

Whether or not it is at Grover's Corners or at Bennie's Corners the comedy-drama of youth goes on. It happened to be at Bennie's Corners where the young boy Naismith found that necessity was really the mother of invention.

Dr. Naismith's 189-page book, Basketball, is an entertaining historical story of the game. To all lovers of basketball it should furnish a happy and a profitable evening's entertainment.

It is more than this. It is a charming though modest autobiography of a modest man, told with a unique naivete which sprang from the soul of the narrator.

One June day in 1926 I sat with Dr. Naismith under a spreading Canadian Maple at Bennie's Corners in Almonte, Canada. Here I met Uncle Peter who reared young Naismith. I even saw the casket which Uncle Peter, after the fashion of Canada's frugal pioneers in their northern woods, had skillfully built and polished so that it would be in readiness for the time which would inevitably overtake him. Of late, Uncle Peter had taken to sleeping in his casket--perhaps to get accustomed to it.

It was a rare privilege to find Dr. Naismith at the source of his nativity.

A man who could claim that group of contemporaries for friends could not have been an ordinary man: Robert Tait McKenzie, Dr. Luther Gulick, his classmates, Amos Alonzo Stagg and a host of others. From them, as well as from his genteel origins, he learned the manners of a gentleman and the glories of unselfish achievement.