

## MY MOST EXCITING BASKET

### State Basketball Tournament 1913

The Weber Academy basketball team of 1913, of which I was a member, was the winner of the Northern Utah High School basketball division. This assured the school of participating in the State Tournament held in Provo, Utah during the middle of March, 1913. The other schools that were entered were: Murdock Academy, Wasatch Academy, Iehi High School, Snow Academy, Weber of Ogden, and L.D.S. of Salt Lake City. L.D.S. were the favorites. Each team played three nights. L.D.S. and Weber each won the first two nights and were finalists the third night.

The game was fast, and well played with Weber taking an early lead. This lead was gradually reduced until L.D.S. took a one point lead with little time left. On a succeeding toss up at the center of the hall, the ball came shooting along the floor toward our basket. I out raced my guard, scooped up the ball and put it into the basket again for our lead.

In the short remaining time I came running under our basket only to see the timekeepers without a gun. They were in the bleachers frantically waving and trying to get down to notify the referee that time was up. The score at that time was Weber, 41 and L.D.S., 40. The roar of the crowd was deafening. I ran to the referee at the center of the hall and slapped him on the back, but I was too late. He had called a foul on one of our players.

The timekeepers said time was up several seconds prior to the foul. A long discussion followed between game officials, tournament officials, and coaches. The rule book was consulted and it read, "The game ends when the timekeeper notifies the referee and he blows his whistle to end the game". Therefore the L.D.S. Academy was allowed the foul pitch, which made to tie up the ball game with a score of 41 to 41.

The game was to be won in a "sudden death" by the team making the first two points. Play resumed and we got the ball, but were soon after fouled. It was my part to pitch the fouls and I had scored 27 out of 31 up to this point. I had failed in this attempt because the ball went out of bounds. The L.D.S. player in putting the ball in bounds fouled again, so I had another chance. I took plenty of time and scored. The score now was Weber, 42 and L.D.S., 41. We still needed another chance.

We huddled. Boyd Lindsay, our guard, said to our center, Morgan McKay, "Moe, you go to jump". The ball went back to the center jump circle. "And get that ball, you can out jump when the tip goes to the left", Boyd continued. "Toone, you get the ball and give it to Belnap for the basket". We had practiced this play hundreds of times and it had worked in other games many times.

I was playing left forward. I jockeyed with my guard for position. I led to the side and away from the center. He hung close. The ball went up at center. McKay got the jump then tipped the ball in a beautiful arch about eight feet from center. Toone came racing up from his left guard position. It was a risky play. My guard, Toone and myself all had a play for the ball. I started up, faked, and got Olsen to start up. I suddenly reversed my position and raced a step ahead of Olsen for the basket. Toone got the ball then fired it to me when he could as I raced under the basket. I caught the ball; pivoted and shot. Olsen while racing with me, pushed me on my back, and I slid into the sideline crowd. As I landed on my back I saw the ball coming down the basket. The game was over. It was the most satisfactory basket I ever threw. The score was Weber, 44 to L.D.S.'s 41.

The tournament was not only good for Weber, but it was very good to me. I was selected to shoot all the team foul points. Ten days before the tournament I had practiced two, forty-five minute periods daily.

In the three games we won:

|          |            |
|----------|------------|
| Weber 41 | Wasatch 24 |
| Weber 51 | Iehi 26    |
| Weber 44 | L.D.S. 41  |

My score was:

|           |                         |
|-----------|-------------------------|
| Baskets 7 | Fouls 17 of 20 attempts |
| " 8       | " 19 of 23 "            |
| " 6       | " 28 of 32 "            |
| <hr/>     | <hr/>                   |
| 21        | 64 75                   |

At one stage of the game I made 24 foul pitches without a miss. I was unamiously selected All State forward.



Arias G. Belnap, 1972