

Stubby had reason to blow in the New Year a little more lustily after seeing Cooney's lads take the Seton Hall team to task at the Hippodrome. For a few minutes the contest was in doubt. But it was Terriers' Night and the boys looked good, even from far up in the 40 cent seats. The New Year ushered in hopes of big things to come and Stubby's pessimism began to dissipate.

In fact, it fell into a downright optimism, which the following Tuesday found bubbling like champagne. That night, St. Francis and Manhattan would come to blows, or something to that effect. Stubby counted the four bones of victory which had been snatched from the basketball pantry and visioned a dog-house full of them, just as at the end of last season. Yes, sir, things looked good—until about midway in the first half when Volpe of the Kelley Green started to swish the net. Were you to see Stubby moaning into a cup of coffee in the Automat afterwards, you would know the final result. Stubby didn't clip the article in the next morning's *Times*, headlined "Manhattan Turns Aside Terrier Threat, 40-27." It was a hard one to lose; yet Manhattan admittedly did have a fast breaking, sharp-shooting team.

Some salve was put upon the Terriers' wounds by a pull-out-of-the-fire win over Niagara. Jerry Connolly, who was responsible for the St. Francis' defeat in the Olympic



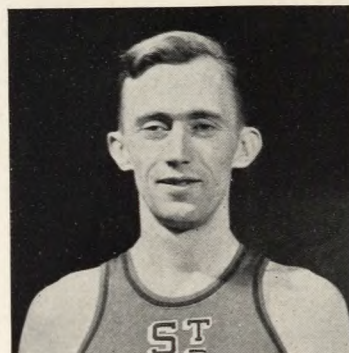
trials last season, did plenty of harassing, but his team was not equal to the job of squelching Jack Flannery who popped up six points in the final minutes to arrange the final score:

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| St. Francis 33, | Niagara | 26. |
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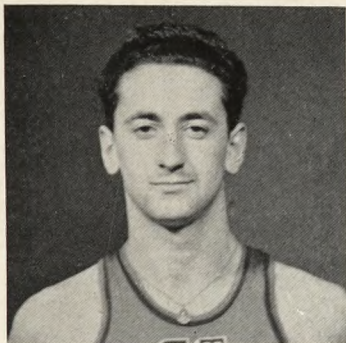
Two anticipated victories, over Cathedral and St. Peter's, did not disappoint. Cathedral clung tenaciously to the Terriers' hind paws until the waning moments of the game and put up so fine a fight that Stubby wasn't sorry he had not remained away to do a tough Ethics assignment. Al Lenowicz led the Terriers with 10 points.

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| However, Jerry Nolan | St. Francis 45 |
| of Cathedral took the | Cathedral 28 |

honors for spectacular finesse.



Jim Culligan



Art D'Alessandro

Three nights later St. Peter's reputation, which had been enhanced by a triumph over Fordham, was besmirched by the Gowanus crowd. It pleased Stubby to see the lads put on the pressure at the very beginning and not let up until the shower spray was bouncing off their torsos. Jim Culligan's ardor got the best of him that night and drove him into a flying back dive after the ball—a dive he didn't come out of for a whole minute.

St. Francis 42
St. Peter's 30

"Even money" on the Springfield game, someone had told Stubby. But he felt otherwise. For he had heard rumors, which had traveled from down East, that the Massachusetts team was "bowlin' 'em over." Stubby had a hunch Springfield would monopolize the win side of the score card. Thus, albeit to Stubby's chagrin, the inexorable fates decreed Springfield 35, St. Francis 18. The Terriers couldn't get started, playing beneath their standard the entire evening.

Springfield 35
St. Francis 18

The lads took it out on poor Seth Low in the Columbia gym two nights later. Stubby will tell you that they played a shrewd game and let no opportunities pass. Seth Low played smooth and winning ball, but Bro. Richard's quintet was unbeatable that night. The final score was 34-24, the Terriers sinking 14 out of 17 foul shots in the course of the proceedings. The tallies were 20 to 17 in favor of the Terriers midway in the second half, and Seth Low bunch was coming up fast. But its bid for honors was trumped in short order.

Stubby remembers that it was at this time that he lost his automatic pencil, and came into acquisition of the yellow Eversharp, which was instrumental in getting him his—to use a classy term—sobriquet. (You'll learn the particulars—comes the pay-off.) He couldn't forget the time of this happening, for it was the eve of the Ram tussle.

Seth Low 24
St. Francis 34

In Stubby's estimation Fordham would be an easy picking bone for the Terriers. And thus the tides of fortune seemed to flow. For, the Gowanus pound inhabitants were in the front running with a few minutes before the gun. Then a peculiar thing happened—peculiar because almost the same thing occurred the previous season; Hassmiller of Fordham inter-

