

"We break fast whenever we can," said Piggy. "We have no set system of passing the ball going down the floor. We do drill on getting the ball down and in such drills we develop reactions and playing habits.

"How the passes go depends on reactions. If necessary Purdue is always prepared to go into a set formation offense. But these set formations are different from many in that they feature the initiative of guards.

"We use our guards cutting a great deal when forwards are set up on either side. They may meet the ball or get in from behind after a fake. They have to meet the ball to get a block. When a coach must define the path of his players he leaves no room for initiative. Teams that play Purdue have to guard our players as individuals or go into some form of a zone defense."

Well, that was the way Piggy explained it. The Purdue boys have lost three games this year. Why? Well, they miss that center they had last year, a boy named Fisher. Do you remember how he camped around those backboards? No one seems to be doing that successfully this year. And that Purdue defense, so they tell me, isn't as air tight as it has been. It's a little early though to start taking over Piggy's job. I'd rather wait awhile and see how things come out when they go into that pressure program during February.

LITTLE ORPHAN DANNY

To know that some one really cares
That's meant the world to me--
To see him smile when I do well,
To feel he winced the time I fell,
That's why I fight for him like, well,
It's not just victory.

To know the kids can understand
Just what he means to me--
To hear them whisper in the gym,
"The coach sure thinks a lot of him;
No wonder Danny keeps in trim"--
It fills my heart with glee.

The others have their Moms and Dads
To cheer them on each night--
He sort of watches out for me,
And some day when its got to be,
That HE needs one more victory--
Just watch young Danny fight!

Then when my high school days are spent
Somehow I hope I'll find--
Some way to tell him he's the one,
Who had a right to call me son,
Who turned my burdens into fun--
This coach, I'll leave behind.

J.V.A.