

"My associations in basketball brought me in contact with basketball players from every part of the country and I HAVE KNOWN ABOUT THESE GAMES BEING 'FIXED' FOR QUITE SOME TIME NOW.

"MIND YOU, IT ISN'T THE COLLEGES OR THE COACHES OR THE PROMOTERS WHO FIX THESE GAMES. IT IS THE PLAYERS THEMSELVES . . .

"I believe it is high time that college basketball as played in the Garden be investigated.

"I CAN NAME THE PLAYERS WHO GAVE ME THIS INFORMATION AND THE TEAM THEY PLAYED ON."

Greenberg concluded his letter by saying:

"If you are ever interested, contact me."

Well, sir, what is Mr. Asa Bushnell, the high commissioner of the N. C. A. A., and all the directors of the N. C. A. A.'s basketball committee waiting for?

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IF EVER there was a direct offer, that's it. There are no "ifs," "ands" or "buts" to that one. "I know," writes Greenberg. "I know," he writes, "out of my experience in basketball." "I can," he adds, "name players and their teams." "I'll do so," he says, "if you want me to."

Language just couldn't be stronger, or more to the point, than that. It is a challenge—a challenge to the colleges and universities of the land who, year in and year out, lend the boys sent to their keeping to a private promotion which, no matter how well run within itself, is, according to these charges, the last place in all the land for a college kid to be playing.

"It is not," writes Greenberg, "the promoters, the colleges or the coaches who fix games."

That is exactly what "Phog" Allen charged in the first place.

Nobody, in all this storm of charge and counter-charge, ever so much as hinted that Madison Square Garden was anything but on the dead level. In fact, Ev Shelton, Wyoming coach, came up with the story of how Irish himself came to him, and to Elton Davis, Wyoming's athletic director, and warned them against the New York gambling element. Shelton said guards were placed around the kids' rooms. For some un-understandable reason Irish undertook to deny any such warnings, only to be met with a statement by Vadal Peterson, coach of Utah U., the present N. C. A. A. champions, who told of a gambler coming to the Indians' rooms, and there asking how much it would take to "throw" that night's title contest.

Peterson sent the man spinning.

Apparently all New York gamblers, however, have not met the fate of the man who approached Peterson. Not if Greenberg knows what he is talking about—and he begins his letter to his home town sports editor by saying he does know—and would not be talking if he couldn't back up his knowledge with proof.

"I," writes Greenberg, "will furnish that proof if you ask for it."

It appears the next move is up to the N. C. A. A. and its basketball committee.

Silence—further silence—is only hurting one of America's greatest sports.

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DENVER cage fans were given assurance, Monday night, of one of the greatest—perhaps the greatest—basketball season in the region's history. The Victory league met, approved its schedule, which will get under way at Mammoth Garden on Dec. 11, continuing thru until almost National tournament time.

A call was sent out for officials in this area, Victory League Commissioner Arlie Beery asking any competent basketball officials, now located in this area, to contact him. An increased fee was voted for officiating this year. Beery can be contacted at his home, 1836 South Franklin street.

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MEMBERS of the D. U. Quarterback club, in meeting Monday, joined with the D. U. exploitation committee, composed of Bob Selig, Roger Rambeaux and Don Cowell, in giving Head Coach and Athletic Director "Cac" Hubbard a "vote of confidence in all matters athletic." The joint bodies addressed a letter to D. U.'s board of trustees asking that body to join them.

The gesture was in support of Hubbard's recent slap at the Big Seven conference—and you can look for things to happen, and soon.