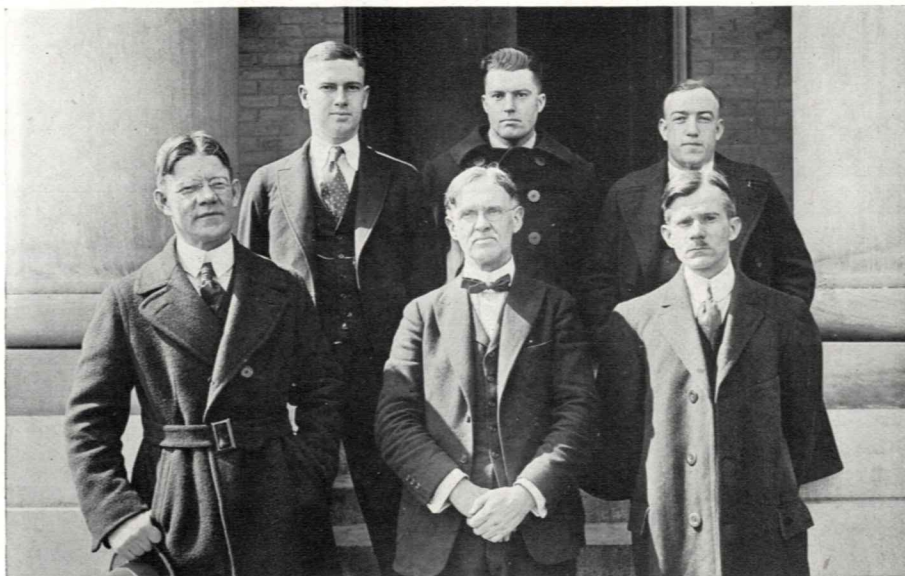


ATHLETICS



Ray
Beall

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Georgia Tech Athletic Association

OFFICERS

DR. J. B. CRENSHAW	Director of Athletics
L. W. POLLARD	President
M. L. WHEELER	Vice-President
FRANK ASBURY	Secretary
DR. S. S. WALLACE	Treasurer
J. M. HEISMAN	Football Coach
W. A. ALEXANDER	Assistant Football Coach
F. F. WOOD	Assistant Football Coach
R. A. CLAY	Assistant Football Coach
W. A. ALEXANDER	Track Coach
W. A. ALEXANDER	Basket-ball Coach
JOE BEAN	Baseball Coach

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Wearers of the "T"

FOOTBALL

AMIS, T. B.
BARRON, D. I.
COBB, F. R.
DAVIS, O. G.
DOWLING, J. H.
DOYAL, R. L.
FINCHER, W. E.

FERST, F. W.
FLOWERS, A. R.
GAIVAR, W.
GUILL, R. A.
HARLAN, J. W.
HIGHTOWER, J.
HUFFINES, R. D.

LEBEY, C. D.
McDONOUGH, J.
NESBIT, M. M.
PHILLIPS, G. M.
STATON, A. H.
SCARBORO, D. D.
WEBB, B. P.

BASEBALL

ASBURY, F. H.
BARRON, D. I.
INGRAM, L. C.
LYNDON, W. S.

MURPHY, A. H.
O'LEARY, D. J.
PRUITT, F. O.
SPIVEY, P. J.
TURNER, C. F.

WEBB, B. P.
WHEELER, M. L.
WHITELEY, W. R.
WILDER, B.

BASKET-BALL

McMATH, HUGH

TRACK

CHAMPION, E. F.
DODENHOFF, E. D.
FIELD, W. U.

GRANGER, H. W.
GRIFFIN, G. W.
HYERS, W.

McCLESKY, J. M.
POLLARD, L. W.
SCARBORO, D. D.

CHEER-LEADERS

INGRAM, L. C.

JOHNSTON, J. R.

VICKERS, J.

FOOTBALL



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Beall.

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Varsity Team of 1919

J. W. HEISMAN	Head Coach
F. F. WOOD	Assistant Coach
W. A. ALEXANDER	Assistant Coach
G. M. PHILLIPS	Captain
H. McMATH	Manager
F. ASBURY	Assistant Manager

MEMBERS

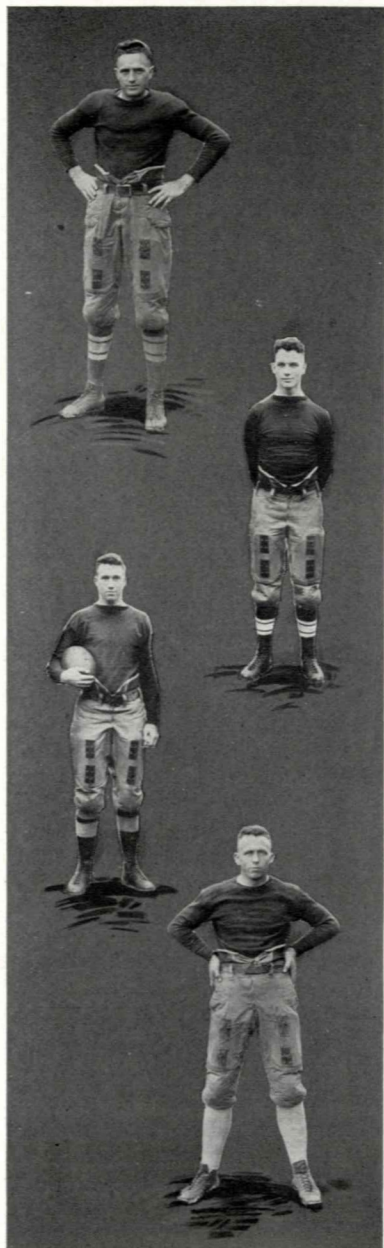
AMIS, T. B.
BARRON, D. I.
BREWSTER, J. D.
DAVIS, O.
DOWLING, J. H.
DOYAL, R. L.
FERST, F. W.
FINCHER, W. E.
FLOWERS, A. R.
FRYE, C. A.

GAIVAR, E. W.
GRANGER, H. G.
GUILL, M. F.
HARLAN, J.
HIGGINS, W.
HIGHTOWER, J. T.
HUFFINES, R. D.
KIDD, J. P.
McDONOUGH, J.
McREE, J.

MAYER, R.
NESBITT, M. M.
OATES, E. J.
PHILLIPS, G. M.
SCARBORO, D. D.
SCOTT, J. R.
STATON, A. H.
SMITH, A. M.
WEBB, B. P.

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Tech vs. Vanderbilt

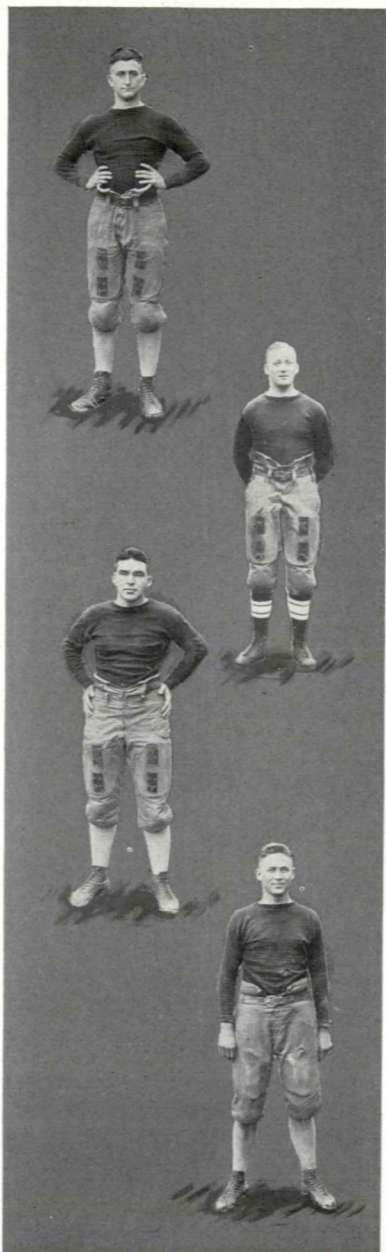


Vandy had lost to Tech in 1917 to the tune of 87 to nothing and they were anxious for revenge. It looked like their chances for doing so were good. It was known that in Zerfoss, Goar, Adams, Cody and Lipscomb, they had five players of the highest caliber that had played in the South for some time. In addition, they had an ace up their sleeve. Red Floyd, the great halfback of a few years back, had returned to school, and nothing had been said about him, in the hope that they would spring a surprise on Tech. However, we wouldn't have known that he was in the game, if they hadn't told us afterwards. Tech was right that day, and they all looked alike to her.

The game was a close one throughout. During the first quarter, Tech gained considerable ground, but not enough to endanger Vanderbilt's goal-line. Always when the play was approaching the danger zone, Cody or Lipscomb would hurl their big frames in the fray and gum up the game. Vanderbilt, however, had been able to show no well-sustained offense. Tech's line broke up their plays with ease, leaving the backs fresh to continue their ceaseless hammering on Vanderbilt's secondary defense.

Neither side had showed any end running up to this time, such a thing being considered impossible, due to the condition of the field. But an event occurred then that proved that it is the impossible that wins out in anything. Lipscomb had been forced to retire from the game with a broken leg early in the second quarter, leaving most of the tackling to Cody and Adams. Tech had rushed the ball to Vanderbilt's twenty-yard line, where they were held for downs. Goar punted the ball fifty yards down the field to Buck Flowers, who proceeded to run it back with great ease and sangfroid.

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Buck was just as slippery to get a hold of as the ground was to stand on, and between the two they managed to carry the ball seventy yards down the field for a touchdown. It was the prettiest bit of broken field running that had been done on Grant Field that year. This gave Tech a seven point lead, and the half closed with them in that position.

The second half was a repetition of the first, with a little more Buck. None of the other backs seemed to be effective. It was a strange thing to see the lightest man on the field do all the gaining, when according to Hoyle this should have been just the reverse.

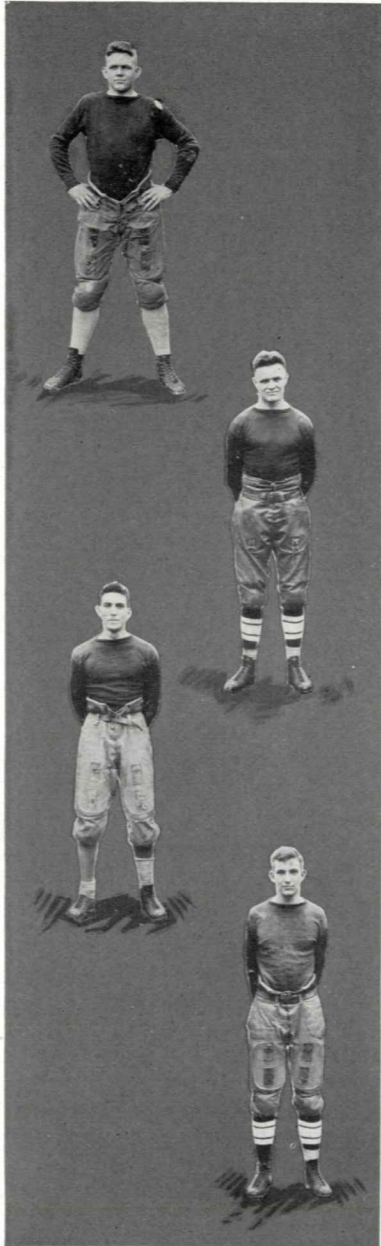
Buck scored another touchdown in the third quarter by running twenty yards on a wide end run, and Buck scored another touchdown in the fourth quarter by dashing back fifty yards with another punt, in fact it was Buck did this, and Buck did that, the whole game, and when the game was over, it was Buck 20 and Vanderbilt 0. Without doubt, if he had been out of the game, it would have ended 0 to 0.

Cody put up a wonderful exhibition of football playing in this game. A low estimate would show that he made at least one-half of the tackles made in the game, and Alf Adams and Lipscomb would account for a goodly portion of the others.

Georgetown vs. Tech

This was the first time that Georgetown and Tech had ever met. Georgetown and Pittsburgh bear a sort of brotherly relation to each other, both using the same style of play, and Georgetown being coached by an old Warner man, Exendine. After their game with Detroit, they had come back through Pittsburgh, and Warner had spent all day Sunday coaching them on Tech's

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plays and showing them how he thought the jump shift could be stopped.

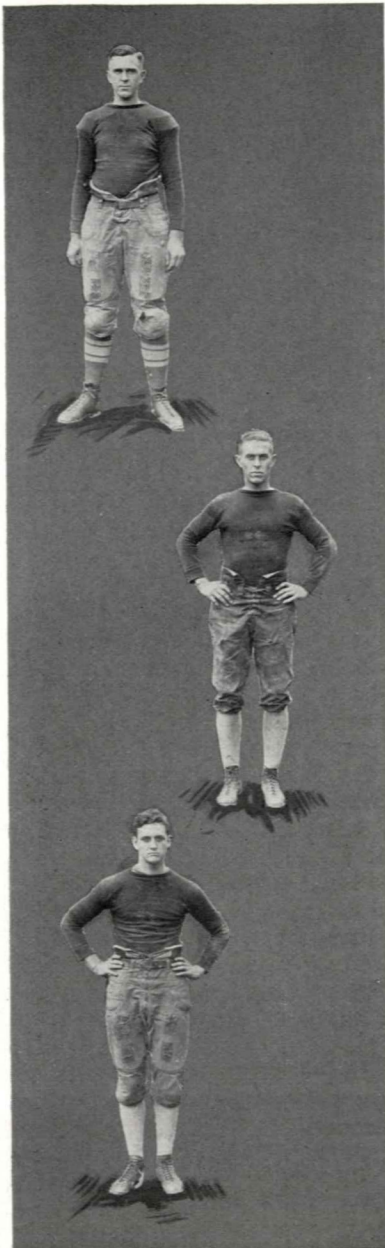
It must be borne in mind that most of the Georgetown men are Irish, real hard-boiled, nail-eating, billy goat Irish, as they say in Savannah. In Johnny McQuade, they possessed a man who had been declared by many experts as the peer of any back in the North. He weighed about 195 pounds a la nature, and was as fast as a streak of lightning. Those of you who remember Bob McWhorter, add fifteen pounds to his weight and a trifle to his speed and driving power, and you have McQuade, a man who had played four years without ever having time called out on him, until he came to Georgia Tech.

The first few minutes of play were not particularly encouraging. Tech was fighting hard, but so was Georgetown. Then came an awful blow. In quick succession, Captain Phillips and Buck Flowers were out of the game. Buck showed the spirit of the team on one of the gamest acts seen at Grant Field in all its history.

McQuade had broken through the Tech defense, and running fiercely had passed every man on the field with the exception of little Buck, who was playing safety. Buck was the only man between him and a touchdown, and he knew it. He also knew that the angle at which the tackle must be made, and the speed and weight of McQuade would be hard and dangerous to stop. But did he hesitate? Not one fraction of a second. He came up at top speed, made a beautiful flying dive, and knocked McQuade clear out of bounds, suffering a broken shoulder in the attempt. He had saved the touchdown, and perhaps the game, but he had been lost to the team in the attempt.

His loss made the team realize that if they were to win this game, with Phillips and Flowers out of it, they must play more than superhuman ball, and they did. Red Barron

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was in the game for the first time since the Pittsburgh affair, and believe us he was very much in the game. He literally ran wild. His flaming red hair was like the pillar of fire that led the Israelites through the wilderness. It was everywhere in the thick of the fight, and led his comrades to victory.

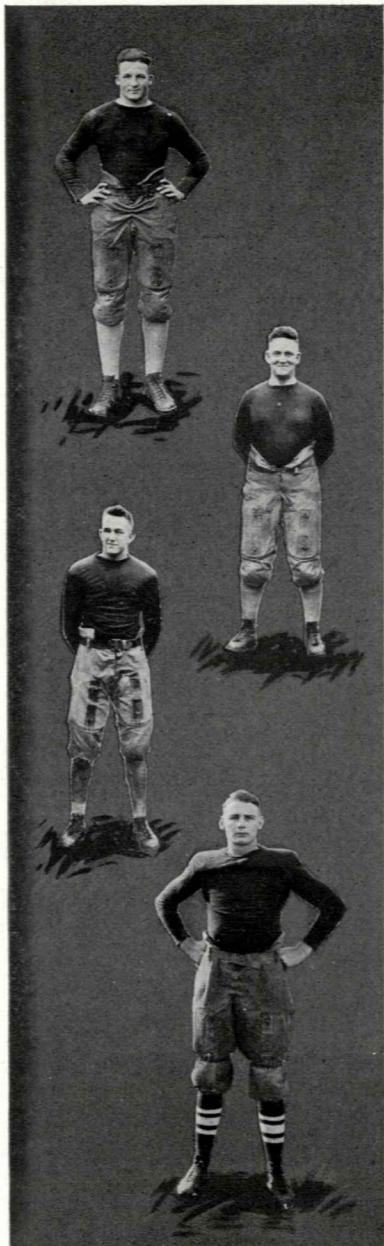
The first touchdown was scored in the second quarter by the incomparable Judy. He grasped the prolate spheroid firmly in his roomy mitts and dashed the last ten yards over the line with the ease of a motor boat passing through still water. When he makes up his mind to go, Judy just can't be stopped.

The first half ended with the score seven to nothing in favor of Tech. We may have been inclined to let down a little just here, but that was not Johnny Heisman's idea. If we ever had any self-conceit just at this time, he took it out of us, every bit, and then some, and sent the team back to fight harder than ever, and to show the fellows that we could make up somewhat for the loss of the Pittsburgh and Washington and Lee games.

It was in this half that Red Barron did most of his rough work. As one of the Georgetown players remarked after the game, it seemed as if he just wouldn't be stopped. Time and again, the Georgetown players would throw him to the ground but he would rise up again like a jumping jack and be off again. Jack McDonough, too, a freshman, showed up better than he ever had before. He did a good deal of the bucking and did it well, too. It was he who carried the ball over for the second touchdown, after the whole backfield had brought it to the five-yard line.

Early in the last quarter, McQuade was forced to retire from the game with a wrenched knee. He had played a marvelous game, and his loss was felt, for from then on, Tech seemed to push the ball around at will. A touchdown was scored during this quarter, making the score 21 to 0 in favor of Tech.

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Then came the most spectacular event of the season. With only two minutes to play, Georgetown elected to kick to Tech, thinking that they could surely hold Tech for two minutes. But they had not reckoned with Dewey Scarborough.

Dewey had been sent in to play a halfback just a few minutes before, and had had no chance to show what he could do. But his mind was made up to do something. Georgetown's kick was high and long, but Dewey ran back to the goal line, jumped up and caught the ball, then ran the entire length of the field for a touchdown.

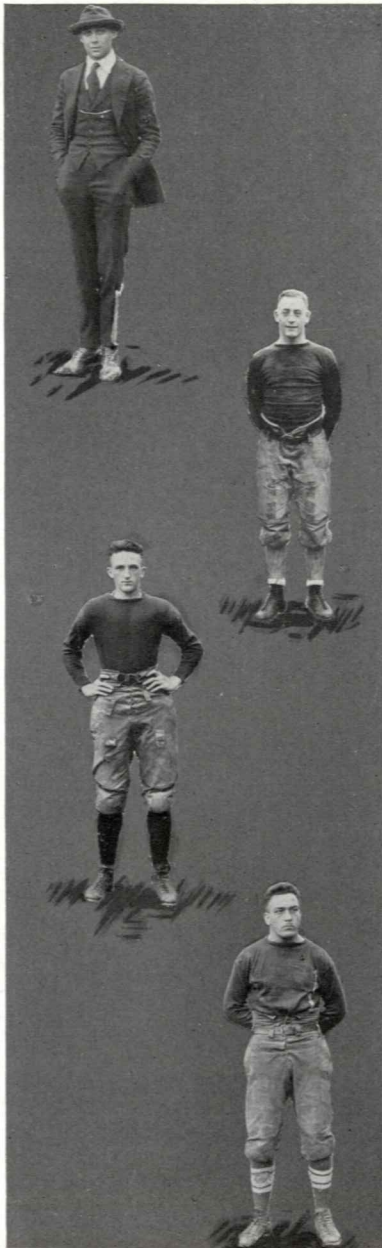
Red Barron and Jack McDonough did the best work for Tech, while the playing of McQuade was a feature of the whole game. Playing with a losing team, and getting the hard knocks he did from a team fighting fiercely, he nevertheless did his best and played a remarkable game, until his forced retirement in the last quarter.

Pittsburg vs. Ga. Tech

October 23 marked the big day for the Georgia Tech Golden Tornado, in a football way. This was the date set for the annual Pitt game, the biggest of the season. The first of these games had been played in 1918, in Pittsburgh, after Tech had gone through four seasons without a defeat, and Pittsburgh had traveled three with the same record. Thus it was but natural that the two best teams in the United States should come together on the gridiron for the purpose of settling the fact as to which was the better team.

It was the misfortune of Georgia Tech to have to play the 1918 season with a freshman team, due to the fact that all the old players had gone to answer the call of their country. However, nothing daunted, the youngsters had set forth to do battle with

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the Panthers in their own lair, and had been defeated 32 to 0 for the first time in four years.

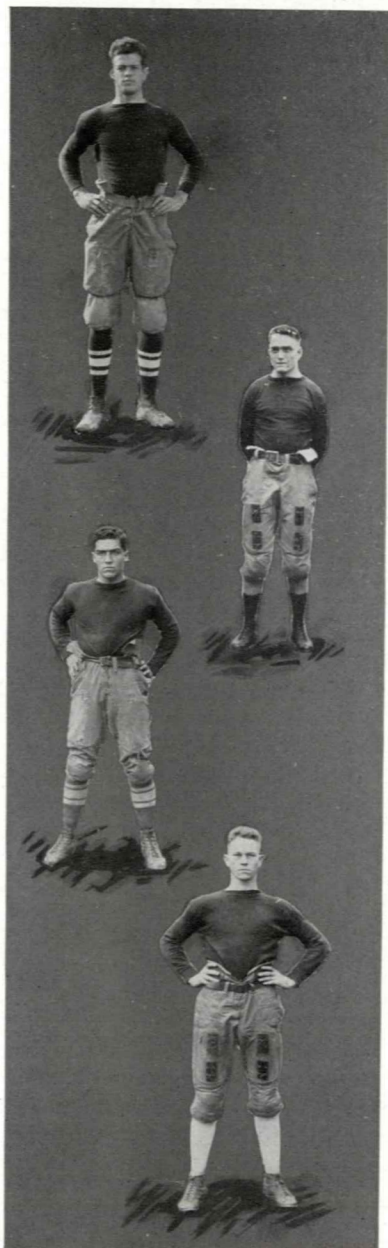
Thus it was but natural that Tech looked forward with a good deal of anxiety and hope to the meeting of the two teams in 1919. Tech had returned practically all of her 1918 team, and one or two stars from other seasons had returned to help build up the team. But one loss was felt, one place was vacant, and it could not be filled. Joseph N. Guyon, the Objibwa chief, premier football player of the universe, was not back in the fold, and before the season was over, we realized just how much he had meant to us.

The long trip to Pittsburgh was completed without incident, and the team arrived in Pittsburgh on Friday morning before the Saturday of the game. As formerly, they stayed at the William Penn Hotel, where they were the center of an interested crowd, that always came down to look over the Southern warriors.

Promptly at three o'clock the game started, and at precisely 3:11 Tech's hopes of a championship had been shattered. It is best that we pass over this eleven minutes rapidly. What happened? Nobody knows. What was the trouble? Nobody knows. For the first eleven minutes, Tech's team might as well not have been on the field. Pitt had scored two touchdowns and had the ball on Tech's one-yard line with four downs to go. Red Barron was out of the game with a broken leg. Judy Harlan's knee had been hit over again, and was swollen with water until it was twice its normal size, and several of the players had received injuries that might necessitate their retirement at any minute. Thirteen to nothing and the ball on our one-yard line.

The rest of the game was a victory for Tech. After holding so nobly little Buck Flowers punted eighty yards down the field, and the mighty Davies was downed in his

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tracks. The team looked like a new team. They charged the Pitt line back, and shattered the Pitt attack time after time, as Pitt tried to once more start their steam roller to going. In the middle of the second quarter, Davies booted a nice field goal from the thirty-five-yard line, running Pitt's score up to 16 points and there it stopped. Twice more during the first half, fate gave Pitt the ball on Tech's one-yard line, but the inhabitants of Pittsburgh were treated to the rare sight of seeing their hitherto unstoppable team thrown back without the gain of an inch.

Harlan performed one of the most marvelous feats in football history at this time. With water on the knee, so serious as to almost prevent movement, he took the ball nineteen straight times, for a gain of 105 yards to a touchdown on line bucks. Including the ground that he gained, and was called back and penalized, he must have gained close to 200 yards in nineteen successive plays through the line. Pittsburgh sent in new linemen after every play. It looked like they had one hundred men on the squad. But Judy was not to be stopped. He carried it over, and proved to the world that Tech did possess a punch after all.

The work of Harlan was the feature of the game. This big, game fellow gave his whole heart to every play, and tried nobly to single-handedly win the game. Little Buck Flowers' punting was remarkable as was his work on defense. He was watched so closely on offense that he couldn't get away much, but in watching him they lost sight of Judy, and Judy gained the ground. Credit must be given to Frank Ferst for the defensive work he put in. He tackled DeHart three times when he tried to carry the ball from the one-yard line over the goal.

Tom Davies was the star. He gained most of the ground and kicked a field goal.

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Student Association

OFFICERS

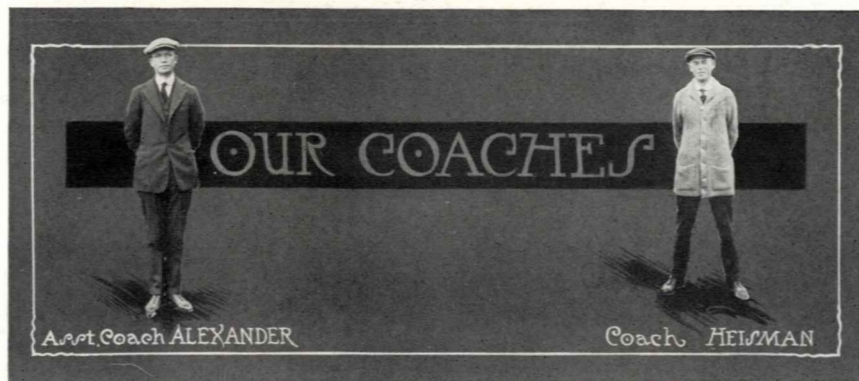
J. H. DOWLING	<i>President</i>
S. Y. GUESS	<i>Vice-President</i>
G. N. LESTER	<i>Secretary</i>
DR. S. S. WALLACE	<i>Chairman</i>

PROF. F. P. SMITH

PROF. W. V. SKILES

1920

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Our Coaches

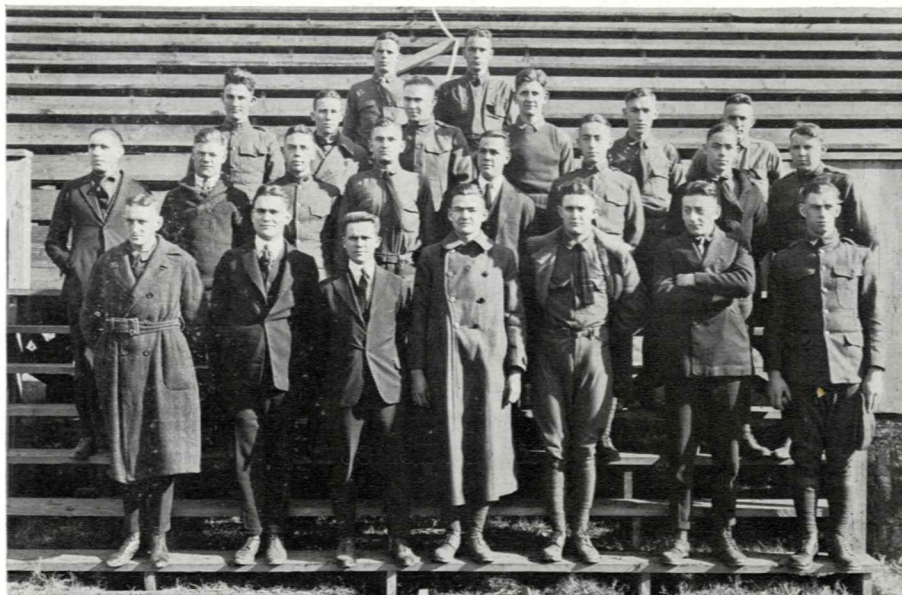
BACK in the days of the early nineties, when football was a highbrow pastime among the big universities up East, John Heisman, a stripling of a youth, decided to see what it all was about. So, after scrubbing around the lots of the University of Pennsylvania for four years, he landed a position at end and starred there for one year. After graduating from Penn, his love for the game led him into the coaching field, where he plied his art at Oberlin, Auburn and Clemson, finally being attracted to Georgia Tech. Upon his arrival at Tech, the young athletic instructor had a dream. In the dim gray haze of the future, he had visions of a mighty team from the South that would go sweeping over the land. His dream materialized in the "Golden Tornado" of 1917, the greatest football combination of all time. Despite the taunts from his rivals that he is through, Jack Heisman, the wizard of the great American game, has a few more tricks in his bag that will stagger the best of them. Here's to you, Coach Heisman, the South's greatest exponent of football.

In Coach William A. Alexander, we have a coach that every Tech man loves. The affable "Alex" learned to love Tech while fighting for her as a member of her athletic teams. This endowed loyalty of his gives him great power for instilling fighting spirit and knowledge of the game in his proteges, and has proven a great factor in various successes of the past, that our teams have attained.

Coach Wood has been with us for two years and in this short time he has impressed every one with his sportsman-like and gentlemanly ways. As a line coach, he is a wonder, having learned the science of the game while a lineman on the Notre Dame teams that once wrought such havoc through the middle West.

Last, but far from least, even though he is small, comes "Kid" Clay. "Kid's" scrubbing days on Tech flats stretched over some five or six years and in that time he absorbed much of the Heisman brand of football. All that was said of "Alex's" loyalty for Tech goes for Clay also. At the head of his famous Yannigans, the Kid has been a little bunch of T. N. T., nitroglycerine, and dynamite, that stood set for going off at any old time. If in doubt, ask the varsity.

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1919 Scrub Football Team

R. A. CLAY *Coach*
 K. F. MELTON *Captain*
 G. C. GRIFFIN *Manager*

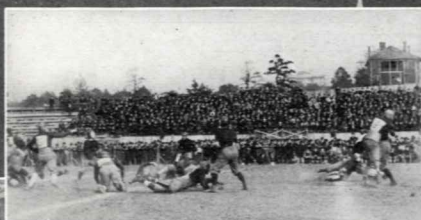
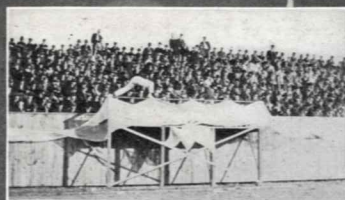
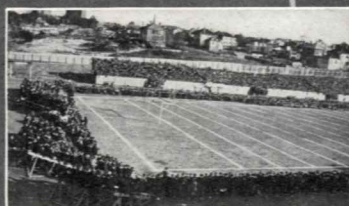
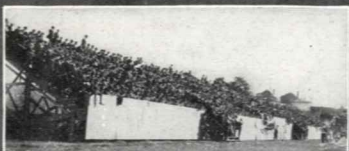
MEMBERS

BARTENFELDT, T. K.
 BERRY, M. O.
 BORUM, V. L.
 CATE, H. C.
 COLLEY, J. W.
 CONRAD, J. E.
 DOWNES, J. R.
 EDWARDS, J. T.
 FINCHER, J. T.
 FLEETWOOD, U. Y.
 FULLER, U. M.

GRAYSON, S. M.
 GRIFFIN, G. C.
 HOWDEN, M.
 HUNT, A. T.
 JACKSON, J. M.
 LYNCH, R. D.
 MCBRIDE, G.
 MCINTYRE, H. E.
 MCINTYRE, J. S.
 MAYO, T. T.
 MELTON, K. F.

MERRITT, E. H.
 PAIGE, M. K.
 PAVAO, G.
 PHILLIPS, T. H.
 TABOR, A. R.
 TEMPLE, W. S.
 VAUGHN, R. H.
 WILLIAMS, J. O.
 WELCHEL, H.

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1920

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CHEER LEADERS

Tech Yells

WE ARE HAPPY

We are happy when we yell
T-e-c-h-n-o-l-o-g-y

TECH-ET-A-RECK

Tech et a reck, te reck, te reck!
Tech et a reck, te reck, te reck!
Boom Rah! Boom Rah!
Georgia Tech!

TEAM RAH!

Team Rah!
Team Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Team Rah!

DRUM YELL

Tr-r-reck! Tr-r-reck! Tr-r-reck! Tech! Tech!
Tr-r-reck! Tr-r-reck! Tr-r-reck! Tech! Tech!
Tr-r-reck! Tech! Tech! Tech! Tech-et-a-reck!
Tr-r-reck! Tech! Tech! Tech! Tech-et-a-reck!
Boom! Rah! Tech!
Boom! Rah! Tech!
Boom! Rah! Boom! Rah!
Georgia Tech!

COLLEGE COLORS
Gold and White

COLLEGE SONG
"Ramblin' Wreck"



BASE BALL

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Beall.

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Baseball Team

JOE BEAN	Coach
C. F. TURNER	Captain
B. B. WILLIAMS	Manager

MEMBERS

ADAMS, B.
 ASBURY, F. H.
 BARRON, D. C.
 MURPHY, A. H.
 O'LEARY, D. J.
 PRUITT, F. O.
 SMITH, C. F.

SMITH, W.
 SPIVEY, P. J.
 TURNER, C. F.
 WEBB, B. P.
 WHEELER, M. L.
 WILDER, B.

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Baseball History

"**B**ASEBALL Practice Begins" was the headline across the top of the Technique of February 20, which ushered in the 1919 baseball season. Successful? Well, that is hard to decide. Tech does not usually consider a season successful when she is beaten by Georgia, but on the other hand, we have the consolation of knowing that we were only bested by two teams, and these two were the best in the South, namely, Alabama, S. I. A. A. Champions, and Georgia. It was certainly a very erratic season, beginning very disastrously, then looking wonderfully rosy, only to pass out in the same way it began. Briefly the results of the season were as follows: We won nine games and lost nine. Of those we lost, six of them were to Alabama and Georgia, and the other three to teams which we later defeated.

But it is not our plan to soliloquize, but to give a history of the season, therefore we will state the facts and let you draw your own conclusions.

On February 20th, the first call for candidates went out, and of the seventy or eighty who reported to Coach Bean, there were nine old men, these being Capt. Turner, "Bevo" Webb, "Jimmy" Wheeler, "Red" Smith, "Wally" Smith, Pruitt, Murphey, Asbury, Whitely, and Wilder. With these veterans and a good bunch of new material, prospects seemed bright for Tech's greatest diamond year.

After a couple of weeks indoor warming up, the weather turned warm and outdoor practice began. It was now that Coach began to single out the best of the new material and compare them with the old men. Somebody just had to be disappointed, for besides the old men already mentioned, the Freshmen who showed especial class were Dan O'Leary, "Red" Barron, "Buck" Flowers, B. Adams and Wrigley in the outfield, and Spivey behind the bat.

A few weeks of practice rolled by and the budding Techites tied up in a couple of practice games with the Atlantic Steel Co. and a Camp Gordon team, winning one and losing one. Coach Bean gave all the best men a good try-out and practically settled on a varsity for the opening games with Mercer on March 28, and 29.

Here a big surprise awaited the Yellow Jackets. With a team composed of Wheeler, catcher; Webb, 1st base; C. Smith, 2nd base; Turner, 3rd base; W. Smith, S. S.; O'Leary, Wrigley and Adams, outfield; and Pruitt, Murphey and Asbury, pitchers, we were confident of victory, when lo, and behold—Mercer took both games, the first by an overwhelming score.

This defeat though saddening the student body, only made the team more determined to come back, and come back they did the following week by handing out two lickings to Clemson,—5 to 0, and 9 to 3. From then on things began to look brighter, as we defeated Auburn's strong team a couple of times out of twice, and followed this up by a glorious revenge on Mercer, taking both games, 4 to 2 and 8 to 1. The next week we beat Furman three straights, and then the dark clouds began to appear. On a road trip we lost two to Alabama, and split even with Mississippi A. and M. This trip seemed to cast a spell over the Jackets, for in the following games all the mid-season form seemed to disappear and a Jinx began to make himself known.

On May 9 Georgia invaded Atlanta for the first of a four-game series and from then on the fickle Goddess of Victory deserted us entirely and persisted in perching

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on the standards of the Red and Black. In every game the story was the same. Georgia got the jump at the start, and although the Jackets came back strong every time, it was too late. Never, however, did the Tech team or student body quit, for when the last man was out in Athens May 17, the whole team was playing their hardest and the band was still "Rambling," after two hours of continuous playing.

This game saw the passing of one Tech player, "Red" Smith, who after playing four years for Tech and gracing several All-Southern teams, finished a great season and left his name as one of the greatest of Southern college infielders. He and Bevo Webb were picked on most of the 1919 All-Southern teams, and both men richly deserved the honor.

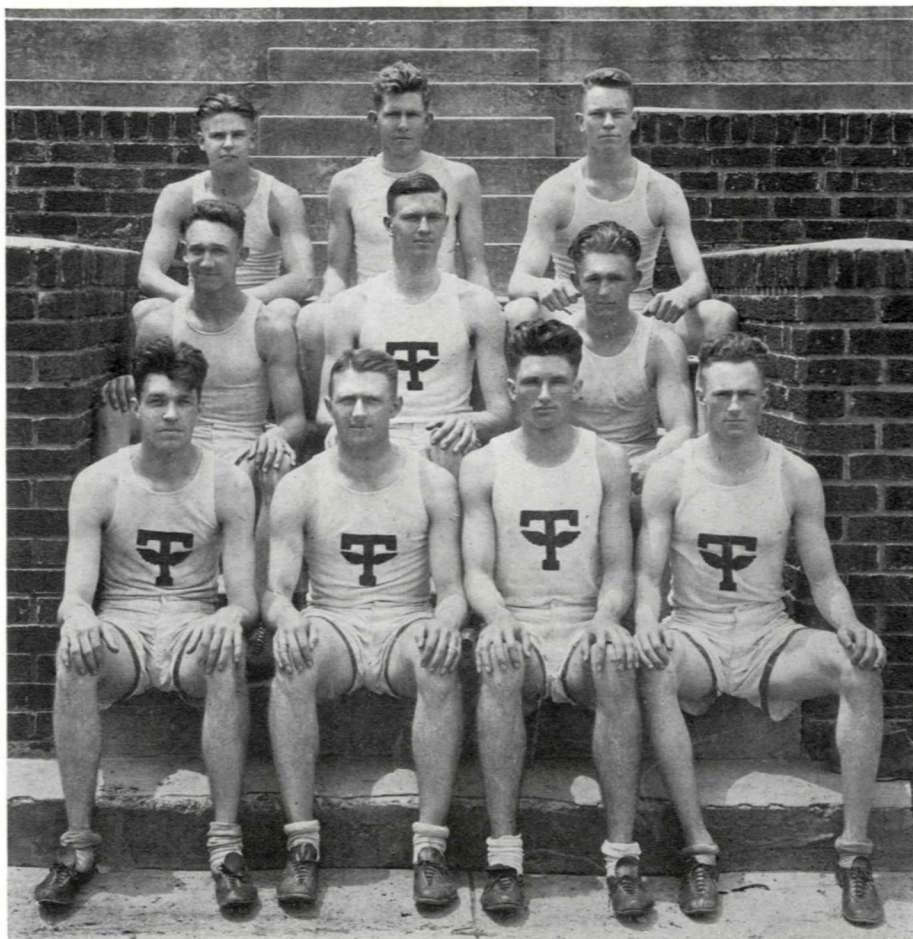
No one individual or team can win all the time. We are proud of the 1919 season and prouder still of the 1919 team, for by their wonderful comebacks in every game they showed that they possessed the fight-to-the-end spirit which characterizes every Tech team, whether victors or vanquished.



TRACK

Ray
Beall.

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1920

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1919 Track Team

W. A. ALEXANDER *Coach*
B. B. HOLST *Captain*
L. W. POLLARD *Manager*

MEMBERS

HOLST, B. B.	SCARBORO, D. D.
POLLARD, L. W.	DODENHOFF, W. C.
PARKER, W. A.	HYERS, W. K.
McCLESKY, J. M.	FOUCHE, D. D.
McLELLAN, A.	MULANSON, J. B.
FIELDS, W. U.	BARCE, R. H.
GRANGER, H. G.	NELMS, G. W.
ROWLAND, G. W.	

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Track History

COACH ROWLAND of Meridian, Miss., in the absence of Coach Alexander, who was in the service, produced an all-around track team. Only five men of the 1918 team reported for duty. They were Holst (Capt.), Pollard, McClesky, Parker, McLellan.

On April 25th Captain Holst led his men against the Sewanee Tigers. It snowed practically all the afternoon so the Jackets had to work under very disagreeable conditions. Charlie Hammond, the Tigers' all-around man, won the high and low hurdles and the running broad jump, Scarboro securing second place in the latter. Pollard tied Burton in the high jump. Captain "Heinie" easily won the hundred-yard dash. The 220-yard dash was won by Caughlan of Sewanee, who was pushed very closely all the way by Captain Holst, who finished second. McClesky easily won the mile and Fouche, a new man, captured second place. The Tigers took third place, their man being fifty yards behind Fouche. Caughlin won the 440-yard dash for Sewanee and McLellan won the half mile for the Jackets. Granger won the discus and Hyers the pole vault. Vandergrift took second place in the shot put.

It was not until the last event that the winner of the meet was decided when Captain "Heinie" finished a close second to the mighty Hammond. The Tigers won the meet on points 43 to the Jackets 42.

The greatest event of the season was the first Annual May Day Meet held at Grant Field on May 3rd. There were 150 entries, the best athletes from twelve Southern colleges. The meet was won by the Sewanee Tigers with 42 points, Tech coming second with 29½ points. Hammond again captured the high and low hurdles and the broad jump, thus scoring fifteen points.

The most exciting race in the meet was won by McLellan, who broke the Tech record for the half mile held by Battle. He was running far back for the first lap and pulled up to third place about half way around on the second lap, maintaining this place until about the last 100 yards and with a mighty burst of speed crossed the tape winner with 2 minutes 5 seconds for the new Tech record. Parker came fourth in this race.

McClesky also set a new record for Tech in the mile with the fast time of 4 minutes 46 seconds, the old record being 4 minutes 49 seconds. The following is a condensed record and results of Tech's entries in the meet:

100-Yard Dash—Holst 1, Scarboro, 4.

220-Yard Dash—Holst, 3.

Half Mile—McLellan 1, Parker 4.

440-Yard Dash—McLellan 2.

Low hurdles—Field 3.

High Jump—Pollard 3.

Broad Jump—Scarboro, 2.

Discus—Granger 2.

Pole Vault—Dondenhoff 3.

Thus ended a most successful season for the Tech Track Team with Dondenhoff, Field, Granger, Holst, Hyers, McClesky, Parker, Pollard and Scarboro wearers of the coveted (T) as a reward for their wonderful work.

BASKET BALL



Ray
Beall.

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1920 Basket-Ball Team

W. A. ALEXANDER	Coach
T. B. AMIS	Assistant Coach
D. B. SANFORD	Manager
G. R. FRASER	Captain

MEMBERS

ARMISTEAD, F.
 BREWSTER, J. D.
 CELLA, C. A.
 DAVIS, O. G.
 FERST, F.
 FINCHER, W. E.
 FRASER, G. R.

HOWARD, O. T.
 JENKS, E. L.
 McMATH, H.
 MARTIN, J.
 MAYER, R.
 SMITH, J. M.
 STATON, A. H.

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Basket-Ball History

WITH the game staged Saturday, April —, against our old rivals, the Auburn Tigers, Tech's basket-ball season drew to a close. At such a time, it is only fitting that we glance over our team's performance during the past season, and upon it begin to build plans for the future of basket-ball at Tech.

Out of seventeen games played we lost ten and won seven, that is, including the two victories of the second team over Newberry and Piedmont. Our scoring during these games was fair in comparison to the proportion of games lost, but clearly demonstrates the fact that our opponents had quite a bit of edge on us in this respect. A glance at the total of points accumulated during the season will readily show this to be true. The total of points scored by Tech during the season is 206. The total of points secured by our opponents was approximately 372.

The first game played was with Auburn on January 10th. Our team, having been rather hastily assembled, having undergone the difficulties of practice without a court of their own, and not being accustomed to playing together, were scheduled to lose by all who know and follow the game—and they did, but only by the narrow margin of 5 points which represented the product of 5 neatly caged foul goals on the part of the Tigers. Tech failed to shoot a foul goal, but was equal to Auburn in her ability to ring them from the field, chief among the scores being our center, and Captain Gibby Frazer, who was easily the hero of the game.

On January 16th, Tech met Mercer in Atlanta, and Jimmy Brewster having dumbfounded the Mercer goal keepers by his clever sidestepping, Tech managed to run up a score of 30 against Mercer's 26.

The following day we met the Macon Y. M. C. A. at the Auditorium, and Coach pulled the little trick of running in an entirely fresh five in the second half. It worked beautifully, and the tired Maconites were defeated by a score of 28 to 23.

In the first game with Clemson on January 24th, Tech played a better brand of ball than she had yet uncorked, and with the aid of the 14 points secured by Hugh McMath alone, sent Clemson down to defeat to the tune of 32 to 17.

Then came along the much talked of Vandy aggregation and again we were forced to buck up against our old friend, Josh Cody, this little task being assigned to our famous guard, Albert Staton, who proceeded to execute it with great relish and results. We were beaten by a 39 to 21 score, but smiled when we thought of a similar defeat suffered by Georgia, with the score standing at 40 to 18.

The next surprise was sprung on Tech and the public by her defeat at the hands of the Rome Athletic Club by a score of 41 to 33. Mayer played an excellent game, but the 2 by 4 barn in which the game was staged handicapped everyone.

On February 6th, Tech "came back" and defeated Stetson College from DeLand, Fla., with a score of 44 to 33. Mayer, being out on account of injuries received in the Rome game, his position was very creditably filled by Smith.

At Chattanooga we met the University team of that city, who having defeated all their opponents in previous matches, proceeded to continue the dirty work by beating us 25 to 11. A little excitement followed a "friendly" little encounter between "Gibby" and Chattanooga's center, Redd, which promised for a time to develop into one of those good old fashioned free-for-alls, but the clouds shifted, and all was well.

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Our next game with Mercer was a battle royal. They were out for blood, but were disappointed when Tech humbled them to the tune of 21 to 16.

Macon Y. M. C. A. then took us on for a return engagement, and they did get revenge by an appalling victory of 64 to 4. The majority of the team have recovered, but we regret to say will never look the same.

Then Clemson followed suit by defeating us 48 to 18. Bill Fincher was out this game, but Frank Ferst played a splendid game in his stead.

Due to injuries received throughout the season, Gibby Frazer was still out of the game when the team met the Clemson Y. M. C. A. for the first time. We were defeated by a score of 40 to 32. Jenks was the outstanding light, with Murrah and Armistead showing up in splendid form.

With three of our first string men, Brewster, McMath and Frazer, out from injuries, Vandy took this opportunity to "rub it in," in our return match by a score of 28 to 3, but the game was hard fought and exciting.

Leaving the smaller teams of Piedmont and Newberry to the second team which defeated them both by scores of 29 to 26 and 22 to 14 respectively, Tech got ambitious and took on the Atlanta Athletic Club of Southern Champions. Although defeated by a 44 to 22 count, Tech in the second half probably played in the best form of the season, the greatest scoring being done by Hugh McMath.

Our return game last Saturday with Auburn wound up the season. The score was close, 21 to 17, but as the fates seem to have decreed Auburn to be the victor in every contest of this year's athletics, what could "we poor mortals" do?

In selecting the letter men for the 1919-20 team, the consistent scoring ability of our three forwards, McMath, Jenks and Brewster, and of Capt. Frazer, our stalwart center, probably did much to turn the tide of decision in their favor, while the splendid defensive work of Staton, who played in every game of the season, Mayer and Bill Fincher deserve such recognition. To Manager Dan Sanford is due great credit for arranging so effective a schedule with the handicap of a late start.

The scrubs made a good showing throughout the season, and with such a nucleus to build upon, Tech's future basket-ball looks great.