



The Terriers' Bones

"Stub Pencil" McAndrew's spirits were about as low as an anteater's nose as he trudged out of the City College Gym that night late in November. He had just witnessed what his school spirit told him could not happen. He had been convinced that the Terriers would take City. It was supposed to be their year. Why, wasn't this the same team, which with the exception of Tommy O'Brien, had run up a string of nine straight before they were sunk by Niagara in the Olympic trials last year? Of course, it didn't tune up during the Alumni game, yet what team gets hot against the Grads? "Stub Pencil"—you'll learn

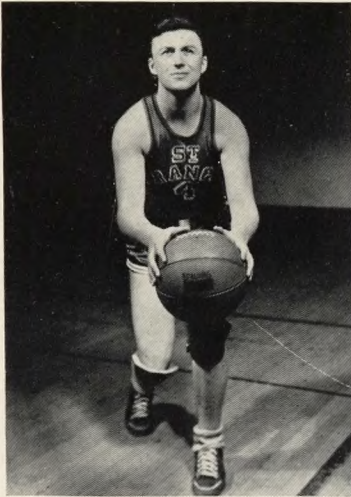
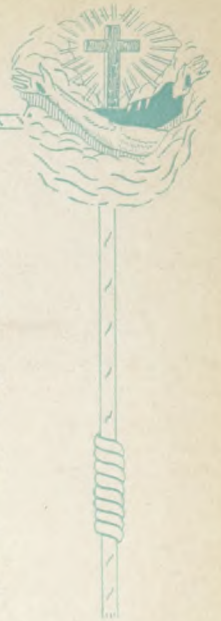


"Stub Pencil" McAndrews

when the pay-off comes just how McAndrews acquired that title—was sure that the Terriers would earn their first bone against the Lavender. But City was "on" that night. The Beavers flipped the ball around with midseason form and hit the cords a little too frequently for Stubby's comfort. The Cooney-men fought hard, but couldn't unravel City's zone defense. As a consequence twenty minutes after game time, a glum figure was observed in a corner seat on an Independent Subway train dragging a silver automatic pencil from his pocket and marking his schedule card; C. C. N. Y. 36, St. Francis 23. Next Saturday saw "Stub Pencil" ascending University Heights with new hope in his heart and a comp in his inside pocket. The City game nightmare had been laid away in the trunk with last summer's white flannels. The Terriers would show themselves against N. Y. U.

St. Francis 33
Alumni 17

C. C. N. Y. 36
St. Francis 23



Capt. Danny Lynch

It was too early in the season to lose two in a row. However, the lead which the charges of Bob, the janitor, took was likewise too early, and the defeat was (two) early. The tired Terriers held 17-16 edge at the half-time, but lost this advantage when their second period long shots peppered the hoop at wrong angles. Stubby was of the opinion that they should have won. The five Terriers who were in the most of the game—Lynch, Gleason, Culligan, Cordts, and Lenowicz—played better basketball than N. Y. U., but the breaks just didn't fall their way.

N. Y. U. 29
St. Francis 23

Brooklyn Pharmacy, St. Lawrence, Marshall College of W. Va., were captured in the home yard; the fourth, Seton Hall, was discovered on New Year's Eve in a lot over on Sixth Avenue, N. Y., called the Hippodrome.

St. Francis 38
B'klyn Pharm. 18

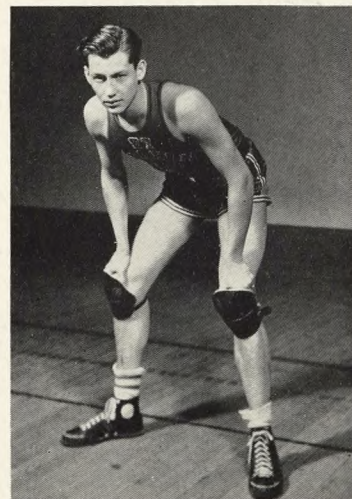
The future druggists from Brooklyn Pharmacy had intentions of feeding the Terriers with stale dog biscuit and it seemed from all indications during the first half that they would succeed in ramming the unpalatable morsels down their

opponents' throats. It wasn't until the second half that the Francis-
can kennel crowd really began to romp and to sup on the phar-
macists' legs. Although the box score showed the final score—

St. Francis 38, Brooklyn Pharmacy 18, Lynch 9 pts., Gleason, 9 pts., Culligan 8 pts., and Gallagher 6 pts., still Stubby was neither edified nor satisfied with the Terrier tactics. He was overheard saying to a big Senior with wavy blond hair, "They won tonight in spite of themselves." But Stubby was always inclined to be pessimistic.

Marshall and St. Lawrence
were knocked off in fine order and
a silver lining appeared around the
edges of Stubby's cloud of gloom. In both contests the Gowanus canines overtook the visitors, after they had snatched first half leads. The Marshall game witnessed Patty Gleason's split second cuts and brilliant scoring flashes. These victories over Marshall—38 to 27—and over St. Lawrence—33-26—brought the wins to four and the losses remained at two.

St. Francis 38
Marshall 27



Herm Cordts