

This recalled a game of basketball
 our Y.M.C.A. team played at
 our home court. The same place
 you ran "slip shod" over me,
 remember? I am enclosing an
 account of it just to coincide with
 Moral Victory. This is the only one
 I remember in my antics. The
 only importance of this victory over
 odds seems to be, "What we might
 have been". This team as you will
 notice were to participate in the
 National Amateur Tournament at
 Chicago around '17 a defeat was
 not welcomed at our hands.
 They had defeated us on their
 home floor, that was so slippery
 you could barely keep your feet.
 We had our rosin along at that.
 At the time while we were play-
 ing them we had no idea they
 were to compete for this U.S.
 Tournaments. Perhaps he had
 known we might have been
 frightened out of even a
 Moral Victory. The account will
 verify my statements, as to this
 team with every intention of
 seeking to compete.
 I liked to play basketball so
 much that the thought always
 of having to stop playing it
 ever would break my heart. It took