

FIGURES MODELED IN CLAY BY  
*Gladys Mitchell*

**ATHLETICS**



# FOOTBALL

In the field of athletic endeavor, Marshall College must be rated one of the most proficient for its size in the nation. Few of the hundreds of accredited institutions of learning could boast the remarkable record maintained throughout the sports calender of 1939-40.

The Big Green's athletic director, Cam Henderson, with his quarter century or more of coaching, bashfully admitted at the end of the Green's basketball season that it would be difficult for him to recall two such teams that the Herd placed on the gridiron and basketball courts dovetailing their fine records in one school year.

In 40 athletic contests Marshall came home the winner 35 times in basketball and football battles. To wit, nine times on the gridiron and 26 times on the court. All these were gained against some of the nation's finest athletic bric-a-brac. And so it was. The year 1939-40 goes down as the greatest thus far in the history of Marshall College. At first, Marshall strove for recognition in the very state of West Virginia. That mark easily attained, the Herd athletic machines fought to be noticed in the Mid-Atlantic region.

It could be a matter of going on like this for pages.

Marshall college was recognized nationally in both her major athletic fields. But let us tell you about them:

In the spring of '39, Cam Henderson practically asked for the pressure to be put on him and his men as far as football was concerned. After completing successful March and April grid drills, the gaunt leader pronounced this outfit as definitely improved over the '38 squad.

General and indefinite as that statement might sound, this was proof enough that Marshall was expected even by its own mentor to have a representative eleven fielded the following fall. That's because, like all human beings coaching this crazy game, Cam was wary of going too far out on a limb in the way of prognostication at any time.

On September 4th the first full practice was conducted along with the introduction to the squad of 28, of Backfield Coach, Joe Pease, and Frosh Coach, Farley Bell—both men who had played under Henderson during his reign at D. and E. Pease, colossal in every department. Bell, a fine handler of youngsters, as adjudged by his fine record at Victory High at Clarksburg.



... Cam ... out of the athletic wilderness on five years ... only the record need substantiate this ...



Left, . . . . only one defeat in 25 games of basketball and not a single loss on the gridiron . . . that's the way the Frosh took all comers last fall and winter under the guidance of Farley Bell !!!! Center, . . . all the versatility . . . all the hi-jinks performed by the backfield array . . . Jumpin' Joe Pease had a great hand in this along with being one of the canniest scouts we've ever had!!!! Right . . . it's the line . . . the line . . . and without stolid, solid Roy Straight it might have been some ordinary papier-mache. In the panel at the left, top, Zach Kush, end and center; second Andrew D'Antoni, back; third, Harold Cox, tackle; and bottom, Walter Henson, back.



# FOOTBALL



... and why not that broad grin??? ... 'twas the afternoon that little John Kerr Whitfield came into the world ... true, that expression changed numerous times that evening ... that was that torrid Xavier basketball tiff ... Whit ...

Fans hoping against hope that the Green would be better protected to help weather the storm that was to come, were slightly disappointed. They had hoped, of course, to find if not a more able bodied crew, at least a squad exceeding 30.

Henderson now had his work cut out for him. Whereas he had hardly been able to field a full team of eleven capable performers in the previous year's 5-4-1 so-so slate, he now felt sure that not only did he possess the required amount for a good first team, but that perhaps he could muster a second club to spell the first when the occasion warranted his doing so—and did it!

With the Geneva Covenanters to pry the lid off an eleven-game program—Geneva to be met on the 23rd—there was work to be done.

The squad was to find out later that the stiff pre-season grind was to pay off in rich dividends.

Good news just prior to the opener: "Adkins clicks at end; Mahoney coming along at full; Hunt and Ulinski are sophs coming through." But on the other side of the ledger, Co-captain Boot Elkins came up with a severe abdominal injury sure to sideline him for the opener, and Henderson vented his wrath at the Herd's blocking which was to improve steadily.

Fundamentals ... more fundamentals ... fundamentals for breakfast ... for dinner ... fundamentals for ...

The opener on the night of the 23rd. They unveiled the ball club which was likely to be his greatest ever. Equal to the Buckeye champs of '37. They'd wait ... and see.

The Herd pass defense looked like the sadder days of '38. It would be more dog days for the Marshall College footballers, thought many. But little did they realize that Henderson was purposely employing defense unorthodox to his system, that of the 6-2-2-1. It took some time before most everybody caught on. But still, they felt the Herd didn't look as promising as the mob would have liked them to look. This passer, Byron Morgan of the Covenanters, knifed the Green defense too often. It would up 41-13 in our favor, anyway. Geneva happened to be a doggoned good opening foe, that was all. They turned to V.P.I. What! So early in the season?

To town came the Gobblers, and the pre-game hoopla really resembled Turkey



Left, "Elk" ... the human locomotive from Hamlin made superlative efforts possible from his teammates ... what aspirit ... the perfect co-captain!! Center, "that's what I thought you said ..." Right, Silent, efficient ... the Blonde Behemoth of Gary ... play him anywhere and always a top notch performance ... our place-kicking co-captain ... Zach ... Panel at left, top, Everett Elkins, back; second, Harley Kuhl, back; third, Clyde Underwood, end; bottom Jack Humphreys, tackle.





# FOOTBALL

Day proceedings, what with the Technicians parading in uniform despite the torrential downpour that afternoon.

A giant line rushed an injured Jack Hunt before he had an opportunity to do much besides quick kick and even that job was a rush act. In this epic struggle, Tech played the breaks using George Warriner, all-Virginia back, as its main piece of offensive machinery. On a muddy field, Warriner punted the Herd into precarious situations time after time. The Herd responded with a somewhat similar plan of attack, mixing it up with a few spins, a couple of attempts through the air.

The half ended with no score, and it didn't look as if there would be any for the rest of the evening.

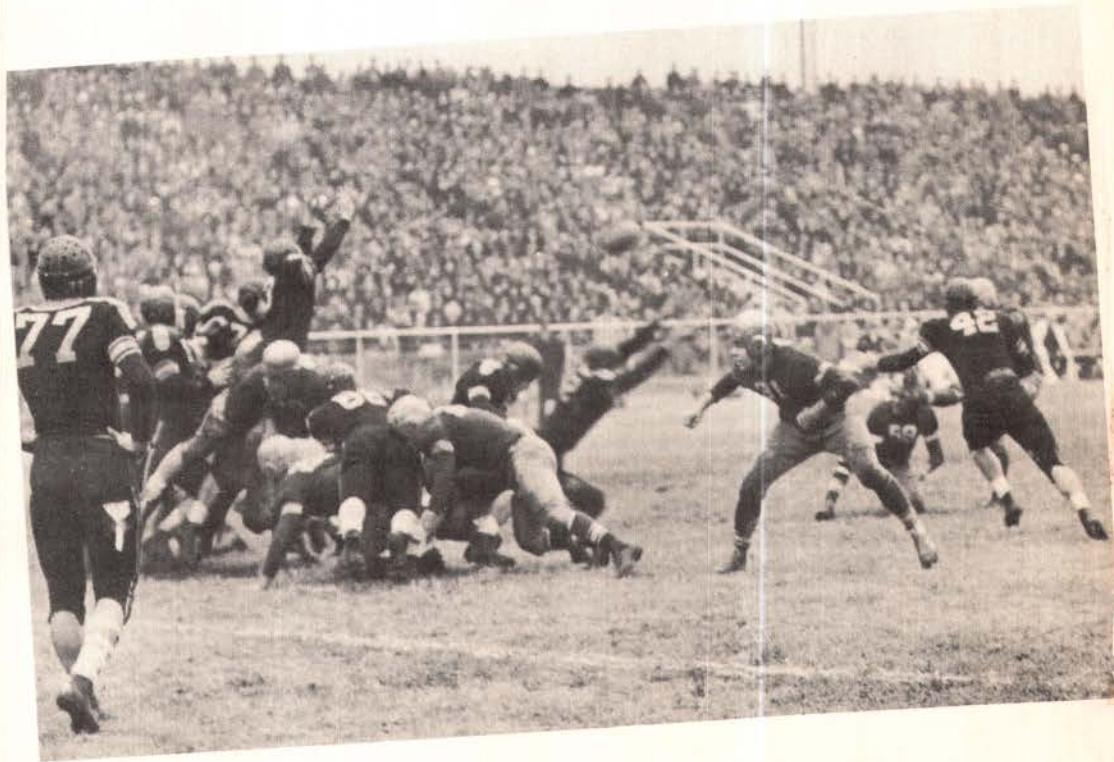
On edge, the nervous crowd 'neath various protections from the new intermittent showers, watched a Techman kick off. Interference, wedgelike, formed in front of a Herd back, hardly discernible. The mud had quickly obliterated even familiar figures, let alone numbers.

The stocky one caught the ball on his own five, nestled it in his arms and flew away—despite the mud. The crowd, stunned momentarily, held their breaths before they realized that—that Co-Captain Boot Elkins was on his way for a touchdown behind perfect interference.

Into the hero's role stepped a red-headed end, Clyde Underwood, hampered by lack of size, injuries, and a rasher of hard luck for the previous two years. On a reverse play "Sonny" Ellison fumbled for Tech, and fellow Beckleyite Underwood snared it before the Gobblers knew that their teammate had allowed the greasy ball to slip from his fingers. That was deed good enough to assure the red-head immortality for a week, anyway. But, no, that wasn't enough.

In an ensuing renewal of the punting duel, Hunt booted the ball to the Tech 34. On the first play, the Gobbler's repeated the procedure—that is, attempted to. The ball never advanced beyond the 34 in the next series of plays, because Underwood blocked the kick and the Thundering Herd was about to roll to their next touchdown. On the first play of the fourth, Hunt went over from the two after a short march.

The Herd made sure that they were going to quell the Techmen with finality. They marched right after the next kickoff and three minutes later had their third touchdown and the ball game. With Bob Adkins adding two conversions, it was



... the best ball game ever seen in Fairfield ... that's Zach putting us in the van temporarily against Wake Forest ... Morlock holding ... Hunt a'waitin' ... that Polanski ... Ohhhhh ... 13-14 ...

Panel at left, top, John Boyd, tackle; second, Jake Mahoney, back; third, Jess Thierry, guard; bottom, Jack Peters, tackle.



# FOOTBALL

20-0. Curfew did not ring that night.

In the matter of touchdowns, curfew never did stop ringing the next week either. On October 7th, Marshall administered the worst licking any opponent received all season. Coach Ed Davis's scrappy Salem Tigers were unclawed somewhere between the week of the Tech tiff and October 7th. The Herd ran the whitewash off the Salem goal line, tallying ten touchdowns, and piling up 64 points.

The "big siege" was on. From here on in there were to be no low hurdles. It was Miami, Dayton, and Scranton in quick order and all to be played on foreign soil. Then the prospect of Wake Forest and Toledo at home, following the previous course!

The Big Green was to play one of its most enigmatic games of the season at the Redskins' stadium the afternoon of the 14th. To the average onlooker not particularly acquainted with the situation, the Green would impress said observer as a very ordinary eleven with good prospects for finer things. In other words, the 20-0 victory registered by the Green looked like an early season start. The Herd appeared three weeks behind time. At times they pierced the Redskin line at will. At others, passing had to be resorted to forestall possible disaster. Miami employed a tricky offensive shift and a modified five-man line with a unique secondary formation that at times baffled the Green.

Bob Adkins, star of the Green's march to a Buckeye crown two years ago against Dayton . . . then a crashing fullback, now an end, after a season of mediocrity. And what an end. The big "Bull" from Point Pleasant was directly responsible for 15 points that afternoon, and the Redskins must have seen Adkins in nightmares for days on end. Adkins on end-a-rounds . . . Adkins, pass catcher . . . Adkins, blocker and kicker.

Adkins 15, Marshall 6, Miami 0.

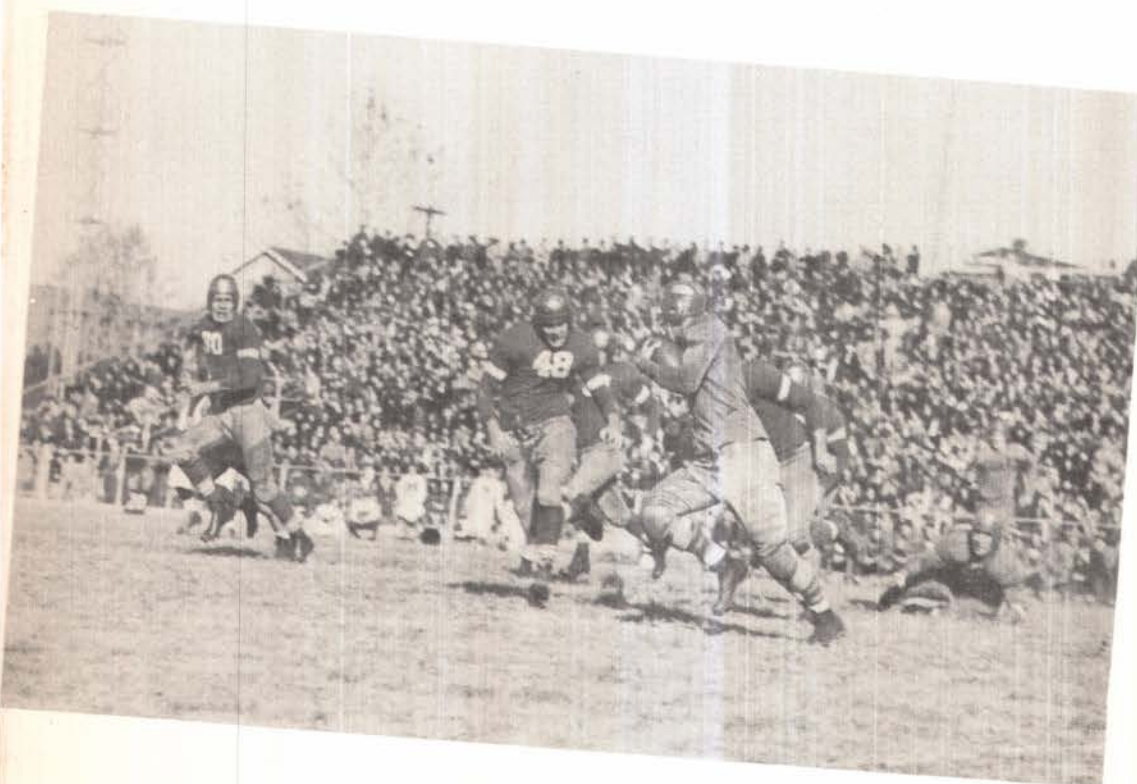
Plus dandy performances by Roberts and "Cub" Cox along the front line and a neat hole individually provided for Jack Morlock's six point contribution by Jack Peters at tackle.

On October 21 with Marshall's largest fan contingent of the season following the team, the stage was set at Dayton for another thrill-packed fiasco.

The final, to save you further suspense, was of course, 19-13, in Marshall's favor.

The Flyers didn't quite get off the ground in the first half, and with the Herd in the Van, 13-0, it looked like a breeze. Not long after the first session had commenced, a boot by Hunt forced Dayton back on their own 27. On the next play Tony Fiorito fumbled, watch charm guard Ray Truitt snared the pigskin in mid-air and hotfooted it 27 yards for the score, unmolested.

On a 48-yard march shortly after Truitt went over, Marshall scored their second



. . . Billy Beach of Toledo proving there wasn't any mistake in choosing him the outstanding man for the Rockets on Homecoming . . . that's Roberts (30) and Hunt, as ever, about to nail Brother Beach . . . 14-12, Marshall . . .

Panel at right. top. Jack Mattiford. end; second, Jack Hunt, back; third, Ed Ulinksi, tackle; bottom. Aldo Paletti, center.





# FOOTBALL



touchdown of the afternoon. On the first play of the second period Hunt scored from the Dayton 10, Paul Kendrick made the conversion good; it was Marshall 13, Dayton, O.

But all too soon. A Dayton threat was squelched in the latter part of the second stanza, and the Green started marching toward another, only to have Jack Hunt fumble on the Flyers' four as the gun went off. The fumble must have been the hex that engulfed the Herd for the next 25 minutes.

Great Dayton end, Larry Knorr, recovered a Green fumble on the latter's 35 in the third. The backs brought it to the 25 for a first down, and from here, on that tricky Notre Dame sweep, Ed Marre uncorked a wobbly heave that fell in to the outstretched arms of Hughie Scott. nailed it on the three with Morlock clasp- ing vainly to his white jersey. But Scott dragged Jack over the goal line with him and Dayton had its first sixer.

Tom Glick missed the conversion and that was the Herd's first break. But was it! The Herd was offside, Glick got another try, and this time made it true. Dayton seven instead of six.

Knifing through the wilting line, Bob Riedel and Padley carried it to the 20. Fourth down with inches to go. What to do, men? That's the one. Padley took it from Center Dunc Obee, started wide, faded, then unleashed a wild one into the end zone, with a mass of Marshall Green's and Dayton White's awaiting the ball's arrival to the turf. But Quarter, Jean Stapenhorst, twisted himself high into the air and snagged it. An unbelievable leap, an unbelievable catch! Score tied!

With minutes to go, Marshall braced. Elkins and the pass combination of Hunt to Morlock went into action. The fun started from the Green's own 37. To the 32 of Dayton. A pass to the Flyers' 16. On to the six. What happened? On the one with a minute left. In three thrusts Elkins tore over and the Green had their fifth straight.

Marshall 19, Dayton 13.

Meanwhile, not a score by the opposition had been made aground, so far.

Taking their longest trip since the advent of Henderson, Marshall assayed a 585-mile drive to Scranton, Pa. The Tommies had licked Toledo by a point the previous week and were downright confident that they were going to administer a similar procedure to the Herd. They were right. Travelling from a 80-degree climate to snow-laden Scranton, Marshall college got its worse beating of the campaign.

A listless first quarter produced score. But on the muddy field made soggy by a high school game that same afternoon, Scranton did something no opposing eleven was able to do all season. They tore the Green line to shreds and blocked



... "Bull" snares another ... in fact, one too many for the Ohioans ... one of the best ends of all time ... Official Quarles is right in there, eh what???

Panel at left, top, Don Chandler, guard; second, Paul Haney, guard; third, Jim Roberts, center; bottom, Stanley Huffman, guard.



# FOOTBALL

two of Hunt's kicks. Both resulted in touchdowns. The Green might just as well have walked off the field after the first one. They must have played out their string in the breath taking drive against Dayton.

With two made in the second period, the game became a farce in mud. Scoring on a pass to end Tomasello, was an anticlimax. The less said the better. Scranton 20, Marshall 0. A mammoth line, and an ordinary backfield weakened by injuries—Scranton. Coach Tom Davies had his secondaries waylaying Punter Hunt, with a muddy ball to kick. The reversal of form was terrific.

Dad's are wonderful things, and perhaps they helped that history-making November 5 (Dad's Day) at Fairfield stadium against Wake Forest. Fans were to see the best football game—the classiest—the cleanest—the the——

After a first quarter in which Marshall held the upper hand, Morlock went over in the first part of the second. Marshall 6, Wake 0. Looked good.

After the second half kickoff, Morlock scampered from his own 26 to the 35. The 37. And there went Hunt right down the middle on a delayed buck for 44 yards, down to the Carolina 19. Oh baby!

Quickly, a flat pass from that old reliable Hunt into the sinewy arms of Morlock. Dumbfounded, the whole Wake Forest defense scratched their noggins and actually watched Jack go over. Zach converted. Thirteen—zero.

As if they had waited for the Big Green to spot themselves a 13-point margin, the Demon Deacs started to go to work from here.

On to the scene came the barrel-chested Wake Forest soph—Polanski. Forming his own interference he proceeded to smash the Green line to smithereens. Yes, one score, but the Marshall number wasn't up yet. Polanski, off tackle . . . Skirting ends . . . Down the middle . . . Polanski . . .

Wake Forest 7, Marshall 13.

And that's all there was to it. What more can we say. Wake Forest won out, 14-13.

Toledo had but one defeat and that a one-point decision at Scranton.

After the sensational type game the previous week the Toledo fray seemed a sort of let down. It was really a great struggle all the way through, though.

Marshall's air attack clicked with more precision than the Rockets', mainly because the Ohioans couldn't get receivers fleet enough to get down under Bob Nash's bullet-like heaves.

The Herd, in the first scored two, before the Toledoans knew exactly what happened. Hunt tossed the "Bull" and that was one. And then Soph Kuhl caught another on the Rockets' three, Elkins busting over the other. Kush, though injured,



" . . . go get 'em gang . . . " and they did . . . Peters, Kush, and Thierry clear the path on one of those sweeps for Elkins . . . the renewal of a grand rivalry at Laidley Field, Charleston . . . Herd 27, Morris Harvey 0 . . . third game in eight days . . .

Panel at right, top, Bob Adkins, end; second, Paul Kendrick, end; third, Loren Daniel, back; bottom, Ray Truitt, guard.





# FOOTBALL

booted both placements, and that was all the Herd needed for the rest of the day. The Rockets outdowned, outrushed the Green. Toledo's two touchdowns by Billy Beach were not flavored with conversions. Marshall won 14-12.

Marshall didn't wait long to score against Xavier, the next opponent, but neither did the Muskies of Cincy. It was 7-6 when Jim Rees' placement was blocked by an ambitious Herdsman. And that's the way the score remained until the final quarter. Elk made them both in the final, one on beautiful blocking by Ulinski, the other on a sensational interception plus a lateral. Xavier outkicked, out passed, outdowned, the Big Green.

Final—Marshall 20, Xavier 6. It's the score . . . the score that counts.

Back to Wesleyan and the final tally was 47-13. The game gave Sophs and Seniors, not necessarily regulars during the regular season a real chance to show their stuff. Jess Thierry, Aldo Paletti, and L. G. Daniel were Big Green standbys, just like the others when given the opportunity.

The stage was once more set for the Grand Finale—Morris Harvey starting to get its athletic bearing versus the dynasty being steadily built at Huntington.

It was a shutout, 27-0. The big thrill, or thrills coming on that 95-yard gallop byby Morlock, coupled with fast thinking by "Dan". And Mattiford looking like a sylph catching a touchdown pass . . . on one that set six points up, anyway.

The goal line stands made by the Green drove the crowd into the late stages of apoplexy. Never forgetting, of course, that famous head butt administered by Hunt to Smith of Morris Harvey on our six-inch line. The game itself—

Well, it just typified the Herd's progress throughout the whole of the season. Brilliant in most sports. Marvelously spectacular. Lack-lustre in others. The best we've had, though.

The season's records:

41	Geneva . . . . .	13	The schedule for 1940:
20	Va. Tech . . . . .	0	Sept. 21—Morehead College, here. (Night).
64	Salem . . . . .	0	Sept. 28—Virginia Tech, here.
21	Miami U. . . . .	0	Oct. 5—Dayton U., here.
19	Dayton U. . . . .	13	Oct. 12—Toledo U., at Toledo, O.
0	Scranton . . . . .	20	Oct. 19—Wake Forest College, at Wake Forest, N. C.
13	Wake Forest . . .	14	Oct. 26—Scranton U., here. (HOMECOMING).
14	Toledo U. . . . .	12	Nov. 1—Morris Harvey College, here (Night).
20	Xavier U. . . . .	6	Nov. 8—Detroit Tech, here.
47	W. Va. W. . . . .	13	Nov. 16—Xavier U., here.
27	Morris Harvey	0	Nov. 21—West Va. Wesleyan, here.



. . . three boys and two girls made thousands get to their feet . . . Harry Bastianelli, Marcella Pinson, Bernie Sharer, Nan Smith and "Lightnin'" . . .

Panel at left, top Carl Pirschel, back; second, Jack Morlock, back; third, Jim Percy, guard and end; bottom, George Hoffman, tackle.



# BASKETBALL

It would have been a terrible thing, indeed, if the Big Green didn't continue its good fortune in basketball where it had left off in football.

Yes, it would have been a terrible thing, but why talk about terrible things when they didn't happen?

Just as Cam Henderson tabbed his '39 edition on the gridiron his greatest since his coming to Huntington, so he was forced to admit exactly the same thing about the quintet that gained national recognition during the season just passed. Not only that, but he and everyone else who had been fortunate enough to observe most of Henderson's athletic machines during his long tenure both at D-E and Marshall, agreed, en masse, that this was his finest aggregate placed on the hardwood.

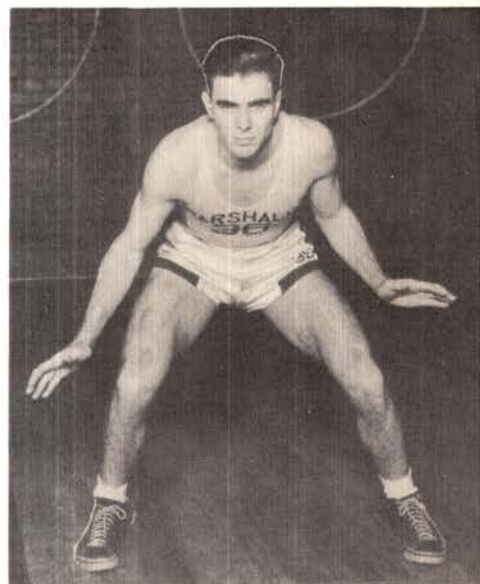
As was to be expected that same argument as to whether the Buckeye champs of 1937-8 were superior prevailed, yes—but not for very long.

From that '37 outfit, the Big Green retained Jule Rivlin, Aldo Paletti, Yost Cunningham, and Jack Morlock. The latter two had developed into real stars the following year. Rivlin had shone ever since his sophomore season. Along with that, Juniors Roger Tricot and Harold McCloud answered the opening call for practice.

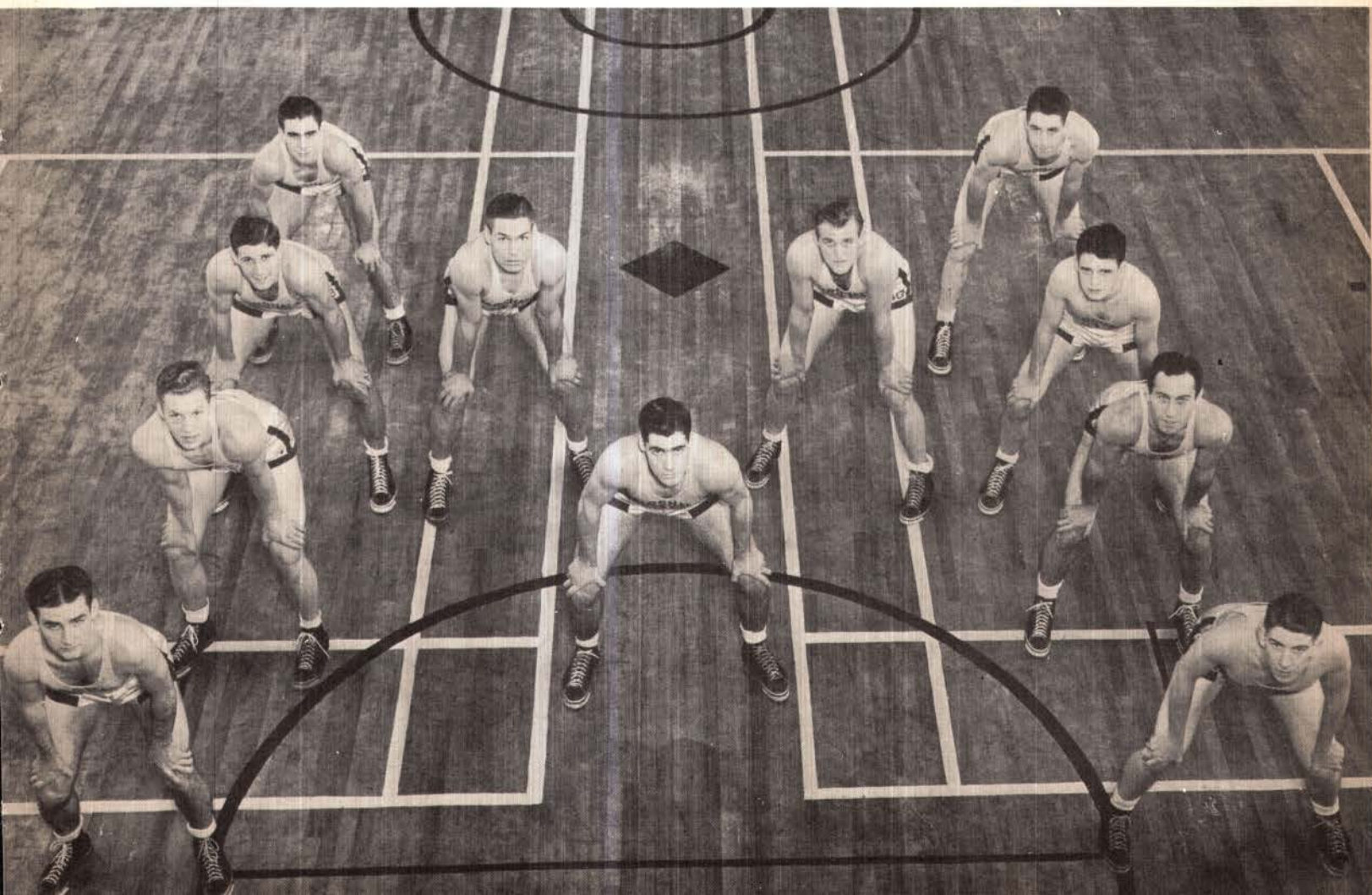
The outlook appeared quite brilliant for the first half of the season—if Jack Morlock was to report following a rigorous football campaign that saw him painfully injure an arm that was absolutely essential to his scoring. But Morlock reported, and shot just about as well with a stiff right arm as he ever had before.

Henderson simply would have to find one of his yearling crew to replace Morlock later on to go down that difficult right lane.

He had Jimmy Treacy, local star; ambling, lantern-jawed Joey Morecraft; and Danny Benda, to choose from. Of course "Ol' Auk"—Aldo Paletti was still around to aid if need be, and he certainly was to help later on.

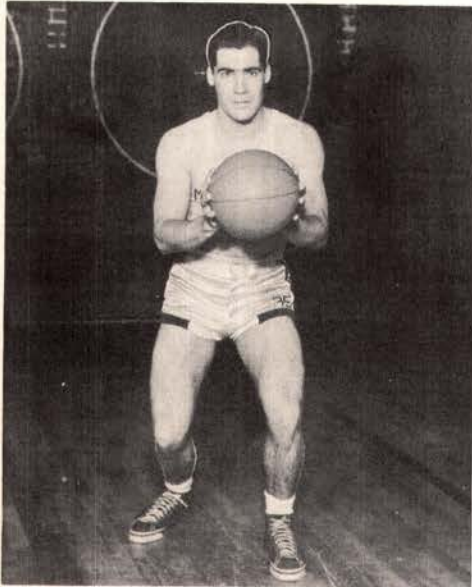


The gaunt, knock-kneed kid who will co-lead next year's outfit, Roger Tricot . . . the best long shot and foul shot.





# BASKETBALL



On the rocky road to the north, the 16th brought the Green against their time-honored initial rival, the Salem Tigers. The game, generally looked upon as a warmer-upper, proved that, but Salem was to show what they really had later on. Marshall 63, the Bengals 36.

Scoring was neatly distributed, too. Morlock was still having difficulty finding the range, but after all, it took time to loosen up his closely bunched muscles for this game where a guy's just had to be the acme of relaxation. Everybody was in on the scoring shindig even the "Wildcat."

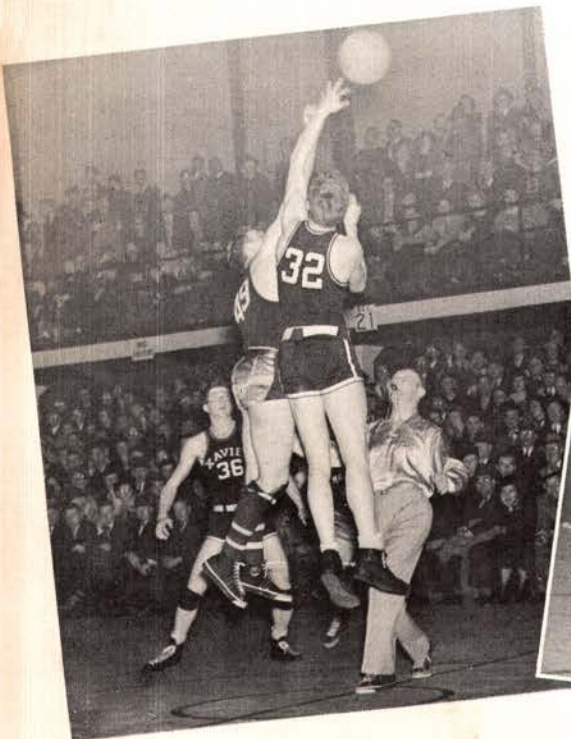
One down, seven to go on this jaunt. At this point, by the way, let us take time out to tell you that if ever the Herd was to realize its full potentialities it was this past season. Since the greatest star and the nucleus of the great club was to be graduated, the time was ripe for recognition. New York is, no doubt, from whence the recognition springs, all of which gets us a bit ahead of our story.

A rest for a night, and then the Herd headed for Roanoke, to avenge three previous defeats, the latter two, heartbreakers of the '38-39 season when the fabulous Five Smart Boys handed the Herd its lone home loss of the season with a last-second goal.

The Thundering Herd chugged out of the southern climes up to wintry Baltimore for another annual to-do with respected Loyola College, one of the cleanest, hard-fight-inest crews to be met all season.

But it was the same old story. The quick break and set plays crushed every threat of the Greyhounds. The Herd was given its first scare, however. Something that was to temper their play. Something they needed. Too many breezes would sate them, tighten them up.

There was no sense alibiing about the home floor. In fact, the Big Green showed its best form on the road all season, never once realizing their peak at Vanity Fair. The score at half was 29-20. Cam read 'em the riot act. Well that was *that*. The final: 69-



Start of the second heat of that Xavier thing . . . Morecraft and Robben go up again . . . Joe will move over to the right lane and thence to pivot on set offence . . . Rivlin will scoot down the middle . . . Tricot, hands on knees, waits for St. X., to start the play, then he'll take over on the 2-1-2 zone . . . And the others . . . the basket, the basket, fellers . . . "Riv" waves his paw at the pumpkin as if to snort, "Nyaa!!!" . . . Litzinger (35), follows up with Captain Geselbracht of Xavier digging in and Morocraft on the alert.

The most underrated player in the Big Green's march to basketball prominence . . . Aldo Paletti who never failed when needed most . . . "Mr. Chips." . . .



# BASKETBALL



Yost Cunningham never approached greatness . . . but the great are inconsistent at times . . . this cannot be said of our sad-eyed co-captain, who was "steadiness" in his every minute on the floor

42. Us.

With McCloud still leading the scoring brigade, the Herd was off to the "promised land". Or anyway just across the river. Here, against Newark U., they were to suffer a terrifying experience.

In a band box arena, prevalent to the Met sector, the Herd could not function properly. Their fast break was stymied. Everytime, they would start to break, there never would be enough room. Newark at the half—25-22. Orthodox play was making adherents of this style beam brightly.

Cam bellowed, "Mack, you're loafing!!!" Goodby, Newark.

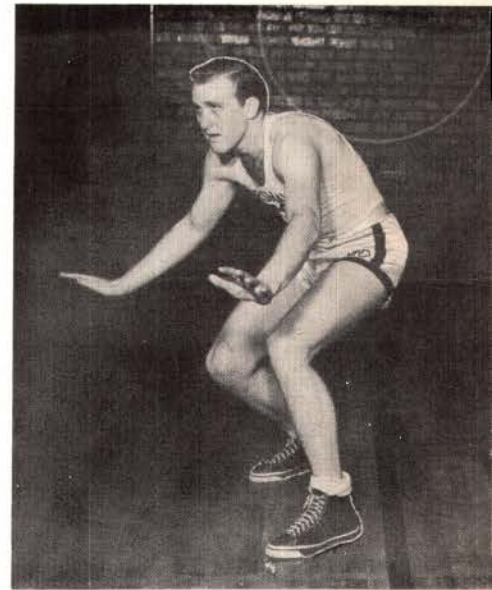
Yes sir, those between-half-sessions, worked wonders. The Herd started their attack a little later than usual. Planned their set plays more carefully. Then at the ripe time struck home with the quick break, timed perfectly. The crowd started pulling for the Herd. The Herd started pulling away . . . 30-31 . . . 32-33 . . . 36-35. "Mack, you're loafing, loafing, loafing, loaf— . . . ."

The Herd 53, Newark 40. McCloud took scoring honors with 24 points. Oh, yeah? Nevertheless, it didn't look so hot. Here was Newark, a team rated below St. Francis and City giving the Herd qualms. And then in all the excitement, McCloud cropp'd up with the season's first injury, a bad knee. Morlock was straightening out his arm, thank you.

Little did the Herd realize how much this game meant to the Brooklyn Terriers. They were actually "laying" for the Herd. They had trounced the Green handily the previous year, 45-33, with Rivlin hardly able to walk. The Herd needed that lengthy surface to make the break operate. Oh, what, fun, with even screeching ref, Pat Kennedy, on hand.

Here was the one case of two during the season that Marshall outplayed its foe, and was sickeningly defeated.

The score at halftime was 26-23, and truthfully, St. Francis looked like a beaten



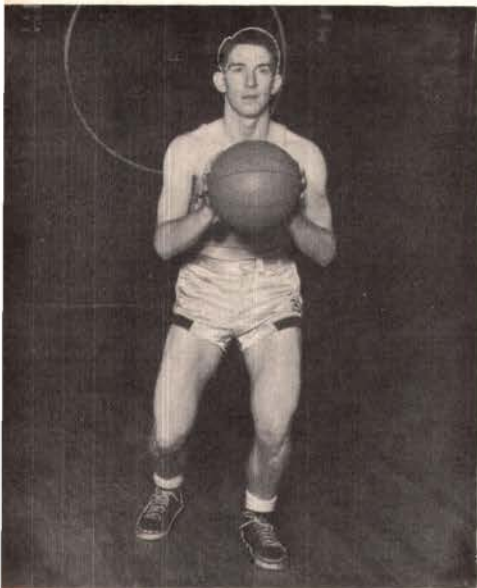
Always seeking to improve and not having enough patience with himself . . . Joey Morecraft developed into a topnotch pivot on set offense plays as a soph . . . a marvelous fake for a big man



. . . Here you see the FIVE in action . . . luckily McCloud shoved his phizz into the job in the nick . . . Tricot's inevitable knees give this victory over Salem, 78-50, the proper poetic justice . . .



# BASKETBALL



... Jimmy Treacy ... "Squeaky"  
... he had only Rivlin's gigantic  
shadow to contend with ... he  
feels he'll fill Jule's boots ...

When the Herd quickly crept into an imposing lead the crowd grew restless. When the score at half read: Marshall 27, City 10, they were popeyed.

The Herd could do no wrong that night, especially Jack Morlock, who waited until he got to the Big Town to put in the greatest night of an already brilliant athletic career.

Morlock broke the all-time scoring record on City's home court previously held by two Beavers, scoring 26 points—as much as the whole City team could garner. From every angle, with right and left hand the McKeesport Marvel, cut the cords without even skimming the rim.

When the starting five walked off the floor, they were accorded an ovation that no visiting team had received in years. It was City College's worst basketball setback sustained

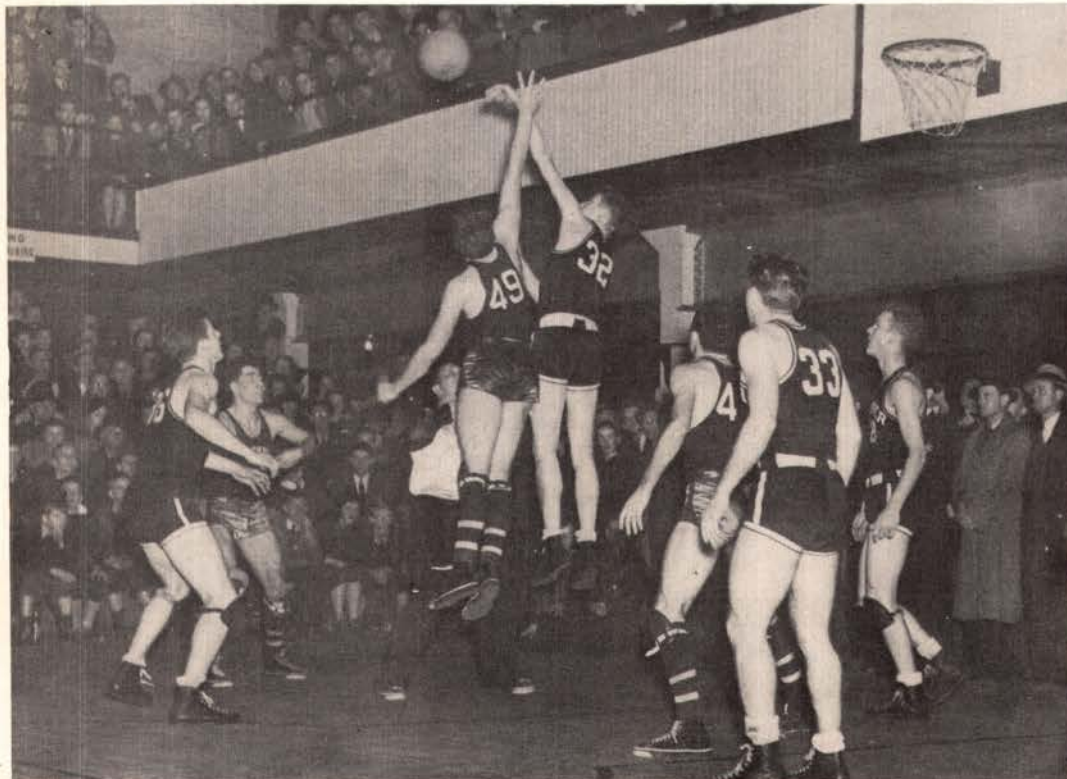
quintet, but the Herd revealed a weakness that was to dog them throughout the remainder of the campaign and cause the loss to Panzer.

A second-half letdown, good enough for defensively minded St. Francis to down the Herd, 41-38. Poor Mack had a tough evening, being severely manhandled. But a defeat served to spur them on to their greatest effort of the season.

Nat Holman, basketball's premier teacher, watched the proceedings as the Herd went down. He may have been impressed, but he couldn't impress his impression on the experts. The Marshall game would simply be used as a primer for City's battle against Santa Clara the following Saturday.

Yes, siree, the Big Green made a nice piece of prime meat of City college, and not only that but created such a furore that all observers will remember it to their dying day.

It wasn't reasonable for Marshall to swamp City in view of the Lavender's victory over St. Francis.



... This was the one for Mary and J. K., Jr. ... and what a time we had  
... that Xavier thing, 51-47 ... Joey Morecraft matches leaps with Bert Robben  
(32) ... the curly thatched galoot is Captain Al Geselbracht of the Muskies ...  
Riv and Mack are ready ...



His mental and physical  
wizardy on the hardwood  
stamp Jule Rivlin as the  
greatest basketball player in  
the history of Marshall college



# BASKETBALL

in the 21-year coaching tenure of capable Nat Holman. Watta night! Oh yes—60-26.

Quoth the New York Times scribe: "I've never seen anything like it in all my life!" P. S. The Times is a conservative paper.

The Herd mixed their St. Francis and City form going against Panzer Panthers, so feared in this territory that many top-notchers refused to meet them. They'd lost but one of 21 last winter and that a see-saw thing against LIU's '38-39 champs.

A packed Elizabeth, N. J., Armory, took the Herd into their graces from the moment the spotlight was thrown on the first green-jersied player who scampered across the hardwood for introduction.

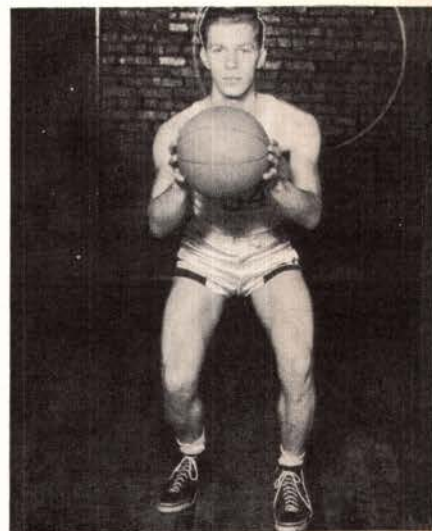
A six foot-eight-inch pivot—Herman Knupple, aided in the tiring process, but while he loafed back on defense the Herd scored. It was 31-29 at half and anybody's ball game.

The Herd kept right on going from where it left off at the half. With five minutes to go, they had an eight point (47-39) lead. But then things started to happen. Morecraft, who had replaced Morlock earlier went out on personals. Morecraft's height had come in handy in stopping the giant Knupple. Two minutes-54-54.

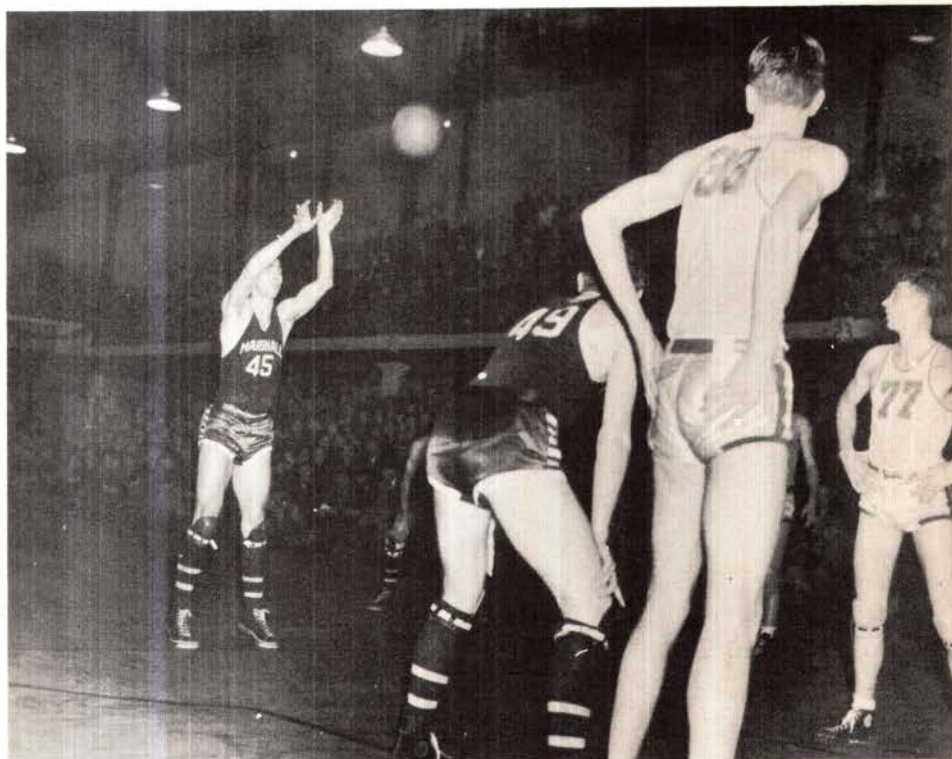
The Panthers started breaking through, clamping down on the Green. Of a sudden they regained their shooting eyes collectively.

The Herd tired, Rivlin, with 50 seconds to go was injured on a figure-8 play, and the crowd broke loose with a tumultuous yell, when he arose. But the Herd was beaten. Panzer had crept into the lead and too few seconds remained for the Herd to overcome it.

That injury sustained by Rivlin never did heal properly in time for the epic California



Danny Benda . . full of youthful fervor and abandon . . . a bright prospect and "dark horse"

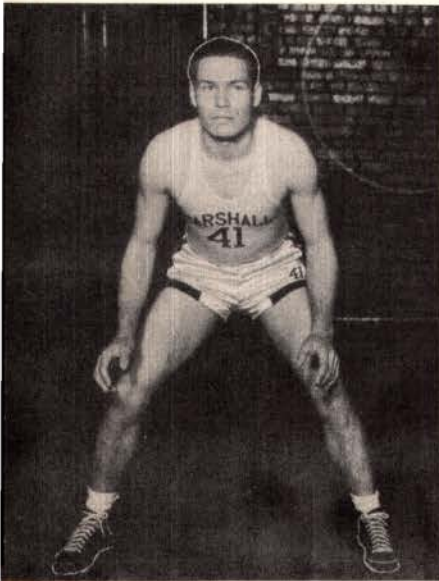


. . . Tricot bags an important one against Morehead . . . yes, that No. 33, John Wiggers is as long as he actually looks . . . one inch shy of seven feet and high man for the evening (in scoring, dope) . . . Green 51, Morehead 40 . . . Morecraft is ready, just in case . . .

For sheer form and execution of essentials, Elmer Bauld was incomparable . . . one of the Herd's most colorful performers in his three-year career . . .



# BASKETBALL



Robbie . . . making himself into a great football player . . . and trying to become just a fair basketball player . . .

The home stretch was conspicuous only in that the Herd sought to better previous records in victories, points made, etc.

Also, they had their eye on a bid to the Invitational Tourney in New York.

The ovation handed out to the seniors as they trooped off the floor for the last time had many in sincere tears. Jule Rivlin had the crowd cheering so, that the game had to be halted momentarily.

The greatest of all players had passed from the Big Green basketball picture.

Marshall college is on its way toward national recognition in basketball. There is no doubt of that.

caprice slated for January 2nd.

The place was mass hysteria. The lead changed hands a dozen times, and Rivlin was hobbling around like a lame chick. Giants, typifying the very redwood trees of their state, raced down the floor, pouring 'em through with one hand from either side. California's fast break, with attack shifting from one man to another—a floating offense, befuddled the Herd, who paused long enough to get in few fast breaks of their own. The Golden Bears, very much at home went ahead at half, 22-20, and looked the superior-outfit. And yet Morecraft was filling the Morlock breach well, and Riv was outdoing himself despite the hurt.

But Big Stuff Ogilvie was still in there and the height advantage stopped many prospective shots.

Just as fouls put out one too many Californians, so the Herd received opportunities to score from the free throw line. With a second to go Joe Morecraft, working the pivot, sunk one cleanly and the score was 43-43, with the regulation time already having elapsed.

While the Herd looked sloppy in scoring attempts earlier, the tie gave them new spark. Almost mechanically, they thumped the Bears in the extra period, 51-47. And the rafters shook.



Someone once said, "As a basketball player, Jack Morlock is a great football player . . . well, maybe, in his first year, but it came to pass that he used that football ability on the hardwood . . . even on off nights his aggressiveness carried the Herd to glorious heights . . .

## BASKETBALL RECORD 1939-40

MARSHALL	OPPONENT	SCORE	PLACE
89	Wheeling Coca-Cola	59	Wheeling, W. Va.
63	Salem College	36	Clarksburg, W. Va.
55	Roanoke College	26	Roanoke, Va.
69	Loyola College	42	Baltimore, Md.
53	Newark University	40	Newark, N. J.
38	St. Francis College	41	Brooklyn, N. Y.
60	City College of New York	26	New York City
53	Brooklyn YMCA	17	Brooklyn, N. Y.
54	Panzer College	58	Elizabeth, N. J.
51	University of California	47	Huntington
53	Roanoke College	27	Huntington
78	Salem College	50	Huntington
50	Toledo University	37	Huntington
50	Toledo University	60	Toledo, O.
48	Xavier University	36	Cincinnati, O.
31	Dayton University	25	Dayton, O.
68	Emory & Henry College	39	Huntington
71	W. Va. Wesleyan College	45	Buckhannon, W. Va.
45	V. P. I.	28	Roanoke, Va.
65	Emory & Henry College	26	Emory, Va.
47	University of Tennessee	40	Knoxville, Tenn.
51	Xavier University	47	Huntington
75	Newark University	32	Huntington
39	Morris Harvey College	25	Charleston, W. Va.
42	Morehead College	31	Morehead, Ky.
51	Morehead College	40	Huntington
61	University of Dayton	25	Huntington
52	Morris Harvey College	51	Huntington
65	W. Va. Wesleyan College	53	Huntington

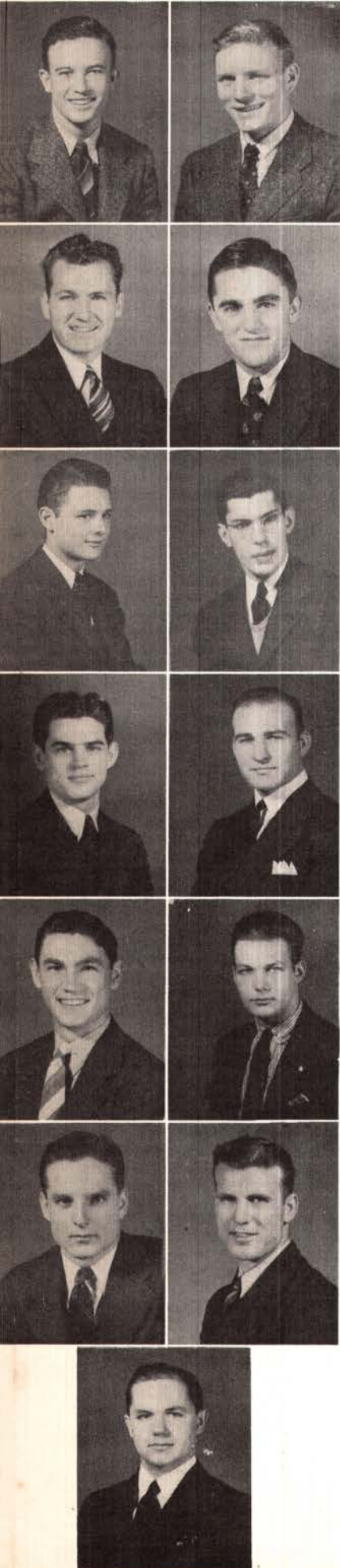
1627

Total Points

1109



# INTRAMURAL SPORTS



The average Marshall college student, unlike his fellows at other institutions, is not content with remaining on the sidelines, admiring the exploits of proficient varsity athletes.

Said students may have felt that some 10 years ago, before the inception of the largest intramural program for a college its size; but not now.

Paradoxically, with the rise of Marshall's intercollegiate athletic prestige, has come a boom in intramural sports.

It all started a decade ago when a tow-headed little Dakotan fresh from successful mass athletic participation organizations, came to this campus.

He is more formally known as Prof. Otto A. Gullickson, of the physical education department, but answers more readily to "Swede."

When "Swede" brought his organizing powers to Huntington, Marshall not only did not have an intramural department, but had little or no facilities to start one.

Our protagonist wasted few words and immediately gathered all equipment, make-shift or otherwise to start the ball rolling.

The result the first year was indeed heartening. In 1930 the department registered 53.3

Some sceptics have scoffed repeatedly at this yearly display of enthusiasm but they have been the detriment of the department and are living to regret their waggish remarks.

When "Swede" declared the year's intramural slogan to the "100 per cent participation", he was assuming the role of a fairly accurate seer.

At this stage, participation is well over 90 per cent, with last year's mark of 31 activities certain to be passed.

The major sports round which the activities are built up, are, admittedly, touch football, basketball, and softball.

The first pivotal sport, touch football, commenced the last week in September, in a week that was conspicuous in low scoring and field goals.

The Powerhouse, eventual victors of the crown, took advantage of the varsity ruling before it went into effect and had the advantage of having



"... ONE HUNDRED PER CENT PARTICIPATION!!! ... 'Swede' ..."

## INTRAMURAL BOARD

Top row: Ralph Belcher, Alpha Kappa Pi; Guy Harold Smith, C-K, No. 1.

Second row: Harry Lewis, Bookworms; James Williams, G-P. Club.

Third row: Thomas Devane, Digamma; Joe Capehart, Phi Tau Alpha.

Fourth row: Raymond Dean, Shawkey Union; Jake Mahoney, Newman Club.

Fifth row: Edward Straight, Sissies; Henry Fricker, Hodges Hall.

Sixth row: Millard Riggs, Phi Kappa Nu; Acie Stewart, Powerhouse.

Bottom: William Schadel, Kappa Alpha.

Additional Members: Robert Guckert, Alpha Theta Chi; Ralph Levine, Irishers; Marvin Lester, Woopitchers; Jack Brower, Ramblers; Harold Porter, C-K No. 2; Nathan Marshall, Boarding House; Homer Spurlock, Rams; Eugene Lawson, Muggers; Roy Straight, Gliders; Jack Hamilton, Question Marks; William Boleyan, Jitterbugs; Farley Bell, Frosh.



... three years running he was master on the boards, both basketball and ping pong, handball, etc., etc., one of the greatest athletic boons ever ... Intramural Manger —Jule Rivlin ...



# INTRAMURALS

on their club outstanding freshman basketball players, plus the giant, Acie Stewart, and an excellent place kicker in Gene Russell.

At mid-season as the Powerhouse was romping toward a smashing triumph, in one afternoon 176 men took part in some one sport. This broke an all-time high for a single afternoon's activity.

And as if this wasn't enough, the Powerhouse must have established some sort of record by massacring a team, 50-0.

In the last week of October, the Powerhouse of League 'B', swept to its loop's championship without a defeat, while Phi Kappa Nu clinched leadership in the Frat league by defeating Kappa Alpha, when Bill Scott drop-kicked a three-pointer over the crossbar.

On November 3, both clubs met for the 1939 diadem, and although PKN fought thrillingly all along, the Powerhouse was just about what its name implied. It blasted 24 points across the goal line, hardly giving Phi Kappa Nu time to catch their collective breaths.

The all-intramural team selected by the board; ends—Hicks, PKN, and Smith, CK; tackles—Stewart and Morecraft, Powerhouse; guards—Wilkinson, KA, and Clovis, PKN; center—Russell, Powerhouse; back—Fogg, KA; McCloud, Powerhouse; Childers, Woopitchers; and Scott, PKN.

Almost simultaneous with their triumph on the gridiron came word that the Powerhouse had copped the volleyball title also by defeating Kappa Alpha fraternity in scores of 15-11, 15-12, and 15-10.

The next scheduled event on the program was one in which the Powerhouse, for a change, did not dominate.

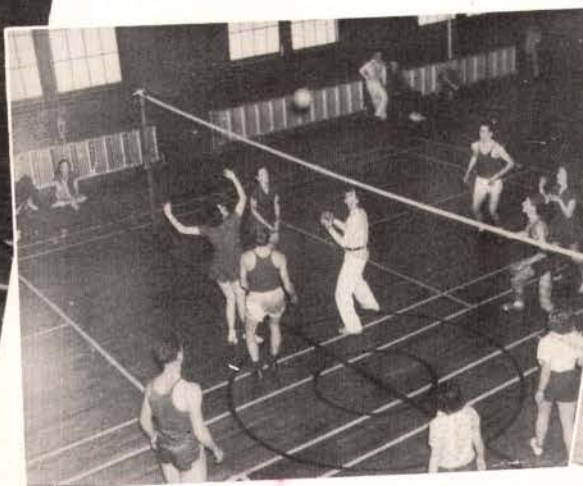
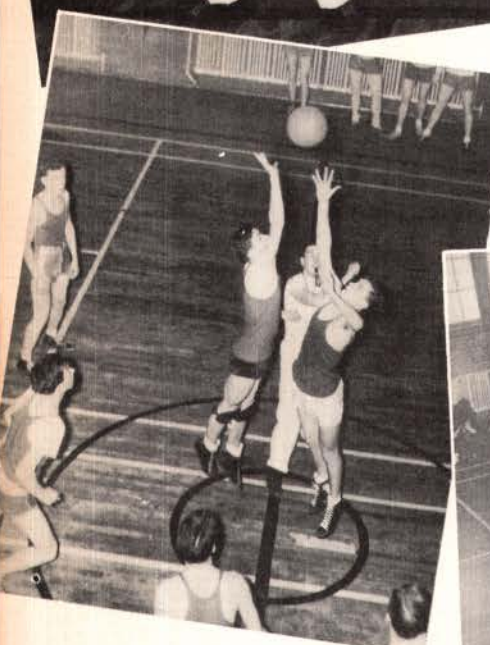
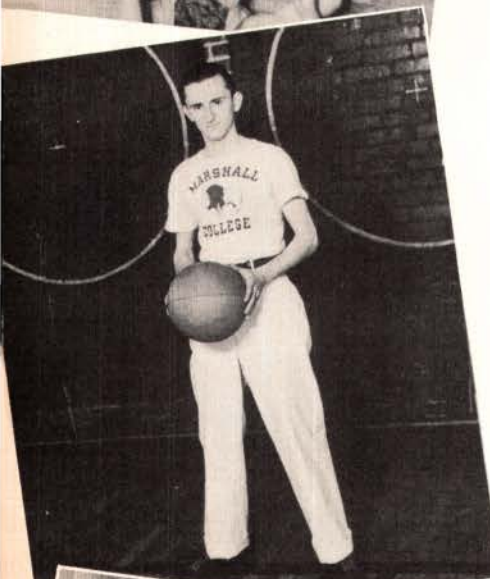
A little sophomore with an enormous pair of lungs vanquished all who threatened his hold on the cross country title. Sammy Franzello of Duo, for the second straight year won the event, a two-and-one-eighth mile journey with hazards.

His time was 14:06.5, less than two minutes shy of the record set by John Rowsey in 1934 with 12:34.

The Ramblers won the team championship by one point over Phi Kappa Nu, 14-15.

The men's tennis singles held every fall, saw two newcomers enter the finals. Rodney Wolfard, outstanding local player, met stocky Campbell Hage. Both freshmen, Wolfard's superior tournament experience gave him a well-earned triumph over Hage, 6-0, 6-2, 6-4.

Caroline Friel, outstanding Ohio tourney player, teamed with Bill Armstrong to down Jimmy Randall and Genevieve Hollandsworth, 6-2, 6-1, for the mixed doubles crown.



Top, two-ton Carl Avellino about to throw his mammoth frame after the pumpkin and his Gliders vie with the Bookworms . . . the Summers brothers are present, also . . .

Second from the top, "Sheriff" . . . Sutton's pride, Roy Brosius, makes the big fellows look sick with 187 good ones of 200 tries in "Swede's" foul shooting contest . . . the record made in a four-year span and the "Sheriff" won the crown each time . . . never had to take it off, in fact . . .

Bottom left, Bill Scott, one of "Doc's" officials starts the Newman club and the Bookworms a 'battlin' . . .

Bottom center, one of the many innovations . . . the boys and gals get together for the mixed volleyball championship copped by the Powerhouse and College Hall . . .

Bottom right, here's our minute man about to start that frat bike relay at the Wake Forest game . . . copped by Kappa Alpha



# INTRAMURALS

The old fashioned game of croquet attracted 41 participants and Bill Armstrong bested O'Jay McAllister in finals in two straight games of series that was best two-of-three.

With Bill Ranson, tobacco-chewing champ for four straight years having graduated, much concern was displayed as to who would be crowned kind of the horseshoe pitchers.

Again, the department registered a record entry when out of 68 tossers, Gene Martin and Walt Galloway worked their way down to the finals. Martin, a freshman, won easily, 21-11, 21-10.

In the annual checkers tourney Forrest Parsons defeated Abe Kozar in three straight games. At the present time the department is conducting a Chinese checkers tournament. Ed Seeber out-"brained" Sam McCarthy in chess.

The penthathalon includes a 100-yard dash against time; a 24-foot rope climb; high jump; a bar vault; and five-yard swim against time.

Of 310 contestants, Curtis E. Schafer, a freshman, topped his opponents with 551 points, these points registered on a scientific plane, conceived by the department.

Just preceding the annual ABC in Detroit, the department conducted its annual bowling shindig, limited to fraternities.

Phi Kappa Nu won out easily with 12 straight triumphs. Top individual performances were registered by Bill Scott of the winner, with a 167 average; Bob Kirkpatrick, Digamma, 151, and a triple tie for third spot between Jack Moses, John Henry, and Val Griffiths, of Alpha Theta Chi, Digamma, and Alpha Kappa Pi, respectively. Each had an average score of 145.

Remaining in the billiard and bowling parlor momentarily, John Parsons defeated Drexel Lawson for the billiard championship, three matches to two in an event that saw 86 participants.

Stealing a march on most schools in the country, "Swede" decided to start the basketball season late in November.

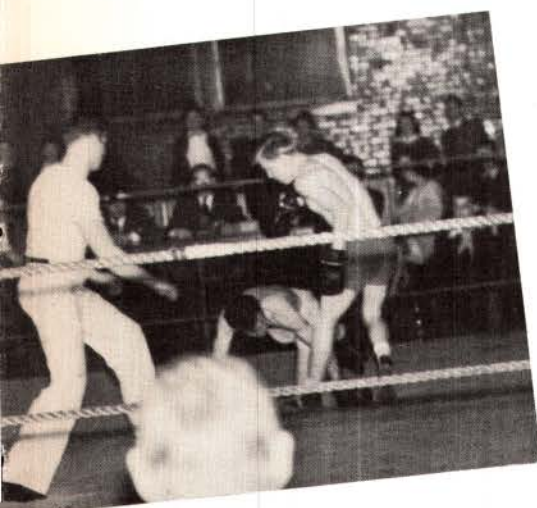
The game, enjoying more immense popularity than ever, was a source of enjoyment almost the whole school year to many.

Starting with November, the department listed 187 games in which 31 teams divided into three leagues took part.

The leagues were blessed with much better balance the whole season and while there were some runaways, including a new individual scoring mark, the closer matches predominated.

Having begun before the varsity schedule the program extended even after the close of Marshall's regular season, and the championship was not decided until well into the month of March of this year.

After a turbulent season which saw league leads changing hands con-



Top right, more anguish on the judge's face than the performers

Center right, ahhh . . . he made it . . . not 14 feet, but what do you want without any coaching???

Bottom right, opposing captains—Tricot of the Powerhouse and Hicks of Phi Kappa Nu, await the result of Tony Skolik's coin flip. . . final score

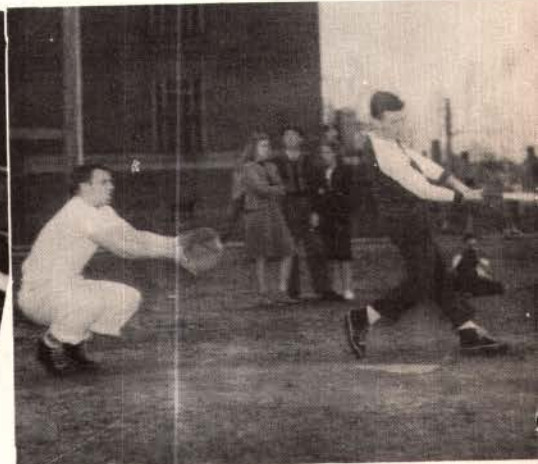
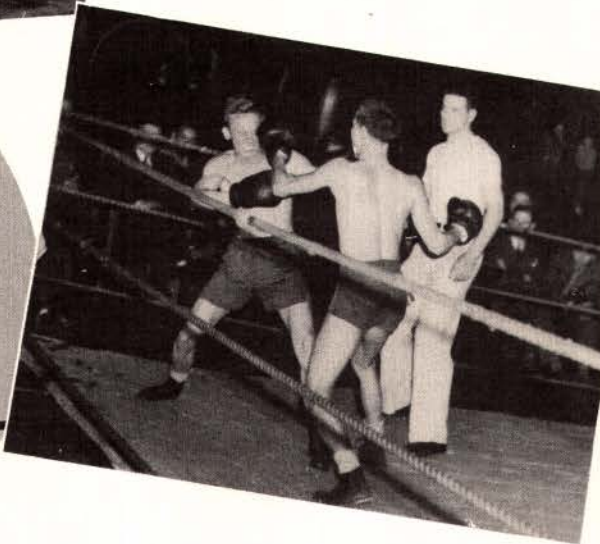
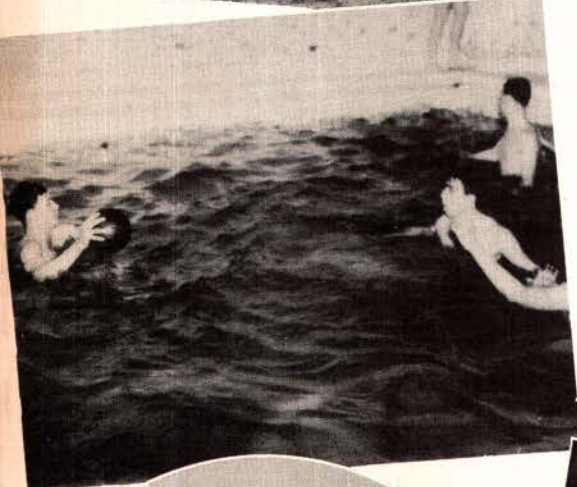
Powerhouse 27, PKN 0.

Bottom center, yep, that's C. Hicks nearest the camera, and lithe Bill Freutel scaling the low hurdles . . . the lad in the middle is Pacer Joe Prino . . .

Bottom left, it could get monotonous . . . that is the continuous signal success enjoyed by each ensuing activity . . . action, but action in the best fight carnival in years . . . Jack Childers awaits the kill . . . but Esmer Liston arose to eke out victory



# INTRAMURALS



stantly, Alpha Kappa Pi, Ceredo Kenova's No. 2 club, and the Greenbrier and Pocahontas five, were returned victors in their respective loops.

Obviously the superior five now, Alpha Kappa Pi sought to definitely prove it and accomplished a ten-point victory in the grand finale over Ceredo Kenova, 34-24, in the series that so typified the season as a whole.

The intramural board as it is annual custom, chose an all-intramural combine at the close of the season. At forwards it chose Roy Nestor of AKPI, and Jimmy Williams, spearhead of the G-P fast break; at guards were two outstanding all around players—Dick Pugh, an excellent all-around man, of the Powerhouse, and stylish Laurel Clovis, of PKN.

Guy Smith, who set a new all time individual mark of 53 was chosen at center.

Each year the intramural department holds a foul shooting contest, varsity excluded, giving each individual 50 tries at the hoop.

For the fourth consecutive year, Roy Brosius, Sutton senior, copped the competition, by making good on 45 of 50 throws.

Thus, in four years, Brosius, who only weighs 120 pounds, but is a deadly shot from any part of the floor, sunk 189 tosses out of 200.

As the CHIEF JUSTICE went to press, the badminton singles tourney had just been completed. For the second consecutive year, Jack Holt of the Christian Alliance dwarfed all opposition, defeating in the finals Ed Fogg of Kappa Alpha, 15-10, 15-5, 15-4.

Also, many events are in full swing, others yet to start.

Softball is completing a most successful season; handball single will have been completed as well the giant boxing carnival when this edition is released.

Other events to be completed are rifle shooting, track meet, tennis doubles, water polo, wrestling, archery, and a host of those easily surpassing any previous total number of activities.

At the start of the season, Julius Rivlin, most outstanding Marshall basketball player of all time, was appointed to the responsible position of intramural manager, and Professor Gullickson's immediate lieutenant. When Rivlin's varsity activities curtailed these duties, Acie Stewart, one of the most intrepid intramural competitors in intramural annals gave much time and effort to the cause.

This has been a great year for Marshall college. This has been the greatest year for intramural athletics at Marshall College.

Top left, first intramural all-star competition since the department's inauguration . . . Fogg of the Frat men snares one successfully, but to no avail . . . Independents with Eudie Russel's toe won out, 10-2

Center left, here's the field in the annual cross country jaunt . . . first time the whole mob that started finished, too . . . the bloke with the imposing "M" on his shirt was the winner . . . Franzello . . . the Duo Dynamo, for the second year running .

Lower left, water polo . . . no horses, but the most exacting of all sports .

Circle, honestly, Moseley didn't freeze Dick Pugh going over in this very unorthodox manner . . . this was the high jump .

Lower center, alumnus John Rowsey, who could take care of himself as a light heavy analyzes these two unscientific gladiators . . . the aggressor copped for Phi Kappa Nu . . .

Lower right, Fega of the Irishers bashes one, while Hoffman of the Powerhouse waits in vain .