

# Let's Elevate Basket

By WILL CONNOLLY

Continued from Page 1H

any other field of sports they would be tied up like a pretzel.

Elevating the basket to 12 feet would not work a hardship on the short or medium sized cager because he must shoot upward anyhow, and would reduce the unfair advantage that a string bean enjoys not by ability but by a quirk of nature.

We confess we are prejudiced against longfellows. They always seem to take their station directly in front of us at parades, fires and auto accidents.

No other sport puts such an outlandish premium on height as basketball, and we think it is high time for us short, paunchy citizens to organize against mezzanine floor Peeping Toms.

Already tall men have a national organization called the "Longfellows' Association, Ltd.," whose object is to lobby for longer beds and sheets in hotel rooms and more lengthy accommodations in Pullman berths so they may stretch their legs.

Even left-handed golfers have their private annual tournament designed to take care of their misfortune, so we don't see why short men and men of regulation U. S. Army height should not form a social club to bring basketball down to their size, or at least beyond reach of lanky galoots.

We cannot understand why John Bunn, basketball coach emeritus of Stanford, won't join our club. John is dead set against lifting the basket two feet, a puzzling attitude inasmuch as John is one of us and couldn't reach the upper four vest buttons on California's Biggerstaff, Ogilvie and Chalmers without standing on a chair.

Selected shorts:

"Black Jack Jerome's El Cer-

rito dog track has the distinction of running the longest and shortest race meetings in greyhound history . . . About five years ago it ran 350 days . . . the recent meeting lasted 12 days, courtesy of Earl Warren . . . Most spectacular event at Santa Anita was not the Hundred Grander but the community flower pick in the infield on getaway day . . . Doc Strub, himself an amateur gardener, invited Los Angeles citizens to pluck the blooms but spare the plants . . . women came with gunny sacks and there were more people harvesting the petunias than watching the horses . . . New York doesn't know what to make of the "no-name" boxing show at the Garden last Friday night, which drew 13,435 customers, \$31,802 cash . . . palookas of local reputation made up the card, there being not one national figure . . . Easy to explain—it was St. Patrick's night . . . Slip Madigan is excited about an obscure new rule, not known to many, which requires broader bases on cone football cleats . . . it was put in to prevent the sly Eastern practice of unscrewing cleats and exposing steel spikes for muddy fields . . . broad cone cleats will slow down sharp cutting halfbacks on spongy bermuda turf common on Coast, Slip fears . . . He's thinking of returning to old fashioned square leather cleats . . . any conceit the visiting international polo players might have had that they were the whole show at Golden Gate Park was dissipated when Announcer Mannocir invited customers to inspect the ponies at half time . . . The crush around the trim animals was terrific, which supports our point the ponies ought to be rated handicap goals as well as their riders.

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