

with the conventional 10-foot hoops now in use. It seems the ball makes a higher arch and comes down at a better angle.

It's hard to get serious about Mr. Allen's cage views for the simple reason that no one else will, but when he turns that

ing a game. He favors doing it on the basis of research and facts. In that he is not only 100% right but way ahead of his field.

Allen, incidentally, regrets the removal of the center jump from basketball. He liked the old system which gave fans and players alike a few seconds of relaxation after baskets were made. Now that the jump is gone he doesn't think it will ever return. But in the same breath he rips out the belief that basketball has been ruined as a scientific sport and converted into mob footraces which wind up with players and spectators alike so limp they can't leave the place until their nerves have settled. His point is that defense is no longer a part of the game. He's partly right, although Franklin high reached the state finals more on defense than it did on offense.

\* \* \*

What gripes Allen most is that the cage fathers won't try his 12-foot basket idea. He doesn't suggest it for high schools, only for colleges. The tragic part of the whole thing is that Allen is probably right in his conviction that basketball would again become a game of skill and finesse rather than a footrace. Unfortunately, in the days of yore when the game was more deliberate, almost nobody could outsmart Phog. He didn't go for goon centers—unless he had one—but regardless of material he kept beating everybody with such consistency that sheer desperation forced all his coaching mates to line up against him. Now the guy's got something, but every time he starts talking it up with other coaches they start shoving the roses aside to find the hidden gimmick which will again make Allen boss. For that matter, maybe he has one.

Allen's appearance at the Y. affair highlighted what is annually a three-ring circus of sporting awards and honors since it climaxes the Y. M. C. A. sports year and brings into the limelight all and sundry of the champs in Gurney Day's muscle factory. The list is long and each titleholder has been publicized here before at the time of reaching the championship peak.

So for the purposes of this record, suffice it to say that Craven Shuttleworth served as toastmaster; Orville Rennie was song leader; Ira Carrithers spoke on the salient points in connection with the fact that this is the centennial year for Y. M. C. A.; Horace G. "Cap" Hedges presented the awards; and special music was dished out by Doris Newman.

Special commendation should go to the men behind the scenes who arranged the banquet and brought Dr. Allen to Cedar Rapids. The affair fittingly celebrated the 100th year of Y. M. C. A. history. Don Isett headed the committee on arrangements, Russ Landis was the ticket chairman and peddled them all. And back of the scenes was Gurney Day, working for almost two months to make the show the success it was.