.
Clements, D. M.
Huguler, G. A.

Martin, A. S.
Gaines, H. L.
Lasseter, K. C.
Granger, W. B.
Allen, H. B.
Rees, G. H.
Todd, R. L.
Paschal, R. S.
Kappa Alpha Fraternity

ALPHA SIGMA CHAPTER

FOUNDED 1865  ESTABLISHED 1898

FRATRES EN FACULTATE

Matheson, Dr. K. G.  Perry, Dr. W. F.

1919

Cole, T.
Burford, S. K.

1920

Arnall, H. C.
Newton, R. B.
Dunlap, E. F.

1921

Cole, J. H.
Nucknolls, T. J.
Desportes, C. J.

1922

Argo, H.
Brantley, G. W.
Dunlap, J. C.
Johnson, T. C.
Lewis, J. O.
Baker, F. W.
Cobb, F. R.
Jamison, J. P.

Robinson, J. W.
Bowyer, F.
Dismuke, W. H.
Jones, P. H.
Kennebrew, W. O.
Bratton, A.
Huffines, R. D.
# Phi Delta Theta Fraternity

**GEORGIA DELTA CHAPTER**

**Founded 1848**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Members</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1919</td>
<td>Patillo, L. B.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1920</td>
<td>Ballard, E. D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Barnes, M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Gilbert, S. P.</td>
</tr>
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<td>Guess, S. Y.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Hooker, S. D.</td>
</tr>
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<td>1921</td>
<td>Bradford, J. R.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Duncan, L. P.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Duncan, J. R.</td>
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<td>Kirby, M. L.</td>
</tr>
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<td>1922</td>
<td>Allen, H. T.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Allman, R. M.</td>
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<td>Brewton, B. H.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Hines, E. W.</td>
</tr>
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<td>Holmes, S. G.</td>
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<td>Jones, G. P.</td>
</tr>
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<td></td>
<td>Jordan, C. D.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
Phi Kappa Sigma Fraternity

ALPHA NU CHAPTER

FOUNDED 1850

1919
McEver, W. L.

1920
Cockrill, S. B.
Sandford, D. B.
Lester, G. N.
Weiss, R. G.

1921
Cate, H. C.
Young, C. E.
Dyal, J. O.
Webb, B. P.

1922
Brown, R. W.
Camp, L. K.
Paden, C. N.
Bergen, V. H.

Established 1904

Hollemann, E.
Anderson, L. E.
Brennan, J. C.
Hawes, W. L.

Tolbert, G. V.
Harty, A.
Passmore, C. C.
Wheelock, F. H.

Miller, L. S.
White, J. J.
Bazarth, W. F.
Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity

ALPHA DELTA CHAPTER

FOUNDED 1868 ESTABLISHED 1904

FRATER EN FACULTATE
Eichelberger, F. L. A.

1919
Adkins, T. D.
Ragan, C.

Torrence, C. K.
Evans, I. C.

1920
Robinson, J. M.
Manning, L. F.

Kent, L. F.
Keen, J. W.

Parsons, E. D.
Wimberley, M. S.

1921
Jones, M.
Herndon, W. H.

Thompson, R. W.
Lynch, R. E.

Ernest, J. D.
Young, C. C.

Atterberry, J. G.
Sheppard, D. O.

Atterberry, W.
Slaughter, W. T.

1922
Bowles, J. B.
Walker, W. O.

Estes, W. E.
Broyles, C. J.

Jones, C. E.
Skannal, H. I.

Denmark, E. R.
Foster, J. F.

Craig, A. B.
Warner, B. H.

Cooke, V.
Stroup, C. R.

Dobbins, W. T.
Chi Phi Fraternity

OMEGA CHAPTER

FOUNDED 1824

ESTABLISHED 1904

FRATER EN FACULTATE

LOWNDES, PROF. R. H.

1919

BOHANNON, J. N.
COBB, H. N.
SKEEN, J. H.

1920

BUCKNELL, W. H.
BRUMBY, L. R.
PARSONS, W. N.
POLLARD, W. R.

1921

PRESIDENT, T. S.
SCHLEY, H. M.
BELL, R. P.
BELL, H. I.
HUNT, W. W.

1922

ANDERSON, G. D.
MARCHMAN, R. L.
ALSOBROOK, G. D.
HOWDEN, F. D.
GRANGER, H.
DEBOSE, H. I.
MATHESON, D. J.
EVANS, C. A.

OWENS, F. C.
PARKER, W. A.
SMITH, I. H.
BEWICK, R. H.
FRASER, G. R.
HUMPHREYS, D. G.
ANDERSON, A. S.
RAVENEL, T. C.
PABODY, T. F.
ADAIR, P.
PUTNAM, E. H.
CALHOUN, A. B.
HARVEY, R. D.
DEIHL, C. A.
WIGLEY, E. H.
CARTER, T. F.
ELDER, M. H.
TRAMMEL, L. N.
# Sigma Phi Epsilon Fraternity

**GEORGIA ALPHA CHAPTER**

- **Founded 1900**
- **Established 1907**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Members</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1919</td>
<td>Markert, N. L.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| 1920 | Murrah, N. H.  
      | Milner, S. N. |
| 1921 | Asbury, F. L.  
      | Baskin, J. P.  
      | Ewing, L. D.  
      | Kruse, J. R.  
| 1922 | Bearden, C. B.  
      | Covington, G. C.  
      | Feidler, W. C.  
      | Guill, R. A.  
      | Murrah, E. P.  
      | Norman, R. S.  
      | Reid, H. L.  
      | Stokes, H. G.  
      | Smith, T. W.  
      | York, F. R.  
      | Radford, R. P.  
      | Sault, S. C.  
      | Somers, E. H.  
      | Sherrill, F. A.  
      | Tyler, J. M. |
Beta Theta Pi Fraternity
GAMMA ETA CHAPTER

Founded 1839  Established 1917

FRATER EN FACULTATE

Branch, Prof. T. P.  Armstrong, Prof. A. H.

McIver, D.  1920  Phillips, G. D.

Cater, P. F.  1921  Boone, C. H.

Marsh, S. T.  George, W. E.

McCullough, J. W.  Hill, W. J. Jr.

McDonald, J. H.  1922  

Vaughn, W. H., Jr.  Slaughter, J. M.

Walton, W. B.  Little, A. P.

Cochran, W. B.  McCutcheon, C. R.
Pi Kappa Phi Fraternity

GEORGIA IOTA CHAPTER

**Founded 1904**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Members</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| 1919 | Alden, C. E.  
Carreken, J. F.  
Setze, J. W. |
| 1920 | Dawson, L. Y.  
Havis, E. H.  
Manning, G. E.  
Nelms, J. G.  
Rodriguez, B.  
Weaver, J. A. |
| 1921 | Carson, C. C.  
Dillard, A. J.  
Davis, V. L.  
Lowndes, R. I.  
Manget, V.  
McAfee, R. E.  
Thomas, P. C.  
Lilliott, R. B.  
Rice, D. D.  
Sturgis, V. M. |
| 1922 | Barnett, J. N.  
Campbell, W. W.  
Fouche, D. D.  
Heyward, E. B.  
Holmes, J. C.  
Isbell, G. R.  
Isbell, J. H.  
Jackson, G. A.  
Johnson, T. L.  
Kohlruss, C. F.  
Lyle, L. H.  
Little, F. Q.  
Martin, F. B.  
Patton, J. E.  
Patton, R.  
Partridge, A. D.  
Rohlin, E. C.  
Spinks, W. F.  
Shoemaker, G. W.  
Tucker, T. T.  
Walthour, C. H.  
Welch, P. P.  
Whitelaw, F. E.  
Wilbourne, J. G. |
Phi Epsilon Pi Fraternity

XI CHAPTER

1919
Scharff, D. L.          Simon, C. H.
Frankel, J. S.          Zacharias, E. G.

1920
Kaplan, B. W.          Cohen, L.
Levy, L. R.

1921
Rosolio, L. R.         Elkan, S. A.

1922
Mayer, G.              Schoen, G. II.
Wolff, W. M.           Johnson, H. R.
Sager, J. H.           Sawyer, L. B.
Brash, J. E.           Lipman, R. M.
Alpha Kappa Psi Fraternity

COMMERCIAL FRATERNITY

Established 1918

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MEMBERS</th>
<th>MEMBERS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Boone, C. H.</td>
<td>Gordon, C. H.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Beattie, G. A.</td>
<td>Grobli, W. G.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daniell, Hal S.</td>
<td>Hoffmann, R. E.</td>
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<td>Dunn, L. G.</td>
<td>Mathes, W. C.</td>
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<td>Evans, I. C.</td>
<td>Setze, J. W., Jr.</td>
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<td>Englett, R. P.</td>
<td>Welch, J. W.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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HAMILTON, L. E.
HARLAND, J. W.
HANCOCK, J. M.
HARMAN, H. L.
HEYWOOD, E. B.
HASAN, J. E.
HARNADAY, J. M.
HOWARD, G. P.

JAMES, B. C.
JOHNSON, H. R.
JONES, C. A.
JONES, G. W.
JACKSON, G. A.
KING, H. A.
KYLE, W. W., Jr.
KYLE, B. E.
KINNEY, A. M.
LEVY, J. S.
LINCHENG, A. C.
LEVY, H. W.
MARTIN, T. N.
MARTIN, A. S.
MAYER, G.
MENCHEL, S. J.
MILES, F. G.
MURRAH, E. P.
MURRAY, H.
MATHENSON, J. H.
MCCASH, P. K.
MARSH, S. T.
MCCORLEY, W. B.
MCKIBBEN, F. J.
NEWMAN, G.
NEWTON, C. S.
NEVITT, J. R.
PATTILLO, L. B.
POWELL, J. R.
PARSONS, E. D.

PENDERGRASS, J. N.
PICKENS, H. A.
PYLATT, T. E.
RADFORD, E. D.
REAMS, S. H.
REESE, G. H.
REEVES, J. A.
ROBINSON, S.
ROSENBERG, W. T.
REASONOR, P. B.
SAWILOWSKY, B.
SAYLOR, L. B.
RICE, T. B.
SHELOR, J. C.
SLATIN, L.
SPEER, A. A.
STANTON, W. A.
STEPHENS, W. N.
STROOP, C. R.
STRUGIS, V. M.
TRACOLE, F. J.
WALTON, W. B.
WALTHOUR, C. H.
WILLIAMS, E. D.
WILSON, W. L.
WINFREY, M. B.
WORTHINGTON, J. R.
WREN, L. S.
WYNNE, J. M.
WILKINSON, F. S.
WEEB, B. P.
The Co-Op

SECTION I

OFFICERS

W. E. Smith  President
A. D. Greene  Vice-President

MEMBERS

Anderson, J. E.  Comfort, D.
Allen, T. J.  Chastine, R. A.
Aycock, J. A.  Davidson, C. L.
Blate, M.  Dorsey, A. L.
Brock, O. S.  Elliot, J. M.
Bullock, E. W.  Frankum, J. L.
Burns, W. C.  Frankum, J. B.
Butler, C. B.  Green, D.
Branch, W. H.  Gains, H. L.
Brooks, W. A.  Greene, A. B.
Collins, J. J.  Greene, A. D.
Gruber, A. M.
Hoffman, G.
Huffaker, B. E.
Hailey, H. F.
Holcomb, B. M.
Hollock, P. M.
Jackson, J. A.
Jacobs, H. L.
Koury, G.
Koury, M. A.
Club

Section II

Officers

George Hoffman ................................ Secretary

J. P. Locke ..................................... Treasurer

Members

Hayes, C. S.  McCrory, H. S.  Shumate, J. R.
Herbig, H. F.  Organ, A.  Stakely, W. N.
Knight, T.  Parker, P. M.  Stephens, C. F.
Knighton, J. H.  Patterson, K. M.  Tappan, L. W.
Kaplon, B. W.  Ryder, E. A.  Van Derander, C.
Locke, J. P.  Simpson, S. S.  Ward, T. H.
Mealer, W. F.  Smith, W. E.  Woods, R. W.
McLain, C. E.  Stone, J. H.  Wallis, L. D.
McMannon, J.  Settle, J. V.  Wilkinson, J. M.
The Co-Op Open Hearth

OFFICERS

W. E. SMITH  President
L. D. WALLIS  Business Manager
C. S. HAYES  Chief Inspector
D. W. PHILLIPS  Information
J. E. ANDERSON  Secretary-Treasurer

MEMBERS

Anderson, J. E.
Aycock, J. A.
Brock, O. S.
Butler, C. B.
Collins, J. J.
Comfort, D.
Davidson, C. L.
Dorsey, E. L.
Frankum, J. B.
Frankum, J. L.
Green, D.
Greene, A. D.
Gruber, A. M.
Hayes, C. S.
Hailey, N. L.
Hoffman, George
Huffaker, B. E.
Knapp, W. A.
Knight, T.
Knighton, J. H.
Locke, J. P.
Mealer, W. T.
McLain, C. E.
Phillips, D. W.
Shumate, J. R.
Smith, W. E.
Stone, J. H.
Van Devander, C.
Wallis, L. D.
Officers' Club

OFFICERS
T. J. Semmes, 1st Lt. Engineer Corps . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . President
A. B. Hill, 1st Lt. Field Artillery . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Vice-President
B. B. Williams, 2nd Lt. Coast Artillery . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS
C. W. Bergen, 2nd Lt. Field Artillery
A. B. Hill, 1st Lt. Field Artillery
T. J. Semmes, 1st Lt. Engineer Corps
R. H. Scott, 2nd Lt. Infantry
F. O. Pruitt, 2nd Lt. Machine Gun
J. M. Robinson, 2nd Lt. Field Artillery
J. W. Brown, 2nd Lt. Field Artillery
B. B. Holst, 2nd Lt. Field Artillery
T. N. Colley, 2nd Lt. Field Artillery
F. H. Fraser, 2nd Lt. Field Artillery
W. Wells, 2nd Lt. Coast Artillery
E. E. Pund, 2nd Lt. Field Artillery
W. W. Hunt, 2nd Lt. Infantry
F. S. Wilkinson, 2nd Lt. Infantry
W. H. Brimberry, 2nd Lt. Infantry
L. H. Smith, 2nd Lt. Infantry
J. N. Heath, 2nd Lt. Infantry
C. F. Kohlruess, 2nd Lt. Infantry

L. J. Manning, 2nd Lt. Infantry
C. J. Des Portes, 2nd Lt. Infantry
C. H. Simon, 2nd Lt. Air Service
H. D. Kahrs, 2nd Lt. Infantry
H. L. Stearns, 2nd Lt. Infantry
H. B. Limbaugh, 2nd Lt. Infantry
D. D. Rice, 2nd Lt. Infantry
J. A. McMurry, 2nd Lt. Coast Artillery
P. H. Anderson, 2nd Lt. Infantry
H. Moise, 2nd Lt. Aviation
H. O. Garrett, 2nd Lt. Infantry
L. E. Crook, 2nd Lt. Infantry
L. L. Wallis, 2nd Lt. Infantry
C. H. White, 2nd Lt. Infantry
R. B. Betts, 2nd Lt. Infantry
J. Matheson, 2nd Lt. Infantry
S. S. Wallace, Jr., 2nd Lt. Infantry
The S. O. L. Club

Official Insignia: Two Crossed Umbrellas

Officers

R. S. Griffith  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  Keeper of the Royal Raincoat
R. G. Sanders  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  Knight of the Bath
P. H. Nichols  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  Sublime Observer of Supersaturation

CO-SHARERS OF ILL FORTUNE

Curtis, T. R.  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  McEver, W. L.
Duson, W. W.  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  Nichols, P. H.
Glisson, W. R.  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  Phillips, G. D.
Griffith, R. S.  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  Richards, H. L.
Jones, G. L.  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  Sanders, R. G.
Lewin, H. H.  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  Simmons, J. H.
Minyard, J. P.  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  Zacharias, E. G.
Tech Hi Club

J. W. Harlan ........................................ President
J. A. McMurry ....................................... Vice-President
R. L. Doyal .......................................... Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

Booth, W. W.                     McMurry, J. A.
Baker, F. W.                      Moore, D. C.
Brown, A. P.                      Moise, H.
Crumley, F.                      Pollard, W. R.
Doyal, R. L.                      Quinn, T. W.
Dixon, L. M.                      Russell, R.
Enloe, R.                         Smith, W. D.
Eastman, E. W.                    Stevens, L. T.
Harlan, J. W.                     Sheffield, T.
Hall, M. S.                       Whitaker, J.
Herbig, H. F.                     White, C. H.
Hannemen, J. F.                   Whittenberg, J. W.
Hamlett, J. E.
Boys’ Hi Club

Motto: Mero Merito
Colors: Purple and White

OFFICERS

F. C. Owens ............................................ President
S. S. Wallace .......................................... Vice-President
W. B. Maddox .......................................... Secretary
J. C. Shelor ............................................. Treasurer

MEMBERS

Davis, D.
Fincher, J.
Howell, E. H.
Hughdens, J.
Maddox, W. B.
McCUTCHEON, C. R.
Mendel, S. J.
Owens, F. C.
Roebuck, F. M.
Perryman, A. W.
Shelor, J. C.
Stokes, R. H.
Sergeant, W. L.
Wallace, S. S.
Wolf, W. M.
Dormitory Officials

Motto: Peace at any Price

Dr. S. S. Wallace  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  Superintendent
Prof. A. H. Armstrong  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  Assistant Superintendent

Inspectors and Lieutenants

Asbury, F. L.  McNeice, R. D.
Burnham, H. M.
Brown, J. W.
Dowling, J. H.
Ferst, F. W.
Flowers, R.
Guess, S. Y.
Holst, B. B.
Hines, E. W.
Hill, A. B.
Kahrs, H. D.
Lester, G. N.
Nicholas, A. R.
Nelms, J. B.
Pollard, L. W.
Rutherford, W. R.
Robinson, J. M.
Sledge, E. D.
Sanford, D. B.
Turner, C. F.
Webb, B. P.
Wheelock, F. D.
Tennessee Club

W. A. Rutherford  President
W. E. George  Vice-President
S. B. Cockrill  Secretary and Treasurer

Motto: T. H. W. G.
Mascot: S-S-S-hifffers

Favorite Flower: Blooming Idiot

MEMBERS

Blanton, C. S.
Cockrill, S. B.
Coleman, F. B.
George, W. E.
Gilbert, J. H.
Henry, J.
Jones, J. C.
Moses, W.

Mason, J. W.
Normant, F. G.
Patton, J. N.
Patton, R.
Rutherford, W. A.
Shiffers, R. K.
Wheellock, F. H.
Old Sub Class

G. P. Howard ........................................ President
H. J. Powell ........................................ Vice-President
P. Prather ........................................ Secretary and Treasurer

THE REMAINS OF THE OLD 1914 SUB CLASS

Sub Holliday Sub Howard
Sub Powell Sub Wayte
Sub Prather Sub Wikle
Sub Saunders
R. A. R.

H. L. Richards .................................................. President
R. G. Sanders .................................................. Vice-President
G. A. McDonald ............................................... Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

Bassarate, O. ................................................ Minyard, J. P.
Barnes, J. F. ................................................ McDonald, J.
Coleman, J. ................................................ Newton, R. B.
Curtis, T. R. ................................................ Prieto, F. G.
Carr, J. L. .................................................. Richards, H. L.
Darling, C. L. ............................................... Robinson, W. W.
Duson, W. W. ................................................ Roller, Doc
Gavey, Prof. ................................................ Shamwell, Prof.
Khoury, M. A. ................................................ Secrest, Mr.
Lillard, B. .................................................. Sanders, Dick
Savannah Club

OFFICERS

C. W. BERGEN ........................................ President
J. W. BRENNAN ..................................... Vice-President
F. W. FERST .......................................... Secretary
H. M. BURNHAM ..................................... Treasurer

ROLL

BERGEN, C. W.  
BRENNAN, J. W.  
BURNHAM, H. M.  
BAKER, E. M.  
COLLAT, E. C.  
COLLINS, J. J.  
CROOK, Joseph  
FERST, F. W.  
GRUBER, A. M.  
HARTY, A.  
HOFFMAN, G.  
HOWDEN, F. D.  
HUGHLETT, J. M.  
LEVY, L. R.  
MARROW, F. M.  
NICOLAS, A. R.  
NICOLAS, T. C.  
O'LEARY, J. M.  
SHOEMAKER, G. W.  
SIMMONS, T. A.  
SMALLEY, F.  
WEBB, F.  
WHITEHURST, S.  
WRIGHT, A. P.
Columbus Club

OFFICERS

M. HILL ........................................ President
O. T. HOWARD ................................. Vice-President
E. MURRAH ....................................... Secretary
T. SALISBURY .................................... Treasurer
W. N. MURRAH ................................. Mascot

MEMBERS

BERRY, M.  HOWARD, O. T.  MARTIN, B.
CAMP, L. K.  HUNT, W.  McMATH, H.
DESPORTES, C. J.  HINDE, P.  ROBERTS, C.
DISMUKES, W.  HIRSCH, H.  ROSENBURGH, M.
GIDDENS, H.  JORDAN, D.  RYDER, A.
GILBERT, P.  MURRAH, E.  SALISBURY, T.
HILL, M.  MURRAH, W. N.  SMITH, T. W.
Augusta Club

OFFICERS

T. H. Brittingham ........................................ President
G. E. Manning ............................................ Vice-President
G. H. Gibson ............................................. Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

Brittingham, T. H. ........................................ Kohlruess, C. F.
Browne, G. Y. ............................................. Little, A. J.
Dorr, F. J. .................................................. Manning, G. E.
Dunbar, C. D. ............................................. Markert, A. P.
Evans, C. A. ............................................... Pund, E. E.
Grossman, A. ............................................... Roberson, W. A.
Gibson, G. H. ............................................... Robinson, J. W.
Kahrs, H. D. ............................................... Tunkle, E. J.
Chess Club

OFFICERS

F. X. DeSousa

W. H. Vaughan

President

Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

Basarate, A.
Basarate, O.
Camp, L. K.
Clegg, B. C.
Dixon, L. M.
Fincher, W. E.
Gilbert, J. H.
Harris, R. D.
Hayward, E. B.
Hawkins, H. M.
Horne, J. E.
Houser, R. P.
Khoury, M. H.
Kirkwood, T. A.
Lowe, F. E.
Merritt, E. H.
Moise, H. L.
Moses, W.
McIver, D.
Osburne, H. P.
Parro, F. W.
Roberts, C. R.
Rodriguez, B.
Tennant, J. H.
Trawick, J. H.
DeSousa, F. X.
Waldrop, G.
Rodenberry, W. B.
Robinson, W. N.
Vaughan, W. H.
Macon Club

"Macon, the Place Where the Capitol Ought to be!"

COLORS: Black and Blue
FLOWER: Tulips

TIME OF MEETING: Saturday Drill
FAVORITE OCCUPATION: Working

OFFICERS

C. H. Schofield ................. President
R. B. Newton .................. Vice-President
H. D. Cutter .................. Secretary
J. H. Vickers ................. Treasurer

MEMBERS

Cutter, H. D..................... Lowe, F. E.
Glisson, W. R. ................. Merritt, E. H.
Hays, C. S. ..................... Newton, R. B.
Jones, G. P. .................... Schofield, C. H.
Kinney, W. O. .................. Schofield, J. H.

Smith, J. W.
Thomas, J. A.
Vickers, J. H.
Wilder, J. H. B., Jr.
Wilbourne, J. G.
Alcohol Club

R. H. Biggers .................. President
H. B. Limbaugh ................ Vice-President
A. L. Hawes .................. Secretary
J. L. Smith .................. Treasurer

MEMBERS

ALMOND, E. P. 
ALMOND, G. L. 
BIGGERS, R. H. 
BUNSON, L. L. 
CARY, C. W. 
GAINES, H. L. 
HAWES, A. L. 

HOLT, W. K. 
LIMBAUGH, H. B. 
MCELLELAN, A. 
SMITH, J. L. 
WARD, C. M. 
WARD, J. A. 
YOUNG, W. G.
G. M. A. Club

OFFICERS

B. Rodriguez ............................... President
P. H. Nichols ............................... Vice-President
O. S. Oldknow .............................. Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

Basarrate, A. ............................... Phillips, J. H.
Cooper, L. G. .............................. Rodriguez, B.
Duson, H. T. ............................... Shoemaker, G.
Nichols, P. H. ............................. Simmons, T. A.
Oldknow, O. S.
Elberton Club

OFFICERS

L. E. WALLIS .................................................. President
G. L. ALMOND ........................................................ Vice-President
S. T. ADAMS ........................................................ Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

ADAMS, S. T. ............................................ HAYES, T. S.
ALMOND, G. L. ........................................... SMITH, B. W.
ALMOND, E. P. ........................................... SMITH, B. F.
ARNOLD, F. J. ........................................... WILCOX, H. T.
HAWES, A. L. ........................................... WALLIS, L. E.
Scholarship "T" Club

L. E. Crook ........................................ President
F. A. Cowan ........................................ Vice-President
G. L. Jones .......................................... Secretary

MEMBERS
Cowan, F. A. ........................................................................
Crook, L. E. ........................................................................
Carriker, J. T. ......................................................................
Frankel, J. E. ......................................................................
Hickenlooper, H. C. ................................................................

Jones, G. L. ......................................................................
Paisley, J. K. ......................................................................
Scarborough, H. E. ..............................................................
Scharff, D. L. ......................................................................
Williams, T. B. ....................................................................
Florida Club

Motto: "Each a little prairie flower,
Growing wilder every hour."

OFFICERS

Ham Dowling ................................................................. President
J. H. VanDeGrift ............................................................ Vice-President
Pete Harrison ................................................................. Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

Burford, S. K. ................................................................. Hickenlooper, H. T. ................................................................. Lassiter, K. C.
Bowyer, F. L. ................................................................. Huffaker, B. E. ................................................................. Lyles, C. T.
Brash, J. E. ................................................................. Hyers, H. K. ................................................................. Lewin, H. H.
Burns, C. ................................................................. Hethin, T. D. ................................................................. Levy, H. N.
Cox, W. T. ................................................................. Harbaugh, L. R. ................................................................. MacKay, A. J.
Dowling, Ham ................................................................. Keene, J. V. ................................................................. Manning, L. J.
Fort, J. A. ................................................................. Kruse, J. R. ................................................................. McKillop, C. H.
Genovar, W. P. ................................................................. Leown, H. H. ................................................................. Osterhoudt, O. J.
Harrison, Pete ................................................................. Limbrough, L. M. ................................................................. Pollard, L. W.
Hickenlooper, H. B. ................................................................. Porbo, F. W. ................................................................. Richards, H. L.
................................................................. Simmons, J.
................................................................. Tucker, M.
................................................................. VanDeGrift, J. H.
................................................................. Wilson, D. H.
................................................................. Wilson, D. W.
................................................................. Wiel, A. S.
................................................................. Young, C. E.
G. M. C. Club

D. B. Sanford .......................... President
M. L. Wheeler .......................... Vice-President
J. G. Spivey ............................ Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

Brown, R. W. .............................. Sanford, D. B.
Hassen, J. W. ........................... Spivey, J. V.
Hines, E. W. ............................. Stevens, C. H.
Jernigan, W. .............................. Trawick, G. C.
McCullough, J. E. ........................ Scarboro, D.
Parks, W. V. .............................. Wheeler, M. L.
Latin-American Club

B. Rodriguez .......................... President
F. G. Prieto, Jr. ......................... Secretary and Treasurer
O. Basarrate .......................... Alternate

MEMBERS
Abreu, D. .......................... Brazil
Basarrate, O. .......................... Cuba
de Diego, A. .......................... Cuba
Ortiz, S. F. .......................... Brazil
Prieto, F. G., Jr. ....................... Salvador
Rodriguez, B. .......................... Mexico
de Souza, F. X. ........................ Brazil
Louisiana State Club

MOTTO: "Drink 'til drunk"

MISS ESTELLE RAINLEY, Sponsor. MISS LYDA ROBERTS, MISS FAY LOURD, Maids

OFFICERS

J. T. DUPREE . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . President
G. A. McLellan . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Vice-President
G. A. PHILLIPS . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Secretary
R. B. MELONSON . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Treasurer

MEMBERS

ATTERBERRY, L. P. DUSON, H. T. MELONSON, R. B.
ATTERBERRY, J. H. DUPREE, J. T. McLellan, G. A.
DUSON, W. W. GESSNER, S. S. PHILLIPS, G. A.

1919

WORNER, W. B.
Mississippi Club

OFFICERS

L. E. Crook ........................................ President
S. Y. Guess ........................................ Vice-President
J. McDonald ......................................... Secretary-Treasurer

MEMBERS

Crook, L. E. ........................................ Kratzer, J. B.
Baker, W. A. ........................................ MacDonald, J.
Bee, E. S. ............................................. Minyard, J. P.
Berry, C. R. .......................................... Newton, C. S.
Bryan, E. W. .......................................... Norman, R. I.
Davidson, J. M. ..................................... Peeteet, W. D.
Dearing, J. P. ......................................... Richardson, J. H.
Guess, S. Y. .......................................... Scharff, D. L.
Havis, H. C. .......................................... Slaughter, J. M.
Kimbrough, H. S. ..................................... Staunton, W. A.

Temple, W. S. ........................................
Thomas, E. F. ........................................
Vaughan, W. H. ......................................
Viener, R. .............................................
Watkins, L. ..........................................
Walton, W. B. ........................................
Webb, A. B. ...........................................
Welch, H. L. .........................................
Weston, C. W. .....................................
White, J. J. ..........................................
Memories

Fourteen months of awful war had wrought great changes on our country. Its disastrous effects had made themselves felt throughout the length and breadth of our land; nothing remained unscathed. Our campus here at Tech was peculiarly typical of this evolutionary transformation which had proved so irresistibly penetrating.

The class of 1918 stood on the threshold of graduation. Their days at Tech were drawing nigh unto a close. Between these days and the hour upon which they were to be awarded that last token of their successful career at Tech—a diploma—lay but a few fleeting moments. Their stay at Tech had been a happy, memorable one. For three years, unlimited and unrestrained, the joys and pleasures of the finest campus in the Southland had been theirs but for the asking. This their last year had been a stirring, eventful one. It had not been, to be sure, fraught with the gaiety of other days. To them, as it had been to all Tech men, it was a year of sacrifice, of purposeful work, and of conscientious preparation. Happy were they that their pursuit of a degree had come to a successful close before they must enter the great conflict. With vigorous bodies, technically developed minds, and stout hearts, each and every one of them could now give his all to the cause of America. Little time had they to miss, to attempt, or even wish for the glories of previous commencements.

But somewhere in the dim recesses of their minds lay the treasured memory of other commencement weeks. Vivid pictures of those joyous festivities that had for so long gladdened the hearts of every senior—the Senior Hop, the incomparable Pan-Hellenic and the inimitable Carnival—kept surging incessantly through their thoughts and reveries. Not theirs was the privilege of enjoying such festivities on the eve of their graduation, but no one could destroy these precious memories.

'Twas the night of the Senior Hop at East Lake. The hour of midnight had drifted past and the merriment was at its height. A lovely maiden slipped her hand through the arm of an admiring senior and persuasively guided him in the direction of the lake. Stealing softly over the shadowy grasses they wandered off into paradise.

A glowing, golden moon gazed down from the heavens as a god from his throne. Simultaneously the couple paused, enraptured and enchanted. The far away lilt of a waltz rippled to them; a mocking-bird burst forth in a delirious flood of song; and the drowsy waters rustled faintly along the shore. A gentle breeze stirred pleasantly in the dewy foliage, whispering an old, unmistakable melody of love, wafting to them the honey-sweet fragrance of the blossoms and dew. It was a night that was made for loving, so what cared they if the moon was beaming openly on their fond embraces and long, lingering kisses.

Queen Electra the 'Steenth was complimented with the most brilliant coronation in the history of Tech Carnivals; in fact it surpassed all the magnificent spectacles in the history of the universe. Ne'er hath man paid tribute to a more beautiful
woman; ne'er hath his tribute been more deservedly given or more graciously received. The glories and grandeur of the court of the Queen of Sheba fade into nothingness in comparison.

Attended by a retinue of high-class entertainers, freaks, and scallywags, she visits the daring shows of the midway, many of whose startling displays and originalities have since been imitated by Mr. Barnum and by Coney Island. The crowning event of Electra's short, short reign proved to be a crowded but mirthful dance upon the magnificent floor of her celestial abode.

The spacious halls of Druid Hills Golf Club never presented a more brilliant picture than on the night of the Pan-Hellenic Dance. A beautiful floor, an incomparable jazz band, and an ideal night were the instruments that went to make up the setting for this perfect dance. To the freshmen it meant the first opportunity to attend a real fraternity dance, to the seniors the last of all their glorious Tech dances.

Small wonder was it that the crowd began arriving long before the appointed hour. Singly, by twos, and by crowds they came in, each in a gay, fantastical costume that gave promise of surpassing the splendor of all mortal creation. Mother Goose and all her kith and kin were there; Charlie Chaplin came in with the Daughter of the Gods on his arm; Mutt escorted a dainty Yellow Jacket while Jeff proudly displayed Madame Butterfly. A more cosmopolitan, universal, historic, and futuristic crowd was never before assembled. 'Twas a merry, supremely enjoyable night, interspersed by a delicious, midnight repast and a most welcome breakfast in early morn, and terminating only after Jupiter Pluvius had routed the gray shrouds of dawn.

But, ah! the dream is broken by a stirring, resonant call. The bugler is sounding "to arms" and the entire class of 1918 pauses to listen. For many long months they have heard it ringing across the waters to them. Now at least has come the day when their full share of devotion and patriotism may be demonstrated. They are prepared to do their duty; they are eager to be up and doing; they feel the call touching them individually as sons of Liberty.

With one accord the entire class rises up and responds heroically. Each and every one realizes that somewhere ahead lies his own especial place in the great American army. United and unreserved, they one and all go forth from their beloved Alma Mater with but a single determination—they are to give and to fight to the utmost extent of their wonderful manhood. Never before has a more loyal, praiseworthy, or strong-hearted group of men gone out from Georgia Tech or from any American institution.
The Blue Print

After you've finished dear ole Tech
And you are working out in life,
There'll be times you are up against it
In this never ending strife.

When you get so damn disgusted
You don't know what to do,
Just get out your old corncob pipe
And this time-worn Print of Blue

Put your feet upon the mantel
Put a "no home" on your bean,
Then you'll soon be back in college
With the class of ole nineteen.

Ah! won't it be great,
Just to root again for Tech,
And the "good ole" girls you danced with
To the tune of Rambling Reck

And when the time comes for quitting
You'll close it with a sigh.
Wouldn't it be great to live again
Those college days gone by?
Appreciation

The success of this book, if the readers consider that it is a success, lies in the fact that we had a FEW men who would work and who DID work. With less faculty assistance than has ever been given before, in fact without any faculty assistance, and with fewer men working on the staff this book was published under adverse conditions. With the college in a turmoil and no clubs, societies or such organized the staff had a two-fold job. But it went to work with the determination to succeed and we firmly believe that it did. We cannot thank enough each and every man on the staff for the work they did. No man who ever attended Tech gave more time to a college annual than Dick Sanders and without his assistance we would have been at sea. Richard's work in securing ads was better than could have been expected and due credit should be given to Hirsch and Adkins for the drawings and to George for some good writeups. Wallace did excellent work, the best of which was the getting together of the Sponsor page.

Too much credit cannot be given to Mr. Higgins of Blosser-Williams, for his untiring efforts and excellent ideas, to say nothing of keeping Dick Sanders supplied with cigars. To Mr. Smith of the same company thanks should be given for the great pictures that he took and also for the most excellent ones that he borrowed. Also while we are giving thanks to everyone in wholesale quantities, we wish to thank everyone who had anything to do with the publication of this annual, and especially the entire Senior Class who made the annual possible this year.
The Tech Terror and Tattler

KNOCK—IT'S OUR LAST CHANCE

All the News that isn't Fit to Print

WEATHER LOVELY

VOL.—WELL, VERY LITTLE VOLUME

SCANDAL EDITION

NO.—NO, WE KNOW IT ISN'T

BOARD OF EDITORS

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Published by the printers, ever so often,
and sometimes oftener.

Generally considered as third class matter.

Office Hours: Between 12 A. M. and noon.

Will be glad to give you advice on Literature, Art, Science, Chance, Craps, Pool, or any other subject.

I'M GLAD I'VE FINISHED TECH

(To be read after my graduation)

Wonderful words I've had
To fall upon my ear,
Wonderful things I thought to learn
And wonderful things to hear.
But you, dear underclassmen,
Take this tip, by heck,
It's great to be a Rambling Reck,
But—I'm glad I've finished Tech:

You men who are striving for a dip,
Studying the nights away,
Don't let me discourage you,
But listen when I say:
Never take the electrical course,
Or you'll be a mental wreck,
It's great to be a Rambling Reck,
But—I'm glad I've finished Tech.

THE BALLAD OF TANLAC BILL

In the land of the West where the
Sun goes to rest is the cabin of
Tanlac Bill.
In the light of the sun, where the
Carabous run, is the place where
He ran his still.

Now Tanlac Bill was a man
With a will, and he swore that
He would get strong.
So he started to work but
Trouble belerk and everything
Seemed to go wrong.
He had heard to get strong, and I
Don't think he is wrong, one had
To take exercise.
So he started to jump, but he
Lit on a stump, and thought he
Would compromise.

He drank and grew strong and he
Wondered how long the effects of the
Tonic would last.
Stronger he grew, and then he knew
That the hope of his life
Came to pass.

Now, this little verse has been
The worst trouble of man was
Mended.
If try it you must, then drink till
You bust and all your troubles
Be ended.

WILL GEORGIA PLAY FOOTBALL AGAIN

Now that the world's war is over.
And our country needs no volunteers,
What camouflage will Georgia use?
How can they hide their fears?

They pretended patriotism—
Why, it almost gives me a pain
To hear them speak of our poor record,
When their's really was stained.

Do you realize, gentle reader,
That in this worldly strife,
The percentage of old Tech men
Who've risked their all—their life?

We did not reach the pinnacle,
Nor did we enlist to a man,
But our percentage of volunteers
Exceeded the Georgia clan.

Now, this masterpiece I am composing
Is not of war nor of guns,
But the fact that we had the SPIRIT,
If slacking, they were the ones.

But let us all forget the past,
And may they turn out an eleven
That can hold the Tech Tornado of
1919
At least to one hundred and seven.

You can always tell a Senior,
For he's so sedately gowned.
You can always tell a Freshman
By the way he struts around.
You can always tell a Junior
By his worried looks and such,
You can always tell a Sophomore,
But you cannot tell him much.
To Whom it May Concern:

We, the undersigned students of the Georgia School of Technology, do hereby refuse to drill for the following reasons, namely: That now is the time for all good people, as the sun slowly sinks behind the Presbyterian Church, and casts its ghastly shadow hither and thither among the greensward, and the little birds twitter their more or less musical notes to the accompanying bass of the little bull frogs, I think of you. It recalls to my mind the night that you and I sat side by side under the star-strewn heavens and the night that you and I sat side by side under the star-strewn heavens and pocket-book. When I left you it was like the ceasing of sweet music of Tope's Orchestra. The tinkling of the little bells about the downy necks of the silvery tones of your voice as you called "WAFFLES, WAFFLES." This recalls to my mind a funny story that I heard once, and could I but remember it I would print it here for the benefit of the senior class. It started something like this: Once upon a time there lived a beautiful princess who had long curly locks of peroxide hair—she was a blond. One spring morning, when the thermometer in Mr. King's laboratory read 32 F., she was strolling along the alley behind the Royal Mess Hall, and her eyes fell upon a young and handsome prince, who had just been relieved from K. P. sleeping in the Royal Ash-can. He was awakened by the noise of the falling eyes and upon seeing the princess spoke in a voice which warbled with emotion, "Where goest thou, pretty princesso, at this ungodly hour?" She replied, "To keep the calf away from the King." Her answer was like the ceasing of sweet music and the knee. And myself not knowing, I replied, "To keep the calf away from the corn." One fellow standing nearby asked a fellow Irishman, "Is that guy taking electrical?" His friend (not mine) replied, "No, embalming." Wherewith we all bursted into laughter and the drinks were on the King. Oh, by the way, NOTICE, NOTICE, NOTICE. Anyone having Dick Sander's pipe can also have the case, provided he applies at Room No. 2, the Y. M. C. A. He would also warn the new owner not to leave the pipe lying around, as it is strong enough to come home alone.

\textbf{NOTICE.}\n
It was a rainy afternoon and the relative humidity had reached 100 per cent, condensation had taken place and large quantities of aqua pura were dissociating themselves from one another—I repeat, IT WAS RAINING. As I and myself walked hand in hand out Peachtree we saw a pretty girl just illustrating the "elastic limit." Oh, if only PUB could have seen her, as she was getting on that car. Of course, that took myself's mind off—oh, say, Calculus, I don't care—and so I decided to accompany myself to that wild and woolly dance hall—Segados. We entered the "dive" and many wild women of the Tech crowd were seen on the floor doing the shimmy and what-not—words fail me. After we had danced for about twenty minutes I happened to put my hand on myself's shoulders and found that he had shaken his right shoulder out of joint—of course, this would never do—think of some of the sweet young things—why, they might even get their eyebrows out of place. I asked myself, on gazing at the petit ankle of one of the fair maids, "Why is the ankle placed between the foot and the knee?" And myself not knowing, I replied, "To keep the calf away from the corn." One fellow standing nearby asked a fellow Irishman, "Is that guy taking electrical?" His friend (not mine) replied, "No, embalming." Wherewith we all bursted into laughter and the drinks were on the King. Oh, by the way, NOTICE, NOTICE, NOTICE. Anyone having Dick Sander's pipe can also have the case, provided he applies at Room No. 2, the Y. M. C. A. He would also warn the new owner not to leave the pipe lying around, as it is strong enough to come home alone.

\textbf{THINGS NOBODY KNOWS.}\n
Where our damage fee goes. Who paid the rent for Mrs. Rip Van Winkle? Where Prof. Eldred took the "summer work" course. Where in hell is Boston Tech. When the first Ford joke was pulled. Why "Uncle SI" carried an umbrella in sunny weather. His poor mechanicals should be carrying the umbrella as well as a raincoat. How examination papers are corrected. Why "three" cuts were given. Who has any authority around Tech. How much the Blue Print made last year. Who got the coin on the senior rings. What the date is. Why? How? When? Oh! hell.
ALFRED JINGLE SEES 'EM
DANCE AT SEGADLOS

Tech dance, interesting—horribly. 'Cha know, better 'n Pickwick's alf an' alf. See funnier 'n when you're drunk! Murie crazy—very. Make wiggles on spine. Dancers crazy—awfully.

Move everything but feet. No, denom—moves feet—tries to step on lady's toe. Lady's leg trod—call it 'Tickle Toes.' Ha, ha, ha. Demmit, interesting—horribly. Good game that no?

Big fellow takes little girl from little man—little man very mad—very. Grabs 'nother girl. Ha—stomps on toe. Tickle like hell—very! 'Nother fellow grabs little man's girl. Don't blame him, he's front one day with some fit! 'Taint nice tickle lady's toe so hard—terribly!

'Nother dance. Attractive—very. Cheek by jowl—Fellows lay cheek on shoulder. Big girl fall on top little man. Lots more fall on top. Must have crush about—horribly!

Ginger, demmed good dancer—'n every-quick. Like 'em fresh—me. Lots of women like cigarette—dries up face. Demmed good, no? Nobody in America girls. Americans, demmed queer!

Interesting—horribly! Everybody laugh at denings—Anak. Must be advertising patent medicines. Americans progressive—terribly. Advertise at dances—in-

names—Anak. Must be advertising men. Funny men—funny, very. Like quits—quickly. Must

low with gout can't dance. Must dance

ibly!

him. Little fellow too mad. 'Tain't

Tickle like hell—very! 'Nother fellow

draggs little man's girl. Don't blame

grabs little girl from little man's girl.

We had a negro cook in our outfit. He had a helper. The helper had an appendix. And it wasn't long before the doc had that appendix. Returning from the front with huns I'd just captured, I asked Sam where his helper was. "I dunno, boss," he said; "dey done gone an' cut out his appendix. And it wasn't long before the doc had that appendix."

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I guarded, weak and weary,

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I

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LINES FROM THE LISTENING POST

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make the cooties pay.
And, by dying, leave behind us
Nothing for them but our clay.

Which reminds me of how I got out
of the army:

One day I dropped the adorablest
little "cutie" on my buddie's arm. He
was an aristocratic little "cutie," and
he walked so gravely up my buddie's
arm and bit him so cunningly on the
inside of his elbow, that I chattered in
pleased glee. Not so, my buddie. He
killed the "cutie" a terrible death by
squeezing him and stamping on his
head with his feet (do you know whose
head and feet I'm talking about—some
language; English, ain't it?) "Oh, why
did you kill the adorable little 'cutie'?"]
I sobbed. "Because he was a fero-
cious 'cutie' and he bit me deeply!"

snarled my buddie, shaking his yale
locks. "And, oh, oh," I cried, sniffingly,
"oh, oh, oh!"—so they fired me from
the army as being shell shocked, and
they say I'm still nutty, but I'm only
cutiefied.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY

Everybody told the truth.
Ladies wore bustles.
Operations were rare.
Hoover was a young man.
Nobody swatted the fly.
Nobody wore white shoes.
Eggs were ten cents a dozen.
Cream was five cents a pint.
No one heard of "Tin Lizzies."
Butchers threw in a chunk of liver.
Nobody listened in on the telephone.
Old maids were scarce.
Meatless days were only in jail.
Prohibition was talked of in
a whis-
per.
Georgia was wet.
Chemistry and Descript were not
taught.
K. G. didn't go to Washington.
Nobody heard of the S. A. T. C.

TODAY

Well, it's different, "that's all."

Ma didn't raise her boy to be a soldier,
He tried to flee—but Uncle Sam,
he knows.
And now he's raising poppies out in
Flanders.
And balancing a cross upon his nose:

She: "Oh! You know, I think Mr.
Cox is simply adorable! He can put
so many villainous expressions on his
face."

Prof. Campoamore (to Oldknow,
coming in fifteen minutes late): "Well,
here is the late Monsieur Oldknow.

When you look over the
Earth with a desire to
Lend to the world an
Open
Volume on the beauties of the
Earth
Then is the time when
He is
Enveloped in your love.
Work onward and onward
Oh! Ye,
Men until you have found something
Entirely
New for this world.

I met her in the twilight,
Beneath the starry sky;
The rain was falling faster,
And the wind was flying high.

She said she loved me truly,
But I fear someone lied,
For last when I saw her,
'Was another by her side.

Oh! my heart is sadly broken,
I can never laugh anew;
Now, if you was I, and I was you,
What would the both of us do?
Lovingly,

POETIC WILLIAM.

Dr. Boggs: "Mr Moore, what is oxy-
gen?"
Moore: "Oxygen is a substance hav-
ing eight sides."

Instead of giving the S. A. T. C.
such a long name, why didn't they give
it one that would really imply what
it was?

Ladies' Auxiliary
Sewing Circle
Ambulance Corps
Stevadores
Guerillas
Pathfinders
Mohawks
Deserters
Marauders
Battle-fed Boys
Debutantes
Willie Boys

Prof. Campoamore (conversing in
French on a rainy day): "This is good
weather for—(a new word to
the class)."

Seeing that the class did not under-
stand the word, he flaps his arms and
quacks.

Gooch (suddenly grasping it): "Oh!
"Oh! He's a goose!"
THE TECH TERROR AND TATTLER

Q. Where do you live?
A. In Bevo.
Q. Where is that?
A. It is Near Beer.

What does the S. A. T. C. mean?
1. Stick Around Till Christmas.
2. Safe At The College.

They are raising babies on elephant's milk now?
Whose babies?
Elephants' babies.

"May I come near you?"
"No, I’m afraid if you do you will—"
"No, honestly I won’t."
"What’s the use, then."

Who makes a living off Tech boys and also buys a new car every year?
Freshman Levi doesn’t enjoy the Bion any more. Why?

The Sophomores saw a patch of green, They thought it was the Freshman class; But when to it they closer drew, They found it was a looking-glass.

Hallie: "So you danced with ‘Blue’ last night?"
Ruth: "Yes; but how did you know?"
Hallie: "I noticed that you were limping today."

Lt. Griel (on halting): "Place foot on the ground beside the one in the air and remain motionless."
Douglas (reciting in class): "I’m a Spiritualist, and I want to discuss the question with you. But on the contrary, I believe that when I die that will be the end of me."
Voice from the rear of the room: "Thank goodness for that."

Prof. McKee: "Which is the richest country in the world?"
Elliott: "Ireland; because its capital is always Dublin."

A fly has specks, but he cannot see through them.

Bright Soph: "My, what an awful day for the race."
Ignorant Freshman: "What race?"
Bright Soph: "The human race."

Dr. Wallace (in European History): "Give me the characteristics of Henry the Eighth."
"Cotton" Howell: "He was bow-legged."

Cowan has discovered a new way to get the grunt out of pig-iron.

Sgt. Frank Roman (to Lt. Gottschall): "Lieutenant, I have stood at attention longer than you have been in the Army."
Fra-k (to Lt. A. H. Mills): "Lieutenant, I have stood more pay days than you have reveille."

We heard that Mr. Peacock accused someone of working overtime.
Mack: "You look sweet enough to eat."
She: "I do eat; let’s go down to the Rathskeller."

Prof. "Oh! You are the very man I am looking for."
Mr. Houston: "I’m sorry, sir, but I’m broke."

The Seniors are growing mustaches this year. One sent his picture to his girl and this was her reply: "Twinkle, twinkle, little hair, How I wonder where you ‘air,’ Up above that lip so brave, Why in the devil don’t you shave!"

Sentry on Guard Duty: "Halt! Who’s there?"
Unknown Party: "Major, wife, and poodle dog."
Smart Sentry: "Advance, Major, to be recognized. Wife, mark time. Poodle dog, Parade Rest."

Prof. Whitner may not know how his C. E. class gets out when he locks the door of his room, but when he turns his back to write on the board, his inventive Freshmen climb out of the window.

The three most thrilling words in the English language: "Enclosed find check."

Fresh: "What does electricity look like?"
Bright Soph: "Shocking."
HON. ALFRED JINGLE, ESQ.,
SEES BATHERS AT ATLANTIC CITY

(Special Dispatch to Terror & Tattler)

Some town—Atlantic City—very. See bathers, interesting, horribly. See women first, all do—last, too! Alluring, batters, interesting, horribly. See woolen suits, 'fraid fall out suits. Naked truth, shocking, though, very demmed. Suits abbreviated horribly. Don't have to dry look like ocean on New York. Don't have to go in sea, 'fraid suits get wet and fall off, then too much see. Horrible, very. Walk beach, show off. Demmed funny country, America, very demmed. Don't know, guess all right.

Big woman, weigh ton, sit little man lap, weigh stone. Big crush, Atlantic City, very crush. Funny people, Americans, horribly. Old man groan, lie on sand. White suit, white hose come by. Cans, horribly. Old man groan, lie on sand. White suit, white hose better'n look like dollar mark.

Turn face, pretty arms, pretty—yes, very, very. Wish Pickwick see it, maybe he get 'round him. Two shocking, I say! 'Round her. Shocking, very. Put arm through, beExperimental. Like Fountain of Youth, make old man young again. Don't know, guess all right.

Take woman in water. Put arm round her. Shocking, very. Put arm round him. Two shocking. I say! Wish Pickwick see it, maybe he get gay, too, don't know. Dance on beach, horrible, very. It's bare hug, very bare. Pretty suits, pretty face, pretty arms, pretty—yes, very, very demmed very! Don't see how some go in, 'fraid suits get wet and fall off, then too much see. Horrible, very. Walk beach, show off. Demmed funny country, America, very demmed. Don't know, guess all right.


Two Hours Later

Don't like Atlantic City, hotter—very, yes, demmed, very demmed.

—

10 COMMANDMENTS FOR THOSE STRICKEN WITH THE POISON OF CUPID'S DART

1. Be punctual. Girls are. Why not you?
2. When you cough in the presence of a lady, do so as you would at the Sunday School Tabernacle—put a gag in your mouth.
3. Never tell her you think the light is too bright. She might turn it out; then you would be lost. Carry a candle with you since its light is sufficient for all practical purposes.
4. Cut garlic, onions, and Bevo from your diet during the first stages. Later on she might get used to it.
5. Chew noiseless gum. Remember, you are not eating soup.
6. When a soft voice from upstairs calls, "Mary," it is time for you to leave. Move out promptly, as there is another voice up there not quite so soft.
7. When you take flowers memorize the presentation speech beforehand. You cannot think properly while gazing at her liquid orbs.
8. Always remember her name. She may call you George when you are Bill, but that does not excuse you.
9. For endearing words see the author's dictionary for "Lovers and Simple-Minded and the Insane."
10. Never kiss a girl. You are bound to lie because you know that you have done it before, and it puts her in the same fix.

WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME

Williams
Hill
Young
Guess
Ingram
Rodgers
Lewis
Sanderson
Lester
Elliott
Adkins
Vandegriff
Estes
Howell
Oldknow
Mitchell
Ewing

EX-KAISER

What does the "ex" mean? Ex-punged from the roll, exceedingly ex-ericated, and it is to be hoped, soon to be ex-tradited and then executed.

He: "You are the sole aim of my life."
She (on the other end of the sofa): "Well, you won't make a hit if you don't get close to the target."

ASK DAD SHE KNOWS

(Attention, Billy Sunday)

Brighten the column where we are. We seek all kinds of humor and we bring it from afar, to brighten the column, Where we are.

C. P. O. Murphy: "Squads round and round. Do it."

ELECTRICAL—ATTENTION

When your girl is sulky and will not speak—Exciter.
If she talks too long—Interrupter.
If she gets too excited—Controller.
If her way of thinking is not yours—Converter.
If she is willing to come half-way—Meter.
If she will come all the way—Receiver.
If she wants to go further—Converter.
If she would still go further—Dispatcher.
If she wants to be an angel—Transformer.
If she goes up in the air—Condenser.
If she wants chocalote-Feeder.

SOME ANSWERS TO PHYSICS

1. "A coulomb is 10' ohms."
2. "The 'magnetic movement' of a magnet is gotten when the magnet is put into iron filings. It will take a position so as to have an angle with itself."
3. "Since, the more cells there are in parallel, the less the current; if you have no cells at all, you will get an infinitely large current."

FEATURES

Electricity


to brighten the column.

C. P. O. Murphy: "Squads round and round. Do it."

FRESHMEN

(Characteristic Attitude of Freshmen)
A TALE WITHOUT A MORAL

Ever see a timid debutante bite one of these here cream puffs—sort of hard? So the innards kind of eased outwards, sort of floorwards? Then, an ye were botanically inclined, did ye note the dejected look of said innards after having come into juxtaposition with the persians? Extinguish me, Clarence, if that isn't the way he looked when—

But I'm starting at the head of the line. Extinguish me, Clarence, if lines ain't about all there is in the army anyhow. You line up for wake up—you line up for mess—you line up for pay—for discharge—for drill—for pass-es—and you line up for—that is if you're a private and the doc ain't sore.

But as I was saying—he looked like the part of the cream puff the debutante didn't get when—. Extinguish me, Clarence, but I forgot you didn't know who he is.

He is G. S. T. '15, same as I am, and we hit Paris together after a few months of Germans, cooties and other vermin. The only difference between us two is that we're not a bit alike. He loves the ladies—I hate 'em. Extinguish me, Clarence, but I never yet made one of them sick with cooking, by divers other means well known in the art of humbling a husband.

We hit Paris; e. g., Paris hit us. I'm gonna call him Bill for two reasons. First, 'cause his name ain't Bill, and two, 'cause he'd feel even more like that cream innards if the fellows at Tech ever knew who it was that got it like he did.

You know Paris. If you don't, you ought a. Extinguish me, Clarence, but it's just downright pathetic to let two foreign countries go on tampering up there listening to Jerry chatter, loose in Paris. Bill and me being as we were—sort of different in a way, you might say—kind of froze onto different objectives. Men—

I started looking in at all the bars in town (which there are some) to see if any Tech boys were there. By the time I hit the American Bar up by the Opry, I had about fifty who said they'd graduated from Tech—only I couldn't understand them 'cause none of them spoke English.

Bill—he went looking for two of these wooley-oyal, la, la, birds to initiate us into the most expensive cafe and shows in town. We're alike in that, me and Bill. Extinguish me, Clarence, but when I'm toting right smart of that "Bubbling Joy," and Bill's cornered the chicken mart, we're just liable to pay off the national debt of Germany after the Peace Pipers get thru piping.

Long about seven o'clock Bill drops into the American Bar with four of the voguish-est ducks in town. I've never seen birds like that before; only they looked to me as if they were trying to get into the Seine. Which prevent consisted largely in a handful of coat-tails belonging to Bill and constraining him to refrain from dying so full of love and wine.

Well, me and Bill argued—and Bill dived for the Seine and I held his coat-tails. There ain't a thing in the world worses man in love, less it's cooties and fleas both at one time when you're paralyzed. Bill he'd been running around with these here Paris girls for many months, but soon's his girl got to marrying some of his friends, Bill headed for the Seine.

All of which brings to mind the fact that I'm writing a tale without a moral. Bill didn't drown because I held his coat-tails. The old adverb says, "Men have died and worms have "et 'em—but not for love." Bill loved about six girls. Absence didn't make the heart grow fonder. The sun came up—and all I got out of it was a handful of coat-tails—wot th' hell do you make of it?

SLEEPY AND LIEUT. ORR

Lieut. Orr, who was stationed here with the S. A. T. C., found great trouble in getting a date with his girl who was in love with a private in his company, but Sleepy, the private, was determined to keep a date with the young lady. He went to Lieut. Orr asking for a pass.

The wise Lieutenant, knowing of our hero's date, refused him a pass, and said, "I will take your date," but Sleepy could not see it that way, so off he went to see the Officer of the Day, who, not knowing of the offense he was committing, gave him the pass.

When our young hero arrived at the house of his date, who should greet him at the door but his rival, but at least, poor fellow, he did not know with the manners of Chesterfield, he took the girl from the eyes of his wondering company commander and off to town to the show.

THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT

1. The earth will collide with Jupiter in 6,000,000,000 years.
2. One dozen rats will "multiply" to three million in one year.
3. Final Exams.

Guest: "What is the name of that intelligent looking prisoner?"
Guard: "No. 2206."
Guest: "Of course, that is not his real name.
Guard: "Oh, no; that's just his 'pen' name."

Young (in Chemistry): "Professor, when potassium Io-dide, where did Indigo?"
"The Slumgullion Stew."

6:55 PM - 12:05 PM - 6:10 PM

"Only a Part of the Dressing"

"Just Five Minutes"

"Hey! I don't want a shower"

"More hot dogs for supper."

I didn't raise my pups to be hot-dogs.

"Cool Meat George!!"

"Ducks on the jam."

"King of the Mess Hall."

"Friend and Enemy"
Now I have never been to college before, so you fellows can’t hold me responsible for the things I did or didn’t do. And I never was a Freshman before, either.

When I left Lost Crossing, Ma gave me some good advice about this and that, but since I am here I reckon Ma never went to Ga. Tech, anyway, don’t seem like she did.

The worst part of it was that train was late. Mr. Catliff Askew, that’s our preacher and agent at Lost Crossings, said it would get here at four-fifty, but when I got here the big clock said ten minutes to five. I didn’t look at my watch for maybe some city sharper might snatch it from me.

But that was not the worst. When I got out to this school—oh, my, I am here, but I don’t know how he done it, he came so fast I couldn’t count the people. The fellow only charged me a dollar.

When I got in the dormitory the Doctor gave me a key for my new fifty-cent piece, and he said it was to my room. I took my telescope up and came right back like he told me. I had always been taught to do just as the doctor told me. I wasn’t real sick, just home-sick a little.

The doctor took me over to the eating house. I guess it was because he had taken a liking to me. But I can take care of myself, I reckon, since I wash behind my ears now.

After we stood outside a little while we all went in, I guess there was enough of us for a big revival. It must have been the best room (cause they had white covers on the tables, just like Ma has on Sunday for the preacher and deacons). I wanted to sit down right away, but some fellow said stand up and I stood.

Talk about suppers, fellows, we had one. I got a middle chair with a city fellow on each side of me, at least I guess they were, since both wore nose specs with a gold chain. I couldn’t understand them very well; what I couldn’t get was the names of the food. Ma told me all about the knife and fork, about holding them down and keeping my little finger up. I got that pretty good considering my experience. But that food! I couldn’t see any cart-wheels, or sirloin, or bull or hay or zipp or disinfectant on the table, so the fellow on the left said right away that I was a bloom idiot, and the other one reckoned I hadn’t been out much. I could not help it, could I? Anyway, I didn’t get hungry, because my arms are long. The food was all right, but I wish Ma could show them cooks how to make yams. I bet they took the jackets off first. Another thing, the meat wasn’t done. Firewood must be expensive up here. I guess that was why they wasn’t finished. I asked the waiter if he didn’t think it was a little rare. He said he reckoned so, since they didn’t have it but once a week. I don’t know yet why they are stingy with the butter—maybe the cow is going dry. I only had enough for one biscuit, and when I asked for more the waiter wanted to know if I thought I was in a dairy. He must have thought I couldn’t see good. And when we came to pie! It was awful good, but I didn’t ask for a second helping. I finished, but most every one was gone, but I was going to show them that I knew how to use a finger bowl.

But when I asked the waiter for one, he kicked me out. I guess Ma was wrong that time.

DEFINITIONS

Condition—A scholarly attainment.
Cut—A stolen pleasure.
Faculty—An unnecessary evil.
Fresbie—An innocent child.
Soph—A worldly wise sage.
Junior—A playingth of the faculty.
Senior—A real wise guy.
Graduate—A good fellow without a job.
Flunk—A result of hard luck.
Exam—A relic of the Spanish Inquisition.
Lecture—A total loss of time.
Holiday—A brief respite.
Vacation—The shortest period in the year.
Report—A thing to be explained.
Mess Hall—The answer to “when is an eating house not an eating house.”

A little bit of powder,
A little dab of paint,
Makes a thing of beauty,
Of a thing that aint.

So those little girlies,
Clever as they be,
Use those little boxes, till
They’re wonderful to see.

(7) GREAT LINES OF THE WORLD

1. Hindenburgh Line.
2. K. G.’s Line.
3. Pud’s Straight Line.
4. Edgar Dunlap’s Line to the Women.
5. Cox’s Line on Dancing.
6. Annette Kellerman’s Lines.
7. Rob Griffith’s Line of Bull.

1st Sgt. Sanford: “As you WAS.”

TRYING OUT FOR THE MARIONETTES

(Continued on page 11)

TRYING OUT FOR THE MARIONETTES

(Continued on page 11)
A Stewed Stude

Waiting for a Criticism

Treering with the odor of Exceeding Frenches

College Bread (a four year loaf)

Shades of Shadow

Without the Shade
first? I arose, dropping my hat on the floor, made my way down the aisle, tripping over an out-stretched foot. What a beginning! As I see it, it was the beginning of the end. How I got to the center of the stage I do not know. Anyway I was there, the footlights partly returning my senses, which was for only a moment. Strange to say, all the pockets in my clothes seemed to be sewed up and my hands dangled loosely at my side. Chancing to glance down, instead of my feet I saw two gunboats, so I tried to hide one behind the other.

"Mr. Boothe, will you give me a pantomime?" A pantomime? Yes, I had heard that word before and by extreme effort I remembered having prepared one for the occasion, but the idea was very vague. For a moment I stood there limply gazing into the vast beyond. Bright idea! I should pantomime a saleslady. I did, but from my contortions it was impossible to determine whether I was dishing out soap at a chop suey joint or rooting at a genuine article, however, is positively initiated for the real article. The gen-u-ine article, however, is positively identified by the soul-racking, intangible, deadly malady that always accompanies it, known as Spring Fever.

Spring has now put in its appearance at Georgia Tech. On a certain morning not so very long ago, a student of this institution, as was his usual custom (except on Sundays), awoke, which process consisted of removing his room-mate's foot from his left eye-brow, raising his weary head to take a look at the clock and calculating, by 'Young's Modulus' the acceleration he must put into his next movements in order to get to school by five minutes after the hour. This morning he did not follow the succeeding procedure in his program—for this morning he knew that Spring had arrived. Yesterday morning had been winter, yet yesterday had been warmer than this, the sweet little birds had infused the hazy air with just as great a degree of insidious harmony, as the sun had been reflected with just as great brilliance from the brightly polished picture frame containing the magic of his adored one. But he knew this morning to be the prog nostication of Spring, in spite of Prof. Schneider's announcement of six inches of snow before twilight. The positive herald was the unmistakable, soft, easy, comfortable feeling of awful, all-pervading, concentrated, uncontrollable laziness, and absolute inertia that had, with the gentle but inflexible and terrific force of ten thousand tons of drowsy feathers smothered entirely his usual, inflexible, implying energy and like the soft fall of snow converted the hard angular outlines of his usual school thoughts into a shadowy realm of blissful, joyous dreams. "Though it be hard angular outlines of his usual, inflexible, pressing moments, his program—"I knew that, but have forgotten it—"he muttered in unison with the drone of his prof.'s voice he dreams on. Once more he sees a red and black uniformed pitcher slowly wind up, like the snap of a whip he unleashes, like a flash of light the new white spheroid wings its light towards the waiting batsman. Like a perfect machine, quick and true the crouching batsman lunges forward, the golden T on his arm flashes in unison with the polished shelalal in his hand, and far-far into center field the ball rebounds.

EXCUSES PROFESSORS WON'T ACCEPT

1. This is as far as the lesson goes.
2. I wasn't here last time.
3. Sick last night.
4. Lost my book.
5. I knew that, but have forgotten it.
6. I forgot the fine part at the bottom of the page.
7. That is not in my book.
8. I thought we could omit that.
9. Sat up with a dead man last night.

LOVE

Dr. Wallace's definition of love:
"Love is an inward feeling of an outward all-overliness."

Frank Roman says at other colleges the members of the band call their leader Mr. So-And-So, but here at Tech where they have best band they call their leader "WOP." (I wonder why.)
SPIRALS

Spirals is that part of a military equipage that is designed to cover and otherwise adorn the be-trousered calves of the wearer. We said designed; in reality, they meander around all the adjacent territory, from the foot to the knee, depending upon the shape and constitution of the happy (?) wearer. They are camouflaged under such inspiring cognomens as "wrapped leggins," "woolen puttees," "gauze bandages," "cheesecloth strips," and ad infinitum, and come in all the colors of the rainbow, which wide variety is called O. D. by the enterprising storekeepers.

They also come in all grades of cloth sacking and basket work, the "croker sack" variety being the one that the well-dressed Tech man usually acquires. The process of the acquisition is usually along these lines:

The hopeless Tech man enters the clothing store to buy canary seed or hair oil for his thrumming pompadour, little dreaming that he is illustrating the old simile of putting his head into the lion’s jaw, or sharing honors with our old friend, the fly, when he investigated the spacious mansion of the spider. By way of conversation and giving a little bite to his all-devouring thirst for knowledge (carefully instilled and tenderly nurtured by our own Tech profs.), he peacefully inquires the price of you pair of what-do-you-call-em-leggins—or our own friend, the spirals. That cooks his goose. The salesman immediately and also at once cuts loose with an enflading cross fire, preceded by a gas and smoke discharge of sales grenades that knocks our poor Tech man's feebler counter barrage about as far as the Golden Tornado will knock Pitt, if they ever venture from their lair down this way. Little do our friends' protests and objections and their own heads settled against his manly shoulder, he is dreamily gliding about at a swell dance to the tune of his favorite waltz, when—horrors!—to the vast amusement of his friends, he discovers that those low-down spirals have become unfastened, and are now nicely tangled about the fair ankles of his pretty partner. He does not see the fun in it as do his friends. Neither does she. Sometimes in the far future he may, she may, too—but it is doubtful.

Would you call Red Barron a "Strawberry" blond?
HOW TO BEHAVE AT THE MOVIES

On approaching the millionaire who presides behind the plate glass window with the little holes in it, push out an iron man with two fingers, in return he will give you slips of yellow paper marked 10c and sixty-five cents in change. As you have one of the fair sex with you, you will not count your change. The man behind the window knows this. Then you proceed through a swinging door into a hot dark cavern. If you are a man of determination, you will seize the girl firmly by one wrist, and with the other hand stuck out at an angle of forty-five degrees to the south, grope your way down the aisle in search of a vacant seat. If the extended hand slaps a bald head with an audible smack, that seat is occupied. In this case, try again until you find one that is not taken. You push the lady in ahead of you, and sit down hard. In doing this you may possibly break the toes of the person sitting behind who had his feet sticking through the seat. After several signs Advertising the latest models of Fords and Corsets, the film flickers on the screen, and the fifty-third episode of the Tortures of Tilly is begun. The series has been running since last August, but as the young lady has not missed any of the series, you are supposed to be properly excited when a man in a long black cloak, a slouch hat and a mask appears in an '05 model Buick and seizing the good looking but simple minded heroine by the nape of the neck, hurls her into the car, and dashes off at a rate of several miles an hour.

When the picture is ended, restrain any desire to clap your hands or groan, as this is coming to be bad form. It is, however, proper to get up in the middle of a picture, and gently, but firmly, crowd out past a couple of fat ladies and a cripple. Take as much time as possible to do this, in order to obscure the view of the rest of the patrons as much as possible. In going out let fall a few remarks, such as "Punk Show," for the benefit of the ushers.

Dr. Emerson: "Mr. Houser, what are the analytical properties of Sodium?"

Freshman Houser: "I don't know, Doctor; I haven't studied Sodium in Analyt yet."

Prof. McKay: "Define 'Candle Power.'"

Haskell: "'Candle Power' is the power generated by the steam of a glass of water while boiling during the process of combustion of a tallow candle of a given size."

OVER THE TOP
Sans Coal, Sans Sugar, Sans Gas, Sans Other Things

(By Sgt. Aryu Guys Entey)

As George Washington, the well-known Father of His Country, remarked as he gazed over the camp at Valley Forge and was conscious of the fact that his other shoe needed half soiling, "Sherman was right." We would not presume to correct one who could not tell a lie, but in our humble opinion Sherman's historic observation was entirely too superficial. His remark was based only on personal experience and lacked that depth of prophetic insight that could reach into the future and define the war of another age. Sherman just scratched the surface. I wished many a time last winter that I could have had Billy Tecumseh with me to describe, if possible, the modern war by giving the name of some arctic division of the nether regions. Boy, page Mr. Milton. Seriously, though, didn't you notice that we had some cold weather last winter? If you didn't your hide must be as thick as the proverbial Soph Analyt student's head. We had plenty of cold around at our house but very little coal. The coal bin had a way of keeping in harmony with my name and my head that was positively distressing. It was all of that,—it was freezing.

If you had anything to do with the purchase or "borrowing" of coal in those bleak days of the shortage in Atlanta, you know that "all that is black is not coal" to paraphrase Lowell and Shakespeare. After spending seven hours and fifteen minutes slowly advancing in the line of coal seekers, in the auditorium it was possible to reach the outer circle of the guards who were protecting the coal supply. There your temperature was taken to find if you were really cold and you were passed into the examination room. If it developed that you had never been to Europe, that you had no intention of committing suicide in the near future, and that none of your maiden aunts on your grandmother's side had tonsilitis you were given a ticket entitling you to a bushel of coal if the dealer felt like delivering it and you had the money to pay for it. You had the option of taking "run of the mine" coal with a bare possibility of getting it delivered some day, or of taking lump coal which would be de-
Engineering Terms

1. The Moment of Inertia
2. The Bending Moment
3. The Moment of a Couple
4. The Elastic Limit
Over the Top
(Continued from page 13)

livered by June 1st, at the latest. You selected "run o' mine" if it was your first offense and hastened to catch a car so as to be able to receive the wagon on its arrival. Six days later the "coal" arrived. The usual method of delivering the "diamond dust" was to dip it out of the wagon in buckets and pour it in the cellar where it lay in a puddle. Then if you still wanted a fire you went out and busted up the fence for fuel. The coal would not burn.

All things have their end, even coal famines, and so it was with this, but the shortage of B. T. U's. in the coal pile was succeeded by a dearth not only in calories, but in luxes, lumens and candle powers. The gas began to grow weak and the flame to grow paler and paler until you had to strike a match in order to locate the burner to turn it off. This situation cannot be appreciated unless it has been experienced. If any of the readers who use this new-fangled electricity want to see what a gas famine is like let them follow the simple rules here given for twenty-four hours and they will have a pretty realistic idea of the effect of this famine on those who follow the advertisement on the stack of the gas company and "cook with gas." Use no light except that of a pocket flashlight. Eat only such prepared foods as can be purchased in canned form. Use only cold water. Shades of Job!

This, too, had its end, but Mr. Hoover was now on the job. Meatless days, wheatless days, butterless days, eatless days followed each other in a continuous procession. At one time sugar was as difficult to procure as a saloon license in Georgia. Then a carload arrived and the saccharine crystals were doled out to the crowds of anxious buyers by the spoonful. This scarcity, as well as the lack of other necessary materials, soon brought a terrible calamity on the Tech students. The price of chocolate milks went up to 10 cents! "C'est la guerre" says the Frenchman resignedly as he undertakes some new sacrifice and in the same spirit the Techite forked over the other jitney or ordered a glass of cold water. "C'est la guerre."

The fuelless days brought a new subject of conversation to the campus but nothing else except possibly the loss of sundry soft drinks or a trip to the show. Numerous arguments were advanced in some quarters to show that Tech ought to close on Mondays, but the authorities could not see it that way. We were spared this sacrifice.

These days are past and we can look back at them and perhaps even smile at the tragedies of the past. They are nothing. We can look forward into the future and see real sacrifices that lie before. Who minds a little inconvenience in a cause such as ours that may bring a call for real sacrifices in the future? May we then, as now, say with the French, "C'est la guerre" and go on about our daily tasks with the unfaltering determination to do what is required of us.

Atlanta welcomes Yapp Young back because they can have Grand Opera again.

Bee passed his honey. (Deep)
Wear “Bill the Tailor’s”
HAND-ENGRAVED CLOTHES

The Best Men At Tech Have Stamped On Our Clothes With Approval

See our beautiful yellow, fifteen buttoned, lace trimmed, cotton and canvas fall model.

If you buy our suiting you will certainly want another!

BULL

Bull, like infinity, is not exactly definable. We can spend six pages in an illuminating dissertation upon its definition, and then when we have it hemmed up in a corner, and our itching hands almost upon it, it slips through a knot hole that we have not previously seen. Mr. Webster defines Bull as the higher order of talking, super-artistic language manipulation, the rhythmic exercise of the jaw and lungs, etc., but this, as may readily be seen, by the highly enlightened Technique reader, is a sadly approximate definition.

Bull is the axle grease that makes the world go around. It is that fine art of putting one's brain or ivory into such munificent awe-inspiring, forceful and compelling language that the person to whom it is addressed knows more about the subject than the “Bull artist” knows himself. It is the prattle of childhood, the conversational medium of the college boy, and through it the maxim of age and wisdom are given to the world. It is nonsense and wind in the sheepskin of knowledge. It is that gift which has made K— (censored) and Dr. (censored) alias “wind,” etc., or to put it in “hot air” alias “bosh,” alias “bunk,” alias “wind,” etc., or to put it in a military way, “camouflage language” in a new suit of clothes.

Bull was first invented and introduced into the Garden of Eden by our old friend the devil himself, and the newly-wed Mrs. Eve was such an apt pupil that until recently her sex has held the belt against all comers. Little, however, do the awe inspiring students of Georgia Tech sit back and watch anybody else hold the championship in any branch of athletics or indoor sports. So early in the history of the school an informal team of bull shooters was organized that soon wrested the supremacy in this field from the fair sex and nailed another rag to our championship post, where it has remained ever since. For purposes of practice, the mess hall was erected, and there, led by Gen. Gus, bull met amid scenes of terrible conflict in corrugated carnage that would have made a Tech-Georgia football debacle (from the Russian news) look like a pass-of-Nabiscos-pink tea-dance, and would have caused Leonidas, the Lion-Hearted to die of fright if he had heard it from as near as Georgian Terrace. Ah, them was the good old days.

As Shakespeare so aptly said, “Bull is mighty and must prevail.” Then it was that the captain of the base-ball team could apply the bull art and mesmerize the umpire into giving his man a base on four strikes. Then it was that a Georgia man, after an argument with a Tech man, would go back to Athens, believing Georgia to be a branch of Boys’ High School, and Tech the center of the universe. Then it only took three and a half minutes to convince a prof. that your grade should be 95 instead of 25. Them was the good old days.

The legislature stepped in about this time, however, and put a stop to organized bull shooting, thereby giving a chance to the individual. Now everybody tries to out shoot the other fellow, but recently great progress has been made by the formation of leagues. Just take a look around at any time or place and you will see little knots of artists and would-be artists, practicing the latest fashions and most up-to-date methods of shooting a toro.

NEW PENCIL SHARPENER

While all the engineering courses at Tech are getting new and modern equipments for their work, so is the commercial department. We believe in working with the latest and most up-to-date equipments, so we have decided to get a pencil sharpener. A collection was taken up for that purpose, and the large sum of $1.50 was soon in hand. After much consideration, the president of last year’s “Easy Riders Apts.” (Asbury) was entrusted to get this wonderful machine.

Everything went along fine until one of our greenhorns went to use the complicated apparatus, and instead of putting the pencil in the hole, he put his finger in it, and started to turn the crank. Now, the person who did this brilliant thing was no other than the high-minded Mr. T. N. Colley. We had to be rather patient with our dear friend, who had not heard the lecture by Asbury on how to “usit.” Many brilliant questions were asked, but now it is working fine, and open to inspection of all.
Where Do You Buy Your Hearses?

RACING MOTOR HEARSEs

These hearses, colored in red, orange and green or blue polka dot will make a higher speed than any other hearse made. We give nine per cent discount and profit sharing coupon to every Tech man purchasing.

KNOCKS MOTOR COMPANY

S. O. L.

The Engineers Enlisted Reserve corps was organized about January 1, 1918, and was at the time of organization the only immediate relief from the draft for technical students. This very select corps was organized through the efforts of the Chief of Engineers for the purpose of allowing the young men in the technical colleges throughout the country to remain in school and complete their education instead of going to the war with an unfinished education and as a buck private in the rear rank. This was such a wonderful opportunity for all college men to remain in school and at the same time walk the streets with citizen's clothes on. As a result the business of rushing members for the club was fine during the summer and by the time school opened in the fall we had a full quota of about twenty-eight members.

The members of this club continued in fine spirits and there was nothing to disturb their peaceful morning sleep until one morning in October when Major Hermance ordered that all members of the club would immediately move into barracks with C company. From that time on the members of the S. O. L. Club enjoyed a great many privileges that they had not hitherto enjoyed. For instance they enjoyed the privilege of making reveille every morning at 5:20, in fact it seemed to most of the members that we had hardly gotten to bed when it was time to get up again. The time for going to bed and the time for getting up were so near on time that it was hardly worth while to prepare for bed as we had been in the habit of doing, so the result was that in order for a member of this club to prepare for bed he merely took off his hat, turned down the blankets and then he had nothing to do until 5:20 the next morning.

During the first month in Camp Crystal Palace most of the members of the club enjoyed a few extra privileges in addition to the regular morning drill, police duty, etc. During the first month most of the members went to at least three or four K. P. parties. We enjoyed these parties very much as was evidenced by the fact that we always went back. Whenever a K. P. party was given we always had at least a committee present to represent the club if all members could not be present in person.

I must say that the club had two days in each month in which to rest. We had absolutely nothing to do on those days in the way of military duties. Those days were the days of signing the pay roll and the day of receiving the pay. We were a select club and the officers knew that we should not be made to work as hard as the other men in the company so they gave us the two above-mentioned days for rest. Our title S. O. L. dates from the time we were assigned these two days of rest.

I am sure all members of the S. O. L. Club enjoyed the benefits of the club wonderfully but at the last meeting we adopted the following resolution:

"We, the members of the S. O. L. Club, hereby pledge ourselves that in case of another war we will not join another reserve organization but will seek membership in an organization that is designed to proceed to the front immediately."

FRESHMEN

We're green, we admit, but we've stood the test,
And now we feel we're due some rest—
So next year we intend to take our ease
With Calculus, Analyt and such as these.
One thing in our favor, this we learn,
Green wood and Freshmen do not burn.

BEFORE AND AFTER TAKING

Fresh: "Ye gods and little fishes.
Senior: "Oh, thou dainties and diminutive denizens of the deep."
Love

LOVE

Extract from "The Psychological Philosophy of the Osculatory Process"

BY FULLER BULL

In discussing such a question, one is somewhat puzzled as to where to start, at the beginning, in the middle or at the end. However, one must start somewhere. As to a definition of love. The incomprehensibility of each individual's personal inclination absolutely precludes the possibility of establishing rigid regulations for the government of human conduct. Therefore it would be an expression of consummate asininity, of senile indigency of intellect, of comprehensive necessity for mental equilibrium to attempt such a difficult if not impossible task. (This is not an advertisement for Funk & Wagnall's Dictionary, but merely the outpourings of an overloaded soul.)

Love may be divided into two parts, that existing before and after marriage. Before marriage, kissing a girl is heavenly, afterward, kissing same girl, monotonous. Before marriage a kiss is a pleasure, afterward, a duty. Kissing one's wife is like drinking Bevo, there is no kick in it. Of course, a great deal depends on whose wife is the kissee.

The following incident may throw some light on what love is:

Froggie Morton: "What is life?"
First Fresh: "Life is just one damn thing after another."
Second Fresh: "Ah, he's got that mixed up with being in love."

Lacking experience in these matters, in fact being somewhat of a misogynist, and with a heart as cold as a stepmother's kiss, I say, lacking experience in these matters, I proceeded to ask several gentlemen who would not consider deviating from the strict path of rectitude, just what being in love was like. Following are some answers:

"It's like cranking a Ford, too much uncertainty."
"There's no feeling." (Where there's no sense there is no feeling.)
"It's Heaven."
"It's Hell."
Quite a difference of opinion. However, all agreed that it causes a mental, moral, physical, and last but not least, a financial depression in the lover.

Some men say you can't love a fat woman. Take it from me, boys, these cold winter nights, when the weather is chilly and coal is so high, a nice, fat woman is a luxury. (Fat women, please notice.)

Let us picture to ourselves some normal or sub-normal individual, of average or nearly human intelligence, whose principal possessions are a smile and a pair of pants, and who wilfully, heedlessly, shamelessly, unwarily, helplessly, deeply, rambunctiously, absolutely and completely falls in love.

The first symptoms are a general haggard look, a halting step, loss of appetite, and a succession of sighs. Where before he possessed some amount of intellect, now he couldn't even pass the entrance examination to Millidgeville.

Generally the quintessence of his amatorial aspirations is some freckled-faced, snaggle-toothed, knock-kneed damsel with no pulchritude and less intellect. To him, however, she is the acme of feminine grace and loveliness.

So he pursues his onward way, living in an atmosphere of love, breathing sighs, and feeling, as one of our novelists has it, like some poor heartbroken wretch, yearning for one fleeting glimpse of his beloved, that his soul may be soothed into a seeming sense of sorrowful solace, and when he perceives this ethereal vision of unmitigated loveliness, he proclaims with bated breath, "Those eyes, those ears, those nose, them neck."

Then comes the crucial moment when he desires to request said damsel to become his spouse.

Taking his ring in one hand and his heart in the other, hoping to bribe her with the former to accept the latter, he kneels before the image of his dreams, in the cold light of logic, seems to radiate anything of intelligence or even horse sense.

As he holds her by the hand and kisses her, where before he was alone, now he is a prisoner of his own imagination. So he is content to accept the chance to have her for the rest of his life.

We ask you, gentle reader, if such a spectacle, viewed in the cold light of logic, seems to radiate anything of intelligence or even horse sense.

We have left off consideration marriage for money. Of course, none of us would marry a girl simply because her pater familias was overloaded with the filthy lucre, although we rarely let it stand in the way.

So much for love. Is it a disease, a form of insanity, a heavenly passion, or a joke? It all depends on the point of view.
Do You Know the Fundamental of Mustaches?

HOXSEY, HOPKINS AND DU PREE

The Alfalfa Trio

Will Demonstrate, Inoculate and Appropriate

Come to see us

For men only

Football mustaches barred

SOME THOUGHTS ON MARRIAGE WAR BRIDES:

BrIDES ARE WAR

Several have asked why we refer to marriage in the same sense as war. There is no difference.

A fellow meets a girl and decides that she is the woman he wants to "battle through life with."

You "present arms," she "falls in."

You talk it over and decide upon an "engagement."

At the marriage license bureau you "sign up." The minister "swears you in."

There are only a few "skirmishes" during courtship. The "real fighting" starts after the marriage.

"That's when a man thinks he's a "colonel." But he's only a nut.

In Turkey a woman salaams her husband. Over here they slam them.

In the home, as well as on the battlefields, they use "hand-grenades," such as flat-irons, pots, pans and rolling pins.

The wife is usually a great "rifler." She rifles her husband's pockets every night.

She takes all of your large money and confines you to "quarters."

Whether you have done anything or not, she always has you on "mess detail."

There's one good thing, she makes most of her "counter-attacks" in the department stores.

And she knows how to "charge."

She's your "commanding officer," and you're her "supply officer."

In the trenches, fighting lets up once in a while, but with the "Home Guards" it never ceases.

You hold one important position, and that is "Paymaster." You pay for the privilege of letting her battle with you.

The fiercest fighting has yet to come; wait until the "infantry arrives."

Instead of "shouldering arms," you shoulder baby.

On the battlefield, the shells may "scream and scream," but they have nothing on the kid.

You get your "walking papers" every night.

This is about the only "hiking" you do.

Instead of dodging bullets, you've got to dodge darts. The country has a lot of darts (tax) dodgers today.

War has another advantage. You only "sign up" for four years. There's no clause like that in your wedding certificate.

You can get exempt from war on account of marriage, but you can't get exempt from marriage on account of war.

Maybe you bachelors have an idea that biscuits are harmless, if your wife makes them. Well—don't encourage her.

My pal told me that his wife threw one at him once. It missed him and tore a hole in the side of the room.

In Europe you get a "mask" to protect yourself from poisonous gas, but you don't get any mask if you are talking to your wife.

AFTER ROLL CALL

Wilson: "Where's the lesson, Professor, and will you lend me your book? I think I had better study a little."

We hear that some of the Spring street girls are keeping their blinds and windows closed since some of our budding surveyors have learned the uses of a transit.
SPECIAL ORDERS FOR K. P.

An S. A. T. C. wit presented the following:

1. To take charge of these spuds and all gravy in view.
2. To watch my plate in a military manner. Keeping always on the alert for any stray sausages that come within sight, smelling or hearing.
3. To report any bread sliced too thin to the mess sergeant.
4. To repeat all calls for seconds.
5. To quit the table only when satisfied there is nothing left.
6. To receive but not to pass on to the next man next to me any meat, cabbage or beans left by the noncoms, buck privates or cuckoos.
7. To talk to no one who asks for onions.
8. In case of fire in the mess hall to grab all eatables left by others in their escape.
9. In any case not covered by instructions report to company clerk or the sergeant-major.
10. To allow no one to steal anything in the line of grub.
11. To salute all chickens, beefsteak, pork chops, ham and eggs and liver.
12. To be especially watchful at the table and during the time of eating to challenge any one who gets more prunes than myself.

There was an old lady named Whitney, Went on her first ride in a jitney, Her false teeth she dropped. On the seat where I flopped. And the doggoned old scoundrels, they bit me.

To anyone who gets Haskell to the Shacks any night, a great reward will be given.

"But," shrieked both the charming ladies, "I can't swim, and if he doesn't save me I'll drown!"

"That is undoubtedly true," was the reply of the Mutual Friend. "One of you will certainly die, but since you are both sure that it will be the other one, why worry?"

Convinced by this excellent reasoning, they both prepared to carry out the plan.

The wife that is took her husband one sunny afternoon out on the placid, unruffled water. At the same time the divorcée, wife that was, put out in her canoe from the opposite shore. Somewhere near the middle they met with what is known in fiction as a terrible crash—actually, a quiet little bump. The canoes turned gently over on their sides, depositing their occupants in the water.

When the wife of the present and the wife of the past came up for the first time they saw their husband clearing the water from his eyes; when they came up for the second time they saw him beginning to swim; when they came up for the third and—we may as well tell you now—the last time, all they saw was a white streak headed for the shore.

Just about the time the two women were learning to play the Maiden's Prayer on a harp, their husband that had been and their Mutual Friend were riding off in a taxi, followed by a shower of rice and old shoes.

Moral: Be sure the Innocent By-stander is Really Innocent Before You Let Him Referce.

Stranger: "Do you all drill two hours a day?"

Oldknow: "No, we double-time for one hour."

Are You a Christian Scientist?

NO!

Well, you don't have to be to realize why the quartermaster's is the worst place in town to sell old books.

"We work for our benefit"
The Quartermaster's Excelsior

YOUNG WIVES' TALE

Once there was a divorcée who was very certain that the man she had divorced still adored her. True, he had married the co-respondent immediately after the trial, but the divorcée attributed this act of recklessness to his great grief in losing her.

The divorcée, whose name was not Violet, breathed her conviction into the shell-like ear of a friend. Now this friend was of the deadly variety known as mutual, habitat everywhere, so she lost no time in passing the information along to the wife (the correspondent). The wife, co-respondent that she was, smiled in her charming Young (Clara Kimball) way and said: "When she says he hates her, then will be the time for me to start worrying.

The Mutual Friend transmitted this interesting disclosure to the divorcée who laughed in a Besie Lovely fashion and remarked: "We know what we know!"

This interchange of pleasantries continued until the Mutual Friend pulled up lame from running back and forth between these charming women. So she suggested that they settle the matter beyond dispute by putting the man to the test.

"But how?" asked the wife that was and the wife that is.

"It is very simple," replied the Mutual Friend. "You, my dear Edith, take your husband out canoeing. You, my dear Mildred, having no husband to take, go paddling alone, on the same lake, on the same day. Somewhere towards the middle bring your canoe into collision with Edith. You will all three be thrown into the water. And then," she said, smiling delightfully, "your husband will rescue the one he loves the best."

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To anyone who gets Haskell to the Shacks any night, a great reward will be given.
Surveying for the Monday afternoon section has taken on a new glamor. One of the Misses "Williams Street" came by. Everybody immediately knocked off.

Soph: "Who is 'Secretary of the Interior'?"

Bright (?): Fresh: "Why, Hoover, of course."

Professor Morton says, "That the 'Torus' problem is a 'devil.'" He also says, "It 'tore us' up." Do you get it. His 11 o'clock integral section did— in the neck.

"Blue": "That dress you wore last night was certainly a song!"

Pretty She: "So? What song?"

"Blue": "'Sweet and Low.'"

Cowan: "As time goes on 't' approaches zero."

D. M.: "Now, Mr. Cowan, we'll send that to the Mathematical Monthly."

Our definition of the Blue Print is two book covers with a lot of "bull" in between. What "ain't" bull is pictures.
EXTRACT FROM THE EPISTLES OF EZRA

dear Eunice;

I am writing on the Ymca table with the piano playing in my new uniform. You oughter see this place which they call 'george Teck.' I guess he muster been a great man fer them to name sech a fine place fer him. His house which they hole classes in has three (3) flows and several rooms on every flow. I aint never saw any pictures uv him or nobody which new nothing about him but i guest he muster lived here or they woodnut named the place after him. Thes a smart uv fellows here as is named george but aint non uv them which is named george teck.

I have alldayy got on to these city ways and I worked a slick trick here terday. A fellow said he wood sell me his ticket to chapel (what ever that chapel thing is) for a dollar and I told him I didint hav but six hits (how do you like that, I learnt that one at a show i seen when i went to Town the other day) but i had a doler and ten cents on fact, so he let me have it for six hits. Now I got thirtyfive (35) cents left and Im likely to spend every cent uv it on one uv these here city gals if i take a notion to get reckless like these here city guys is.

But i aint very likely to do that as my love fer you is not been demobilized as they say here at the george T. I seen a mule here terday that look so like that won as we uster ride behind on Sunday evenins that i couldnt keep from thinking about you and them rides we uster have. I hope you aint commencing ter let that Jim Higgins take you ter ride in that shay us hisn ways.

Hoping you are the same
Devoshunly yourn
Ezra

P. S. Tell uncle Enoch i aint saw any uv that stuff we was talking about but i seen a fellow the other day as looked like he had just had some so i guest it are around here summers. He sed he had just come from the ratskiller so i am trying to fine somebody as know where it is, as he had done clear forgot where when i seen him. Ezra,

A kiss I took in a moonlit nook—
To a girl I gave my heart.
Her lips did say, in a wondrous way—
We two shall never part.

But little she meant, as time was spent,
To keep that promise true.
For just a joke, her vow she broke—
And now with me she's through.

THE SONG OF A TRAMP

I'm a millionaire and I ain't got a care, I wander the world as I please. I go where I will whether up or down hill, I'm as free as nature's own breeze.

I haven't a cent, but I don't pay rent, (So who's got the better o' me?) I hear the birds sing, I'm as free as a king, I'll see all that there is to see.

No, I wouldn't swap with any old wop, I don't give a dam who he be. He may have the gold, but it trouble enfolds, I'd give it all to be free.

You call me a bum, but you've got to go some To be as happy as I.
You've cities and towns, diamonds and crowns, But I've the blue of the sky.

When the S. A. T. C. is abandoned, it is generally understood that, by vote of the student body, a set of regulations similar to the following will be enforced:

Alarm clocks must not be found in any of the dorm. rooms.

Shoes are to be shined only once a week or less. Baths may be taken oftener than twice a week, and no one shall spend less than half an hour in the shower room.

The meaning of the word "grat" must be revealed to Freshmen. At least one picture must be tacked on the wall for every square foot of space.

No one shall go to bed before 11 P. M.

Two hours or more a day must be spent loafing downtown.

The numerals one to four must not be referred to except on Math. class.

The present Mess Hall shall be forever known as "Swine."

Groups of students, when walking across the campus, will not be allowed to keep step.

The difference between "Zip" and Phi Beta Kappa should be explained to Freshmen.

"Slatts" Wheelock, appearing at Chemistry Lab. wearing a red tie, was mistaken by several students for a thermometer.

D. M.: Now you of the sinister eye and the flute-like voice let us know what a young genius you are.

Dr. Wallace (explaining a passage from Paradise Lost): "Gentlemen, this part of the poem right here is—hell."
"THE SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH."
The war is done;   
Now comes the fun;   
The Rules are on;   
The Freshmen run.

They've been so fresh;   
How sad 'twould be,   
If now as in S. A. T. C.

But they'll improve;   
It's safe to state;   
A padding is not longed-for fate.

Tis better far   
That they should know   
Where they are not Supposed to go.

Yes, I am glad   
The little dears,   
Will follow cut- 

ing-up with tears.

If they would be   
Real college men,   
Tis best we have   
The rules again.

LATEST FICTION

(Nota to Freshman: These books   
cannot be purchased at the Quartermaster's.)

"Reminiscences of Washington, D. C.", by "K. G.",
"A Comedy of Errors", by Coach Joe Bean.
"African Golf". (This entertaining bit of fiction was written in collaboration by five young men who wish that the book might be published anonymously.)
"The Theatrical Review", devoted to shows, etc., by D. S. Elliot, Ph.D., M.S., B.V.D., C.O.D., F.O.B.

Prof. Armstrong (in Fresh. English): "Give me a verb describing the walk of a lion."
No answer from Freshman.
Prof. Armstrong: "Did you go to the circus?"
Freshman: "Yes, but I didn't stop there. I went on into the Big Show."

Scott: "Do you wear Arrow collars?"
Pund: "Sure, and bow ties."

Robinson is afraid to go to Spirit meetings because he is afraid of ghosts.

LAST VIEW
FLORAL CO.

You Die—

We Flower You

THE PERFECT MAN

There is a man who never drinks,
Nor smokes, nor chews, nor swears—
Who never gambles, never flirts,
And shuns all sinful snacks.

He's a Freshman!

There is a man who never does
A thing that is not right!
His "wife" can tell just where he is
Every morning, noon and night.

He's a Senior!

St. Peter (hearing a knock): "Who's there?"

Candidate: "College Student."
St. Peter: "Did you support your college paper?"
Candidate: "Yes."
St. Peter: "Down below."

If a man eats dates, is he consuming time?

GERMANY'S WAR BILL

Dead, 2,000,000; wounded, 4,700,000; permanently disabled and a charge upon the state, 2,000,000.
Interest bearing war debt, nearly $40,000,000,000.
Commerce absolutely destroyed, and 67 per cent of her tonnage captured or interned.
A permanent annual bond interest payment of $2,000,000,000; pension roll, three-quarters of a billion annually; civil administration, a billion and a quarter annually; total, $4,000,000,000 a year.
Total income of German people before the war, $11,000,000,000 annually.
Cost of after consequences of the war to the German people, nearly 40 per cent of their annual prewar income.—Financial World.

Prof. Daniel (Rockology Class): "Mr. Hunt, what plants are not affected by snow?"
Hunt: "Ice plants."

Dr. Smith is still holding his "soires" for Sophomores at the usual time and usual place.
Memories of the Saturday Afternoon Tea Club.

Loot: "Where's your leggin?"
Buck: "Oh, it must have fallen off during the night, sir."

Hostess, at dance: "And where are you stationed?"
Corporal Binks of the S.A.T.C: "Camp Gordon, Ma'am."

At 5:00 in the morning, when you were dreaming of home and nothin' to do, and the bugle rings out—what? it, a grand and glorious funeral.

Leon L. Levi 1919
MLLE. CUTFILF’S

The Criterion of Beauty Parlors

Mlle. Cutfiff’s says: “We have inspired Tech boys for four years.”

Hair Dressing a Specialty

DON’T S:

Don’t go to classes, shoot pool, you will have a better time.
Don’t forget Saturday night is the time to take your bath.
Don’t forget to tip your hat to all Seniors you pass on the campus.
Don’t forget to look at Life while you are in the library.
Don’t study. Remember that you are here to have a good time.

THE “PUTITOFFS”

My friend, have you heard of the town of Yawn.
On the banks of the river Slow,
Where blooms the Waitawhile flower fair,
Where the Sometimeother scents the air.
And the soft Goeasy grows?

It lies in the valley of What’stheuse,
In the province of Letitslide,
That tired feeling is native there—
It’s the name of the listless I don’t care,
Where the Putitoffs abide.

Think of the War Time class officers.

MIGHT START SOMETHING

“Ah, this is the weather that makes things spring up,” remarked a passer-by casually to an old gentleman seated on a bench at the cemetery.

“So!” replied the old gentleman.

“Hush!” remarked a passer-by casually to an old gentleman seated on a bench at the cemetery.

“He’s a native of the valley of What’s the use,” remarked a passer-by casually to an old gentleman seated on a bench at the cemetery.

“My name is the name of the listless I don’t care,” remarked a passer-by casually to an old gentleman seated on a bench at the cemetery.

The only people who are accustomed to the Cross Country Run are the Co-Op’s, for they cover the same ground every day at double time trying to make the Steel Plant before the whistle blows at 6 A. M.

BONES

She: “How are you getting along at college?”
Dick: “Oh! all right. I’m trying very hard to get ahead, you know.”
She: “Well, heaven knows you need one!”

Prof.: “Mr. Semmes, you ought to take out accident insurance.”
Tommy: “Why? I am always careful of cars and automobiles.”
Prof.: “Yes, but a thought might strike you.”

Chem. Prof.: “What is ‘Aqua Regia’?”
Lee: “Some kind of water vapor.”

Dead?

If so, apply to

F. W. WELDON

The Loquacious Undertaker

The best funeral you ever had.

We have never had a client that kicked.

Death has lost its sting since we entered the funeral field.

Trade—REST EASY—Mark

The Peoples’ Friend
"Get Set! Ready! - Go!!"

"First Mile - Easy"

"Eggs in Rocks"

"Trouble Begins"

"Start"

"Keep Out of that Corn Patch"

"Boiling Water and a Shot Gun Aids the Race."

"The Night Before"

"How Some Got Home"

"Come on, one cake left!"

"The Night After"

"Stung Again "

"The Ninty-Eighth Man."

"Those - Cakes. Oh! Boy!"
WANT ADS

WANTED—Someone to grow a mustache for me. W. W. Goddard.

WANTED—To know what has become of the grey hearse that was so busy around here last year. Y. No Me.

WANTED—A goat like Auburn brought over here to the game and lost. The Student Body.

WANTED—A slide rule that will work Calculus. Young.

WANTED—A dip. Griffith.

WANTED—To be a big man. Pee Wee Haws.

WANTED—A good investment to put $7,000. The Technique.

WANTED—Something to keep members of club awake. The Co-op Club.

FOR SALE—One coffin, once used by the Mummy. Mumblings of a Mummy.

WANTED—Rain coats and umbrellas. E. E. Students.


WANTED—A list of girls whom I don’t already know. Willoby Cox.

WANTED—Someone to carry the tune in the band. Wop.

Newton’s formula for finding grades is to add 10 to what you expect to get, then divide by 2.

WANTED—A hock shop that will take uniforms. Student Body.

WANTED—A bench or some chairs in front of Nunnally’s. Cox.

WANTED—Boys with strong digestive powers. “Gus” Allen.

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Wanted: “Professor, is this a review?”

Froggy: “For some of you it is, but for the others it is the first go around.”

Mr. Billie, in the Foundry, is still telling his Freshmen of the work done previous to 1895.

Mr. Armstrong (in English): “Give me an example of interference.”

Jones: “Joe Guyon.”

Bewick says that he can’t understand why there are so many watts left in the world. Poor boy! He does not know that by a kilowatt we mean a thousand watts instead of killing it.

EXTRA

Millionairess weds pauper. Ask Ed Murrah.

Our idea of a bonehead is a Freshman who uses his French cravat to draw circles with.

Froggy: “Well, are there any questions on today’s lesson?”

Supreme silence.

Froggy: “To tell you the truth, I don’t give this section credit of knowing enough to ask a question.”

General Foreman: “Who is that asleep over there?”

Shopman: “That’s one of the Co-ops.”

G. F.: “Don’t bother him; poor fellow, he needs it.”

Mr. Willoughby Cox, of the Freshman Aggregation, has started lining his eyebrows. Have a look at him, girls.

WANTED—All boys taking Fresh. or Soph. math. to report to Summer School. Dean of the Summer School.

WANTED—To know who wrote Bill Jerger and started it, “Dear Darling Dimples,” and signed “Cora.”

WANTED—To know why K. G. didn’t meet me at the station after receiving father’s telegram. Lyle Anderson.

WANTED—Help of all kinds. “Cliff” Alden.

WANTED—A friend who will take a trial balance while I sleep. Apply to any Commerce student.
Picture of the Academic Building as we come out of the labs in the afternoon or rather night. Posed for by Dick Sanders. Drawn by Harrison Fisher. Copyrighted by 1919 Blue Print. All foreign rights reserved and preserved including that of the Scandinavian.
Speaking of the high tariff on goat harness I am reminded of the following riddle: "Why is an egg so cowardly?" The answer to this important question may be expressed in a few significant words: "Because it's yellow at heart and when it hits you it always runs." This is very deep and only the wisest can fathom it. If you see it right off the reel, congratulate yourself and look for another one. But to get back to the question of the tariff on certain kinds of harness and other such things which we are vitally interested in, for instance, Camels being 20 cents per pack—oh, yes! I just thought of what I was going to write about and since such a beautiful start (asthetically speaking) has been made I will now begin my story. Before I go any farther it will be well for me to announce that if by chance any of the audience suffer from heart trouble, flat feet, or rheumatism, or are inclined to be emotional, it would probably be best if they withdrew to the rear. Such tales as you are now about to hear are not wholesome for those who suffer from the above ailments—they are far too harrowing.

In the good old days, about ten years ago, when a person could step on the rail and blow foam across the bar in stead of whistling at a far-away stump, a tragedy occurred in the town of Two-Gun Junction which caused a stir even in the most seasoned outlaws of the village. The hero of this tragedy was none other than Bill Hard, one of the most highly respected citizens, who, aside from the fact that he had the habit of collecting most anything that was not hot or nailed down, boasted of an entirely clean sheet. This one little shortcoming, however, came very near wrecking Bill's whole existence. It must have been the temptation, be-_

* *

A BLANK VERSE POEM

To—

Judge Sease.

End of Poem.

GREAT SAYINGS OF OUR ELECTRICAL SENIORS

"How many microfarads are there in a henry."—Lewin.

"Hysteresis is the effect caused by the earth's magnetism on the E. M. F. generated by magnets."—Ruggles.

"The stray power curve is to be plotted with terminal voltage as ordinates and armature current as abscissa."—(?)

"Is this three phase induction motor long or short shunt?"—Biggers

"When you get the watts lost in the armature what is it expressed in?"—McMurry.

"With any further increase in load the efficiency curve of the transformer drops due to armature reaction which is the result of the highly saturated field."—Cobb.

"Is this alternator self excited."—McEver.

"Street Railway is almost altogether used for the transport of passengers to the whereabouts of a town."—Souza.
There are three great mysteries in this life—love, woman and hash. The most important, and yet the most useless, of all these is woman. She was made to dress up and look like what she ain't, spend a lot of money she hasn't got, and love a man(?), or rather I should say men. Now the man who started all the trouble was Adam, Mr. A. Adam, who wasn't satisfied with the blessed life of solitude he was leading. All he had to do was to sit around the Braden, smoke Fati-mas and read the baseball extras, but he wanted some sweet mamma domiciliating around his bungalow, so the poor fool got a WIFE. Now wives weren't so expensive in those early days, as Adam got his for one bone. But this lady sure raised Cain before her days were many. If you know one woman, then brother, you've got the whole female race right before you. Yes, sir, they're all alike. I've got a girl—a regular queen—but man she is the wantonest woman you ever saw. She's got a handful of Gimmes and an armful of Much obliged.

The other night I dropped around to a little party. I wasn't invited or anything like that, just went to see why I didn't get an invitation. By the time I got there all the guests had arrived. Reckon you know why they are called guests, because all hang around and guess when the feed is coming on. Well when I got there they were all sitting around guessing. It wasn't long before I discovered a strange looking piece of human nature sitting alone in a corner, and the more I looked the more I became convinced that the Lord intended it for a woman, but doggone it, He had most ruined her. Have you ever noticed that at every party there's always an extra woman, an odd woman, and doggone it, if this wasn't the oddest one I ever saw. Somebody must have brought her over in the dark, taken one good look at her and parked her over in the corner. Her build was most extraordinary—she looked like a statue of "What's the Use". At the very top of her structure was a bean-shaped dome, nicely balanced on the end of her spine, which evidently took the place of a head. In the top of her head were two large green eyes that didn't behave in the usual manner. One eye gazed out over this way, while the other, having no regard at all for conventions, took the opposite direction. It made her look like she was born in the middle of the week and was looking both ways for Sunday.

Right in the middle of the general scheme of things was a large outstanding obstacle, which looked like it had been born and she had grown on to it. It was about the queerest piece of nasal architecture that nature ever sprung on a human. I know that when this woman had a cold she was just naturally sick all over. Her mouth was of rather unusual and unnecessary size and whenever she smiled the rest of her face went into total eclipse. Her teeth were beautiful—both of them.
Watch your courage!

The commander of the good ship "Knowles".

Five minutes later...

Are all you birds dumb and blind

At ten... shun!

"Cholly"

Say I can't see anything but a four year voyage ahead of us.

Land going "goes".

At Segado's

Ed Dunlap getting the better of the argument with his rival.

"Otto".

Back from Pittsburgh heavy laden

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