

often means extra dividends at the end.

New Rules, New Game

Harry Levine, who once ran for Classical and later dipped his bill into the rich educational viands offered by the university of Kansas, dropped into this cultural center the other day to tell of the new face Phog Allen was planning to paint on the game of basketball.

Levine's attitude toward races incidentally, was the same as that of a moralist toward skirts—the longer the better. A mile meant no more to him than a stroll across the avenue. When he got up to about five miles he felt as much at home as an English heavyweight on his back. His most notable dash, I understand, was a romp after a holdup man which ended with a flying tackle near the Item building while police bullets buzzed around him like flies over a fish head.

Harry knew Allen well at Kansas and has him correctly tabbed as the most progressive net coach in the business, with the possible of Frank Keaney of Rhode Island State, who would like to see the game opened up like an appendicitis victim.

In his private capacity, rather than as chairman of the national basketball research committee, Allen seeks to cut half an inch from the circumference of the ball so it will get through the opening of the basket more easily; wants to raise the baskets to 12 feet and also yearns to take some of the air and bounce out of the leather bubble so that it won't pop out of the basket like an oath from a golfer.

But that's all mossbacked, conservative stuff compared to the new Allen version of basketball demonstrated at the Boston Y the other day. The game is played on a circular court with one basket—in the middle. Teams can consist of five or more men, and since the ball seldom goes out of bounds on the circular court the game is faster than a snappy comeback.

Just to make it more confusing there are two zones on the floor and a shot from the back zone counts an additional point. If that sounds clear, one of us is smarter than I suspected.

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