



# KEANEY'S COURIERS

BY KYLE CRICHTON

Rhode Island State basketball players believe the best thing to do with the ball is get rid of it. That (plus a smart coach) accounts for their high scoring rate of nearly two points a minute

THE gentleman is a pudgy, bumbling little fellow named Keaney. On a clear day at a distance of three miles, he would still look Irish. From appearances he might be a curate, a man who runs a tobacco shop, a public accountant. Instead of that, he is a figure of some prominence in the athletic world. He is coach of the Rhode Island State basketball team and he has his detractors. One of them is a sports writer on a Providence paper.

"Don't talk to me about *that* old buzzard," said this individual bitterly. "He's making a joke of the game."

This was after the first Brown game last year, when Rhode Island rolled up eighty-nine points and was merely coasting at the end.

"If he hadn't taken out his first team, it could just as easily have been a hundred and fifty," said the envenomed scribe, and added, "I'm not exaggerating."

What Mr. Keaney—Mr. Frank W. Keaney—seems to have done is take the basketball rules makers at their word. They wanted the game speeded up; his teams have turned it into a steeplechase. They wanted more scoring; his teams score so fast and so often that in several contests the scoreboards were literally unable to register the totals. In an attempt to get to the bottom of the Keaney success, we questioned our Providence informant on how Rhode Island did it.

"They cover the court like an invasion of Japanese beetles," he said, admiringly bitter. "That's how they do it."

Further investigation has established that the Rhode Island scoring splurges have not merely resulted from the new rules—the elimination of the center jump, the passing-in of the ball after a basket has been shot. Keaney's teams have been in the point-a-minute class for ten years. Last season they boosted it almost to the two-point-a-minute level. There are Rhode Island adherents who insist that the possibilities of

scoring under the Keaney system haven't been touched. Our Providence friend agrees with that.

"I don't say that they can maintain a four-point-a-minute average during a season, although that is not beyond the realm of possibility, but they certainly can manage it for certain games."

He paused a minute after this and then continued:

"When that day arrives I hope to be a member of a posse of nauseated spectators chasing Keaney through the bogs of the Narragansett Bay area with hounds," he said.

Just how far basketball can be pushed in the direction of big scores has not been determined. The advocates of the slick-passing, clever-maneuvering game are horrified by the helter-skelter tendency of the new game. But there are certain old-timers who feel that Keaney is the best thing to come along since the game was changed.

"Give him two more years and they'll go back to the old rules from shame," they predict.

Stories about Rhode Island teams had been coming down to New York for years, being none too gratefully received by metropolitans, who have a great abhorrence for yokels with records. They kept their fingers firmly clamped to

High scorer on a high-scoring team is Rhode Island's Stanley Modzelewski (with ball). His four-year total is 1,457 points. Others in play: Niemczura (No. 15), Donabedian and Applebee

their noses until Rhode Island came into Madison Square Garden last year and proceeded to run up thirty-seven points in the first half against a good St. Francis team, while the spectators stood on their ears and screamed. New York had never seen anything like it, thus bearing out the Keaney belief that, just as Babe Ruth and the rabbit ball revolutionized baseball, Rhode Island and its firemen would bring basketball to fruition.

Amid the ecstasy there were experts who had watched the exhibition intently. They were as interested as the spectators but for another reason.

"That isn't new basketball at all," they said. "That's the oldest game of all—with a shot of adrenalin."

They saw that what Keaney had done was restore the direct approach to the game. After years of boresome discussion and application of figure-eight offensives, delayed offensives, man-in-the-slot offensives, Rhode Island had

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**Above, left to right: Suede-finish hat with narrow matching band. Khaki campus hat, dark green band, contrasting silk edge. Gray-green shade with narrow silk band and binding. Dark green pork pie, band of lighter green**

**Below: For active sports, a water-repellent pork pie. Eyelets for ventilation, stitched brim. Standard for fishing, golf, rainy days. Below, right: Modern version of ancient Swiss mountain hat with cord band and brush, a specialty suitable for campus and country only**

THE average guy forms a sentimental attachment for a particular hat, for no particular reason, and you just can't heckle him out of it. Yet no other single item in a man's wardrobe can contribute more to his appearance—good or bad—than a hat.

Pick your hat to suit the proportions of your head and face. If you have a long, narrow face the best match is a hat with crown slightly lower than average. If you have a round, full face, the brim shouldn't be too wide. Simply adjust crown height and brim width to your particular type of dome and there isn't any type of hat you can't wear.

You'll choose a becoming shade, of course, but about all you have to remember is that gray hats may

be worn with any color of clothing except brown; brown hats go well with any suit.

Your hat responds to fair treatment. Grasp it fore and aft when putting it on and ease it down slowly to preserve its shape. Don't grab it by the crown dents—your fingers eventually may dig in the crown what the trade calls a "Harvard hole." When you check it in public don't let the check girl sandwich it in a pile of others—oil and sweat can seep through. Instead of placing it flat when you take it off, turn it over so it rests on one side of the brim and crown.

If you have been caught in the rain and your hat is soaked, push all creases out of the crown, turn the brim up all around and pull out the sweatband. Let

