

It is my honest conviction that we play better basketball in the East. Before those of you west of the Big Muddy start slinging those rocks at my window, let me insert a word of explanation. It is my opinion that if the Western boys were taught the Eastern style of play, they would be well nigh unbeatable.

The outstanding contribution by Western basketball players to their sleeker, if slower, brethren in the East is the one hand shot. When used by a tall player (and when a Western coach gets a player under 6'3", he farms him out to the chess team), this shot is absolutely unstopable. The greatest exponent of the shot (merely because he practiced throwing it thousands upon thousands of times) was that dark visaged scourge from Stanford, Hank Luisetti.

Before the invasion of the Palo Alto Indians, I taught my boys never to shoot for the basket with one hand unless they were directly under the hoop. The penalty for heaving the ball wildly was being withdrawn from the game and relegated to the bench. Along came Luisetti and boom! went a Long Island winning streak.

I told my boys after the game that Luisetti had just had a "hot" night, but that the way we were playing the game was the right way.

I might have kept them convinced, except that Stanford came back the next year, and once again an L.I.U. winning streak was just a memory. After that second evening of proof there was no sense in trying to explain away the one hand shot. So we picked it up and used it.

In return, we have seen a few of the Western teams take our set shot method of offense and pack it in their bags along with their sweat shirts, sneakers, and knee guards.

Baseball claims the copyright on the phrase "national pastime", but basketball is the sport that deserves the title. What other pastime can boast (a) that it is the only sport which America originated, and (b) that it has 20,000,000 players and 80,000,000 paid admissions annually?

THE BOY FRIEND

My Hooper doesn't get much out of school,
He thinks Aquinas is some kind of drink,
I really don't believe the poor dam school
Can use his brain machinery to think;
I told him about Socrates one day
And in the middle of my speech he said:
"I never heard of him. Where does he play?"
Some girls were listening, and was I red!

I think his head is one big basketball
With nothing much but air on the inside.
It doesn't seem to register at all,
In fact he does his thinking with his hide;
His parents think that he's a clever kid
But they have never probed beneath his lid.

T.E.B.
