FARSITY
Decatur Street Dudes Vs. Spring St. Stars.

Mammoth Crowd Witnesses Exciting Game For Championship of North Avenue

THE LINEUPS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>STARS</th>
<th>POSITION</th>
<th>DUDES</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Uncle Si</td>
<td>Right End</td>
<td>K. G.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tommy</td>
<td>Wrong End</td>
<td>Fatty King</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moodly Watters</td>
<td>Fishing Tackle</td>
<td>Yegg Gilbert</td>
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<tr>
<td>Siberia</td>
<td>Block and Tackle</td>
<td>Bo-Cat</td>
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<tr>
<td>Froggie</td>
<td>Mud Guard</td>
<td>D. M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cocky</td>
<td>Good Guard</td>
<td>Mt. Vernon</td>
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<tr>
<td>Uncle Billy</td>
<td>Dead Center</td>
<td>Major Pendleton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pap Neri</td>
<td>Way Back</td>
<td>Uncle Heenie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Big Doc</td>
<td>Just Got Back</td>
<td>Uncle Gus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Herr Doc</td>
<td>Bare Back</td>
<td>Lt. Staney</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Water Boys: Doc Burnham and Dan Sanford
Sponsors: Strangler Lewis and Sis Grether

The field is packed, even the nearby trees being loaded with Bo-Cats future kittens. The betting is 3 to 1 on the Dudes, on account of Bo-Cats whiskers and Major Pendleton's spurs, which he donned for the occasion. The backers of the Stars however are confident, for Uncle Si has his umbrella, and Tobe his trusty electroscope.

Thus when the mighty beam of the tension is at the elastic limit, Froggie is attired in a bright green bathing suit in order to frighten his opponents with his mighty physique, but this does not faze Stamy a bit. He merely pushes the horseshoe further up his sleeve, and adjusts the flat-iron in his head gear.

The referee blows his whistle and the game is on. Yegg Gilbert kicks a beautiful parabola to Big Doc, who returns six cubic centimeters. Uncle Billy casts a pass to Muddy Watters who freezes in his tracks. Froggie is attired in a bright green bathing suit in order to frighten his opponents with his mighty physique, but this does not faze Stamy a bit. He merely pushes the horseshoe further up his sleeve, and adjusts the flat-iron in his head gear.

The Dudes are forced to punt, Siberia receiving the projectile and mounting his tank rolls across for a touchdown.

The audience, Uncle Gus gets professional jealousy and refuses to play any more.

The game is called on account of darkness with the score standing 606 to 605, but nobody knows in whose favor, so both sides claim it, and everybody's happy, especially the students, for there’ll be no classes tomorrow.

The best meal I ever had

You'll say after a visit to the Daffodil. Real Georgia country fried chicken with rice and gravy and hot home-made biscuits. You people who have never been to see us are overlooking Atlanta's most famous little place to dine. The food is delicious, and you will be agreeably surprised at the reasonable prices.

THE DAFFODIL
111 North Pryor Street
Just Opposite Candler Bldg.

Luncheon 11:30 to 3
Dinner 5:30 to 9
DON'T TELL IT TO A SOUL.

There was a young Student Inspector,
Who went by the name of Hector.
One day he met a maiden rare,
Her ruby lips said: "Don't you dare!"
So he fed her wine and nectar.

CAN YOU BEAT THIS ONE?

Quoting from the Atlanta Journal, December 10, 1920, we get the following:
"Every member of the Golden Tornado's first eleven, with the exception of quarterback, received one or more places in the All-Southern selections made by the sport writers and coaches in the Sunday newspapers. And the reason for this was due, of course, to the outstanding qualifications of Bo McMillin, All-American from Centre College.

"Picking an All-Southern team is an asinine task at the best, and involves considerable bull together with a fair share of diplomacy, as all of us sport writers will agree. Getting down to brass tacks, however, the following All-Southern line-up would be mighty hard to beat:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Position</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>John Staton</td>
<td>Left End</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bill Fincher</td>
<td>Left Tackle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dummy LeBey</td>
<td>Left Guard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daddy Anis</td>
<td>Center</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oscar Davis</td>
<td>Right Guard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Al Staton</td>
<td>Right Tackle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George Ratterman</td>
<td>Right End</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frank Ferst</td>
<td>Quarterback</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Red Barron</td>
<td>Right Half</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buck Flowers</td>
<td>Left Half</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Judy Harlan</td>
<td>Fullback</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

"I draw the line on kissing."
Said Margie, in accents fine,
But Buck was a football player
And so he crossed the line.

Jimmy J. approached Mrs. North, anxiously, about a Freshman he had that looked like good material for the Marionette cast last spring. Mrs. North listened attentively to Jimmy’s remarks and enthusiastic recommendations of the young man’s dramatic ability, but she did not exactly remember the Fresh under discussion.

"This friend you’re speaking of,” she began, “what sort of a build has he? Is he tall and rangy, or short and stubby?”

"Well, Mrs. North, I couldn’t say exactly," replied Jimmy. "I reckon he’s what you’d call mediocre."

Life is just one durn thing after another.
And love? Oh, it’s just two durn things after each other.

The folks who think our jokes are bum
Would surely change their views
If they’d compare the jokes we print
With those that we refuse.

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OPENING CONVEYING PICKING CARDING
DRAWING ROVING SPINNING SPOOLING
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Branch Office, Greenville, S. C.

T WAS EVER THUS.

A smile, a sigh,
A fond Goodbye,
And she is gone.

A kiss, a curl,
Another girl,
The world moves on.

A moment sweet,
Her warm lips meet,
His own in sad Adieu.

A kiss of joy,
Another day,—
Again the skies are blue.

And then their ways
Wind through the maze
Of life until they meet.

Enraptured bliss!—
Again they kiss,—
Was ever love so sweet!—
—W. E. G.

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CANDLER BLDG.
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first run photoplays
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ATLANTA, GEORGIA

CLANTON & WEBB COMPANY

RHODES BUILDING, ATLANTA, GA.

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Footballs</th>
<th>Baseballs</th>
<th>Masks</th>
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<tr>
<td>Basket-Balls</td>
<td>Gloves</td>
<td>Bats</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Volley-Balls</td>
<td>Mitts</td>
<td>Uniforms</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

WHACHERBETTIN' 'N' HOW?

A feature of Commencement Week in 1921 will be the three-cornered Flivver race between Bo-Cat, Tobe, and Tommy Branch, in their respective Chariots. When this event was arranged some years ago, Pud Lowndes and his Packard were entries. At this time Pud held undisputed sway on North Avenue, but whenever he ventured onto Luckie Street was immediately challenged by Uncle Heinie on his bicycle. These two were favorites in the betting, but their withdrawal gives the three Flivers a chance. Pud has left school to teach gymnasium and botany in the Seminary de Hula, Honolulu, Hawaii, and Uncle Heinie retired from active bicycling after getting the worst of an argument with a six-ton truck. Thus with the odds about even, the three Flivers will scrap it out alone. Sgt. Scamehorn wanted to enter his tractor, but as he was not a charter member of the "Fast Five", will have to wait and challenge the winner.

The betting seems to favor Bo-Cat slightly, as it is thought he has an extra motor or something in that mysterious trunk on behind. Tobe, however, is our favorite, as he has admitted a secret plan to hang a magnet in front of his Lizzie, thereby drawing her on. Tommy is keeping quiet and saying nothing, probably banking on the fact that his Flivver is some thirteen years younger than the other two, it having been bought second-hand in 1892.

The race will probably be over the cross-country course, albeit Bo-Cat is in favor of a longer and rougher course, as he lives in Decatur, and his boat is therefore in better physical condition for such a race. Anyway the race will be one of the most important events ever staged in the south and should draw a huge crowd, as Bo-Cat has ex-Kittens galore all over the country, who would travel miles to see his proud chariot defeated. This race will be followed by another, between the winner and Sergeant's tractor, with the possibility of Mr. Houston entering his 1808 Maxwell at the last minute.

TERRY & SPILLER

Men's Wear, Hats
TAILORING
COLLEGE PARAPHERNALIA
15 N. BROAD ST.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Three Hundred and Four
WE'LL SAY SO.
Martha—Red tried to put his arm around me three times last night.
Frances—Some arm!

Holidays may come and holidays may go,
But classes at Tech go on forever.

R. D.—Dearest, you have such sparkling eyes; they are just like rubies.
Little Mac—Oh! and you told me you had never loved another girl.

A STUDY IN FIGURES.
“Did he kiss you good-bye?” I asked her;
She nodded her pretty head.
“How singular!” I was sarcastic;
“No; plural,” was all that she said.

He clasped her slender cubiform
In his rectangular embrace;
He gazed on her rhomboidal charm
With passionate, prismatic face.

He stroked her rectilinear locks;
Then, with a sound like prying strips
From off a trapezoidal box,
He kissed her squarely on the lips.
TECH--The Best Dressed
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—Men of Tech, be famous for thy apparel—be known only as top-notch—
good clothes maketh way for you—
therefore go ye to Muse's—wear the suit, the hat and the shoe that is Muse—
that thy dollar may buy its utmost and thy appearance be undeniably cor-
rect!

Geo. Muse Clothing Co.
Peachtree, Walton and Broad

IT'S A FUNNY WORLD.
Buss: "So the engagement is broken off?"
Marguerite: "Yes, it seems she told Marsden one evening that she wasn't
half beautiful enough to be his wife, and he didn't deny her statement half quick
enough to suit her."

EVER MEET HIM?
Mac: "I say, old man, can you lend me a fiver?"
R. D. C., III: Impossible! I've tried to lend you money several times but
you always look upon it as a gift."

A BASE CALUMNY.
"Were you ever summoned previously for exceeding the speed limit?" asked
the City Police Court Judge haughtily.
Carl B. flushed angrily and said in disgust:
"What does your Honor think I've been doing all these years—pushing a
wheelbarrow?"

ADDRESS NOT GIVEN.
One balmy, spring evening Mary and Fuzzy were discussing kissing, he de-
claring that a man could kiss a girl whether she willed it or not, and she main-
taining that it couldn't be done.
At last they decided that the only way to prove their contentions was to try
it. They did. Fuzzy won after a brief struggle and kissed her ardently for
several minutes. Then he released her.
"Oh, well," said the girl, "you really didn't win fair. My foot slipped. Let's
try it again."
A VICTORY IN DEFEAT

With no band to play their anthem and no crowd to cheer them 'long,
Down the field our boys were plowing, thru the Panther's line so strong;
There was nothing that could stop them as they pushed their way to fame,
And Warner's men will tremble at the mention of their name.

Thru blood up to their shoulders and o'er walls that were so high
Our men hurled back the Panther line and 'round the ends did fly,
And when they reached the crucial point, where they must rise or fall,
Our boys were fighting, heart and soul, to put across the ball.

Oh, everything was quiet then; our boys had started 'cross,
When "fifteen yards for holding" tells how our cause was lost.
How can they win when they are fighting, heart and soul,
And every time be penalized right under the Panther goal?

But even that didn't slacken them—they tried it o'er and o'er—
Until at length Buck booted it between the standard's open door.
The game was fought, the boys had won a glory never known,
They led old Pitt a merry chase—and saw the mighty Davies thrown.

And then the powerful Hewitt, a two hundred-ten-pound man,
Was called into the battle to join the Panther clan;
To stop this demon plunger our boys gave their all,
They bucked the line, they went o'er end, and rambled with the ball.

But penalty and penalty they got, until at last
The ball went over and the Pittsburgh side began their blast.
Then ripped the fullback, Hewitt, thru guard and off the end;
Our team it battled gallantly but slow their strength did spend.

The Panther shot across our goal—it was a mighty drive,
Our boys went down fighting, and bravely did they strive;
No flowers for the vanquished, only the hostile cheers,
But they put up the gamest fight that Pitt had seen in years.

And so, with Pittsburgh leading, thus ended, then, the fray;
Our boys had reaped the glory but the Panthers won the day.
Our cause it was a grand one and though at last we fell,
The whole wide world did know that night, we lost it fighting well.
“MISTAKEN,” OR “THE UNDERTAKER’S REVENGE”
A PLAY IN ONE ACT AND MUCH ACTION.

Hubby paused in the shadow beneath the open window. He cursed softly; then his voice dropped and broke. Ah, it was just as he expected! At last he had caught her in the act! From within he could hear the honeyed tones of his wife as she dreamily murmured.

“Sweet Daddy, hold me. Kiss me again on the other side and let the rest of the world go by.”

The enraged husband could stand it no longer. He clasped his revolver savagely and rushed blindly into the room.

Wifie ceased her talk of cataloguing the phonograph records and rose smilingly to greet him.

Curtain.

There was a young fellow name Red,
Who busted a part of his head,
They wired up his jaw
And he ate thru a straw
But he continued to knock ‘em all dead.

BEAT IT IF YOU CAN!

Sometime ago one of our Technique exchanges came out with the boast that their circulation amounted to considerably over two thousand. A bit later another modestly raised the former a cool thousand and our Exchange Editor conferred at once with the Circulation Manager.

Not to be outdone, the latter took immediate steps. The next issue of the publication came out with the following statement in heavy black type, streaming across the top of the front page:

“THE TOTAL COMBINED CIRCULATION OF THE TECHNIQUE AND THE PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY EVENING POST AMOUNTS TO CONSIDERABLY MORE THAN TWO MILLION COPIES A WEEK.”

SNAPSHOT JUDGMENT.

“Kid” Clay, chief mentor of the Tech Baseball nine, got a letter last summer from a young ball toser planning to enter Tech in the fall which gave an excellent, unabridged account of his ability to make good in fast college circles. Also he declared he could hit .300 against Christy Matheson, Walter Johnson—the higher they come, the harder he could hit. It so happened that the “Kid” was very desirous of getting some strong infielders to enter Tech, but the young man had rather carelessly neglected to say whether he was a pitcher, catcher, infielder, or outfielder.

Clay answered the letter at once, and casually inquired what position the prospective phenom played.

A quick reply followed with a snapshot inclosed, a picture of the ambitious one crouched, awaiting a grounder.

“You can see for yourself from the attached photograph,” wrote the young man, “that I play in a stooping position with one hand on each knee.”

Georgia Tech Teaches You Math. and Mechanics, But--Can You Make a Dollar Jump Through a Hoop?
The knowledge you have gained or are gaining from Glorious old Tech is going to enable you to EARN MONEY, but only your common sense can teach you to MAKE MONEY EARN FOR YOU. If you will combine the Gospel of the Busy Dollar with the technical truths you learn you are pretty sure to succeed in life, and the Gospel of the Busy Dollar goes this way:—“IT ISN'T WHAT A DOLLAR WILL BUY BUT WHAT IT WILL EARN THAT COUNTS IN THE LONG RUN.”

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Rah! Rah! Boys!

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SPEAKING OF THE FLU.
Ed—The girl I took to ride the other night had the flu.
Red—Did you get it?
Ed—No, she wouldn’t let me.

Buss—So you think you can recognize a good thing when you see it?
Guss—That’s why I fell so hard when first I gazed at you.

OVER IN KNOWLES.
Soc (to Dummy who is standing out in hall)—Why are you shaving outside?
Dummy—Because that is where the hair is. You don’t think I am fur-lined, do you?

This may look like
It is real poetry
But just read on
And find that it isn’t.

It is merely a
Pseudo swan song
Of the deceased,
Noble joke editor.

Two’s company and no doubt
That is why the light went out!

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THE FRESHMAN.

(Apology: Wherever alleged humor is, there you will invariably find the Freshman immortalized. Our only apology for this is that it is entirely original.)

There are two kinds of Freshmen,—those with brains and those without. (The former kind are extinct.) The others may be divided into two classes,—those who are green and those who are not. (The approximate division is: 100% former and 0% latter.) That allows us to divide the former class into two sections,—those who think they know it all and those who are modest and realize that they know nothing. (So far we have never had the rare good fortune to run across any in the latter section.)

All of the which brings us down to the bare facts that the genus Fresh is a carnivorous biped, containing a stomach, a large cavity two and a half inches above the front collar button and two monstrous appendages generally flattered by the general public with the name of feet. For the benefit of those who never gazed upon one we might add that the Fresh usually owns a pair of green-striped socks, a yellow necktie, a gold tooth, and a loving disposition. His tastes are simple, like his mind, running to spats, Mack Sennett comedies, and chocolate milks. Stud Poker, the Bonita, and Tom Pitts furnish his amusements and he obtains much needed rest in Dr. Emerson's Chemistry Matinee. Outside of an absent-minded tendency to throw coal scuttles out of the third story windows of Knowles, a mild desire to shoot firecrackers at Christmas, a passion for drinking dopes, he is harmless.

To you, Brenau, Agnes Scott, Washington Seminary, Cox College, Elizabeth Mather and others, we turn him over. Be merciful unto him in his verdanace!
A SHOCKING STORY.

The Electrician had arrived home at 1:00 A. M. and was preparing to undress, when his wife glared at him and said: "Watts the matter? Why you insulate?"

But the shock was too great; the electrician dropped dead.

Whit—"Do you object to kissing on sanitary grounds?"

Alym—"Oh, no."

Whit—"Then let’s take a little stroll through the infirmary."

Marian (tenderly)—"When did you first know you loved me?"

Venus—"When I began to get mad when people said you were brainless and unattractive."

As she stifled a yawn, Elizabeth asked sweetly: "Is your watch going, Fentress?"

"Yep," answered Fentress.

"How soon?"

Brenau Girl (home on vacation): "Oh, father, why didn’t you tell me you had those benches painted? Dooly and I sat down on one and Dooly got paint on his trousers."

Preacher (talking to a belle of the Tech set, whose name, for reasons of safety, we are obliged to withhold): "Do you think you can dance and be good at the same time?"

"Oh, yes! But—er—I’m not that kind of a dancer."
The Atlanta National Bank

The Atlanta National Bank offers every convenience to Georgia Tech Students, and now carries Savings Accounts for many of them.

THE ATLANTA NATIONAL BANK

Mary—Can you drive a car with one hand?
Bobby—No, but I can stop.

Fresh (very)—Hello, kid; haven’t I met you before?
She—it’s quite likely. I used to be a nurse in an insane asylum.

“It must be terrible for Broyles to realize that he’s losing his voice.”
“It’s worse than that; he doesn’t realize it.”

Sor—I thought you took that Math last term?
Griff—I did, but I was so good the faculty encored me.

Chamber of Commerce Cafe

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Sixty-Nine North Pryor Street
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Complete equipment for every athletic sport
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MANUFACTURERS OF
Fine College Stationery
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ATLANTA GEORGIA

Type Bell (giving out Technique assignments): “Now you write an article on ‘Why Girls Leave Home,’ but don’t mention my name, please.”

Ray: “But how do you know she’s a perfect thirty-six?”
Mae: “Oh, I’ve been around her a few times.”

Prof. Stamey (to Soph who is attempting rather unsuccessfully to become a Junior): “Well, friend, have you had any Modern Languages?”
Soph: “Yes, sir; English 12 and English 24.”

She: “What’s John doing now?”
He: “He’s bookkeeper.”
She: “But I thought he was an Engineer.”
He: “That may be, but just the same he’s never returned those three books I loaned him six months ago.”

Soph Civil (as whistle blows): “Let’s go!”
Ditto Arch: “Wait, I’ve gotta go down to the pool room and persuade the Architectural Department to go to class.”

Senior: “Frosh, what makes you so small?”
Frosh: “They raised me on canned milk and I’m condensed.”

Frosh (writing a theme): “Say, does a prune grow on a tree?”
Friend Roommate: “Nope, you fish, it grows on a vine, like a banana.”
LET THE RED LIQUID FLOW.

Roughly and rudely the bouncer picked the souse up and heaved him into the gutter outside the front door. The latter hit with a terrible crash, in fact he seemed to crash all over. And his precious bottle had been in his inside pocket! He picked himself gingerly up. He felt a warm trickling sensation under his armpits and staggered back aghast. "My Gawd!" he whispered in a trembling tragic voice, "My Gawd, I hope it's blood!"

OUR "L'ENVOI"

When this book's last page is finished
And the drawings are turned in too,
When our strength is almost diminished
And our tedious tasks are through,
We shall rest and faith, we shall need it,—
We shall sleep for a week or two—
Till the proof coming from the printer
Sets us to work anew.

Then again we shall have to get busy,
We must copy and edit and stew;
We'll work till our heads are dizzy,
And we're tired and worn and blue.
We shall find real cause for worry
As we labor and struggle and fret
And the printer he bids us to hurry,—
Looks like censure's all we get.

We had thought we were working for pleasure
And once we had hopes of fame
But now we'll be glad without measure
If we ever complete this game.

Though Some Day to press it is going—
This Blueprint of '21—
And Some Day we shall be happy in knowing
That all of our work is done.

—W. E. G.
Crystal Carbonic Laboratory
ATLANTA, GEORGIA
Successors to N. P. Pratt Laboratory

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“CRYSTAL BRAND”
Carbonic Acid Gas
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Presiding Prof.: “Mr Sledge, you say this Freshman attacked you with an
alley-bat. Tell me, was this missle you speak of as big as my two fists?”

Deloney: “Yessuh; it was larger.”

P. P.: “Well, was it as large as my head?”

Deloney: “Yessuh; that is, it was as long but not so thick.”

CAN THIS BE YOU?
A fool there was, and he stayed out late,
Even as you and I.
All he did was procrastinate,
Even as you and I.
On every night he would celebrate,
Until exams made him hesitate,
And the highest he got was fifty-eight,
Even as you and I.

A fool there was, and he studied late,
Maybe as you, not I.
He did not loaf or dissipate,
Maybe as you, not I.
With no one did he associate,
He tried the Profs to imitate,
And all his grades were ninety-eight,
Maybe as you, not I.

—Exchange.

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THE REGISTRAR
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ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Calendar of the Year.

SEPTEMBER

5. Football practice begins early with a large number out, including "Buck," "Judy," and "Red." Coach "Alec" takes the helm for his first year as head coach.

20. 7:30 A.M. Group of Freshmen disembark at Union Station.

8:00 A.M. Still looking for Dr. Matheson to extend them welcome.


9:00 A.M. Escort for Tech by a policeman.

10:30 A.M. "Buck" Flowers appears on scene, and after much argument and persuasion on his part, Mr. Caldwell allows him to register.

12:00 Noon. Boarders initiated into the horrors of Uncle Gus' kingdom.

2:00 P.M. Sight-seeing about the campus.

8:00 P.M. Freshmen fall into the snare of the Bonita and Bijou.

21. 8:00 A.M. Line forms to register.

9:00 A.M. Late-comers take place at the end of the line in front of the library.

11:00 A.M. Green freshman, still trying to locate a person called "George."

11:30 A.M. K. G. arrives to begin his daily labors.

11:58 A.M. K. G. adjourns for lunch after a very trying morning.

3:00 P.M. Freshmen initiated into the Royal Order of "T" Hounds at Numnally's.

24. Freshmen gather for their first spirit meeting and take their first degree in lung development.

25. Tech 44, Wake Forest 0. The Golden Tornado begins to blow with as much power as ever before.

27. Great spirit shown at College Night meeting in the Y. The freshmen begin to realize what Tech Spirit means.

OCTOBER

2. Oglethorpe's Stormy Petrels fail to survive the Golden Tornado and came out on the under side of a 55 to 0 score.

9. Davidson swamped by Tech by a score of 66 to 0. The Tornado blows stronger as the season advances. All honor to Coach Alexander. Between the halves of the Davidson game he is presented with a handsome watch as a token of the sincere appreciation of the student body.


16. Vandy falls before the terrific onslaught of the Tornado, 44 to 0.

20. The Team and Revenge Club are given a royal send-off on their journey to the lair of the Pittsburg Panthers.

23. Tech exhibits a wonderful offensive and upholds the name of the South, but the Tornado is bested by the Panthers, 10 to 8.

30. Tech easily defeats the Crying Colonels, 24 to 0. Centre makes all kinds of fumbles.

(Continued on page 331)
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**Calender of the Year**

(Continued)

**November**

6. The varsity reserves defeat Clemson 7 to 0 in a close game. “Buck,” “Judy,” “Red,” and other first varsity players on the side lines undergo temporary insanity.

13. In a game exhibiting the best of feeling and friendship, Tech defeats Georgetown 25 to 6. All glory to the Hilltoppers, they give no alibi.

25. Auburn, the heaviest team in the world and a mighty foe, bows before the drive of the golden-jerseyed heroes in the Turkey-Day contest, 34 to 0.

26. Blue Print well under way with many candidates out.

**December**

6. Basketball practice begins for Tech’s second year in the game, with 100 men out.

10. Georgia Tech is recognized as the S. I. A. A. football champions.


**January**


7. Tech loses her first basketball game to Mercer by a score of 20 to 19.

24. Freshman seen coming out of the academic building with a down-hearted expression. Flunked again!

**February**

5. Much excitement and celebration. Exams over.

26. Tech goes to semi-finals in S. I. A. A. basketball tournament, by defeating, first, Birmingham-Southern and then, the University of Alabama.

28. Tech and Georgia, deadly rivals, meet again. Tech plays a wonderful game, holding the supposedly champions of the South to a score of 26 to 21.

**March**

5. Cross-country run won by Cotton, with Fouche running a close second.

12. Calendar coming to a close, as the editor is calling for it.

14. Glory! the Blue Print has gone to press!!!

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A CONSOLING THOUGHT.

On George Washington's Birthday Dr. Matheson accepted an invitation to address the prisoners at the Federal Prison. His party was just a little bit late in arriving.

The Doctor was immediately introduced.

"Fellow citizens," he began, and then hesitated. That form of address could never be used here.

"Fellow—fellow—convicts," he finally stammered, and again he stopped and swallowed hard. The whole assemblage broke into a laugh, in which the Tech president joined.

"Anyways," he announced in an effort to straighten things out as soon as quiet was once again restored, "I am delighted to see that so many of us finally got here."

A TELLING BLOW.

It was a little argument up in the dressing-room of the East Lake Club, the night of the Pan-Hellenic.

"There is one thing no one can say about you," said Catherine; "no one can ever call you two-faced."

"No, they can't, neither," snapped Emily.

"No; if you had two faces you would never be seen out with the one you are wearing now," was the rejoinder.

Then the hostilities began to pick up in earnest.

Hallie—What a finely chiseled mouth you have. It ought to be on the face of a girl.

George M.—Quite true; I miss few opportunities.

A well-known Professor of Math
Once gave his whiskers a bath;
They turned a bright red,
We can't print what he said,
But 'twas awful to hear his wrath.

TIME AND AGAIN.

Wallace—May I hold your hand for a second?
Margaret—How will you know when the second is up?
Wallace—Oh, I'll need a second hand for that.

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In Recognition.

The Blue Print of 1921 is now a completed whole and, insofar as our work is concerned, it is ready to go to you. In the compiling and composing of it we have given our best; you may know it represents the earnest efforts and honest labor of the entire staff and the wise counsels of those interested in its success.

To those persons, not on the staff, who have aided us in a material way, or through timely advice have sought to lighten our burdens or brighten the course our unacquainted feet had to tread, the Blue Print Staff wishes to express its sincere gratitude. Mr. Theo. S. Smith of the Johnson-Dallis Company, printers, is especially deserving of our thanks for his constant efforts to make our year-book a genuine success.

The greatest recognition, however, is due the staff. The admirable spirit of co-operation that has existed between the several departments of the work has gone a long way toward rounding out the rough spots that have beset our pathway. At the beginning of the year there was not a one of us that had had overly much experience in, or a very definite knowledge of, college annual work and the response of the men on the campus in our calls for assistance was none too whole-hearted. But those men who did work let not their inexperience retard them, ever giving their sincerest endeavors to make this volume of the Blue Print a credit to Georgia Tech. To them all praise is due.