

# THE TECHNIQUE

OL. I.

ATLANTA, GA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1911.

NO. 1.

## GEORGIA==OUR ANNUAL TRIUMPH

Our Team is Fit--It is Up to the Rooters 12

A parade will form on Tech Campus at ten (10) o'clock Saturday morning. We will march to town, a route to be chosen by the students at mass meeting. We will keep our lines solid from the time we leave school until we get back. Those participating are urgently requested not to break the line or leave it for any reason until dismissed by cheer leaders.

We will form again at 1:30 on the Campus and march direct to Ponce de Leon. We will have our usual place in the smokers. Athletic authorities and the board of trustees of both Tech and Georgia have ruled that neither student body will be allowed on the field at any time.

The winning team is by all means entitled to the right of way. If Tech wins we certainly intend a celebration which will make Atlanta proud of us. If Georgia wins it is no more than sportsmanlike conduct that she be given the choice of celebrating as she chooses, provided Tech don't suffer the hog being run over them. If anything ungentlemanly or unsportsmanlike happens, we want to be able to say that the mess had its origin elsewhere. No man can raise an argument against such a point.

Every Tech man is expected to have on his person gold and white ribbon or colors of some kind. In the parades and at the game every Tech pennant available should be displayed. Get some kind of instrument that will make a noise. Anything on earth ascribed to such a purpose will answer. When you get this instrument, USE IT. Wear your colors to the mass meeting and KEEP THEM ON ALL DAY SATURDAY.

### TAKING INVENTORY.

By Coach Heisman.

Well, we're nearly at the close of another football season, and I have been asked by the editor of The Technique to say a few words as to where Tech and her Varsity football team find themselves at this interesting period of the season.

As the season is not yet over, however, this is not yet the time for a summing up. But, with perfect propriety, we may pause for one moment in our long climb toward the summit of our Pike's Peak and, before undertaking that last most difficult and perilous stage of our journey, take one look backward and survey the wide landscape that falls away at our very feet and goes on down, down to the distant foothills of our lowly beginnings in September.

At that time we had no hope that the '11 football season was to bring to our hearts any ray of comfort; we saw no chance of our turning out a team of even fair ability. Had we not lost nine of last year's "T" men, and had any newly-entering men yet been seen who might be able to "make" even such a weak and sickly Varsity as this year's looked to be? No, we neither saw nor later found any such; and so we found ourselves thrown back upon our haunches at the very outset of the season and



PATTERSON F. B.  
CAPT F. B. PATTERSON.

compelled to face the question of how we were going to do with the same men, less a whole host of veterans, what we had been unable to accomplish with that gone and departed host.

Well, men of Tech, you will recall what I then said,—that while it was true that we had lost veterans and found no new athletes to take their places, yet we had found something of far greater value than athletic reputations in our midst this year,—a something that was strangely lacking last year. And some of you smiled—did you not? And you wondered if I were dreaming, or merely talking "bushwah." I said that if we would only take heed of this rare seed that had at last sprouted in our flower bed, would only cherish and nourish it with care and enthusiasm, would shield it from cold winds, give it warmth and light, it would grow into a most beautiful plant, then a bush, next a sapling and finally a giant of the forest. Well, it was our only chance, and so we went at the work with determination to give it a fair test. And now what do we find we have? Do we behold already the giant of the forest? Maybe not, maybe so. At any rate the thing is too big to longer be called a seed, a plant, a bush or even a sapling; it's a young giant, to say the least; and it's growing every hour, and every day, every week and every month. And the ripe fruit is hanging all over it, with some of it already harvested and stowed away for keeps. And the name of that young giant is TECH SPIRIT!

Yes, it's been a hard thing to rear that delicate plant at Tech to such a size and to such a state of healthfulness and vigor; but it's BEEN DONE, and the next question is how to keep the thing not only alive, but to make it continue to grow and grow, on and on, till it gets so big and strong and robust that nothing in all the world can ever kill it again. That, sirs, is one of things you ought not to be considering. Your task is not ended now that you have raised this flowering young plant to where it has become indeed a thing of beauty, but it still

remains that you must plan to retain it unto yourselves as a "joy forever." If you do not accomplish this then you will have failed at exactly the same place that all previous student bodies at Tech have failed.

Oh, it's a great thing this college spirit; it's a thing to conjure with. My business is with athletics in the collegian's life, and so I will not dwell on what college spirit—the spirit which develops what should be the ideals of his mental, spiritual and social life at college—can do in other than athletic realms; but I tell you again, and once again, that without spirit your college coach is as helpless, in trying to whip his Varsity teams into shape, as is an ocean liner to cross the seas with no coal to fire the boilers. It is worse than trying to play Hamlet with the gentleman of "too, too solid flesh" dropped from the cast.

But we had it—this year, and we have it still. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern may be somewhat weak in their parts, but let it be so; for we have our Hamlet in the cast and a strong actor he is—this fellow GRIT. What? Yes, he's jumped right in and held the stage all by himself time and again this fall when it looked like none of the others knew their parts. There were Experience, and Speed, and Weight and Tradition and Material and Public Encouragement and Age and Time and Good Luck and all the other characters deficient at one time or another or all of them together at times, but good old GRIT was holding the boards all by himself, and pulling the play through by not only reeling off his own lines, but prompting every other actor in the cast, and even speaking their own lines for them whenever they fell down.

It's a QUEER thing, too, this college spirit; it acts on the student body, and then it reacts on the team, and then it rebounds from the team and reacts with quadrupled effect on the student body. That's what it has done over and over again with us all this fall. First one organization would get an acute attack of it, and then

when it seemed to be passing away from the one it took an even greater grip on the other organization. And now it's come to the point where, when we go out to Ponce de Leon Park to see our team play ball, we witness an exhibition of such playing spirit on the field and, simultaneously, of such student fidelity and loyalty in the stands as fairly sets the blood of every beholder to tingling and evokes the unchallenged admiration of even the most disinterested beholder.

Frankly, Tech has always led in the volume, the snap, the organization of their cheering in the South. At least she has for the last half dozen years. I go to no athletic fields on a Southern campus, whether carrying one of our baseball or one of our football teams, and hear any such cheering as comes from the wide throats of our leather-hinged cohorts. I have listened to it myself time and again with more than a passing thrill. And it has "played the team in" to the battle this fall with a fire that no other source of inspiration could give.

Keep it up, boys, keep it up. Our team has done wonders, and you have had your share in the good work. In not a single game this season has the team flunked or failed to fight it through with the gameness which we all prize and cherish and honor and cover more than the victory itself. The players have done their "durndest" this year, and you've got to hand it to them. They started nowhere and they have arrived at farther than somewhere. They have trained and attended practice and obeyed orders and toiled through the hot, blistering suns of October and the cutting winds and cold rains of November with a singleness of purpose that has endeared them every one to our hearts.

Win from Georgia our team may not—as who, in reason, could demand that it should, remembering what we started with and what Georgia started with. But I do know that that team will never falter in its tracks; I know that it has condition and grit; I know that it has done better in every game this season in its second half than it did in the first half, and that is the supreme test of whether a team is really great—great in its own personality. And if it does conduct itself that way we will have no room to cavil or cry out, so long as it has remained true to the traditions we are trying so hard to establish, and has grown another big limb on the great big tree.

So, every man stand firm; every player and every non-player still keep shoulder to the wheel, every true son of Tech aspire most to learn to know the meaning of the word Gameness. Thus, and thus only, will the tree be made to grow and broaden, so shall you keep it alive forever, the perpetual betterment of our athletic teams and of every other feature of college life.

Men of Tech, I congratulate the re-attainment of the that you needed worst athletic lexicon.

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# The Technique

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All men who want to try out for Assistant Business Manager of The Technique please hand in their names to the Business Manager. Four or five of the applicants will be chosen by the Board of Editors, and the man securing the largest number of subscribers and writing the largest number of advertisements will be appointed.

## THE TECHNIQUE.

This paper is the voice of the student body and the servant of its interests. It is the champion of all causes that will contribute to the development of the institution in numbers, influence and character.

It has been named The Technique, a name that expresses the purpose and nature of the school and paper as well, perhaps, as it can be expressed in a word. For although we desire inspiration with school spirit, and a wealth of life and feeling for every student, yet we desire also that the aim of our work and study should not be forgotten. That, with each succeeding issue, the name should become associated with the richest experiences of our college life, with our most intense efforts, and happiest accomplishments—this is the hope of the editors.

For The Technique desires intensely to serve; to express for us our wishes and needs; to increase our school spirit; encourage us in disappointment; congratulate us in success. It desires to make more efficient the management of student enterprises by offering a means of communication between the directors and the workers. It will obviate many meetings that are now necessary and make more effective those that are held.

It wishes to bring the alumni in closer contact with college life and college enterprise; to bring more quickly and more solidly, their support to our efforts; to make them feel themselves more intimately a part of the school.

In a word, The Technique desires to serve as a time-saver, a conservator of energy and spirit, a power behind every college movement.

## GEORGIA—OUR ANNUAL TRIUMPH.

Use of Georgia—Our Annual Triumph, as the leading headline may be read, is presumptuous; it is the expression of what will be true of tomorrow's Georgia, through the hard grind of the year and through the triumph of our progress

has been far in excess of what the most optimistic of us hoped for. The game may be a triumph mixed with failure and yet it need not be. There is too much at stake for any man to lose his head at any time through the day, and a victory at the cost of a compromise will be dearly bought. On the other hand, an unmarred, clean, manly victory will have nothing for us to regret.

The entire state is looking toward this contest. The people want us to treat our opposing teams as friends. Certainly our team deserves the best and the cleanest of support. Personal encounters and wagers are not indications of college spirit and the individual members of the team do not like to be placed in the category of game cocks or race horses. The true college spirit calls for cheering of good individual work, regardless of which team does it. It calls also for unbounded faith in your own team. Certainly we have not had a better for years past and we can do no less than be loyal to them.

For the sake of the team we believe in, for the sake of the future relations with Georgia, for the sake of our standing with the people of the state and for the sake of our college, let us go through tomorrow with actions and spirit which can offend no man's taste. Let us make the students of Georgia feel that they are our guests. Such an attitude will be keeping with the reputation we have among the Southern colleges.

## GAME PROBABLE WITH VANDERBILT—WILL BE CHAMPIONSHIP CONTEST.

Will Tech play Vanderbilt? Such a thing is vedy likely now. With November the twenty-fifth an open date on the schedule of both Vanderbilt and Tech, every effort is being made to bring the two teams together, and it all depends on who wins tomorrow.

The dopesters from Athens give it to Georgia all the way from six to twenty-four to nothing, but, try our best, we cannot see it that way, and certainly Woodruff and McWhorter must show us before we can. Tech is coming back; the habit of former years is asserting itself; the Jackets are stirring in their hives and it somehow looks like a game with Vanderbilt. Mind you we say, it looks like it. Georgia may beat us, for the best plans of mice and men sometimes "gang alee." But we are frank to say now that we do not expect them to.

A Tech-Vanderbilt game will be thoroughly to the taste of the Atlanta public and a fine thing for the coffers of both Athletic Associations, and, better still, from our standpoint, it will be a championship contest, for if we dispose of Georgia we will be in the running for the great Southern honor, and whether we play Vanderbilt or not, we give it to Captain Patterson and his bunch, as a team who have passed through trials and come out strong.

## FORMER TECH-GEORGIA SCORES.

- 1893—Tech 26; Georgia 5.
  - 1894—Tech 22; Georgia 0.
  - 1895—No game.
  - 1896—No game.
  - 1897—Georgia 23; Tech 0.
  - 1898—Georgia 15; Tech 0.
  - 1899—Georgia 20; Tech 0.
  - 1900—Georgia 12; Tech 0.
  - 1901—No game.
  - 1902—Tech 0; Georgia 0.
  - 1903—Georgia 33; Tech 0.
  - 1904—Tech 23; Georgia 6.
  - 1905—Tech 46; Georgia 0.
  - 1906—Tech 17; Georgia 0.
  - 1907—Tech 10; Georgia 6.
  - 1908—No game.
  - 1909—Tech 12; Georgia 6.
  - 1910—Georgia 11; Tech 6.
- Total points scored — Tech 162; Georgia 147.

## WHO'S WHO.

Harmon Wayne Patterson, known as "Pat" until his present job as Captain earned him the title of "Cap," started developing his kicking toe in Presidio, Cal., just 22 years ago by treating it in the manner usually ascribed to infants. He further developed it at the San Diego high school and gave it its higher education by playing four years on the Tech team. While training his trusty toe, however, he did not neglect his other members, and his physical strength, cool head and indomitable spirit and abilities as a leader make him an ideal captain for Tech's best team. He weighs 174 and plays fullback.

Roy Goree first starred on the Atlanta high school team, after, of course, having been born, which notable event took place in Atlanta 19 years ago. Roy has worked on the team for three years. He puts all of his 164 pounds in every play, running the end like a deer and bucking the line like a battering ram. After Saturday nobody will know better than the Georgia team that he is Tech's left halfback.

William Burke Coleman was born in Americus and prepped at both Gordon and Porter Military Academy. He is 21 years old and weighs 154 pounds. "Bill" has certainly "w-w-w-on" his place in the heart of every Tech man by the way he has run the team from the quarterback position this year, which is his third on the Varsity.

Homer Cook is a product of Covington, where he first saw light 22 years ago. His elementary education was obtained at Emory, but he soon found that his football talent was greater than his chosen alma mater could handle, so he hied his 157 pounds of muscle to Tech, where they could be more profitably used at right halfback. Needless to say there are many (but none at Tech), who wish that he had remained true to his first choice. This is his first year on the team.

Hugh Luehrmann was first dubbed "Dutch" 21 years ago in Memphis, Tenn. Since leaving the Memphis University School, he has attained the honor of having donned the old Gold and White for three years. He tips the scale at 158 pounds and is one of the fiercest guards Tech has ever had the honor of claiming as her own.

Benjamin W. Sinclair hails from south Georgia, having started to grow in Darien. He soon outgrew the high school of his home city and, looking for more worlds to conquer, he came to Tech, where he has outgrown all comers. At present he is 6 feet 7 inches tall, weighs 187 pounds and has seen 22 summers. In stature he rivals Goliath, but—well, it's a cinch Georgia can't produce a David. For two years he has loomed high above all opposing tackles, both in playing and in stature.

Albert L. Loeb scraped for the first time twenty years ago. Since then he has scraped through the Atlanta high school, and is now giving his best efforts in that line to the Tech team. He's always on the job at centre, with plenty of Tech spirit, boundless energy and nerve galore. After the game it will be hard to convince the Georgia team that Al only weighs 154, and is playing his first year on the Varsity.

David Calmes Black's head of hair belies his surname, but that same hair is typical of the fighting spirit which has helped him to rise from the

scrubs to right end on the "Pinkie" is a local product, 163 pounds, and has been warring play on the Tech team for 24 years. Now that his ambition is gratified he is proving himself an honor to Tech and his home city.

Edward B. Means was born in Charleston, but soon moved to Atlanta, so he could play on the Atlanta high school team. He is now playing right guard for Tech, and doing it with a vim that does not usually accompany 185 pounds. Ed is 19 years old and is playing his first year on the Varsity.

Ernest K. Thomason was born in Atlanta and prepared for the Tech team at Hunter's school in the same city. He is playing left-end and is showing himself to be one of the finest. In spite of the fact that this is his first year on the big team, he has had a great deal of experience, and utilizes his 22 years and 158 pounds to the best possible advantage.

Gilbert J. Sanchez developed too fast for sleepy New Orleans, so when he had finished the New Orleans high school they sent him to Atlanta. With his 177 pounds he fills the position of left tackle, and has some left over. "Gil" has been nourishing the "never say die" spirit for 18 years.

Edward E. Elmer saw the sun rise over the Mississippi river for the first time 19 years ago, from his home in Biloxi. He afterwards went to Rugley Academy in New Orleans, and came to Tech in 1910. Immediately after matriculation he hurried down to the Flats and made the team. This year he was playing a wonderful game at tackle when he unfortunately strained his arm in practice just before the Sewanee game, so that he is out for the season. In him Tech lost a man who was going at an all-Southern pace.

William A. Alexander was born in Mullenburgh county, Kentucky, and prepped at the Greenville high school. By his work on the scrubs in past years, he has indirectly helped Tech to many victories. He is now substitute quarter, but at home at any place on the team. Alex is twenty-two years old and weighs 142 pounds.

Munroe B. Hutton captained the Boys' high school team of Savannah, which is his birthplace, and is now not only substitute end, but substitute center at Tech. He plays hard at all times and is in every play. "Mummy" is twenty years old and his weight is 150 pounds.

Steward Colley came from Grantville, Ga., to prep at G. M. A., where he was one of the stars of the team. "Feat" plays substitute tackle and plays it well. In case of an opening he could well fill the position on the Varsity. His age is 19 and his weight 165 pounds.

Carlisle B. Cox, born in Atlanta, 20 years ago, prepped at Gordon. He entered Tech in 1908, but dropped out for several years. He has now, however, plainly shown his relation to Coach by his ability to "come back," for he has come back with a rush and is playing a wonderful game as substitute quarter. His weight is 150 pounds.

So there you are. As individuals, the team measures up to the best—all of them were born in good places and in the usual manner. The years have brought them both good and evil and now they face the crowning event of their lives. To be a Yellow Jacket and to play against Georgia. What more can they want? "Victory" says ambition.

## OVER-CONFIDENCE.

To this one little word and its significant meaning has been attributed the sole cause of Tech's defeat at the hands of Georgia in 1910. This might be exaggerated to some extent, yet it rings true when exposed to open discussion. We do not wish to detract one iota from Georgia's glory in defeating us. It is not Tech's policy to cry out loud-mouthed excuses for defeat. When we lose, we lose and we are certainly credited with being a game set of losers. It's all in the game, somebody must lose, and if it happens to be Tech, why put on the sorehead's cap and goat about it? We have had shining examples of soreheadedness thrust upon us. The same applies to a victory as well. But I'm straying from my subject. Let's come back to a few results of OVER-CONFIDENCE.

Every coach of a winning team has this to deal with and no matter how great his superior qualities as a coach may be, not one has ever been able to cope with a spirit of over-confidence. It proves ruin to any team or student body. It hit us a stealthy blow last year, and if not very, very careful, we are going to suffer again. Last year at the opening of the season, our team had few matches in the South. They made monkeys of Mercer and Alabama. Such scores as 38 to 0 and 4 to 0 against Alabama and Mercer, respectively, ruined us the remainder of the season. Following the Mercer game we took on Auburn. It was the consensus of opinion that Tech would win. The team thought it, the student body was sure of it. We went to the game with a giggle up our sleeves. We had them beaten before the game began. If you saw that game you can fully realize the rings they played around us. We were beaten by three touchdowns.

Next we took on Vanderbilt, or rather they took us on. In the first half of that game Tech was scared green and heaven knows they played beautiful ball. The half ended 0 to 0 with Vandy having been played off her feet. In the second half, that demon, over-confidence, got Tech again. One might not have recognized the Jackets as the same team. Judging from the article of football they put up. They can't beat us, thought Tech, but fellows, did they? Why, Vandy played football while Tech indulged in a social game of "tag, you're it!" They went through our line for amazing gains. Our ends seemed as easy to circle as the extremities of a pencil line with a compass. Presto, change! There you are, it was a beautiful forward pass, and in the next instant might be heard, "Watch that Morrison return those punts." It was almost pitiful, so far as Tech was concerned.

And then we met Georgia. In the first five minutes of play we waded through them like a duck through water. Dean Hill had placed the ball behind the goal posts almost before we had time to realize it. The rooters were frenzied. They acted like mad men. But here we are again, OVER-CONFIDENCE. From the kick-off following Tech's touchdown, Georgia had the field. True, it was not until near the end of the fourth quarter that she scored her two touchdowns, but all this time she was playing on an over-confident spirit of her opponent. Tech seemed to think that she could tap Georgia on the shoulder and say, "Pray pardon us, but we desire to make a touchdown," and the deed would be done. Far from true. When the time did come, we were not equal to the task and they ran away with us. Georgia did not have the team we did. Without McWhorter and Woodruff, anything could have beat them. It was a battle of Red and Black perseverance against Gold and White over-confidence. It ruined us fellows and we are in danger again.

It would have been far better had

we beaten Sewanee by one touchdown instead of four. Of course it is inspiring to brighten a blaze by adding fuel to a flickering flame. The first touchdown Saturday was Tech's flickering flame. We built it to a bonfire with three more touchdowns. We were happy, even hilarious and are still happy, but to think of it, the real problem is still before us. Building a team structure from little or no foundation is our glorious achievement, yet it is this selfsame thing, which looms up as a promoter of over-confidence. We have accomplished something out of nothing and we are justly proud, but, fellows, for heaven's sake, if you love Tech, if you realize what this game means to every one of us, maintain your fighting spirit and don't convince the team that there never was an equal in the annals of football. It will mean our death. Coach Heisman stood up before the whole Tech student body and told them that Georgia would beat us in 1910. They did it. Coach Heisman says right now that he is afraid of over-confidence. If our heads swell because we beat a weak Sewanee team we are lost.

You fellows have seen this year what nothing on earth but spirit, spirit, spirit will accomplish. You have seen the absolute necessity of spirit. You have responded well so far, not near so well as might have been, but enough up to the present. Mark me, I say, up to the present. The time has come now to cut loose every tie that bound you. That day is going to be just what we make it, nothing more or nothing less. Nobody turns a hand to help those who will not help themselves. If you are indifferent, you are a discredit to our student body and we frankly ask you to stay away from the game. If you have a grand old cause deep-seated in your heart, Tech pleads that you answer her call. A defeat at the hands of Georgia means a damper thrown upon your good spirit the remainder of this year. A victory means a gain day, a breaking loose of pent-up enthusiasm, a deeper insight into what Tech college life is doing for you, and an achievement of an end, which will spread Tech's name and her glory over this continent.

## FRIENDS REJOICE WITH TECH THE NEW HOSPITAL OPENED.

The hopes of fond parents for years past were realized when on Monday afternoon last many friends of Tech gathered for the formal opening of the new Joseph Brown Whitehead Memorial Hospital. The first five thousand dollars and more since then was given by Mrs. Whitehead as a memorial to her late husband. The whole cost of the handsome building was about twenty-five thousand dollars, and there are still two wards to be equipped.

The opening was quite a social event, and was well attended by many members of the younger and older sets. The halls and wards of the hospital were decorated in the school colors, ferns and chrysanthemums. Presiding at the punch bowls were Misses Mary Helen Moody and Elizabeth Dunson, Katherine Booth and Myrtle Handcock. Music was furnished by the Tech orchestra. The partonesses were:

Mrs. Joseph Brown Whitehead, Mrs. Floyd McRae, Mrs. M. L. Troutman, Mrs. W. B. Hamby, Mrs. Mary Wright Smith, Mrs. E. P. McBurney, Mrs. Robert J. Lowery, Mrs. William Worth Martin, Mrs. K. G. Matheson, Mrs. W. H. Emerson, Mrs. N. E. Harris, Mrs. E. R. Hodgson, Mrs. W. R. Miles, Mrs. N. R. Pratt, Mrs. W. A. Jackson, Mrs. Hugh M. Willett, Mrs. W. Woods White, Mrs. Walter G. Lamar, Mrs. J. K. Ottley, Miss Jennie English, Mrs. Charles Hayden, Miss Isma Dooley, Mrs. Asa G. Candler, Mrs. J. Lindsay Johnson, Mrs. W. S. West.

# The Technique

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TECH 28; HOWARD 0.

The reports received here of this opening game contained very little football news. Constant wrangling marred what might otherwise have been a good game. Although the Birmingham enthusiasts have tried their best to place the greater part of the blame on Tech, it has been shown that the inexperience of the officials started it all. However, as we are not discussing the merits of a pugilistic debate, we will give what accounts of the game we have gathered from the players themselves. Howard, while weak on offense, was good on defense, holding Tech to 0 to 0 score in the first half. The Yellow-jackets had not gotten together; yet, their play being very ragged. Cook, Goree and Patterson were the stars of the game, while Elmer and Alexander established their claim to recognition among the "white hopes." The character of the game prohibited any attempt to get a line on the real strength of our team. The only item of interest is that Tech was promoted from tenth to ninth place in the "vision of Sir Scribe."

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SOJAS,

CIGARS,

CIGARETTES,

DRUGS

### THE SPIRIT OF TECH.

There are three things that make a football team: physical ability, knowledge of the game and spirit. The greatest of these is spirit. Without the real fighting spirit a team composed of brilliant players who have had experience would amount to naught. The old men at Tech know this and the new men have doubtless heard of it.

Take a glance at our Tech team as it was about the first of October—where were the Davises, Morrisons and McWhorters? And besides the lack of star material, the great majority of the team was composed of new men. What were we to do? It certainly looked blue for Tech. The easiest thing seemed to be to sit by and watch our team get beat, saying, "Oh, well, this is our off year; we'll have a good team some other year and then we will get up and yell for them." But could we do this and still uphold the honor of Tech? Fellows, you new men, haven't been here long enough yet to fully realize what it means, but we older men have come to love old Tech. We have been inspired with a certain pride that lets us stand unashamed before any man and maintain that "Tech's the best old school in the world." It is this spirit which is carrying us through this year with flying colors. It is this spirit, the feeling of a man aroused, which WILL MAKE Tech beat Georgia on November 18.

The first opportunity given the new men to imbibe this spirit was at the meeting of the Athletic Association before the Tennessee game. These new men have to be congratulated upon the way they entered into the thing on the jump. "Snakes" Porter and "Fox" Montague, the new cheer leaders, started work, and the spirit displayed at the Tennessee game was the best ever shown at the opening of our season.

Did this brilliant start take our breath away? Were we winded? Or, coming down to the point in question, where were you when the Mercer game came off? What a poor sequel to the showing made the week before! Some, I guess, stayed at home. Some went to the Bijou, Forsyth, etc. Some went out to Ponce de Leon. Three-fourths of the some that went to the game forgot that yelling was one of their duties, and roamed about, inspecting the different parts of the grand stand. Oh my! oh my! were we, after all, lost in the "Slough of Despair?"

Something had to be done, and right in this connection, we owe a few words of appreciation to Mr. Turner for his wide-awake interest in us. Just

out this time he started something which has since become one of the most successful projects ever attempted at Tech, that is, the singing of college songs, and the practice of our yells on Friday evenings. A very spirited half-hour session on the night before the Alabama game revived the spirit again. The next day we started to get right. The body formed on the Campus, and headed by the band, marched to Ponce de Leon. It was this great display of spirit that, perhaps, saved the Gold and White from defeat on that day.

Next came Auburn. On dope Auburn had us beat three or four touchdowns. But the dopessters had not counted in the value of 500 leather lungs. The cheering during the Auburn game was decidedly the best shown this year. Notice the result. Auburn came here expecting to run away with Tec. Arnold, realizing that Auburn was outclassed, struck a 22-karat gold horseshoe studded with diamonds under his jersey, went into the game, and he and his horseshoe grabbed the ball and ran. This and several other favors bestowed upon Auburn by the fickle goddess of Fate could not stop the Tech rooters. Loud and louder did they yell, until in the last quarter, when Roy Goree carried the ball over, pandemonium

reigned supreme. It shows up good for Tech that, in spite of the final score being against them, the rooters insisted on marching through town.

The question that is being asked by every lover of football in this burg is "CAN TECH COME BACK?" Now, are you going to give them the right answer? It depends directly on each and every one of you. Starting with almost no hopes, our coach, the best in the South today, has developed the greatest team that ever represented Tech. They have shown steady improvement each week from the very start and have outplayed every team that they have met. Keep them on the go one more week and help them hang on to the large end of the score.

Don't make the mistake we made last year. In 1910 Tech beat Mercer 46 to 0, while the best Georgia could do was 18 to 0. What was the use of trying? Tech could beat Georgia easily enough. Didn't the scores of the two teams against Mercer show Tech to be the better team? That's the way it looked to us, but Georgia couldn't see it that way. They came here determined to fight to the last ditch. Now it is true that this year we beat Sewanee 23 to 0, while Georgia only made 12 points to Sewanee's 3. But please don't think that the 11 more points that Tech made will count for them in the battle with the Red and Black. Remember that when the whistle blows at the beginning of the game, the score is 0 to 0. Let's go at 'em right from the start and keep it up till the last play is over. We have beaten them before. We have beaten them time and time again when the dope was against us. This year the dope is about even. Why can't we beat them again? We can and we will if all you fellows stick to the team. We owe it to our coach, we owe it to our team, and we owe it to our school to do our durndest. Stick together, talk to the team and remember—

GEORGIA MUST BE DEFEATED.

### FINAL CALL TONIGHT IN CHAPEL AT 7:30.

Who will be absent at the final call tonight? With the success or failure of the season staked on tomorrow's game, surely, no man. We can do no less than attend this gathering tonight. It will be a gathering of the clans from all the hills of the state. They are coming to see us prevail against the enemy. Friends of former years, the Alumni and ex-students whose love for Tech has grown no less through the passing years and just to help us make a spirit that knows no defeat. As the spirit is tomorrow, so will be the game. Can we not be better in college spirit than Georgia; can we not be more loyal, more enthusiastic and better rooters? "Georgia beat Tech," the Athenian battle cry, must be drowned and by a fine spirited cheering such as we have never had before. "Georgia beat Tech" has been true for one full year, but what about tomorrow? The answer depends on what we do tomorrow and what we do tomorrow depends on what we do tonight. The team can not do it all; we must help them from the sidelines.

In the drama of tomorrow let us make it:

Act I.

Every man in the chapel tonight.

Act II.

Win as much of the game tonight as we can.

Act III.

Every man in his place tomorrow.

Act IV.

Such, gentlemanly, enthusiastic yelling and support as we have never had before.

Act V.

Victory and a parade down Peach-tree.

Dramatis Personae:

YOU and ME.

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