Final Appreciation

The success of this book, if it may be called such, is due to several men who were interested and willing to work. Without their faithfulness and stickability it would have been impossible to have printed this volume. Here we wish to mention a few to whom we are most indebted.

Too much credit cannot be given to Mr. Hancock of Foote & Davies Company, whose patience, splendid ideas, ever readiness to assist and co-operate with the editors toward success, was the greatest of help to us.

Practically all the outdoor photography was done by Mr. Milledge White, whose skill at the game and everlasting interest in our college annual led to greater accomplishments. The success of the individual pictures and groupings is due to Mr. Thurston Hatcher; we wish to thank him for his good work, also the kindness and consideration shown.

We can never thank the student Editors for their untiring efforts. The entire success of the art sections is due to Ray Beall; due credit must be given to George, Phillips, Nelms and Wykle for their splendid editorial work. Murrah did excellent work on the Tech Terror and Tattler and should share in the blessings.

Guess did wonderfully well in accumulating ads, much better than could have been expected, besides being always willing to assist in other capacities.

To others who might have contributed or assisted materially in the making of this book we have nothing but words of praise.

In conclusion, we wish to say the past year has been one of pleasant association, and since we have given up other things to make this, The 1920 Blue Print, a success, we hope that our efforts have not altogether been in vain.

THE NINETEEN TWENTY BLUE PRINT.
Our Tech Terror and Tattler

KNOCK—IT'S OUR LAST CHANCE
All the News that isn't Fit to Print

WEATHER LOVELY

BOARD OF EDITORS,
Alexander Berkman. Editor-in-Chief
Eugene B. Debs. Associate Editor
Anna Bradstreet. . . . Society Editor
Herbert Hoover. Business Manager
Ruth Studz. . . . . . . . . . . Ex-Sponsor

MOTTO:

Published now and then, mostly then.

Generally considered third class matter.

Entered at the back door of the post office, at the darkest hour of the night.

KNOWLES DORMITORY
(As It Appears in the Catalogue).

This dormitory has been built by the special comfort and convenience of the freshmen. Upon arrival, a freshman will be asked how he likes the situation, and if he says the dormitory should be nearer the Commissary, we will move it.

Corner front rooms on the first floor (for each freshman. Bath tub, gas, hot and cold running water, laundry, telephone, fire alarm, restaurant, bar-room, billiard table, daily papers, cigars and cigarettes, sewing machines, grand piano, and all other modern conveniences in each room.

English, French, and German Dictionaries, furnished each freshman.

Dictionaries furnished each fresh-

man.

Each freshman shall have the best seat in the mess-hall and the best waiter in the place.

Any freshman not getting breakfast, hot or cold, will be allowed to bang the piano and tops to rose-wood furniture especially pro-

vided for that purpose.

Dormitory should be nearer the Commissary.

Freshmen are requested to bring sewing machines, grand piano, and corn-covered clod hoppers.


VOL.—WELL, VERY LITTLE VOLUME SCANDAL EDITION

OUR BELOVED SPONSOR
Miss Emma Goldman

Miss Emma Goldman came to the United States from Russia with relatives when a young woman, and first came before the public in 1892, when she was arrested in New York for inciting to riot by her speeches. She claims to be an atheist and dis-

believer in all law, whether divine or human. She was arrested and confined repeatedly, and was said to have incited Croizos to assassi-

nate President McKinley. She is about fifty-three years of age.

1. Thou shalt decorate thy pin-

headed domes with the proper sky pieces. These gay chunks of flan-

nel shall not be worn on the day of Our Lord.

2. Thou shalt not be seen with any damsel, fair or otherwise, nor shall thou incriminate thy milk-
ed faces with the filthy weed.

3. Thou shalt not wear any high school letters or jewelry. The hor-
ror of the penalty is indescrib-

able.

4. Thou shalt not creep upon one tiny blade of grass on the campus with thy slovenly mud-scows.

5. Above all things thou shalt

hold no meetings unless command-

ed by the divine and mighty Sopho-

more Class.

6. Do not let thy cringing car-
casses be smelled around pool halls. Y. M. C. A.'s, or other places of ill

repute, for the devil and all his

family loiter there.

7. Do homage at all times to the mighty, everlasting, predominat-
in other innocent

ing Class.

8. Thou shall obey these com-

mands and reverence us as thy

benefactors, or thou shalt be pul-

verized and tramelled in the dust.

POETRY.
Awake! Awake! The dawn is here, The air is full of atmosphere, On yon Hiwaiian boola tree A ukulele smiles at me: Far down the vale a flock of cheese Lifts up its face to greet the breeze.

What song is that? My heart be still. 'Tis the voice of a little liver pill: 0 can it be, is it true? It is, it is—but where and what? And so, as in the days of yore, We find that two and two are four.

R. L.

SUITABLE.
"Farmer: "No, but he keeps run-

ning out of the pen."
Chigger, de Pluvius van Camp Price had a way with the women that was awfully nice.

He'd go to Seagado's and in 10 minutes time he'd run the girl crazy.

Now Nolan Murrah was a boob pure and simple. He didn't know the difference between a mole and a dimple.

The old boob Nolan was without a friend but look how the story turned out in the end.

Just take a look at our old friend Price. He's down on Decatur Street peddling ice.

While the old boob Nolan has gained some knowledge and is now the president of a female college.

Ray Beall & Nolan Murrah
Drink Coca-Cola
DELICIOUS and REFRESHING

You smack your lips over it, because you like its taste, its quality, its genuine gratification. It satisfies thirst.

Nobody has ever been able to successfully imitate it, because its quality is indelibly registered in the taste of the American public.

Demand the genuine by full name—nicknames encourage substitution.

The Coca-Cola Co.
Atlanta, Ga.

Sold Everywhere
OY.	 OGY.

The boat advanced to $X + 2$.
The square of his hypotenuse.
Till as he sits he seems to lose
Both of his sides and half his base,
The angry water gains apace
His heaving sides reveal his pains:
And the rain falls ad infinitum.

"last night."—Froth.

Lord Ullin reached the fixed point
The thunder rolls, the lightning
The tempest gathers o'er her.
A stormy C before her,
Why do you ask?"

"pick?"

I'll face the raging of the skies.
"Though tempests round us gather,

I think we dare, don't you?"

In puzzled calculation.

A chieftain to the Highland bound
safely or sink.
Their only means of trans-
for private reasons. they desire to
the hardest chickens he ever saw

Is $X + 47$

But alas, the building crumbles,
then down comes its towering de-
bris. On and on upon me it comes;
run but no use, no use. (the sleepers
had caught the fever. they had suc-
cumbed at last. yes, the funky
had gone on strike for the same
pay check, only twice a month. they
had gone on strike for the same
had caught the fever. they had suc-
cumbed at last. yes, the funky

Their heaving sides reveal his pains:
And the rain falls ad infinitum.

My heart went from high to neu-
tral and coasted down the hill. What
could this constellation be? Why
all this breath of ill forebearings?
Had any of my past deviations of
the straight and narrow path been
the cause of these threatening
storms? No, and again, no!
Then there came a rush of scrap-
ing feet, long cloaks were flying in
the wind, square hats with tassels
were being flung into the dust. They
had caught the fever, they had suc-
cumbed at last. yes, the funky

Our floating power expressed in
Is $X + 47$

2

"Oh, haste, thee, haste," the lady
cries.
"Though tempests round us gather,
I'll face the raging of the skies,
run but no use, no use. (the sleepers
had caught the fever. they had suc-
cumbed at last. yes, the funky

The boat has left the stormy shore
$X$.
A stormy C before her,
C, C, C, C.
The tempest gathers o'er her,
The thunder rolls, the lightning
smiles 'em,
And the rain falls ad infinitum.

In vain the aged boatman strains,
His heaving sides reveal his pains:
The angry water gains apace
Both of his sides and half his base,
Till as he sits he seems to lose
The square of his hypotenuse.
The boat advanced to $X + 2$.
Lord Ullin reached the fixed point
$Q$.
Then the boat sank from human
eye.

"Mother, are chickens hard to pick?"
"No, Willie, if we scald first.
Why do you ask?"

"Brother said he picked up two of
the hardest chickens he ever saw
last night."—Proth.

---Stephen Leacock.

THE GHOST OF BANQUO.
Methinks I see before me the dreadful constellation of a coagu-
lated conscience for in the small
hours of the morning I beheld an ap-
parition which brings again those
arctic beads of perspiration upon
my manly brow. For in this dream
I beheld before the large and tower-
ing view of that building where so
many are shot but not a sound is
heard: yet many go down before
the volleys of a thousand guns.

Methought I saw this dim vision
of the Academic Building before me,
looming up with dreadful thoughts
of past executions. But behold
I thought I heard the rumble of whis-
pered voices as of honey bees in
the hive. Gradually the din in-
creased, the chatter rose to vol-
umes of thunder claps: angry
voices cried out in vehement Eng-
lish over past, present and future
transgressions.

My heart went from high to neu-
tral and coasted down the hill. What
could this constellation be? Why
all this breath of ill forebearings?
Had any of my past deviations of
the straight and narrow path been
the cause of these threatening
storms? No, and again, no!
Then there came a rush of scrap-
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the wind, square hats with tassels
were being flung into the dust. They
had caught the fever, they had suc-
cumbed at last. yes, the funky

A BEAUTIFUL FLOWER HAS

WITHERED AND DIED.
As a Warning to Erring Students
Who Stand and Watch Fights
This Memorial Stone
of Prof. Stamy
Is Erected
Deposit that velvet
In The Atlanta Banks.
Step to the window
With your Winnins.

PAPER
When you meet
A wonder
At a dance.
On an old, old friend
You call
When you meet
You get a letter
From an awfully nice
Little girl.
Oh, boy! Don't you wish you were
A Mormon?—The Yale Record.

This is to certify that editors of
all other papers are prevaricators of
the blackest hue. Read the Tech
Terror and Tattler for the truth,
the whole truth, and nothing but the
truth.

Cheapest line of wit on the market.
Information furnished.
On any smut subject known or un-
known to man.
Apply: Tech Terror and Tattler.

There was a young lady named
Neal.
Who rode on the big Ferris wheel.
On the eighty-sixth round
She looked down to the ground.
And it cost her a forty-cent meal.

THE POEM OF LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER
expressed as
A PROBLEM IN TRIG-
ONOMETRY.

Introduction. A party of three
persons, a Scotch nobleman, a young
lady, and an elderly boatman, stand
on the banks of a river (R), which,
for private reasons, they desire to
cross. Their only means of trans-
port is a boat, of which the boat-
man, if squared, is able to row at a
rate proportional to the square of
the distance. The boat, however,
has a leak (S), through which a
quantity of water passes sufficient
to sink it after traveling an indeter-
minate distance (D). Given the
square of the boatman and the mean
situation of all concerned, to find
whether the boat will pass the river
safely or sink.

A chieftain to the Highland bound
Cried. "Boatman, do not tarry; And I'll give you a silver pound
To row me o'er the ferry."

Before them raged the angry tide
Before them raged the angry tide
Before them raged the angry tide

"Suppose the river $X + Y$
And call the distance $Q$.
Then dare we thus the gods defy?

With your Winnins.

MAN'S PRAYER FOR 1920.

Dear Lord, give me riches, pile
the golden chips at my feet.
make me witty, give me the power
to sling a wicked line........give
me waving yellow hair, eyes of
dreamy blush depth, lips that
speak of forbidden moments of
blissfulness and a skin you love
to touch, make me like unto an
Arrow collar man......but above
all things, put Jazz into my body
so that I may wiggle myself into
a wonderful Leap Year proposal.
Amen.

ANGER ENVELOPED HIM.
He tore at the scented letter.
Blushed and then turned pale.
"The female of the species
Is more deadly in the mail."—Gargoyle.

I wish I was a little fish—
All frozen in the ice.
"A" when the women skated by
Gee! Wouldn't that be nice.

The poem of
THE POEM OF LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER
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Amen.
Ferman—"No; I was out after—Widow.

taste with me. or a forlorn hope.
she asked me if she was a cultured
but she was my real passion, and
I had made love to many other girls

Son's rooming house at school)—
speak to you a minute.
she could not waste her time train-
this fellow O. U. Delta?

First Senior: I told Mary she was
the first girl I loved, and she said
I took her to ride, for she was my
And she loved me dearly, too.


Froth.

Prune—But the street is wet.
Prunella—Let's cross the street.
Prune—That's all right—mine
are silk.—Widow.

One day last week I wandered
Up the dormitory steps.
To my battered room of yester-
years,
Where I had worked and lived
and slept.

A freshman who appeared asleep
Was lying on the bed
He held a picture in one hand
And his face was very red.

He seemed to be o'ercome with
grief
And I tried to calm his soul.
Then he showed to me the picture
And this mournful tale he told.

"She was my freckled-face, blister-
ed nose Alice.
She was an ignorant, knock-kneed
young fright.
Her teeth were like stars, and they
shone like Mars.
For they only came out at night."

"But nevertheless, I loved her
And she loved me dearly, too,
I took her to ride, for she was my
pride,
And I fed her on brick-bats and
glue."

"Now on an April Sunday morn.
The flowers were fresh and sober.
But 'twas on this day, that my
Alice, so gay
Lay down and croaked, and passed
over."

"She was my freckled-face, blister-
ed nose Alice.
She was mine: I loved her indeed.
But now she rests in the cold, cold,
sad:
Pushing up daisies and weeds."

THE ATAVISTIC MAID.
Listen, Sweetheart, to my plea:
Cut this highly cultured game.
All this fine gentility
Grows to be exceeding tame.
What I want is low-brow love,
Heavy, knock-down, cave-man
stuff:
I'm no cooling turtle-dove:
Treat me rough, kid, treat me rough!

Can the soft and weepy sighs.
Chop the meek and humble pose.
I'm no cut-glass raffle prize.
I'm no fragile little rose!
Grab me with a python grip,
If I struggle, call the bluff.
Want my love? Then take the tip.
Treat me rough, kid, treat me rough!

I don't want my hand caressed
With a nice respectful peck;
Yank me wildly to your chest;
If I fight you, break my neck.
Please don't be a gentle dub
Spilling la-dee-dah-ish stuff.
Woo and win me with a club.
Treat me rough, kid, treat me rough!

—Berton Braley.

Pull your chair up closer son.
I've a story I have to tell.
It's about my dear old college,
I've always loved so well.
Long years ago the pride of the
South,
A moulder of noble men,
She fought a grand and glorious
fight.
Always, to the bitter end.
There's come into the field since
then,
A very powerful foe.
She's far eclipsed anything we dared
dream
In the days of long ago.
Forward is her motto.
She's modern in every way.
Her graduates are the leaders.
Wherever you chance to stray.
In these days of reconstruction.
When knowledge wins the day.
A man must stand up and deliver
the goods.
Or go down and out of the way.
My son, I expect to be proud of
you. 
And to tell of the feats you've
done.
When my hair has turned to silver
And your life has just begun.
My Alma Mater has gone to the
bad.
It's not the same old school.
The reason for her downfall is.
The Abuse of the Golden Rule.
I've always been a Georgia Man.
But its Tech for you my son,
Prepare yourself to carry on.
The Work that I've begun.

Tu
Tess; "Jack says my mouth is
the prettiest he has ever seen."
Bill: "Indeed? Well, I'll put
mine up against it any time."
—California Pelican.
Tech Boys Welcome Here

We will be glad to have you look upon THE CITIZENS AND SOUTHERN BANK not only as a place to keep your Savings Account, deposit your money and cash your checks, but where you may come when you will for such advice and assistance as its officers may be able to give. We want you always to feel "at home" here.

THE CITIZENS AND SOUTHERN BANK
MARIETTA AT BROAD
Capital and Surplus, $4,500,000.00
OFFICERS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Title</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Frank Hawkins</td>
<td>Chairman of Board</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mills B. Lane</td>
<td>President</td>
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<tr>
<td>W. W. Banks</td>
<td>Vice-President</td>
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<tr>
<td>A. M. Bergstrom</td>
<td>Vice-President</td>
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<tr>
<td>T. C. Erwin</td>
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<td>J. N. Goddard</td>
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<td>John W. Grant</td>
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<td>H. Lane Young</td>
<td>Vice-President</td>
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<tr>
<td>W. V. Crowley</td>
<td>Cashier</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henry S. Cohen</td>
<td>Assistant Cashier</td>
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<tr>
<td>W. H. Fitzpatrick</td>
<td>Assistant Cashier</td>
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<td>A. J. Hansell</td>
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<td>W. B. Symmers</td>
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<td>Jno. E. Wallace</td>
<td>Assistant Cashier</td>
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1865 TECH BOYS ALWAYS WELCOME 1920

THE ATLANTA NATIONAL BANK
ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Resources Over $35,000,000.00
COMMERCIAL AND SAVINGS ACCOUNTS SOLICITED
You Are Invited to Call or Correspond With Us

OFFICERS

ROBERT F. MADDOX, President

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>FRANK E. BLOCK</td>
<td>Vice-President</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JAS. S. FLOYD</td>
<td>Vice-President</td>
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<td>GEO. R. DONOVAN</td>
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<td>Cashier</td>
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<tr>
<td>JAS. D. LEITNER</td>
<td>Asst. Cashier</td>
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<tr>
<td>D. B. DeSAUSSURE</td>
<td>Asst. Cashier</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. B. CUNNINGHAM</td>
<td>Asst. Cashier</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. F. ALEXANDER</td>
<td>Asst. Cashier</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
HOW TO MAKE A HIT WHEN DRIVEN SNOW.

If by any chance you should ever be invited to dine in any respectable home, stick to the rules given here and your success will be assured. You will soon be so burdened with invitations that a social secretary will be necessary to answer them.

When dinner is announced, instead of offering your arm to some damsels take a running leap for a seat. It is not necessary to wait for the host or hostess to assign you a seat. By all means secure an advantageous position. Much depends upon this.

Drape your napkin gracefully over your chest so as to catch any stray soup. This will get lots of applause. When the meat is served, grasp your knife firmly in your right hand, and pin the meat to the plate with a fork. If it flies off the plate into somebody’s lap, capture it as soon as possible. The hostess will probably tell you the meat is duck. That means for you duck when the meat flies off the plate.

If pie is served, eat the hide as well as the stuffing. In doing so you will cast no reflections on the house pastry cook. I like to finish eating before someone else, take part of theirs. It’s the proper thing to do.

Then the waiter will bring you the disease. Pour the contents of the cup into the saucer. As it is not enough to cover the bottom of the saucer, you will be at a loss as to how to get any of it. You must show your engineering ability by solving the difficulty. Take the saucer firmly between the thumb and the forefinger, hold it in a vertical position, and lick it until it is perfectly clean. If this is done correctly, it will give lots of applause.

The next thing on the program is a small glass bowl containing water with a slice of lemon hanging gracefully over the edge. This is lemonade. Squeeze the lemon in the water, add sugar, and drink rapidly. Smile all the time as so to show the hostess you are a connoisseur of drinks.

This ends the meal. Push your chair back, the few feet, raise the table cloth, and place the feet on the table. Then take your cob pipe from your pocket and bum some tobacco from your nearest neighbor. In case he hasn't any, use some of your own. You are now ready for the toasts and stories to start. There is worlds of material elsewhere in the Terror and Tattler, and any of it will do. Above all say something that will cause laughter. We offer the following to anyone who cares to use it.

Here’s to my dear old stomach. How queer it does feel. It’s got a Mexican Revolution in it.

From eating this awful meal.

THE DESCENT OF THE COLD Wave.

(With apologies to Byron’s "The Destruction of Sennacherib."")

The cold wave came down like a wolf on the fold. On the cohorts whose colors are white and are gold. And the cold of his wrath chills the marrow of bones.

Not the kind that you roll mid rattles and groans.

Like the dance of the Shimmie, when Jazz music’s played. Our shoulders start shaking and the Shimmie is made:

Like the rattle of tin when the “Lizzie” you crank.

Our knees take to knocking and hit shank to shank.

For the wrath of the Cold Wave our clothes penetrate. And we put on our “long ones,” but sometimes too late;

Then the Flu lays us low in one terrible stroke.

And the dreams of our dreaming go upward like smoke!

(Note.—The unfortunate poet succumbed to the cold at this point. He was found frozen stiff in his room in Swann, his pencil still in his hand.)

OPPORTUNITY

Try to seize its forelock, son;
But if you should fail,
Don’t admit that you are done—
Grab it by the tail.—Judge.

“Pray let me kiss your hand,” he said.
With looks of burning love,
“I can remove my vell,” she said,
“Much easier than my glove”.

Lady, entering store: “I want a comb for an old man about six inches long with celluloid teeth”.

“Twas in the middle of July, In the coldest kind of weather, Why do two people sleep alone. Their lips are never closed.

Her hair was a crown of glory, But when she became his bride, He found was her nightly custom To lay her crown aside.

WHO SAID WHICH?

“Wish I had a cute date.”
“So glad to meet you—o—u” (vampire-like)
“By Bye”
“Meet me at Nunnally’s.”
“Goin’ to Segalodos.”
“Rather warm for Downsing.”
“That was fine.”
“Wood Alcohol.”
“Make it easy on yourself.”
“Perfectly characteristic of you.”
“Neck, egg, drag.”
“Dope ‘en cherry.”
“Is that so?”
“Deah.”
You cute thing.” (McMath)
“Tea at Four.” (Nunnally’s)
“My Baby’s arms.”

YES—AIN’T IT?

Prof.: Why were you late to class this morning?
Stude: Having been trouble, sir, my clothes won’t go on.
Prof.: That so?
Stude: Yessir—I have to put ‘em on myself.—Ex.

ENGLISH PROFS: NOTICE

English Teacher.—“Tomorrow, class, we shall take the life of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Please come prepared.”—Ex.

OMIGAWD.

A sly, sleuthful freshman wandered to the region called Peter’s Park, and suddenly hearing two voices, he stopped to listen.

“Now Ham,” said the voice of the Terror. “Let’s explain what a kiss is. It is a conjunction because it connects. It is a verb because it signifies action and to act upon. It is a preposition because it shows that the person kissed is no relation. It is a noun because it is the name of something, both common and proper; second person, plural number, because it takes more than one. Its gender is masculine and feminine mixed. The case is governed by light and circumstances. It should begin with a capital letter, often repeated, long continued, and end with a period. Kiss might be conjugated, but ought never be declined.”

Clipped from the Georgian:

FOR SALE—$5 suits: they won’t last long.
FOR RENT—A room: suitable for a gentleman 12 by 15.
WANTED—10 girls to sew buttons on the sixty-floor.
Shoes half-soled on the inside while you wait for 25 cents.

A flea and a fly in a flue were caught. So what could they do? Said the flea, “Let us fly.”
Said the fly, “Let us flee.”
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.

THE TECH TERROR AND TATTLER

“Once was pure as the driven snow, but that was a long, long time ago.”

SCANDAL

“I know he loves me, ’cause he says he does.”
THE TECH TERROR AND TATTLE

A GRAVE MISTAKE.

It was an awful mistake,
An error sad and grim,
I waited for a railway train.
The lights were low and dim.

At last it came, and from the car
There stepped a dainty dame,
And looking up and down,
She straight unto me came.

"My Jack, my dear old Jack," she cried,
And kissed me as she spake,
Then looking again she frightened,
"Oh, what a bad mistake."

I said, "Forgive me, maiden fair,
For I am not your Jack.
And as regards the kiss you gave,
I'll straightforward give it back."

And since that night I've often stood
Upon that platform dim.
But only once in man's whole life
Do such things come to him.

SPECIAL EXTRA.

The Tech Terror and Tattle, not to be out-done by the other great newspapers, has decided to give its readers a chance to distinguish themselves in the poetical world, and take their place alongside Jack Dempsey, Buck Flowers, Eugene B. Debs, Lenine, Trotsky, and Senator Reed in the limelight.

The one sending in the best last line to the limerick given below, will be presented with a handsome autograph portrait of our beloved sponsor, Emma Goldman.

The rules of the contest are simple. Send in with your answer your father's mother's maiden name, age when she married, how many of her children died with influenza, your first sweetheart's name, present sweetheart's name and address, the name of the last sweetheart you expect to have, and how many private interviews you have had with the Dean.

There is a young lady named Prue, As homely as grandfather's shoe, But her beau by the score, Wear a trail to her door, Send in your last line and win the prize. The Judges will be the Editor of the Terror and Tattle assisted by Frank Roman.

TO RAMBLIN' WRECK.

In the heart of every loyal man,
Who hails from Georgia Tech,
There's a song that stands supreme
It's good old Ramblin' Wreck!

We honor The Star Spangled Banner,
And the strains of Dixie too;
But our old war-song by the Ramblin' Band,
Drives us crazy thru and thru.

There are songs that make us happy
While others make us sad,
But when Frank says: "Ramble, Fellows!"
We all go simply mad!

We love this song at any time,
But we like it best by Heck!
When the Georgian band plays Glory,
And is drowned by Ramblin' Wreck!

WOULD YOU?

(With Apologies.)

If in this world there were but two,
And all this world were good and true,
And you knew no one knew— Would you?

If you dreamed of fair skies blue,
And someone sitting by you— Would you?

If the world were good and bright,
And I had a date one night.
And then! out went the light— Would you?

If you were in a certain place
And we were sitting face to face— Would you

A Freshie stood on the burning deck,
But so far as we can learn,
He stood in perfect safety— He was too green to burn.

Shall I brain him, cried the hazer,
And the victim's courage fled.
You can't—he's a Freshman—
Just hit him on the head.

He—If I stole a kiss would you scream for your parents?
She—No, not unless you wanted to kiss the whole family.—Awhwan.

Foxwell—I was twenty-two the second of April.
Clementia—A day late, as usual,

THE DYING HOBO.

Beside an eastern water tank
On a cold November day,
In an empty box car, the dying hobo lay.
His pal sat beside him
With a low and drooping head,
"The dying hobo said:
"I'm going to a better land,
Where everything is bright,
Where money grows on bushes,
And you sleep out all the night.
Where you don't have to work,
Nor have to change your socks,
Where the good old beer and liquor
Comes trickling o'er the rocks.
So tell my gal in Frisco,
No longer will I roam,
I have seen my last days
And am on my way to home.
I hear the angels calling;
"And we were sitting face to face—
If your were in a certain place
The dying hobo said:
"Thank heavens, that is the end of that silly question."

She: "There goes a shooting star."
He: "You know when a girl says she sees a shooting star, it means she wants to be kissed."
She: "There goes a constella-
tion!"

Knick—l say, old top, you aren't writing to Patricia any more, are you?
Bocker—Hardly, old dear; I wrote her four charming letters and she did not answer—so I broke off the correspondence.—Gargoyle.

EMBARRASSING.

He (in department store): "Er—where can I find lady's garters?"
The Female Clerk: "Oh, sir, can't you guess?"

To prove a cat has three tails.
No cat has two tails.
One cat has one more tail than no cats.
Therefore one cat has three tails.
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Home of Mr. 4%
THE LAMENT OF THE COLLEGE CHAP.

I've heard them speak of college life. For a score of years or more. I've heard them tell of the big sores, And the liquor there galore. I've always wanted to be a regular college guy. But my dreams were disillusioned, And here's the reason why.

The whistle blows at eight, A. M., And I beat it down to class. They start this intellectual stuff, And I feel like a silly ass. And every evening from one, P. M., Till the evening sun is low, I work around the shops, my friend. But my work is crude and slow. Yes, every night, I stay in here, And learn this fool nonsense. "From where do you get your tears."

Two dead boys began to fight: "From where do the cows get their milk?"

It's simply plain hard luck. I'll say. "Where do you get your feet."

When, sent to the board, we get a note. "Life's one damn thing after another."

The brain's not dead that grumbles. "What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

That calculus develops the mind. "Ha. ha." he said. "that's a good joke."

Calculus is deep! Calculus is useless! "What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

Tell me not, in joyful numbers, "What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

For the brain's not dead that grumbles. "My face is my fortune, sir," she said.

At equations one often finds. "Ha. ha." he said. "that's a good joke."

Not enjoyment but usually sorrow. "What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

That calculus develops the mind. "What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

For a score of years or more. "What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

And I beat it down to class. "What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

But my work is crude and slow. "What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

And I feel like a silly ass. "What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

What can we get to sate our will. "What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

To blind the bad man's eye. "What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

For the brain's not dead that grumbles. "What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

To raise the dresses high. "What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

As it to say they needn't fear. "What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

Because he'd see it done before. "What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

But never quite so well.—Ex.

FAMOUS OBSTACLES.

Mid-year Exams. Profs.

Vells. Little Brothers.

Interviews with the Dean. Profs.

Upperclassmen and Sophomores. Vells.

Girls' Dormitory Rules. Little Brothers.

Financial Embarrassments. Interviews with the Dean.

Wide Hats. Profs.

Golden Tornado. Prof. (to the fairest of the coeds)—If you have time, Miss Guess-who, I wish to hold you a minute after the bell rings.

ODE TO A NIGHT-GOWN.

When winter winds come with their chill, And bodies frown, Our souls with warmth we fain To keep our quaking bodies still.

What can we get to sate our will? A woolen gown.

A kiss is a peculiar proposition. Of no use to one, yet absolute bliss to two. The small boy gets it for nothing; the young man has to steal it; and the old man has to buy it. The baby's right, the lover's privilege, the hypocrite's mask. To a young girl, faith; to a married woman, hope; and to an old maid, charity.

I DON'T.

My parents told me not to smoke—I don't. Nor listen to a naughty joke—I don't.

They made it clear I mustn't wink At pretty girls, or even think About intoxicating drink—I don't.

To flirt or dance is very wrong—I don't.

Wild youths chase women, wine and song—I don't. I kiss no girls, not even one. I do not know how it is done: You wouldn't think I had much fun—I don't.

"Who's in your fortune, my pretty maid?"

"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.

"Ha, ha," he said. "that's a good joke.

Hands on it, for we're both broke."

Naughty Satan sends the wind To raise the dress a high. But heavy is just and sends the dust To blind the bad man's eye.

NOTICE.

I guarantee passes on all courses in mathematics. Let me coach you the night before exam. Terms: $2.00 per hour. Apply to: Bo-cat.

PETE SAZ.

A dainty, little dimpled thing Sat on a bench one night Where campus trees had tried to hide The shafts of bright moonlight. Beside her sat another form, Whose face showed firm and bold. They sat an' sat an' sat an', And the ol' moon never told Just what he saw as hours flew By, but just before he went to bed He slyly winked an eye. As if to say they needn't fear. That he would never tell Because he'd see it done before But never quite so well.—Ex.

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1920 MODEL.

Hickory. Dickory Dock

The mouse ran up the sock. The Lassie screamed, 'twas from pure fright. The sight, we saw—Good-night! Good-night! A flashily dressed young graduate entered a large office and inquired of the busy boss: "Have you an opening for a bright young man?" "Yes," growled the boss, "and don't slam it as you go out." T. B.

Prof. (to the fairest of the coeds)—If you have time, Miss Guess-who, I wish to hold you a minute after the bell rings.

Ode to a Night-Gown.

When winter winds come with their chill, And bodies frown, Our souls with warmth we fain To keep our quaking bodies still.

What can we get to sate our will? A woolen gown.

Financial Embarrassments. Wide Hats.

Golden Tornado.
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HELP
A ten-year-old girl, fresh from her first skating on the lake, dashed into a room where her sister was sitting, "holding converse" with her host particular young man acquaintance.

"Sis, you ought to have seen me," she breathlessly cried. "The first time I stood up my feet went right up in the air and I came down plump on my—"

"Minnie," interrupted the sister, getting uneasy.

"Well, what?" asked Minnie. "My legs just scooted from under me and I came down plump on my—"

"Minnie," screamed her leave, sister the room instantly!"

"But he's hurt," said Minnie. "Hurt?" asked the sister; "Who's hurt?"

"Why brother: I came down plump, only you wouldn't let me tell you."—Ex.

FLUE GAS
I must be nice to be a Prof. His name's upon a door: He starts his work at nine o'clock. He flings his sips around all day Which isn't hard to do And if he's feeling out of sorts He shoots a quiz or two.

I must be nice to be a Prof. His life must be a cinch; He answers all your questions And evades them in a pinch. It must be nice to be a Prof. And reach a ripe old age. But I'd rather be a truckman And earn a living wage.

MATHMATICS.
"They say those Spanish Hidalgos used to go two thousand miles near their superior strength. Who for "back home" are pining!—Ex.

PERFECT THIRTY-SIX
Knickers: Mabel has a beautiful waist line. Becker: Yes, she calls it the line of least resistance.—Ex.

MESS HALL RECIPES
Breakfast Bacon
Take a haultful of pine shavings and remove the interior. Add a little sherry wine and sweeten to taste. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and other cosmetics. Now turn them over with a spoon and serve hot off the griddle.

Mock Turtle Soup
First be sure that the white fish is not carp. Then carefully remove the feathers. One gallon of boiling water into a sauce pan and sprinkle a pinch of salt on the hen's tail. Now let it simmer. If the soup has a blonde appearance, stir it with a lead pencil which will make it a brunette soup. Let it boil two hours. Then coax the hen away from the sauce pan and shut her in the hen house. Serve the soup hot with a glass of ice water on the side.

Planked White Fish
First be sure that the white fish is not carp. Then saw a rib plank from the fattest tree in the front yard. Place white fish on plank, feet first. The juice of a lemon squirted in the left eye of the fish will make it look better. Add sprigs of cabbage, a bunch of bananas and the whites of 19 eggs. If eggs are expensive use grape fruit. Place in oven and fry for two days. Too different from the rest and thoroughly done—eat the plank.

Baked Beans
Take as many buttons as the family can afford and remove the splinters. Add pure spring water. Put flour to calm them and let them sizzle. Serve with tomato catsup or molasses, according to your location on the map.

Apple Fritters, Perhaps
First catch your fritter. Be sure it is a young fritter. (The way to tell the age of a fritter is to count its teeth.) Remove the shell and add a pitcher of apple sauce. Place in a saucepan and tease it with a pinch of baking soda. Let it simmer two hours. Serve hot and smile rapidly while eating.

Imitation Prune Pie
Take a dozen knot holes and peel them carefully. Remove the splinters and add a cup of sugar. Stir it rapidly put it in a hot oven. Bake gently for six hours and then add a little Jamaica ginger. Simmer two hours. Serve cold with tea wafers and talk fast while eating.—T. B.

NOTICE GIRLS
Sam's gal is fast and speedy. She wears calico. Sam's gal is long and tall. She smokes cigarettes. When she goes out she say she forgets That she's mine, all mine! —Cornell Widow.

We were gathered around the fireside. After all the work was through, Some of us were happy, And some were feeling blue.

I'll tell you, boys, somebody said, June ends my college career, I'll hate to leave the old place, And the friends I hold so dear.

The journey through life is a trying one, And our troubles come thick and fast. What helps us most to bear them, Is the friend that sticks to the last.

There's a girl I've met in Atlanta, She's mine! All mine! But she flirts and she drinks and She's always smiling and happy, I know I like her best.

I've labored long and earnestly, And I'll tell you what made me home. When the sailing was kinder rough, And I felt like going home. It was just the thought of what she'd say. When I admitted I couldn't stick, So I stayed on the job through thick and thin. And now I've turned the trick.

Some distant day, when I've married the girl For whom I have been seeking, I hope I can say, I like her as well. As I do Fan Esther Meakin.
Thursday was a holiday; too good to be true
The students wanted Friday and Saturday too
levinsky, sal hepatica-van buren derry
was always saying what he would do

The faculty be damned
I'll go home Wednesday night
I'll do as I please;
stay as long as I like

Now Adolphus Sylvester Martindale van gump
Was what the boys called a sissified chump

You all know the tale;
Friday morning at eight
levinsky came staggering in,
ten minutes late

Now look at adolphus
so gentle and meek
he leaves when he wants to
and stays gone a week
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**Gems from the Recent Chemistry Exam.**

An example of an oxide: "K₂O".

The distillation of corn whiskey is an example of destructive distillation (we'll say so).

The law of multiple proportion is that no matter how large or small a quantity heat required to change an element to energy.

The amount of heat required to transform one gram of compounds of the same elements.

A radical is when a part of a formula is enclosed by itself.

A molar solution is when the molecules are in solution.

Whenever two or more elements unite to form an element that acts like an element it is called an element.

A calorie is the amount of heat required to transform one gram of an element to energy.

The heat of vaporization is the amount of heat required to change one gram of water to a liquid.

Destructive distillation is the distillation of destructive diseases and germs.

Sodium hydroxide has the properties of an anaesthetic and produces partial unconsciousness in those who inhale it.

Solvents differ in their ability to solve calculus.

The action of nitric acid on metals above is very obscure and below it is still obscure.

In burning coal excluded from air we get a pain known as graphite.

Heat of vaporization is when one gram of vapor combines with one gram of liquid at its boiling point to form a solid.

A lump of sugar will dissolve quicker than a brick.

**Gratiss Verses.**

A rolling bone is worth two in the hand.

Act well your part where angels fear to tread.

Honesty is the best policy, where supply equals demand.

Give us this day our daily bread.

English Teacher: "Dorothy, parse the sentence. 'He kissed me.'"

Dorothy: "He, masculine gender, strong, tall; 'kissed,' active verb, showing affection; 'me,' Oh, you all know me."

—Voo Doo.

---

**Military Questionnaire.**

Note: This questionnaire is sent to everybody who knows anybody who went to Tech, is at Tech or who wants to go to Tech. The questionnaire is not sent out with the purpose of gathering information, but is just to keep the office force busy, and help consume the great income derived from the Teddoh Lands.

I. Have you ever had cooties? (Signed)

(a) If so, state size, greatest number and color of said cooties possessed at one time by yourself. (If unable to count number, approximate; it is near enough for all practical purposes)

(b) If not, do not tell us so, but describe Peter's Park, as we never saw France either.

IV. How many traffic cops have you saluted? (Signed)

(a) If so, state number of cigarettes bummed while in the service.

(b) If not, state frequency.

VII. Are you a tea-hound? (Signed)

(a) If so, tell us how to roll a seven

(b) If not, we will give you lessons for five cents an hour, payable in advance to bursar.

them

VIII. Do you smoke? (Signed)

(a) If so, state number of cigarettes bummed while in the service.

(b) If not, state anything else interesting that you have had.

IX. What did you do with your sixty-dollar bonus? (Signed)

(The note on question IX. (a) also applies here.)

(Note: Sign with your nickname only. If you have no nickname, do not sign it.)

Witnessed:

Note: Have your first wife witness your signature. If you have had no first wife, then let your second serve.

---

**Entrance Questionnaire.**

This Questionnaire is to be filled out before entering the Georgia School of Technology.

I. Were you born? (Signed)

(a) If so, state where

(b) If not, where were you hatched?

II. State battles or engagements in which you were implicated (married men need not answer this question due to the paper shortage)

I. Have you ever had ancestors?

(a) If so, tell us how to roll a seven

(b) If not, we will give you lessons for five cents an hour, payable in advance to bursar.

them

VII. Are you a tea-hound? (Signed)

(a) If so, tell us where you get by with it

(b) If not, where were you hatched?

VIII. Do you drink? (This does not refer to coca-cola) (Signed)

(a) If so, we will give you lessons for five cents an hour, payable in advance to bursar.

(b) If not, see Clem Weston for particulars for membership in the "Tea-Hound Society" (Signed)

IX. What is your favorite theatre? (If anything but the Bonita, do not answer this question, but go to Georgia.) (Signed)

(a) If not, go to Georgia.

(b) If you bathe?

(a) If so, state frequency

(b) If not, tell us how you get by with it

(If anything but the Bonita, do not answer this question, but go to Georgia.) (Signed)

IX. What is your favorite street in Atlanta? (Remember that this is for publication and we want to make as good a showing as possible.) (Signed)

Read this before signing: Sign your middle name first, then your last name, and finally your first one. Seal with your coat-of-arms. If you left your coat-of-arms at home, borrow Uncle Heinie's.
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**SOME GIRL**

She wore her silk pajamas in the winter when it was hot. She wore her flannel nightie in the springtime. She went right in between the sheets with nothing on at all. —Old Stuff.

Steady—What would you do if I were to kiss you?

Ready—What could I do, foolish, when you're holding both my hands?—Orange Peel.

**HOW THE DAYS PASS.**

The average crow: 365 days in a year. You sleep 8 hours each day, which equals 122 days. This leaves 243 days. You rest 8 hours each day, which equals 122 days. This leaves 121 days. There are 52 Sundays. This leaves 69 days. You have half a day each Saturday or 26 days. There are 52 Sundays. This leaves 243 days. There are 365 days in a year. This leaves 1 day for the 4th of July. Therefore, we do not do your dirty work.

**THERE IS SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.**

Cleopatra wore no rat, Nero never cussed the 'phone, Sapho wore no harem skirt, Caesar dodged no motor cars, Plato saw no melodramas, Noah saw no aviators.

**WHY SO FAST?**

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going to the devil, Sir," she said.

"Then come with me, my pretty maid— I'm in no such hurry, Sir," she said.—Ex.

What's the use of learning an ancient history date. When you can make a modern one With her at half past eight?—Gargoyle.

**ADVICE TO WOULD-BE MALE VAMPS.**

First select a girl (a pretty one), and bet her a dollar you can kiss her without touching her. This sounds impossible and will appeal to her sporting blood. Next kiss her and pay the dollar like a good fellow. Who wins?—Ex.


Don't kill your wife. Let the Federal Electric Washing Machine do your dirty work. Allow us to demonstrate one in your home and show you.

Hours in classes all remind us, We can make our lives sublime; And by asking foolish questions Take up all the teacher's time. —Highland Echo.

**WE'LL SAY SO.**

"How is it that Arthur never takes you to the theatre nowadays?" queried Marie.

"Well, you see, sir," her friend replied, "one evening it rained, and we sat in the parlor."

"Well, ever since that me—oh, I don't know: but don't you think that theatres are an awful bore?"

**HAD HER THERE.**

The maid—Truly, am I the first girl you ever kissed?

The Man—You are, my darling, and it makes me happy to hear you say that I am the first man who ever kissed you.

The Maid—If I am the first, how do you know whether I do it properly or not?

**TB TB TB**

Some girls have slim excuses for wearing tight skirts.

**HOW TO KISS.**

Kissing comes by instinct, yet it is an art which few understand properly. A lover should not hold his bride by the ears in kissing her. A more graceful way, and quite as effective in preventing the bride from "getting away," is to put your right arm round her neck, your fingers under her chin, raise the chin, and then gently but firmly press your lips to hers. After a few repetitions she will find out it doesn't hurt, and become as gentle as a lamb.

**IN MEMORIAM**

In Loving Memory of Uncle Gus Who Tried to Eat Some of the Hash Served in the Mess Hall

Lest We Forget A Departed Prof. Who Succumbed at Last to the Strenuous Strain of Innumerable New Theorems, in Descriptive Geometry Invented and Proved, by Our Fresmen His Name Was Pud.

Rest in Peace Here Lies Bo-Cat Who Smothered to Death Under his Whiskers His Last Wish Was That His Unlucky End Might Serve As a Warning To Any Freshman Who Tries To Cultivate a Misplaced Eyebrow.

To Our Dear Teacher Doctor Boerman Of The Physics Dept. Who One Sunshiny Day Received a Report That He Couldn't Hand Back

**I DOUBT IT**

I If a pair of red lips were upturned to your own, With no one around to gossip, Would you pray for endurance to leave them alone? Maybe you would, but I doubt it.

II If a tiny white hand you were permitted to hold With a wonderful softness about it, Would you leave it and drop it with never a squeeze? Maybe you would, but I doubt it.

III If a tapering waist were in reach of your arm With a womanly plumpness about it, Would you argue the point 'twixt the right and the wrong? Maybe you would, but I doubt it.

IV And if by these tricks you should win a heart With a delicate sweetness about it, Would you guard it and keep it and play the good part? Maybe you would, but I doubt it.

**YES, YES**

The boy stood on the burning deck, His feet were full of blisters, He tore his pants on a rusty nail, And now he wears his—uncle's. —Burr.

**METERS**

There are meters of accent, There are meters of tone, Put the best way to meet her Is to meter alone.

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