



PRESS BOX

By ROBERT B. ROWAN, '43(b)

Memory, like marriage, is a wonderful institution—only more consistently so. It has been said that old men live on memory and young men on hope; but there can be no doubt that all men, young and old, take a great part of their pleasure in life from the recollection of wonderful or thrilling or pleasant things that have gone before.

We are no exception and it is most enjoyable to sit back and consider the photoplay entitled "Three Years of Sports at St. Joseph's," which now flashes across the screen of our mind. There are five featured stars in this show. Which has the leading role? To whom goes the Oscar?

Larry

The first reel has yellowed a bit with age but is well worth seeing again. The scene is a packed Convention Hall on a



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March night in 1941. The star is not hard to pick out; he's a slim, graceful, handsome lad with auburn locks and potent poison in both hands. Before the game is a minute old he dribbles to the right side of the court, hesitates a moment, then arches a lazy shot that drifts up into the air and drops gently through the net with a barely perceptible swish. Every fan on one side of the hall leaps to his feet and roars with the thrill of it, for that graceful boy is Larry Kenney and he is about to break all existing Philadelphia scoring records; more, he will break a long jinx that stretches back over 16 years. Larry Kenney's 16 points on that great night beat Temple—a conquest which mighty teams with mighty stars—Osborne, Trainer, Zuber, Guokas—had never managed to achieve. Larry Kenney's 16 points on that great night gave him a season total of 277 and marked him the most dangerous man with a basketball in the sport history of the City of Brotherly Love. It was truly a night to remember. Indeed, who has forgotten it?

Stutz

The scene shifts now and the camera moves 400 miles northward to a much smaller gym on a crisp December night in 1941. The "it can't last" attitude of half a hundred St. Joseph's rooters slowly turned to stark amazement as their unbelieving eyes watched a whirling figure in a bright blue jersey pour shot after miraculous shot into a much overworked basket. Their shouts of encouragement to a bewildered but fighting Hawk five were lost in the roar of Rhode Island fans lifting the very great Stutz Modzelowski to new heights. Stutz scored 30 points that night and showed himself the deadliest one-hand shooter in the annals of the game. Without glancing at the records we will wager a goodly sum that never was he held to less than 20 points on his home floor. Modzelowski is hard to spell but much harder to forget.

George

Then there is a confused series of pictures that shows a slim boy with golden hair and piercing dark eyes doing all sorts of incredible things. He is poetry in motion on the court—long, graceful strides, satiny set-shots, beautifully timed lay-ups. He is a terror on the defense—he moves with the lithe silent speed of a stalking leopard. He makes no mistakes, he is the consummate basketball player—the game has not seen five men his equal. His name, of course, is George Senesky.

Kansas

The scene is still Convention Hall and that same George Senesky is playing his heart out against hopeless odds. Even his tremendous ability cannot stem the surging flood of

power that is making mincemeat of a strong Hawk squad. For George and his mates, whether they know it or not, are battling the finest basketball team St. Joseph's has ever faced. Size, speed, precision, killing accuracy on shots—Kansas had everything. And on the night of December 30 they were equal of any team of any year that ever stepped on a court. It was no disgrace to lose to Kansas—they were great with a greatness beyond press-agentry and their like shall not be soon seen again.

Harry

And now our last memory—our prize memory. Its star was not great like George Senesky; his team was not great like Kansas. He was a small fellow—5 foot, 7 inches and 140 pounds of muscle, bone and heart. He played a steady game—seldom brilliant, never bad. But he had one all-brilliant night that none who saw it will forget. His team had battled tooth and nail with a giant West Texas outfit for 30 minutes and the strain was beginning to show. The Texans had taken a 10-point lead and six foot, 10 inch Charlie Halbert was standing guard in front of the hoop—leaping high into the air to drag down Hawk shots that were clearly labeled. Then Harry Kelleher turned on the heat—he was his best when things were worst. He dribbled to midcourt, got set, and with a quick push of his wiry body sent the ball soaring up into the haze of smoke that hangs over the floor. Halbert jumped but the arch was too great—the shot dropped cleanly through the net. Again Harry dribbled upcourt, with fire in his eye and cool precision in his hands. He threw another one up at the sky—it too sailed over Halbert's flailing arms and slipped through the cords. Five consecutive times the tiny whirlwind tossed long heaves at the heavens, and each one dropped—dropped down past the frantically waving hands of Halbert and through the hoop. His sixth attempt bounced off the back of the rim, his seventh was right down the slot. He was driving upcourt again when the gun barked and gave West Texas a slim three-point victory. St. Joseph's lost the game but Harry Kelleher won for himself a place in the hearts of 11,000 happy fans. When records are recalled his name may be overlooked, but when courage and sheer grit are spoken of he cannot be forgotten.

And that is why our favorite memory is the picture of a diminutive David fighting five great Goliaths to a standstill.