

President Edwards address Cont'd.

Upon his introduction to Saint Peter he immediately outlined these plans and amplified them with a theory which resulted in screens that became blocks. But the kind old guardian of the entrance dashed his hopes with the announcement that there are no basketball players nor any game equipment in heaven. Only in Hades could these be found.

It was a dejected coach who wrestled with this problem. He wanted to fulfill an ambition to be an angel, but couldn't imagine spending an eternity without a chance to be in contact with his favorite pastime. Temptation was too great, though, and he reluctantly requested a leave of absence for investigation. His wishes were granted and the coach was transported to the regions below.

There he was met by Satan with open arms and with the information that earth held no courts as fine as his. The coach was escorted to the finest indoor basketball stadium he had ever seen, where lighting, ventilation and spectator accommodations were perfect. He trod on the smooth floor and found that it passed his most exhaustive tests for traction, resiliency and uniformity. A tour of the dressing rooms showed every detail perfectly planned.

A sense of returning strength to his old legs aroused a desire to try a new shooting form he had devised, so he begged for a suit and shoes. Before the uniform could be issued, however, he was required to sign a permanent enrollment form which prevented any chance to return to the heavenly league. This he did quickly because the place looked ideal to him. Donning a neat uniform and lacing on a pair of exquisite shoes he trotted onto the floor.

"Hand me a ball," he cried. "I have a hunch I can hit from mid-floor with my eyes closed."

"Well," grinned his Satanic majesty with his famous smile, "that's the hell of it. We have no basketballs here."

Some of our deliberation today and tomorrow will touch upon the construction of basketballs, and it might be well for us to remember that while such an article can't even be found in hell, its absence would certainly be a calamity.

Every year we have found it true and proper to describe the condition of our game in statements which are becoming rather trite. We say either, "Basketball is growing by leaps and bounds," or "Basketball has just seen its most successful season." Again we can join in this chorus, for while other activities may have felt the effects of a recession, we have been kept busy trying to care for an ever increasing demand for our sport.

Unquestionably, the major portion of the credit for this widespread and ever-growing appeal belongs to the game itself. Nevertheless, we can claim no small share of the credit since it is through the labors of the coaches and officials that players are taught properly and games conducted efficiently so that attractive, dramatic and pleasing contests result. While we are patting ourselves on the back, though, we must beware of the pitfalls which accompany self-adulation.