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January 4, 1938.

Mr. George J. Johnson,
345 North Walcott,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

Dear Mr. Johnson:

This will acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 23rd ultimo inquiring about my attitude regarding the elimination of the center jump. I am sending you an excerpt from my new book on basketball, "Better Basketball", which is just off the press of the McGraw-Hill Book Company, of New York.

This was written last summer concerning the probable effects of eliminating the center jump. You can see by this article that I have written that I still think basketball has enough thrills to enthrall her followers.

And so far as the argument which is brought out in your postscript is concerned, that the fans would leave the country's fieldhouses in droves should the center jump be re-introduced, I might say that last year was the biggest year that basketball ever had so far as spectator attendance was concerned. So, from my angle of reasoning, I do not believe the postscript holds much logical argument.

I would not want to be quoted on this statement because it might cause some reflection on the Pacific Coast games, but here is my analysis why the Pacific Coast has been so strong for the tipless game of basketball. Out west football is king, and just after the New Year's game out on the coast it is not surprising to see blazing banner streamers across the front pages of some of the sheets making a statement something like this: Only 270 more days until the next football game on the Golden Coast!

It sounds like a bargain counter shoppers alluring ad. So the Golden Coast people, being so enamored of football, put it up to the basketball group to hockeyize basketball to attract attention. By eliminating the center jump, they made it the rambling, scrambling, fire-wagon game, sans finesse and adroit playing. Outside of Mr. Luisetti and one or two other boys, the coast players admittedly are not up to the caliber of sections where the game has been played year in and year out.

Sam Barry, of course, came from the Big Ten, and stimulated basketball on the coast. John Bunn played his last year here under me in 1920, and was then my freshman coach and assistant coach until he went to Stanford nine years ago.