
Basket Ball

On account of the late opening of school, football soon gives way to basket ball, which is for that reason the leading sport of the school year. Prospects of a good team were not altogether brilliant, as among the candidates reporting, there were to be found only four men from last year's squad, including one regular. This necessitated working with a large majority of inexperienced men to produce a team.

From the standpoint of winning games the season has been rather disappointing. But winning is not alone the test of a good team, for the team of this year has been one of the best ever developed at the school. If we examine the schedule of games, we find that we have played all, except Thief River Falls, of the teams which have a rating high enough to entitle them to enter conference contests. When we consider that for a time there were five teams equally entitled to second place, and that most of our games were lost by a narrow margin, we are justified in concluding that ours was one of the strongest teams in the district.

The team won the unanimous support of the student body by its cheerful attitude and its never failing aggressiveness up to the blowing of the final whistle.

Occasional sickness among the members of the squad has considerably interfered with practice. The team was coached by Mr. LaVoi.

Faculty-Student Game

When the ancient Spartans feasted their protruding eyes on the battle field of old Thermoplae, they beheld no more blood curdling spectacle than was enacted before the students of the Northwest School on the night of January 5, 1924.

On that memorable evening the basket ball teams of the faculty met the students in mortal combat. It was the bursting forth of long pent up hate and venom. It was the climax of a succession of infuriating events. As the students viewed the opposing teams, there swam before their eyes the many colored F's that had so often adorned their examination papers. And those red marks angered them even as the matadores of Spain infuriated the bulls in the arena with their crimson flags.

The faculty gathered in one end of the gymnasium, and then, yelling their terrifying war cry, they rushed into the fight. I am unequal to the occasion; let some descriptive pen portray that horrifying scene, and depict the many deeds of valor. Suffice for me to delineate the battle field after the fray. The eyes and teeth that strewed the floor resembled bunches of grapes and bins of corn, and as the flying handfuls of hair descended, they covered the floor like the mantle of snow that fell on the field of Gettysburg.

The faculty had entered the fight too confident. They, the tried and true veterans of many a battle, thought that it was impossible for them to meet defeat. But as youth ever conquers over old age, and the old order changeth, yielding place to new, they were forced to concede to the students the victory. And but for their high and rigid collars, they would now be hanging their heads in shame.
