In Parting

We have hardly sufficient space here to acknowledge all of the work that has been expended on the subject matter between the covers of this eighteenth volume of the Blue Print, but the service of some stand out so that we can not send this last page of copy to the press without recognizing their invaluable assistance.

The student body have proven themselves faithful friends of the annual by voting to place the entire cost of the book in the fees. It is they that have made possible the improvements of this year's book and to them is due the credit, should any be warranted. Dr. Skiles has been more than an adviser. He has been a kind friend and counselor and we want to thank him here for his able assistance.

The student that has done the most for the 1925 book is Will W. Griffin, the Art Editor. Little can be said here, but his work will speak for itself. Some kind fate prompted him to leave Northwestern University and enter Tech and he has practically single-handed turned out all of the art work for this volume. We are also indebted to Mr. E. M. Jack- son, a graduate of Georgia Tech who is now a successful artist, for the frontispiece of this book. Out of love for his Alma Mater he was kind enough to give of his talent and valuable time, and I am sure that each Tech man will look with pride on the product of his labors.

White Studio and Lane Brothers have given us the kind of service that makes it possible to record a photographic history of the past year. We have tried to tell the story through pictures, where possible, and for this reason we have installed the rotogravure section. Some pictures have been left out, for which we are truly sorry, but some mistakes must enter into the handling of several thousand pictures.

It has been a pleasure to work with such men as Narmore, Butterfield, Bartlett, Griffin and Marshall. These men have all given many hours from their studies that you might have this book. We have ever kept in mind that Tech should have an annual that is worthy of the institution. It has been a labor of love and we present to you the Blue Print of 1925. May it mean to you—Georgia Tech.

The Editor.
Tech Terror and Tatler

Published weekly by the nevergraduates of the Georgia School of Neckology under the suspicion of the Student Gunsellers.

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The College Set girl is responsible for the make-up of this paper.

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THE REGISTRAR
Georgia School of Technology
ATLANTA, GEORGIA
KULL AND SKEY HAS PARTY

Entertain and Mingle With Brother Organization

The Kull and Skey, Sophomore selective sewing circle for Molly Maguires, last night entertained their allies, the Phi Kappa Phis at an informal tea slinging brawl.

To cement their friendship, the two organizations stuck together till a late hour. A special invitation was tendered the Hod Carriers Union, but, due to the fact that the President was out on a bat at the time in the gang's dress suit, none of them were able to attend.

The entertainment consisted of a number of skits by the skittish members of the auxiliary. Miss Uneeda Date gave a clever impersonation of a chorus refusing a dinner invitation. The feature of the evening was a debate: "Does Mortar Keep Bricks Apart or Together?" which was won by the affirmative.

SPEAKER HERE FOR CHAPEL

Many Surprises

Today's Chapel will be featured by the appearance of the Rt. Honorable Henry T. Earmuff who will speak on the difficulty of catching the Pategonian PeeWee in the Algerian Steppes. The speaker has traveled extensively and knows his oil from Castor to Tea Pot Dome.

The Collegiate Simps will furnish their usual ear-splitting music. They announce that they have secured the services of Eddie Thompson to play the tom toms exclusively for this performance.

Al Holder will cap the climax by singing the old blackface favorite, "Kitty of the K. K. K."

NOT THAT

"Do you have a date tonight?"
"Yes."
"Tomorrow night?"
"Yes."
"Next Friday night?"
"Yes."
"Now I hope you won't go away and tell that I tried to get a date with you."

Staff Photographer: "I've got a snapshot of the fleeing burglar."
City Editor: "Good! Now take a time exposure of the police in pursuit."

Old Lady: "Pardon me, are you a minister?"
Rough Party: "What the Hell did you say?"
Old Lady: "Nothing."

Doc. Shirk: "Give me a short definition of a polygon."
Pupil: "A polygon is a dead parrot."

Pola: "I've had hallucinations lately."
Negri: "Why don't you use listerine?"
This part for good-looking readers only.
My, some people are conceited!

"Has you brother come home from college yet?"
"I guess so, or else the car's been stolen."

"I almost sold my shoes yesterday."
"You did?"
"Yeh, I had 'em half soled."

Stude: "Where can I get some garters?"
Floor Walker: "Antique shop on the second floor."

"Hello! You a frosh?"
"No. This is my fifth year."
"Taking your Master's?"
"No. Taking my time."

He: "Did you ever see a catfish?"
She: "Certainly."
He: "How did he hold the pole?"

The sweet young thing: "Aren't you ever homesick?"
Middy Foist: "No, I'm never home long enough to get sick of it."

Jacqueline: "What do you call it when two people are thinking of the same thing at the same time, mental telepathy?"
Jack: "Sometimes, other times, it's just plain embarrassment."

Fil: "What color hair do you like best?"
Lil: "I think black is wonderful."
Fil: "Well, take this sandwich. It has one in it."

TERROR AND TATLER

FINALS
Flunked in Physics, failed in math,
I heard him softly hiss—
I'd like to find the guy who said
That ignorance is bliss.

His Prayer
"Mah mammy see, 'Don't get in no scraps.'
Ah tule how sho I wuzn't
'An Jake,' she see, 'don't throw no craps.'
Ah hopes tuh Gawd I doesn't."

Co-ed—"Two weeks ago I refused to marry your brother and he has been drinking heavily ever since."
He—"Yes, he's the kind of fellow who never knows when to stop a celebration."

TECH-NIQUE
"Is Mary fast?"
"Fast? Boy, she's even fast asleep."

1st Angel: "How'd you get up here?"
2nd Angel: "Flu."

Old Skinflint: "Here boy, what's this you were shouting? Great Swindle—60 Victims. I can see nothing about it in this paper."
Newsboy: "Great Swindle—61 Victims!"

GRAY IRON, BRASS AND ALUMINUM CASTINGS

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ATLANTA, GA.
Doctor: "What's the excitement?"
Door-man: "Quick, the fire eater just burned his finger!"

"What's the matter, Mac?"
"Oh, I wrote my mother about initiation; and now she tells me she's planning to bring the family up to see it and wants me to get tickets for it right away."

Annette—"Ralph told me last night that he's a woman hater."
Nanette—"Is he broke again?"

---

A woman is like an old house:
The front view is the best.
She requires lots of paint.
The top story is empty and the roof shingled.

"You're hard to take," said the five-year-old to the bottle of castor-oil.

Absent-minded Professor P. D. Smith had left his berth in the sleeper to find a drink of ice water and was hopelessly lost in the middle of the aisle. It was about midnight, and the train was speeding through the country.

"Don't you remember the number of your berth?" asked the conductor.
"I'm—er—afraid not," was the reply.
"Well, haven't you any idea where it was?"
"Why, uh—oh, yes, to be sure."
The professor brightened up perceptibly. "I did notice at one time this afternoon that the windows looked out upon a little lake!"

"Did you have any difficulty getting the connection?"
"No, the operator was a Co-ed. She gave me the line immediately."

---

**Hints to Freshmen**

**How to Make a Hit on Your First Fraternity Invitation**

Since most freshmen when they hit the campus, are of a color not unlike green, it has been deemed advisable to present in compact form several simple and helpful suggestions which will be a material aid to them in making a fraternity right off.

When the invitation comes, it will probably be to dinner, and, dressed immaculately, you should present yourself at the door exactly on the appointed hour. If you have any knowledge at all of hardware, you should be able to manipulate the meal fairly easily; but it is after the meal is over that the real test will come. After the demi-tasse, it will not be improper for you to draw attention to yourself by telling a very funny story; for instance, this one of Johnny Dooley's:

"I say," said the big hen to the little one, "how much do you get for your eggs?"
"Sixty-five cents a dozen," said the little hen.
"Sixty-five cents? Why don't you lay nice big eggs like mine? I get seventy cents for mine," said the big hen.
"Huh!" said the little hen. "You needn't think I'm going to exert myself for five cents a dozen."
A witty story like this will set all the fellows roaring and will establish your reputation as a humorist for once and for all. This display of tact on your part will practically assure you of a bid.

"Do you like jazz?" will be the next question.
"No," should be your prompt response.
"I think it the most senseless, shallow, (Continued on Page 350)"
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insipid and pointless form of music, and I am speaking calumny to call it music. It is the harmony of the pagan, and has no place among civilized people."

"And do you dance?" (This question is bound to come; so you will do well to memorize this little speech by heart.)

"Dance? Well I should say not! I'm thoroughly disgusted every time I see a couple shuffling about—touching!—wasting hour after hour in this immoral, silly and unwholesome amusement. Reform must come, I tell you. It must come; and I am glad to think that I will be associated in this fraternity with a group of sensible fellows who can see the ruination to which the epoch of jazz is rapidly leading us."

With a couple of hours necessary studying as an excuse, you should leave promptly at ten o'clock. Everybody will shake hands, but few, if any, will be able to look you in the face, for fear of giving vent to their true feelings before you—and before their fraternity brothers. If you have followed these suggestions closely, you have absolutely nothing to fear. You may go home with assurance and selfsatisfaction. All you will have to do then is to wait for your bid—and wait, and wait, and wait.

---

Wise Guy: "What's the difference between a frog and pole-cat?"

Dumb: "I don't remember."

Wise Guy: "Well, the frog has a green back and all the pole-cat has is a scent; so the difference is about 99c."

There was a young girl in a fury,
Who took her case to a jury.
She claimed trolley 3
Had injured her knee,
But the jury said, "We're from Missouri."

The motto of a certain German society in this country seems to be "La Follette, we are beer."

Prof: "If the president, vice-president, and all the members of the cabinet died, who would officiate?"

"I heard a man who had thirteen spades and got the bid, but only took one trick."

"How come?"

"His partner led an ace, he trumped it, and his partner shot him."

The tightest man in the world is the Scotchman who shot off his pistol outside his house on Christmas Eve and then came in and told the children that Santa Claus had committed suicide.

He: "May I kiss you on the forehead?"
She: "Not unless you want a bang in the mouth."

Y: "Yes my wife has gone to the Indies."
O: "Jamaica?"
Y: "No, she wanted to go."
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The 1925 Blue Print
Co-ed (angrily): "I should think you'd be ashamed to look me in the face or speak to me on the street."

He: "I am kind of, but I got to be courteous."

"Last night I made an awful mistake."

"That so? How come?"

"I drank a bottle of gold paint."

"How do you feel now?"

"Guilty."

Father: "How is it I find you kissing my daughter? How is it, I ask you?"

Young Man: "Oh, it's great. It's great."

"Smoke a day?"

He: "Oh, any given number."

Mother, do cats go to heaven?

No, my dear. Didn't you hear the minister say that animals did not have souls.

Well, where do they get the strings for the harps then?"

College man: "Would you object if I kissed you?"

Co-ed: (No answer.)

C. M.: "Would you care if I kissed you?"

Co-ed: (No answer.)

C. M.: "Would you mind if I kissed you?"

Co-ed: (No answer.)

C. M.: "Say, are you deaf?"

Co-ed: "No, are you dumb?"

First Gold Digger: "Isn't it great in the third act where the magician gets the rabbit out of the old derby?"

Second Gold Digger: "He's got nothing on me, dearie. Last night I got a Cadillac out of an old oil can."

"How does that tux you borrowed fit?"

"Fine, only I can't reach at the table because my elbows show."

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**TERROR AND TATLER**

Repeated by Popular Request
Teacher: “Concrete is that which can be seen, abstract is that which cannot be seen. Now give me an example of concrete.”
“Pupil: “My knickers.”
Teacher: “Good, now give me an example of the abstract.”
“Pupil: “The undertaker.”

Breathless Butler: “The chauffeur’s running away with your wife, sir.”
Husband (yawning): “What’s he running for?”

To the Modern Girl
Laugh and the world laughs with you—
Weep, and the rouge comes off.

“Why is a watch spring like a college man?”
“Either broke or badly bent.”

“What is an opportunist?”
“One who meets the wolf at the door and appears the next day in a fur coat.”

Grandmother: “Johnny, I wouldn’t slide down those stairs.”
Little Boy: “Wouldn’t Hell, you couldn’t.”

**The**
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Hotel Guest (to friend across the table): "I'm going to have some beefsteak. It always makes me feel bully."  
Friend: "Well, I'm going to have some hash. Hash always makes me feel I like everything."

He: "How much do you weigh, sweetheart?"
She: "Too much darling, 128 stripped."
He (consolingly): "Well, these drug store scales are not very accurate."

Town: "Do you know that I had eleven flat tires coming out here?"
Country: "How come, I thought you only had a five passenger!"

"Stop, I've never heard such profanity since the day I was born."
"What were you, a twin or a triplet?"

***

A Slight Mistake

Short Sighted Lady (in grocery store): "Is that the head cheese over there?"
Clerk: "No ma'am; that's one of his assistants."

Entertainer (in restaurant, yodeling a late ballad): "Don't Mind the Rain—"
Guest (bent over his soup-plate) — "Oh! so that's it."

"Why are your fraternity brothers all so thin?"
"Every time they hear the diner gong they think it's the patrol wagon."

Father—"Young man, I understand you have made advances to my daughter."
Young Man—"Yes sir, I wasn't going to say anything about it, but now since you mentioned it, I wish you would get her to pay me back."

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The cover for this annual was created by The DAVID J. MOLLOY CO.  
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Rowing Coach—You want to come out for the crew, huh? Ever rowed before?”
Candidate: “Only a horse, sir.”

Jim: “I dreamed that I saw the steps to heaven last night.”
Jam: “Well, I guess you took them two at a time?”
Jim: “Nope, waited for the elevator and the damn thing went down.”

“What makes the duces wild?”
Why, they’re so damn far away from the Queens.

Depends on the Party
“Should evening dresses be worn to bridge parties?”
“No; in playing cards it is only necessary to show the hand.”

Beggar: “Will you give me a dime for a cup of coffee?”
Fresh: “Let’s see the coffee first.”

Fresh—“I gave her a muffler and she held my hand.”
Soph—“Well?”
Fresh—“Do you know what a fur coat would cost?”

You see, me an’ the dean were ridin’ up in an elevator together, and someone dropped a cigarette. Me’n the dean both dives for it and I gets it. So he flunks me outta school.

Prof.: ‘What’s the difference between ‘You will call on a girl’ and ‘You have called on a girl?’”
Young Man: “Usually one frat pin.”

For steel shirts and they wore 'em;
And there was bliss enough in this—
For the laundry never tore 'em.
—Pointer

A student was out walking with his Co-ed sweetheart. A movie theatre sign caught his eye. “Marie, I think we’ll go in here,” he said.
The sign read: “The Woman Pays.”

Don’t make her laugh, you’ll have to smell her breath.

If you don’t think clothes make the man, just try going without them.

“Can you dance?”
“No, but I can hold them while they dance.”

Stage Manager—All right, run up the curtain.

Green Stagehand—Say, watcha think I am—a squirrel?

He kissed her in the garden,
When the moon was shining bright,
But she was a marble statue, and
He was drunk that night.

“One, I declare, your dress barely covers your body.”
“What’s the matter with my body?”
"How are you getting along with your girl?"

"She won't speak to me any more. I kissed her, and when she said it wasn't nice, I admitted it."

"Why didn't you kick that last field goal, Jake?"

"Sorry, sir, but I promised never to touch another drop."

"I'll bite, what is it?" said the mosquito to his mate, as they landed on the wax model.

"Do you know how to approach a woman with a past?"

"No; how?"

"With a present."

Conductor—What street did you say you wanted?

Soused—What streets have you?

She (after a tiresome evening)—Well, good night. Be good!

He (brightly)—I always am.

She—Yes, I'm afraid you are.

Freshman—Two milk shakes.

Freshman (later)—Change mine to a limeade.

Clerk—What do you think this is? A sleight-of-hand-show?

"There goes a corker."

"Yeah, she's working in the bottling works."
The simple construction of Clark Axles provides motor trucks with greater operating efficiency and longer life.

CLARK EQUIPMENT COMPANY
Buchanan, Michigan
Wilson—"That girl reminds me of a packing house."

Brothers—"How's that?"

Wilson—Well, when you get your Armour 'round her she's Swift—& Company.

The customs-officer eyed the bottle suspiciously.

"It's only ammonia," stammered the returning passenger.

"Oh, is it?" said the customs-officer, taking a long swallow.

It was.

Our idea of a soft job is that of assisting a florist to pick the flowers off the century plants.

"Comin' to mah pahty, Sam? We gon-na have a whole gallon o' cohn."

"Nup, can't do it, Zeek. We'se got a case o' tonsilitis over to my house."

"A whole case? Say, Sam, can't we have that pahty to yo' house?"

The customs-officer eyed the bottle suspiciously.

"It's only ammonia," stammered the returning passenger.

"Oh, is it?" said the customs-officer, taking a long swallow.

It was.

Our idea of a soft job is that of assisting a florist to pick the flowers off the century plants.

Temperance Lecturer: If I lead a donkey up to a pail of water and a pail of beer, which will he choose?

Soak: The water.

Temperance Lecturer: And why?

Soak: Because he is an ass.

A large majority of the girls aren't as dumb as they look; they couldn't be.

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