In Memoriam
Colonel Hal Gordon Nowell
March 19, 1870—February 7, 1921
A Devoted Friend, Unselfish, Loyal, and True.
FOREMOST among all the activities of our splendid campus comes Athletics, and to this incomparable factor of American college life, we feel our Alma Mater is deeply indebted. Our school, in a comparatively few years, has won an enviable and admirable position among the greater institutions of learning of the United States and with this growth our athletic teams have maintained an equal pace. The name of Georgia Tech is a familiar word in the world of college athletics, not only in the South, but in the North, the East, and the West as well. Our men play the game clean, even as they play hard; our teams ever present a solid and united front, unbroken by petty, opposing factions from within; and our student body has learned to back our every team to the very last moment of play,—to back them with a clean, indomitable sportsmanship that can taste the bitter dregs of defeat with the same staunch spirit that is experienced when Georgia Tech comes out in the lead.
Football

"T"

Amis, T. B.  
Barlow, D. I.  
Barron, D. I.  
Fawver, A. R.  
Ingram, L. C.

Flowers, A. R.  
Glaster, W. E.  
Harlan, J. W.  
Johnson, C. E.  
LeBey, C. D.

McDonough, J. J.  
Ratterman, G. A.  
Stanton, A. H.  
Stanton, J. C.  
Scarboro, D. D.

Berry, W. G.  
Brewster, J. D.  
Dovali, R. L.  
Fincher, W. E.  
Pate, C. A.

Finchours, A. R.  
Glaster, W. E.  
Hunt, A. T.  
Lyman, W. P.  
Mayer, R. P.

McIntyre, J. F.  
McRea, J. P.  
Rushing, O. W.  
Welches, H.

"2T"

Armstead, F.  
Brewster, J. C.  
Fincher, W. E.

Roane, R. W.  
Stanton, A. H.  
Wrigley, E. C.

BASEBALL

Ashby, F. L.  
Barron, D. I.  
Finchours, A. R.  
Ingram, L. C.  
Mitchell, W. M.

O'Leary, D. J.  
Prouty, F. G.  
Settle, E. C.

Track

Armstead, F.  
Barron, D. I.  
Conner, S. A.  
Cotton, F. E.  
Carter, H. C.

Coppes, W. K.  
Daves, A. R.  
Davies, P. G.  
Davies, G. A.  
Finchours, A. R.

Eckels, A. W.  
Eilling, A. W.

FINCHES, A. R.  
Finchours, W. E.  
Fowler, D. D.  
Frickey, J. M.  
Granger, H. W.

Hartford, W. D.  
Hartford, J. M.  
Hartford, W. D.  
Hunt, A. T.  
Hyams, E. L.

Moore, F. B.  
Moore, F. B.  
Moore, R. P.  
Moore, W. E.

McIntyre, H. E.  
McIntyre, J. F.  
McInroy, H. E.  
McRea, J. P.  
Roane, R. W.

Basket-Ball

Armstead, F.  
Brewster, J. C.  
Fincher, W. E.

Roane, R. W.  
Stanton, A. H.  
Wrigley, E. C.

Swimming

Armstead, F.  
Barron, D. I.  
Conner, S. A.  
Cotton, F. E.  
Carter, H. C.

Coppes, W. K.  
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Davies, G. A.  
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McInroy, H. E.  
McRea, J. P.  
Roane, R. W.
Tech Athletic Association

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To the Golden Tornado

With a hurricane’s ire, with the wrath of a fire,
With the strength of a giant, yet skillful and pliant,
She sweeps all her foes aside;
She has weathered each test, she has beaten the best,
And now rises on victory’s tide.

W.
"BUCK" FLOWERS
Captain 1920

"BILL" FINCHER
All American 1920
William A. Alexander
HEAD FOOTBALL COACH

As Head Coach of Football at Georgia Tech, Coach William A. Alexander proved beyond a doubt this past season that his appointment upon the resignation of the veteran Heisman was indeed a wise one. So great was the success of the Golden Tornado of 1920 and so well coached did they appear in their every start that the name of their coach became as familiar as is the appellation of the Gold and White combination.

Coach Alec—and that is all he is ever called on the campus—started out life in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, drifted on down to Georgia to enter the Berry Prep School in Rome, and in the fall of 1906 his name was officially entered on the rolls of Georgia Tech. He won his B.S. in C.E. degree in the spring of 1912, after having made a great record on the Tech gridiron and cinder paths. He returned that fall, unable to break away from the campus of his Alma Mater, acting as a mathematics instructor and assistant to Heisman in football.

In the dark war days of '17 and '18 he was in the service of Uncle Sam, but returned in the fall of '19 to resume his former position here at Tech. He served again as chief assistant to Heisman and as Head Track Coach. The past fall saw him in full charge of the Tornado and getting more work out of his men than they ever dreamed was in them.

Coach Alec's promotion came at the age of thirty-one, but the success with which he managed the destinies of the team clearly demonstrated that he was not hampered by any lack of years. The end of the season brought him several very flattering offers from Eastern and Northern institutions who wanted him as head coach. Tech is too dear for him to pull out, however, and it is our belief and prediction that this coming football season will see Coach Alec and the Golden Tornado rise to the very pinnacle of American football fame.

Our Assistant Coaches

Though W. A. Alexander presides as chief mentor of the Golden Tornado he has a co-worker whose influence and ability goes a long way toward making our team so mighty. As Head Line Coach, F. F. Wood has guided the destinies of the Tech line for three years, turning out an increasingly stronger array of forwards each season. Coming to us with an All-American record that he had won in the line of Notre Dame some years ago, he has maintained his enviable reputation by turning out both All-Southern and All-American linemen on the Golden Tornado.

Acting in the capacity of field-general of the redoubtable Yannigans was our old friend, R. A. "Kid" Clay. Peculiarly qualified to handle the work by virtue of five years of hard "scrubbing" under the master hand of Heisman, he has always made a great success of our reserve squad. The scrubs this year had a hard time of fighting a team of the caliber of the Tech regulars every day of the week, but Coach Clay and his men were always equal to the occasion.

Star of the Carlisle Indians for two years, a member of the great Tornado of '17 and again in '18, twice an All-American, and the greatest player that ever trod Grant Field, Big Chief Josephus N. Guyon heeded the call of his Alma Mater last fall and returned to aid in the coaching of our varsity backfield.

When George Griffin was appointed Student-Assistant Coach last fall, the move was approved by every one of his many friends on the campus. George is a veteran of many grid and track campaigns, and the success with which he developed the first real Freshman team of Georgia Tech only went to show the wisdom of his appointment.
Tech Wins 1920 S. I. A. Championship

REVIEW OF SEASON

Once again the Golden Tornado came into her own and for the fifth time in six years Georgia Tech stood at the pinnacle of southern football. Undisputed and untainted was our claim at the end of the '20 season, and not only in the South but in all the United States, our eleven was awarded the victor's palm and heralded as one of the truly great aggregations of the country.

Work got under way on Tuesday afternoon, September the 7th, with Coach Alexander presiding at the helm. Nine men reported that day, and by the end of the week the squad was increased to three times this number. The opening of registration on the 20th brought a host of others out and by the opening of the college proper the flats were swamped with football candidates. Work went forward with a jump and the first game found the Tech team fit and fine.

TECH 44. WAKE FOREST 0

Wake Forrest came to town on the 25th of September, thus attaining the signal honor of being the first to bow to the future champions. The day was hot but the game was good, and Tech walked away with a 44 to 0 victory.

TECH 55. OGLETHORPE 0

The Oglethorpe encounter, a game full of local interest and color, was another walkaway for the White and Gold. Our jump shift began to move like a clock again, and as a result our team drove out a well-earned 55 to 0 victory.

TECH 66. DAVIDSON 0

Tech's grid machine blew relentlessly onward and the gallant little Davidson eleven fell by the wayside, victims of the Tornado's wrath. 66 to 0. The game demonstrated the best offensive Tech had yet shown and a simply impenetrable defense. The Wildcats played wonderful ball, but never did they seriously threaten the winners, for several of their men were out on account of certain eligibility rules.

TECH 44. VANDERBILT 0

All season the followers had looked to the visit to Nashville as the one big test of the Tech team before they invaded Pittsburgh. On the 16th of October we met the test and, after the words of the historic Roman, "We came, we saw, and we conquered." Thirty men went with the team, our band was there intact, and over half the student body managed to reach the Volunteer State Capitol in time to witness the worst defeat that the Commodores ever suffered on their home grounds.

TECH 3, PITT 10

The simplicity of the score of this annual battle between the North and South leads one to realize what an awful struggle it must have been. For the Golden Tornado it was a victory in defeat and, incidentally, their only loss of the entire season; for Pittsburgh, it was the greatest victory they can ever hope to achieve.

TECH 24, CENTRE 0

Coming right on the heels of Tech's super-battle at Pittsburgh and Centre's famous stand at the Harvard Stadium, the Tech-Centre game was billed as the greatest attraction of the season. Nor did it fail to measure up to predictions. Tech's wonderful offense couldn't have been better, and Centre was shut out for the first time in six years. The Centre backs were helpless, and Bill Fincher won an All-American place by his great game that day.

TECH 7, CLEMSON 0

After the terrific battles with Centre and Pitt, Coach Alec declined to allow his first string eleven to face Clemson. The second varsity undertook the task, succeeding very well, with Pinkey Hunt scoring the lone touchdown in the last quarter.

TECH 35, GEORGETOWN 0

A thoroughly licked Tiger, striped with Orange and Blue, and completely exhausted by his efforts to stave off annihilation, limped away from Grant Field after the final game of the season with the thoughts of a 34 to 0 defeat hanging heavily over his head. He had met the Tornado at its best; he thanked his stars he was able to move at all after the last blasts had passed. The greatest crowd of southern history was on hand that day and a gridiron team of Georgia Tech never ended a season more gloriously.
A. B. FLOWERS

Among the greatest of all the great backfield men that have performed on American soil, we unanimously nominate Buck Flowers, captain and immortal wizard of brilliant ground-gainers on the great Tech varsity of 1920. All-Southern on practically every pick for four years and most prominently mentioned on All-American elevens for three, Buck has endeared himself to every Tech man in the short while he has been at Tech. We say short because he has played his last game on our gridiron and because all of his time allotted by the S. I. A. A. wasn’t spent at Tech. He first broke into the limelight by making the Davidson varsity in ’16, and when the Presbyterians came to Grant Field in ’17, the performance of Buck outshone even the work of the Golden Tornado stars. The year of the late-lamented S. A. T. C. found Buck at our college and 1919 saw Flowers going at a marvelous gait, playing safety, punting, passing, kicking off, and gaining ground and yardage almost unbelievable. This past season was just another repetition, only more so. Never has a man brought his college football career to a more glorious close than he did on Thanksgiving Day when he trounced Auburn 34 to 0 in the championship battle of the South.

W. E. FINCHER

"Big Bill" carved his name in the immortal Hall of Fame in the season of ’20, gaining the highest niche in the aforementioned hamper early in December when Walter Camp placed him on his first All-American eleven. Bill reached the second highest niche when he won a place on Dean Camp’s second team in 1918 and besides this fact, he has scribbled his name all over the walls of the justly famous Hall by deeds innumerable. The close of the season past saw him picked by 27 sportswriters from all over the South as the greatest tackle of them all and he was placed at the head of the mythical all over the South as the greatest tackle of them all. This past season was just another repetition, only more so. Never has a man brought his college football career to a more glorious close than he did on Thanksgiving Day when he trounced Auburn 34 to 0 in the championship battle of the South.

HARLAN

Captain-elect of the 1921 Golden Tornado and regular performer for three years, we greet "Judy the Juggernaut." As a fullback Judy reigns supreme in southern circles and his last year bids fair to see him safely presiding in an All-American berth. Judy, too, is a product of the Tech Hi gridiron and he made his entrance at Tech just in time to grab a place on the team of ’17 that so gloriously won a place in history. The following year found Judy playing on the Cleveland Naval Reserve team that set up such a brilliant record. 1919 found him back at Tech, bearing every opposing line to shreds and easily copping the All-Southern fullback position. Last season saw him better than ever and his teammates rightly accorded him the honor of electing him captain for next season at the annual football banquet. Here’s to you, Judy, and to your championship team of 1921!

BARRON

"Irenus Red" Barron, picked by twenty-five of the leading sport writers of the South for a backfield berth, bails from the little city of Monroe. When but a youth he entered the A. and M. there. At once the "Aggies” began to put out strong teams. His fiery red hair made its first appearance on the Grant Field flats in September of 1918. A week later he was playing on the regular varsity and has been there ever since. A badly turned out ankle kept him out of a large part of the ’19 campaign but last fall saw him at his best. In the Vanderbilt battle, the fourth game of the year, he sustained a broken jaw. In the grittiest playing ever seen on an American gridiron, "Red" played the remainder of the season with his jaws wired together, unable to eat anything but liquid foods gaining ground and scoring touchdowns with demon-like ferocity.

FERST

For three years Frank battled on the varsity teams of the Golden Tornado but it wasn’t until October the 30th, last, that he came into his own. Stepping into the quarterback’s position made vacant by McDonough’s injury a week before, he so nobly fought in the battle against the Centre Colonels that never for a minute after that did anyone think of our Tornado taking the field without Ferst in the backfield. His speed and tiger-like tackling won the applause of all and the way he scored long gains and touchdowns in the latter part of the season was certainly pleasing to watch. A man of Jewish faith, a gentleman, and a quarter-back, Frank is immensely popular among his teammates. Though he misses this year, he has promised to return for the ’21 season and we are confidently looking to him to be the great, outstanding southern quarterback of the year.
LeBEY

"Dummy" made his advent into Tech football circles in the fall of 1915, playing on the honorable Yannigans and holding down the position of center on the All-Class team of that year. The next years saw him in the service of Uncle Sam, but 1919 found him back on Grant Field, trying for a regular varsity berth. He won his varsity "F" as a guard along aside "Pup" Phillips and '20 found him at guard again, doing "Pup's" old work of backing up the line. His work on the defense stood out brilliantly and at the end of the season his team-mates elected him alternate-captain for the coming fall.

AMIS

"The coolest and steadiest center that ever snapped the ball on a Southern gridiron," as Rob Jones, Sr., so rightly proclaimed him at the football banquet last December, we greet "Daddy" as a most excellent successor to our All-American Phillips. "Daddy" came to Tech in 1918 after having won his Freshman letter at Penn State. His work for the past two seasons has been of the best and has gone a long way towards making the Tech line the stone wall that it is. Though he graduates this year we are expecting him back again when the first call is sounded in September.

A. STATON

Al first took his place as a member of the Tech varsity team in 1918 and hasn't missed a game since the first conflict of that year. He got his start in the pigskin game at Boys' High, where he set up a great name for himself. He has kept the good work up at Tech and has added quite a few laurels to his crown here too. A regular end in 1918, and All-Southern end in '19, and tackle along with Fincher in '20, Al certainly has been a bulwark of defense among the Golden Tornado forwards. Though in private life he is a quiet married man of 22 summers, he is regular devil on the gridiron.

DAVIS

Oscar is another Boys' High product who has made good on the Tornado and he too entered Tech during the days of the S. A. T. C. He started that season off in great fashion, but a broken leg sustained in a motorcycle accident kept him out the latter part of the year. Another injury in '19 kept him from a varsity berth but '20 saw him in his rightful place on the varsity eleven. As a scholar and a scribe, Oscar certainly is a peach but his greatest work in the opinion of his many admirers was at guard on the championship team of 1920.

J. STATON

As "Al Staton's kid brother" John breezed into Tech this past fall. It took him exactly three weeks to live down the name of being anybody's brother for after so long a time he was John Staton of the Golden Tornado. A mere youth of seventeen summers, he was proclaimed by the newspaper writers at the first of the year; a demon with seventeen kinds of fight he was proclaimed by his opponents at the latter part. Playing end next to Bill Fincher did not show him up to bad advantage in the least and he won a place on the composite All-Southern team of 1920.

BATTERMAN

George bills from the Volunteer State capital, though earlier in life he left the fair city of Nashville to prep at Spring Hill College. He too entered Tech just this fall and won a place at right end just about the time that John Staton capped the one on the left wing. Stricken in mid-season with a dangerous attack of appendicitis, he survived the malady without an operation and returned in time to play the last two games of the year. This lucky blonde gentleman from Tennesee has three more years on the Tech varsity, which fact strikes terror in the hearts of our opponents.

GAIVER

The original "hard luck" man of the crew, Bill certainly plays the game splendidly when he isn't taking a vacation in the hospital or on crutches. Bill originated in the little town of Chicago and won a name for himself on the grids of the A. F. F. in France. He entered Tech in 1919, making his varsity letter despite the fact that he had to undergo a serious operation in the last month of the season. Outside of a twisted knee in September and a jewched shoulder in October, he survived the past season in great shape, winning his letter as a reserve in the backfield.

M. DONOUGH

This diminutive "Geecie," of course, balls from Savannah and it was in this historic little seaport that he got his first introduction to the grand old game of football. Jack entered Tech in 1919, winning a place on the varsity squad. When Gossip was shifted to end in the latter part of that season, Jack presided at quarter like a veteran. He was going fine in the '20 season until he got in the way of the mighty Hewitt in the Pittsburg combat and went down with a broken ankle. He was out the remainder of the season but next fall will find him back as strong and fast as ever.
SCARBORO
This clever little halfback got his start on the Tech gridiron in the days of the S. A. T. C. teams. Small, fast as lightning, Dewey has managed to hold down a place on the varsity squad for three years, bagging his football "T" each year. Dewey startled the football world in 1919 by dashing 96 yards through the entire Georgetown team to a touchdown in the last moment of the Hilltopper-Tornado combat. Because of his speed and slight build his athletic proclivities stand out best on the cinder track but he needs to offer no apology for his nifty gridiron performances.

WEBB
Benjamin P. has been long regarded as the landmark on the line-up of the Tech varsity forwards. After showing the citizens of Americus the more gentle points of the grid game he proceeded northward and hit Tech in 1917. He grabbed his first varsity letter in ’18 and dished the stout in ’19 and ’20. "Bevo," as he is known by all the campus, still has another year of varsity football and though he finishes this year in Commerce, we have sneaking hunch that he won’t be missing when Coach Alex sounds the grid call in September.

JOHNSON
Charlie first showed up on Grant Field in the early fall of 1916, when he served at center for the scrubs. His training stood him in good stead and he won his varsity "T" the next year as a member of the great ’17 machine that swept the country. In ’18 and ’19 he was in the service of Uncle Sam but last fall he answered the call of his Alma Mater and returned for duty. His work as a reserve lineman this season just past stood out above par and we are looking to Charlie to pick himself out a regular berth on the varsity eleven of 1921.

BREWSTER
Jimmy, for two years the lightest member of the varsity squad, makes up for his deficiency in avoirdu-pois by navigating over the ground at a ten-second clip. He admits that his home town is down at Newman, though he is rather hazy about explaining where he first learned to play football. He arrived unheralded at Tech in ’19 and got his first chance in a varsity game Thanksgiving Day of that year. This past season he broke into the line-up quite frequently and at the end of the year was one of the fourteen men to win the new varsity numeral-letter.

The close of the season of 1920 saw the stars of the Golden Tornado given just recognition by sporting writers all over the country. While it was impossible to compile all the places and honorable mentions awarded the gridiron warriors of the White and Gold, we can at least give quite a few.

Bill Fincher won the highest award a college football man can attain when he was placed at end on Walter Camp’s first All-American eleven. The Dean of the gridiron game, further, named Tech as the great team of the South and mentioned Flowers, Harlan, Barron, and Staton as players worthy of recognition.

Pop Warner, the famous Pitt coach, named Red Barron as the greatest halfback to perform on Forbes Field in Pittsburgh all year. He declared Tech the best coached team he had seen all season and the best in the country.

Grantland Rice declared Buck Flowers as one of the most brilliant broken-field men in the game and gave him a place on his first All-American selection.

Florent Gibson of the *Pittsburgh Post* picked Tech as the best team in the country and Judy Harlan as the greatest fullback in the college world.

Lawrence Perry placed Bill Fincher at tackle on his first All-American team and on his second he put Buck Flowers at halfback and Dummy LeBey at guard. He mentioned Barron and Harlan as outstanding stars and Staton as one of the five best ends in the country, declaring further that only the mighty Princeton backfield could cope with the Flowers-Harlan-Barron-Ferst combine.

As to the All-Southern selections, the Golden Tornado got more mentions than all the others put together. Every man on the team with one lone exception was placed on from one to twenty-seven picks, Bill Fincher heading the list with unanimous placing.

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Player</th>
<th>College</th>
<th>Position</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>OWEN REYNOLDS</td>
<td>Georgia</td>
<td>Left End</td>
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<tr>
<td>BILL FINCHER</td>
<td>Tech</td>
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<td>FATTY WARREN</td>
<td>Auburn</td>
<td>Left Guard</td>
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<tr>
<td>BUM DAY</td>
<td>Georgia</td>
<td>Center</td>
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<td>WENKINS LEVEN</td>
<td>Auburn</td>
<td>Right Guard</td>
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<td>Georgia</td>
<td>Right Tackle</td>
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<tr>
<td>JOHN STATON</td>
<td>Tech</td>
<td>Right End</td>
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<tr>
<td>BO MCMAHAN</td>
<td>Centre</td>
<td>Quarterback</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Tech</td>
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</tr>
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<td>RED BARRON</td>
<td>Tech</td>
<td>Right Halfback</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RIGGS STEVENSON</td>
<td>Alabama</td>
<td>Fullback</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Some Press Comment on the Golden Tornado of 1920.

In the dressing room at Grant Field after the Auburn game, a local sport writer approached Dr. Bull, the backfield coach at Yale and a former star there, and asked him to give his opinion of the Tech team. Without a moment's hesitation the grand old man of Yale replied: "Tech, as I saw her today, is fit to cope with the best in the East. If any eastern team should go up against Tech without long and careful preparation on defense they would be in for a sound drubbing. The game was hard and clean." Centre, take notice! He added, too, "the Tech system of interference is magnificent. It extends far enough to be of great aid in running back punts and kick-offs. I came a long way to see a team of which I have read and heard much—and I am not disappointed. Georgia Tech has a very great team."

Grantland Rice, one of the best sport writers in America, has paid us the following tribute: "Georgia Tech, Thanksgiving Day, would have had an even chance with Princeton, Harvard, Penn State, or Pittsburgh beyond a doubt. Tech has a stronger backfield than any of these teams with the possible exception of Princeton, and even then Barron, Flowers, and Harlan would be a good stand-off for Lourie, Garrity, and Gilroy."

Tech's only defeat was at the hands of Pittsburgh, and while we have no alibis whatever, it would be well to mention the following comments: Glen Warner, the Pittsburgh coach, has been reported as saying that Tech has the "best football team in the country," and Gibson, of the Pittsburgh Post, says, "Georgia Tech's eleven was a wonderful machine, the best I have seen in modern times, except the old Pitt team of 1916. The test of a team is to look good in defeat and in its only reverse of the year, that against Pittsburgh, the Golden Tornado looked magnificent. All its other opponents had to bow low to the Tornado."

On the morning after the Turkey Day scrap, Morgan Blake, of the Atlanta Journal, wrote: "The worst enemy of Georgia Tech completes, perhaps, the most glorious football year in her history. The importance of the struggle can hardly be overestimated, as it leaves Georgia Tech undefeated by any member of the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Association. Tech established her claim to the title yesterday afternoon; proved unquestionably that hers is the strongest team in the South, and perhaps the best that ever represented Dixie on the gridiron."

Ray McCarthy, in the New York Tribune, declared: "As for naming the best football team in the country, it is Glenn Warner's opinion that Georgia Tech is it. We have heard others who saw the Golden Tornado say the same. There isn't any doubt that the Georgians were good."

But even these are only a few of the many, many articles on the Golden Tornado that appeared in the public press last October and November. To give all the favorable comments that came out would be to publish a small volume. Needless to say, Georgia Tech had the one great team of the South that ranked with the very best that the East, North, or West had to offer, and the name of the Golden Tornado was a familiar word on every sporting page in the country.
Annual Football Banquet.

DECEMBER 13, 1920

There have been great days in the history of Georgia Tech, there have been great nights; but never in all her glorious career has there been a more brilliant or more complete one than was the occasion of the annual celebration of the Golden Tornado of 1920 out at the Druid Hills Golf Club last December.

Colonel Lowry Arnold reigned supreme as Referee and our old friend, Billy Oldknow, was Umpire and Head-Linesman. The lineup for Tech was a wondrous one, consisting of the Varsity, the Freshman Team, the Coaching Staff, the Training Corps, the Hospital Corps, the Managers, the Cheer Leaders, the more favored Members of the Faculty, and our Friends of the Press.

Arrayed against such a formidable bunch of forwards as this there stood but nine members of the opposition. There might as well have been eleven, for their fate would have been the same. The first to take the count was the cocktail of Wake Forrest Oysters and ere the whistle was blown to resume play, the Davidson Celery and Oglethorpe Nuts had taken to cover as well. Vanderbilt Olives—they were guaranteed as harmless as Coach McGugin's Commodores had proved in October—were downed when the interference broke through the ice.

Then came the toughest part of the whole attack. The Pittsburgh Fried Chicken failed to vanquish and its unsavoriness only ceased when the inviting fragrance of the Centre Alibi Salad tried to make first down. The Georgetown Yams and Green Peas, Flavin Style, were good and snappy but they, too, failed to stand the terrific pace of the Tornado. The Clemson Ice Cream surrendered to the Freshman, Bill Fincher took care of Sizemore's Cake all by himself, and the Auburn Coffee went down in one big gulp, bringing the fight to an end in great style.

But the celebration after the game was even better than the game itself. Col. Lowry went right on Refereeing and was ably aided in the work by the most notable list of after-dinner experts ever assembled. Judy Harlan was announced as captain of the 1921 varsity and the old Golf Club walls echoed for hours with the applause. Everyone on hand was presented with some sort of token of thanks or reward for their services toward winning the Southern Championship of the gridiron again. The crowning speech of the evening came when Morgan Blake arose to present four members of the Tornado with solid gold, All-Southern footballs. His talk, like a woman's dress, was "long enough to cover the subject, but short enough to be interesting," and when he concluded the clock tolled off the first hour of the morning and the end of the grand old party.

The Pittsburgh Game.

Three times has the Golden Tornado left Atlanta for the lair of the Pittsburgh Panthers and, sad to relate, thrice have they returned defeated. But the valiant fight of the 1920 Georgia Tech team on Forbes' Field before 37,000 fans will go down in history as one of the grandest exhibitions of the great American gridiron game ever staged in the country.

All through the earlier stages of the game the Southerners were on the offensive, and when the mighty Davies went out in the first period the hearts of the Pittsburgh supporters sank. On three occasions the powerful drives of the Golden Tornado carried them within hailing distance of the Panther goal, but on the first two they were repulsed. On the third attempt, however, on the fourth down and from the 20-yard line, Buck Flowers placed a well-trained toe into the oval and sent it squarely between the standards for the first score of the game.

At the 3 to 0 score the game proceeded from the early part of the second quarter until the very last. First one team maintained the 'vantage and then the other, until the third frame began to draw to a close. Here the wonderful line-plunging of Hewitt, a reserve full-back, and the added force of several fresh linemen began to tell on the White and Gold. Little by little they were pushed back, right to their very goal line. Then, just at the opening of the fourth period, Hewitt crashed through the Tech line and over the goal for a touchdown. Davies, who had re-entered the fray, kicked goal and the tally stood 7 to 3 for Pitt.

The rest of the period found the Panthers more on the defense than anything else. A second drive they started and when halted on the Tech 30-yard line, the demon Davies dropped back and kicked a pretty field goal for the last scores of the game.

Tech made one final, valiant effort to score after this, starting a sweeping aerial attack. The alertness of Davies broke up two passes that might have led to a touchdown and the game ended with Tech marching the ball goalward, having in on the Pitt 30-yard line.

It had been a great fight and the Golden Tornado had battled to the very last moment of play. They looked splendid in their defeat and the thousands of spectators that left the field that afternoon knew that they had seen a combat that would not be equalled anywhere the entire season. Truly the game and the glorious work of the Golden Tornado did credit that day to our beloved Georgia Tech!
WHEN THE TORNADO HIT THE TIGER

Before the largest crowd ever gathered for a football game in the South, the Golden Tornado swept through the Auburn eleven last Thanksgiving Day and downed the 'tigers from the "loveliest village of the plains" 34 to 0. It was the wonderful finale of a wonderful year for our gridiron warriors, and that game goes down in history as the very greatest ever played on Grant Field.

Captain Buck Flowers, playing his last game as a member of the Golden Tornado, put up an exhibition little short of marvelous. To quote Morgan Blake, "Never since football was born a college sport has a youth finished his career in such a dazzling, dumbfoundingly spectacular manner as did young Mr. Flowers Thursday.

"This All-Southern, All-American and All-World halfback will never be seen on a southern gridiron again. He has finished his course. But the memory of his brilliant runs on that Thanksgiving Day in 1920 will be talked about and commented on in the press long after Buck has settled down to the battle of life and the raising of little Flowers. I never saw a more wonderful individual exhibition of the great game than that of the gallant Tech captain in his farewell performance. He was a he-man and then some."

To quote Lawrence Perry, of New York City, a distinguished visitor and sporting writer,—"In a dazzling exhibition of speed, driving power, and cleverly executed plays the Georgia Tech eleven smothered Auburn under an avalanche of five touchdowns in the annual Thanksgiving Day game at Grant Field Thursday afternoon. The result was surprising, even to the most of the most ardent Tech partisans, who, while looking for a victory, had not dared to hope for anything in the nature of so one sided a score. That it was top-heavy was due to the fact that Tech's offensive was more cleverly conceived and executed than was Auburn's."

But the glory of the victory and the story of how splendid it seemed to Tech men cannot be told in so many words. One has but to remember the bitter defeat of the previous Turkey Day, when Auburn defeated us 14 to 7 and deprived Tech of a clear claim to the S. I. A. A. championship to realize how much this game meant to our campus. Despite the fact that Auburn beat Vanderbilt worse than we did, that they had licked Washington and Lee 77 to 0 but ten days before, that they outweighed us 20 pounds to the man, we knew that our Golden Tornado was going to trounce the Tiger that day in a more than decisive manner.

Auburn came to town that morning, exultant and exuberant. Not only did the team come to town but the whole durned student body, 1,200 of them all told, and the uptown section of Atlanta was so packed and jammed all Thursday morning that it seemed the whole world had assembled in hopes of seeing the great game. Auburn held a parade in the morning, a brilliant affair, with remiscent and prophetic banners, depicting a repetition of the '19 conquest, and the whole town was a seething mass of gridiron fans, literally gone football mad.

Twelve o'clock at Grant Field saw a thousand or more fans lined up outside awaiting the opening of the gates. When they were opened, at 1:00 P. M., five thousand were there to pour in. Half an hour later most of the reserved sections were filled, and when the old clock tolled two, there wasn't a single inch within the confines of the historic flats unoccupied. Twenty thousand fans had massed there that day to see the championship battle of the South, and at least half that many had gone sorrowfully home, regretting almost tearfully that Grant Field wasn't twice as large.

And was it a game worth going miles to see? Say, if you don't know about that game by now you never will. If you haven't heard how Buck shot off tackle for 82 yards and a touchdown by this time you never will; if you don't know that his next effort was a returned punt of a mere 65 yards, you never will; and if you don't know that every last man of the peerless team of 1920 covered himself with everlasting glory on that 23rd day of November, we aren't going to tell you about it now. Tech simply couldn't have been beaten on Grant Field that day; nor could Tech men have been one iota happier that night.

The game forever answered the most doubting of doubters who were wont to declare Tech a mere flash in the pan; it stumped the Tornado of 1920 as an aggregation of super-men which will go down in the Hall of Fame as the greatest eleven ever assembled on a Southern gridiron. Tech had won a place again at the pinnacle of S. I. A. A. football; she had climbed to heights wherein dwell only the elite of the college world.

AUBURN (0) G. TECH (34)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Auburn</th>
<th>G. Tech</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ollinger (r. s.)</td>
<td>J. Sutton (r. o.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Petr, l. l.</td>
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</tr>
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<td>Warren, r. l.</td>
<td>A. Staton, r. l.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>Battersman, r. e.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Brown, r. h.</td>
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<td>Flowers (c), r. h.</td>
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<td>Barron, r. h.</td>
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<td>Shilling, l. h.</td>
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<td>Amis, c.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Amis, 1. e.</td>
<td>Barron, 1. e.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Score by periods:

Auburn 0 0 0 0 0
Tech 6 7 21 1

Audra Thompson, (George-town); umpire, Ed Williams (Virginia); head linesman, John Hopkins; back judge, John Hopkins.
When Tech Annihilated Centre

It was a beautiful day toward the last of October that the far-famed team of Kentucky Colonels from Centre College came to Grant Field to do battle with the Golden Tornado. From one end of the country to the other it had been acclaimed as one of the great battles of the year and Centre was ruling a seven-point favorite.

Nineteen thousand fans gathered to witness the fray and nineteen thousand went wild when Buck Flowers put his toe to the ball and booted it 30 yards for a field goal within four minutes of play. It was a beautiful kick and the psychological effect of it proved invaluable to Tech eleven.

At 3 to 0 the score stood at the end of the first quarter, the Colonels having lost their one and only good chance of the game to score when they fumbled on Tech's 12-yard line toward the last of the first round. Then, after an exchange of punts in the second frame, Red Barron, playing with his jaws wired together, shot through right tackle for 55 yards and the first touchdown of the day.

The third quarter saw Tech still on the offensive with Centre plainly showing the telling effect of the Tornado's driving blows. Once in possession of the oval Centre resorted to the aerial attack. McMillen to Snoddy. Frank Ferst stepped in the way of one and broke it up and when "Bo" tried it a moment later, the Tech quarterback snagged it. He started toward the goal. completing a 55-yard jaunt a few second later. Judy Harlan added the last tally of the day when he bucked the ball over in the fourth quarter. Big Bill Fincher came through thrice and the game ended 24 to 0 in our favor.

Thus was defeated the mighty Centre team. For the first time in five years they were held scoreless, and for the first time in his life the mighty, All-American McMillin was unable to move out of his tracks, much less to do any scoring.

To the Cryin' Colonels.

The shades of night were falling fast
When thru the Danville village passed
Bruce Dudley, who, with weak steps bore
A banner with this awful score
"Tech 24, Center 0"
"They treated us so bad," he said;
"They threw McMillin on his head—
They are so very mean and rough,
They stole Montgomery's powder puff,
And Weaver's kerchief from his cuff.
Bill Fincher is an awful tough,
And in our eyes he threw some snuff.
You never saw such awful crooks;
Good gracious, they are mean polities,
And ruddy boys, those horrid brutes!
They beat us but, oh, hear our cry:
"They could not steal our alibi."

—MORGAN BLAKE.

Note.—These verses are but one of the multitude of replies that answered the abominable and slanderous writings of the Kentucky sport-writer. His ill-meant story proved a boomerang and the name of Bruce Dudley soon became synonymous with poor sportsmanship.
1920 Freshman Football Team.

F. B. Moore ............................ Captain
G. C. Griffin ............ Assistant Coach
Joe Octon .................. Manager
F. E. Cotton ............... Manager

MEMBERS

ALLEY, J. H. ........................ Murphy, T. M.
BURDENS, J. Jr. ........ MHzler, H. G.
Bumby, T. E. ............... Meyers, E. M.
Connell, H. R. ............. Nonemacher, E. L.
Farnsworth, W. B. .......... Nebbitt, E. C.
Guerrard, W. E. ............. Owens, C. H.
Hall, J. M. ................. Parker, W. C.
Hartford, W. D. .......... Rattee, C. P.
Holcomb, N. G. ............ Reefts, J. L.
Moore, F. B. ................. Sluder, C. T.

When the call was sounded for gridiron warriors to report early last September there appeared about one hundred and fifty very likely looking candidates. Some sixty-odd of this number were members of the Freshman Class, and though many gave signs of great future promise, the big football ground inside the track could not begin to accommodate them all, nor did Coach Alexander and his assistants have time to give them all the proper attention.

So came the big, new plan: Following the fashion for years in vogue in the big colleges and universities of the North and East, Georgia Tech was to put out a real Freshman eleven and one that would represent the school in interscholastic contests. Accordingly George Griffin, who has been identified with the campus since the old Sub days, was selected as coach of this Junior Tornado, and the new men were directed to report to Griffin at the north end of the flats for instruction and athletic edification.

Ere long it began to shape and to assume all the appearances of a youthful whirlwind. Blowing slightly at first this zephyr in red jerseys soon began sweeping with all the ferocity of a gulf coast cyclone and by the time they trounced the Auburn Scrubs a week or so before Thanksgiving, we knew they were surely akin to the great Golden Tornado.

FRESHMEN 55, RIVERSIDE 0

Their first test came on the 16th day of October when they locked horns with the Cadets of Riverside Academy. The varsity was in Nashville at the time, trouncing the Vanderbilt Commodores and the Frosh, not to be outdone in any way way, smeared it on the Cadets to the tune of 55 to 0. Fred Moore, who had been elected captain, and Red Murphy, who held down a half-back position alongside of him, led the attack.

FRESHMEN 0, ALABAMA FRESHMEN 0

On the next Saturday afternoon, with the varsity again battling on foreign soil, the Junior Tornado went up against a team of their own mettle when they took on the Alabama Frosh. The chief interest of the Tech men that day seemed to be in getting an earful of the returns of the game in Pittsburg. Farnsworth furnished the only bit of excitement when he got away for a neat run and the game ended with the tally at 0 to 0.
Along about the first of November the Fresh eleven hit the road for Anderson, S. C., where they were entertained by the Erskine varsity. The latter were thoroughly hospitable, all right, but were not a bit careful of how they ran with the pigskin. Weight and experience told and the home team won, 20 to 0.

FRESHMEN 21, PIEDMONT 0

Piedmont College came to town the day of the Clemson game, all set to romp over the Tech Freshmen. But their plans went for naught when Farnsworth and Moore got into action. The latter came out of the game in the second round with a bad knee, but the plunging fullback did enough for both of them thereafter and Tech won, 21 to 0.

FRESHMEN 7, SAVANNAH ALL-STARS 6

The second and last trip of the Junior Jackets turned out far better than did the first and when they met the Savannah All-Stars in the Geechees' own back yard on the 13th of November, they turned their older opponents back, 7 to 6. It was a fourth quarter victory, Farnsworth plugging the line for a touchdown after a pretty run or two by Murphy. The work of Turner, Connell and Moore on the defense was especially noteworthy.

FRESHMEN 7, AUBURN SCRUBS 6

Then came the closing game of the season, the forerunner of the Tiger downfall Thanksgiving Day. The reserve crew of the Auburn regulars came to Grant Field to repeat their victory of 1919, chesty and confident. But they had overlooked Bep Farnsworth in the excitement. Bep bucked, plunged, tackled, and ran like a house afire, finally getting away with a 60-yard sprint that ended in a touchdown. Auburn scored one on a blocked punt early in the scrap but failed to kick goal, thus losing by a lone point.

All told, the season of the Freshmen was a wonderful success and worked so well that the Tech officials plan regular Freshmen teams from now on and have adopted a one-year rule to apply to football. Sixteen numeral sweaters were awarded to the regulars on the night of the football banquet at the Druid Hills Golf Club. There was some cracking good material in the lot and we are expecting to hear great things of Farnsworth, Moore, Murphy, Turner, Connell, and Nabelle ere the varsity season of '21 is over.

---

To The Scrub

A toast we would sing, to the uncrowned king,
To the man behind the guns;
A word we would say, for the glorious way
He backs up the lauded ones.

More speedy than he, or strong they may be,
Who on the varsity play,
Or better of build, with bodies more skilled,
To swing the tide our way.

But there's never a man of the varsity clan
Who puts more into the game;
He endures every test, he e'er gives his best
With no hope of praise or fame.

And so we acclaim him the man of the game—
He's the spoke that steadies the hub—
Let us stand now to drink, let our bright goblets clink
A toast to His Honor, THE SCRUB.

W. E. G.
### Six Years' Record of the Golden Tornado.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Games</th>
<th>Won</th>
<th>Lost</th>
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**Total Scores**

- Georgia Tech: 2,105
- Opponents: 142

**Performance by Seasons**

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<td>36 L. S. U.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>5 U. of N. C.</td>
<td>3</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>0 Georgia</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>210</td>
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<td>1916</td>
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<td>222 Cumberland</td>
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<td></td>
<td>9 Davidson</td>
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<td>10 U. of N. C.</td>
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<td></td>
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To Bill Fincher and Buck Flowers

Upon autumn winds of future years
When undreamed heroes doff their hats of fame
Amid the hurly-burly and the cheers
The fan-gods oft will linger on your name.

And, Buck, on some far distant afternoon,
Amid the dying, soft September wind,
Your signal will be called in rhythmic tune,
Your phantom feet will scurry 'round the end.

And, Bill, your magic shape will rise before
The eyes of those who play when you are gone
And hold the line and snag 'em as of yore,
To help the future heroes carry on.

As coming generations sing the praise
Of stalwart heroes—sing it with a will—
The first acclaim their husky voices raise
Arc cheers for Bill and Buck, for Buck and Bill.

Ernest Rogers.
1921 Football Schedule

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<td>Wake Forrest</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Grant Field</td>
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<tr>
<td>October 15</td>
<td>Furman</td>
<td>Grant Field</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October 22</td>
<td>Rutgers</td>
<td>Grant Field</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October 29</td>
<td>Penn State</td>
<td>New York City</td>
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<td>November 5</td>
<td>Clemson</td>
<td>Grant Field</td>
</tr>
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<td>November 12</td>
<td>Georgetown</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>November 24</td>
<td>Auburn</td>
<td>Grant Field</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
"TIP" WHEELER
Captain 1920
1920 Varsity Baseball Team

M. L. Wheeler .......................... Captain
Joe Bean .................................. Coach
J. H. Dowling ............................ Manager

Players
M. L. Wheeler .......................... Catcher
E. D. Liddell .............................. Catcher
E. H. Service .............................. Catcher
A. H. Murphy .............................. Pitcher
F. L. Asbury .............................. Pitcher
D. J. O'Leary .............................. Pitcher
F. O. Pruitt ............................... Pitcher
B. P. Webb ............................... First Baseman
A. R. Flowers ............................. Second Baseman
C. F. Turner .............................. Third Baseman
W. M. Mitchell ........................... Shortstop
C. F. Armbrust ........................... Infielder
L. C. Erslam .............................. Left Fielder
D. L. Barron .............................. Center Fielder
E. C. Settle ............................... Right Fielder
J. T. Edwards ............................ Outfielder

In answer to Coach Joe Bean's first call for varsity baseball material on the 23rd of February, the response was the most whole-hearted one seen on the Tech campus in years. Upwards of one hundred candidates turned in their names and announced their intentions of making the Yellow Jacket squad. It kept Manager Ham Dowling busy a week or more merely getting them straight and arranged in his little roll book.

There was material galore. Forty battery-men showed up and in this number the entire catching and pitching staff from the 1919 season came back intact. On the infield two veterans, Charlie Turner and Revo Webb, were on hand while Buck Flowers should really be counted in here, although his ineligibility had forced him to play on the scrubs the year before. Then in the outfield there was Soc Ingram of the '18 team, Esau Settle of the '17 crew, and Red Barron of the '19 nine, all looking better than ever.

The first month of practice went off nicely and the team began to take on unmistakable signs of class. The outfield was fixed beyond a doubt and on the bases Webb, Turner and Flowers didn't admit of any competition. Cobb, a tall Texan, took to short in great style, but after playing a couple of varsity games he was ruled ineligible because of the one-year clause in the S. I. A. A. Hereafter, Mitchell, a Freshman from G. M. C., held down the vacancy, handling the shortstopper's duties very creditably.

The regular schedule was pried open on the 26th of March, when Erskine College blew in for a brace of games. Dan O'Leary, Tech's demon portsider, took the mound and the visitors took the count 4 to 2. The next day was even worse for Erskine than the first and with Asbury and Murphey hurling faultlessly, Tech made it two straight, winning 18 to 0.

The next week-end the Yellow Jackets journeyed to Macon to tackle Mercer in a pair of contests. Asbury shut them out the first day, 3 to 0, but on Saturday the rain and mud won the affair without an argument.

Then came the biggest surprise of the year. The Oglethorpe Petrels came to Grant Field on Saturday, April 10, rain having ruined the prospects of a game on Friday, and wallop Tech, 5 to 1. They hopped on Asbury in the first round, driving him to the tall, uncut timber. Dan O'Leary fared little better in the second or third rounds, but after that settled down to real work. Big Turk of the Petrels was invincible and his teammates gave him the victory he deserved.

Florida was smothered on our campus on April the 15th, 8 to 0. Scrutch Murphey holding them to one, lone, measly bingle. Tech hit the road that night for Auburn, bagging the first contest 6 to 2, but dropping the next one 5 to 4. Incidentally this was really a tie, broken only after the crowd made play impossible, but—that as it may—it was Tech's last defeat of the whole season.
The Yellow Jackets began their magnificent drive on our campus when they downed the Clemson Tigers twice in a row, 2 to 1 and 5 to 4, on the 23rd and 24th of April, respectively. A trip to Florida brought out the best the Tech nine had in them and Florida was set back twice, 9 to 3 the first day and 6 to 3 the next.

Davidson was the next to feel the sting of the Jackets and lost both games of their series on Grant Field. Murphey won the first one 6 to 2 and Asbury the second 5 to 0, a home run by Charlie Turner featuring the former combat.

The best series of the year proved to be the brace of games with Vanderbilt on May 7 and 8. Ingram won fame immortal when he won the first one 5 to 4 with a mighty home-run swat, and on the next evening Asbury led the Tech nine to a victory, making it eight straight for the Jackets.

Jackets Down Vandy in Best Game of Season

There was a man on first in the ninth and Soc Ingram was sent up to sacrifice him down. And Mr. Ingram hit the longest bomb in the history of organized civilization. It was a healthy wallop to the right field stands on Grant field. Mr. Ingram's clout cleared the stands and when last seen was going over a house across the street from the ball park. It was reported last night that a little colored boy had picked up the ball as it was bouncing up the steps of the Georgian Terrace.

However, that may be, this awful drive pulled a ball game out of the fire for Georgia Tech after Vanderbilt had apparently won. When Tech came to bat the outlook was almost helpless; the score was 4 to 3 against her. It was getting dark and Cavet's fast ball was zipping through the air and looking like a pea. But Tech refused to surrender. Liddell was sent in to bat for Pruitt and looked over four bad ones.

The scene is now set for Mr. Lewis C. Ingram, a junior at Tech and resident of Macon, Georgia. Mr. Ingram is left fielder on the Tech baseball team, a range gentleman who looks every inch a ball player. His natural play, of course, was for Ingram to sacrifice the runner down and put him in position to score. This was the instruction of Coach Bean and Ingram attempted to carry out the instructions. But he bunted two fouls, getting two strikes on him, and the only thing then to do was to swing. And those who attended that ball game will agree that Mr. Ingram did swing. The strong arms of Tech's left fielder came to meet the fast ball of Mr. Cavet and the horsehide started Score by innings: 0 1 0 2 0 0 0 1 0 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11.

It was a beautiful wallop to the right.

There were assuredly some wild scenes when Mr. Ingram belted that pellet in the ninth. The Tech students rushed upon the diamond and carried their hero off the field upon their shoulders. They were screaming lustily and tearing up terraces in a wild war dance.

One Only of the Vanderbilt runs were earned. The other three were gifts. A wild throw to the plate by Turner let in two, and a couple of errors by Settle and Barron accounted for the one in the ninth. Pruitt who relieved O'Leary in the fifth, was practically invincible on the mound. O'Leary was also going good, but the moment he showed signs of wilderness, Coach Bean wisely yanked him.

**RESULTS OF THE 1920 SEASON.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>OPPONENTS</th>
<th>TECH</th>
<th>PLACE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Erskine</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Grant Field</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oglethorpe</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Macon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Florida</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>Grant Field</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Auburn</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Auburn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clemson</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Grant Field</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Davidson</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>Tallahassee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Davidson</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Grant Field</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Davidson</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Tallahassee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Furman</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Sparkman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Furman</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Greenville</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Furman</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>Greenville</td>
</tr>
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</table>

**Totals**: 36 105

**SEASON'S RECORD**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>WON</th>
<th>LOST</th>
<th>PCT.</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>.889</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

By Morgan Blake.
Tech Wins S. I. A. A. Championship

(Sunday American—May 23, 1920)

WHEN Georgia Tech defeated Furman College in the second game of the series and the last of their 1920 schedule, they drew the curtain on the most successful season they have experienced since the days when the famous battery of Senter and Morrison spelt defeat for the opposing nines who dared do battle with them. The Jackets of this year brought their season to a close with a grand drive of eleven victories and established a strangle hold on the championship of the S. I. A. A.

Not only did they finish the year in such fine fashion, but they went through the entire season with but two defeats and sixteen victories out of their eighteen starts. The Jackets' record shows further that five of their wins were shut-outs and that in the course of their various contests they tallied a total of 105 runs as compared to 36 by their opponents. Incidentally, it is worth adding here that ten of their list of scores were made via the home run method, Charlie Turner leading the bunch with three and Red Barron and Soc Ingrain coming next with a brace apiece.

In regard to the comparative standing of the different teams in the S. I. A. A., there isn't a team in the South that can show a record to compare with that of the Jackets. In the course of the year they met and defeated many of the strongest contenders for the championship honors and these in turn eliminated all the others who ever had any hopes or aspirations.

Manager Ham Dowling has issued the batting averages of the regulars of the team and it reveals some interesting facts. The batting average of the team for the year was .264. Not only this, but the regulars got away for 67 stolen bases, an average of almost four to a game, which is quite some record in itself.

Soc Ingrain, the galloping left fielder, stands at the head of the batting list with the remarkable average of .428 for the season. This is the second time that Soc has led the Jackets in batting. He first accomplished the feat in 1918, but last year (1919) was still in service during the Tech ball season.

Standing second in the batting order are Bevo Webb and Charlie Turner, tied with an average of .323. This is Bevo's third year with the team and has been one of his best. Charlie is a four-year man and has played bang-up ball the entire season.

Immediately after the last game the ballot for captain for 1921 was held and Frank Asbury, the big right-hander, who has occupied the mound for three seasons, was chosen. Asbury first made the team in his Freshman year of 1918. He has had a very successful season, winning half a dozen and losing one game.

Coach Bean, who has had charge of the team ever since Heiseman gave up baseball, has completed his last season as Tech's coach. He has given excellent service and the members of the team felt that he was due a large share of the credit for the wonderful showing of the team this spring. He has built up a strong combination and has developed his team from the ground up.

Coach "Kid" Clay, who has coached scrub football and baseball for a number of seasons, will have charge of the Tech baseball team next year. Prospects for another championship team next year are exceedingly rosy. Of the varsity squad, but two are finishing up their time at Tech. Charlie Turner, the slugging third baseman, and "Tip" Wheeler, the crack backstop, who captained the team this year, are graduating. They have played some dandy old games on the flats and it is with regret that the school bids them adieu.

Plans are now being made for the most extensive schedule ever undertaken by a Tech baseball team and when announced the 1921 list of games is sure to include some of the big Eastern colleges that come South in the spring. There is a good chance of an extended trip into Virginia, where they will take on such formidable teams as Georgetown, Washington and Lee, Virginia, Navy, and possibly Johns Hopkins.

Following is the record of the performances of the team this season:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Batting Average</th>
<th>Stolen Bases</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ingram</td>
<td>.428</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Turner</td>
<td>.323</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Webb</td>
<td>.323</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Settle</td>
<td>.292</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barron</td>
<td>.291</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wheeler</td>
<td>.272</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flowers</td>
<td>.225</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mitchell</td>
<td>.220</td>
<td>2</td>
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<tr>
<td>Murphy</td>
<td>.180</td>
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<tr>
<td>O Leary</td>
<td>.175</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Asbury</td>
<td>.175</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
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</table>
1920 Scrub Baseball Team

E. R. Morgan .................................................. Captain
R. A. Clay ...................................................... Coach
G. P. McClenaghan .......................................... Managers
R. D. Cole .........................................................

TEAM
Armistead, F.
Britton, A.
Butler, W. J.
Campbell, C. R.
Cobb, F. R.
Collins, J. J.
Dudley, C. H.
Griffin, B. E.
Hill, W. M.

HE spring of 1920 saw an unusually large number of likely baseball candidates reporting for active service. There were a couple of cracking good men ineligible under the S. I. A. A. rulings, a handful of the reserves of the '19 squad, and a score of promising Freshmen, who, unable to locate a vacancy on the varsity, went to make up the Yellow Jacket Yannigans, under the direction of the redoubtable "Kid" Clay.

A statistical review of the season reveals some noteworthy facts, but hardly displays all the merits of the reserve outfit. The fact that they got away with an average of two victories a week over the championship team of the S. I. A. A. stands for itself although the official authenticity mayhap is lacking. In the matter of actual scoring in the ten combats they entered, the Techsters rolled up 64 voyages around the paths against the 21 of their several opponents.

The team didn't exactly get organized at the start of the year and for this reason they experienced a difficulty in getting a suitable schedule arranged. Finally a neat list of games was listed and at the last moment two out-of-town games with Camp McClelland and Camp Benning were cancelled. Rain played havoc with two or three others, but the ten that came off represented some dandy scraps.

To get things under way properly, Eddie Morgan, who playing at Mercer in 1919 made All-Southern, was elected captain. Two weeks or so after practice got to going good Cobb, who had been playing short with the regular varsity, was ruled ineligible and at once joined the Yannigans. So by the time they opened the season, the reserves had a bang-up team on the field and one that presented an airtight front.

Things started off with a rush. They took on the G. M. A. Cadets in a bout out at College Park, Boys' Hi on Grant Field, and Camp Gordon on the flats in succession and scored some 31 runs in the trio of contests without a blemish on their own record. Then came the stumbling block. Locust Grove set them back in the first of a two-game series and the second day it rained. G. M. C. came to town and walloped the Scrubs twice in succession about the middle of April, but next week end the Tech men got sweet revenge on them down in Milledgeville.

They ended the season with a twin win up at Dahlonega on the 1st and 2nd of May, trouncing the North Georgia Aggies in two hard-fought games.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Place</th>
<th>1921 Baseball Schedule</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>March 25</td>
<td>Cincinnati U</td>
<td>Grant Field</td>
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<td>March 26</td>
<td>Cincinnati U</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Clemson</td>
<td>Grant Field</td>
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<td>Clemson</td>
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<td>Grant Field</td>
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<td>Auburn</td>
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<td>April 19</td>
<td>Harvard</td>
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<td>North Carolina State</td>
<td>Raleigh</td>
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<tr>
<td>April 23</td>
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<td>Raleigh</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Georgetown</td>
<td>Washington</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>Washington</td>
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<tr>
<td>April 27</td>
<td>Naval Academy</td>
<td>Annapolis</td>
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<td>Maryland U</td>
<td>College Park, Md.</td>
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<tr>
<td>April 29</td>
<td>Washington and Lee</td>
<td>Lexington</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Washington and Lee</td>
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<td>Washington and Lee</td>
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<tr>
<td>May 20</td>
<td>U. of Tennessee</td>
<td>Grant Field</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 21</td>
<td>U. of Tennessee</td>
<td>Grant Field</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
STURM, BELDING, ROSSER, FRASER, DAVIS, RATHER, BELL

1921 Swimming Team

G. R. FRASER ........................................ Captain
A. D. STRUM ........................................ Manager

VARSITY SQUAD
BELDING, M. D.
BELLS, H. L.
CARTER, H. D.
CURETON, T. K., Jr.
DAVIS, O. G.

1921 SCHEDULE
Tech vs. Washington and Lee.
Tech vs. Clemson.
Tech vs. Vanderbilt.

ECKELS, J. W.
FRASER, G. R.
RATHER, C. P.
ROSSER, G. P.
STURM, A. D.

One Hundred and Ninety
Review of the 1920 Track Season

The track season of 1920 will go down in our annals as one of the best Georgia Tech has experienced in a long, long while. To be sure the Yellow Jacket tracksters didn't win the S. I. A. A. championship title, nor did they break records innumerable, but the success of the season lay in the remarkable way the student body responded to the call for athletes of the track and field and in the support accorded the team from early in March till late in May.

The first bit of track work of the '20 season came late in February when Captain Skinny Pollard, George Griffin, and J. M. McCleskey were sent to Baltimore to represent our college in the annual indoor meet of the Johns Hopkins University. Our men went with practically no practice and were unable to accomplish very much.

The annual Field Day came on the afternoon of April the 8th. Captain Pollard led his many team-mates by totalling up an individual score of 13 points, winning the quarter, high hurdles, and taking second in the high jump. Welch and Granger came next with 10 apiece, the former winning the high jump and pole vault and the latter winning both the discus and the javelin throw.

In the first dual meet of the year we defeated Auburn down on Grant Field by the score of 64 1/2 to 48 1/5. Case of Auburn led the scoring with 13 points, Griffin and Welch of Tech running second with 8 each.

A week later our team invaded Sewanee but tasted of defeat by the score of 76 to 33. The bitter cold of the day seemed to play a severe handicap on the Tech men for their showing was not up to par.

The State Track Meet at Emory came next and Tech won it handily, getting a total of 59 points, Georgia running second with 36, and Emory third with 29. Tech thus won the first leg on a beautiful, new loving cup, three victories being required for permanent possession.

On May the 8th Tech journeyed to Birmingham to enter the annual trials of the Birmingham Athletic Club. Mississippi A. & M. won the affair with 57 points, Tech trailing them with 37 counters.

The annual S. I. A. A. meet, held on Grant Field, May 13 and 14, proved the greatest track attraction ever held in the South. Fourteen colleges assembled teams here and the Purple and White from Sewanee cantered off with the victory by virtue of their total of 29 points, Mississippi A. & M. running second with 27, and Tech fifth with 14 1/2.

At the close of the year 20 men were awarded varsity letters and J. M. McCleskey, premier miler of the South, was unanimously elected by his team-mates to captain the team of 1921.
Annual S. I. A. A. Field and Track Team

Grant Field, Atlanta, Georgia, May 13 and 14, 1920

Sewanee, 29; Mississippi A. & M., 27; L. S. U., 25 3-4; Kentucky, 17; Georgia Tech, 14 1-4; Florida, 14; Georgia, 11; Clemson, 7 1-4; Tulane, 7; Carolina, 4; Georgetown (Ky.), 3; Mississippi, 2 1-2; Tennessee, 1-4; Centre, 0.

100-Yard Dash
1. Helm, L. S. U., 10 2-5 sec.
4. Rayan, Vanderbilt.

220-Yard Dash
1. Helm, L. S. U., 22 4-5 sec.
2. Griffin, Tech.
3. Caughlin, Sewanee.
4. Hartley, Georgia.

440-Yard Dash
2. Gladby, Tulane.
3. Hiller, Mississippi A. & M.
4. Keen, L. S. U.

Half Mile Run
1. Thornton, Kentucky State, 2:02 2-5 sec.
2. Morrow, Mississippi A. & M.
3. Covington, L. S. U.
4. Cochran, Mississippi A. & M.

One Mile Run
1. McCleskey, Tech, 4:38 sec.
2. Spencer, Mississippi A. & M.
3. Kavanaugh, Kentucky State

120-Yard High Hurdles
1. Clare, Kentucky State, 16 sec.
2. Ellis, Mississippi A. & M.
4. Mann, Georgia.

200 Yard Low Hurdles
1. Clare, Kentucky State, 21 1-5 sec.
2. Ellis, Mississippi A. & M.
3. Hammond, Sewanee.
4. Porter, Georgetown (Ky.)

Running Broad Jump
1. Solee, Florida, 22 ft. 1 in.
2. Pipes, L. S. U.
4. Tillis, Mississippi A. & M.

Pole Vault
1. Ives, L. S. U., 11 ft. 8-9 in.
2. Boggs, Clemson.
3. Ervin, S. Carolina.

Shot Put
1. Guerrr, Sewanee, 41 ft. 1 3-4 in.
2. Carpenter, Mississippi A. & M.
3. Willford, Mississippi A. & M.
4. Wheat, South Carolina.

Discus
1. Colbert, Clemson, 124 ft. 2 in.
2. Willford, Mississippi A. & M.
4. Early, Vanderbilt.

Javelin
1. Hammond, Sewanee, 144 ft 3 in.
2. Satterlee, Sewanee.
3. Righion, Georgia.
4. Ives, L. S. U.

Mile Relay
1. Chandler, 8:29 sec.
2. Mississippi A. & M.

1921 Indoor Track Team

On the 26th of this past February a quartette of Yellow Jackets entered the annual indoor track meet of the Johns Hopkins University. A small team it was but little difference did this make when our Tech athletes got into action. When the final count was made Georgia Tech stipd second in the open events of the meet with a total of nine points and P. G. Daves, our phenomenal half-miler, had won the feature 1,000-yard race that did not count in the team scoring.

Daves ran a great race, beating out Penfield, the noted Pennsylvania runner, by sheer endurance and grit, and winning for himself an enormous loving cup. Daves work was decidedly the surprise and feature of the trials.

Second only to the work of his team-mate was the performance of Longino Welch in the pole vault. This was a handicap affair and he drew but one inch 'vantage while most of the others ranged from one to two feet. Undaunted, he kept on, cleared the 10-ft. 6 mark, then the 11-ft., and at last the 11-ft. 6. It was truly a wonderful feat for indoor work and in winning first place in the event, he broke the Tech record, made outdoors, of 11-ft. 3 in.

Williams, with a 4 1-2 in. handicap, cleared the bar in the high jump at 5 ft. 8 in., giving 6 ft. 1-2 in. for the event and a second place. Red Barron won a third place in the 220-yard dash, thus giving all four of Tech's entrants a place and each a varsity letter.
## Georgia Annual State Track Meet

**Emory University, May 1, 1920.**

Tech, 59; University of Georgia, 36; Emory, 29.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>First</th>
<th>Second</th>
<th>Third</th>
<th>Time</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>100-yard Dash</td>
<td>Griffin (T)</td>
<td>Hartley (G)</td>
<td>Scarborough (T)</td>
<td>10 2-5 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>220-yard Dash</td>
<td>Griffin (T)</td>
<td>Connor (T)</td>
<td>White (E)</td>
<td>22 3-5 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>440-yard Dash</td>
<td>Watkins (E)</td>
<td>Klass (T)</td>
<td>Mosley (E)</td>
<td>53 3-5 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Half Mile Run</td>
<td>Watkins (E)</td>
<td>Martin (G)</td>
<td>Carter (T)</td>
<td>2:07 2-5 sec.</td>
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<tr>
<td>One Mile Run</td>
<td>McRaeley (T)</td>
<td>Fouche (T)</td>
<td>Stokes (E)</td>
<td>4:46 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>120 High Hurdles</td>
<td>Mann (G)</td>
<td>Harlan (T)</td>
<td>Hoy (E)</td>
<td>17 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>220 Low Hurdles</td>
<td>Mann (G)</td>
<td>Pierce (E)</td>
<td>Brandon (E)</td>
<td>29 2-5 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Running High Jump</td>
<td>Pollard (T)</td>
<td>Carlton (E)</td>
<td>Welch (T)</td>
<td>5 ft. 6 in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pole Vault</td>
<td>Rushing (T)</td>
<td>Dadenhof (T)</td>
<td>Welch (T)</td>
<td>11 ft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Running Broad Jump</td>
<td>Bartley (G)</td>
<td>Griffin (G)</td>
<td>Carlton (E)</td>
<td>20 ft. 7 ft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shot Put</td>
<td>Rigid (G)</td>
<td>Anthony (G)</td>
<td>Fincher (T)</td>
<td>28.65 ft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Discus</td>
<td>Granger (T)</td>
<td>Lyman (T)</td>
<td>Rigdon (G)</td>
<td>113.1 ft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Javelin</td>
<td>Van Buren (E)</td>
<td>Rigdon (G)</td>
<td>Granger (T)</td>
<td>142.2 ft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mile Relay</td>
<td>Tech</td>
<td>Emory</td>
<td>Georgia</td>
<td>3:30 4-5</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### 1920 Dual Track Meet.

**Tech vs. Auburn, Grant Field, April 17, 1920**

Tech 94.5, Auburn 48.5

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>First</th>
<th>Second</th>
<th>Third</th>
<th>Time</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>100-yard Dash</td>
<td>Griffin (T)</td>
<td>Case (A)</td>
<td>Weilbeberg (A)</td>
<td>10 2-5 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>220-yard Dash</td>
<td>Case (A)</td>
<td>Griffin (T)</td>
<td>Weilbeberg (A)</td>
<td>22 1-5 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>440-yard Dash</td>
<td>Case (A)</td>
<td>Cotton (T)</td>
<td>Davis (T)</td>
<td>54 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Half Mile Run</td>
<td>Cotton (T)</td>
<td>Davis (T)</td>
<td>Jenkins (A)</td>
<td>7:04 4-5 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One Mile Run</td>
<td>McRaeley (T)</td>
<td>Fouche (T)</td>
<td>Pitts (A)</td>
<td>4:46 flat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>120 High Hurdles</td>
<td>Pollard (T)</td>
<td>Rose (A)</td>
<td>Harlan (T)</td>
<td>17 4-5 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>220 Low Hurdles</td>
<td>Reid (A)</td>
<td>Rose (A)</td>
<td>Fields (T)</td>
<td>26 4-5 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Running High Jump</td>
<td>Martin (A)</td>
<td>Welch (T)</td>
<td>Weilbeberg (A)</td>
<td>5 ft. 10 1-4 in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pole Vault</td>
<td>Welch (T)</td>
<td>Rushing (T)</td>
<td>Martin (A)</td>
<td>10 ft. 9 in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Broad Jump</td>
<td>Weilbeberg (A)</td>
<td>Harlan (T)</td>
<td>Giafer (T)</td>
<td>20 ft. 5 1-2 in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shot Put</td>
<td>Armstead (T)</td>
<td>Groner (T)</td>
<td>Sienmore (T)</td>
<td>37 ft. 5 1-2 in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Discus</td>
<td>Granger (T)</td>
<td>Sienmore (T)</td>
<td>Lyman (T)</td>
<td>122 ft. 7 in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mile Relay</td>
<td>Auburn</td>
<td>Tech</td>
<td></td>
<td>3:37 3-5</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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**On Saturday evening, March the 5th, the greatest of Tech's many great cross-country runs, passed into history and Floyd E. Cotton was proclaimed King of the Sons of Marathon for the year of 1921. His time of 19:22 2-5, just ten seconds under the course record for the 3 1-2 mile race to the water works and back, was remarkably good.

Five hundred gaily bedecked specimens of athletes assembled on Grant Field that Saturday afternoon shortly before the hour of three. And the regalia they wore would certainly make an average man go color blind. The rainbow with all its famous array of colors surely had to take a back seat, for the various costumes, uniforms or fragments thereof weren't lacking in higher tints a darned bit.

But the attractive part of the scenery was not confined to the participants by any means. A score or more pretty maids of the College Set turned out at the request of the Kosemes, who engineered the race by the way, to present the cakes to the winning men. And speaking of scenery, just gaze upon the above photo and imagine that you saw 91 cakes like this arrayed on a table before you. Wouldn't you win a race to get one? Well, we reckon you'd step out considerably in a pretty good attempt, to say the least.

At 3:03 P. M. the runners were lined up along the first base line on the diamond and a young piece of field artillery, borrowed for the occasion, popped off to announce the start of the journey. Exactly nineteen minutes later Cotton hove into sight through the gates at the north end of the flats, a winner by 100 yards of the most pretentious of all our cross-country affairs. Dudley Fouche came next, closely followed by K. K. McDonald, Rudy Klass, and a score of others.
## Tech Track Record

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Record</th>
<th>Holder</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>100-yard Dash</td>
<td>10 sec. flat</td>
<td>STRUPPER, GRIFFIN</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>220-yard Dash</td>
<td>22 2-5 sec</td>
<td>A. W. HILL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>440-yard Dash</td>
<td>52 2-5 sec</td>
<td>SPARKS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>880-yard Run</td>
<td>2 min. 3 sec</td>
<td>McCLELLAND</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One Mile Run</td>
<td>4 min. 38 sec</td>
<td>McCLESKEY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>120-yard Hurdles</td>
<td>16 sec. flat</td>
<td>ROBINSON</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>220-yard Hurdles</td>
<td>26 3-5 sec</td>
<td>GLOVER</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>High Jump</td>
<td>5 ft. 11 1-8 in</td>
<td>ROBINSON</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Broad Jump</td>
<td>22 ft. 3 in</td>
<td>SCARBORO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pole Vault</td>
<td>11 ft. 6 in</td>
<td>WELCH</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16-pound Shot Put</td>
<td>40 ft. 11 in</td>
<td>GUYON</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16-pound Hammer Throw</td>
<td>127 ft. 1 in</td>
<td>MACUCK</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Discus Throw</td>
<td>120 ft. 4 in</td>
<td>MACUCK</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cross Country (3 1/2 mi.)</td>
<td>19 min. 12 2-5 sec</td>
<td>McCLESKEY</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## S. I. A. A. Track Records.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Record</th>
<th>Holder</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>100-yard Dash</td>
<td>9 4-5 sec</td>
<td>NELSON, Vanderbilt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>220-yard Dash</td>
<td>21 4-5 sec</td>
<td>JENKINS, L. S. U.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>440-yard Dash</td>
<td>49 sec. flat</td>
<td>JENKINS, L. S. U.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>880-yard Dash</td>
<td>1 min. 55 3-5 sec</td>
<td>SCOTT, Miss. A. and M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One-mile Run</td>
<td>4 min. 29 2-5 sec</td>
<td>GARNER, Vanderbilt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>120-yard Hurdles</td>
<td>15 4-5 sec</td>
<td>BURRIS, L. S. U.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>220-yard Hurdles</td>
<td>23 1-5 sec</td>
<td>CLARE, KY. STATE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>High Jump</td>
<td>5 ft. 11 1-8 in</td>
<td>ROBINSON, Ga Tech</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Broad Jump</td>
<td>22 ft. 6 in</td>
<td>BRILLANTE, Miss. A. and M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pole Vault</td>
<td>11 ft. 8 1-2 in</td>
<td>THOMAS, L. S. U.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16-pound Shot Put</td>
<td>41 ft. 8 1-4 in</td>
<td>REIN, L. S. U.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Discus Throw</td>
<td>127 ft. 8 in</td>
<td>RICE, L. S. U.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Javelin Throw</td>
<td>144 ft. 5 in</td>
<td>HAMMOND, Sequoia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mile Relay</td>
<td>8 min. 25 sec</td>
<td>1920 Vanderbilt Team</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Review of the 1921 Season

The day after the great Tech-Georgia basket-ball game last February one of the Atlanta papers ran the following article which gives one a very good understanding of the Yellow Jacket basket-ball season for '21:

TECH FIVE DEVELOPED ON BORROWED FLOORS

Georgia Tech students, faculty and alumni, Tuesday were praising the Yellow Jacket basketball quintette. The team, coached by Joe Bean and W. A. Alexander and captained by Al Staton, has distinctly achieved success. It is a machine which any school might be glad to claim as its own.

Their showing is remarkable, for Tech has no gymnasium. The team has no home court; all its practices were held on borrowed courts, after that team had finished its day's work. Very little practice could thus be held—little, that is, in comparison with other college basketball teams.

Yet the second cage team Georgia Tech ever had, after a disastrous season, entered the S. I. A. A. tourney on its nerve, and fought clear up to the semi-finals, losing a hard game but gaining many friends.

Had anyone even suggested the success that Tech has had in this tournament at the beginning of the meet, the remark would have been received with laughter. As it is now, the whole South is proud of the splendid showing of a basket-ball team which some day will force recognition from its rivals.

As was stated above, the basketball team of Georgia Tech could hardly have been called a success previous to the tournament. The season was, in truth, disastrous. Eleven games were played on the regular schedule and in but two of these did the Yellow Jackets come out victorious. Four were lost, however, by the narrow margin of one goal or less.

The first call for basketball men went out in December shortly after the football season and its attendant excitement was past. Over a hundred men responded and work was started on the Marist College court for the old men and out on the flats of Grant Field for the new.

Coach Joe Bean, whose success with the Tech baseball nine is well remembered, was retained as head coach and Coach Alexander aided him and looked after the Freshman five. There were plenty of men out, the entire line-up of ’20 returning with the lone exception of McMath. The first week after the holidays saw the varsity at the hardest kind of work in preparation for the opening game with Mercer on the 9th.

The Mercer Baptists brought a bunch of veterans up here that gave the Jackets more of a battle than they expected. Tech led all the way, only to see Mercer come to the front in the last five seconds of play. The final count stood 20 to 19 for Mercer.

Wofford came next and in a similar exhibition Tech lost again, 20 to 18, her goal shooting being way below par. The 22nd of January saw Tech in her first victory, the Purple Hurricane from Furman succumbing to the attack by the score of 44 to 24.

In the third of the close games, the Auburn Tigers beat us the next night 30 to 28. A week later Tech hit the road for Mercer, taking one of the worst defeats of the season, the tally reading: Mercer 41, Tech 18. The Jackets hied back to Atlanta and on the 6th of February sacked Clemson 28 to 20.
Then came the big eastern road trip. It was big all right but the Jackets met cage teams out of their class and dropped four games in a row. The first stop was at Lexington, Va., where the V. M. I. Cadets trampled Tech 53 to 16. Tech rallied the next night but lost to Georgetown 36 to 14. Catholic University repeated the dose 37 to 23 and V. P. I. took the last one 31 to 15.

On returning from the trip, Tech found the University of Tennessee ready to battle. The latter did battle, in all sense of the word, for the 29-to-28 win was not an easy one by any means.

This game brought Tech to the Southern Tournament. Our record hardly granted us admission to the meet but we entered nevertheless. The very first night saw a new Tech team playing and Birmingham-Southern never had a look-in. The Jackets ran up the largest score of the tourney that night, winning 53 to 11, with every man of the Staton-Fraser-Jenks-Brewster-Roane playing stellar ball.

The second round was even better than the first. Pitted against the University of Alabama, one of the favorites of the championship race, the Tech men played super-ball, rallying when points were needed in the last five minutes of play, and winning out 31 to 22. Our next game, the one with Georgia in the semi-finals, is described on the next page.

**When Tech Met Georgia**

Georgia defeated Georgia Tech at the Atlanta Auditorium last night, 26-21, in the most thrilling basketball game ever seen in Atlanta, and one witnessed by the biggest crowd that ever attended a basketball game anywhere. By doing so, Georgia won its way into the finals of the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Association's first basketball tournament and Georgia Tech won the moral victory that attends a team that is supposed to be hopelessly outclassed, and yet gives the favored opponent a desperate and splendidly contested struggle.

These were the things that the basketball players of the two great state institutions achieved, but they paled into insignificance when compared to the achievement of the student bodies of the two colleges. With an intense rivalry, borne of years bitterly contested athletic events and engendered to the point of bitterness by the severance of athletic relations two years ago, the students of Georgia and the students of Tech gave the lie direct to the assertion that the two schools could not meet on the same field in clean, wholesome, and sportsmanlike athletic competition.

The old rivalry was there last night and it was probably keener than it had ever been in the history of the two institutions. Probably not a single student who attends the North Avenue College was not lined up at the doors of the Auditorium at least an hour before they were opened to the public. Certainly there wasn’t a student of Georgia ancient University who had the price of a railroad ticket or other means of transportation to Atlanta, who wasn’t on hand, yelling and praying for a Georgia victory.

The game was splendidly fought and absolutely full of high lights. In the first half the gallant way in which Tech came out from behind and tied the count and then leaped into the lead, if only for a few moments, will long be remembered.

But no less vivid will he the memories of how Georgia, astounded and almost stunned by this unexpected resistance, rallied its forces and, with Anderson shooting baskets with a skill that has made him one of the most dreaded forwards that the game knows, grabbed the lead again and was never displaced throughout the battle.

Tech, however, never quit and during the second half for a few moments seemed likely to tie the score. Tech’s team had been a bit more than decimated by personal fouls. Jimmy Brewster had been forced to take the bench. Gibby Fraser was later sent to the showers.

Bully Mayer was thrust into the fray, limping, but with the battle spirit flashing from his eye. Frank Armistead was dashed in to fill the gap at center. And how those boys played! Bully, fighting as valiantly as he ever did on the football field,
rang one basket and, at the very end of the game and with all hope gone, shot another just as the pistol was fired as a signal for hostilities to cease.

And when the battle had been lost and won, the thousands of students filed out of the building in orderly array. The Georgians were cheering: they had a right to. The loyal Tech men were not down cast: they surely had no cause to be. Proudly a contingent of Tech students took down the white and gold colors that had decorated their cheering section and without permitting those colors to touch the ground, they passed out of the Auditorium and out to their campus, heads high, their spirit proud and undefeated.

Morgan Blake the next day wrote: "Georgia won last night—won by a five-point margin, 26 to 21,—and Tech supporters are entirely satisfied. They have a right to be. It was a battle in which there was as much glory for the defeated as for the victor. Think of it! Here was one team, battered and beaten by every team it had met previous to the tournament—a doormat—facing the brilliant and undefeated Athenians. It looked like it would be a slaughter. But fighting one of the gamest, bravest fights a Tech team in any branch of sports has ever fought, the golden-jerseyed basketeers threw a scare into the supporters of the Red and Black that had them sweating blood and praying fervently throughout the heat of the conflict. In fact the Athenians showed no superiority to Tech in any branch of the game, with exception of Anderson's uncanny ability to leap up and tap the ball in the cage during the hot scrimmages under the basket.

The game itself was worthy of the audience of 5,000 souls that gathered to see it. Instead of being stepped on and slaughtered, as many expected, Tech fought an even fight with Georgia throughout. If there had been anybody on the Jacket team with a knowledge of shooting a basket the White and Gold would have triumphed. In passing, dribbling, and recovering Tech showed every bit as much class as did Georgia and kept the ball in her own territory for a good deal larger per cent of the time than did the Red and Black.'

**Score by Halves:**
- **Georgia**: 11, 15, 26
- **Tech**: 8, 13, 21

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**Company “M.”**

**Regimental Football Champions 1920**

- **Captain**: G. C. Gardner
- **Manager**: G. W. Shearon
- **Coach**: R. P. Mayer
- **Assistant Coach**: O. W. Rushing

**Players**

- **Bullock, E. S.**
- **Bell, H. P.**
- **Caldwell, H. G.**
- **Cowen, T. R.**
- **Curtis, J. W.**
- **Davis, W. T.**
- **Dowd, J. G.**
- **Fountain, T. S.**
- **Franklin, L. M.**
- **Gardiner, G. C.**
- **Gibson, T. M.**
- **Graham, T. B.**
- **Gray, J. W.**
- **Henderson, T. B.**
- **Hightower, C. W.**
- **Hubbard, G. W.**
- **Johnson, C. W.**
- **Jones, W. J.**
- **Kersey, H. G.**
- **Kerr, E. T.**
- **Knapp, E. T.**
- **McBride, J. W.**
- **Meek, R. S.**
- **Morgan, T. B.**
- **Morgan, T. B.**
- **Ober, R. G.**

**Company “M.” Season’s Record**

- **33** Company “I” 0
- **13** Company “K” 0
- **7** Company “A” 0
- **16** Company “F” 0
- **4** Company “M.”

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**Two Hundred and Four**
1920 Tennis History

In the singles four men out of forty entries won their way to the semi-finals by staging some sensational tennis. These men were R. A. Johnston, E. J. Williamson, R. S. McIver, and Orton Blake, all new men and unlooked for stars. In the semi-finals Johnston defeated McIver 1-6, 6-2, 6-2, by staging a remarkable comeback after losing the first set. In a closely fought match Blake eliminated Williamson by scores of 6-2, 7-6, 7-5. In the finals Blake easily disposed of Johnston in straight sets, 6-2, 6-2, 6-4, thereby winning the singles championship of Tech.

In the doubles four teams, composed of Blake and Simpson, Williamson and Johnston, Fraser and Wallace, and Baker and Boyer, went to the semi-finals. Williamson and Johnston defeated Blake and Simpson in a closely contested match. 6-4, 8-6. Fraser and Wallace, won over Boyer and Baker by 6-3, 7-5. In the finals Williamson and Johnston easily defeated Fraser and Wallace by scores of 6-1, 6-2, 6-3, placing themselves as doubles champions of Tech for 1920.

S. I. A. A. MEET.

In the middle of May, 1920, the S. I. A. A. tennis tournament was held in Atlanta at the East Lake Country Club. This meet was completely carried off by Granger and Drumright, of the University of Texas. Our men showed up well in this tournament but at the same time indicated that they were not up to form due to insufficient practice.

In the singles Johnston was defeated in the second round by Fitzgerald, of Clemson, 6-3, 6-3. Blake won his way to the semi-finals by winning over S. G. Bailey, of Sewanee, by 3-6, 6-0, 6-2. and over Smith, of Tennessee, by 6-3, 6-4. In the semi-finals, however, he fell before the steady driving play of Granger, of Texas, who also won in the finals, the score in the semi-finals being 7-5, 6-0.

In the doubles Williamson and Johnston were defeated by the Texans, Granger and Drumright by a count of 6-3, 6-8, after they had defeated the fast Clemson team 10-8, 11-9. Granger, of the University of Texas, proved to be the leading star of the meet, inasmuch as he won the singles, and with his partner won the doubles also.