

It stands as a monument, indeed, to American youth—to American college youth—that boys so situated have had the qualities which have given them the courage to face the temptations which admittedly surround them in the atmosphere as described—not by Allen, remember, but by Carver.

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EVERYBODY is praiseful of Ned Irish and for all he has done for basketball. This New York sports writer did, without doubt, put the cage game on “the big time” as it has been stated. It is very “big time” now—a regular circuit in which college boys are used as performers in a series of stands, exactly as are touring professionals, theatrical companies and such. This circuit extends outward from the Garden to Buffalo and Philadelphia—towns in which the visitors to the Garden are built up for their Broadway appearance.

But that isn't college athletics.

If Madison Square and its branches want to run this kind of a show then let Madison Square set up a pro league, just as football has set up its pro league.

Then let basketball, as does football and baseball, have its czar, capable of handling the New York situation.

Personally this department is not concerned in the slightest with Allen's charge that “**GAMES ALREADY HAVE BEEN THROWN.**” The past, in that respect, is the past. I hope and trust that Ned Irish will not release the names demanded by him, and according to the news associations, supplied by Allen. This would do no good whatever.

What is needed is for the gentlemen named above to sit down in council right now, as the 1944-45 season approaches, and do the only honest, decent thing basketball—college basketball—can do.

Give the game back to the colleges—and the college kids.

Let Madison Square, if it wants to, set up its pro league as did football, and before it baseball.

I, for one, wouldn't want a kid of mine being kissed by a New York gambler who just won \$15,000 on his basket—nor would I want that kid living thru his pregame hours in rooms around which it was necessary to throw cordons of detectives with severed telephone connections, and men coming to doors asking “how much?” to throw the contest.

A little honesty—athletic honesty—by the men at the head of N. C. A. A. and the basketball scandal of 1944 will be forgotten.

Failure to act and the things “Phog” Allen predicts will happen as sure as today is Monday.
