

The members at large are Col. L. McC. Jones of the U. S. Military academy, Norton Prichett of the University of Virginia, Dean L. K. Neidlinger of Dartmouth, Prof. H. C. Willett of U. S. C., Prof. L. W. St. John of Ohio State, Dr. Harry A. Scott of Rice and Capt. John E. Whelchel of the U. S. Naval academy.

Its executive committee is composed of our own President T. J. Davies of Colorado College, Prof. William B. Owens of Stanford, Ogden D. Miller of Yale, Prof. Karl E. Leib of Iowa U., Wilbur C. Smith of Tulane and Clarence P. Houston of Tufts.

Asa S. Bushnell of Princeton is its acting director.

Mighty men—mighty names, these!

This association has a creed—a code to which every basketball coach in every one of its schools subscribes.

I quote from that creed:

“I believe that the proper administration of this sport (basketball) offers an effective laboratory method to develop in its adherents high ideals of sportsmanship; qualities of co-operation, courage, unselfishness and self-control; **DESIRES FOR CLEAN, HEALTHFUL LIVING**, and respect for wise discipline and authority.

“I believe that basketball has an important place in the general educational scheme and pledge myself to co-operate with others in the field of education to so administer it that its value will never be questioned.”

SURELY none of the gentlemen named above, or anyone else, will be so bold as to say that the experiences—remember, we are leaving “Phog” Allen completely out of this picture—of the Rocky Mountain participants in N. C. A. A. activities in New York, tended to, as the creed puts it, “develop—a desire (on the part of college boys) **FOR CLEAN, HEALTHFUL LIVING.**”

What, may I ask, were the “dicks” doing guarding their doors?

Why were the telephones cut off?

Here’s one the N. C. A. A. can’t walk away from.

IT MAKES not one iota of difference, the way we see it, what may or may not have occurred in the past, relative to the “throwing” of games. If, under the setup, as described, not by Allen, but by the sympathetic Carver in his article of this date—his picture of the scene at Madison Square, with the Broadway mob dominating that scene—games have not already been “thrown” the greater the surprise.

Who are these kids who have to be guarded, by detectives, in their hotel rooms; whose telephones have to be served; who, despite this, receive calls offering them money? Go back to the colleges from which they came. Many—the great majority, I would say—are what can best be called “poor men’s sons.” “Rich men’s sons,” for the most part, do not attend the colleges whose teams, over the years, have played in Madison Square, and the big money tournaments. Many—a great, great many—are boys working their way thru school. We’ve been into that before, out here. We can name names, for anybody who wants them, of boys, playing on college teams, within our own Big Seven conference, who have gone into contests actually hungry. We know kids who have lived, thru athletic seasons, when they could not devote time to jobs and still keep their places on the athletic units, who lived on hamburgers—and there were times when they didn’t have the price of even these.