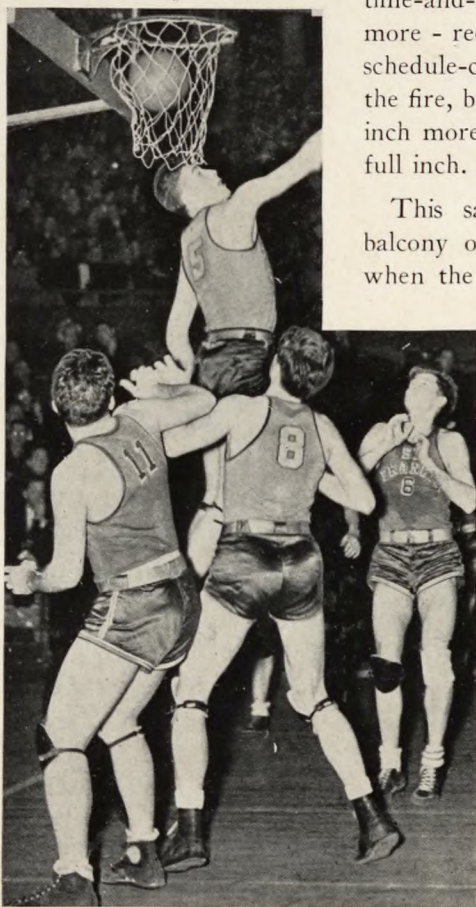


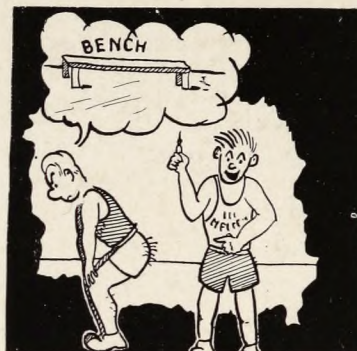
sharp'." He produced it—a mere little piece of yellow wood, two and a half inches in length and frayed at the top edges.

The pencil was in for some more ill treatment. St. Peter's traveled over from Jersey and romped upon the Palaestra boards. Just as expected they lost—but by a score of 33-30. Both teams were deadlocked with seconds to play—a sailer by Lynch and a foul by Gleason pulled the trick for the home boys. A half inch more off Stubby's pencil.

Enjoying a ten point lead over Cortland State the Terrier subs were inserted into the fray. You know, it was just another one of those three for a nickel cig—er—games. But wait a minute, Cortland ate up that lead until it stood: Cortland 38, St. Francis 37. It was a situation of pull-it-out-of-the-fire-now-or-flop-into-another-over-time-and-more-red-ink — no! — more - red - pencil - for - Stubby's - schedule-card. It was pulled out of the fire, but Stubby's pencil suffered to the tune of one inch more—thus it possessed the grand stature of one full inch.



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St. Francis 38
Cortland 37

This sacred splinter was mutilated in the side balcony of the Garden on Wednesday, March 10, when the Redmen needed exactly two points to enable them to fall heir to the little Terrier's scalps. The ten seconds allotted to them for this task elapsed while the elusive Terrier was flitting between their legs, and the St. John's Indians bit the dust like their historical tribesmen.

The game had been slow, neither team scoring before ten minutes had passed. The intermission found the score 9-8 in favor of the Terriers after the point edge had changed several times. However, the closing session seemed to favor the Terriers, for they drew away to an 18-8 lead. But Jack Shanley and Jerry Bush of the Redmen discovered their eyes and the light plates in the arena told the score 20-20. Stubby and the gang were beginning to quiver in their discomfort. The situation was somewhat



ameliorated as Lynch and Flannery sunk baskets. This four point lead was cut to two when Bush of St. John's dropped a long one. It was two minutes to go. Cooney's men protected their 24-22 advantage by freezing the ball. St. John's managed to steal the ball, and take it down court. But the try at the hoop was no good. The Terriers secured the ball and it looked as if the game was over. But—no—St. John's grabbed at the ball and the referee blew his whistle for a jump. It was ten seconds to go. The Redmen got the tap, took a pop at the basket and missed. The

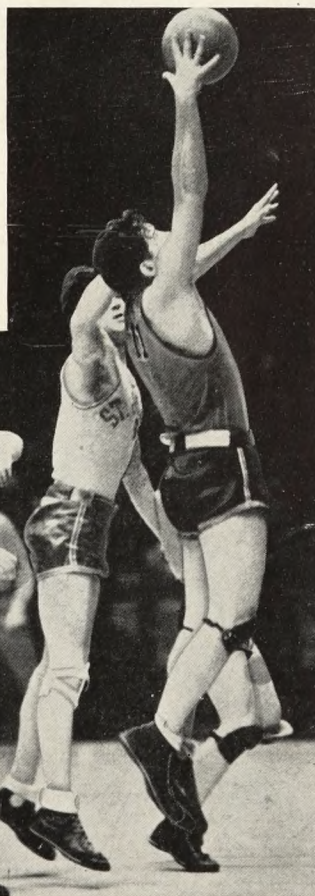
St. Francis 24
St. John's 22

final time buzzer went off and it was all over.

Up in the balcony, Stubby could be seen inscribing the score on his schedule card in ink. A pen replaced his campaign-worn pencil—an object which in appearance had been a mere piece of yellow wood and lead, but in essence was a martyr in the St. Francis season of hectic overtimes.

* * *

Epilogue: Jottings from Stubby's notebook—After Al Lenowicz had dropped 45 consecutive foul shots at the Y.M.H.A. to set a new record, his next two opportunities at the 15 foot line saw him avoiding the hoop—and this in the St. John's tilt—but that's life. Al was the most consistent man at foul tossing all season . . . One of the loyal fans paid for the additional points over six scored by a certain player at the rate of a beer a point. It's lucky that Danny Lynch wasn't concerned in this business . . . The team will lose the tall man, Jim Culligan, the dark and handsome man, Art D'Alessandro, and the dapper man, Wes Hart, when Commencement day dawns on Brooklyn . . . The squad elected Herm Cordts captain of next year's team at a meeting late in April. Herm is the man, whom newspaper writers and coaches rated among the best defensive players of the metropolitan area. The record book of the 1935-36 campaign—a stretch of 26 games—shows that he allowed those playing opposite him only 29 points . . . The victory over St. John's marked the first time in a long while that the Terriers emerged from their schedule without a defeat by the Redmen.



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