



two points. The Lions took the first game by a score of 44-40, a feat which set the tongues of even loyal Grads' supporters wagging.

"They're slipping! The great Page-machine is about to crumble! . . ." Such were some of the hoarse whispers heard in the stands on that memorable night. But as the timekeeper began to take in first pressure on the trigger, something happened—a miraculous something, characteristic of the Grads in a crisis. A spark fused, streaking like a directed meteorite from some concealed force, to detonate in the form of Miss Noel MacDonald, the world's greatest centre ace.

Miss MacDonald has snatched a pass out of thin air. With two rangy Eldorado checks flashing down on her, the Edmonton star coils weaves, ducks, all in the one motion. She flies down on the enemy basket and shoots on the fly.

A breathless pause! To a thunderclap of cheers Noel scores. She has knotted the count at 35-35.

Again this marvellous centre wizard snags a pass. She evades a check, fakes a pass, then whirls down the floor. But she realizes that there is no more time left. Eldorado girls swarm down on her but suddenly she wheels in an amazing double pivot. Her slender arms stretch. Her wrists snap! . . .

A pin could be heard to drop as thousands of eyes follow the trajectory of the ball. It zooms, then sinks . . .

The crack of the timekeeper's gun is smothered beneath a terrific cataract of sound as excited fans pour down from their seats. Noel has won the most spectacularly dramatic game the Grads ever engaged in. But what of Noel?

At centre floor she reels dizzily and crumples to the boards. Mr. *[[Continued on page 41]]*



The mighty coach and his unbeatable Commercial Grads, greatest women's sporting aggregation of modern times . . . with a record of 417 wins out of 431 games. Photographs by Alf Blythe, Edmonton