

# Sports of the Times

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By JOHN KIERAN

## When Irish Eyes Are Smiling

WHAT this observer doesn't know about current basketball society would fill a big basket, but Irish eyes are smiling, indicating that everything is well with what Bo McMillin, the football man, calls "the round ball game." Ned Irish is the fellow who puts on the college double-headers in Madison Square Garden and makes a good thing of it for all concerned. To line up his Winter programs he scurries around the country and checks up on teams of all shapes and sizes and previous conditions of servitude.

The "Ivy League" teams remain aloof from Madison Square Garden competition, but Mr. Irish holds no grudge and speaks amiably of those teams and coaches just the same. Since basketball had done so well as a Winter attraction at Madison Square Garden in New York, Mr. Irish was asked why it wasn't a similar attraction at the Boston Garden.

"Well, it's a funny thing," said Mr. Irish, "but New England isn't infested with high-class college basketball teams, though the game was invented in that area. New York, as a district, has some top-flight teams, which is one reason for the New York enthusiasm for the game."

### With Some Exceptions

No good basketball teams in New England? It was the vague impression of this innocent bystander that Dartmouth often came along with some dashing teams at the court game and—

"Oh, wait a minute!" said Mr. Irish. "I don't mean they don't have some good teams in New England. I mean they aren't as thick in New England as they are around New York. Sure, Dartmouth usually has good basketball teams. I'd pick Dartmouth and Princeton as the logical contenders for the league title this year. Boston University has the makings of a good team this year. Then there's Rhode Island State, which is noted for its basketball teams. Their rooters call them the two-points-a-minute team. They really pour that ball through the basket. They're coached by Frank Keaney, who is a big fellow, and his son, who is even bigger, plays on the team. Warren Keaney—he's the son—grabs the ball off the enemy backboard and throws it all the way down the court, where one of his little friends is waiting to pop it in for a Rhode Island State score."

That was a handsome explanation and it seems safe for Mr. Irish to walk the streets of Providence, Boston and Hanover any day this Winter. No man's hand should be raised against him.

### The Spread Formation

"For that matter," went on Mr. Irish placidly, "there are good teams now all over the country. It used to be that the South and Southwest weren't so hot—hadn't caught on to the game—but now they have some teams that can hold their own with anybody."

What startled this observer, possibly through being behind in his basketball studies, was that the great Dr. Phog Allen's Kansas team was beaten by Fordham in Madison Square Garden recently. It was thought in this corner that Phog Allen was something like the Rockne of the bas-

ketball court and his teams always were wonderful. Fordham hasn't been as strong on the basketball floor as it has been on the gridiron and the defeat of the Phog Allen outfit—well, it just came as a shock, that's all.

"You don't know the half of it," said Mr. Irish with a grin, "it was only the second game Fordham had won in Madison Square Garden and they've been playing there for seven years. They beat somebody the first year they played in the Garden and didn't beat anybody else in there until the Jayhawkers came in this Winter. Still, I think Fordham has a better team this year. In fact, most of the New York teams are better this year than they were last year."

### Holding the Fort

If they weren't good, Mayor Fiorello La Guardia would get after them for smirching the fair name of New York City. Either that or he would run Mr. Irish out of town for scouring the country at large and bringing in the best teams he could find to beat up the local lads on the court.

"I'm in no danger so far," said Mr. Irish, "the New York teams have won five and lost four against outside competition. And we bring in only good teams to play here."

Doubtless Notre Dame was on the schedule. They go for the court game at Notre Dame and Elmer Layden, the Thin Man, usually drops in with the basketball team, just to watch the fun.

"I don't think Notre Dame is so hot this year," said Mr. Irish. "They've been spotty; good one night and bad another night."

Could it be that the Crowe crop finally had failed Coach George Keogan of Notre Dame? It was recalled that, for many years, the Crowe family had at least one representative on the Notre Dame basketball team, and no member of the family let down the Crowe tradition for efficiency on the floor.

"I haven't seen any Crowe listed in their lineup," said Mr. Irish. "Maybe that's the trouble. You know, George Keogan had a touch of heart trouble and went up to the Mayo Clinic for an examination. They told him he could go on coaching basketball if he promised not to get too excited."

In that case the doctors should have warned the team, behind the coach's back, not to play any close games.

### Bisecting an Angle

"I wouldn't know about that," said Mr. Irish, "but I was wondering whether or not your mathematical friend at North Carolina, Professor Henderson, had warned you that the Tarheels were dropping in to play Fordham in the Garden and"—

Not a word, not a line from the Chapel Hill biographer of George Bernard Shaw and the pal of Dr. Albert Einstein in wandering on mathematical wings through Time and Space. Evidently he had plotted this as a surprise attack. It could be that Professor Henderson himself had worked up diagrams for efficient moves on the court against Fordham. If so, Fordham is in for it and may be disintegrated. Watch out, everybody!