

The Georgia Tech Alumnus

SUMMER, 1954

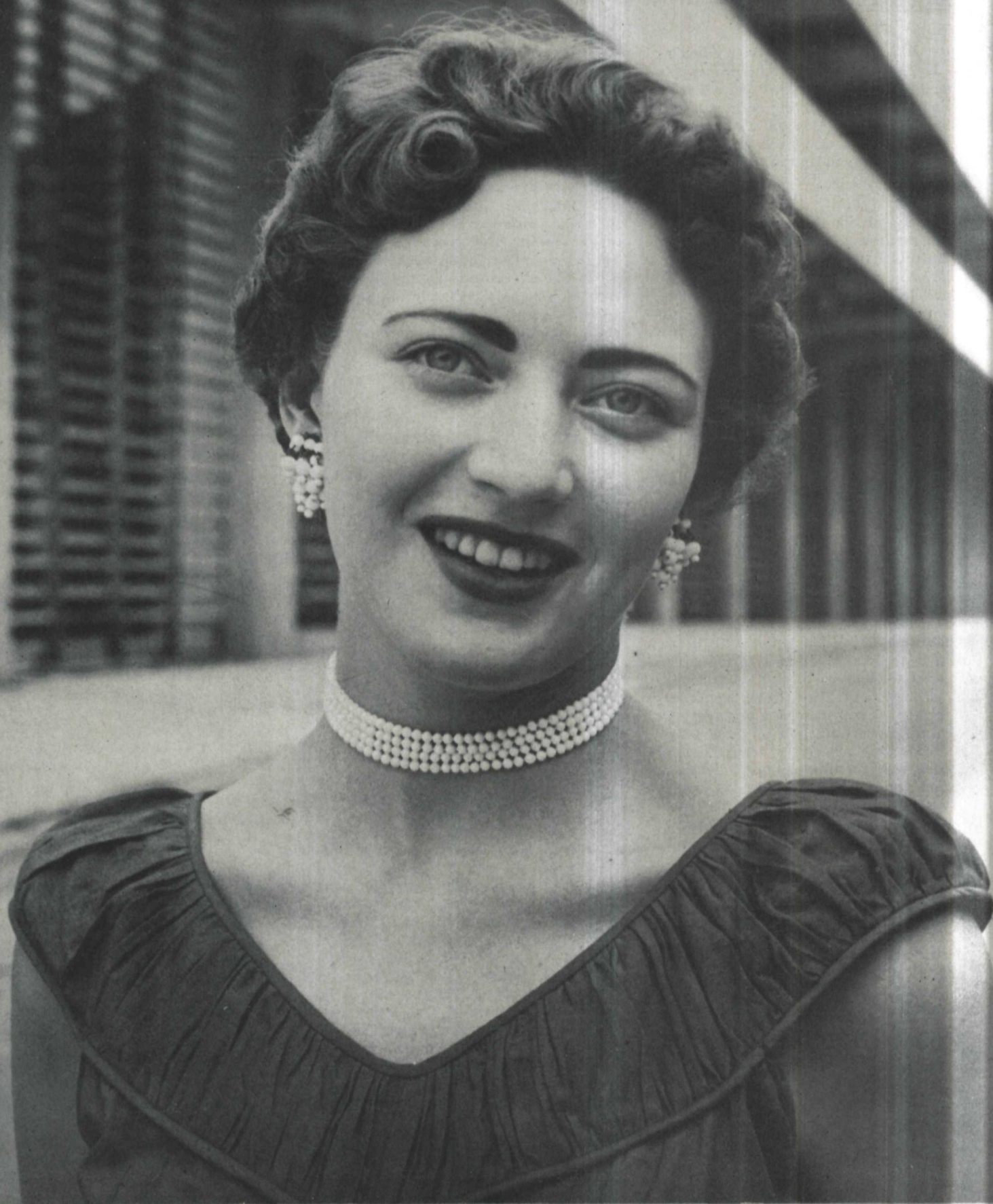
BEST OF THE ALUMNUS

You Can Come Home Again

By Hazard Reeves

Plus

Dave Arnold, Bobby Dodd, D. M. Smith





THE PRESIDENT REPORTS

THIS special sixteen-page edition of *The Georgia Tech Alumnus* is being sent to all Tech alumni on whom we have a current mailing address. As the issue's theme, "Best of the Alumnus" suggests, this edition is primarily an omnibus of articles that have appeared in the magazine during the past twelve months.

However, for the benefit of our regular readers, I hasten to add that the feature article in this issue has never before appeared in *The Alumnus*. The article, "You Can Come Home Again," was originally scheduled for the May-June issue but didn't make it because

of production difficulties. To all of you, I recommend this treatise on the reactions of one of our outstanding graduates during his first visit to the Tech campus in over twenty years. Read it thoroughly; it should convince you of the worth of your own reunion celebration.

To the two-thirds of our alumni body who are not active members of the Georgia Tech National Alumni Association, I bid you welcome to the pages of its official magazine. I hope that you will enjoy this brief glimpse of *The Alumnus*—enjoy it enough to want to make reading the magazine a habit. There's no subscription problem. Joining in the association's annual Roll Call entitles you to a subscription to *The Alumnus*. And this is just one of the many benefits that you derive from

helping your school through Roll Call participation.

To the active members of the association I would like to express my personal thanks for the confidence you have shown in me by electing me your president. I sincerely hope that you will continue to actively support the association in the future just as you have in the past. I shall do my best to carry on the outstanding work of my worthy predecessors.

My job will be made easy by the outstanding group of devoted Tech men who will represent you on the association's Board of Trustees for the coming year. Heading the 1954-55 board are Vice-Presidents Jack Glenn, '34, and Gene Smith, '27; Treasurer Paul Duke, '45; Secretary Roane Beard, '40. The other members of the board will be named for you in the September-October issue of the magazine.

I leave you with the thought that working for Tech in your own community circles is just as important to the welfare and growth of the institution as the work that is being done in your name by the national association.

Dave Arnold

RAMBLIN'

WE'VE tried to make this abbreviated edition a typical *Alumnus* issue. There is one notable exception, however—the "News by Classes" section is omitted. There just wasn't room for it in this issue, but it will be back in its regular spot in the September-October issue.

Speaking of "Class News" reminds us to remind you to send along any news items concerning you or your family. Promotions, marriages, births, etc., are good copy for this section of the magazine. Your classmates want to keep up with you, and *The Alumnus* is the medium that can do this job best for you and for your friends.

THE feature article in this issue may look very familiar to the members of the Class of 1954. It should; it was written as the *Blue Print* theme piece by Academy Award winning alumnus, Hazard E. Reeves, '28. We had originally scheduled this fine article for the May-June issue, but had to withhold it because of the late release date of the yearbook. Anyway to the rest of

the alumni, it's original reading. It starts on page 4 of this issue under the heading, "You Can Come Home Again." Our apologies to alumnus Fred Wolfe, '16, for the parody on his brother, Thomas Wolfe's great book title.

READING "Dr. D. M. Reminisces" just might be the first inkling many of you have received that Tech's beloved mathematician has retired as an active teacher. This article appeared in the March-April issue of the magazine and immediately set off a chain reaction of articles about D.M.

About the time that this article was written, a group of the good Doctor's most respecting admirers started a campaign to raise money for a new car to replace his time-honored '34 Plymouth. Only the magazine subscribers (active alumni) were circularized during this campaign due to time limitations. The campaign was successful beyond the fondest dreams of the originators of the idea. Enough money was raised through the initial mailing to give D.M. a new Plymouth with all the extras plus a TV set and a pair of large checks for gas and oil. In addition a portrait of Dr. Smith was ordered after a canvas of contributors had okayed the painting. The portrait now hangs in the Price Gilbert Library.

Here is the final report of the project as furnished by Dean George Griffin, custodian of the D. M. Smith Fund:

D. M. SMITH FUND

Mailing & printing costs	\$ 553.52
TV cost (installation included)	\$ 230.07
Automobile cost	\$2316.95
Artist cost (Portrait)	\$ 665.20
Cash payment to D.M.	\$1500.00
D. M. Smith Dinner	\$ 113.30
Total Expenses	\$5379.04
Total Received from Alumni	\$6134.50
D. M. Dinner Receipts	\$ 95.25
Total Receipts	\$6229.75
Balance turned over to D. M.	\$850.71

And to end it all on a happy note, Dr. D. M. is still working on the campus. His office has been shifted to the Athletic Association where he is going to carry on his tutoring work with the ball players.

Bob Wallace, Jr.

From the Secretary's Desk



EVERYTHING in life should have a purpose. And although I wonder sometimes about such things as houseflies, mosquitoes and other insects, I'm sure that they must have one. That is other than to stimulate the sale of insecticides, swatters, etc. Perhaps they are for the birds.

Your alumni magazine has a purpose and a very important one. It is the medium for maintaining your active interest in Tech and the principles for which your Alma Mater stands. It is also the major link between the school and you, its graduates.

There are many angles and much required knowledge in publishing an attractive, readable and enjoyable alumni magazine. Your editor, Bob Wallace, has really taken keen interest in giving you the best that he can in every single issue of *The Alumnus*. I think that you'll agree that a great deal of progress has been made toward giving you a much better magazine than in years past. A recent readership survey bears this premise out and also brings out some interesting facts regarding your likes and dislikes as concerns alumni magazines.

As alumni, you are interested in Georgia Tech. You want to keep up with its growth and development, its faculty and its alumni. And further you want to know about student events and opinion, campus sports—in other words what's right, what's wrong, what can be done and what's being done.

It is our responsibility to keep you informed about such things through the pages of *The Alumnus*. This we propose to do. Keep in mind that this will be done through objective news reporting. Editorials which contain opinion, as does this one, on occasions, will be signed. The magazine will not be responsible for these utterings.

You can help—first, by keeping us informed about yourself and your family; secondly, by keeping us informed about your alumni friends who are making news and finally by keeping us informed as to what you think of your alumni publication and any ideas you may have about improving it.

Remember it, is *your* alumni association and *your* magazine.

ALEXANDER MEMORIAL

We have been waiting with bated breath to announce something definite about the Alexander Memorial Building. Unfortunately, circumstances and events have prolonged this matter again and again. A new committee is pushing a plan at the present time to finance and erect the building as soon as it is possible. Regular subscribers will hear from us on the Alexander Memorial in the September-October issue of *The Alumnus*. I believe it will be a happy announcement.

Roane Beard

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On the Cover



A summertime cover calls for something refreshing. And what is more refreshing than a pretty girl from Georgia? Her name is Mary Bell and she's the receptionist at the Tech Athletic Association's office.

Officers of the Georgia Tech National Alumni Association

- Dave Arnold, '18, *Pres.* Eugene Smith, '27, *V.-P.*
- Jack Glenn, '32, *V.-P.* Paul Duke, '45, *Treas.*
- W. Roane Beard, '40, *Executive Secretary*

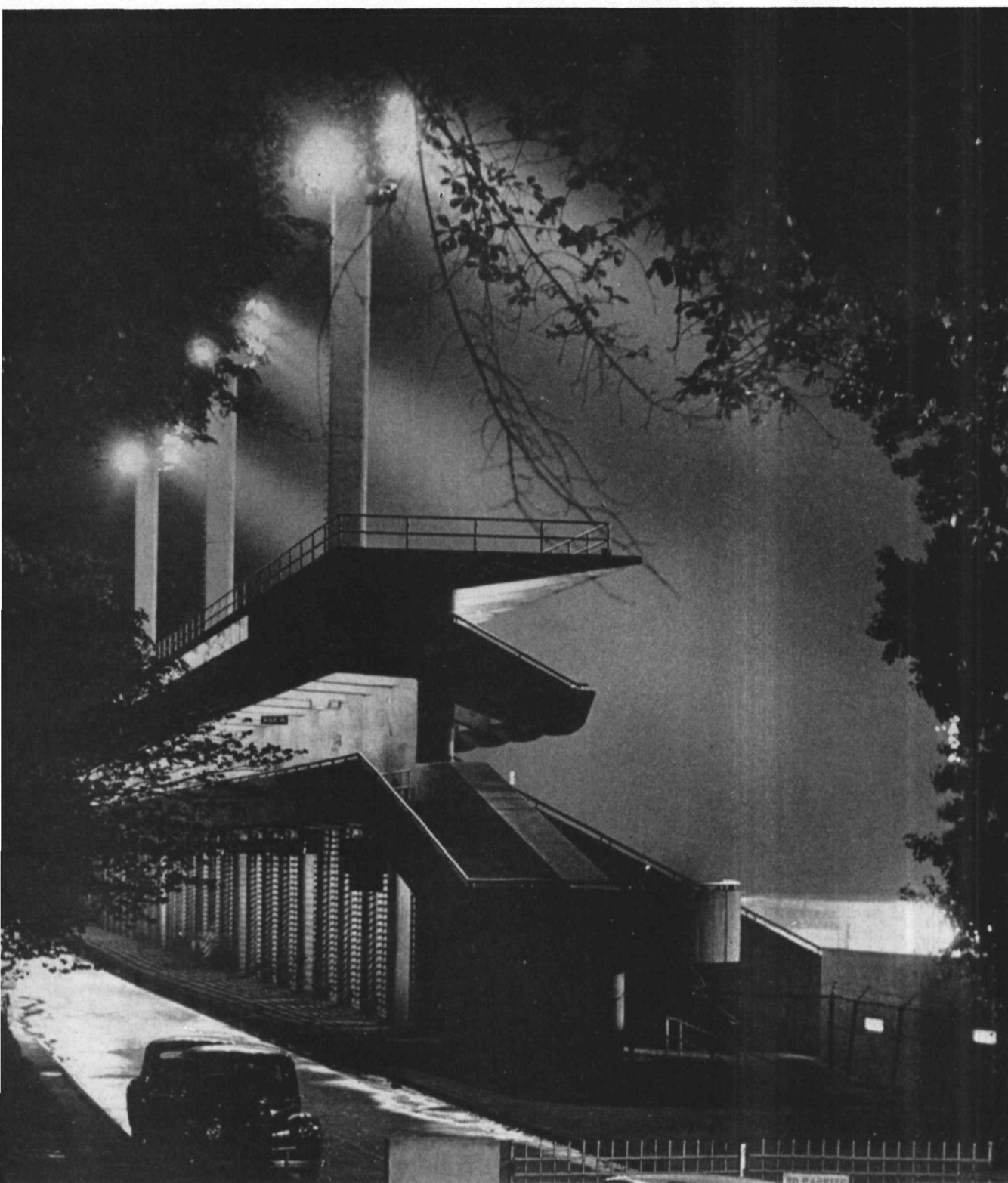
Staff

- Bob Wallace, Jr., '49, *Editor*
- Mary Peeks, *Editorial Assistant*

*Observations by an "Old Grad" on
His First Look at Tech in 25 Years*

By Hazard Reeves, '28

YOU CAN COME HOME AGAIN



I MUST admit I found the invitation to describe the reactions of an "old grad" returning to his Alma Mater after 25 years as intimidating as it was complimentary.

What small talents for self-preservation I may have developed during my years in the competitive jungle were scarcely those of a literary nature. Reactions, emotions and the like are best left to the man of letters. Even an engineer must have his limitations; and I, for one, do not happen to know any very literary engineers. There must be some. Today there is every kind of an engineer. All I know is that I would like to find one (a Tech man, of necessity) and bribe him to ghost this piece for me.

Then, too, I am filled with the fear that the reactions of an "old grad," no matter how poignantly presented, will prove to be pretty dull fare. I am flattered that the editor thinks otherwise. However, the phrase "When I was a youth . . ." was a signal for ducking out even in my day. Furthermore, I feel strongly that I could turn out a more creditable piece on "The Contribution of the Magnetic Tape to Dimensional Sound," even though its universal appeal might be questioned.

These reactions, now that I take them out and re-examine them, are a pretty conglomerate mixture. Certainly astonishment, approbation and pride were foremost when I was first confronted by the myriad changes on the Tech campus. The impact of these changes was far from slight. They brought home most urgently the span of years since graduation. Moral: *Pay Homage to your Alma Mater regularly.*

I Was Not Alone

However, the fact that the occasion of this visit was my 25th reunion gave me a slight edge on Rip Van Winkle. So many Van Winkles hobbled down the mountain simultaneously that my hoary head and bent frame were partially eclipsed. Aging is as dependent upon company as misery. After the initial jolts of mutual appraisal, being surrounded by my contemporaries lent a comfortable sort of anonymity to the visit. In other words, I was spared the indignity of the pointed finger and the *sub voce*: "Look at that old codger . . . why's he hacking around?"

It is a fact that the places of social consequences in one's youth, no matter how insignificant in degree, assume importance in retrospect. On my way into Atlanta from the airport, I found myself bitterly resenting the demise of the old Five Points Soda Fountain. The Five Points represented more than just a hangout of my halcyon days—a fact that added to the intensity of my feeling. For it was a symbol of the era when the nickle and the dime were re-



Author Hazard E. Reeves and four present-day Recks compare notes on the Tech of 1953 and the one of long ago and far away.

spected pieces of change. Sentiment became tinged with the monetary. It was painful to recall that five cents at this prosperous emporium once produced a fudge sundae of gargantuan proportions.

The Initial Reaction

On being informed that the fabulous horizons in the distance were those of the present campus, I found myself pretty overwhelmed. Had the humble academic environs from which I had sprung undergone such a metamorphosis in only 25 years? Or was my conception of 25 years somewhat distorted? I tried tossing the words "quarter-of-a-century" around a bit but found the exercise somewhat depressing. In any case, old Rip Van Winkle had been away longer than he had reckoned.

On approaching the Biltmore, a comforting landmark, I was startled to note that the fraternity houses once near the hotel had disappeared. Their places had been usurped by various business operations. I was further disturbed to count my own fraternity house among the fallen. There is something about the destruction of a man's fraternity house that brings on emotion. This being the case, I would again refer you to that literary engineer.

The Unchanged

Saving my strength for more wonders to come, I checked into the Biltmore. It was almost a relief to find the decor and plumbing untouched by the years. Here the drummers and '28 class members were jockeying for position. Knowing the caliber of my classmates, there was little doubt as to which group would win the priority. At this point let us remember that the Class of '28 was a group of real veterans. These boys had sprung from austere beginnings—3 beds to a room, a ration of moonshine now and then and the prospects of a \$20 a week job to the swift. The ink barely dry on their parchments, they were tossed into an economic typhoon that wrecked

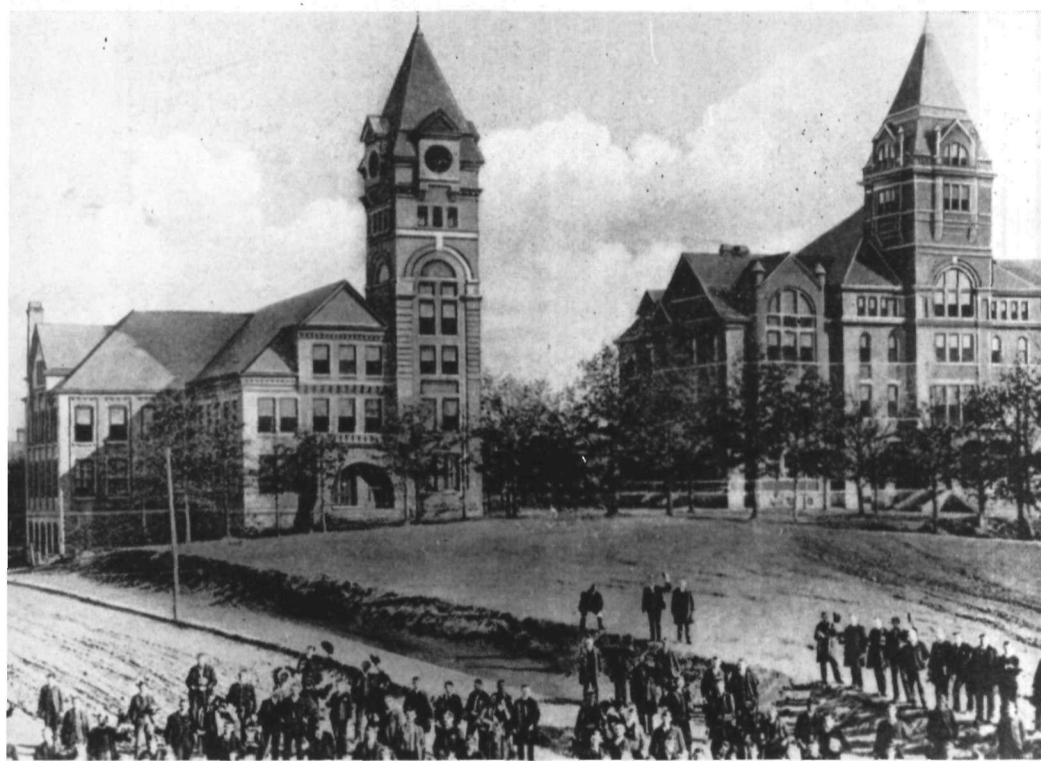
many a seasoned craft. That they had successfully weathered the storm and the arid years that followed was much in evidence here. They had that "prosperous look."

I retired to my room, a real gem of antiquity, to recover from the rigors of meeting so many familiar faces and unfamiliar profiles. Stretching out with a tot of the Biltmore's best beside me, I opened a purloined yearbook, vintage 1908. A glimpse at the past seemed appropriate at this time, and this book was as far back as I could go. (The 1908 yearbook was the first published at Tech.)

A Look at the Past

It was a slim unpretentious volume containing, as a feature, a rustic panorama of the 1908 campus. Grouped about a circular sward reminiscent of a country fair grounds were five of the central campus buildings. These and five others not visible in the picture comprised the entire plant of Georgia Tech. A picket fence separated this retreat of learning from the hustle and bustle of unpaved Cheery Street's horse and buggy traffic. In a foreword entitled "A History of Georgia Tech," Mr. Ray Werner states, "It is safe to predict that the institution will continue to grow and prosper." Judging from the staggering skyline outside my window, I felt that Mr. Werner once had the makings of a great banker.

Continuing to wade rather than plunge, I turned to the yearbook of 1928. Twice the size of its oldest brother, this brown-covered book impressed me as having been designed to harmonize with the family album and Bible. I trust it has been treated as reverently. Carefully avoiding the pictures of the graduating class of that year, I looked over the twenty-odd buildings that made up the campus plant. I was the Boy Scout studiously recalling familiar landmarks as he enters strange but slightly remembered
(Please turn page)



The old—the original Tech plant in 1888, two buildings and five acres.

territory. These two yearbooks served to show, with startling emphasis, how leisurely had been the pace of progress between 1908 and 1928 as compared to that of the past two decades at Tech.

I decided to walk over to the campus and see these changes for myself. Although I had been informed that over 15 million dollars had gone into the new additions at Tech in the past ten years alone, I was unprepared for the prodigious number and elegance of these structures.

The Housing Changes

First, I stopped to marvel at a large cluster of imposing dormitories surrounding a baronial building which I was informed was a dining hall. When last seen by these eyes, this area only contained one dormitory, "Brown"; I almost overlooked that old building because of the distinguished company around it. I restrained my impulse to inspect the present sleeping facilities of the students, for I feared that a touch of envy might sour my admiration.

I had been previously forewarned regarding the renovations and innovations at Grant Field, since I follow the fortunes of the 'Jackets as closely as any "Old Grad" from season to season. I found these changes even greater than I had anticipated. Here was indeed a fit setting for Tech's perennially excellent gridiron performances.

As I passed the stadium, a large apartment house commanded my attention. A student informed me that it was the Burge Apartments and was occupied by married students and their

families. From what I had already seen there was certainly no housing shortage on the campus.

Had I been blindfolded until the moment I mounted the steps at the North Avenue and Fowler Street corner of the campus, I would have felt perfectly at home when they removed the blindfold. This was the Tech that I remembered—the Administration Building, the flagpole, Knowles Dormitory, the Library, the Old Shop Building,

the E. E. Building and ancient Swann Dormitory . . . nothing had changed. I was home again.

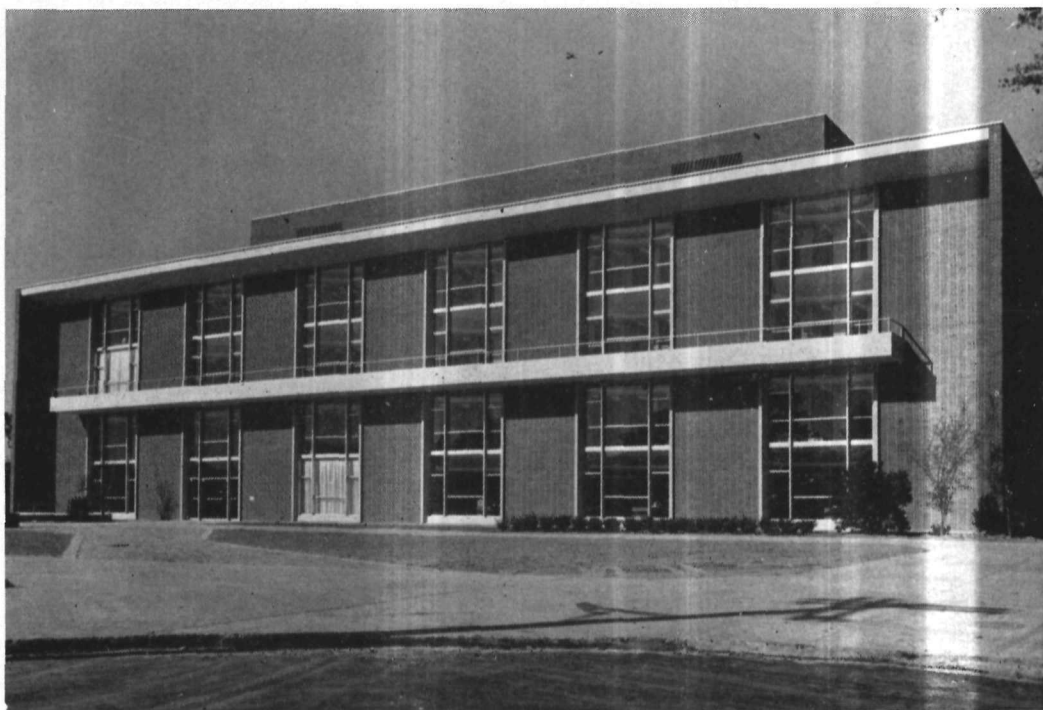
Knowles Revisited

I stopped next at Knowles Dormitory as I had a hankering to see the room I occupied during 1924, my first year on the Tech campus. I would find it very difficult to analyze this compulsion to return to the scene of so many past discomforts. The room of which I speak was a dark little cell that slept three by virtue of a single and double-decker. Since it was impossible for the three of us to deck-swab and bed-make at the same time, we tossed coins for that privilege. Should you hear that old saw about the law of averages working out in the long run, forget it. I went through my first year at Tech with a broom in one hand and a book in the other.

The room was located above what was then known as Uncle Gus's kitchen, a place where the skillet smoked night and day. The walls, furnishings and bedclothes in our room were permeated with the odor of overworked lard. It took the leanest years of the depression for me to nostalgically recall those fumes and the ship's ballast biscuits which issued daily from that kitchen.

I found this hallowed spot had been taken over by my good friend, Dean George Griffin, for office space. It had lost none of its old charm, and I congratulated the dean on his discriminating choice of location.

Enlisting the good dean as my guide, I set out on a further tour of the campus. Stopping first at a new (to me)



The new—the Price Gilbert Library, part of a 75-building, 134-acre plant.

Another new structure, the Architecture Building looks like a scale model of itself when viewed from the North side of the new library.



coffee hangout known as "The Robbery." Here I had the pleasure of seeing a representative group of students relaxing over the inevitable "Coke." Some 40 lads along with 2 coeds (splendid innovation) were gathered here. And except for the shorter hair-cuts on the men and the longer skirts on the girls, it could have been a scene from the twenties. One difference I did note was that this group seemed to look considerably younger than any students I recall at Tech.

The Students Chat

I had the pleasure of chatting with several of the boys who spoke of their work with engaging seriousness (due to the presence of my guide, no doubt) without seasoning their sentences too liberally with *sirs* (for which I was most grateful).

As I strolled the old by-ways after leaving "The Robbery," I began to notice quite a few innovations. But nothing in the walk to the top of the hill had prepared me for the five great buildings I was about to view. My first look at these buildings (the Architecture, Civil Engineering, Textile, Research and Library structures) really floored me. I had the sensation of one who was seeing a mirage, so fixed in my mind was the old look of the campus of '28. Changes like these renew one's faith in a world seemingly bent on perfecting destruction. As long as these great centers of learning exist and keep growing, the world will be able to rebuild itself no matter what disaster strikes. These buildings in themselves seem to symbolize the great needs of mankind. And it is to rebuild, shelter and clothe man that is the province of the engineer.

I was deeply grateful that I had the opportunity of looking through all five of these structures with the kind and competent guidance of George Griffin. His intimate knowledge of every facet of the facilities of these structures enabled me to fully appreciate, from a practical standpoint, all that I saw.

It was not without a touch of envy that I roamed these halls. No classman of '28 ever envisioned such a consummation of academic requirements. These facilities were as much removed from those of the twenties as the present Ford is from the then revolutionary Model A.

But this wasn't all. In other sections of the campus, erstwhile wilderness had given way to a prosperous looking group of fraternity houses, Rose Bowl Field, a brace of fine tennis courts, more apartment houses and the president's home. I could only wish for more time to appreciate them in greater detail.

Men Make the Changes

One cannot discuss changes without mention of the men responsible for these changes. Foremost among these men at Tech is our distinguished president, Blake R. Van Leer. The great additions which have been made to the college in the past ten years are silent testimony to a knowledge and progressive philosophy put into dynamic practice. Of even greater importance to this individual, however, is the impressive size of the student body. This is the true gauge of a successful administration. Buildings and facilities are only important to the degree that they open wider the portals of learning. During the years that Dr. Van Leer has been in office, more students have graduated from Tech than the combined totals of the years 1888-1944. I

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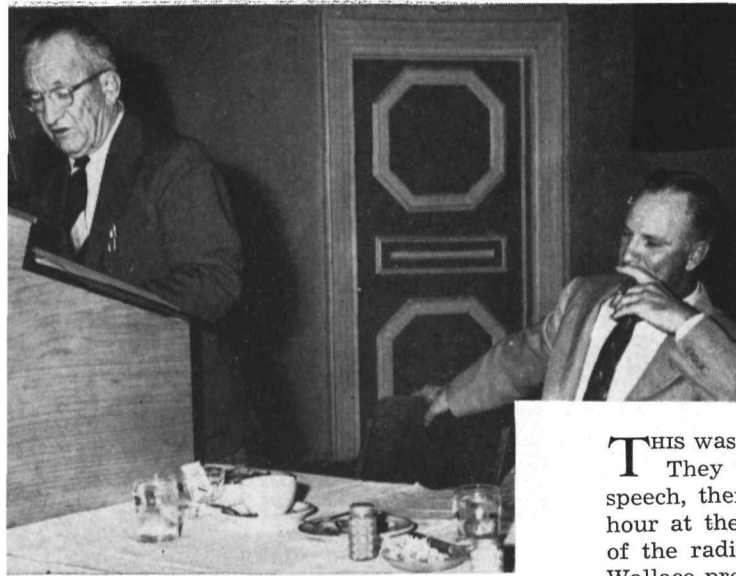
The "T" cut gets a new twist for the benefit (?) of the female-type Reck.

with the CLUBS

The Greater Atlanta Club

Dodd, the Life of the Party

by Furman Bisher



ED DANFORTH—"This Is Your Life, Bobby Dodd, so rare back and listen."



GENE McEVER—"five yards into the stands."

THIS was Robert Lee Dodd's life.

They told the Georgia Tech football coach to come prepared to make a speech, then placed him at the head table and made him sit and listen for an hour at the Yaarab Shrine Temple Tuesday night. Then, carboning the format of the radio-TV show, the Greater Atlanta Georgia Tech Club ran off a Bob Wallace-produced show of Bobby Dodd's life.

It was to have been a big surprise. It was.

"I had a speech ready," said Dodd, "and I found out nobody wanted to listen. I had no idea that this fantastic thing was about to come off."

Some of the most important people in his life were hidden behind the stage and one by one they marched on, introduced by Journal Sports Editor Ed Danforth. First came older brother John, down from Kingsport, Tennessee, who told of Dodd's football debut.

"Dressed in a homemade uniform consisting of overalls with built-in pads, he didn't weigh over 90 pounds. On the first play from scrimmage I threw him a pass and he scampered for a touchdown. It set off a near riot, but it stood up. It was the only score of the game."

And Bob Neyland, his coach at Tennessee, who told of catching Dodd and teammate Gene McEver hiding out during the running practice laps. "I sent the manager in to call my wife and tell her I'd be late, and I ran them until the moon came up. I never had any trouble with them after that."

And Shorty Roberts, the 132-pound quarterback of the team that upset Duke's Rose Bowl-bound '33 squad: "I think that the happiest play of my career was that reverse that went right over Freddie Crawford, Duke's great tackle, for the only score. Wink Davis scooted right through for the score."

And L. W. (Chip) Robert, chairman of the athletic board when Dodd was signed as backfield coach in 1931: "It was just about the smartest move the board has ever made."

And Miss Linda Dodd, who substituted for her mother, sick and unable to attend: "Tarzan introduced mother and daddy, but not the movie Tarzan. It was Tarzan Lackey, the football player."

And Ralph McGill, Constitution editor, who told of a column he wrote about Dodd and his "Royal Tumblers." "Dodd had an acrobatic act made up of high school boys at Kingsport . . . They all wore tights . . . I wish I could have been there and seen Bobby Dodd wearing tights."

And Howard Ector, current business manager of athletics at Tech, but first the Houdini of the deceptive '39 team that beat Missouri in the Orange Bowl. And Chick Hosch, first full-time athletic publicity director at Tech. And line coach Ray Graves, Dodd's full-time fishing partner. And Larry Morris, rising '54 captain and one of Dodd's 13 all-Americans at Tech. And Bobby (Brother) Dodd, Jr., his arm fully recovered from a 110-stitch cut last winter.

And even Gene McEver himself, who came all the way from Davidson, N. C., where he's a distributor of auto parts. He's bald as a skinned onion now, but he still wears the unmistakable mark of an athlete. "They claim he was a great punter, but I remember one day against Vanderbilt when we were four yards from the sideline at midfield. He said he was going to punt out of bounds, at the five. We warned him against it, but he kicked—five yards out of bounds, into the stands. He had to buy a dollar and a half ticket to get back in."

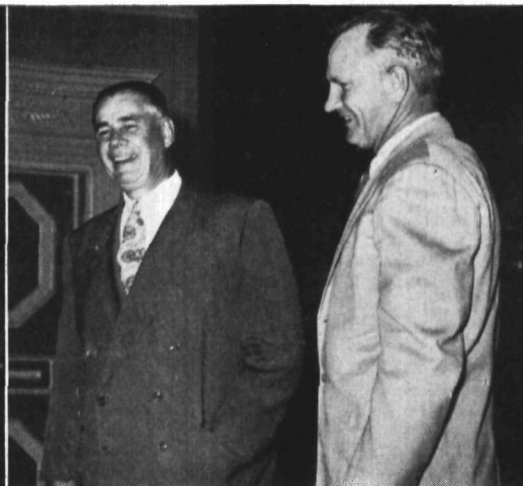
All of them were there, people who meant a lot in Bobby Dodd's life. "But Alice (Mrs. Dodd)," he said, "has meant more to me than anybody in my whole life" . . . and "Coach Bill Alexander was the finest man I ever knew."

It was a great show for Bobby Dodd, tumbler, 90-pound end, baseball and basketball player, ping-pong champion, golfer, fisherman, football coach and a man with a great touch.

This was Robert Lee Dodd's life.



BROTHER JOHN DODD, '29 — "Overalls and built-in pads equals a riot."



GENERAL R. R. NEYLAND — "four laps around the track and in, boys."



SHORTY ROBERTS, '34 — "an influence." **L. W. (Chip) Robert, '08** — "a raise."

Photos — Ken Patterson, Journal-Constitution



HOWARD ECTOR, '40 (TOP) — "a good boss." **Larry Morris** — "How we feel."



POP SIEGEL, '37 (LEFT) AND RAY GRAVES — "outfish Old Graves."



BOBBY, JR. AND LINDA — "Tarzan introduced Mother and Daddy."

(from the May-June, 1954 Issue)



DR. D. M. reminisces

Two months from retirement time, the Dean of Southern mathematicians takes a long look back at his forty-one years at Tech.

Down the hall of the second floor of the Old Shop Building came the man we had been waiting to see. As he came within hearing distance of us, he started grouching about the low caliber of the present-day engineering students.

"If they don't do something about improving the background of the students we're getting from the high schools, the Tech diploma is going to be on its way downhill. I can't, for the life of me, understand why they don't teach a good review course in Algebra in the senior year of high school. There should be a law requiring all high school seniors planning to attend engineering schools to take such a review. Instead they teach them that "darn" trig course in the high schools. It isn't worth a toot. Better that they never had trig till they get to college. The high school course just confuses them. Algebra is the thing to teach in high school. Been saying

that for a long time now, and it doesn't look like I'm impressing anyone. Oh well, I can quit worrying about them in June—I'm finishing up then, you know."

We told him we knew that the Spring quarter would be his last as a mathematics instructor at Tech. In fact, that's what we came to see him about. We wanted to put down his memoirs of the old school. We assured him that the alumni would be interested in what he had to say. He came back with a typical D. M. Smith answer. "It's about time they were interested in what I had to say—enough of them went through my math classes without hearing me."

Forty-one years in front of the blackboard hadn't dimmed the Doctor's wit or clouded the sharp blue eyes that are Tech's favorite mathematics professor's trademarks.

The Doctor picked up the conversation. "I came to Tech in the fall of 1913. I had been teaching at the University of Chicago and working there on my Ph.D. After I started teaching down here, I went back to Chicago every summer to work on my degree. I finally received it in the fall of 1916. The whole time I studied at Chicago, I

tutored other students to help meet my expenses — teaching isn't the highest paying profession as you well know. Well, when I finished at Chicago, I figured that I was \$81 to the good during the time I spent there. And, of course, I had my Doctorate.

The Love for Football

"I'm originally a Vanderbilt man — got my Bachelor's and Master's there in 1905-06. I taught at Centenary College down in Louisiana and Fort Worth University in Texas and then went to Chicago. I picked up my interest in football at Vanderbilt. They had some great teams when I was a student there. I did a lot of tutoring of athletes there. Helped me go through school. But I really began to love the game when I came to Tech.

"Coach Alex was the man that developed my interest in the sport. He was one of the most forceful men I ever knew and my favorite on the Tech campus. When I arrived at Tech, he was an assistant football coach under John Heisman. He was also an instructor in the math department and a fraternity brother of mine. We had a lot in common and became very close friends. Together we worked out the athlete tutoring system here at Tech which has become the envy of many a college. We had a hard time getting it started, but it has paid off for Tech over the years. I believe this system is one of the main reasons why we get the better boys, keep the boys in school and graduate them without any loss in our overall standards.

"You know the high school athlete is pretty spoiled when he gets to college. Some of them are hopelessly spoiled. All this stuff you read in the national magazines about the college alumni spoiling the athletes seems rather odd to me. The truth is the boys are more likely to be ruined before they get to college. Tech's athletic set-up has straightened out a lot more boys than our college football has ruined. Our reputation for treating the athletes in a fair manner after they have entered Tech — allowing them to finish their work for degrees on the scholarship plan even though they never made the team for some reason or another — is another reason why we get the high type athlete at Tech.

The Dr. Smith Humor

"Oh, we've had our share of the athletes that no amount of tutoring could help get through school. I remember one, a rather primitive fullback from the mountains of East Tennessee. One afternoon during a practice scrimmage, this fullback kept busting the signals. Finally he walked over to the quarterback and said, 'Quit hollering them numbers at me. If you want the ball

toted, come and tell me whur you want it toted.' I don't have to add that he never graduated.

"Another time, the coaches brought me a young outstanding high school football star. They wanted to find out if there was any chance of getting the boy in school and, if so, could we ever get him through Tech. I worked a few simple algebra problems for him and asked him if he understood what I was doing. **Yep** was his only answer. Just plain **yep**. He would shake his head and say **yep** to everything I did. I decided to test him, but before I gave him the little quiz I asked him if he had any questions. He answered, 'I notice, professor, that sometimes you put 2X on the board and sometimes it's X² — why don't you make up your mind where that **dern** 2 belongs and keep it there?'

"But all of the humorous happenings on the campus in the past 41 years haven't concerned athletes. I remember one year when we were trying to speed up registration by giving each student a slip telling him who to report to in each of the departments. I was giving out slips to one line of students when a little character appeared before me. I'll never forget that boy. He had big ears, and his owlish eyes peered out from behind a pair of horned rimmed glasses. He got his slip from me and was told to spend the rest of the afternoon getting acquainted with the professors listed on the slip. Just about closing time, he reappeared in the line. I asked him what he wanted now and he replied, 'Another deal — I met all them professors and to tell you the truth I don't like the looks of none of them.' We knew we were a rather formidable looking group, but we weren't aware that we looked that bad.

"Another incident in one of my classes left me without an answer. I was giving a quiz one day, and I noticed this boy standing up looking at his neighbor's paper like he was hypnotized by it. I told the boy that he seemed to be unduly interested in someone else's paper. He answered, 'I am and I can't, for the life of me, see how he got 7 for the answer to the third problem.'

"When I told Alex of the incident, he said that he had recently had the same thing happen to him on the practice field. It seems that this big end missed a blocking assignment by a country mile. Alex saw it and wryly observed, 'You certainly missed that block, didn't you.' To which the end retorted, 'I did, what of it?' Even Alex didn't have an answer to that one.

The Math Department Grows

"When I came to Tech, there were only five or six professors and instructors in the math department. Look at

the size of it now. Floyd Fields and Vernon Skiles were the mainstays of the department. I started out as an assistant professor, moved up to associate professor and finally to full professor. I took over the department in 1934 and ran it till 1950 when I had to step down as a department head because of my age. We had a lot of superior teachers in those 16 years. I always made it a point to secure the very best quality available to teach the undergraduate mathematics at Tech. It is so much the basis for engineering.

"By the early 1940's, we had built up what I considered one of the very best mathematics departments in existence. You remember it. Men like Dr. Steen, now head of the department at Allegheny College; Dr. Ballou, who will soon take over the department at Middlebury College; Dr. Fulmer, our present departmental head; Dr. Phelps, now at Rutgers and many other outstanding mathematicians.

"Then Eugene Talmadge began campaigning for re-election against Ellis Arnall. Rumor had it that he would cut teachers salaries if he was re-elected. Everyone thought he would win again and a great exodus of teachers got underway. I lost several good men from my department in a short time, then the war came along and virtually finished off the fine department we had built up. We've been rebuilding ever since — Dr. Fulmer is carrying on, and someday will get it back to its 1941 level.

The High Schools Again

"Back to this high school question. I feel very strongly about this situation. It worries me more and more each year. Maybe, as they say, they're doing a good job for the students as a whole; but they're not helping those boys that want to go on to engineering schools. Something must be done for these boys. Engineering is getting more and more complicated — it's about time the high schools realized it.

"Well, I've talked long enough — better move on to the departmental meeting. I have a few things to say there today. Anymore you want to know?"

We asked him about his future plans? What would he do with himself after such a long time on the campus?

"First thing I'm going to do is take myself a vacation," he answered, "I haven't had one since 1917. Been teaching in summer school, you know. Then I expect I'll keep on tutoring the boys and help the school with the athletic program. I don't think I could ever give up teaching completely."

We agreed with him and walking back across the campus, we wondered what it would be like without one of its great traditions, Dr. D. M. Smith.

on the hill...



Hugh Park in his "Around Town" column in "The Atlanta Journal" relates the following story about a Tech freshman.

One of the favorite freshmen of Miss Irma Morris and Mrs. Mary Allyn, in charge of student housing at Tech, is Jim Beverly of Moultrie. Hearing that Jim was sick, they sent him a get-well note.

They had their reward when the freshman wrote them in detail of his first experiences in an infirmary. Feeling strange and feverish, he had decided to go there for help.

"So I did—I did, friends, and just as soon as I stuck my head in the door, a whole raft of people scattered. About that time two or three women in white sprang upon me and began to look in my eyes, stick thermometers in my mouth, draw out my blood and I don't know what-all.

"They did, friends, and then they took me in this room and sat me down and every last one of 'em went out shaking her head. 'Bout 10 minutes later another pretty girl in a uniform stuck her head in the door and asked me was I waiting for the doctor.

"I said, 'Lady, I don't know who it is that I'm waiting for—I don't even know what it is that I've got.' Afore long the doctor came in and then shook his head. He did, and the next thing I knew one of those ladies in white took me by the hand and said, 'Come with me.' So I did, 'cause it wuz that she was so pretty.

"Well, sir, we began to go up stairs, through doors, down long halls and I don't know what-all and finally we came to a door that said, 'Contagious, keep out.'

"But we didn't friends. We went

right on through that door—we did, and she put me to bed. One thing about those little ladies in uniforms, though, friends, they never stop working and just as soon as one tires out they take her off the floor and run another on. And I been in bed here since.

"What it wuz, wuz mumps."

A SORORITY, YET!

We all knew it was coming. But even when you're prepared for something like this, it's always a shock when the news reaches you.

Tech now has a sorority. Not a local outfit, but a bona fide chapter of a national sorority. It is the first such chapter located on the campus of an engineering institution. There are those who think we should rejoice over the great honor that has befallen our school, but we doubt if any of the male members of the student body did hand-springs over the announcement.

It all started back in the Fall of last year. Seven of the ten coeds got together and formed a local wildcat-type sorority and called it Tau Kappa. The male 'Recks nodded their heads and chortled, "So, the girls have a club. But it's just a local outfit and they can't do any damage until they produce the necessary 25 members to petition for a real sorority chapter with rights and privileges equal to the campus fraternities. That's the way the rules read, you know. With only ten girls in school, we're safe for quite a spell."

Turned out that we had omitted one factor in our self-soothing thoughts—the well-known feminine persuasive quantity. Late in April, we realized our omission had been costly when Alpha Xi Delta, a national sorority, took in

the Tau Kappa group as one of their chapters. The Student Activity Committee gave its blessing to the Tech chapter. The Student Council also gave its stamp of approval to the girls' latest venture despite the fact that they had no constitution to present as evidence of the local sorority's existence.

The Technique, of course, had a great deal to say about the latest move of the coeds. Editor Bill Ross wrote a very perceptive piece in his April 28th column which we heartily endorse and second. The crux of Bill's remarks was that the sorority at Tech will not be a symbol of progress but of favoritism.

We are wondering if this bending-over-backwards policy that the school administration seems to be committed to in respect to the coeds isn't just a wee bit ridiculous in light of the fact that Tech is expecting a big excess of qualified applicants for entrance this coming Fall. The way we hear it, Tech is going to be forced to turn down a large number (estimates are running in the hundreds) of fully qualified applicants for the freshman class by September. Our bet is that they will not refuse admission to a single qualified female-type registrant.

If the original reason for admitting girls to Tech was the shortage of engineering material (and we have no reason to believe otherwise) and the reasons for giving the girls the very best on the campus was to attract more females to Tech; how is the administration going to support their views now that Tech is going to have to limit the number of qualified applicants in the future?

George P. Burdell, Jr.



Graduation, 1954—On the left, Alumni Association past-president Ivan Allen, Jr., '33, presents the traditional wallet and alumni card to Senior Class president L. L. McAllister. Other photo shows (left to right) Senator Ralph Flinders of Vermont, who delivered the graduation address; President Van Leer and David Harris, '12, of Chicago, winner of the Distinguished Alumnus Award.

The

File for the Future

Fourth in a series on the young professors at Tech who will be our university leaders in the future.

Raymond Tooke, Researcher



WHILE he was still studying for his degree (B. Ch. E. '49), W. Raymond Tooke, Jr., started to work at the Engineering Experiment Station.

In the five years since, Raymond Tooke, now a 28-year-old Research Engineer, has had a hand in one project after another. He's proud that all of

them have contributed in some measure to the economic advancement of this region. In 1950, for example, he began studying the physical properties of paints on this section's most common building wood, Southern yellow pine. Carrying further the protective coatings research originally begun at the

Engineering Experiment Station in 1940, Raymond is producing data which is extremely important to the South's paint manufacturer, and the lumber and construction industries, as well as to the ultimate paint consumers, home owners. (You've possibly noticed his paint weathering station alongside Highway 41 half way between Atlanta and Marietta; it's an experimental exposure area for this project.)

The current series of studies is due to be concluded next year. Already Raymond is recognized as an authority on paint technology. He recently was requested to coordinate, in the Engineering Evening School, a course on the history, manufacture, and uses of paint products. Thirty-five representatives of the paint industry voluntarily enrolled in this course.

The product for which Raymond Tooke is best known is what his associates at the Engineering Experiment Station call "Tookite." It's a resilient flooring and surfacing composition which Raymond developed in 1951 under an Institute Research contract. The company now manufacturing the series of compounds under the trade name Surco recently said:

"They greatly improve the wearing qualities of concrete, mortar, and plaster surfaces by increasing resilience, water resistance, and elasticity.

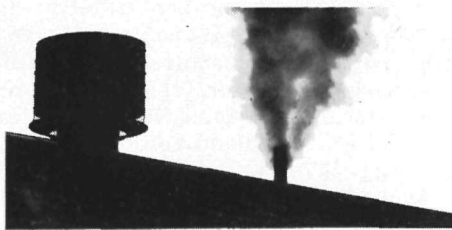
"The material will stand up under heavy vibration or impact while improving the appearance and adhering to steel, glass, block or concrete.

"Since a section of Grant Field, the Georgia Tech football stadium, was covered with it last year, cracks and erosion caused by years of exposure have been eliminated."

On the long benches in the Research Building's Room 103—a high-ceiling, multi-windowed ground floor laboratory—you're apt to find a pile of tufted rugs, sections of television cabinets, and a stack of ceramic tile. They're a few of the other products Raymond has worked on.

At the same time Raymond is busy developing new products or improving others, he's also improving himself. He's just finished his course work toward the M. S. in Ch. E. For his thesis he designed and is constructing and evaluating a type of paint milling equipment.

Raymond Tooke is as much a hometown product as, say "Tookite." Born in Atlanta, he attended Tech briefly in 1943 before entering the infantry, in which he served two years, partly in the European Theater. He returned to Tech, and in 1948, while still an undergraduate, he was married to Miss Carol Burch, of Atlanta. They now have two boys, Laurence, 3, and Billy, 2.



You Can Come Home

(From page 7)

respectfully submit that Tech is indeed fortunate to have such a great leader and educator at its helm.

During my reunion week end, I had the opportunity to observe many campus activities. This was the week end of the Clemson-Tech game which the 'Jackets took with their usual ferocity. The results of this contest were luridly predicted by the colorful exhibits in front of the fraternity houses. Although this pageantry was to me an additional innovation, I was pleased to note that the Tech man of today was not lacking in ingenuity and whimsey. Except for the substantial improvements in the stadium and the absence of coon-skin coats, the game could have taken place in my day—the same color, crowds, esprit de corps. College football chang-eth not, thank Heaven.

I've often wondered what fashion edict outlawed the honorable coon. He was warm, had an indefinable swagger and his pockets were commodious enough to conceal anything from a gold-plated flask to a large Listerine bottle. Maybe he went out with the rumble-seat.

There is one memory of my collegiate days which will remain ever fresh—the memory of hard work. Throwing all *bon mots* aside as halcyon and carefree, my days at Tech were full to the overflowing with the old grind. I imagine the old order to be pretty much the same and maybe even tougher today. The more progress, the more textbooks—with the present pace of things, it is fortunate the new library has a capacity of half a million books. Should it ever become necessary to expand this facility, I would recommend an expansion of the college term. It would be more humane and would in turn make it easier on the football coaches.

The Practical Engineer

The young engineering graduate of

today sometimes finds himself unwillingly forced into specialization because of a constant broadening of the entire engineering field. It might be well for them to remember that, as in the medical field, there is always a real need for the general practitioner. He is the liaison man between the specialist in research and the production line. In



Hazard E. Reeves received his B.S. in Mechanical Engineering from Tech in 1928 after a better-than-average record as a student. After graduation, he migrated to New York City to spend a few months gaining experience before returning to his native Southland to work. He landed a job with a recording company at \$25 per week and became so infatuated with the then infant audio industry that he never returned to his native area.

Today, just 26 years after his graduation, he heads three large corporations, all giants of the sound field. Two of his companies received special Academy Awards last year for work in the sound fields.

In addition to these and other business activities, Hazard is president of the New York Georgia Tech Club.

other words: he is the man who knows and can also do.

During my years in the market place, I have observed that the engineer with the practical bent is a rarer bird than one would think—a man highly prized in the industrial field. I have met too many technical men with the training and intelligence to succeed, but who have failed because of this lack of the broad perspective. Men who have not been trained that a grasp of the whole problem is a necessity in this competitive era. They have become such slaves

to the rule of the textbooks that their powers of imagination are stilted. They are frequently unable to sift the less significant from the significant as effects the whole.

Specialists are needed, of course, particularly when as today each field has a thousand facets. But needed also is the man who can link the pilot line with the production line. I feel that real ability in this faculty to be partly a gift. And where this gift is recognizable, it should be encouraged. But I am also convinced that there should be general exercises which will tend to develop the muscles of the minds of all engineering students to stretch beyond the laboratory and the drafting board. I sneaked this in the text because I feel very strongly about the subject, and not because I wanted to give an address.

The horizons open to the student of today are certainly unlimited. He will live to see more wonders than Horatio ever dared dreamed of, and will live longer to enjoy them. I have heard the question poised as to whether or not the new graduate looks to the future with optimism and as a challenge. I would not know. Optimism and pessimism being states of mind are governed by the times. They are facets of the individual personality. Simultaneously, there will be the fellow who says the tank is half empty and the one who says it is half full. I do not think we need worry about today's youth. He is of the human race, and his ability to roll with the punches is as much a part of him as his appetites.

With vision and purpose, Georgia Tech has kept abreast of this swift tempo of scientific advance. Today, she has become a fountainhead able to liberally contribute to the ever-increasing requirements for technically trained man-power. The men who have made her such have done the State, the South, the Nation and the world a great service.

Yes, all this I saw and was grateful for the opportunity. My Alma Mater had expanded in girth and her progeny had multiplied in number. But her spirit was of the same durable stuff. Her sons of '28, long scattered to the four winds, came back—brothers still and she bid them welcome. For that and the many other things she gave us in a faraway time, God bless her.

We Apologize to '28 —

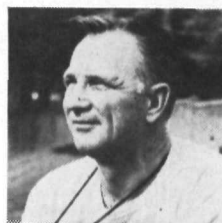
for putting the Class of 1918 figures for the Roll Call above your section in the recent Roll Call Directory. So, we're making up for it by printing the correct figures for you to paste in your directory. They look better, don't they? Won't you please forgive us?

CLASS OF 1928 2090.50

Sports



TALK ABOUT TECH



By Coach
Bobby Dodd

I AM willing and definitely interested in giving up Spring football practice at Georgia Tech.

I made this statement recently to an Atlanta sports editor, and as it seemed to stir up quite a controversy I thought I'd take this opportunity to explain my feelings on this matter to the readers of the ALUMNUS.

Of course we cannot give up Spring practice at Georgia Tech unless the other schools in the conference do the same thing. We can't afford to because it would give them what might be enough of an edge on us to win the games against us the following Fall. I am interested, however, in the possibilities of this becoming the rule in the Southeastern Conference.

The Reasons

Here is why I believe elimination of Spring football practice would be a good thing for the conference as a whole and particularly for us at Georgia Tech. Last year, without platoons, college football everywhere dropped off in quality about 35 to 40 per cent, but the public didn't seem to notice it. If they did, it didn't seem to make any difference in their attitude towards the game. If elimination of Spring practice means a little less quality in the conference teams in the Fall, I do not believe the public will mind that either—they seem to be happy as long as everyone remains on the same basis competitive-wise.

At the present time, with only 20 days permitted by the conference for Spring practice, we don't improve our squad more than 10 per cent. About all we actually get out of Spring practice is information on our personnel for the coming season.

This seems to me to be very little benefit for 20 days of grueling practice sessions—sessions where the boys usually work harder than they do in the Fall. I believe that we would all be better off if we passed these practice sessions up entirely. Of course, as I said before, we

can't afford to unless everyone else goes along with us. But, if they stop it, so would we. Actually, the up-coming sophomores are really the ones who benefit most from the Spring practice. We might try it one year with only these youngsters as an alternate plan to the complete elimination of the Spring drills.

Of course my biggest reason for wanting the elimination of Spring football practice is the benefits the other sports in our program would receive from this move. So many football players are good all-around athletes. Spring football practice, no matter at what time of the Winter or Spring it is held, is sure to interfere with one sport or another. Certainly, we excuse our older boys and some of the younger ones for other sports. But many of them will not go out for other teams for fear of getting too far behind the other football boys who are taking the Spring drills.

It is particularly tough on us here at Georgia Tech. Our scholastic program is on the quarter system. This means that we must wait until later than many schools to hold our Spring practice because an early practice would interfere with important examinations. I am sure that more of our boys would be out for baseball, track, tennis or golf—to the benefit of the boys and these squads—if Spring football practice were eliminated entirely.

There Are Those Opposed

I am not overly optimistic about such a rule being adopted in the SEC at this time. I know that several of my colleagues among the conference coaches feel strongly in just the opposite way from how I feel about Spring practice. I do believe, however, that many coaches over the nation agree with my thoughts on Spring football drills. We will all be watching to see how it works out in the Ivy League where Spring practice was abolished a year ago.

The Big Day Is Saturday, October 23rd TECH'S ANNUAL HOMECOMING

- 10:00 A.M. — Annual Business Meeting of the National Alumni Association — New Library
- 11:00 A.M. — Ramblin' Reck Parade—Peters Park
- 12:00 P.M. — Alumni Luncheon — Tech Gym. (Bring your families)
- 12:00 P.M. — Freshman Cake Race — Rose Bowl Field
- 2:30 P.M. — Football. Tech vs. Kentucky — Grant Field

REUNION PARTIES — CLASSES OF 1904, 09, 14, 19, 24, 29, 34, 39, 44 & 49

Be Sure YOU Come Home This Year



IN FUTURE ISSUES

George Griffin knows a great deal about Tech and Tech people. In fact, back in the late 1930's he started to write a book about his favorite two subjects. But just as the manuscript was beginning to take shape, it disappeared along with his research notes. That was the end of George Griffin's book; at least for a good long time. Recently, with the help of Dean Phil Narmore, we convinced George that he should start anew with his recollections of the school he has come to know so well in the past forty years. He's got it under way now, and it will appear exclusively in serial form in the pages of *The Alumnus* beginning with the January, 1955, issue. To be sure you don't miss this and the many other outstanding features of your magazine, join the Eighth Roll Call and watch Tech through

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