

The Blue Print

1909



Where in the woodland shadows deep
The fern and lichen grew,
I plucked this fragrant flowery heap
To offer you:

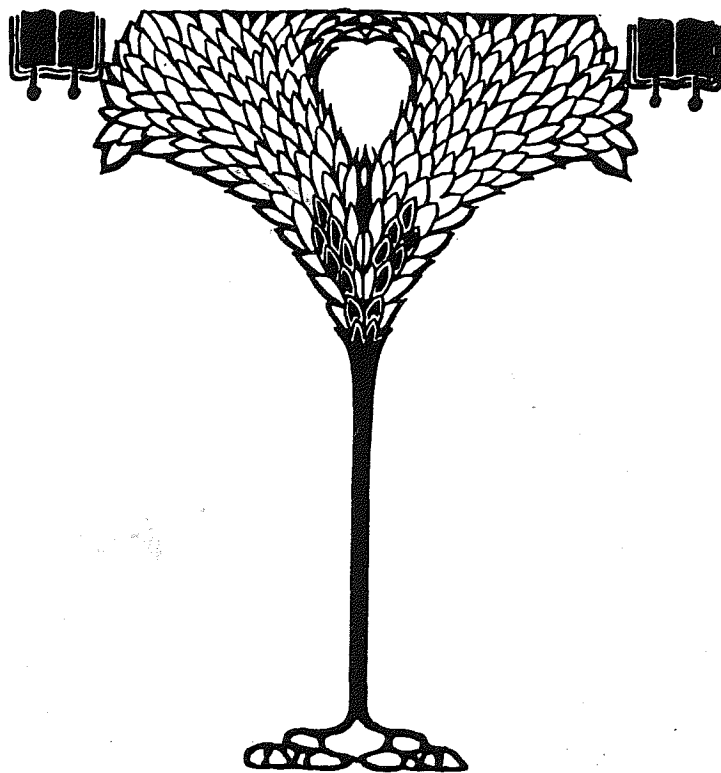
For those who laugh the violet blue,
Heartsease for those who weep,
And lilies for the noble few.

Frail flowers! May their fragrance creep
Some cold heart-chamber through,
To hush the ill and wake from sleep
The good and true. P.



THE BLUE PRINT

PUBLISHED *by the* STUDENTS *of the*
GEORGIA SCHOOL
of TECHNOLOGY



VOLUME II

1909

ATLANTA

GEORGIA



Life's Riddle

"Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!"

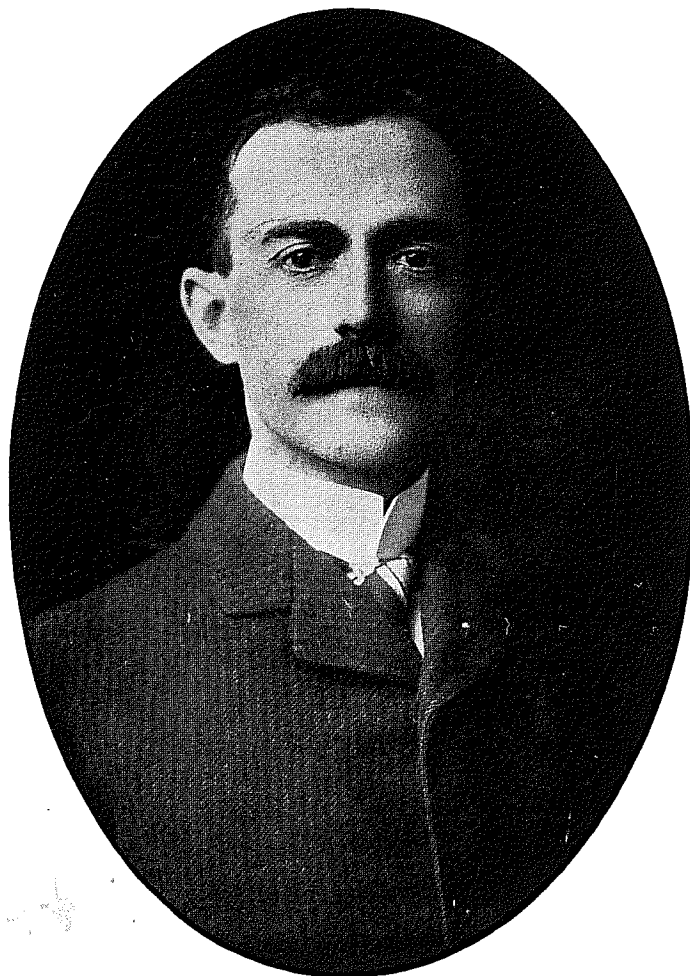
Still on our lips lives Omar's bitter cry,
As Youth's brief, sun-lit season hastens by
And round our path Life's sterner duties close.

Poor futile human cry! And yet, how grows
Our love about these things we know must fly,—
The rare, rare Rose that blossoms but to die!
The meaning of Life's riddle—Ah, who knows?

Be patient, weary Brother can it be
That, read aright, the answer still is plain?
Spring hath its flower—but are flowers best?

Is not the fruit of Summer richer fee,
Or Autumn with its garnered wealth of grain—
And winter, O my Brother, bringeth rest.

P.



Dedicated to the Memory of Lyman Hall

Measured by the supreme test of loyalty and devotion, the Georgia School of Technology owes a debt of gratitude to the memory of its great organizer, Lyman Hall, which can never fully be repaid. Coming to the school in its birth-year, 1888, as Professor of Mathematics, Dr. Hall instituted a standard in this fundamental department which soon placed the institution on a real engineering basis. Nor was this standard ever lowered. On the contrary, Dr. Hall successfully sought to develop and maintain an efficiency in his department commensurate with the high standard of the United States Military Academy at West Point, where his own remarkable abilities had been trained.

Succeeding to the Presidency of Tech in 1895, when the condition of the school was at a low ebb, Dr. Hall exerted his rare abilities to the utmost in the work of reorganization and development. Nor were his labors in vain. As usual, marked success resulted from devoted exercise of native ability, and in the ten years of his presidency, he greatly increased the number and equipment of the buildings, practically trebled the student enrollment, and established permanently, an educational standard which has benefited his state and section. Never of strong physique, this great work taxed his strength to the breaking-point, and on August 16, 1905, he surrendered that life he had so unsparingly given to the service of the school. It is meet, therefore, that we dedicate in grateful remembrance this Annual to the memory of Lyman Hall. Though he has left us, the constant reminder of his presence remains in the self-reared monument of his works.



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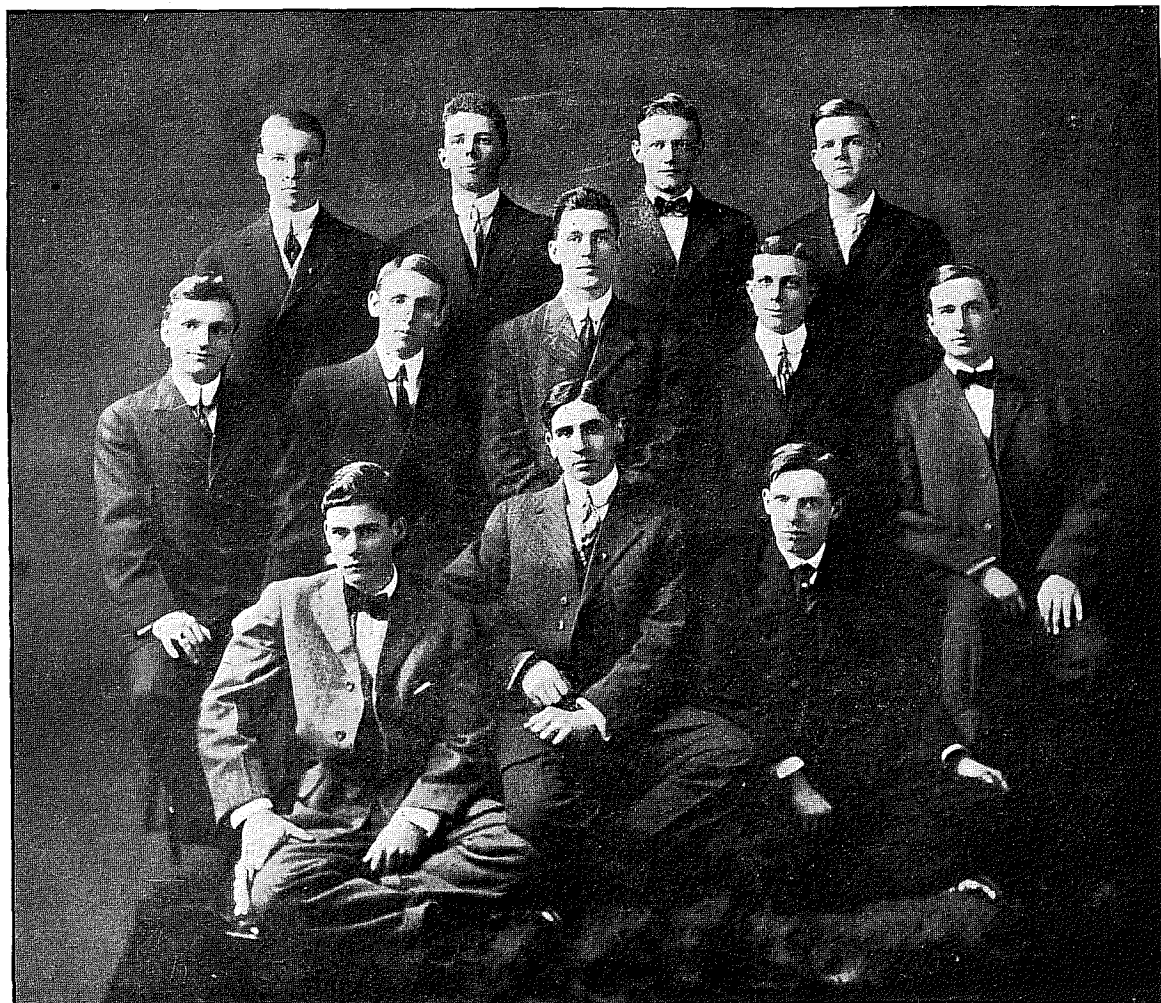
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The Board of Editors of the BLUE PRINT wish to take this opportunity to express their sincerest appreciation to all who have coöperated with us in the production of this book. Especial thanks are due to Professor Perry, not only for his contributions but also for his advice and helpful suggestions. Only his unselfish work in behalf of the Annual made possible either its undertaking or completion. Among others to whom we are especially indebted are Dr. K. G. Matheson, Mr. Grantland Rice and Mr. Lowndes Connolly.

The development of the artistic side of the BLUE PRINT fell mainly upon the staff artists but they were ably assisted by Messrs. Cooksey, Parker, Hull, Dugas, Brewerton and Gregg. Among the ladies, Miss Ethel Thornton, Miss Mary Helen Moody and Miss Irene Hardwick have been very kind in their aid. It is unnecessary to remark upon the character of any of the work of our friends, as it speaks for itself in the book.

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The Glory of Jamshyd

Writ on a crumbling column in Kashmir:

"Great Jamshyd's glory, Stranger, see—and fear."

The far-flung corridors agleam with gold,
The houri-haunted courts whose fountains rolled,
 Rose-bowered, down their tinkling channels,—all
The desert's lank brown arms at length enfold.

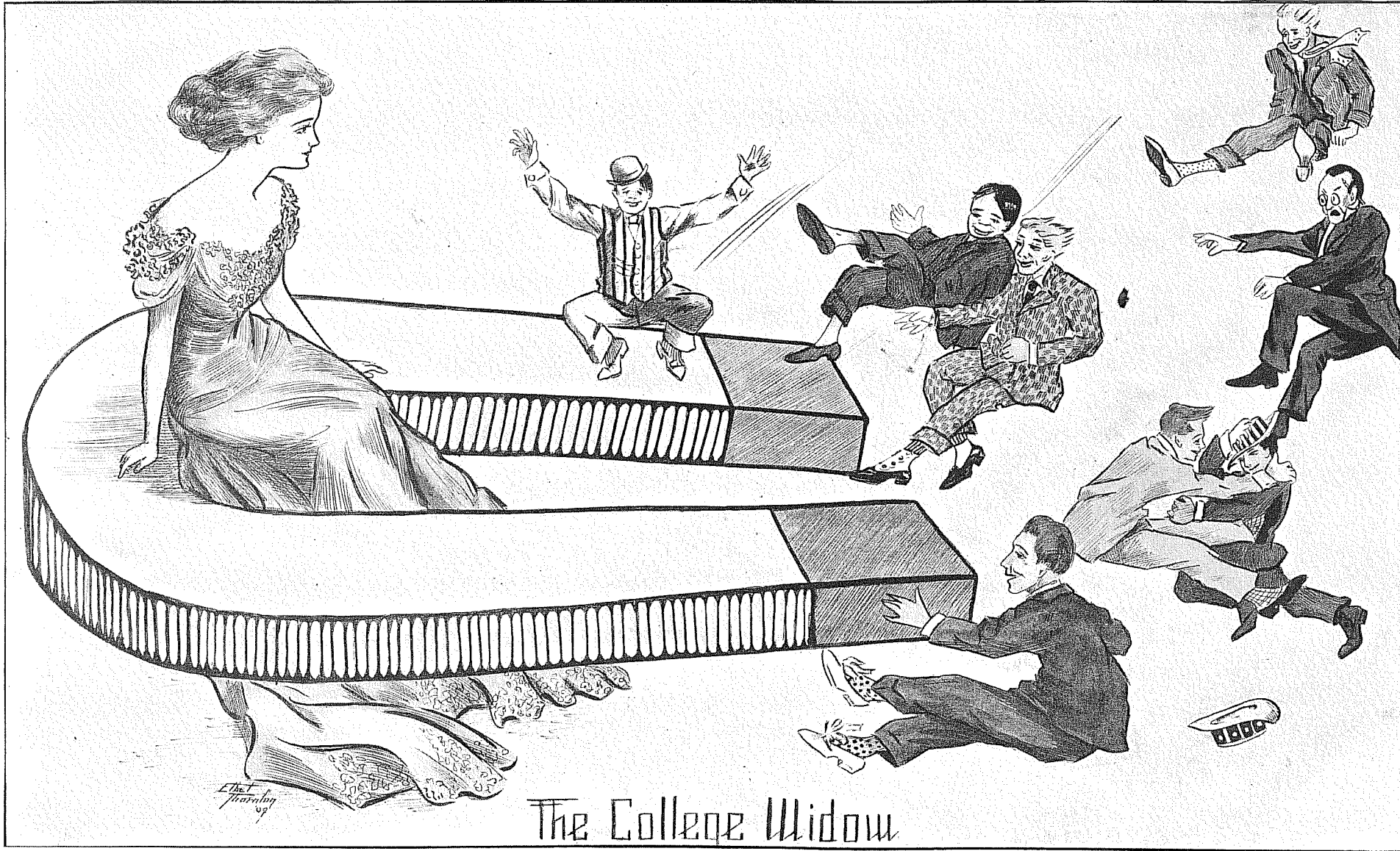
The pleasant plaint of dulcimer and lute,
The shrilling trumpet, and the clangorous bruit
 Of brazen arms are stilled; the fitful wind
His requiem breathes,—and all once more is mute.

Courtiers and chieftains, all the gallant host
Of seers and sages, now are wildly tossed
 And scattered by the Khamsin's burning breath:
Dust unto dust; their very names are lost.

And Jamshyd—lo! his glories, like o'er-blown
Rose petals, down the waste of years are strewn;
 Another wears the victor's wreath, and here,
Upon this crumbling column, rears his throne.

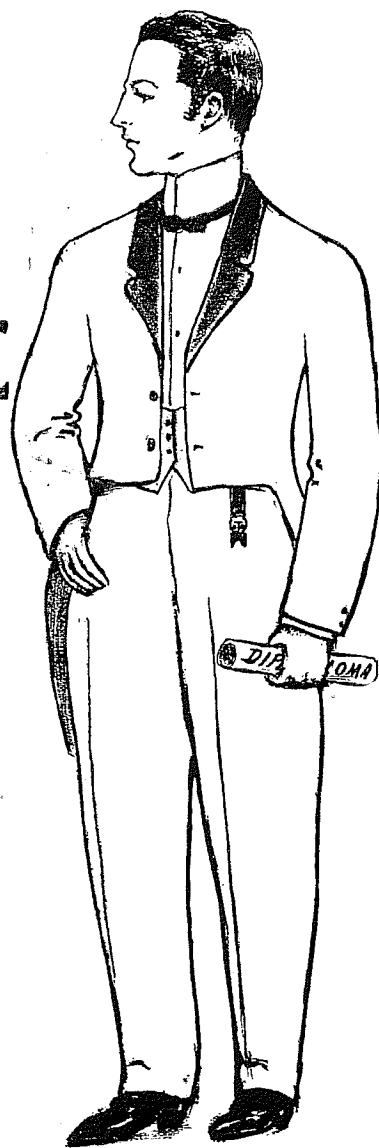
Writ on a crumbling column in Kashmir:

"Great Jamshyd's glory, Stranger, see—and fear."



The College Widow

SENIOR



Officers of the Senior Class

Z. V. MYERS.....	President
G. W. BARNWELL.....	Vice-President
W. H. HIGHTOWER.....	Secretary and Treasurer
E. W. SMITH.....	Prophet

Senior Class, 1909



NATHANIEL EDWARD ADAMSON, JR. ("Nero")

Age 20.

A glance at that classic profile would tell you he was born in Rome, Ga., 20 years ago.

"Hence, bashful cunning! And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!"
Nero played class football in 1906; BLUE PRINT Board, '09 *IIKA*.

WALTER LEE ADAMSON.....B.S. in M.E.
Born in Jonesberg, Ga.

Age 24

"Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam afar,
Drag the slow barge or drive the rapid car;
Or on wide waving wings expanded bear
The flying chariot through the field of air."

Class football team, '08 and '09.



JOHN WILLIAM BARKDULL ("John Willie").....B.S. in M.E.

Age 20

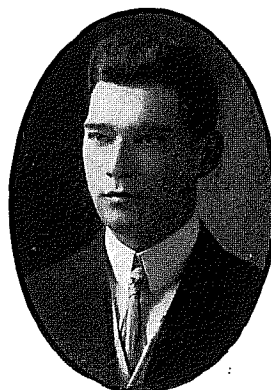
"Was born in New Orleans, La., and went through a preparatory course of study at the Louisiana State University.

'Out of old bookes, in good faithe,
Cometh all this new science that men lere."

GEORGE WINCHESTER BARNWELL ("Barney").....B.S. in E.E.
Age 20

Born somewhere down in the Styx near or in Hawkinsville, Ga. His young ideas were first taught how to shoot and get "shot" at the Atlanta Boys High School.

Class Baseball Team, '07, '08 (Capt., '08); Class Football Team, '06, '07 (Captain, '07); Manager Class Football Team, '08; Varsity Football Team, '08; Manager Varsity Baseball Team, '09; BLUE PRINT Board, '08; Athletic Editor of the *Georgia Tech*, '07; Representative Speaker at Athens, '08; Vice-President Senior Class; *X4Σ* Literary Society; Mogul; Anak *ATQ*.



SHADRACH IMNAN BELL ("Si").....Special Textile

Age 21

Born in Atlanta, Ga. "Preped" at Peacock's and G. M. A.

"Those curious hairs so aptly twined
Whose every curl a soul doth bind."

Varsity Squad, '04, '07, '08; Varsity Football, '06; Captain Cross Country Team, '08; Manager Track Team, '09; One of the Moguls; *Ø4Ø*.

CHARLES EGBERT BOSTWICK, JR. B.S. in E.E.

Age 20

One of Atlanta's fair sons.

"Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mocked himself and scorned his spirit."

Among various other attainments he is an artist when it comes to raising a grouch, with or without a time limit.

Class baseball, '05, '06, '07; Assistant in Gymnasium; Basketball Team, '07, '08, '09.



JOHN GRESHAM CHAPMAN. B.S. in T.E.

Age 21.

Prepared at the Gresham High School in his native city of Macon, Ga.

"As sweet a lad, as any one shall see in a summer's day."

President '08 Class in '05; '06, Manager Basketball Team, '06; Assistant Manager Baseball Team, '06; Varsity Squad Baseball, '06, '07; Manager Football Team, '06; Leader of Mandolin Club, '07, '08, '09; Editor-in-chief of the BLUE PRINT, '08; President Athletic Association, '08, '09; BLUE PRINT Board, '09; Mogul; Anak; $\phi\lambda\theta$.



WALTON CONYERS CLARK. B.S. in T.E.

Age 20

Landed on this terrestrial sphere at Covington, Ga. Prepared for Tech at Emory College.

"Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose."

Tennis Team, '08; BLUE PRINT Board, '09; *KΔ*.



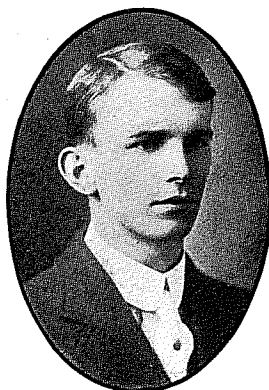
JOEL ROBERT COOK ("Flossie") B.S. in E.E.

Age 23

Reigns as Supreme Society Swell in Covington, Ga. Prepared for Tech at the Georgia Military Academy.

"We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without Cooks."

Flossie's only objection to pumpkin pie is that it does soil his ears so.
Dormitory Inspector.



ARTHUR BARNES CUNDELL ("Mobie") B.S. in E.E.

Age 21

Hails from that fair hamlet of Rome, Ga. Prepared for Tech at Broadus Institute.

"Nothing can cover his high fame but Heaven,
No pyramid set off his memories."

Class Football Team, '08.





JAMES GUSTAVUS CURETON ("Graveyard").....B.S. in E.E.

Age 23

Prepared at the Common School just the other side of Crawfish Creek, from Rising Fawn, Ga. That is, in the hollow between Lookout Mt., Sand Mt. and Fox Mt., and that isn't so far from Deer's Head Cove.

"I value silence—none can prize it more."

Class Football Team, '08.

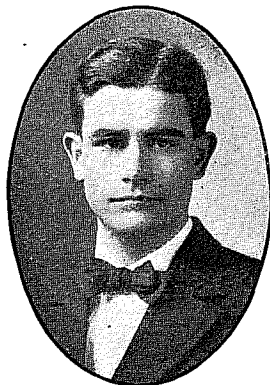
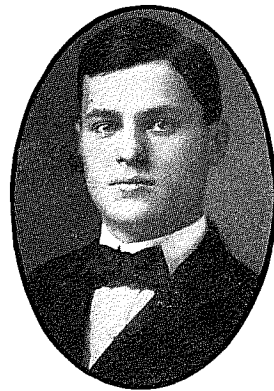
JAMES EGGLESTON DAVENPORT ("Jim").....B.S. in M.E. and E.E.

Age 21

Born at Charlestown, W. Va. Prepared at the Boys High School, Atlanta.

Just as "keen" at fussing with the frocks as he is on winning a Marathon.

Captain Senior Baseball Team, '09; Track Team, '05, '06, '07, '08; Baseball Team, '07, '08; Vice-President Athletic Association '06, '07; Cheer Leader, '08, '09; Secretary Athletic Association; '07, '08, '09; Advertising Manager, '08, '09; one of the Moguls; Class Baseball, '04, '05, '06; Captain Class Football Team, '06, '07, '08; Secretary Expansion Club, '08; Anak; $\phi K \Sigma$.



HARRY NORMAN DUMAS ("Dummy," "Avagadro" or "Doc")...B.S. in E.C.

Age 21

Hails from various parts of Georgia, including Monticello, Sparta and Marietta. Obtained his early education at the different institutions of learning in the above-mentioned "burghs."

"Blessed are those

Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger,
To sound what stop she pleases"

Most Exalted and Worthy Grand High Guardian of the Sacred Wash-bottle and Burettes.

CHERRY LOGAN EMERSON ("Cherry").....B.S. in M.E. and E.E

Age 21

Born in Atlanta, Ga. Attended Boys High School.

"None but an author knows an author's cares."

Class Baseball Team, '07, '08, '09; Assistant Business Manager, '06; Track Team Manager, '08; Class Football Team, '04; Varsity Football Team, '06, '07, '08; BLUE PRINT Board, '08; Editor-in-Chief of the BLUE PRINT, '09; Mogul, Anak; *ATQ*.



RAMIRO ANTONIO FERNANDEZ.....B.S. in C.E

Age 25

Born in Consolacien del Sur, Cuba. Attended the preparatory school in Havana.

"The weak have remedies, the wise have joys,
Superior wisdom is superior bliss."

FREDERICK RUDOLPH GABLE..... B.S. in C.E.

Age 23

Frederick Rudolph is home talent, coming from Atlanta, Ga.

"Perplex no more with Human or Divine,
Tomorrow's tangle to the winds resign."



FRANK HUGH GARDNER..... B.S. in M.E.

Age 20

Born at Elberton, Ga., and became ambitious while attending the high school in his own home town.

In spite of the rural sound of his name "Rusty" would "double cross" the Profs. to a "fare thee, well" when it came to such light literature as applied math., etc.

FRANCIS PHINIZY GARY ("Phin")..... B.S. in M.E.

Age 20

First started to scratch gravel in Augusta, Ga. "Preped" at the Academy of Richmond county.

"A man of large parts, and deep penetration."

Class Football Team, '05, '06, '08; Track Team Squad, '06, '07; Assistant Manager Football, '07; Quartermaster, '08, '09; XØ.



DAVID EMANUEL HAMILTON ("Ick")..... Special Textile

Age 21

In spite of his profile he is a Roman.

"Most men (till by losing rendered sager)
Will back their own opinions with a wager."

KΣ.

ORRIN LEE HARRISON ("Orrie")..... B.S. in M.E.

Age 20

The first thing he knew he was in Atlanta, Ga.

"He'd undertake to prove by force
Of argument, a man's no horse;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a toad may be an owl."

"He show can throw the gaff to conditions."

Assistant Manager of Baseball, '08; XØ.





NUMA CHARLES HERO ("Kid").....Special Textile

Age 21

He came from down yonder 'bout New Orleans, La. Prepared for Tech at the New Orleans Public School.

"Who hath not owned with rapture, smitten frame
The power of grace, the magic of a name?"

Φ K Σ

WILLIAM HARRISON HIGHTOWER ("Piggy") ("Kid").

Age 21

Born at Thomaston, Ga. "Preped" at R. E. Lee Institute.

"A form more active light and strong,
Ne'er shot the ranks of war along;
The modest yet the manly mein,
Might grace the court of Maiden queen."

Varsity Football Team, '06, '07, '08; Varsity Baseball Team, '07, '08;
Manager Basketball Team, '09; President of Y. M. C. A., '09; One of
the Moguls; Anak; ΣN fraternity.



EMMETT SYDNEY HORSLEY.....B.S. in C.E.

Age 19

Hails from Dawson, Ga. Prepared at the Dawson High School.

"What tho' short thy date?
Virtue not rolling suns the mind matures."

Class Football, '07.

Emmett Sydney is the youngest man in the Senior Class.

ALBERT EDWARD JOHNSON.....Special Textile

Age 21

Comes from back in the woods round Pine Knot. Prepared for Tech at that home of learning and fine arts the Pine Knot High School.

"The gentle mind by gentle deed is known
For a man is by nothing so well betrayed as by his manners."



GERALD G. LOEB ("Jerry").....Special Textile

Born at Hazelhurst, Miss. Prepared for Tech at the University of Virginia.

Age 22

"With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans."

HOMER MOORE.....Special Textile

Age 22

"Preped" for Tech at the Middle Georgia College. Conley, Ga., claims Homer as one of her fairest sons.

"Oh! blessed with temper whose unclouded ray
Can make tomorrow cheerful as today."

Class Football, '04, '05, '06; Varsity Squad Football, '07; Varsity Football '08; $\phi K \Sigma$.



ROBERT ALEXANDER MORGAN.....Special Textile

Age 22

Born at Rockmart, Ga. Prepared for Tech at the Piedmont Institute.

"In the very May-morn of his youth
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises."

Class Baseball, '07, '08; Class Football Team, '08; Glee Club, '08, '09.

PATRICK HENRY MYERS ("Pat").....B.S. in C.E.

Age 19

When Pat materialized he landed in Waterville, Ga., but they couldn't hold him there, so he came to "the big city" and Tech.

"Something there is more needfull than expense.
And something previous even to taste—'tis sense,
Good sense, which only is the gift of heaven."

Class Football Team, '07, '08; Class Baseball Team, '07, '08.



ZEB VANCE MYERS ("Z. V.").....B.S. in C.E.

Age 23

Born at Waterville, Ga., where he attended school before entering Tech.

"Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it."

Class President, '07-'08 and '08-'09; Class Football Team, '08-'09; Varsity Track Team, '08, '09 (Captain); Varsity Basketball Team, '06, '09 (Captain); BLUE PRINT Board, '09; Mogul; Anak.

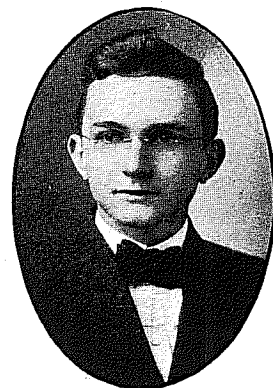
WILLIAM MURPHY ("Bill").....Special Textile

Age 19

Born at Barnsville, Ga. Entered Tech from Gordon Institute.

"What hath night to do with sleep."

$\phi 4 \theta$





LAWRENCE JAY MCPHAUL ("Fatty").....Special Textile
Age 21

Prepared at "McPhaul University," Mercer University and University of Georgia.

"Very like a whale."

Varsity squad Football '07; Varsity Football '08; ΣN .

LAWRENCE WOOD ROBERT, JR. ("Chip") B.S. in C.E. and E.E.
Age 21

Born in Monticello, Ga., but his home is where his lady is.

"Courage the mighty attribute of powers above
By which those great in war are great in love."

Varsity Football Team, '05, '06, '07, '08 (Captain '08); Varsity Track Team, '06, '07; Varsity Baseball Team, '06, '07, '08 (Captain '08); Sawannoa Club; All-Southern left field, '07, '08; Mogul; Anak; ΣN ; θNE .



ERNEST HAROLD ROGERS.....B.S. in T.E.
Age 23

Born at Duluth, Ga.

"All things I thought I knew; but now confess
The more I know I know, I know the less."

Varsity Squad Football, '08; Tennis Manager, '09.

HOWARD YOEMANS ROUND ("is 'ighness").....B.S. in E.E.
Age 19

Came all the way from the old country; Oldburg, Eng., proudly claiming him for her own. He crossed the "pond" in '97 and attended various high schools before he opened his career at Tech.

At present H. Y. 'lows he is a "man more sinned against than sinning."



WILLIAM LUCAS SIMONS ("Luke," "Bill Simmons").....B.S. in C.
Age 22

Luke's ancestral city is Charleston, S. C. The first 'courtin'gs' of his education were put on at the Charleston High School.

One of the Moguls; Charter member of Tappa Nu Keg; Class Football Team, '04; Manager Football Team, '04; Varsity Track Team, '04, '05; Assistant Manager Varsity Football Team, '05; Varsity Squad Football, '06, '07; Dormitory Inspector, '08-'09; Editorial Staff of the BLUE PRINT, '09; Manager of the Glee Club, '08, '09; Anak; $X\phi$.

GORDON SIMMONS.....B.S. in E.E.

Age 21

Born at Savannah, Ga. "Preped" for Tech at "The Citadel."

"Men still had faults, and men will have them still,
He that hath none; and lives as angels do, must be an angel."

Entered Tech in October 1908 and expects to graduate within the next ten years.



ERIC WILBURN SMITH.....B.S. in E.E.

Age 20

Born in Macon, Ga. "Preped" at Gordon.

"Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit
Of this and that endeavor and dispute;
Better be jocund with fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none or bitter Fruit."

President of Class, '05-'06; Captain Class Football, '05; Manager Class Baseball, '07, '08; Assistant Manager of Track Team, '07; Varsity Squad Football, '07, '08; Anak; $\Phi\Lambda\theta$.



LAURENCE MAYER STEINHEIMER ("Steam hammer")...Special Textile

Age 20

Born in Atlanta, Ga. Entered special textile department in 1907.

"Some sigh for this and that;
My wishes don't go far;
The world may wag at will,
So I have my cigar."



RICHARD EDWARDS TRIPPE.....B.S. in C.E.

Age 24

Born at Fort Stockton, Tex. "Preped" for Tech at the U. S. Naval Academy and one or two other colleges and universities.

"He was the mildest mannered man
That ever scuttled a ship or cut a throat."

Member of $B\theta\eta$ Fraternity.



W. LAMAR WILLIAMS, JR. ("Billy").....B. S. in M.E.

Age 20

When Billy publishes his memoirs he will put down Macon as his home town. Attended the Gresham High School and Mercer University before coming to Tech.

"On every Thorne, delightful wisdom grows,
In every rill a sweet instruction flows."

Class Football Team '08: ATQ .





PHILIP BERNARD WOLFE ("P.B.").....Special Textile
Age 22

Born in the 'auld country' hailing from Clones, County Monaghan, Ireland. Prepared for Tech at Webb's School, Bell Buckle, Tenn.

"His face betokened all things dear and good,
The light of somewhat yet to come was there,
Asleep and waiting for the opening day."

Vice-President of the Y. M. C. A., '06, '07; President of the Y. M. C. A., '07-'08; Dormitory Inspector.

JUSTIN WRIGHT.....B.S. in M.E.

Age 21

Born, bred and everything else at Quitman, Ga.

"I do present you with a man of mine
Cunning in Music and the mathematics."

Handed out harmony in the Glee Club in '08 and '09.



Strictly a Math School

Geometry
Analyt

Trigonometry
Equations (Differential)
Calculus
Hash (math.)

E. D. IVEY.

Senior Class Prophecy

For six years have I spent the life of a hermit, devoting my time to hard study and scientific investigation. Most of this time has been spent on the inventing and perfecting of the "Non-prevaricating-peachy-penetrating-psycho-panoramograph," which, as its name signifies, is an instrument for giving information as to the whereabouts and doings of people wherever they may chance to be.

It was by means of this product of genius that information was obtained in regard to the class of 1909. It is needless to say that this information is guaranteed under the pure food laws of the United States and is accurate in every detail.

W. L. Adamson after leaving college went to Africa as a missionary, where he made such a mash on the wives of the Ethiopian chiefs that they all demanded he be made king. So W. L. now wears a crown of alligator hide, studded with snake teeth. He writes home that even in the jungles of Africa, good looks are a blessing to a man.

Luke Simmons and "Bill" Murphey have formed a partnership as Chemical Investigators. After several years spent in fruitless experiment, they "got right" and invented a booze that tastes as good coming up as it does going down. Truly, necessity is the father of invention.

"Indian" Rogers can be found every night and Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoons at the Pastime Palace Theater, singing that touching little ditty entitled "Why do All Girls Love Me?" This question had never bothered "Indian" until he sang this song, but now it occupies his mind night and day. He has offered \$50 reward for the best answer (as if it wasn't easy).

"Pat" and Z. V. Myers are now hard at work surveying an airship line across the Pacific Ocean. "Pat" is stake driver and Z. V. is kept busy feeding peanuts to the sharks to keep them in a good humor until the survey is completed.

After graduating in 190? "Barny" Barnwell went to Charlestown (we wonder why to Charlestown) where by steady work he was soon promoted from newsboy to bootblack. Only recently he climbed one step further up the ladder of fame and now holds a position of honor to the name of Barnwell. He looks real cute as he goes through the streets, grinding his hand-organ and begging the lady to give a nickel to the monkey. Anyway, we know he is happy in Charlestown.

What is this? A missionary meeting or a Sunday School Class? A table covered with cards, and white, red and blue chips, around which are four men playing with an eagerness that would indicate very large stakes; over to the side many beer bottles are scattered upon the floor—certainly a picture no 1909 man could form a part of. But look! Walton Clark winks wisely to his pals, Doc Dumas and P. B. Wolfe, as Justin Wright—lamb, fish, and would-be-sport—tosses a thousand dollar wad upon the table and calls for ten more white chips. Shame on you, boys!

H. Y. Round (with his derby) is now the fashionable society leader of London and is the rage with all the ladies. This noted member of the '09 Class left England when only a tiny little thing, to come to America and fit himself to be the social error of Great Britain. He went to Tech, not to learn the "Electro-Chemical Theory of the Dissociation of Atoms" or Steinmetz's "Complex Quantity," but in order that by daily lessons at Segadlos' and by hard study of the best American books, such as,— "How to Woo," "Love Letter Writing," "One Hundred Different Ways to Kiss," and many others, equally classic, he might fit himself for his future life—the unselfish sacrifice to the ladies of London.

"Billy" Williams, as head professor, manager, all-star, and good looking man, is making a brilliant success at Washington Seminary. He never got over his first little fluttering and though he tried mechanical engineering for two or three days after graduation he finally gave it up and accepted the position which he now holds. He invites everyone who has good looking daughters to send them to W. S. and let his ever winking eye watch over them.

Even in the United States Senate the Tech Class of '09 is represented. There we have "John Willie" Barkdull delivering his speech on the Establishment of a Government Home for Yellow Cats. He is the best lobbyist in the Senate. 'Way back in our earliest Freshman days when we heard "John Willie" declaim to the Spartans" we knew he was booked for the Senate. No Roman forum ever boasted of a more inspiring or greater orator than the Right Hon. John Willie Barkdull. He's just about the classiest yet.

Ah! A revival meeting! Who can this be leading the sinners to truth? It looks like old Ic Hamilton. But no, it can't be "Old Ic." Yes, it is! Now it looks more and more like him. See! He is passing around the collection plate. Sure thing, that's Ic!

No longer do we hear the side show speiler at Coney Island scream out: "See the cutest and cunningest thing on the midway—the delight of the ladies and the hobby of the children—this way to see the big show—see Chapman smoke a cigarette." Chapman has given this job up and can now be found in the "Pink Moon" Pool Parlor, "playing for the house." Thus was a good man who promised good things ruined because the path of love did not run smooth enough.

We find "Fin" Gary famous the world over for his diving in Niagara Falls. Even when at Tech "Fin" showed tendencies in this direction, for he used to imagine the bath tub was Niagara Falls and with unhesitating nerve he would plunge daringly into it. This peculiar trait of his came very near costing him his boarding house, but he was allowed to remain upon promising to "never again."

As a pugilist, J. R. Cook (known to his friends as Captain Cook) bids fair to outshine John L. Sullivan and make Fitzsimmons look like the central portion of a doughnut. The eyes of the world are turned towards Griffin, Ga., where next week Cook will meet Gordon Simmons, the bantam-weight champion of Ping Pong alley. Look out, Cook! Look out, Simmons!

Who is this graceful Salome dancer? If you will look upon the program you will no doubt be surprised to learn that John Graveyard Cureton is the rage of the theatrical world as the woman impersonating Salome dancer. There's some class to "Curo."

After wandering over the entire world, using his technical education in every way from horseshoeing to fruit vending, Cundell has at last settled down in one of those lucrative positions which the world offers to the Tech graduate. He can be found over on a farm in Holland and they say there never was a more scientific milkmaid than "A. B. C." Cundell.

"Cuba" Fernandez is down in the jungles of his fatherland living on cocoanuts, and preaching prohibition and the Darwinian theory to the monkeys, wild cats, and snakes. We knew he'd devote his life to the uplifting of others.

Jim Davenport and Cherry Emerson are still in partnership. But this year we find them sporting checked suits and flashy diamond studs in a vain effort to market their gold bricks, of which they are the exclusive manufacturers.

"Joy" McPhaul is now owner and manager of the "Get-em-while-they're-hot" marriage Agency. So if any of you boys want to take unto yourself a better half or three-quarters, call on Fatty and he'll fix you up for \$3.75. "Fatty" always was wise to the ladies.

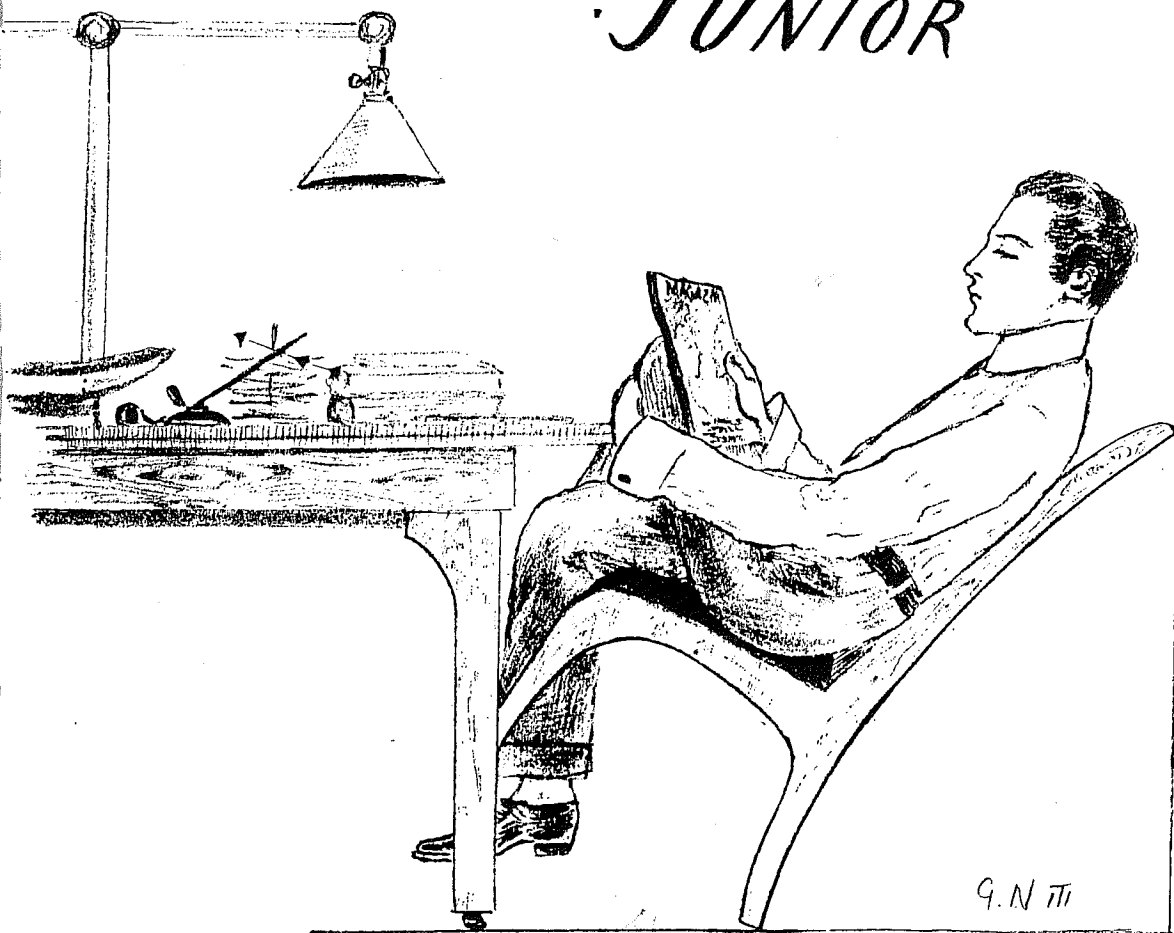
Shadrach Bell and "Stein" Steinheimer have formed a partnership and now operate a cotton mill in Jerusalem. Such a combination of brains and good looks is sure to be a winner. It is good to see these two college pals still as thick as ever.

If you want to get your hair cut in the latest pompadour style go to Horsley's Barber Shop. There you'll find E. S. Horsley, Class '09, the most scientific barber in the city.

"Piggy" Hightower was offered the position of Professor of Math at Tech, but on account of his success with "Love Me and the World is Mine" on the night of the Glee Club, he refused this excellent offer in order to sing in grand opera with Mme. Calve. His rendition of "Peeping Through the Knot Hole of Father's Wooden Leg" is simply divine.

The closing up of the Penny Arcade at Ponce-de-Leon by Mayor Homer Moore came as a great surprise to Manager O. L. Harrison and others interested. They say that the pictures were too artistic, but we can't beleive that Orrie would put on such pictures and if he should, Mayor Moore would be the last person to object, if we know Homer right.

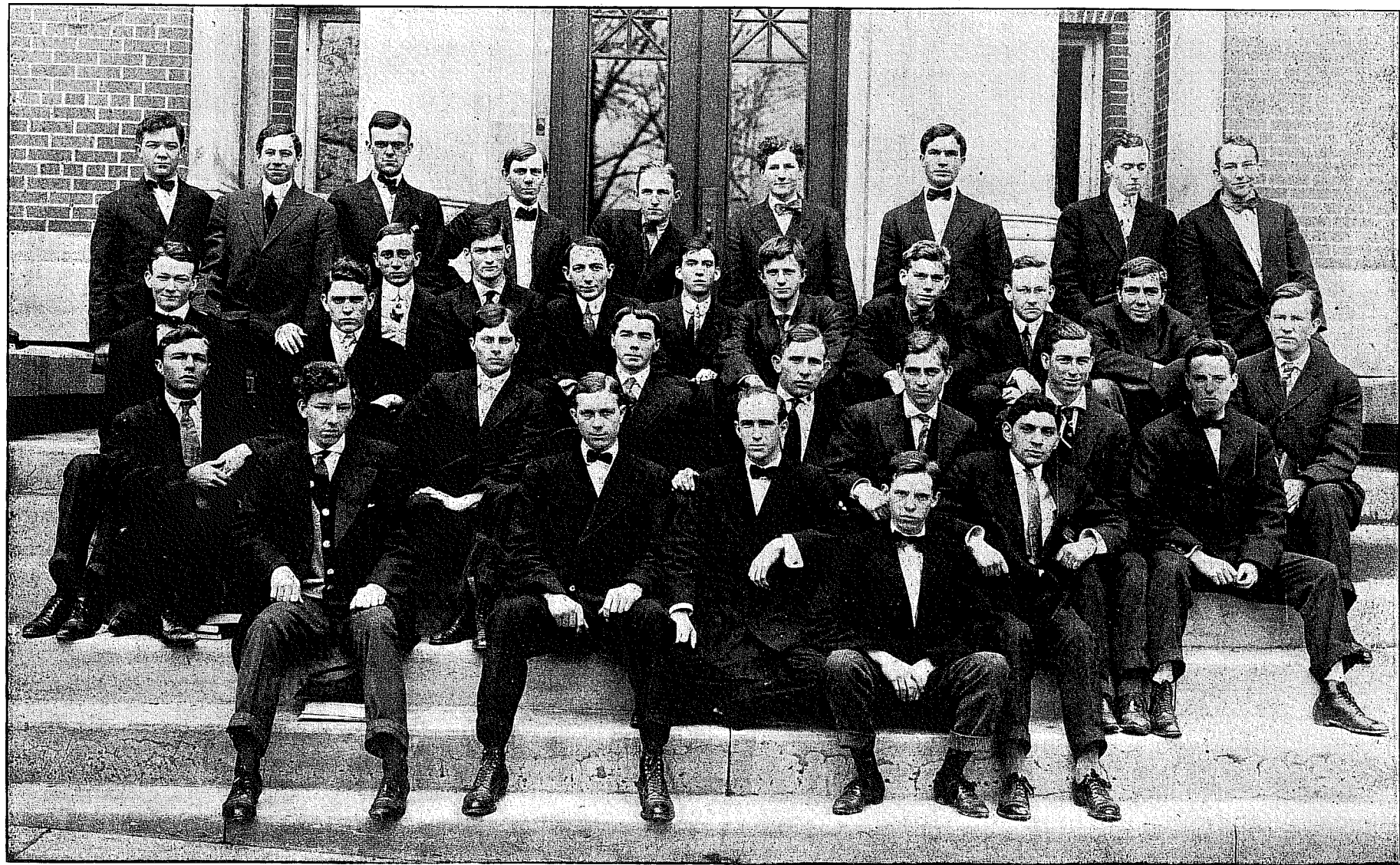
JUNIOR



G. N. M.

Officers of Junior Class

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G. W. SEMMES.....	Vice-President
Y. F. FREEMAN.....	Secretary and Treasurer
E. F. CHANDLER.....	Poet



Junior Class Roll

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R. CABANISS

E. F. CHANDLER

C. R. CLARK

D. H. CRONHEIM

A. DAVIS

H. N. DUMAS

G. W. DUNCAN, JR.

W. M. FELLERS

H. W. FERST

Y. F. FREEMAN, JR.

F. R. GABLE

N. W. HALLIDAY, JR.

F. W. HAUSMAN

N. W. HESTERLY

H. W. HOWARD

J. W. IVY

A. P. JONES

C. E. JONES

O. H. LANG

M. F. LEGG

T. L. LEWIS

W. B. MARSHALL

J. H. PAPP

J. PAPPANHEIMER

W. T. POOLE

H. C. ROUNTREE

E. H. ROGERS

G. W. SEMMES

R. SIMS

B. F. SUMMERHOUR, JR.

R. J. THIESEN

W. S. TUTWILER

N. B. WARE

H. A. WARNER

W. S. WILSON

H. J. WOOD



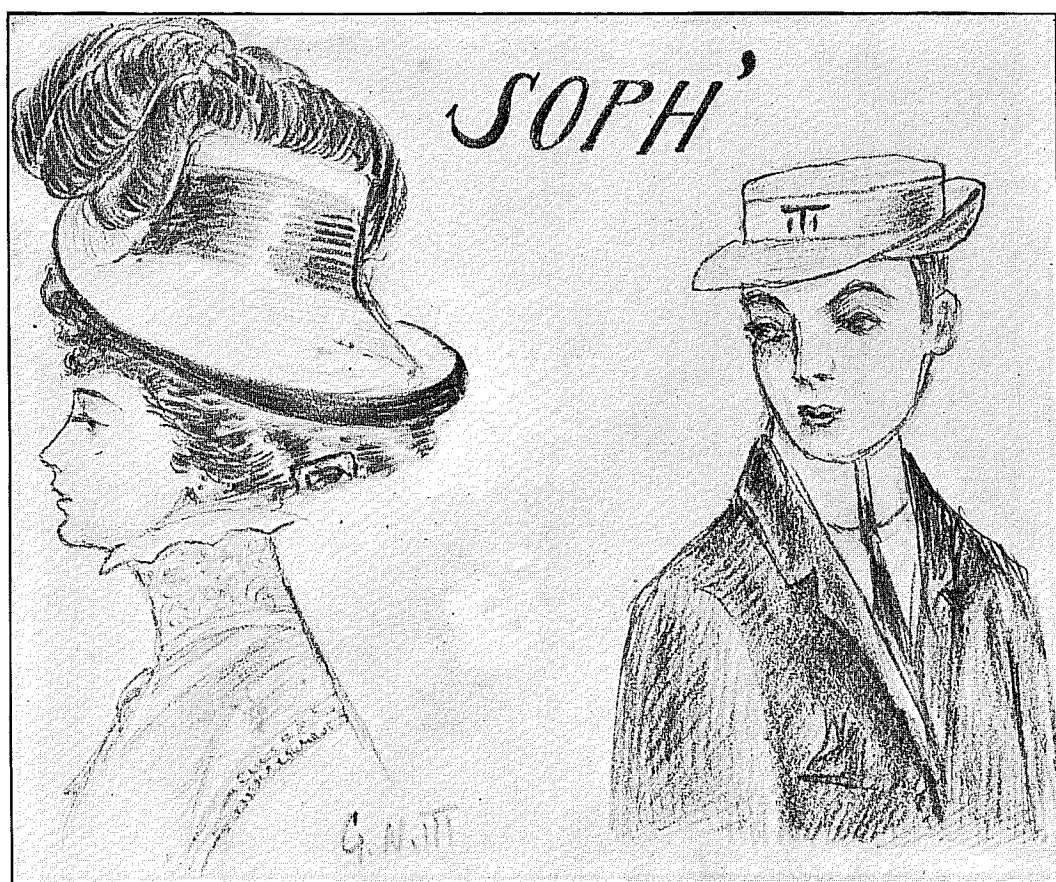
A Memory

In the quiet depths of the great dim wood,
'Mong the mosses of softest green,
Where the aged oak and the elm tree stood
And the violet bloomed unseen,
A restless rivulet rippled by
And sang its gentle melody.

One day I strayed by the murmuring stream
With a small, clinging hand in mine;
Then into my heart shone a golden gleam,
Like the glorious spring sunshine:
There was joy below and joy above,
And all the world was filled with love.

All quiet now is the voice of the stream,
And another voice as well;
Time robbed my life of its boyish dream
And shattered love's rare sweet spell—
Ah me, how the weary years go by!
And I would that again a child were I.

P.



Officers of the Sophomore Class

A. T. ARTLEY.....	<i>President</i>
W. B. COLEMAN.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
J. T. CLARK.....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
M. S. HILL.....	<i>Poet</i>



Sophomore Class Roll

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S. C. BRONSON	W. D. HEINZ	W. H. NEVILLE
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W. B. COLEMAN	W. R. HOWARD	J. T. STARK
D. C. COLLIER	M. F. HOWE	J. J. SPALDING
C. I. COLLINS	C. L. HURST	R. O. TINGLEY
C. A. COWLES, Jr.	R. B. INGLE	R. E. TRIPPE
J. E. CRANE	E. D. IVEY	J. WALTON
A. G. R. CRAWFORD	R. A. KELLEY, Jr.	L. WALTON
J. D. DAWSON	W. D. KELLOG	E. A. WEBSTER
V. S. DAWSON	G. J. KOLLOCK	H. G. WEAVER
D. C. DENNIS	H. A. KRENER	D. H. WOODWARD
H. S. DONALDSON	A. E. KUNZIE	R. J. WOODWARD
R. DUNWOODY	N. T. LAHALTE	W. C. WRIGHT
S. ELGIN	H. H. LEVY	



Lines to a Spider Web on an Old College Building

A dull red house low-touched on rough gray stone;
Across its long, bare front unceasing played
Strange wind-wrought fantasies of light and shade.
There, in one corner, had a spider thrown

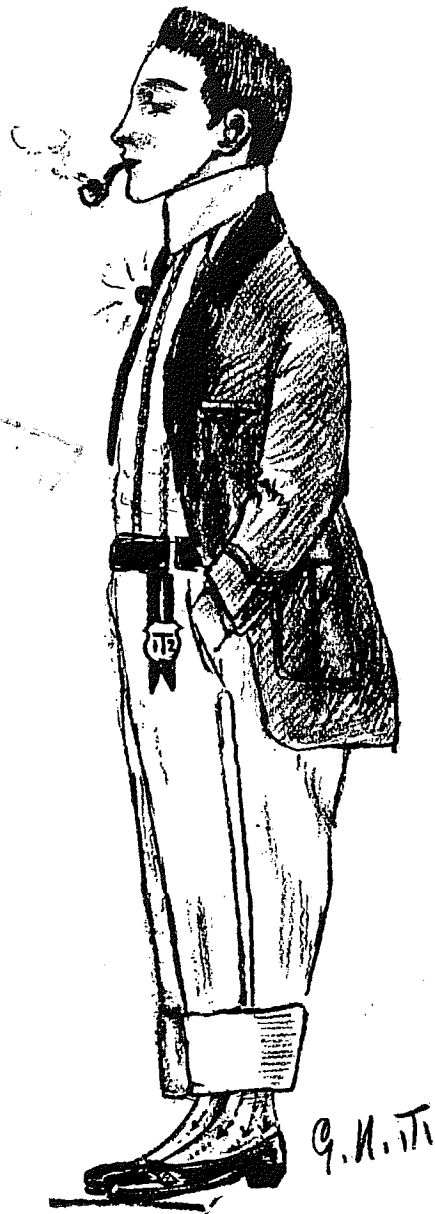
Her web, which had at early morning shown
A glittering gossamer in gem-light rayed;
But noon had left its splendors all decayed,
Where only dust and withered leaves were strewn.

Mute symbol of the little life we weave,
A tenuous web of futile day and deed!
Rich dreams of golden dreams our youth array;

But swiftly pass the years, and passing, leave
Our hearts despoiled of manhood's promised need
And filled with bitter dust and dull decay.

P.

FRESHMAN



Officers of Freshman Class

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R. D. IRWIN.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
C. P. BYRD.....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
W. B. HOUSEAL.....	<i>Poet</i>



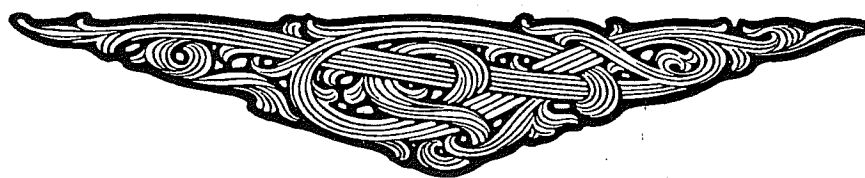
Freshman Class Roll

B. B. ADAMS	C. L. CRANFORD	W. S. HAZZARD
A. F. AKERS	W. A. CROWE	R. C. HEAD
W. A. ALEXANDER	C. L. CRUMBLEY	J. F. HEARD
A. L. ALMAND	S. A. CRUMLEY, Jr.	F. P. HEIFNER
E. S. ARMISTEAD	R. H. DAVIS	A. A. HEDGE
F. B. BAILEY	W. K. DAVIS	A. P. HILL
H. P. BALDWIN	T. I. DAVIDSON	R. E. HIGHTOWER
B. E. BALL	L. DE LOACH	J. C. HILLHOUSE
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K. K. BARWICK	W. L. DICKEY	E. B. HOOK, Jr.
A. T. BATES	E. H. DIEMMER	G. H. HOPE
R. S. BEDOZ	H. L. DIX, Jr.	W. M. HOSHIEM
T. B. BETHOL	E. D. DRUMMOND	W. B. HOUSEAL
T. BENNING	W. L. DULANEY	H. N. HOUSOR
T. T. BLAKELY	R. F. EDMONDS	I. E. HOWARD
L. BLECKLEY, Jr.	A. S. ELDRIDGE	H. F. HOWDEN
J. A. BLOUNT, Jr.	C. C. ELEY, Jr.	M. C. HOWE
L. C. H. BOLAND, Jr.	W. T. ELLSWORTH	E. A. HUBERT
A. H. BOND	W. A. EMERSON	R. D. IRWIN
C. R. BORDERS	R. FALLIGANT	W. IRWIN
F. S. BOYER	L. FENCHEL	W. P. IRWIN
O. W. BOWEN	R. H. FLOURNOY	C. S. JACKSON
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R. B. BROOKS	E. H. FRAZIER, Jr.	D. A. JEWELL, Jr.
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C. A. BYRD	C. P. GOREE	C. H. JONES
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C. C. CARSON	R. A. GOULD	G. S. JONES
M. E. CARTER	A. A. GREEN	P. B. JONES
J. C. CHAPPLE	N. H. GROSVENOR	W. V. KAY
R. D. CHEATAM	E. C. HALBERT	H. G. KELLEY
W. B. CLARK	B. M. HALL, Jr.	C. T. KING
J. O. CLARK	R. V. HALLAMS	G. T. KINNETT, Jr.
P. H. CLARKE	H. HAMILTON	F. KRENSON
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C. E. A. COLLIER	J. O. HARRIS	J. A. LANDERS
R. D. CONACHER	R. S. HARRIS	J. R. LASTER, Jr.
K. S. CONE	R. M. HARRIS	H. LEEHRMAN
T. D. CONNELL	C. J. HARVIN	L. LEMON
H. COOK	W. J. HAWKINS	F. C. LEWIS
C. B. COX	M. HAYNES	W. A. LINTON

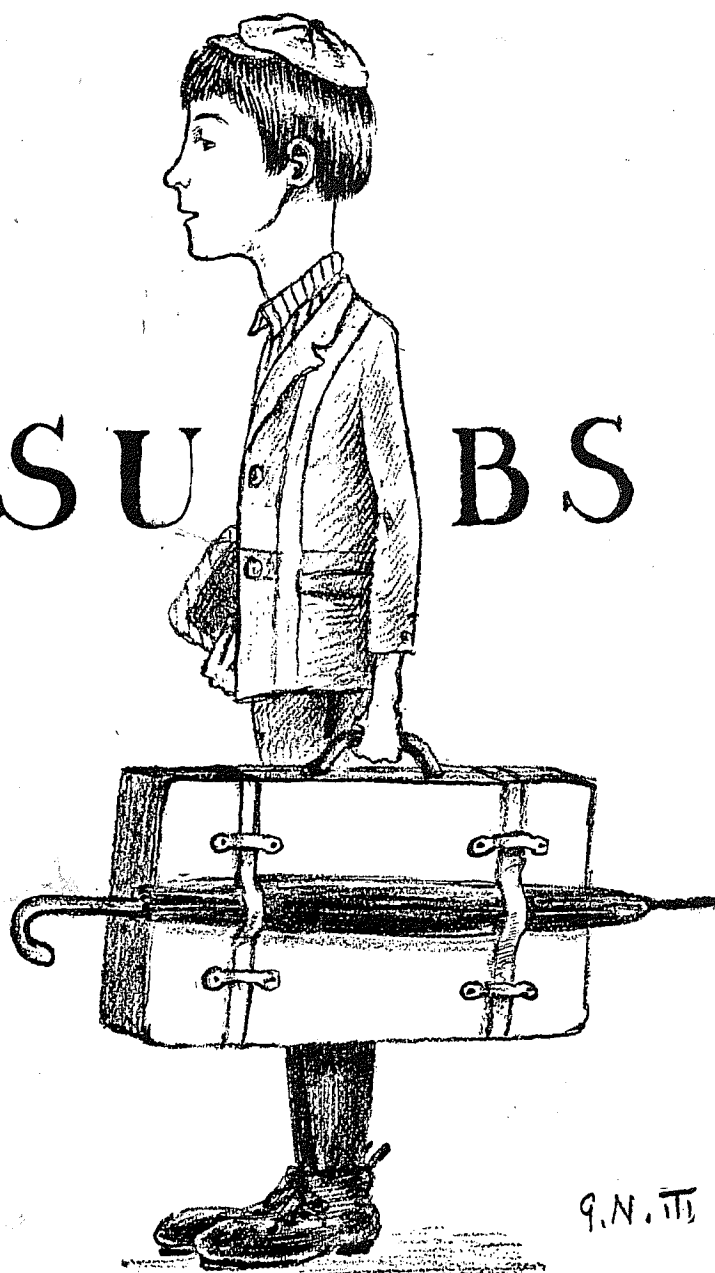
A. W. LLOYD
 W. S. LOOPER
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 H. W. LOVING
 L. MANN
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 W. A. MARKLEY
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 W. H. PEEL
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 W. RAMSPLEY
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 J. A. ROBY
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 H. R. SAGO
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 C. W. SIMMONS
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 H. H. SINON
 C. C. SLOAN
 A. G. SMITH
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 G. A. SMITH
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 W. H. WESTBERRY
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 H. H. WHITAKER
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 S. WHITTHORNE
 A. O. WILLIAMS
 R. H. WILLIAMS, JR.
 C. H. WOOD
 A. N. WYNNE



SUBS



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A. T. PORTER.....	<i>Poet</i>





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W. P. BARNEY
B. L. BARNWELL
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S. R. BLOSSAT
W. H. BLACKMAN, JR.
L. BOSTWICK
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N. P. BROOKS
R. B. BROOKS
B. BROWN
C. N. BROWN
G. BROWN
J. T. L. BROWN, JR.
L. L. BROWN
R. K. BROWN
N. B. BROWNE
F. C. BUSSEY
H. J. CARMICHAEL
N. E. CARR
T. X. CHEVES
W. A. CHILDS
H. L. COLLIER
J. F. COOKE
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E. V. DAVIS
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J. P. DURKEE
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R. B. GARDIEN
J. GIBBONS, JR.

G. E. GOVAN
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C. G. GUILL
C. H. HARBOUR
S. J. HARRELL
J. E. HEARD, JR.
A. HILL, JR.
I. HIRSCH
J. J. HOOK
L. N. HUMPHRIES
J. H. JAMES
F. A. JONES
K. E. KAY
W. B. KEEN
F. W. KNIGHT
H. C. KUERT
C. J. MATTHEWS
R. K. MATTHEWS
H. L. MILES
T. H. MIZE
J. J. MORRIS
F. A. MORRIS
S. B. McMURRAIN
R. W. McNAIR
J. N. NEEL, JR.
R. W. NEEL
H. W. PATTERSON
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J. PHINIZY
A. W. PORTER
P. PRATT
H. R. REESE
R. REYNOLDS
A. C. RHODES
P. N. RICE
C. H. RIDLEY
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F. H. ROBERT
P. J. ROBINSON
J. K. ROCKEY
R. T. SADLER
A. H. SAWTELL
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P. H. SLOAN
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G. THOMPSON
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H. C. WHEATT
F. T. WHITE
P. N. WHITTIER
J. E. WILSON
P. E. WORD
L. P. YANCY
T. T. YARBOROUGH
E. B. ZACHRY

Special Textile No. 1

C. B. AMOROUS
S. E. BARNWELL
T. S. M. BLOODWORTH
D. BRYAN
W. M. CARR
T. J. DAY
C. W. ENSIGN
H. M. HAUSER
R. V. HELLAMS
D. HILL
W. M. MOSHEIM
W. W. PECK
W. B. RICHARDSON
A. H. SMITH
W. D. WOOTEN

Vignettes

The child sighed to the moth, "Your lifetime is but a day."

"Yes," said the moth, "but my day is a lifetime."

.

A man built him a wonderful air-castle, which he thought was real; but everyone else knew that it was only an air-castle. Yet the man lived in his castle long and happily; for it was real.

.

As Life passed out of the door, he met Fame closely followed by Death. "You come late," said Life. "No," replied Fame, "I usually follow Death."

.

Once a man sitting in his house complained that he had no visitors. But he forgot that he had locked all the doors.

.

Once a seer of an Eastern court died. The King, wishing to fill his place, summoned the three wise men of his realm, and propounded to each in turn a question.

"What is the most wonderful thing?" asked the King.

The first seer replied, "O King, the most wonderful thing is life. Thereby all things that are, are; and without it, all things that are, cease to be. It is the mystery of mysteries, and no man knows its secret."

The second replied, "O King, the most wonderful thing is death. All life springs from death, and is swallowed up in death again. Therein the mystery of life is solved, but no man knows its own meaning."

Replied the third, "O King, the most wonderful thing of all things is that which is not wonderful."

And the King knew which of the seers was the wisest.

.

Once Faith came to Knowledge. "Teach me," said Faith, "that I may know." "Then," replied Knowledge, "you would no longer be Faith."

.

A wise man, while walking in his garden with a pupil, found in the path a worm, which the pupil crushed with his foot. "Thou hast done an unworthy thing," said the wise man. The pupil rejoined, "It was only a worm." "Nay," answered the wise man, "it was a worm."

.

A certain man prayed to God day and night that he might see Heaven and Hell. At last, God answered his prayer, and sent an angel to show him what he had desired.

The angel first led him into a vast region, where all was dark and cold and full of horror. There he beheld scenes of hate and crime and sin that chilled his blood and filled him with terror. "This is Hell," said the angel. But the man cried, "Come, lead me to Heaven; I cannot endure all this."

Then the angel led him into a realm of beauty and sunshine, where all was pure and true and full of love. "This is Heaven," said the angel. "Ah," cried the man, "let me dwell here always." But the angel shook his head and led the man back to earth.

"How wonderful it all is," cried the man, "and how small am I." And the angel smiled, for the man had but seen his own soul.

.

A man made a puppet which he worked with a string. But the puppet thought he was moving himself, and grew very proud. At last he grew tired of his servitude and broke his string. But he found that he was only a puppet after all.

.

"I have sought everywhere for happiness," sighed the man to his companion.
"Yes," replied his companion, "you have always overlooked me."

.

Said the man to the Earth, "I am your master. I have conquered you and made you my possession."

The Earth replied, "It is true that you have conquered me; yet all who have possessed me, I possess."

.

A very wise man met a saint walking in a field.

"Holy father," cried the wise man, "I would find God. These many years have I sought Him in vain. I have scanned the breadth of the heavens. I have searched the earth and the sea. I have toiled in the realms of science, and delved among the mysteries of knowledge. I have sought Him among all creeds and philosophies. Yet I find Him not. Where, O father, does He dwell?"

The saint smiled, and plucked a tiny flower that blossomed by his side.

.

Once a man was carried to a faraway world, where all was blithe and gay. As he walked through the glowing meadows, where the air was filled with the songs of birds and the soft tinkling of fountains and the pleasant smell of flowers and ripe fruit, he sang and laughed aloud for joy.

Many groups of men and women walked also among the flowers, and all were merry, and gayly laughed and sang. As the man passed these groups, he would cry to them, "Is it not all beautiful!" and they would answer him again and cry, "Beautiful."

At last he met another, who like himself walked alone, and to him also the man cried, "How fair it all is!" but the other sighed wearily and answered, "Come with me."

The lonely one led the man into the fairest part of the meadow, where the flowers and fruits were brightest and the waters clearest. Stooping down, he showed the man that every flower hid a poisonous serpent that sang with the voice of a bird, and told him that death lurked in each fountain and gleaming fruit. Then he opened his garment and disclosed a grievous wound that pierced his breast even to his heart; and the man knew that it was all hollowness and mockery.

The man still sang and laughed aloud, but there was a different note in his voice; for a great change had come upon him. Yet the men and women he passed knew it not, for the change was all within. The man had become a part of the world.

.

"I amount to nothing," said the pebble, as it slipped down the mountain-side.
That night a village was buried beneath an avalanche.

.

Forth from a hill-side gushed a tiny stream, pure and limpid. On it gurgled among the flowers and long-leaved grasses, at times gleaming in the sunlight like a thread of gold in a pavement of emerald, again gliding softly through the calm purple shadows of the wood.

As it wimpled down the hill, it grew larger, and dashed gayly among glittering rocks and over shining pebbles, until at last it reached the plain and flowed on a deep quiet stream. Upon its placid bosom were imaged all the beauties of earth and sky, yet it possessed a great and perfect beauty of its own; every field grew brighter as it passed, and all the world was happier for its being. Yet the course of the stream was not all peace. At times great rocks opposed its passage, or it was lashed and torn by cruel wheels; but it went bravely on, and became ever deeper and more powerful.

After awhile it grew quiet and sluggish, and many dark shadows rested upon it; for it was nearing the end of its journey, and the great dark sea lay ready to receive it. Then, at last, the end of its wanderings came; and gently, with an infinite peacefulness, the stream glided into the embraces of the dim restful sea, and far from out the glowing west was borne upon the wind a murmured melody, as softly sweet as echoes of angelic minstrelsy.

P.

The Bee

Along the fragrant meadow-land
A buzzing bee once flew,
And sipped the honey from the cup
Of every flower that grew;
Yet as he sped on burnished wing
And kissed the blossoms fair,
'Twas but the honey that he drank;
The poison left he there.

Ah, that I might thy lesson learn,
Thou dainty winged wight,
That I might learn to choose between
The evil and the right;
And when upon the world's broad fields
Life's flow'rs I chance to find,
That I may always choose the sweet,
The bitter leave behind.

P.

SPORTS



F. W. COCKSEY



A Football Fantasy

One night while I was dreaming, oh,
The moon outside was beaming, oh,
I thought I saw a football game,
Where not a lone athlete went lame;
Where not a blooming soul was hurt,
And on their togs there was no dirt—
(Remember, I was dreaming).

They wore kid gloves and evening suits,
Tall hats and patent leather boots,
And if a player tried to nudge
Another, all would cry "Oh, fudge—"
Old maids and college presidents
When interviewed said "It's immense—"
(Remember, I was dreaming).

They no more tried to smite with fist
But slapped each other on the wrist;
The "quarter" would politely say:
"Look out! we're coming round your way."
"O thank you, sir," the other team
Would answer back in this wild dream—
(You see, I still was dreaming).

I saw the tackles, cheek to cheek,
Discourse in Latin, French and Greek,
And figure on the yards to gain
With higher geometric brain;
While up and down the Head Coach strode
Intent upon a Horace Ode—
(I still was fondly dreaming).

But I awoke and heard the thud
Of bodies falling, saw the blood
Was flowing freely as of yore
While every gent was lame and sore;
"They've changed the rules," I heard them yell
"But what the hell, Bill; what the hell"—
(I was no longer dreaming).

Grantland Rice.

Athletic History of the Year

During the past year Tech has taken another step in athletics toward our final goal, the championship of the South. We have not gone backward in a single branch of college sport and have, manifestly, gone forward in track, tennis, and basketball. This improvement has been brought about by the hard and earnest endeavors of Professor Randle, Coach Heisman and the student body. In Professor Randle, we have a man who has always the interests of Tech at heart, as is displayed by his every plan and action. We are indeed fortunate in having a man for Director of Athletics who is willing to give so much of his time and energy to this work and who is able to do it so successfully.

One of our rather ancient rivals tells us that Heisman is king of Tech. We all know who is "King" of Tech but we will say, for the benefit of the aforesaid rival, that Heisman is king of coaches. It has been the writer's privilege to serve under Mr. Heisman for three years in various capacities and never in all this time has he heard him advise anything but clean play under all circumstances. Coach Heisman insists that his players conduct themselves as gentlemen both in practice and match games and this stand for true sportsmanship is largely responsible for his remarkable success. The student body too has displayed more spirit during the past year than ever before, and their sacrifice of lung power during the football season was particularly commendable. If this improvement is due to the new generation of students we sincerely hope they will continue their good work throughout their college course.

The baseball season of 1908 was about an even break. As usual there were few veterans on hand when the call for candidates went out and the new material was young and inexperienced. Before the end of the season, however, Coach Heisman and Captain Robert had rounded them into a very good team.

The first two games of the season were lost to Mercer by very close scores. The umpire did the star playing for Mercer. After winning two games from Clemson we lost two to Trinity, who had a very hard-hitting aggregation. We next journeyed to Knoxville and played the University of Tennessee three games amid much rain and mud. After quite a slugging match, the series went to them, as we won Friday's game and they took the double-header on Saturday. Our old rivals, Sewanee, were next on the program and it gave us great pleasure to take two out of three from them. Out of the four games played with Auburn, Tech took two, breaking even on the series. We next lost two games to Alabama, who, by the way, had one of the strongest teams in the South. We then closed our season in a blaze of glory by taking three straight from the Central University of Kentucky. Captain Robert and Mayer pitched excellent ball throughout the season and were the mainstays in the box. Buchanan, who made the All-Southern college team, played wonderful ball behind the bat. Every member of the squad deserves great credit for making the team what it was.

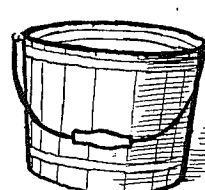
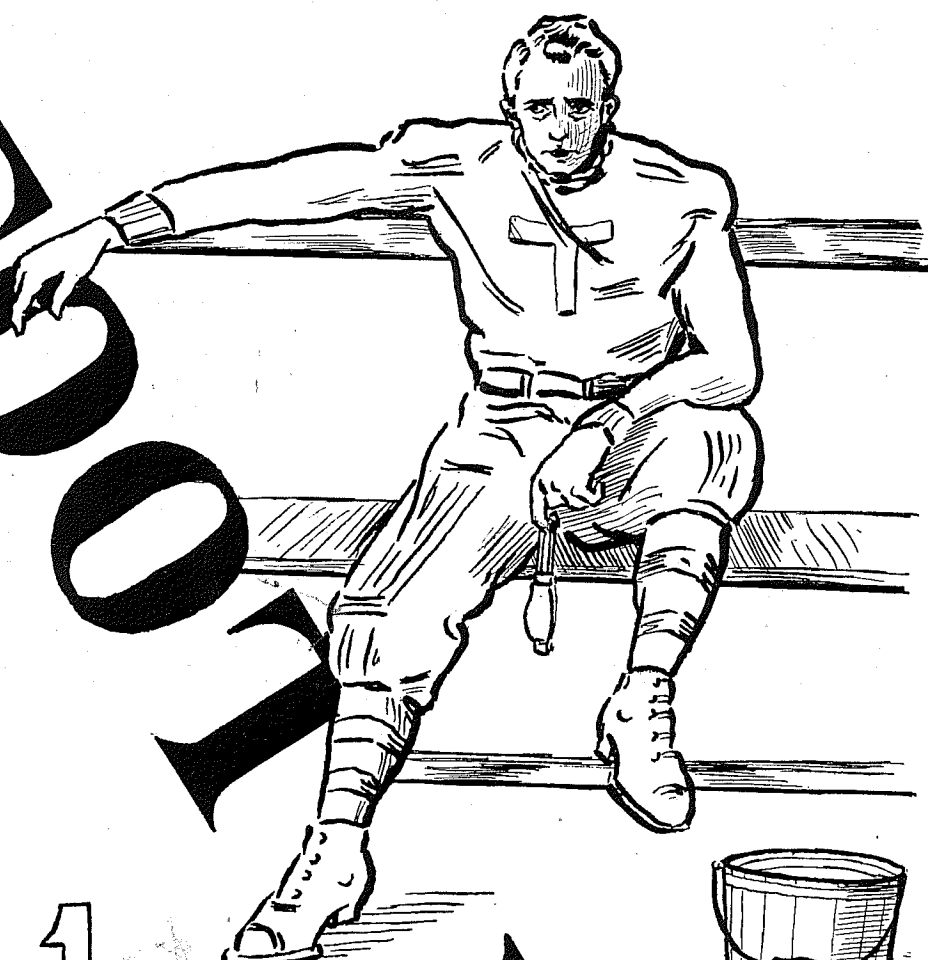
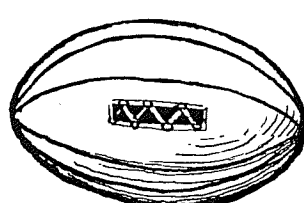
Despite the fact that we had lost many members of last year's squad and the passing of the one year rule, the football season of 1908 was a very successful one. We won all our preliminary games with ease and started off our college schedule by defeating Mississippi A. & M. by a large score. Our next game was with Alabama and we won again, after a hard fight, making their famous varsity two-step look like the proverbial thirty cents. The following Saturday we lost to Tennessee by one point. This team had come to its height in mid-season for its game with Vanderbilt. The next game, with Auburn, proved our Waterloo, as we lost to them by a large score. Sewanee then gave us a chance to redeem ourselves and we took advantage of it by holding the star "Tiger" team to one touchdown and almost tying the score. Mercer proved an easy victim, Tech winning by a score of 17 to 6. Then came our Thanksgiving game with Clemson. Before an enormous and enthusiastic crowd we gave them an overwhelming defeat. Football authorities in the South say that no team in the S. I. A. A. could have scored over one touchdown, if that, against us on that day.

In closing the football season the writer would like to hold up to all Tech men, three players who will play no more for Tech, having finished their college careers. These men are Robert, Emerson and Hightower, who in all their connections with athletics have shown that Tech spirit and Tech loyalty which are advancing us to a high place in the athletic world.

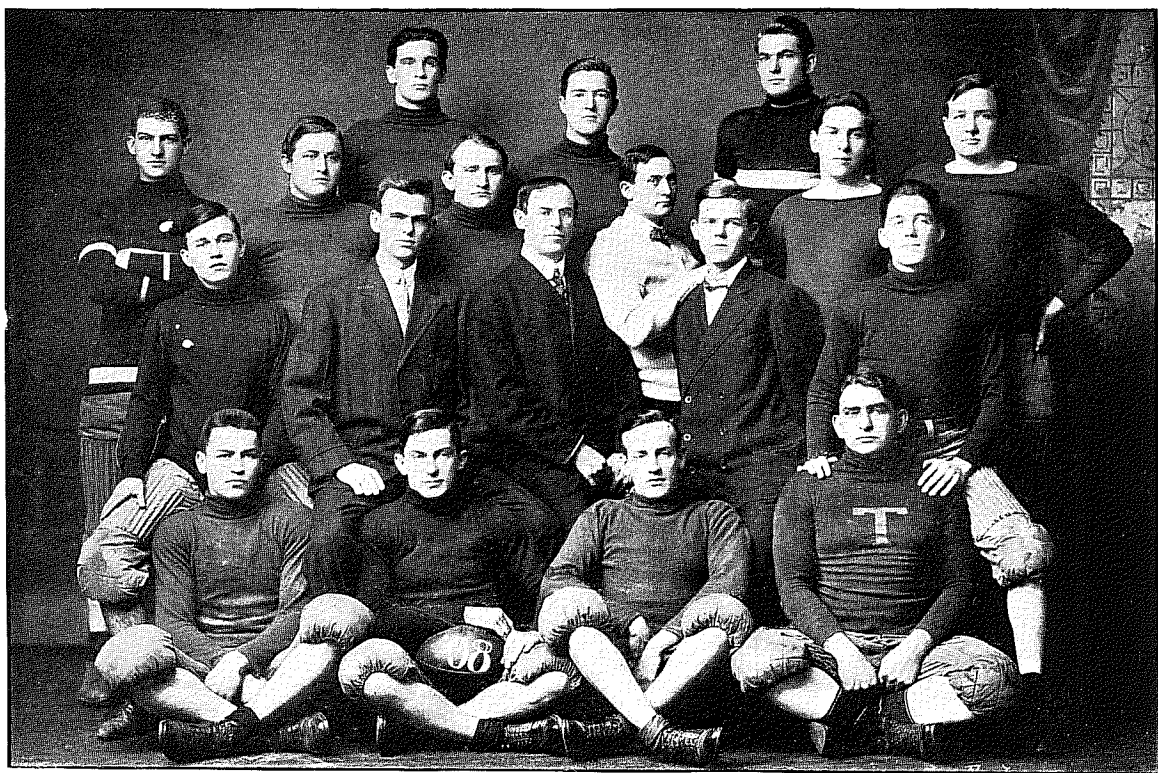
FOR SALE

SEASON

1908



- H. HULL -
'09.



Football Team

JOHN S. BALDWIN.....*Manager*
 J. THIESEN }*Assistant Managers*
 W. WILSON }
 L. W. ROBERT.....*Captain*
 J. W. HEISMAN.....*Coach*

Varsity

J. J. SPALDING	M. C. McDOWELL	L. W. ROBERT
H. MOORE	A. A. GREEN	C. BUCHANAN
H. W. PATTERSON	D. W. PARRISH	J. R. DAVIS
L. J. McPHAUL	W. H. HIGHTOWER	C. H. RIDLEY
C. P. MEANS	ASHER AYRES	G. W. BARNWELL
	C. L. EMERSON	

Substitutes

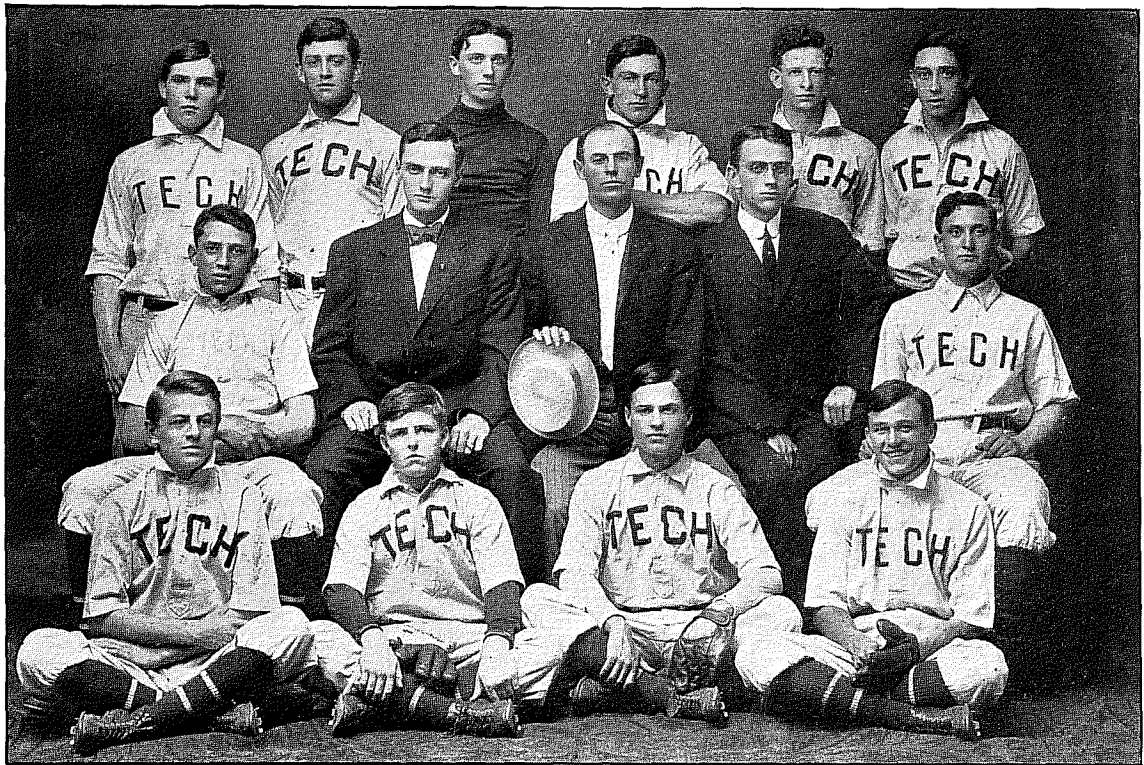
R. M. MATTHEWS	M. F. LEGG	S. I. BELL
W. K. JENKINS	G. W. DUNCAN	B. W. SINCLAIR
E. H. ROGERS	C. AMOROUS	

Football Schedule

1908

Tech.....32	Gordon Inst..... 0	Tech..... 0	Auburn..... 44
Tech..... 30	Mooney..... 0	Tech..... 0	Sewanee..... 6
Tech.....23	Miss. A. & M..... 0	Tech..... 16	Mercer..... 6
Tech..... 11	Alabama..... 6	Tech..... 30	Clemson..... 6
Tech..... 5	Univ. Tenn..... 6		





Baseball Team

G. W. McCARTY *Manager*
 O. L. HARRISON *Assistant Manager*
 L. W. ROBERT *Captain*
 J. W. HEISMAN *Coach*

Varsity

R. M. MATTHEWS	J. H. PITTS	J. E. MAYER
L. G. PEASE	C. BUCHANAN	J. E. DAVENPORT
W. H. HIGHTOWER	L. W. ROBERT	ASHER AYERS
Y. F. FREEMAN	W. H. WALDEN	

Substitutes

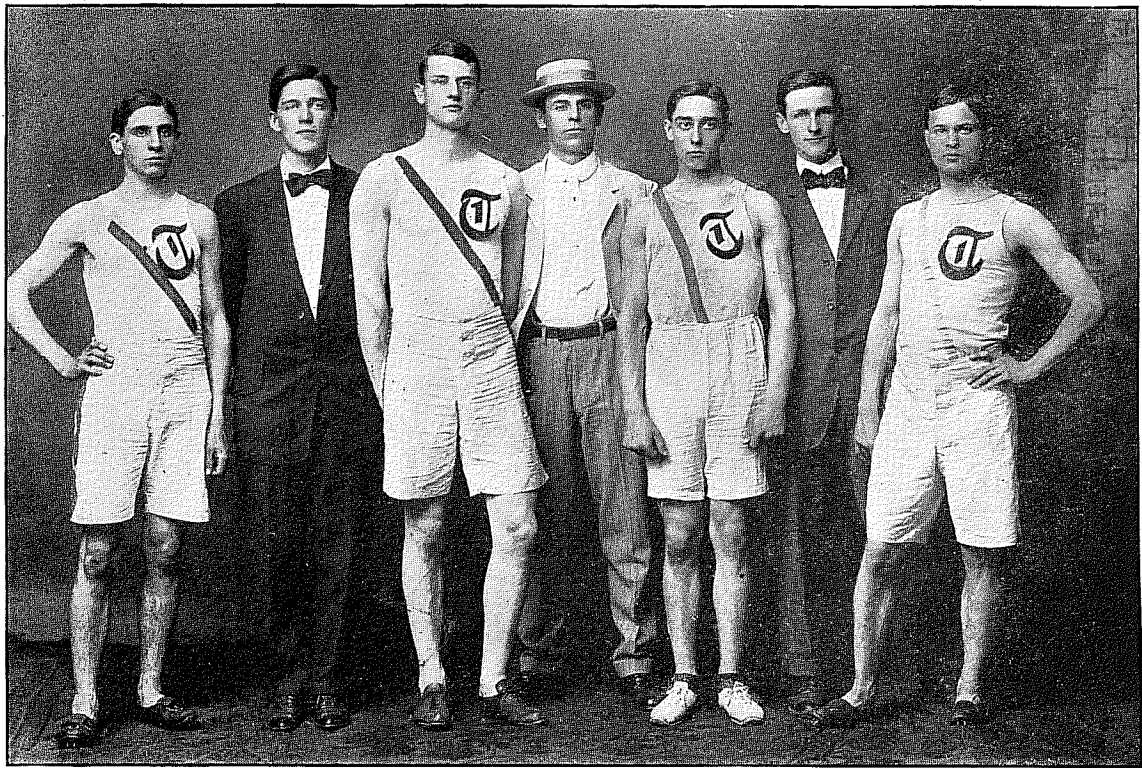
R. IRVIN	H. J. WOOD	H. A. DESPREZ
N. C. McCUTCHEN	M. A. HILL	

Baseball Schedule

1908

Tech..... 1	Mercer..... 2	Tech..... 2	Sewanee..... 3
Tech..... 2	Mercer..... 3	Tech..... 0	Auburn..... 1
Tech..... 4	Clemson..... 2	Tech..... 7	Auburn..... 2
Tech..... 5	Clemson..... 4	Tech..... 1	Alabama..... 5
Tech..... 0	Trinity..... 2	Tech..... 0	Alabama..... 1
Tech..... 0	Trinity..... 5	Tech..... 3	Auburn..... 8
Tech..... 10	Univ. of Tenn..... 8	Tech..... 6	Auburn..... 0
Tech..... 3	Univ. of Tenn..... 5	Tech..... 14	Cen. Univ. of Ky.... 0
Tech..... 2	Univ. of Tenn..... 6	Tech..... 6	Cen. Univ. of Ky.... 3
Tech..... 7	Sewanee..... 0	Tech..... 4	Cen. Univ. of Ky.... 1
Tech..... 2	Sewanee..... 1		





Track Team

1908

C. L. EMERSON.....	<i>Manager</i>
H. C. DOWNING.....	<i>Assistant Manager</i>
L. E. GOODIER.....	<i>Captain</i>
J. W. HEISMAN.....	<i>Coach</i>

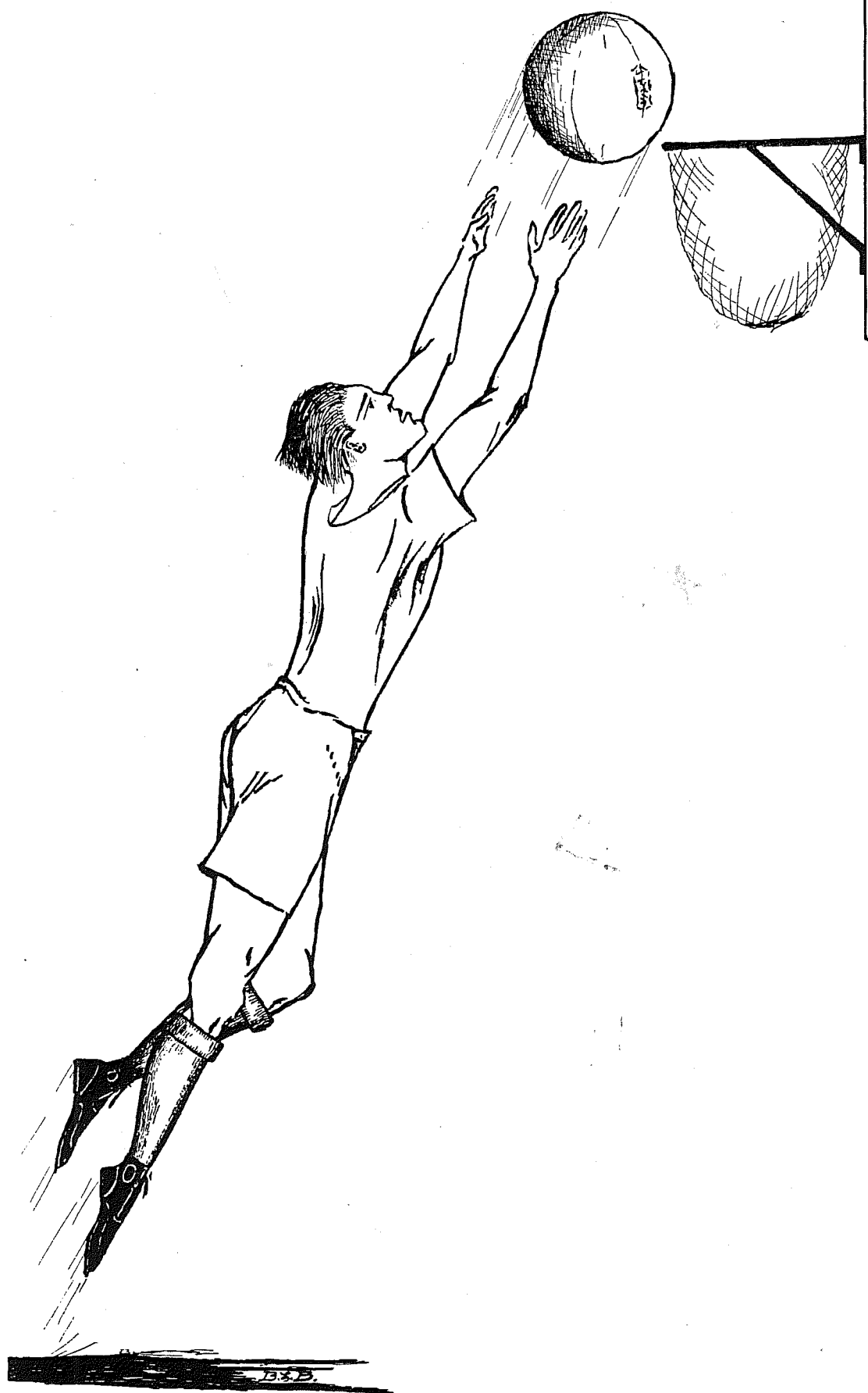
Varsity

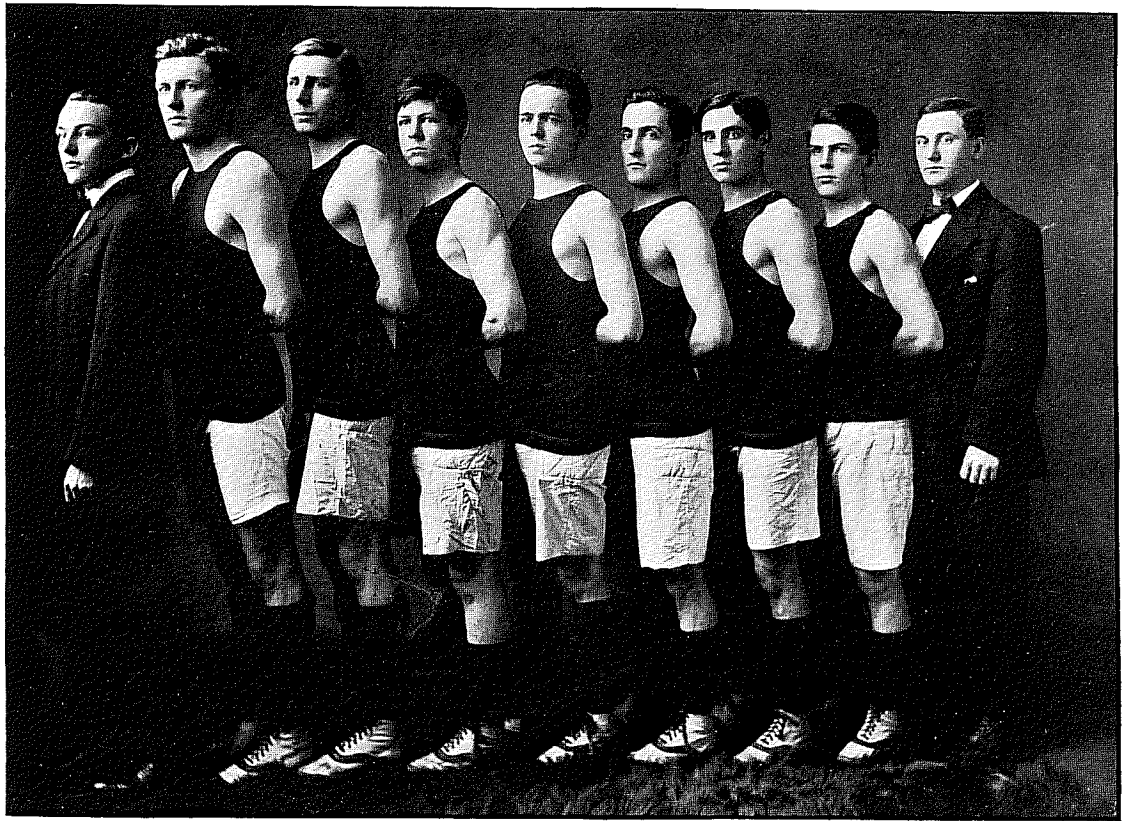
L. E. GOODIER
J. E. DAVENPORT

Z. V. MYERS
C. A. FRAZIER

The first meet of the track season was with Clemson at Clemson, which they won 59 to 49. Goodier and Davenport each won three first places. We then pulled off a very successful field day, after several postponements on account of rain. This was the first meet held on our new track around the baseball park and, though rather wet from recent rains, it was pronounced excellent. On May 22 and 23 the S. I. A. A. meet was held under our auspices at Tech Park. It was a great success, many records being broken. Davenport of Tech ran the half-mile in 2 min. 51½ seconds, and would also have broken the record for the mile if he had been pushed. Captain Goodier, Myers, and Frazier did excellent work also. Tech secured third place with 22½ points, beating our old rivals, the University of Georgia, by five points.

BASKET BALL.





Basketball Team

1909

W. H. HIGHTOWER.....	Manager
J. G. HAZELHURST.....	Assistant Manager
Z. V. MYERS.....	Captain
J. W. HEISMAN.....	Coach

Varsity

V. S. DAWSON
Z. V. MYERS
F. B. BAILEY
W. B. COLEMAN

R. F. GOLDEN
R. M. HARRIS
R. L. HARRIS
H. C. BOSTWICK

Basketball was resumed at Tech this year after several years of rest, and considering the lack of experienced men and a good gymnasium, the season could not be called a failure. Next year under the able leadership of Captain Val Dawson great things are expected of the team.

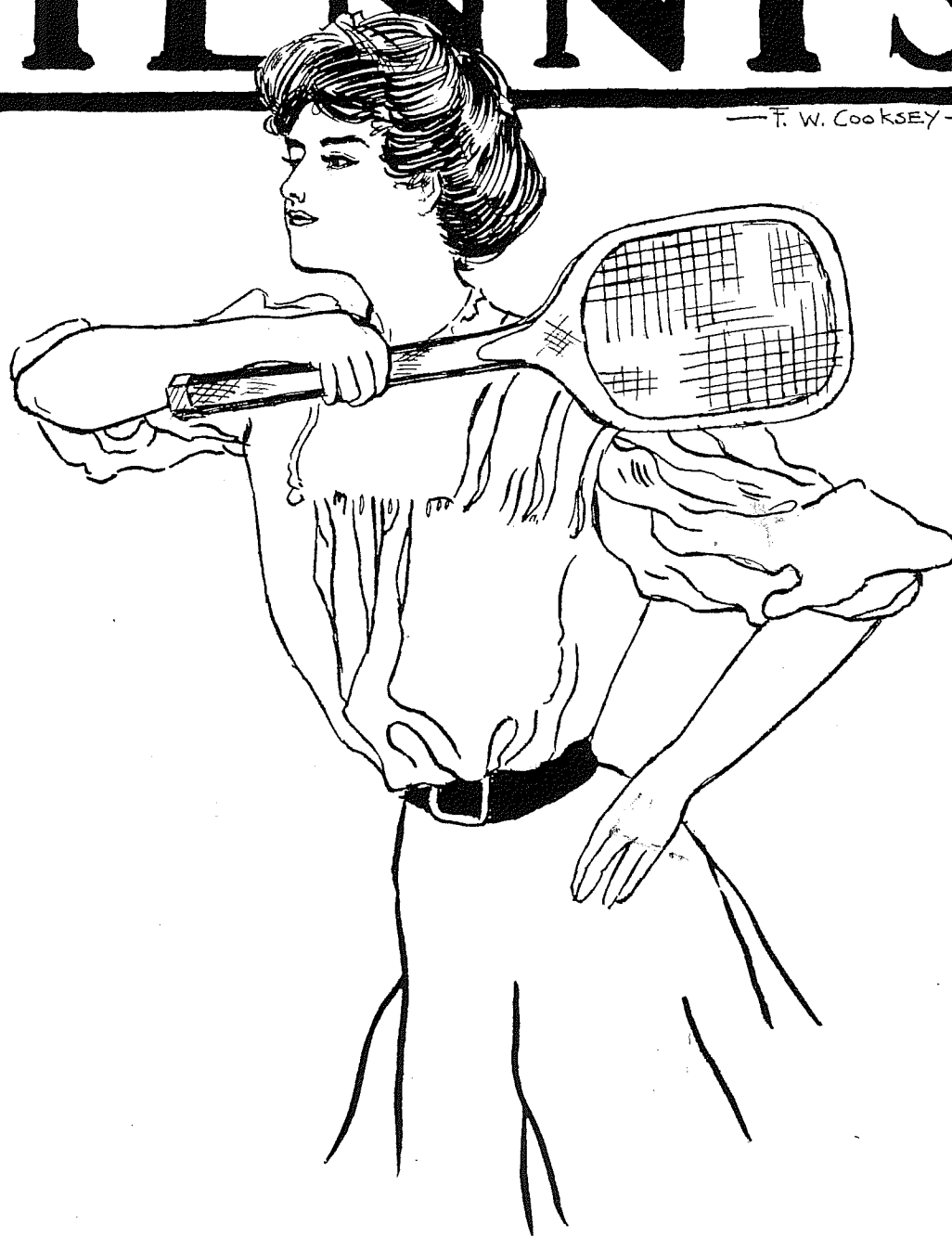
Basketball Schedule

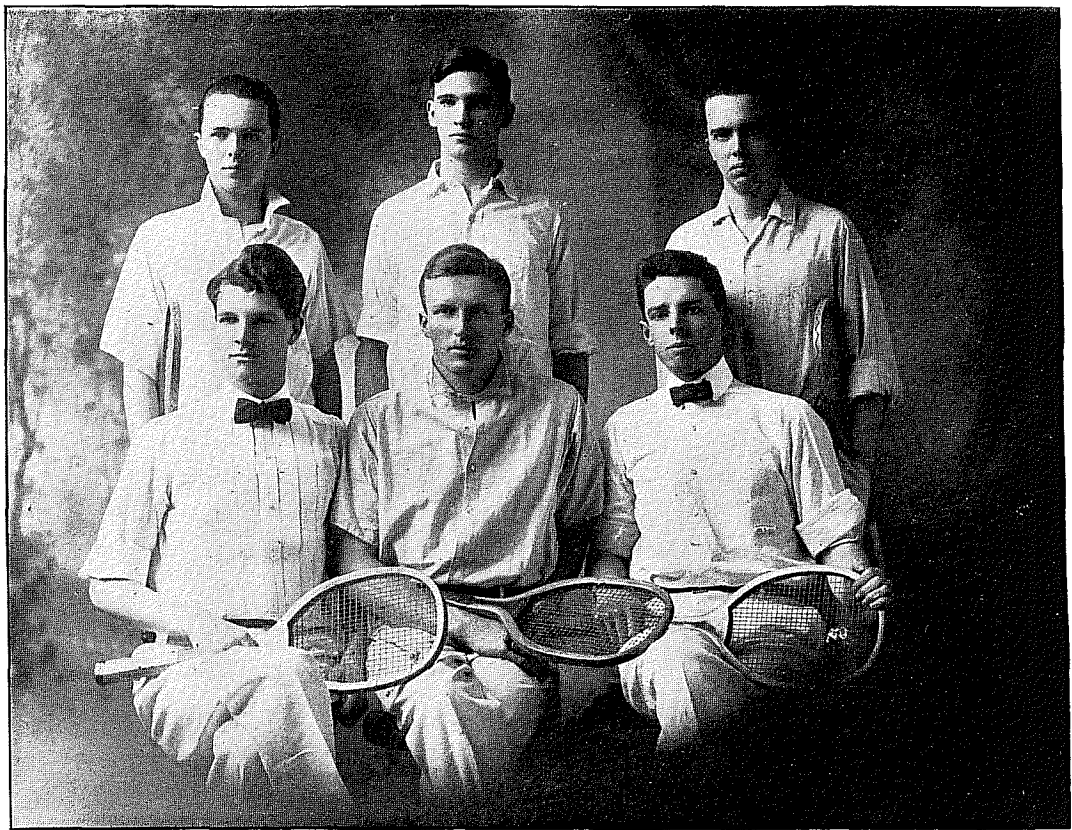
1909

Tech..... 27	Mercer..... 7	Tech..... 12	A. A. C. Reserves.... 18
Tech..... 15	Tulane..... 25	Tech..... 13	Georgia 69
Tech..... 9	Georgia..... 78	Tech..... 8	Auburn..... 24

TENNIS

—F. W. COOKSEY—





Tennis Team

1908

W. B. COLEMAN.....*Manager*

Team

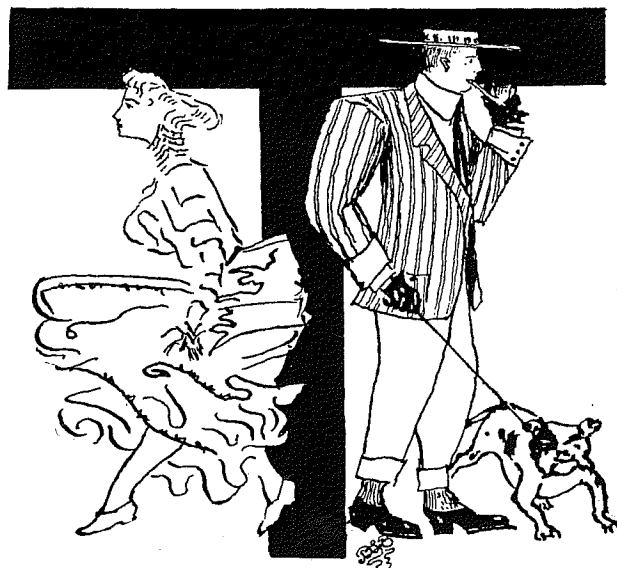
C. V. C. GLOVER
J. D. DAWSON
V. S. DAWSON
R. R. STEWART

W. C. CLARK
H. W. PATTERSON
L. C. CONALLY
W. B. COLEMAN

Tech Champions

H. W. PATTERSON <i>Singles</i>
R. R. STEWART	}..... <i>Doubles</i>
C. V. C. GLOVER	

More interest was shown in tennis this year than ever before. In the Southern intercollegiate Tournament, which was held at East Lake, under the auspices of the Atlanta Athletic Club, six Tech men were entered and of these J. Dawson, Patterson and Conally lasted till the semi-finals in singles while Patterson and Coleman did the same in doubles. A college tournament was also held and, after a hard fight, Patterson won the title in singles while the doubles went to Stewart and Glover.



Wearers of the T

Football

J. G. CHAPMAN
J. R. DAVIS
C. L. EMERSON
C. BUCHANAN
J. J. SPALDING

C. P. MEANS
H. P. PATTERSON
M. C. McDOWELL
L. W. ROBERT
H. MOORE

L. J. McPHAIL
C. D. JONES
ASHER AYRES
DEAN HILL
W. H. HIGHTOWER

Baseball

C. BUCHANAN
L. W. ROBERT
ASHER AYRES

J. E. MAYER
J. E. DAVENPORT
W. H. HIGHTOWER

C. A. FRAZIER
R. M. MATTHEWS
Y. F. FREEMAN

Track

Z. V. MYERS
C. A. FRAZIER

J. E. DAVENPORT
L. W. ROBERT

C. D. JONES
W. L. SIMONS



Imagination



From the Postman's Packet

His First Dear

Dear Papa: I have missed you all ever so much, but have found everybody very nice to me at the Tech. The lessons are ever so hard, but the professors take a good deal of trouble in explaining things, though they do mark awfully hard. The president is a real nice man and so is the professor of chemistry, but they are mighty stern and I am a little scared of them. I like all my teachers and, I mean to study and conduct myself so as to win the respect and confidence of every one of them. I am ever so much obliged for that five dollars. Give my love to Mamma and Joe and Sue and everybody else. With lots of love for yourself.

Your loving son,

JOHNNY.

His Second Dear

Dear old Dad: K. G.'s recent billet-doux seems to have jarred your works some—and then some. But don't weaken, my boy, don't weaken. You see the King Bee of the hash joint caught me copping a few slabs of pie and bestowing them in my jeans, and had me haled before the Wise Ones. But I fixed Big Doc with my eagle eye—I knew he was the big noise—and put up a spiel that would have curled the front hair of a Mexican dog. So you need not put crape on the family plate just yet; just keep the fatted calf and the rest of that junk in camphor for a moon or two longer. Thanks for the ten-spot received today. Love to the Mater.

Your fond son,

JOHN.

His Third Dear

Dear Father: I note what you say in regard to my last report. As a matter of fact I think I deserve a higher mark in both those subjects; those two professors have had it in for me all year. I know that I have been out a good deal, but I think that a man's social development is just as important as anything he can learn from musty old books. I do hate a grind. I have tried to keep my expenses down; but when a young man accepts invitations, he must show some attention to his hostess and her guests. This, of course, means flowers, candy, theater-tickets, and those other things which you so unjustly call extravagances. Then, too, a man who goes out at all is just obliged to dress in some sort of form. That last twenty-five dollars was hardly enough to pay Muse, so please send me a check at once. With love to Mother and yourself, I am,

Yours very affectionately,

J. RANDOLPH BROWN.

His Fourth Year

My dear Father: I really cannot understand your position in regard to the matter you wrote me about. You seem to forget that I am no longer a child and certainly have some right to form my own judgment and opinions—and to act on them. The “cut” I received at school is a thing simply too puerile to discuss. The faculty are a lot of perfect old fossils in their ideas of administration. They treat us like babies, and the way they tie us down to a long string of petty idiotic rules is perfectly sickening. I wish I could take things in hand awhile; I will guarantee that the school would improve fifty per cent inside of six months. Like you I was amazed at my last report; it is rank injustice. I am anxious to get out into the world where I can find some appreciation of my efforts and worth. I notice your comments accompanying your last enclosure of fifty dollars. You must remember, however, that a man cannot live on the pittance you sent me when I was a mere child. You will kindly give my love to Mother. With best wishes and regard for yourself, I remain

Yours very sincerely,

JOHN RANDOLPH BROWN.

Two Years Later

Dear Father: Let me thank you for your good letter with its word of cheer and advice. I often wonder what I should do if I did not have your wise experienced head to turn to for guidance in my difficulties. I have had considerable trouble in securing a position, but am at last pretty well situated. The kind letters sent by Dr. Matheson and Dr. Emerson helped things along wonderfully. I deeply appreciate their interest in my welfare. I am not having an easy time. My work hours are from eight in the morning to seven-thirty at night, with half an hour at noon for lunch; during the latter part of the month, too, I am often kept busy until after eleven. I sometimes think Mr. Jones is unduly exacting; with him everything must be perfectly accurate or it is no good. He has no patience with anything savoring of carelessness. The salary is small, but I am not complaining, for there are a dozen men more competent than I who are ready to fill this place if I should leave it today.

When I passed through Atlanta, I went out to the school, but there were so many strange faces on the campus that I felt an entire stranger. The only familiar things were those benign old buildings and my former instructors, who appeared really glad to see me and whom I certainly enjoyed seeing again. It made me feel sad to realize that I no longer had any share in the work and pleasures of the old place.

I should greatly appreciate it if you could let me have ten dollars, strictly as a loan. I want to stand on my feet, but this month I have had to get me some new winter underclothing and a few other necessities, and wish to be able to meet all my bills promptly.

I suppose that I have been pretty much of an ass during the last few years, and realize more every day what a fool I was to waste those four precious college years. It's surprising how many things a man meets up with in his work that he ought to know and doesn't.

Give my love to the little Mother and all the dear home folk. I am looking forward eagerly to my ten days' vacation, when I shall see you. Accept also for your kind, considerate self the love of

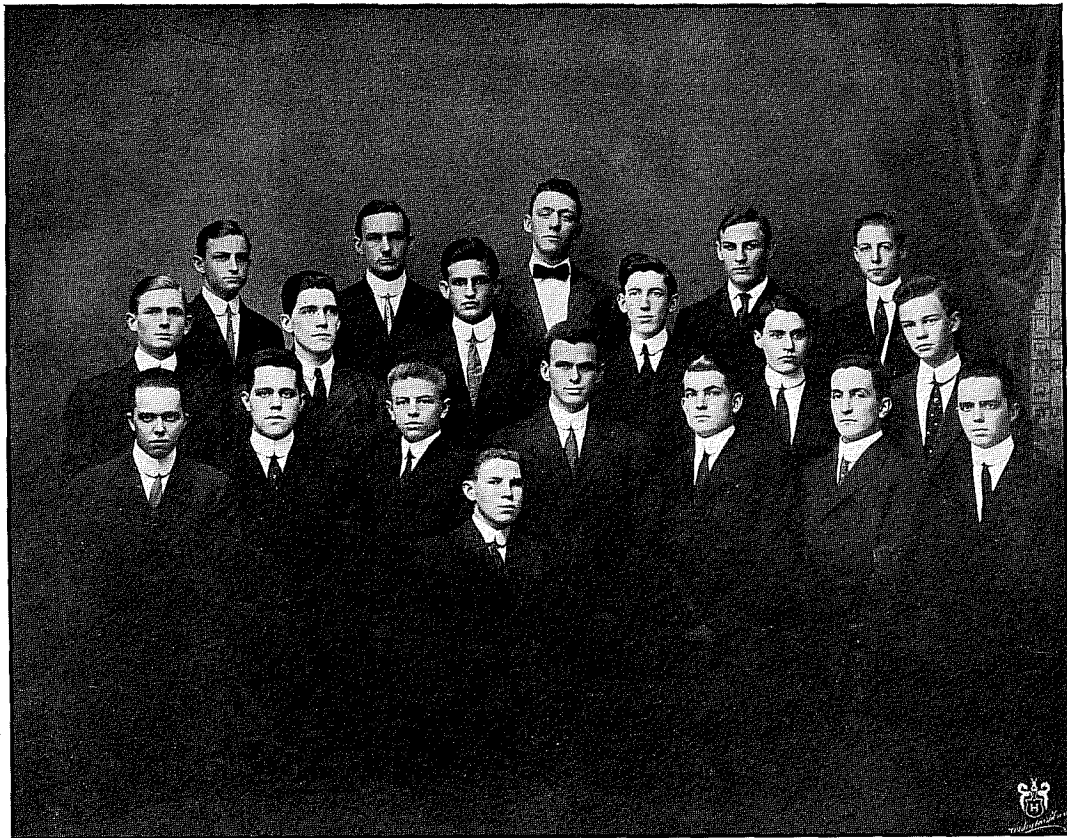
Your son,

JOHN R. BROWN.

FRATERNITIES.



OLIPHANT



Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity

Founded 1865

Georgia Beta Iota Chapter

Entered Tech 1888

Frater in Facultate

W. H. EMERSON

Post Graduate

C. L. EMERSON

1909

G. W. BARNWELL
W. L. WILLIAMS, JR.

1910

J. A. GANTT
Y. F. FREEMAN, JR.
W. S. TUTWILER

1911

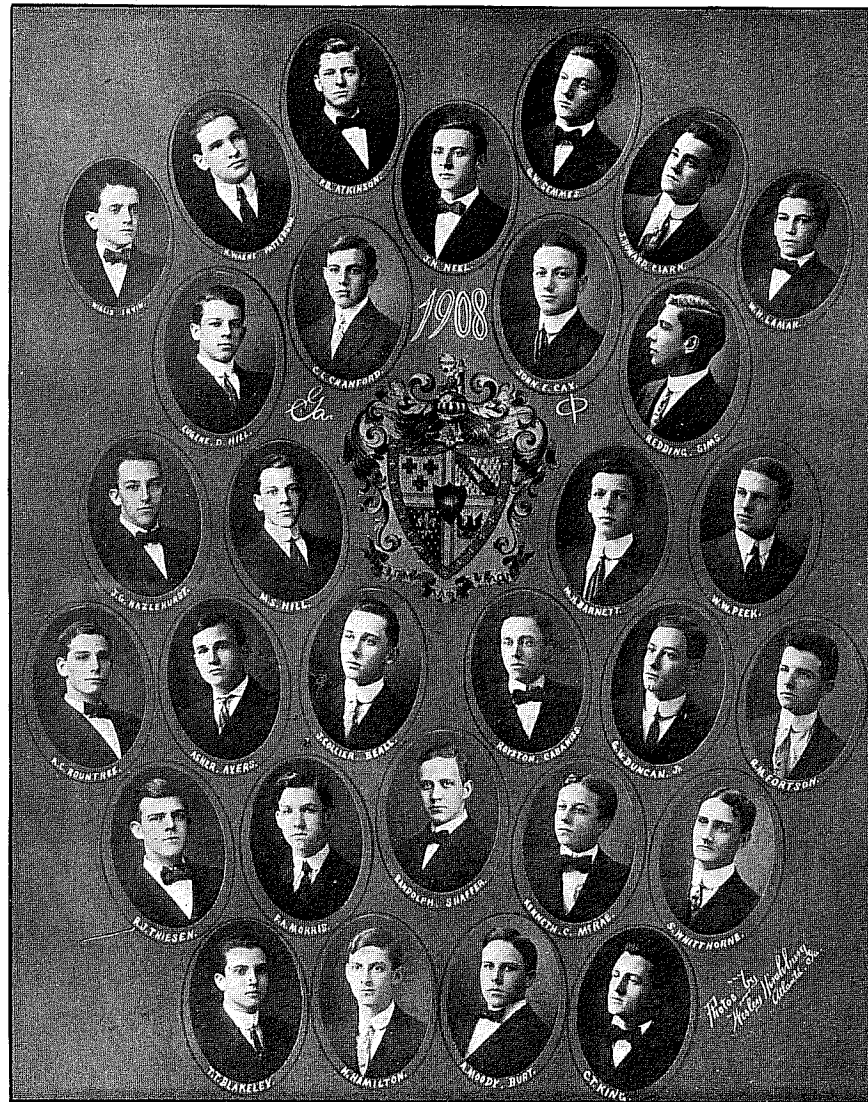
J. S. BALDWIN
J. D. DAWSON
R. A. BURROUGHS
V. S. DAWSON
R. F. GOLDEN

1912

B. L. BARNWELL
L. C. CRUMLEY
H. F. HOWDEN
S. E. BARNWELL
W. A. EMERSON
W. P. IRWIN

1913

F. B. BAILEY
A. HILL



Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity

Founded 1856

Georgia Phi Chapter

Entered Tech 1890

1909

RANDOLPH SHAFFER

1910

FRANK BRAILSFORD ATKINSON
ROYSTON CABANISS
GOERGE WASHINGTON DUNCAN, JR.
JOHN GRIFFISS HAZELHURST
ALBERT CONVERSE ROUNTREE
GEORGE WINGFIELD SEMMES
REDDING SIMS
SAMUEL WATSON WHITTHORNE

1911

JOHN COLLIER BEALL
AUGUSTUS MOODY BURT, JR.
JOSEPH HOWARD CLARK
EUGENE DUBOSE HILL
MONTGOMERY STOKES HILL
KENNETH COLLIER MCRAE

HARMON WAYNE PATTERSON
WILLIAM WINFREY PEEK

1912

MARION HILL BARNETT
TILMAN TRAMMELL BLAKELY
CHARLES LEINONAL CRANFORD
ROBERT MALCOLM FORTSON
HILES HAMILTON
WILLIS IRWIN
CAMPBELL THOMAS KING, JR.
WILLIAM HAWKINS LAMAR
FRANK ANTHONY MORRIS
AUSTIN MCRAE WYNNE

1913

ASHER AYRES
JOHN EUGENE COY, JR.
JOSEPH NORRIS NEAL, JR.
HENRY LATIMER COLLIER, JR.
RICHARD CHEATHAM, JR.



Sigma Nu Fraternity

Gamma Alpha Chapter

Entered Tech 1896

Post Graduate

L. W. ROBERT

1909

L. J. McPHAUL
W. H. HIGHTOWER

1910

W. B. RICHARDSON
W. H. WESTBERRY
M. W. HOWARD
P. M. COLEMAN
R. C. CLARK
M. F. LEGG

1911

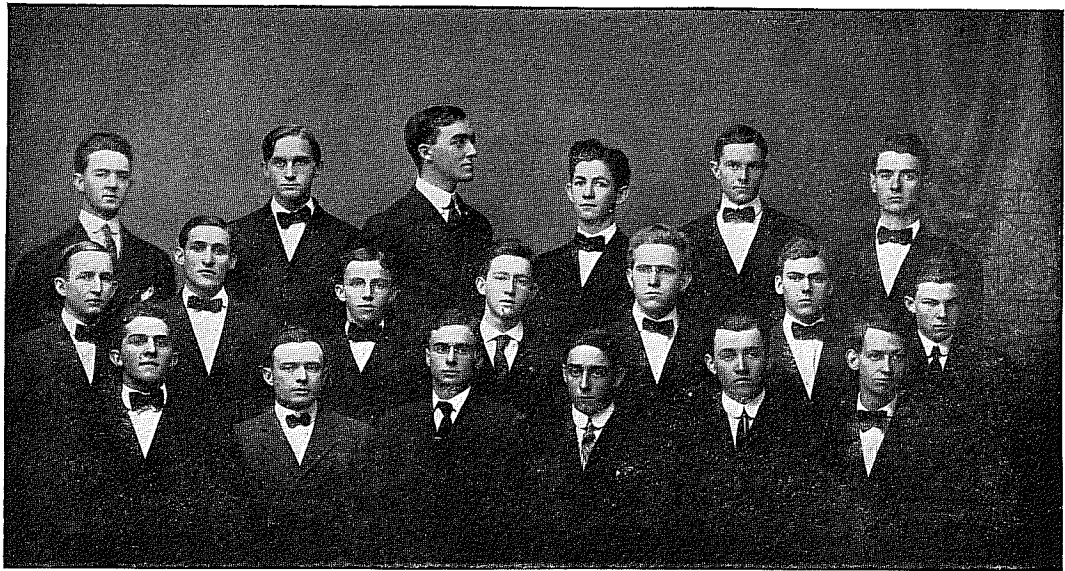
O. W. BOWEN
E. A. WEBSTER
W. M. KELLOG
F. A. KRONNER

1912

H. F. SPENCE
R. E. HIGHTOWER, Jr.
T. H. McDOWELL
M. HAINES
T. D. GUINN
J. D. MATHIS
B. M. HALL

1913

D. W. PARRISH
F. ROBERT
A. P. ROBERT
O. S. PACE
R. K. BROWN
R. M. MATTHEWS



Kappa Sigma Fraternity

Alpha Tau Chapter

Entered Tech 1898

Frater in Facultate

E. W. BOOGHER

1909

DAVID E. HAMILTON

1910

CHARLES W. ENSIGN
DEAN HILL

1911

LUTHER M. ELGIN
JOE A. CLIFTON
CAPERS M. SIMMONS

1912

B. W. SINCLAIR
R. DOUGLAS SADLER

RALPH DEAN IRWIN

WILLIAM T. ELLSWORTH

WALTER G. SMITH

WILLIAM K. JENKINS

F. PIERCE HEIFNER

CHARLES J. SOLOMONS

HENRY K. BARWICK

BROWN KEENE

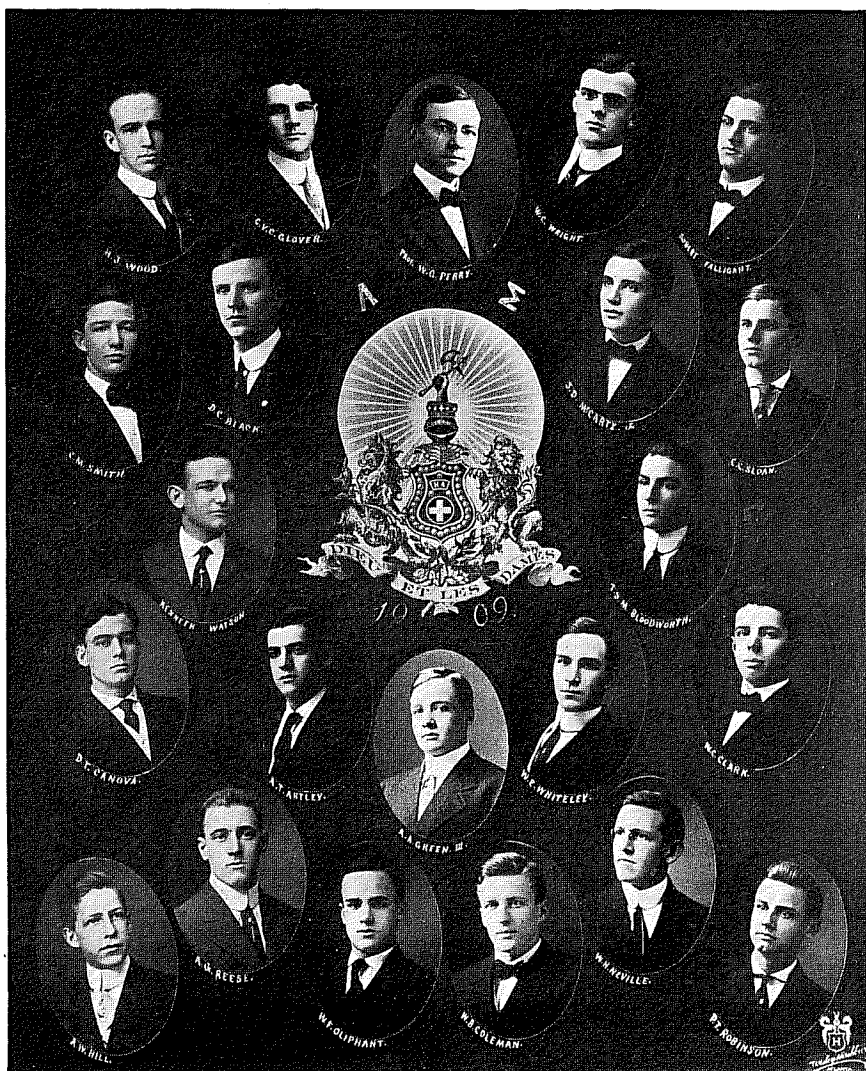
JAMES WOODWARD

1913

A. CLARK FRAZIER

GEORGE VANNERSON

HENRY WESTALL



Kappa Alpha Fraternity

Alpha Sigma Chapter

Fratres in Facultate

Active Chapter

Founded 1865

DR. K. G. MATHESON

Entered Tech 1898

PROF. W. G. PERRY

1909

WALTON C. CLARK

1910

LOWNDES C. CONNALLY

JAMES O. HARRIS

WILLIAM H. NEVILLE

HARRY C. WOOD

WILLIAM C. WRIGHT

1911

ALLEN T. ARTLEY

WILLIAM B. COLEMAN

CLAIBOURNE V. C. GLOVER

ABNER W. HILL

JAMES D. MCCARTY, JR.

KENNETH WATSON

1912

DAVID C. BLACK

DELL T. CANOVA

ROBERT FALLIGANT

ABRAM A. GREEN

WILLIAM F. OLIPHANT

PENDLETON T. ROBINSON

CARL C. SLOAN

WILLIAM E. WHITELEY

1913

THOMAS S. M. BLOODWORTH

AUSTIN G. REESE

CHARLES M. SMITH



Phi Delta Theta Fraternity

Georgia Delta Chapter

Founded 1848

Entered Tech 1902

1909

ERIC WILBURN SMITH
JOHN GRESHAM CHAPMAN
WILLIAM MURPHEY
SHADRACH INMAN BELL

HARRY THURMAN THOMPSON
ROBERT HENRY FLOURNOY
JOHN COBB DENNIS
JOSIAH WILKINS STOUT, JR.
RUSSELL WAYNE MICHAEL
WILL L. DULANEY

1910

LEWIS ROBERT MOBLEY
HENRY COBB LUMPKIN
MATTLAND SOLOMON

ROBERT BERKETTE SWIFT, JR.
HARRY SCOTT HOLLAND
GEORGE SALLE JONES, JR.

1911

HENRY LAFAYETTE MICHAEL
CHAS. CLEVELAND ELY, JR.

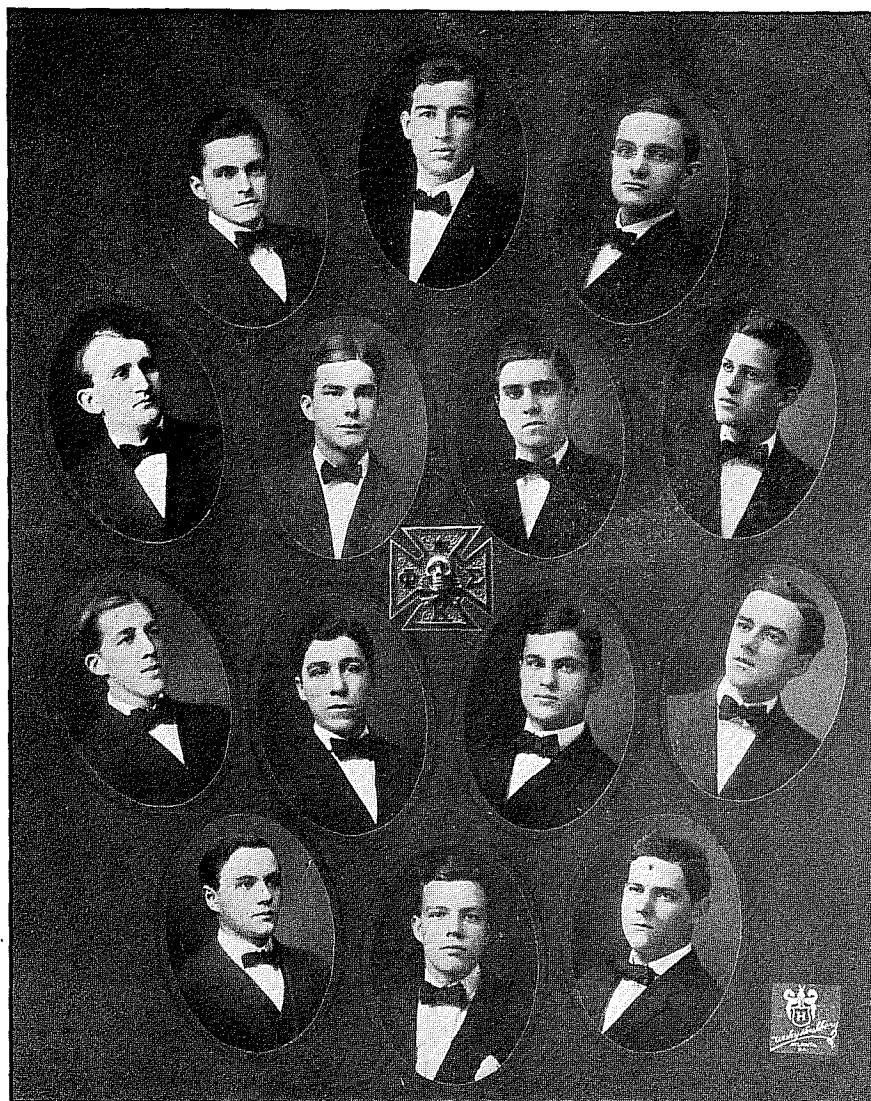
JAMES MERREWETHER WEATHERLY
HENRY CODMAN P. BALDWIN
EARNEST S. ARMISTEAD
WESLEY KIMBROUGH DAVIS

1912

CORLISS BUCHANAN
WILLIAM BRADFORD HOUSEAL

1913

FRED WALTER KNIGHT
FRANK CARSWELL BUSSEY



Phi Kappa Sigma Fraternity

Alpha Nu Chapter

Founded 1850

Entered Tech 1904

Post Graduate

JAMES EGGLESTON DAVENPORT

1909

HOMER MOORE
NUMA C. HERO

HARRY WALLACE LOVING
MILNER T. NEWMAN
JOHN T. CLARKE

1910

EARLE FRANKLIN CHANDLER

1912

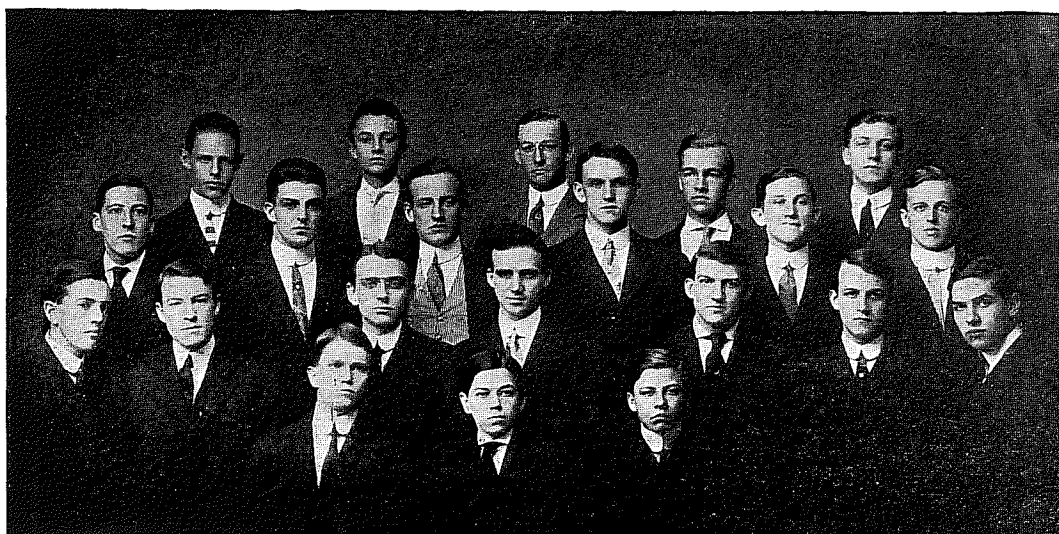
HUGH LUEHRMANN
NAPOLEON HILL GROSVENOR
JAMES F. MYRICK

1911

BYRON EVERETT BALL
ROSS OGDEN TINGLEY
MILNER T. LAHATTE

1913

JOSEPH G. HEARD



Chi Phi Fraternity

Omega Chapter

Founded 1824

Entered Tech 1904

Frater in Facultate

RICHARD H. LOWNDES

1909

F. PHINIZY GARY
ORRIN LEA HARRISON
WILLIAM LUCUS SIMONS

1910

WILLIAM SHILBERT WILSON, JR.
DAVENPORT BRYAN
CHARLES ALLEN COLLIER
CLINTON BACON AMOROUS

1911

COTESWORTH PINCKNEY MEANS
EDWARD BURGESS HOOK, JR.
CARL INGERSOLL COLLINS
JACK JOHNSON SPALDING, JR.

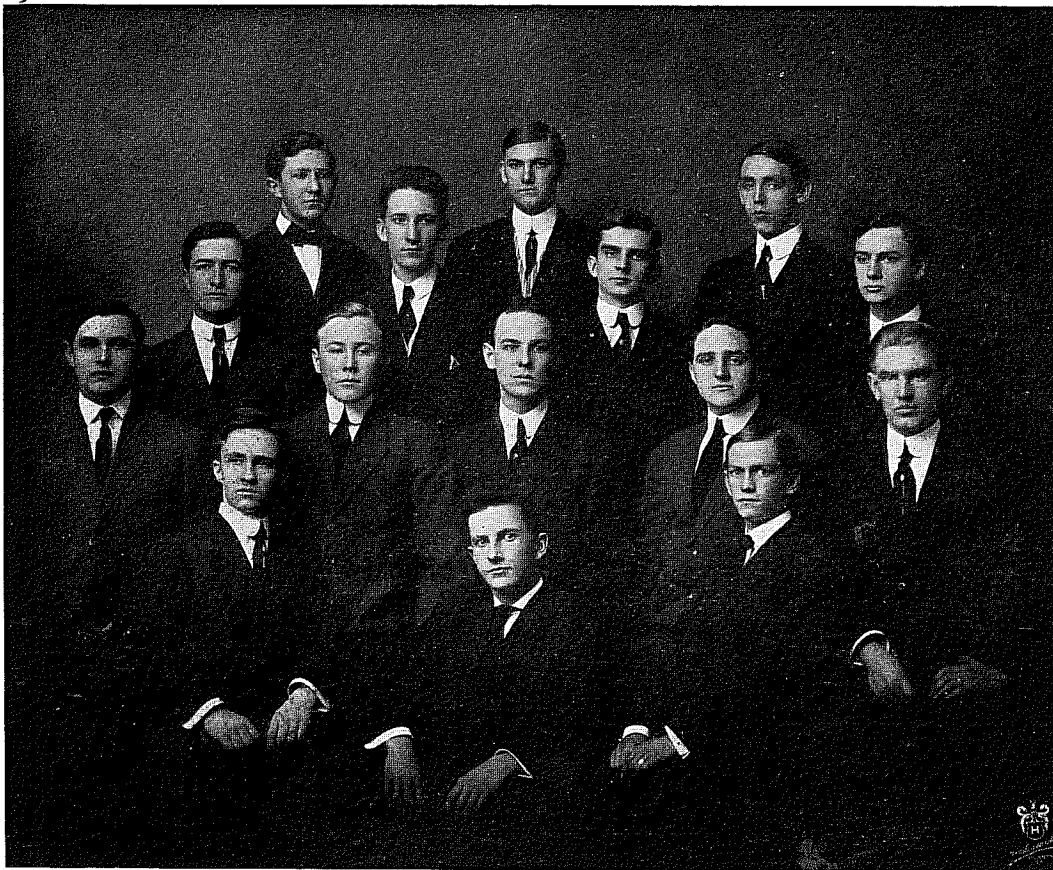
DAN HOOK WOODWARD
ROBERT WILLIAM NEEL

1912

WALTER ANDREW CROWE
DAVID WILLIAM HARRIS
MELVIN EDMUNDSON CARTER
FREDERICK KRENSON
NESBITT NEWTON TEAGUE

1913

JACK PHINIZY
WALTER READ BOYD
JOSEPH JOHNSON HOOK
LAWTON BRYAN EVANS
ROBERTS PLATT TROY
CARL HOOD RIDLEY
JAMES REMBERT DuBOSE



Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity

Alpha Delta Chapter

Founded 1868

Entered Tech 1904

1909

NATHANIEL EDWARD ADAMSON, JR.

1912

DUNCAN H. BROWN

1911

SAM N. HODGES

JOHN G. GILLIAM

MAC T. ROBERTSON

BONNER B. ADAMS

JAMES A. TOMMINS

R. HOWELL WILLIAMS

FRANK A. STIVERS

1913

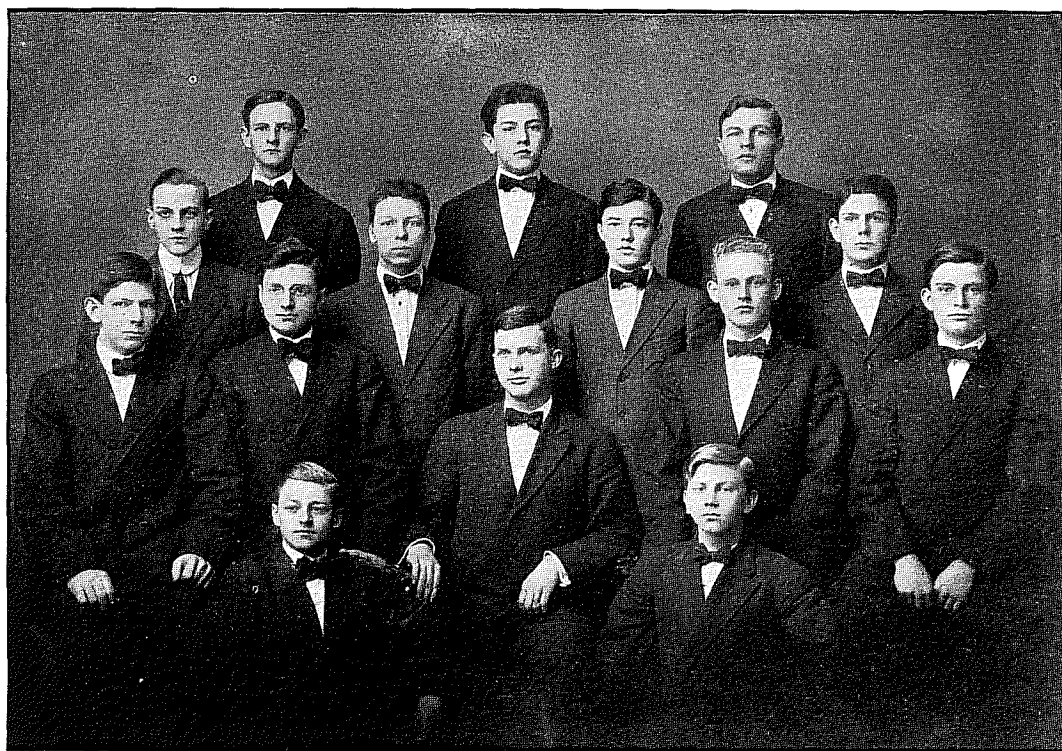
HARRY M. HOUSER

CHARLES H. PEACOCK

JOSEPH W. MCKENZIE

CLIFFORD J. MATTHEWS

W. HEBER THAMES



Sigma Phi Epsilon Fraternity

Georgia Alpha Chapter

Founded 1900

Entered Georgia Tech 1907

Members

1910

THOMAS LENOIR LEWIS, JR.
JOSEPH WITHERS IVY
ERNEST DANIEL IVEY
PIERRE CHARLES HERAULT
JAMES JOSEPH MAY

1911

RAYMOND LEE HARRIS

1912

HARRY LEE DIX, JR.
HERBERT EARL CARR
RICHARD MANLEY HARRIS

1913

HERBERT LEROY MILES
ALFRED WILLIAMS PORTER
CLARENCE GARDNER GUILL
ALBERT HULSEY LAWTELL
YANCY LEWIS
JAMES GIBBONS



My Love is Like the Radiant Morn

My Love is like the radiant morn, so fair and fresh and free;
My Love is like the evening gray with calm, sweet mystery,—
And so I cannot tell if more like morn or eve is she.

Her glance is like the gleam that thrills
along the eastern sky,
Her grace like wisps of cloud that trail
their ravelled fleeces by,
Her step is like the wind that scatters
dewdrops as it passes,
Her laugh is like the rippling brook
that hides among the grasses;
Where flowers spring and sweet birds sing,
'tis there that joy is born,
And so I know full surely that
my Love is like the morn.

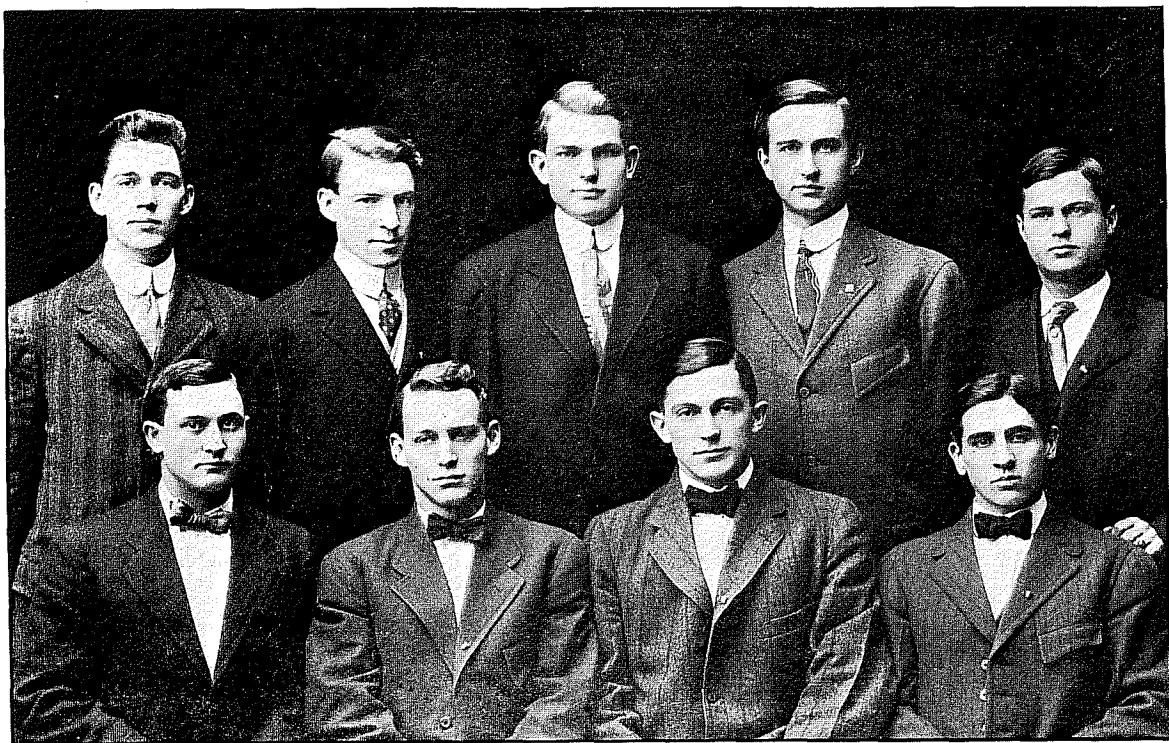
Her faith is like the moon that silvers
every darkened valley,
Her hope like fragrant winds that cheer
each lonely woodland alley,
Her love is like the dew that brings
new life to each drooped flower,
Unchanging like the stars, her peace
enfolds me with its power;
Where night-dews steep and shadows sleep,
'tis there hearts cease to grieve,
And so I know full surely that
my Love is like the eve.

My Love is like the radiant morn—when I from care am free;
My Love is like the evening gray—when naught but care I see,
And so I know full well why both like morn and eve is she.

P.



Realization



Anak Society

Officers

J. E. DAVENPORT.....	<i>President</i>
C. L. EMERSON.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
Z. V. MYERS.....	<i>Secretary</i>
G. W. BARNWELL.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

J. G. CHAPMAN
L. W. ROBERT

E. W. SMITH
W. H. HIGHTOWER

W. L. SIMONS

Anak is now in its second year and its past growth gives great promise of the future. It is composed of men from the Senior Class of Georgia Tech who have shown themselves zealous in the development of college spirit. This organization is not here, primarily, as a social club or honorary society, but to do all it can to develop a better morale among the student body and improve all phases of college life. To its efforts, in a great degree, are due our Glee Club, our Annual, the extension of our honor system, and the improvement of our commencement exercises. We feel that these accomplishments are things of which we may justly be proud.

The Anak Initiation

Great Camels! Shades of the Pyramids! What can this staggering line of bipeds be issuing from the campus of our Knowledge Factory? The coats would seem to proclaim them perfectly good Shriners gone bad; but no, that cannot be, for the dome of thought is encased in the headgear of a soldier boy, instead of that of an oriental pasha. In other words, the festive fez does not enter into the complication. How can this question be answered with Sherlock Holmes far away, at his rooms in Baker street? Ha! a solution. Luther Burbank has left his pastime of playing pranks on poor innocent seeds to the more momentous questions of the modern age. By a wonder of grafting we have here Capital and Labor, not hand in hand, but combined in one and the same individual, giving us an animal whose body is enclosed in the open faced coat of conventional evening wear denoting Capital, but whose legs are enclosed in the blue jeans of the honest workingman. This sounds possible, but consider the cloths on the think tank. Nothing doing,—all over. Then it must be a bunch of verdant Freshmen doing penance for missing roll call in the "Nut." Wrong again. You say they are Juniors? What!—My, how the mighty have tumbled; not fallen, eh? Nay, not so, for these who are now but lowly pigmies grovelling in the dust will be ere long Giants of Anak.

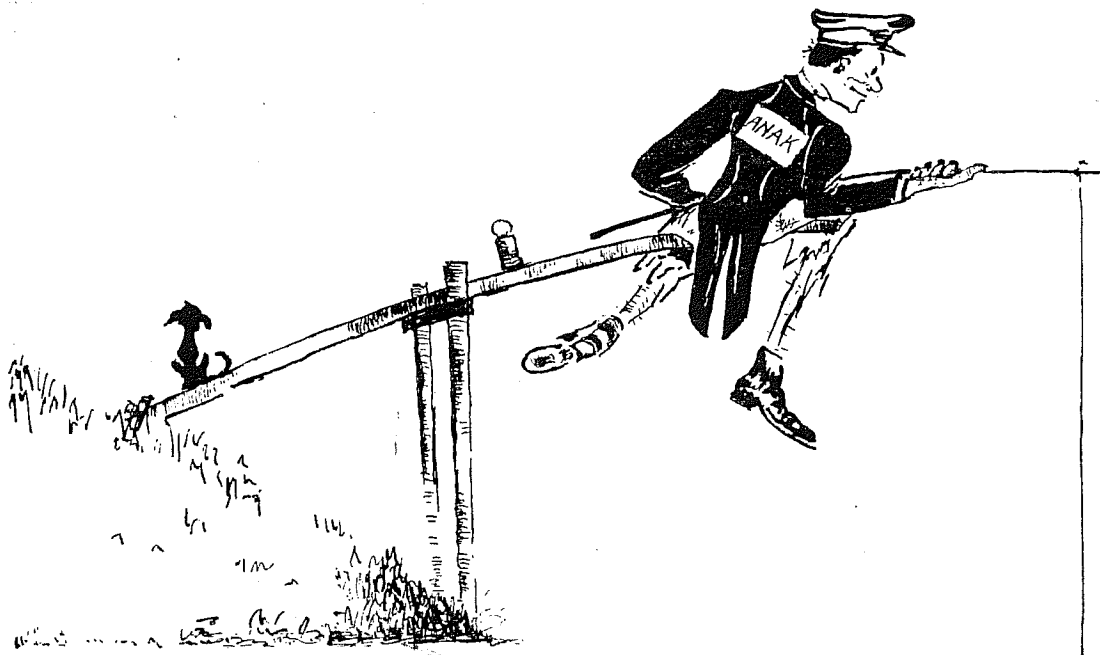
Look! the march has started. No blowing trumpets herald their coming, only the dingedang of a once first-class tin wash basin. Onward they march up the long North Lane which has no turning, for them, till Peechtree street is reached. Bringing up the rear is the artillery consisting of a "Mr. Billy" wheelbarrow loaded with Irish confetti. At every street corner they are greeted by crowds of appreciative spectators. Soon they have traversed that hill of cold winter winds and warm summer sunshine and proudly(?) turning into the far-famed highway where the Elbertas never bloom but peaches may still be found, they continued the colorific march. Proudly walking beside them on the sidewalk are those who have gone before.



Hesitate a moment, gentle reader, and picture if you can this motley crew. Notice, also, that none of them are idly walking, each has his work to do. Proud Eric leads the procession, making "The Spirit of '76" look like the crayon that Aunt Hannah did when she was twelve. Next comes Graceful George and Peaceful Pat, one with the horn of enough and the other with a harmless package of handbills. Then in turn come Languishing Lucas and Lunching Lowndes. They, too, are armed with Senior Faculty literature. Then comes Jaunty John, dragging with all glee a small toy wagon. Last, with no pull but plenty of push, comes Vain Vance. What an awe-inspiring sight it is, to see those who are about to assume the dignity of Seniors shedding the last of their Freshman set of teeth.

Onward, onward, past Goodrum's, past Munnaly's, and then —BACK. Such is the fate of these promising candidates. Then in front of the Tech, man's "Meet you tonight" sandwiches are served to the delight of the army of the unemployed. Can it be that this is the end, that these fortunate fellows are to go back unmolested? Never! The same afternoon this faithful band is gathered at the Senior-Faculty swatfest, some in their same fetching costumes.

Over yonder, silently but surely around the track goes a couple of the youths in near-Salome costume diligently pursuing the festive rolls of a peanut. In front of a bevy of beauties sits a lone fisherman, his line in a bucket of water, never ceasing in his arduous labors.



Then as Old Sol slowly creeps to his resting place in the west and the shades of evening fall, those that have all day shown their true worth are decorated with the emblem of Anak, which means so much to the happy wearers.



Humanity

All night the nun had knelt upon the stone
And bared her soul before God's awful throne,
And fought with sin, and conquered, there alone;

But when the east was kindling into flame,
Desire stirred in her heart,—the nun became
A woman, yearning for the world and fame.

All night the wanton strayed in paths of wrong;
At dawn, her foul and hideous thoughts among,
There moved one wish more pure than seraph's song.

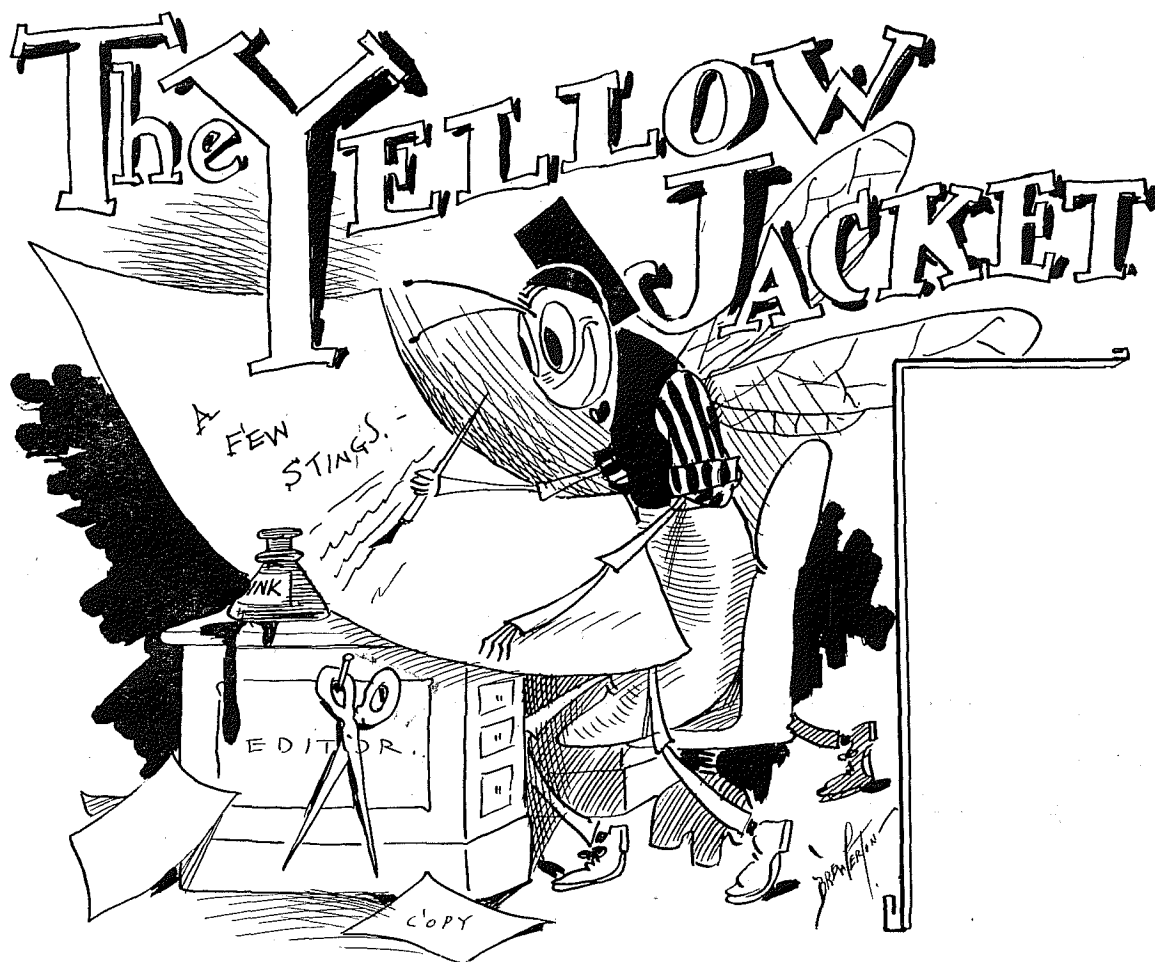
P.





Yellow Jacket Staff

J. W. IVY '10.....	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
W. H. NEVILLE '10.....	<i>Managing Editor</i>
S. C. SIMMONS, '10.....	<i>Business Manager</i>
R. B. INGLE, '11.....	<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>
E. F. CHANDLER, '10.....	<i>Athletic Editor</i>
C. R. CLARK, '10.....	<i>Local Editor</i>
H. W. FERST, 10.....	<i>Exchange Editor</i>
ASHER AYRES, '12.....	<i>Assistant Local Editor</i>
G. T. MARCHMONT, '07.....	<i>Alumni Editor</i>



Some Samples

A Michigan lady, whilst scanning the columns of a newspaper, remarked to her husband: "Why, here's a strange coincidence. A Frank Strange married to a Martha Strange."

"Strange, indeed," replied her husband, "but the next news will be a little stranger."

"Speaking of bathing at famous springs," said the tramp to the tourist, "I bathed in the spring of 1886."

"Professor," said a Senior, trying to be pathetic at parting; "I am indebted to you for all I know."

"Pray, don't mention such a trifle," was the reply.

Prof. F.—Mr. Leach, what is a lightning arrester?

Leach—A bicycle cop.

Smart Fresh—Why is dancing like milk?

Prep.—Dunno.

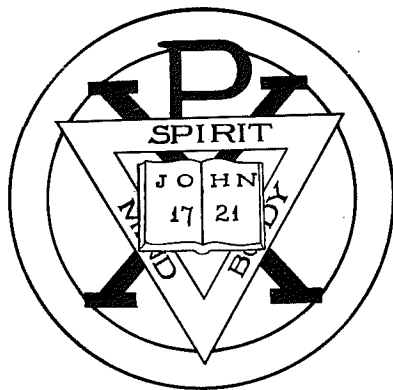
Fresh.—Because it makes the calves grow.

S.—Hello, B.; are you going home?

B.—Yes; the doctor advised me to.

S.—Which one?

B.—Dr. Matheson.



D. M. C. A.

E. A. TURNER.....*Secretary*

Officers

W. H. HIGHTOWER.....*President*

J. T. STARKE.....*Secretary*

H. W. PATTERSON.....*Vice-President*

W. P. McCANN.....*Treasurer*

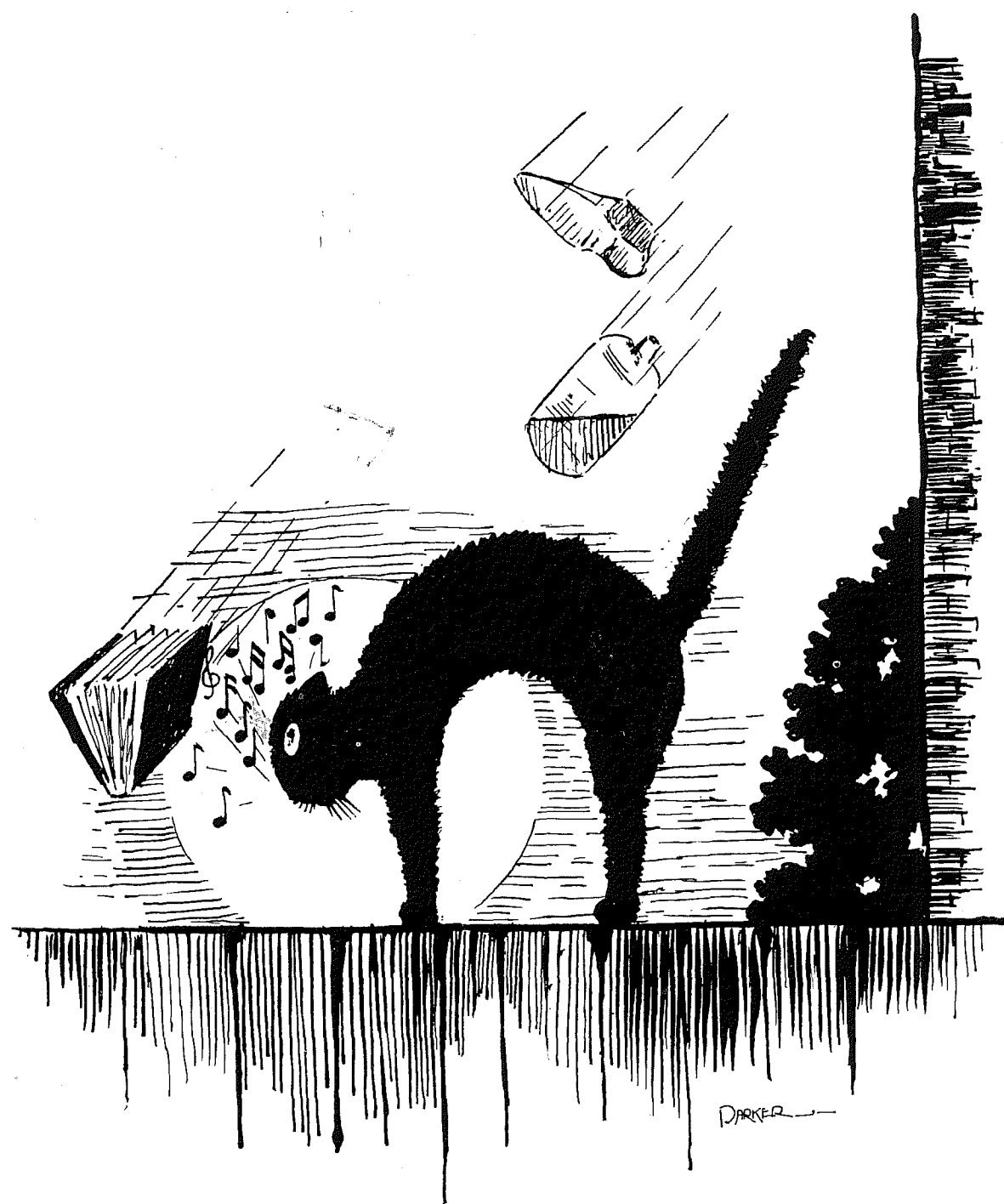
It is doubtful if the Alumni of the nineties would recognize in the Tech of today the young, struggling, narrow-spirited institution at which they were fitted for the responsible and lucrative positions they are filling today. The growth of the school has indeed been marvelous, and yet not in the least abnormal. One would naturally think when thinking of the weak athletic teams of a few years ago that the growth had gone out primarily along athletic lines. This, however, is not the case for there has been a parallel growth along every line.

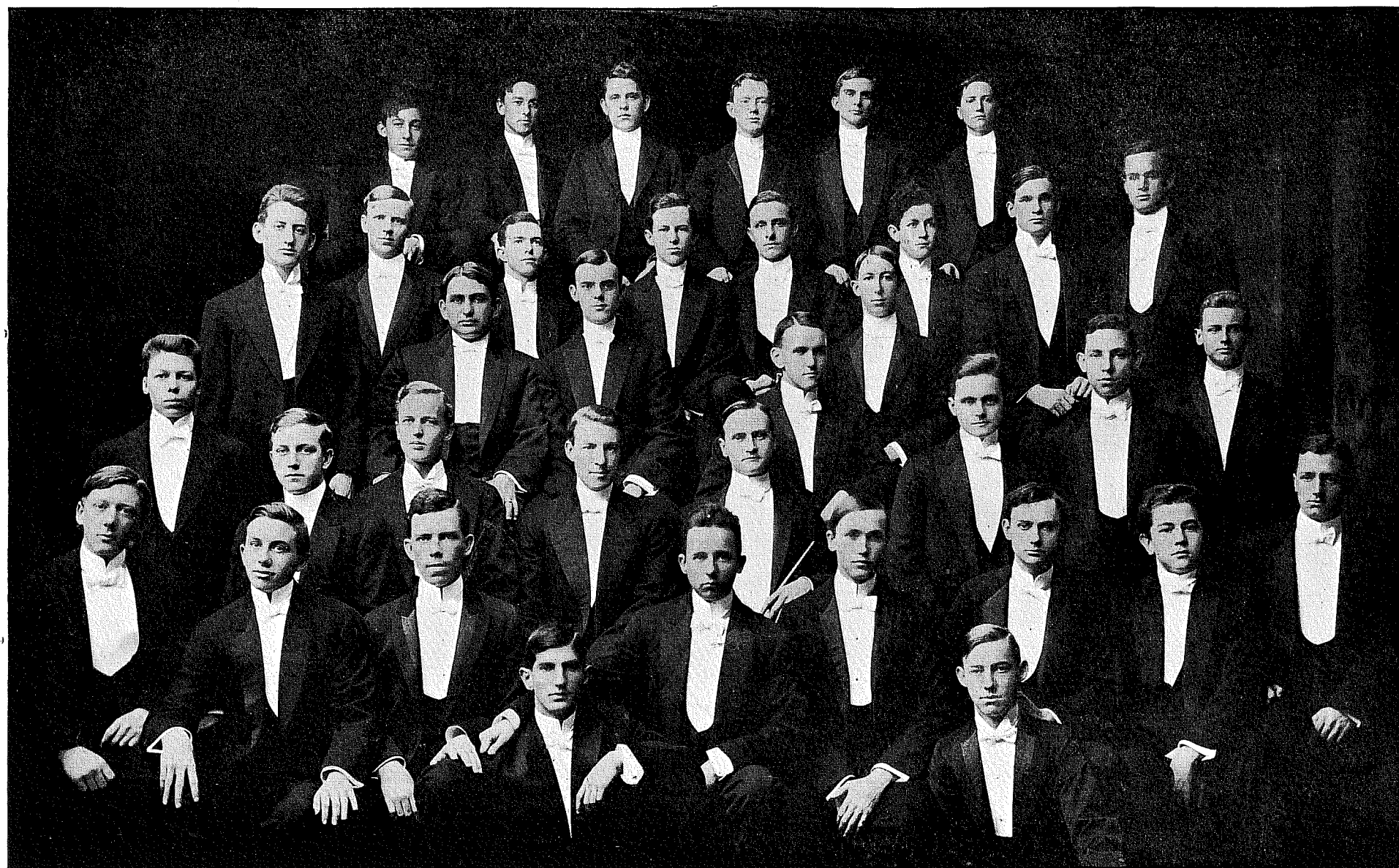
In the nineties there was no Glee Club; a college spirit that at its best was only meager. In those days there was no Annual, nor an attempt at one; there was no monthly magazine—but why continue the enumeration? Conditions were different then, the school was young and these things have to have time to grow. They come as there is a demand for them.

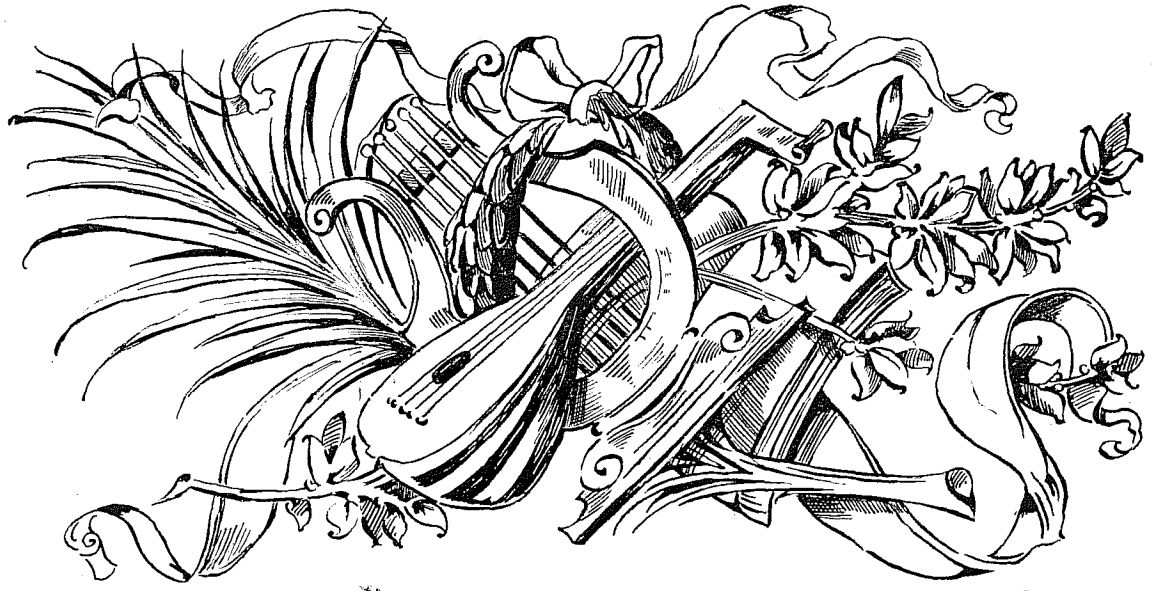
In the year of 1901—eight years ago—there came a demand for a religious organization among the students, and the Young Men's Christian Association came into being. It was small in those days, but large enough for a beginning. It struggled on while the demand grew stronger, and three years ago the first General Secretary, to give his entire time to the work of the Association among the students, was employed. It is needless to say that the wisdom of the action has been shown by the results.

The tone of the institution has undergone a change even in this little time, and the attitude of the State at large toward the school is not that of a few years ago. Patrons feel no longer that they are sending their son where only the material influence is brought to bear on him.

The city churches, the Alumni and the patrons of the school have all been brought into a closer relation to the school through the influence of the Young Men's Christian Association, and the fact that it has enlisted more than two hundred men in voluntary Bible study is enough to say of its effectiveness and its place in the student life.







GLEE CLUB

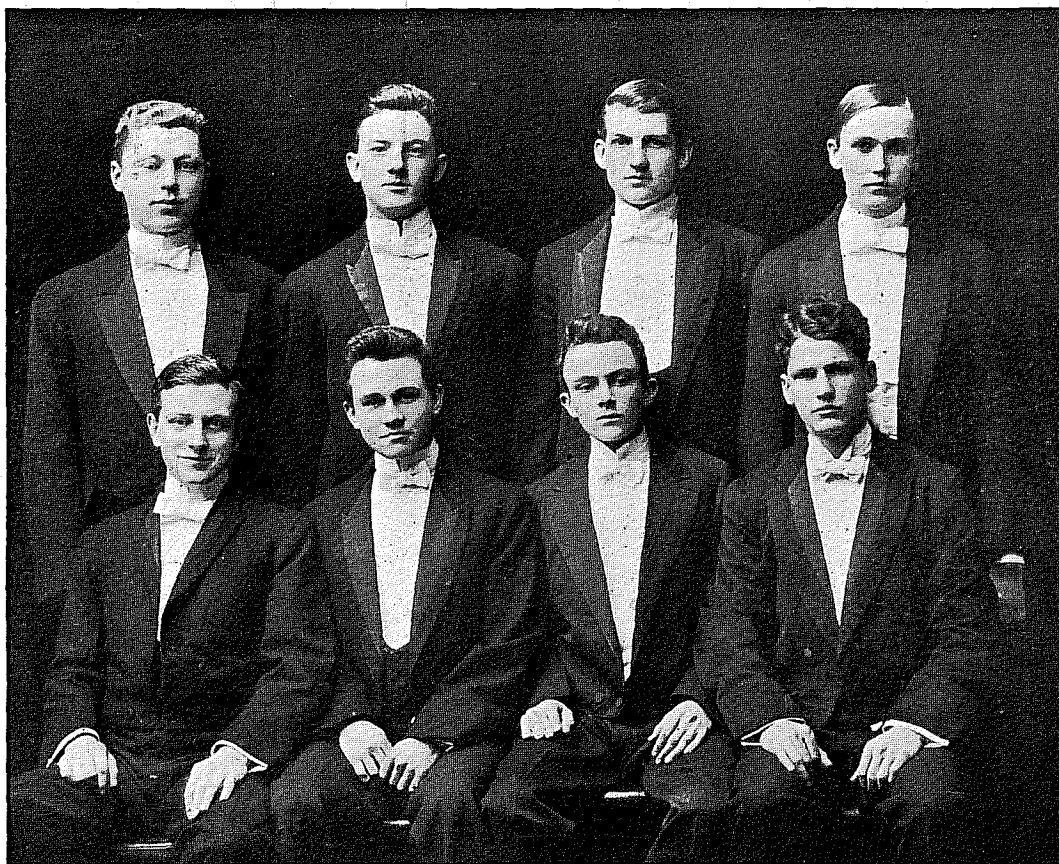
PARKER

WM E. ARNAUD, *director*

M. A. FERST
D. C. BLACK
W. F. OLIPHANT
P. F. ROBINSON
D. C. DAWKINS
R. A. MORGAN
C. P. MEANS
C. T. KING
J. WRIGHT
C. R. BORDERS
A. AYRES
F. W. KRENSON

R. D. CONNACHER
R. B. INGLE
J. E. CRANE
C. R. CLARKE
V. R. ABRAMS
JOHN DAVIS
M. SOLOMON
C. W. SEMMS
C. J. HARVIN
M. T. NEWMAN
D. W. HARRIS
J. PHENIZY

W. C. WRIGHT
A. W. PORTER
H. GOODLOE
M. W. ALMOND
A. SAWTELL
R. O. THOMAS
F. C. LEWIS
W. WILSON
W. R. SNYDER
R. FALLEGANT
W. H. PATTERSON
J. A. TOMMINS



Double Quartette

W. R. SNYDER
W. WILSON

M. SOLOMON
C. J. HARVIN

F. W. KRENSON
ASHER AYRES

G. W. SEMMES
C. P. MEANS



Tech Band

R. L. BIDEZ (leader) *Clarinet*
J. A. TOMMINS (manager) ... *Cornet*
GOULD *Drum*
STARK *Alto*
WEAVER *Alto*
AICHEL *Drum*

BURWICK *Clarinet*
MCLEOD *Clarinet*
HUBERT *Bass*
HARBOUR *Saxophone*
MELL *Trombone*
COHEN *Cornet*
BENSON *Cornet*

ROBERTSON *Cornet*
HOLT *Trombone*
CRAWFORD *Tenor*
TOWLER *Baritone*
HOWE *Melophone*
CARTER *Drum*



Mandolin Club

J. CHAPMAN
W. P. IRWIN
J. THEISON
D. CANOVA
C. ELY

R. SIMS
W. PATTERSON
R. P. TROY
D. MCCARTY
E. ARMSTEAD

R. FALLEGANT
C. W. SEMMS
C. J. HARVIN
P. C. HERAULT
F. COOLEGE



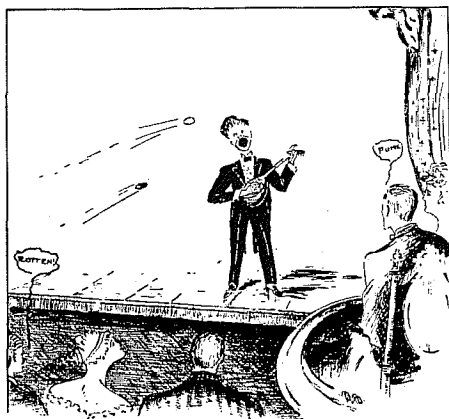
Tech Orchestra

M. H. LEVY, *leader*

W. A. AICHEL
H. R. BARWICK
C. L. BENSON
R. L. BIDEZ
H. BOND
M. H. COHEN

A. R. CRAWFORD
J. MCLEOD
R. E. MELL
R. G. RIDGELEY
J. A. TOMMINS
M. T. ROBERTSON

C. COLLINS
E. R. CLARKE
M. LAHATTE
R. LIPSTATE
R. WADDELL



The Glee Club's First Trip

(As described in the diary of the Assistant Manager.)

- December 22, 8:30 a. m.—Leave Atlanta forty strong.
- 11:30 —Arrive in Macon forty weak, all hungry. Eat dinner and journey directly to Opera House.
- 1:30 —Trouble begins; wait one hour and a half while Luke Simons hunts up stage manager to let us in for rehearsal.
- 3:00 —More trouble, piano and orchestra refuse to harmonize. Mr. Arno attempts to lift piano on the stage—flunks.
- 3:30 —Piano tuner arrives and, being a larger man, succeeds in raising it half a tone. Practice a solid hour and then leave to enjoy a few hours' recreation when the aforementioned Luke informs us that we are to spend the remainder of the afternoon distributing circulars over town. We distribute.
- 8:30 —Packed house greets us with much applause and other decayed vegetables. Many bouquets for Chapman from his fellow-townsmen. Audience refuses to appreciate some of our numbers sufficiently—give encore, anyhow. Quartet appears on stage at wrong time, slide silently out, but are seen. Passed up performance with a grade of plus or minus fifty.
- 3:00 a. m.—Train leaves Macon. Freddy Krenson stays up to see the lights go out and gets in sleeper to find berths full up. Vigorously pleads his cause but John Davis places him in clothes hammock, stopping further noise. The manager is asked if expenses were cleared, he clears his throat and says—nothing.
- 4:00 g. m.—After profuse generation of hot air and cracking of badly twisted jokes, this famous or rather infamous near-opera troupe becomes lost in slumber.



- H. J. Mull -
- 1909 -

6:30 a. m.—Train arrives in the metropolis of Griffin. Town growing with astonishing rapidity, has a postoffice, soda fountain, is on the county map and may be reached by railroad. In spite, however, of its great natural and rural beauty it is doped out to us that the æsthetic nature of its inhabitants has been dwarfed, which being interpreted means that we have as much chance of drawing a full house as of spotting Big Doc on exam or selling a "Yellow jacket" on a rainy day.

10:30 —Our able manager starts working his head and soon has the trusty sons of Tech making a noise like a street parade. John Davis makes steady gains with the big drum while Snyder and Means run a perfect interference in lock step. Much excitement and comment among the Griffinites. The following overheard. One old bearded father to another old boy. "Is one of them medicine doctors going to give a show?"—"Naw; they're advertising some new-fangled kind of glue. Don't you see how they're sticking together, an I just now heard a feller say as how it was the Glue Club from Atlanta.

2:30 —Pulled off performance. Got out of town safe. 'Nough said.

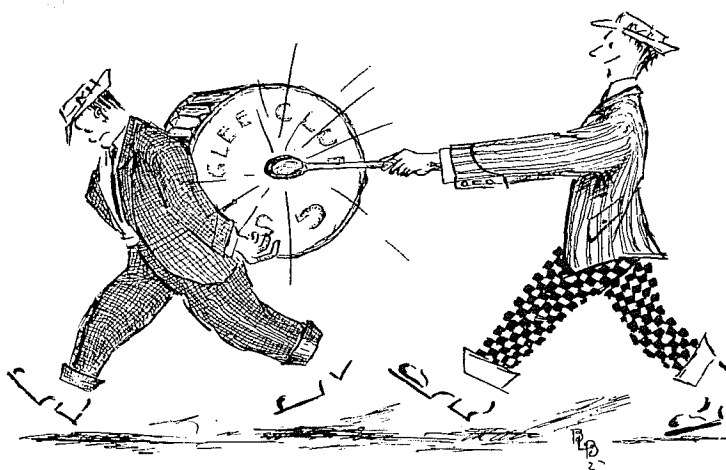
4:00 —J. Wright still smoking his cabbage leaf cigar, while Ferst eats voice tablets.

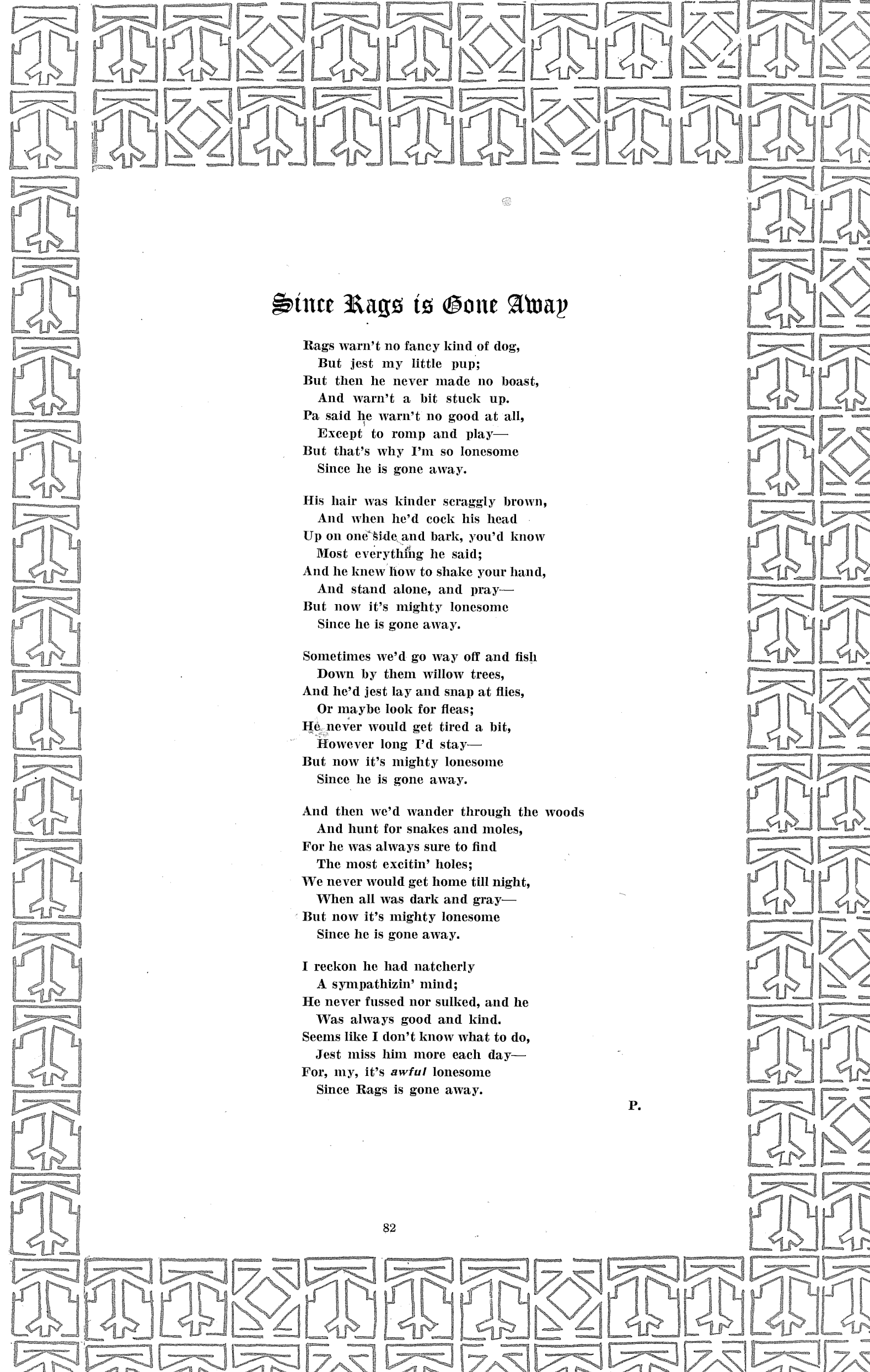
8:10 —Arrive in Newman. Signs of extensive press agenting; prospects of large crowd.

8:15 —Fatted calf is killed for us, half of it is immediately consumed by Patterson. Wants somebody to pass the buttermilk.

8:30 —Performance great success. Manager buries his worried expression and wears Bill Taft's ingrowing smile. Snyder makes large hit with the ladies.

12:05 —Arrive in Atlanta, having been "hot stuff" in Macon, "something fancy" in Griffin, and the "real limburger" in Newman, but glad to reach the home of dear old Tech.





Since Rags is Gone Away

Rags warn't no fancy kind of dog,
But jest my little pup;
But then he never made no boast,
And warn't a bit stuck up.
Pa said he warn't no good at all,
Except to romp and play—
But that's why I'm so lonesome
Since he is gone away.

His hair was kinder scraggly brown,
And when he'd cock his head
Up on one side and bark, you'd know
Most everything he said;
And he knew how to shake your hand,
And stand alone, and pray—
But now it's mighty lonesome
Since he is gone away.

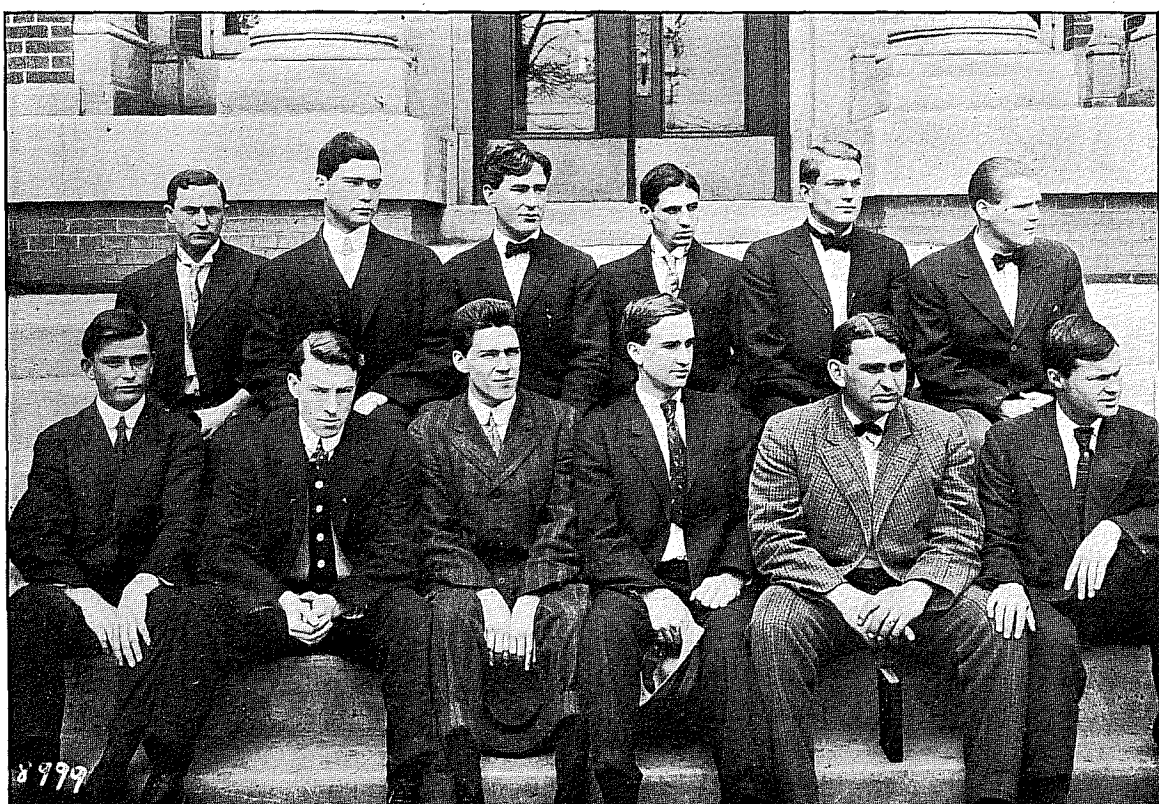
Sometimes we'd go way off and fish
Down by them willow trees,
And he'd jest lay and snap at flies,
Or maybe look for fleas;
He never would get tired a bit,
However long I'd stay—
But now it's mighty lonesome
Since he is gone away.

And then we'd wander through the woods
And hunt for snakes and moles,
For he was always sure to find
The most excitin' holes;
We never would get home till night,
When all was dark and gray—
But now it's mighty lonesome
Since he is gone away.

I reckon he had natcherly
A sympathizin' mind;
He never fussed nor sulked, and he
Was always good and kind.
Seems like I don't know what to do,
Jest miss him more each day—
For, my, it's *awful* lonesome
Since Rags is gone away.

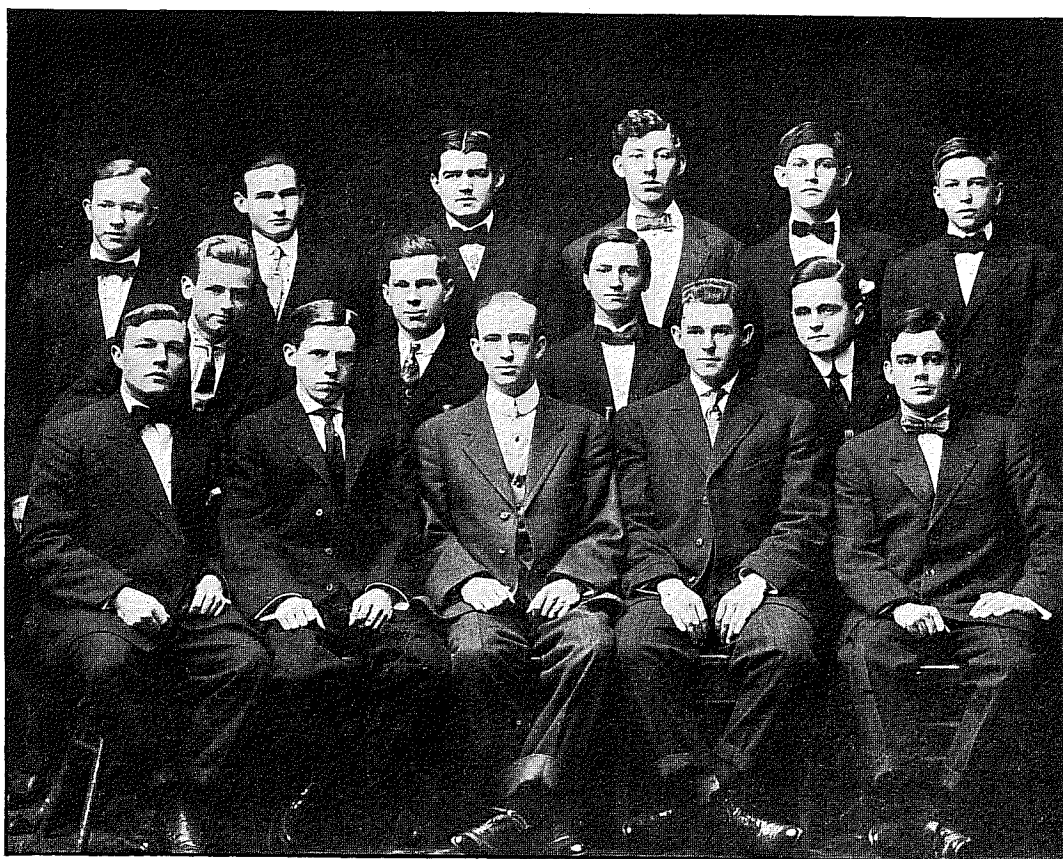
P.





The Mogul Club

J. G. CHAPMAN.....	President Athletic Association
M. F. LEGG.....	Vice-President Athletic Association
C. L. EMERSON	Editor-in-Chief of the "Blue Print"
J. S. BALDWIN.....	Manager Football Team, '08
L. W. ROBERT.....	Captain Football Team, '08
G. W. BARNWELL.....	Manager Baseball Team, '09
C. BUCHANAN.....	Captain Baseball Team, '09
S. I. BELL.....	Manager Track Team, '09
Z. V. MYERS.....	Captain Track Team, '09
W. H. HIGHTOWER.....	Manager Basketball Team, '09
J. R. DAVIS.....	Captain Football Team, '09
E. D. IVEY.....	Editor of "The Yellow Jacket"
W. L. SIMONS.....	Manager of the Glee Club
E. H. ROGERS.....	Manager of Tennis Team
J. E. DAVENPORT	Advertising Manager



Florida Club

SONG—*All Crackers Look Alike to Me.*

MOTTO—*If you can't be a cracker, be what you're cracked up to be.*

H. J. WOOD, "BALD-HEADED CRACKER"

"CRACKER JACK" FELLERS

"I. CEE. A." BYRD

"SNITZY" CANOVA

"MOCKING BIRD" HERALT

"FRIZZLY SCHEFF" HAUSMAN

"I AM AULD"

"FAKER" NEWMAN

"ESSEN" WOODWARD

"KID DURKO" DAWKINS

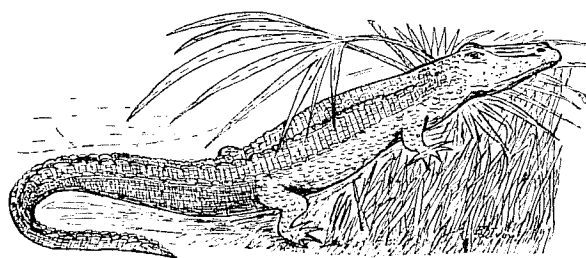
"SHARKEY" MCLAURIN

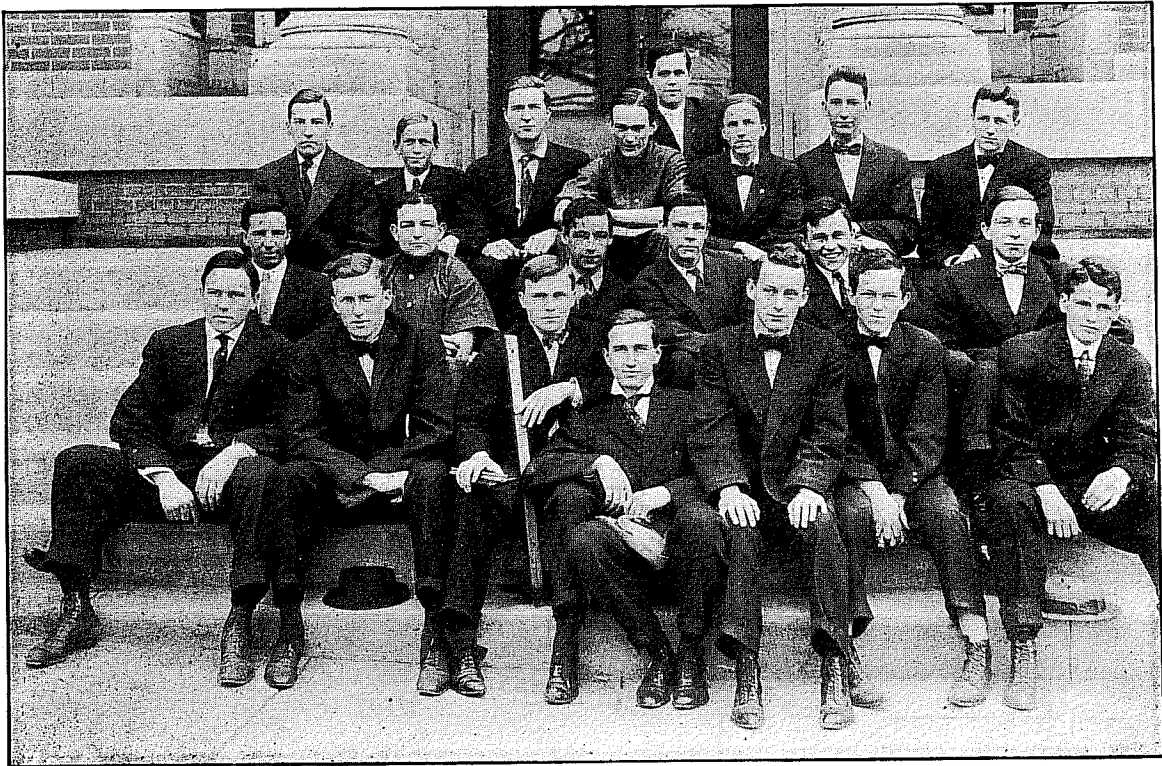
"LITTLE MAN" LAMAR

"BOB FITZ" SIMMONS

"CÆSAR" RIDGELY

"JACK" ROBINSON





MIDDLE GEORGIA PEACHES

Macon Club

FRUIT
Peaches

FLOWER
Cotton Blossoms

SONG—I Want to Go Back to the Land of Cotton.

Officers

ERIC SMITH ("Kid")	President
W. B. COLEMAN ("Bill")	Vice-President
T. CAMPBELL ("King")	Secretary and Treasurer
W. P. FLEMING, JR. ("The Boy Reporter")	Press Agent

Members

ASHER AYERS ("Smiling Ash")	D. W. HARRIS ("Dave")	M. NEWBANKS ("Merrill")
A. M. BURT ("Muddy")	J. F. HEARD ("Jake")	W. OLIPHANT ("Bill")
J. G. CHAPMAN ("Grotto")	W. F. HOWE ("Stumpy")	C. PEACOCK ("Lanky")
J. C. DENNIS ("Johnny")	G. B. JEWETT, JR. ("George")	M. SOLOMON ("Mait")
G. W. DUNCAN, JR. ("Dunc")	G. S. JONES ("Sallie")	R. O. THOMAS ("Bob")
J. A. GANTT ("Jack")	G. T. KINNETT ("Lord")	R. H. WILLIAMS ("Pete")
W. H. GOODLOE ("It")	T. H. McDOWELL ("Mac")	W. L. WILLIAMS ("Billie")



The Blinkites

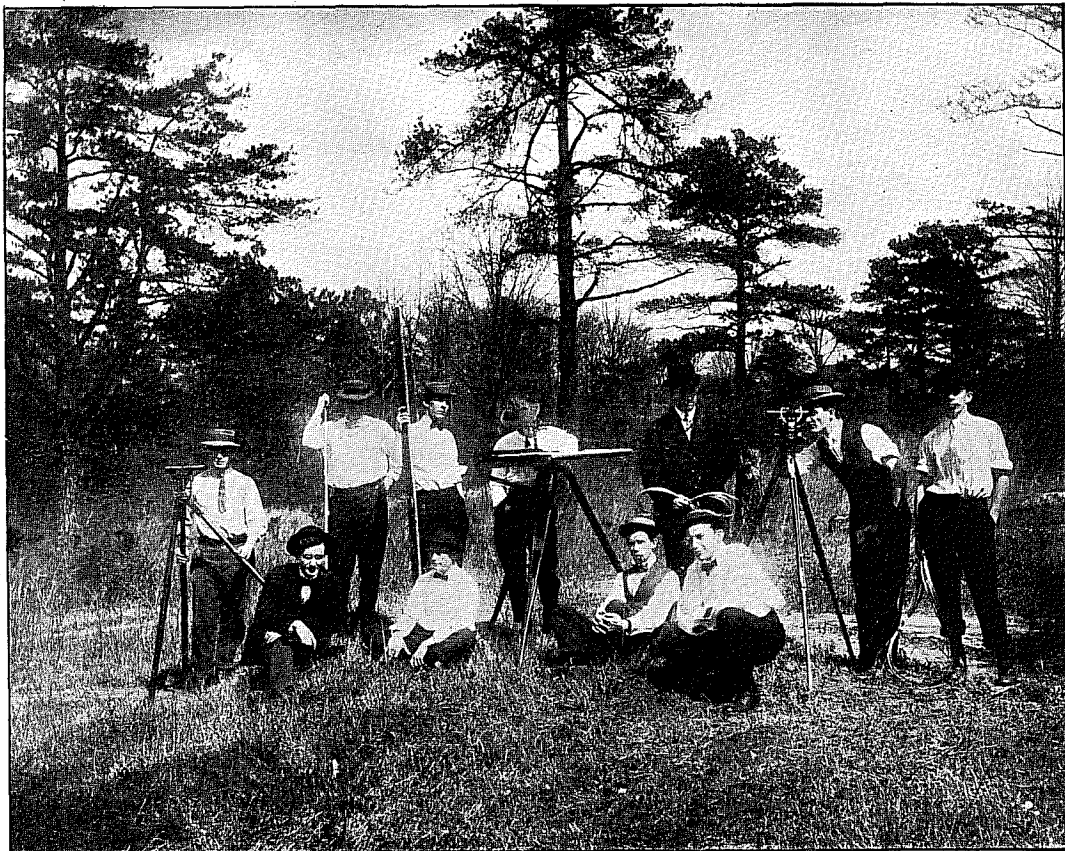
MOTTO—*Look from darkness into light, not from light into darkness.*

SONG—*All of Them.*

PROF. J. N. G. NESBIT.....	<i>Grand Mogul and Chief Boss of the Blinkites</i>
"BILL" FELLERS.....	<i>Most Honorable Little Chief</i>
"NICK" WARE	<i>Most Unworthy Assistant Little Chief</i>
GEO. SEMMES.....	<i>Grand High Ink Splasher</i>
JACK PEPPENHEIMER.....	<i>Most Dishonorable Keeper of Records</i>

The Ites

"BEINY" LEGG.....	<i>High Mogul of the Ites</i>
"BILLY" WILSON	"BEN" SUMMEROUR
(?) REID	



Junior Civils—Class 1910

Officers

J. G. HAZELHURST	High Mucky de Muck Instrument Man
W. B. MARSHALL	Near High Mucky de Muck Instrument Man
W. H. HESTERLEY	High Financier and Bill Payer
J. W. IVY	Chief Ink Dauber and Pen Pusher

Committees

Shooting

W. A. JACKSON
W. ANDERSON JACKSON
W. ATHENS JACKSON
WILLIE A. JACKSON

Near Beer

"HERR VON OTTO" BERRY
"HIGHBALLS" HAZELHURST
"SOME DRY" WHITHORNE

Near Sharks (?)

"NEWTON" HESTERLEY
"DEAD SHOT BILL" MARSHALL
"A CUTTER" ROUNDTREE
"SHAKESPEARE" IVY

Knockers

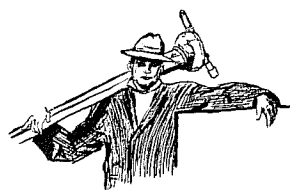
"HARDLUCK" LANG
"BIG SKEET" COLEMAN
"HYDRAULICS" DUNWOODY

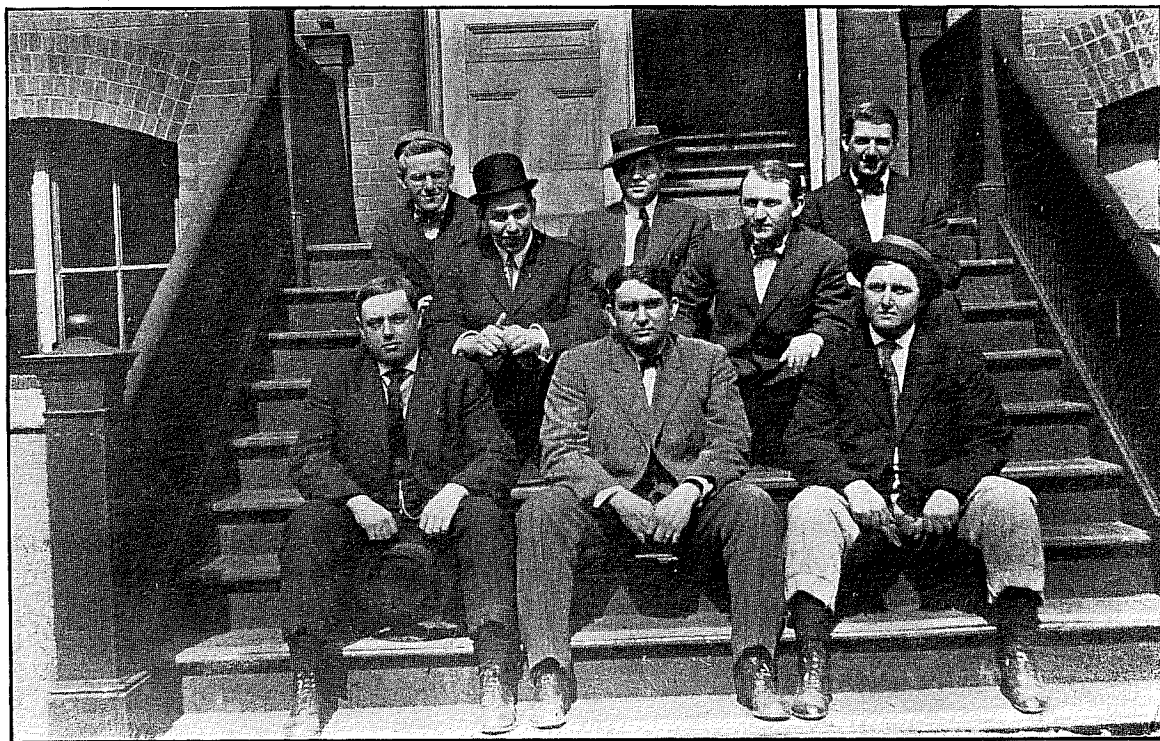
Members

W. H. HESTERLY
O. H. LANG
P. M. COLEMAN

W. B. MARSHALL
H. N. DUNWOODY
S. WHITHORNE
A. C. ROUNTREE

A. O. BERRY
J. W. IVY
J. G. HAZLEHURST





“The Beef Trust”

MOTTO—*To be great is supreme.*

COLORS—*Blue Ribbon*

“A Review of the Near Greats”

This organization is recognized as the biggest corporation ever gotten together at Tech. On its board of directors we find:

Big John Davis, who in size is only excelled by “Billy Taft,” and that’s saying a whole lot for “Billy.”

The Club is honored with a great man from the chemical world, “Carabella” Means. The space he occupies represents no small number of molecules. Jack Spalding was made Mascot. Jack has a smile that fully equals his “great” athletic figure.

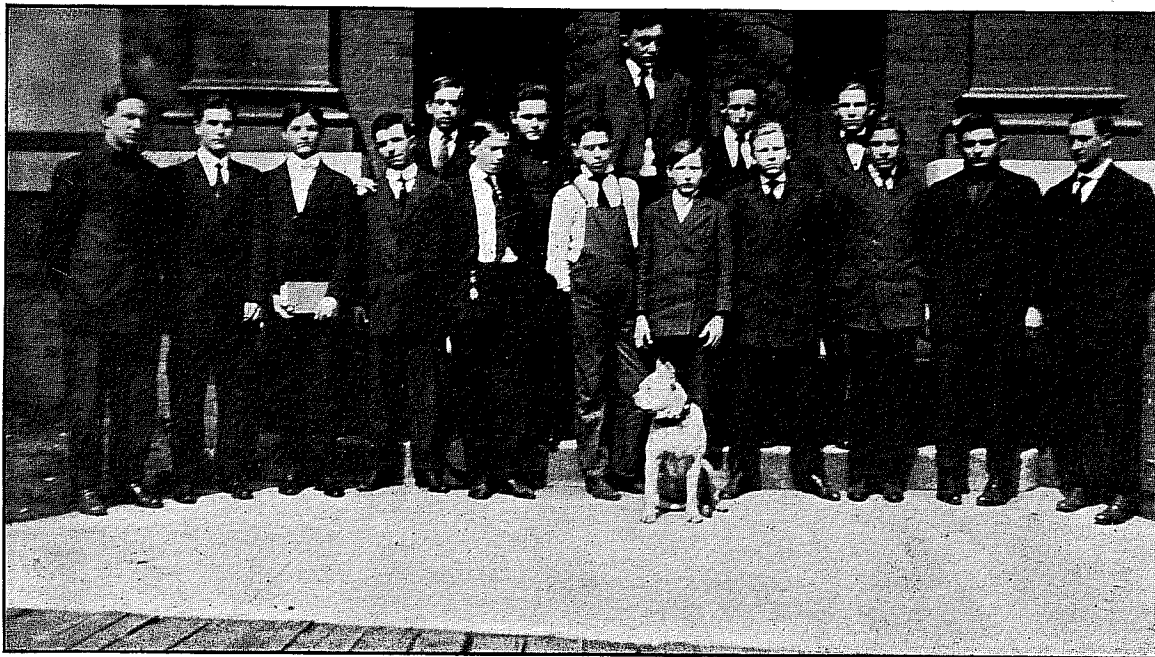
Homer Moore falls in rank, since he carries “Moore” weight than can easily be handled with care.

The most important, however, is “Avoir du Pois” McPhaul, who is some heavy, but where his “wait” comes in is with the ladies.

Pierce Heifner is fully qualified, his ability as a “great” singer having been sufficient.

MacClaghtry is noted for the “big hits” he makes with the college girls.

Now, last but not least, we introduce Mr. Brannen, whose greatness will entitle him to Taft’s place if the nation ever needs a bigger man.



The Kunt Club

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF TECH.

Officers

"BABY" BLOUNT	<i>President</i>
"WHISKEY PETE" WILLIAMS	<i>Vice-President</i>
"PIGGIE" HIGHTOWER	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

Mascots

"SHORTY" SINCLAIR and the Bull Dog.
Resolved: That we shall rise in the world.

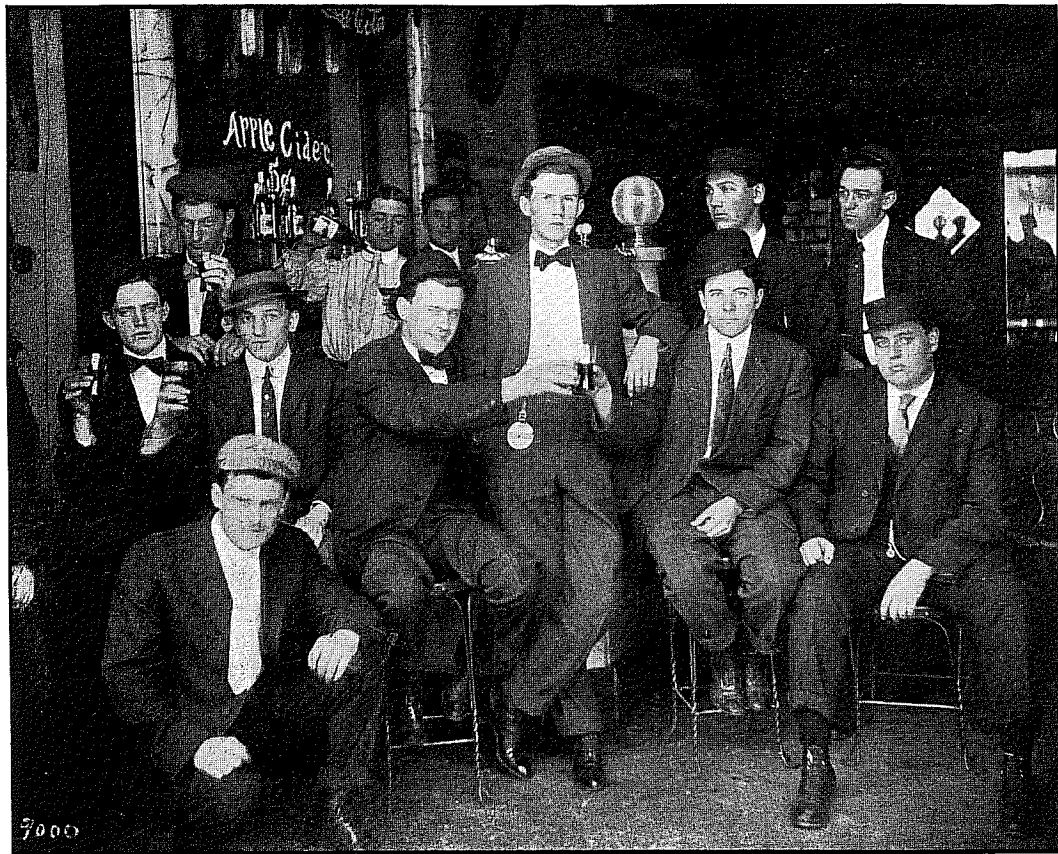
Members

"FROGGIE" CONN
 "DIPPIE" TAYLOR
 "DOCTOR" DUMAS
 "ALL" RIGHT
 "SUB" McMURRAY
 "SKEET" COLEMAN
 "PETE" WILLIAMS
 "TUBBY" NEWMAN

"SCARE" CROW
 "BABY" BLOUNT
 "ROT" THOMAS
 "LITTLE COCKY" EVANS
 "LOT" CRUMBLY
 "TOWHEAD" LEWIS
 "PIGGIE" HIGHTOWER

Honorary Member

"SHORTY" SINCLAIR



The Rejuvenated Order of the Sons of Rest

Southern Skindicate for the Amalgamated Assassination of Professional Monte Carlo Artists.

MOTTO—"Odd man out."

EMBLEM—U. S. dime.

FAVORITE BOOK—"Out for the Coin"

COLORS—Silver and gold

YELL—M-O-N-E-Y

HANGOUT—Fuzzy's

Officers

"HYENA," the man who threw the bones *Chief Skinner*
 "ISABELLA," the last man out *A Close Second*
 "PUMPKIN," the man who cut the ace *Skin Game Connoisseur*

Look Who's Here!

"Hyena" Head.—Originator of the Salome.
 "Isabella" Ogletree.—"You say it is, but is it?"
 "Pumpkin" Howard.—"Let's go odd man."
 "Lizard" Ingle—"Gimme a egg sandwich."
 "Butterball" Branran.—Uses a shoe horn to get in a bathtub.
 "Mushroom" Donaldson.—Coca Coca, Capudine, Calculus.
 "Punk" Tippins.—"Shoot de meal ticket."
 "Mellins" Meadows.—Born hungry and had a relapse.
 "Squib" Beckwith.—"Y-you m-m-match m-me."
 "Deacon" Dunwoody.—A usterwuzzer.



The Tightwads' Club

COLORS—*Green and Long Green.*

Entered Tech (We hate to say).

FLOWERS—*Cowslips and Onion Tops.*

MOTTO—*Skin and the world skins with you; pay, and they laugh at you.*

FAVORITE PASTIME—*Skinning people.* That's why they (the small set) did not help to pay (\$2.50).

HAILING SIGN—*Three Balls.*

Members

MADAME WOODIE TURNER.....	<i>The Chief</i>
BARNWELL ("Georgie")	McPHAUL ("Banana")
COLLIER ("Skinflint")	MORAN ("Red")
GARY ("Highdiver")	HAMILTON ("Ic")
HOWE ("The Boner")	THOMPSON ("Harry")
LUCKETT ("Brad")	NEEL ("Billy")
MAY ("Si")	

The Small Set

SMITH (E. W.)—never would pay.
 CARR (H. E.)—never intended to pay.
 WILSON (W. M.)—wouldn't if he could.
 McKENZIE (W.)—never could.

The Indian Club

TRIBE FLOWER—*Indian corn, Kentucky variety*

TRIBE COLORS—*Comanche Red*

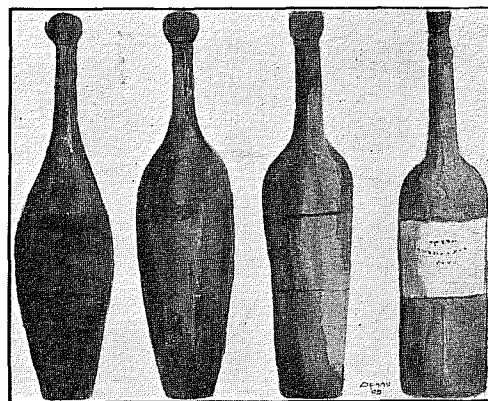
TRIBE CAMPING GROUND—*Old Bijou*

TRIBE WAR WHOOP—*We won't go home till morning*

TRIBE TOTEM—*Three feathers*

TRIBE WAR DANCE—*Salome*

TRIBE AUTHORS—*Al. Reeves, Chas. E. Blaney*



The Tribe

"Afraid-of-the-Water" Abrams
The Modest Little Model

"Much-big-Johnnie" Borders
Spuds

"Agnes-Grace-Rosena" Crawford
The Gambler of the West

"Strong-of-the-Wind" Elgin
Always Ready

"Blush-in-the-Face" Ferst
The Innocent

"Much-love-sleep" Ferst
The Kissing Bug

"Heap-like-Gladys" Lightner
The Goat

"Stick-up-the-Back" Lipstate
The Girl from Texas



"Walk-like-a-Chief" Loeb
Chicken

"Heap-much-Grouch" Barkdull
Kid F

Scalped by the Faculty
"Laughing-Fire-Water" McNair

Strayed from the Wigwam
"Venus-Spondee" Levy and "Mary"

Willie and College Sports

Dear Pa: When I said something about college sports in my last letter I didn't mean those fellers that ware green hats and pants like Mister Mate Solomon, nor that professor you saw in Newnan. I was talking about what college boys do to enjoy themselves. You see that's what they call them at the northern universities. Them northern universities certainly must be fine. Our president has been around among them right smart and he tells us a considerable about them in chaple.

Chaple is the place where we go on Monday mornings to hear notices and subscribe to things and listen to somebody talk. We've had a lot of big bugs to talk to us since Ive been here, like Mister Carnegy who owns the libraries and that Mister Pritchett who manages Mister Carnegy and Mister Taft whos going to be the United States president. Mister Davis says our president envited Mister Taft to visit here because he was one of the elect. I dont know what he ment. Some of these speakers are right interesting, but mostly they just tell us what a fine lot of boys we are and how glad they are to stand in our midst and give us lots of good advice. Good advice is kinder monotonous; dont you think so? Lots of the fellers think chaple is a bore but I sorter like it. Its a fine place to get up your Geometry ro Spelling, for mostly its right quiet in there except when the college orchestrer plays. Sometimes too we have a real good time when somebody tells us a good joke. The super-antendant got off a fine one, one day, when somebody stole the dormitory clock. He said whoever stole it ought to return it, because the Tech students didnt have any clocks to spare. We fellers certainly are glad when we hear a sure enough new joke.

Then too we are learning how to sing our national anthum. The President learnt it when he was in Germany last summer, and he says them Dutch students stand up and take off their hats and sing it every time they do anything. He says its mighty fine and inspiring, but I should think it would get awful tedious.

Mr. Davis got off a good one about the presidents going to Germany. He asked me why the president took his brother with him when he went to visit the German universities, and when I didnt know he said he did it so that he might have his bud wiser. Mister Turner told me what he ment. Thats kinder like the one our new Math teacher got off. He said that any body might use his vine and fig tree so long as they left him his anhzizer bush. But then hes just full of fun and things like that all the time.

But I didnt mean to write so much about chaple for that aint exactly a college sport. Our college sports is mostly athletics. They are run by a athletic association which meets in the chaple and sells stock to the students, mostly Fresh and Subs. I asked Mr. Davis what the stock was good for, and he said it made such a neat college suveneer and if a man would just buy a new one every fall he could allways tell right off exactly how long he had been at the Tech.

Its mighty fine to be a athleat here. The fellers allways give them colledge yells and things, and they have a right easy time. It would be a shame to spoil a good football player by shutting him up in a old stuffy school room. I reckon theyve got some sort of special course for them so they wont have to tire themselves out studying, for most of them leave just before Christmas and dont come back again untill next fall. I think this is a fine plan except it takes



you so long to get through. Why I've got in my class some of them who've been here four or five years. Sometimes they get to be professors. We've got one here now who's a sort of professor because he could run to Marathon at New Orleans. I'm going to learn to be an athlete as soon as a partner of mine named Pete Williams can find time to teach me how.

We've got lots of sports like baseball and basketball and tennis, but mainly we've got football. When you play football you've got to have a grand stand and a big field that's covered with long white lines called a gridiron and twenty-two men to play with and a lot more to take the place of them which get hurt. Then you've got to have a coachman to train the team and a referee and a umpire to blow the whistles and a man to tote the little black valise full of rags and whiskey. Every time the man with the black valise runs out on the field all the fellows holler "Crack! Crack!" I reckon that's on account of the bones that are broke. The ball they play with is kinder like a punkin that sticks out at both ends.

First they all stand round and talk to the referee. And then they lay the ball in the middle of the field while one team draws up in a row and the other scatters out all over the place. One of the players which are in a row kicks the ball and somebody catches it. Then they all take down the field after the man who's got the ball till they throw him down, and then they all jump on him clawing and kicking like they're fighting. After awhile the referee blows the whistle and they begin to sort out those who've got their collar bones and ankles broke, and the nigger which waits on the team comes running out with a sponge in his bucket which the team wash their faces and drink with.

Next they line up on both sides of the ball and throw it to one of the team and then they go tearing down the field again after this man. Sometimes they get tired of throwing the ball and kick it instead. They keep on doing this until one of the teams manages to get the ball on the back side of a white line called the goal. They call this a touchdown and it counts five tallies. Then everybody hollers and gives college yells and all the players lay down on the ground like they are glad of it, except one man who gets down on his stomach and holds the ball and another who sights with his foot and kicks it across two long poles. This counts one tally. After that they begin all over again. You certainly would think football fine. It always makes me think of that time that we tried to chase Squire Wiggins' old jersey bull out of our corn patch.

We've got a fine baseball team too and a pitcher named Chip Roberts. The fellows think he's a fine pitcher but I don't think much of him. He doesn't somehow seem like he can throw the ball so as the man at bat can hit it. Why one day I saw ever so many fellows try to hit it till they got tired and just threw their bats down on the ground and went and sat down plum disgusted.

I don't think much of basket ball. It's right poky after football, there ain't any body that ever gets real hurt. But then it's mighty easy to play. All you need is a long room with two iron hoops covered with white strings on the walls, and you've just got to throw the ball through them hoops. The best thing about basketball is that you don't have to bother about what you've got to wear. Mister Davis says the players appear clothed with the mere fringes of propriety and I think he's about right. Them Jones girls certainly would be suppressed.

Tennis always looks to me like a fool sort of game. They put a thing which looks like the wire we've got around our chicking yard across a square piece of ground and bat little balls at each other with big paddles. But then I don't know much about tennis yet. I'll tell you about our glee club and other sports in my next.

My English teacher has been teaching us how to write poetry and I've wrote some perfectly lovely poems. Here is the one I like best. I wrote it when we had that little snow in February. I like it because it's easy to understand and then too it's so true.



The snow, the snow, the beautiful snow,
Thou art so fair, I love thee so,
But when the summer comes you go,
Whether we say yes or no.

Mister Davis says President Roosevelt is going to get a dollar a word for the things hes going to write about Africa, so please ask the editor of the Dade County Banner if he would like to buy my poem. I'll sell it for a quarter.

Please ask Ma to send me some more jelly cake and lemon custard and sweet potato biscuit; the last box she sent me was fine. With love to all.

Yrs sincerely
Willie.

P. S. Ive just noticed that I made a mistake about that joke the superantendant told us. He said he hoped the man who stole the dormitory clock would return it because the Tech students didnt have any *time* to spare.



My Lady's Eyes

Blue-shadowed hills and flowery leas,
Glad summer isles in spice-blown seas,
Ladies and knights of olden time,—
Round these the poet weaves his rime;

These things move not this heart of mine,
As do the lashes, long and fine,
Veiling the love that softly lies
Deep hidden in my lady's eyes.

I do not ask fame's fleeting crown,
Or wealth or praise or high renown;
'Neath those long lashes I would see
And learn love's sweetest mystery.

A. G. REESE.

A Bit of Mort-uary Verse

'T is not of Pelops' woe I sing,
Or fall of Troy sublime,
But one whose fate deserves, like theirs,
To swell immortal rhyme.

The holidays were with us
And full of Christmas cheer,
As was, it seems, a certain Prof.
Or was it just near-beer?

He gently pulled upon his pipe,
And thought with happy thunks
Of tangents, sines, and secants,
Of zeros and of flunks.

Just then from out behind his house,
There came an awful yell;
The Professor murmured, "Heaven!"
Or did he mutter, "H——"?

He reached the yard in one fell swoop,
And saw against the sky
The huge form of the coal-house
With a ragged lad on high.

This imp was chunking bricks and bones
And language bad to hear
Upon the much bespattered forms
Of his own urchins dear.

The Prof. then swore a mighty oath,
And cried, "You brat, skiddoo!
Or else, by mighty Analyt,
I'll shoot the pants off you!"

The lad then did a foolish thing
Which almost cost his hide;
He put his thumb upon his nose,
And waved his fingers wide.

Our hero quickly snatched a lath
He found there lying loose,
And smote the base offender
On his hypotenuse.

The villain cried, the villain yelled,
And ran and told his Ma;
His Ma was Irish, six feet two—
And had a fighter's jaw.

She caught our hero in four jumps—
He longed just then for wings—
He lost one brand new set of teeth,
Much hair, and other things.

She dragged him to the nearest cop,
For he was Irish too;
Our hero realized that he
Was in an Irish stew.

They hauled him up before "Jedge Briles;"
'Twas sad as sad could be—
Oh, staid and upright gentleman!
Oh, Pride of G. S. T.

The judge took just one lingering look,—
Our hero's clothes were rags,—
And then remarked, "Five bones is now
The price of Christmas jags."

He paid his fine; he left the court;
His pride was but a wreck;
He growled, "I'll take this out upon
The Subs at Georgia Tech!"

And, now, if you'll investigate
Or Ask the Man, in sooth,
You'll surely find that in this tale
There are cosines of truth.

Tech Calendar

- September 14—Captain Roberts makes his appearance.
 15—Football practice starts.
 16—Joe Heard dons his football armor.
 17—Joe Heard stops football.
- October 3—Loud noise on the campus—"Sailor" Jones sees Harry Wood after three months' separation.
 4—Tech opens.
 7—McCann saves Yarbrough from choking on a pickle.
 8—Yarbrough joins Y. M. C. A.
 11—Many fine red hairs seen in the air.
 12—Red Hill arrives, minus some hair.
 16—Strong winds from the north sweep over the city.
 17—Wind still blowing hard.
 18—"Windy" Taylor blows in from Raleigh, N. C.
- November 3—Patterson is not last man to leave training table.
- Thanksgiving—Tech wallops Clemson.
- December 9—Fire in trash box in Swann.
 10—"Pinkie" Black becomes a "Hemlock Jones."
 11—"Bill" Houseal is confined to campus.
 12—"Pinkie" Black stays in his room for several days.
 22—Christmas vacation begins.
- January 4—Vacation ends.
 5—"Cuts" distributed freely.
 15—Buchanan called up before absence committee.
 16—Buchanan seen in overalls for first time this term.
 22—Shortage of dress suits at all stores in the city.
 23—Glee Club gives big concert at Grand.
- February 4—Mid-year examinations start.
 8—"Just out of College" appears at the Lyric.
 21—"Mate" Solomon writes a new song, "If you can't be a Cracker be what you are cracked up to be."
 22—Baseball practice starts.
 23—"Hap" Ward announces that he is to play short.
 24—"Cape" Simmons buys a book on Ballroom Etiquette.
 25—"Cape" Simmons leads a German.
 27—Pool table arrives for Y. M. C. A.
 28—McDowell cuts all work for the day.
 29—"Windy" Taylor accepts Fleming's position as official ball chaser.
- March 3—Buchanan is seen giving Mr. Allen a ten-dollar bill.
 4—Pennants with "Buck's" picture on them put on sale by Mr. Allen.
 15—BLUE PRINT goes to press.

Football and Life

Football and Life are in many respects
Almost exactly the same;
The scrimmage in each may discover us wrecks
Before we have finished the game;
In each we must jump on the other man's head
And dance up and down till he's crippled or dead;
Get him out of the way so the road will be clear
If it costs him an ankle, an eye or an ear;
And while we are fighting our way, yard by yard,
Remember, remember to Hit the Line Hard.

Both Football and Life have the same leading theme,
Which happens to be "Reach the Goal;"
And if one would get there, there's no time to dream,
But fight with an undaunted soul;
No matter how hard one may tumble or fall
It's all right if only one swings to the ball;
Don't cry if you're down but jump up with a rush
And try all the harder to shove or to push;
No matter how staunchly your rivals retard,
Remember, remember to Hit the Line Hard.

And then we discover that Football and Life
Are alike in that team work is best;
That condition and training will help in the strife,
To bring us around to the test;
Flukes sometimes will happen, but still in the main
"Straight football" is best if the goal you will gain;
Don't depend on good luck for more victories are won
By a steady advance than a hundred yard run;
But the link after all that is strongest, Old Pard,
Is always remember to Hit the Line Hard.

Grantland Rice.

A Nightmare

The "Sub" stopped, as he noticed the crowd of fellow-students pushing and craning their necks to see the paper on the bulletin board. He saw one after another walk away, some with satisfied smiles on their faces and some with uneasy, half-defiant grins. He walked up to the board and glanced over the names on the list. Well! It had come at last. He was to meet the Faculty, and he had been so careful to cover his footprints. He was now convinced of the old saying "Murder will out," and spent the rest of the day thinking of the consequences.

It seemed impossible to sleep that night for tomorrow was Thursday, a dread day of reckoning for him. Tossing from one side of the bed to the other, he wondered if the night would ever pass; and at last, giving it up in despair, he drew on his clothes and started out into the night.

Block after block had been traversed and the "Sub" really began to wonder where he was, when the flitting of a shadow across his path startled him and looking up he saw a large electric-light bug circling around the globe. With the instinct of a hunter he drew his trusty cain from a side pocket and inserting in one end the fifteen ball, he brought his victim to the dust below.

A heavy hand fell on his shoulder and he found himself looking into the face of a minion of the Law.



"Ha! We have you at last with the blood on your hands and the Law will take its course," quoth the officer; and drawing from his coat a pair of elliptical handcuffs, he fastened them together on the criminal's wrists, in pure rolling contact.

At this the culprit fell into a swoon, dimly conscious of being driven rapidly along in some vehicle in company with his captor. How long this continued, he was uncertain; but being nudged in the side with an uniformly loaded beam, by the officer, he came to himself in a long room filled with people.

"Bring forward the prisoner," said the judge.

The "Sub" was led to the front, and looking up into the judge's face he saw Christy M. Mathewson, the big league twirler, regarding him sternly. Wondering if he would recognize any others in the court room, he gazed about him.

Yes; there was Ralph Waldo Emerson, the clerk of the court, sitting on a long Davenport, in the corner, talking earnestly to Eugene Field. Standing on the banks of a little Branch that trickled by the table, was General Lew Wallace, eyeing intently a small boat coming down stream. In the boat stood Commodore Perry sunk in morbid introspection; and, as he landed, General Lew Wallace rushed forward and challenged him to a war of words.

"General Wallace," said Perry, waving his hand at the Branch, "Why speak of hideous war when yon placid streamlet leaps with joy and runs rippling from the shadows?"

"Silence in the court," thundered the judge. "Officer, of what is the prisoner accused?"

"Your Honor, he has mercilessly slain the poor bug you see at your feet."

"Donner und blitzen!" shouted the outraged foreman of the jury.

"What proof have you of this crime, Officer?"

"Your Honor, the hole in this poor bug's side is the exact orthoganal projection of this fifteen ball which was in the possession of the prisoner."

"Was there an eye-witness of this crime?"

"Yes, sah," testified a big coon, "Ah seen him when he done it."

"Jury, what is your verdict?"

Guilty of murder in the first degree, was the verdict of the jury and the "Sub" felt his knees shaking beneath him.

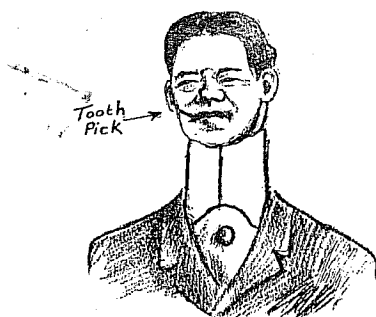
"Prisoner," said the judge, "you are guilty of a very serious crime and should be severely punished to preserve the prestige of the state. Before, however, pronouncing the sentence, it is best to obtain some means of identifying you should you escape. Officer, call in the photographer."

At this Edwards stepped in and proceeded to photograph the "Sub."

"Your Honor, owing to some unforeseen disturbances of the atmospheric conditions, I find it almost approximately impossible to obtain a likeness of the prisoner." On saying this the photographer examined his instrument more closely. "Your honor, someone has been tampering with my instrument."

At these words, a Payne in the window of the next room rattled noisily and fell to the floor with a loud crash.

The "Sub" rubbed his eyes. Where was he? The whistle was blowing. He had overslept himself.



A New Year's Wish

What should I wish for each new year to bring to you,
If I might choose from earth's noblest and best?
Thousands of hopes fulfilled, thousands of heart-aches stilled,
Honor and wealth and fame, sweet tearless rest?

Lo, I should choose for you not all the joy of life—
Over each joy hangs the shadow of pain;
Vain were my wish if kind; nay, may you rather find
Ever the rainbow in each drop of rain.

Statistics

The following results were made out from ballots distributed to students with the directions to answer the questions correctly and concisely. The ballot was for members of the Senior Class only.

Biggest Liar—H. Y. Round, first; Eric Smith, second.

Ugliest Man—N. E. Adamson, first; J. R. Cook, second.

Leanest Man—O. L. Harrison and J. R. Cook tied for first.

Tallest Man—A. B. Cundell, first; C. E. Bostwick, second.

Greenest Man—J. G. Cureton, first; J. Wright and H. Y. Round tied for second.

Wittiest Man—Cherry Emerson, R. A. Fernandez, and Eric Smith tied for first.

Cheekiest Man—Jim Davenport, first; O. L. Harrison, second.

Most Conceited Man—Walton C. Clark, first; J. R. Cook, second.

Most Popular Man—W. H. Hightower, first; Vance Myers, second.

Most Influential Man—John Chapman, first; Vance Myers, second.

Most Intellectual Man—Vance Myers and Walton Clark tied for first.

Best Man Morally—Justin Wright, first; W. H. Hightower, second.

Hardest Grind—Walton Clark, first; Jim Cureton, second.

Biggest Lady Killer—Howard Y. Round, first; George Barnwell, second.

Handsome Man—Pat Myers, first; George Barnwell and John Chapman tied for second.

Biggest Tobacco Beater—E. S. Horsley, first; Cherry Emerson, John Chapman, and Pat Myers tied for second.

Heaviest Eater—W. L. Williams, first; Luke Simons, second.

Best Football Player—W. H. Hightower, first; Cherry Emerson, second.

Best Baseball Player—Chip Robert, first; W. H. Hightower, second.

Man With Biggest Feet—A. B. Cundell, first; C. E. Bostwick, second.

Color of Eyes—Brown, 70 per cent; Blue, 20 per cent; Gray, 10 per cent.

Color of Hair—Black, 60 per cent; Brown, 30 per cent; Blond, 10 per cent.

Favorite Game—Football, 80 per cent; Baseball, 15 per cent; Poker, 5 per cent.

Chew Tobacco—Yes, 30 per cent; No, 70 per cent.

Smoke Tobacco—Yes, 60 per cent; No, 40 per cent.

Drink Intoxicants—Yes, 20 per cent; No, 80 per cent.

Favorite Professor—Wood, 30 per cent; Crenshaw, 20 per cent; Perry, 20 per cent; others, scattered.

Favorite Study—Mathematics, 30 per cent; English, 10 per cent; others, scattered.

Average Age—21.

Average Height—5 feet 9½ inches.

Average Weight—149 pounds.

Average Yearly Expenses—\$565.

A Visit to Tech after Twenty Years

It was in the fall of 1929 I stepped off the train at Terminal Station in Atlanta, after an absence of twenty years. During that time I had been in New York where I had accumulated a fortune exploiting my world-renowned remedy, "Biff's Bitters for burns, bruises, blisters and that tired feeling." After getting my bearings and admiring Billy Fellows' palatial saloon just across the street, I decided to go out to the Tech and see how the knowledge factory was progressing, for it was in the laboratory of the Chemical Department I had discovered the secret of my wonderful compound while pursuing molecules in company with "Luke" Simons.

On reaching the school I left my taxicab, after paying the driver \$37.13, and rushed up the marble steps past the statue of knowledge, representing a young man with a Vicker's milkshake in one hand and a cigarette in the other, and soon almost lost myself in the maze of buildings which covered the campus. Finally, however, I found my way to the new executive building and entering, saw the walls hung with portraits of old students, now famous men. "Chinch" McClure, George Gibbs, Walton Clark, N. E. Adamson, and Pete Williams looked down upon me. Just then I heard a whirr and the President's aeroplane driven by old Sam alighted at the entrance. As the President entered, I noticed that his mustache was black as ever, though his face was lined with years of concentrated effort to keep the students off the slopes of the campus. He went into his sanctum and, as I followed him through the outer office, I saw Pa Boyle lying on a sofa pounding a typewriter suspended from the ceiling. A sign nearby read office hours, 11:30 to 12 and I was glad to see that this hard-working man had realized his ambition. When I went into the inner office the President greeted me cordially and, after offering me a glass of lithia water, wanted me to erect a new dormitory to be lighted with radium and called Biff's Retreat. In our conversation he told me that W. Van Astor had recently given the school \$10; our generous legislature had appropriated \$150; while he had just opened a letter from Corliss Buchanan containing \$1,000,000 for athletics. I asked him then how the classes were getting on. "Classes," said he, "we haven't classes any more. All the students are irregular, some are more irregular than others, but all are very irregular in their habits; in fact we don't begin recitations now till 10 o'clock as it is difficult to get the boys up in the morning." He also told me that prosperity had changed things greatly; the professors now received \$40 a month instead of the \$30 they used to get. Also they have plenty of time for outside investigation, as they have only one class per hour. As a result of this the Physics Department had invented a kind of chalk which could not be thrown at the professor in dark lectures.

At this point there was a jar and part of the ceiling fell in. Affably brushing the mortar from his frock coat, he explained that it was probably some of the students trying to dynamite the deficiency committee. I asked him if that wasn't against the rules. "My dear Biff," said he, "rules are a thing of the past, everything now is run on the brotherly love and coöperation system." Just then the head janitor, who by the way was Bill Houseal, came in and informed the President that some of the irregulars had dropped the head of the Math. Department down the elevator shaft and were singing "Hail, Brotherly Love" at the top. "Too much of a good thing is enough," remarked the President; "this has happened four times in one week: I must see about it personally."

Outside the door, I met Jack Thiesen who is running for some office, governor of the state, I believe, and "Red" Sims, who is a member of the firm Sims, Schaffer and Marx, tailors, and we started to look about together. From somewhere nearby there came yells and shouts. We made our way toward them and found over the door the sign, Mechanical Engineering Depart-

ment. "Why," said Jack, "it is as fierce as the Uncle used to be." He opened the door and, much to our surprise, there stood the Uncle just as much of a live wire as he had been twenty years before. He was gnawing at the bars of "cast iron," for they had been forced to separate him from his classes by an order of the S. P. C. A.

Passing to the Electrical laboratory we heard the roar of machinery and going in found that a 2 horse power motor had been added to the already vast equipment. This machine had been completed in 1915 by Emerson and Smith as their 1909 thesis work. On the walls were blue prints of a remarkable electrical machine for learning calculus. It had been invented by Frank Freeman and was said to work on the scalp massage principle. Proceeding along the walk we found the shops busily working, but as knowledge had progressed the boys now worked in dress suits, as popular sentiment demanded it. In the wood shop they were making morris chairs and toothpicks for the head of the English department.

As we went by the new Mess hall we heard machines clanking and one of the waiters informed us that they were cutting up nails and making sawdust, as Mr. Allen had trained the boys up to this diet in twenty years. Goat, he said, was served only on Sunday and was considered a great delicacy. Just then we heard three long cheers for Gloversville and going down to the grandstand found that "Red" Hill was coaching the team and had just won a great victory over Yale, by importing five ringers from his native city, leaving Gloversville without a population.

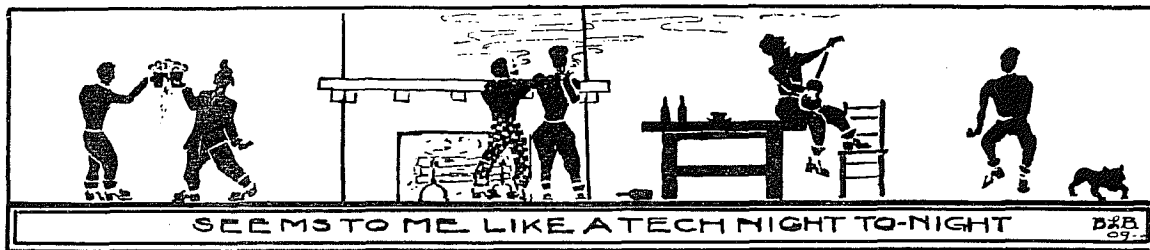
Shortly after this we left, but not until I secured an advertising contract from the President which pleased us both. It was to paint "Biffs' Bitters" on the bald heads of all the members of the Faculty who were blessed with lack of hair and to require them never to wear hats in public.



A Toast

You may drink to the heroes of classical fame,
To the victor in tourney and fight,
To radiant maiden and virtuous dame,
To the noble invincible knight;
But pour out your Rhenish, and hold it on high,
I will give you a toast that is better,
A toast we will drink with a vim till we die,—
'Tis the man with a "T" on his sweater.





The Seven Wonders of Tech

Wonder who started the fire in the Swann.
 Wonder if "Geck" is still alive.
 Wonder who advertised the Glee Club trip.
 Wonder if Bill Jenkins ever got his reward.
 Wonder what "Sailor" Jones would do if Harry Wood left college.
 Wonder who played quarter on Thanksgiving day.
 Wonder why Coach Heisman loves Walter Taylor.

Boyle's Law

We cash no checks.
 We give no change.
 We need the money.

Prof. Kell.—How was iron first discovered?
 Buchanan.—Somebody smelt it.

First Student.—Did you take calculus?
 Second Student.—I was exposed to it, but it didn't take.

A certain English professor recently gave a lecture at Washington Seminary upon the proper use of the broad "a." He advised the use of it in nearly every case. At the close of the lecture one of the young ladies was overheard asking the professor to wait until she could put on her gaiters. He smilingly asked her if she pronounced it with a broad "a."

A Proposed Glee Club Concert

"Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight" Sung by the Orpheum Trio . . . Bell, Hamilton, Murphy
 "The Girl I Left in Sunny Tennessee" Sung by Mr. Corliss Buchanan
 "Every Day is Ladies' Day with Me" Sung by "Pinkie" Black
 "The Girl from the Golden West" (End) Sung by Cherry Emerson
 "Mary's Lamb" Sung by John Chapman
 "Nothing from Nothing Leaves You" Sung by "Red" Hill
 "Popularity" Sung by the Faculty Chorus

Chip Roberts' Dream

I dreamed that it was the last game of the series with Georgia in the the spring of 1907 and that I was playing right end on the Varsity nine. The first man up for Georgia in the first half of the twenty-first lap threw the hammer for one hundred yards in ten seconds flat, the next man put the shot clear over the goal posts for three yards. After three and three-quarter minutes of play we got the ball on downs. "Buck" booted the ball for two bases and the Georgia shortstop threw a field goal from the ten-yard line. "Rat" Wright made a running broad jump of thirty-six feet and landed on second, "Buck" going to third. "Jim" Davenport then ran a mile in twenty-three seconds and the bases were full. Then I stepped up to the twenty-five-yard line amid breathless applause. I tipped two hurdles and swung at the last down—woke up and found myself signed with the Faculty.

Confound welsh-rarebit

Waste from the Spinning Room

"Billy" Williams reported with the track team candidates and announced that he was going in for the "Marry-Thorne" race.

"Ben" Sinclair says the only enjoyable feature about the Y. M. C. A. conclave at Asheville last summer was that the heat was "in-tents."

"Mate" Solomon says that he is beginning to think his bump of knowledge is a dent.

Georgia Student.—We think over in Athens that college bred is a four-year loaf.

Tech Student.—We fellows don't agree with you, for we knead the dough.

"Billy" Wilson says that if your classes interfere with your regular college duties cut your classes.

Why is "Luke" Simons sitting on a sofa with a girl and her mother in the adjoining room like a railroad sign?

Because it's Stop, "Luke," and Listen.

When was it that "Ed" Hook said that the deficiency committee knows us by our number not by our name, like any other convicts?

A favorite song with the fellows on the Cherry St. side of the Swann is "Close the Blinds, Baby is Bathing."

* * * * *

Now, fellows, if any of you have received a gentle knock in the course of these pages remember it is because you are prominent in college life. If you haven't, you will realize it is because you have never done anything foolish, so in either case don't get sore. We hope you like the book, but if you don't, console yourself with the fact that you have paid your money for it anyway.



L'Endoi

Once upon a time, when life was young and blithe and free,
And elves and fairies lived and danced 'neath every greenwood tree,
Within a stately palace in a kingdom far away,
A little prince was born when all the world was sunny May.
Both great and small unto this princeling's christening were invited,
Except the tiny greenwood-folk, and they, alas, were slighted.
Now all the fairy-folk are proud and envious little sprites,
So, when the others came, all bringing rare and rich delights,
They also came; but each one bore a gift of elfish malice,
A drop of dark and bitter drink within his silver chalice:
And one brought tears, and one brought fears, and one brought weary care;
And one brought shame, and one brought blame, and one brought bleak despair.
But one wee tripping elf there was, more kindly than his brothers,
Who brought a gift that set at naught the malice of the others;
His chalice held a golden drop of strange and wondrous worth,
The golden drop of Laughter in the silver cup of Mirth.
Dear Gentle Reader, 'tis this part we wish our Book to play,
To put some golden nonsense in your staid and serious way.
If, like the kindly elf, it brightens one dull-shadowed sorrow,
We'll be content; and now we bid you each a fond "Good-morrow."

P.



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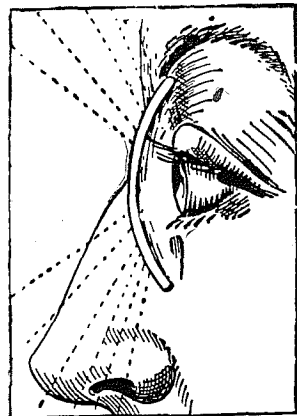
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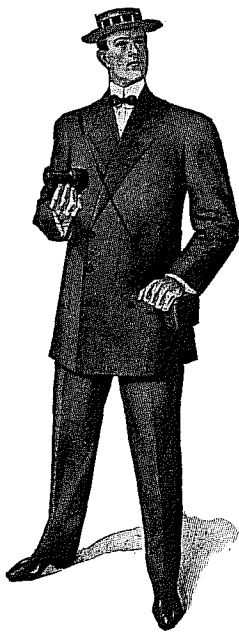
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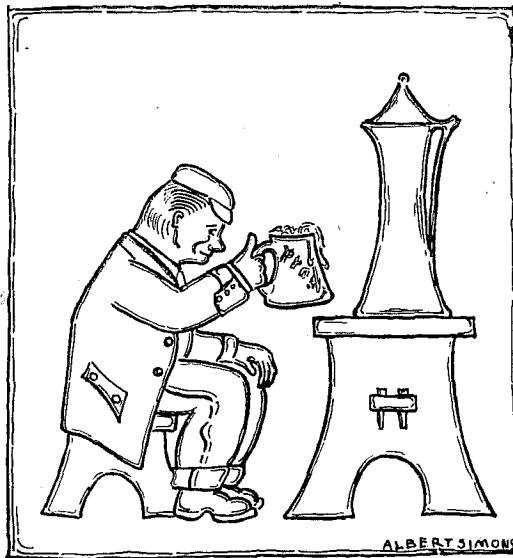
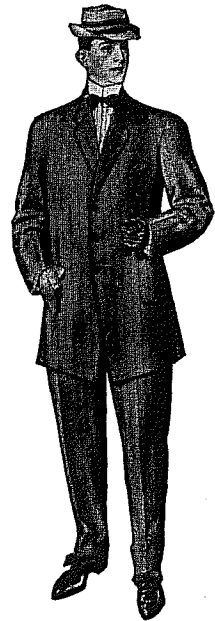
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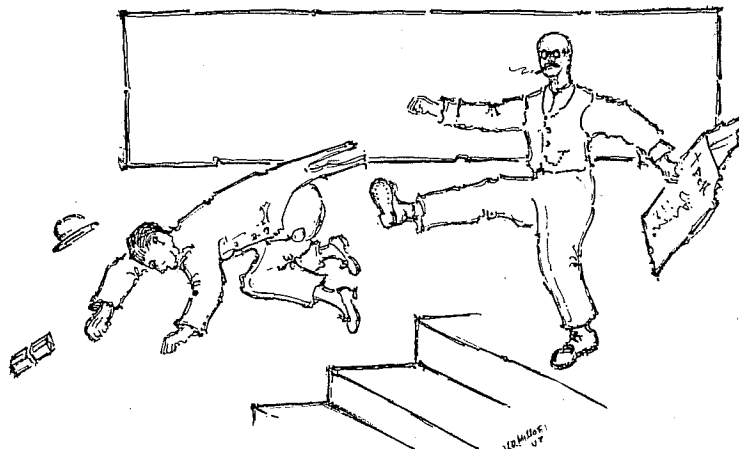
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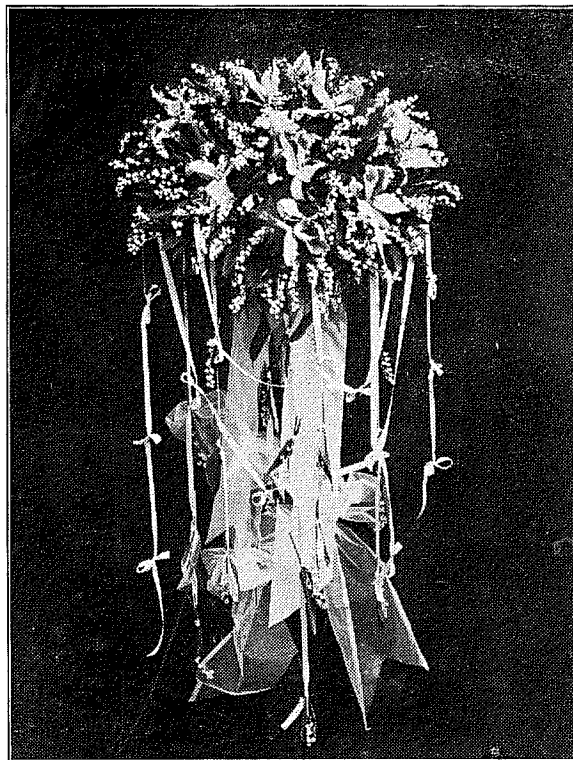
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