

# BOXSCORE

President	William Ervin	T. H. Wiley 1957
Pres. Elect	Roger Robison	Frankfort 1954
Secretary	Ruth White	Roachdale 1950
Treasurer	Bob Whalen	Crawfordsville 1943
Editor	Harley Sheets	Lebanon 1954

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Boxscore is the quarterly publication of The Indiana High School Basketball Historical Society, which was founded in 1994 by A. J. Quigley, Jr. (1943-1997) and Harley Sheets for the purpose of documenting and preserving the history of Indiana High School Basketball.

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Other notes: Those who already have tickets and still plan to attend the get-together, should let Harley know so that the amount of food to be ordered can be estimated. As this newsletter goes to press 7 of the 20 tickets have been reserved. There should be no problem obtaining tickets, but if you want to set with the group, get your order in as soon as possible.

### Last Meeting

On December 31, 2000 our winter meeting was held at Mogger's Restaurant in Terre Haute, between games of the final session of the reinstated Wabash Valley Tournament

Nine members and two guests braved the snow and ice and enjoyed some good conversation and food.

In the absence of all regular officers Harley Sheets called the meeting to order. He told us that Roger Robison had confirmed that the spring meeting would be at the Indianapolis Athletic Club on March 24th, between sessions of the state finals.

Harley stressed the need for articles by different members and was open to any suggestions and criticism. He also stated that the Indiana Historical Society had contacted him about telling of our organization in their public relations materials. He will send them and the Indiana State Library our newsletter. The brief meeting was closed and Mike McCormick gave a history of the restaurant, formerly the Terre Haute Brewing Company.

For those who missed the meeting at Mogger's, you can read about the history of the restaurant and the Terre Haute Brewing Co. in the Antique Weekly (February 26, 2001- pages 10&11).

Another nice twist to the event was that IHSBHS member, Dean Kendall sold twelve of his voluminous books that he compiled on the Wabash Valley Tournament.

### Next Meeting

- Date: March 24, 2001
- Time: Immediately after first session
- Location: Indianapolis Athletic Club, 350 N. Meridian (SW quadrant of North Meridian & Vermont Streets)
- Tickets: A block of 20 tickets have been reserved for members and guests wishing to attend. The price is \$15.00 per ticket (includes both sessions). Make checks payable to Harley Sheets and send to 635 S. State Rd. 39, Danville, IN 46122 with SASE. Phone: 317-745-6788. Fax: 317-745-5868. The tickets will be meted out on a first come first serve basis.

### Mawbey Becomes A 500 Club Member

It was an oversight on the editor's part that IHSBHS member and longtime Indiana high school basketball coach, Basil Mawbey was not recognized and commended when he ascended to the 500 win plateau earlier this season.

Shortly after this rare achievement I received a communique from Roger Robison. In it was enclosed a letter from new member, James Martin, along with an article from the Kokomo Tribune (12/3/00).

Martin's letter was highly complimentary of Mawbey. It stated that when Basil was hired at Kokomo in 1987, the program was going nowhere and within three years the Wildkat's were state runners-up (1989). It also mention how Basil missed most of the 1991-92 season, having had open heart surgery at St. Vincent's in Indy. In reading between the lines of Martin's letter, he seems to be very proud of the fact that he was on the Kokomo school board when they hired Deedsville's finest.

See Basil - Page 6

### From The President

Having been grandpaw(ing) in Colorado I missed the winter meeting (December 30th) at Mogger's during the revisiting of the Wabash Valley Tournament.

Ruth White reported that the tournament was great and that the history presentation by Mike McCormick was scintillating good.

As previously noted, our March meeting is to be held at the Indianapolis Athletic Club. It will be on the 24th, between the two sessions of the state tournament. At the meeting, in accord with Section D (Item 1-e) of our bylaws, a written yearly financial statement will be presented to the president or president-elect to be read to the membership. Board members will also be installed.

At the last board meeting, board members discussed setting more permanent dates for our quarterly meetings and if we wanted to continue have four quarterly meetings. Also, when do we want to have entertainment and not have entertainment.

It's been suggested that the summer and fall meetings be held in Lafayette and the Logan-Kokomo area. More discussion on the 24th.

The board looks forward to regular member input on these and other matters which concern the IHSBHS. See you in March.

William Ervin

### Some Requests

At the September 2000 board meeting it was suggested that we request stories from readers in two separate categories. Any submitted material in these categories will be given rapid priority for publication in the newsletter. The first category is entitled *The Greatest Game I Ever Saw*.

The classic for many years was the 81-80 victory by Crispus Attucks over Anderson in the 1981 Indianapolis regional final. This game has recently been recreated in a book by Professor Randy Roberts of Purdue entitled, *But They Can't Beat Us* (1999, Indiana Historical Society). The publication profiles Oscar Robertson and the Crispus Attucks Tigers.

We would be interested in hearing a first hand account from any readers who actually saw this game. Also, there is the famous Ray Pavy - Jimmy Rayl shoot-out at the Church Street Gym in New Castle that some of you may have seen. And there are surely hundreds of others.

The second category of great stories that we would like to solicit is *Games During Great Blizzards*. There have been others besides 1978 and 1979. We would, also, like to hear about the conditions and survival techniques.

The following by Roger Robison, and Mike McCormick's story on page 3 are examples of each.

### The Deep Freeze Game of 1927 by Roger Robison

On Friday night January 14th, within Clinton County, the Michigantown Ganders were unable to get through a snow storm to Antioch for a game with Jackson Twp. Just to the north, Rochester was able to get to Logansport in Cass County where they absorbed a 22-64 defeat from the Berries in their new gym. The Logan varsity was now 11-0. Their coach, Clifford Wells, had three teams in action for 1927 (A, B and C units) and their combined record was 31-0.

The next day (the 15th), Wells' juggernaut was to travel to Clinton County to play the Frankfort Hot Dogs whom they had never beaten.

That Saturday the Logansport paper reported an overnight temperature of 19 below zero. Deep and drifting snow covered railroad tracks and highways. All buses and trains were immobilized! About 38 miles separate Frankfort and Logansport. The Berry Armada, nonetheless, shipped out of Logan around 3:45 PM, which was rather late considering the weather. They cruised the 31 miles to Michigantown, arriving at about 4:45, but one mile west of there and still six miles from Frankfort, the bus got stuck in a drift. The team went to a farmhouse to get warm.

Made aware of their plight, Frankfort's coach, Everett Case asked for volunteers to go to Michigantown to dig the bus out. Case figured that this was as good of a time to play them as he was going to get. The Hot Dog fans rushed out to M'town with shovels and had extracted the bus from the snow by 9 PM. The high school band entertained those who remained in Howard Hall awaiting the start of the game. The frozen Berries arrived to start the prelin at about 9:30. Logan's unbeaten B team won handily 29-18. The Logan A team had been winning by 15 to 30 points. Case had been quoted as saying that this wasn't going to happen to him. He planned to hold the score down by using well-known but unpopular stalling tactics. The previous season Case had stalled at Bedford to try and get them out of their zone defense. The Bedford fans pelted the Hot Dogs with candy bars, almost causing a riot. Frankfort lost the game.

This varsity game started at 10:45. Frankfort controlled the tip. As the Logan players rushed to their defensive positions to set up the zone. Frankfort's team retreated to the opposite end. Eventually Logan came out to contest for the ball and FHS scored 4 points. But within the first 10 minutes of the first half, after many stratagems the Berries gained a 7-6 advantage. Frankfort won the ensuing tip and again retreated to stall. Since Logan was in the lead they allowed the Dogs to hold the ball for the final 10 minutes of the half. Up to this point no one had seen the delay game used this long.

To start the second half, Logan got the tip. They now retreated to the Frankfort goal and held the ball. Four minutes later a Logan player traveled. Frankfort then stalled an additional 11 minutes. Neither team had taken a shot for 25 minutes. With 5 minutes to go Case signaled for his guys to go into action. After several passes Downing passed to Percy who was open and his high arching set shot gave Frankfort the lead, 8-7. With two minutes left the Wellsmen controlled the tip and got 3 or four shots, with Williams having two attempts circle the rim and roll off. Downing finally rebounded the ball for the Casemen. Since all of the Logan players were going for the ball no one was back on defense and Downing scored an uncontested goal. Final, Dogs 10 - Berries 7.

The game ended at approximately 11:50 PM. There were no time outs and no substitutions. Logan went scoreless the entire second half. Fights broke out after the game as the loyal Berry fans who had braved the elements were as upset as those in Bedford had been.

Worse yet was the situation for the Berry fans back home. Logansport had a movie house that had an electric score board which was placed on the stage for away games. Next door was a tavern. After some fortification from the subzero weather fans from the tavern joined others at the theater where the movie was stopped and the giant score board was hauled onto the stage. Since Logan had NEVER beaten Frankfort, the fans were ready for blood!

When the board quit flashing after the first 10 minutes everyone thought it was broken. There had been no action transmitted for the last part of the first half, the 10 minute intermission and the

See Stall - Page 5

### NEW MEMBERS

James Martin (3 years)  
Richard & Julie Scully (3 years)  
Reginald Tisdale (lifetime)

For members paying on an annual basis, dues should be paid no later than June 30th of each year. Send payments to treasurer, Bob Whalen. A membership roster will be included in the Fall issue of Boxscore.

## Nebraskans See Wabash Valley Game

By

Mike McCormick

A middle-aged man tapped me on the shoulder. "Who's this playing in the second game?" he inquired.

"Van Buren and Brownsburg," I replied, somewhat disgusted that there was a person in the gym who didn't even know the names of the teams playing.

"I know the names-what I meant is-where is Van Buren and Brownsburg? You see, I'm from Nebraska and while passing through I stopped for dinner at a local restaurant. While there, I overheard some people in the next booth talking over tonight's basketball games."

"Being quite a sports fan," he went on, "I have heard a lot about Indiana high school basketball. So with nothing better to do I found my way over here."

I apologized for the earlier frown and informed him that Brownsburg was a small town [not anymore] southwest of Indianapolis and that Van Buren was a township school just outside of Brazil. He was slightly disappointed that he wasn't going to see two of the larger high school powers in his first glimpse of Hoosier Hysteria, but seemed more interested when I told him that Van Buren had won 17 straight games and that Brownsburg had but one defeat thus far. It was further explained that this was the quarterfinals (final 16) of the Wabash Valley Tournament which is the largest non-state tourney in the country, this year having 110 entrants.

At tip-off time I settled back to watch the game and by the end of the first quarter I had completely forgotten our earlier conversation. At halftime I ran into the Nebraska gentleman again. He was ambling out of the gym, nervously puffing on a newly lighted cigarette. I had joined the throng outside for the same reason. My Nebraska friend recognized me from behind the blue cloud of smoke that my well-used cigarette was producing.

"Man alive," he exclaimed as he approached, "are all high school

basketball games around here like this? If I resided in this state I wouldn't live to be 35!" Brownsburg was nursing a 35-28 lead after one of its players had connected on a 50-footer at the buzzer. I tried to hid my jitters when I answered. "Just wait until the second half."

We began to discuss the various players, coaches and school sizes. I told him that Van Buren was a school with 104 boys and that its coach was "Pete" Chalos [later mayor of Terre Haute, 1980-96] who had compiled a remarkable record coaching at small schools in the Wabash Valley area where limited talent was available. He quickly remarked, "It seems with a 17-0 record, he must have some good material now." To which I fully agreed.

"Take for instance that #55 (Leon Thomas, 6-3 guard)," he said, "why he could play on any team in the Big 8." Then we discussed Van Buren's others regulars, seniors Larry Keyt, Dave Nottrott, Larry Butler and underclassman Dick Ames. We concluded that they were all college material.

Brownsburg also entered our discussion. He wanted to know about #42, Don Krohne, who had tossed in 5 of 7, 20-foot one handers in the second period. It was explained that Krohne was the Bulldogs' second leading scorer. Van Buren had done a fine job of bottling up versatile 6-4 Frank Girt, a great scorer. Girt was the owner of the 50-foot shot ending the first half.

The visitor invited me to sit with him during the second half. Again the game grab my attention. Occasionally, I would glance over to see the friendly Nebraskan intently absorbed in every play of the two unfamiliar teams. The visitor's wife, who I hadn't noticed before was as much involved in the contest as the rest of the frantic fans seated and standing around the floor. Several times she screamed during a fast break maneuver, a stolen pass or a long shot. This, however, was not out of place because she had 3,299 mimics.

After a halftime discussion, Van Buren changed its defense. Successfully using a box zone, the undefeated Blue Devils closed the gap at the end of the third quarter, to 48-49.

I leaned over to ask my new acquaintance if he could sit through another 8 minutes, but he had gotten involved and was talking to some people behind him, so I took a deep breath in anticipation of the final quarter. Brownsburg countered by changing its offense as Girt, usually an under the basket man, started popping them in from 25 feet out. Things looked hopeless for the Blue Devils with 4 minutes remaining as the score read: Brownsburg 61, Van Buren 53.

But then things quickly began to change as Brownsburg coach, Cevert "Bill" Lucas, sent his charges into a deep freeze stall and the strategy backfired. You can imagine the look on the Nebraskan's face when the Blue Devils capitalized on four Brownsburg turnovers with four quick baskets. Of course, I didn't find time to look around, but the screams and yells-his, his wife's and the throng of other fascinated spectators-pounded in my ears. The score was tied -61 all. B'burg had the ball waiting for a last shot. Fans were yelling, I was speechless-30 seconds, 29, 28..... a B'burg player was fouled. Krohne stepped to the line and coolly tossed in two chances. B'burg 63; Van Buren 61.

Fifteen seconds..... 14, 13.... Thomas cut loose with a 20-footer and the nets flew high - 63 all! What happened in the next few minutes couldn't be told here. But when I took my hands from in front of my eyes the score board show the combatants even. Overtime!

I turned to the Cornhusker. He was sitting there as if his minutes were numbered. His right hand was feeling the violent thumping of his heart and sweat streamed down his pale face. He was starry-eyed. I didn't say anything to him, but somehow managed a weak grin to show I understood.

As I returned my eyes to the floor, the referee was tossing the ball in the air. Immediately, Thomas unleashed an 18-footer...swish! Krohne another long one....bullseye! Tied again. With less than a minute left, Ames of Van Buren stepped to the line and smartly gave the Blue Devils the edge, 66-65. Then Bulldog reserve guard, Roger Burcham, retaliated with an unorthodox jump shot.

## Three Little Giants by Harley Sheets

### Mighty Milan

In the 1954 Indiana state basketball tournament the Milan Indians from a small southeastern community, vanquished the mighty Central Bearcats from the much larger city of Muncie.

Much has been penned on this epic event and rightly so. It was an occurrence unprecedented in the basketball annals of the Hoosier State, with the possible exception of Wingate (1913 & 1914) and Thorntown (1915).

The school enrollment at Milan during this time was 162. The population of the town was 1,014\* - Muncie's 58,479.\*

For the benefit of those not familiar with the format of Indiana's state tournament, prior to class-basketball in 1998, there were four rounds. They were in order - sectionals, regionals, semi-states and finals. If a team survived the sectionals they were among the 64 that would compete in the 16 regionals. The 16 regional winners then participated in the 4 semi-states for the privilege of going to Indianapolis to compete in the final four extravaganza.

Prior to 1954 Milan had won but five sectionals, which were instituted in 1915 - Muncie 27. The Bearcats along with the Frankfort Hot Dogs were the only 4 time state champions. Muncie, later added 4 more titles, which at present is the state record.

I surmise that any rational individual reading the aforementioned facts can understand that Milan's achievement in 1954 was maybe not a miracle in the true sense of the word, but without a doubt a monumental feat.

### Enlightenment and Reflection

Recently while talking to Ray Craft, Milan's high scorer in the championship game, he referred to a story in the Cincinnati Enquirer. The article was an overview of the 20th Century's 50 most exciting sport moments in all sports, at

all levels, within a 100 mile radius of the Queen City. It included Milan's conquest of Muncie Central.

As I listened to Ray's comment, my mind reverted to a story I had read about a small high school in Illinois that had mirrored Milan's miracle. Later, I received an article from IHSBHS president-elect Roger Robison about a small Kentucky high school which I thought should be passed on. Both had made a run to glory and both had preceded Milan into their state's spotlight.

### Hebron, Illinois

If you were to look at a map, on the northern border of Illinois, about thirty miles in from Lake Michigan you will find Hebron, the home of the Green Giants. For a town with a population of 696\* and school enrollment of 97, it seemed to me somewhat audacious for them to insert Giants into the school nickname. However, in 1952 the nickname became apropos as these Giants turned all opponents green with envy on their way to Illinois high school basketball immortality.

One might ask how a small community could field a team which was able to achieve this "Impossible Dream". Primarily, two things. First, there lived in Hebron a set of twins - Paul and Phil Judson - who had been starters as freshmen and who grew to be 6-foot-7 as seniors. Secondly, the even smaller town of Alden (pop: 200\*) just four miles to the west was consolidated with Hebron, thus bringing 6-foot-10 William Shulz to town.

Hebron's tournament run although somewhat surprising was not totally unexpected as they had held the #1 state ranking during the regular season, until Crystal Lake handed them their only loss. In their 4 games of the championship round at Champaign they took out the hosts by 9, Lawrenceville by 10, Rock Island by 8 and Quincy by 5 in overtime - all towns with a population of 40,000 or more with the exception of Lawrenceville. But the biggest road-

block had been Elgin (pop: 44,223\*), a two time state champion, in the first round (regional in Illinois) at Elgin. The larger school led for practically the entire game, but Hebron prevailed in the end, 49-47.

An irony in the Elgin win was that Russ Ahern, the Hebron coach, had come from Elgin where he had been an assistant.

After high school the twins, initially, had planned to attend Wisconsin but eventually went to Illinois, where older brother Howie had previously gone.

The book "March Madness - The Story of High School Basketball In Illinois" by Jim Enright concludes the Hebron story this way:

*At Illinois one of the brothers' fellow student athletes was Bruce Brothers, Quincy's best all around player the previous March when the Green Giants' killer instinct dropped the Blue Devils into second place in a fall heard all around the state.*

### Brewers, Kentucky

Being a Hoosier who played basketball at the varsity level and having graduated in 1954, I have always had a soft spot in my heart for the Milan Indians. But the tiny western Kentucky hamlet of Brewers has to be the epitome of a little guy beating the odds, and unbelievably, in a somewhat dominating fashion.

Digest these facts if you will: (1) fifty-three years ago Brewers soared to the summit of Kentucky's high school basketball world with a 36-0 record and none in the Blue Grass State have done it since, (2) the school enrollment of 70 was larger than the town population of fifty-seven\* and (3) their average winning margin against 26 opponents in the regular season was an astronomical 44.2 points per game. Hence, they couldn't have played many worthy

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\*Populations are taken from Compton's 1960 Encyclopedia reflecting the 1950 U.S. census.

## One Hit Wonders

By Bob Whalen

### New Richmond

In 1934, at Crawfordsville in the sectional played at Wabash College, the New Richmond Cardinals won their first and only sectional title in school history.

The previous year they entered this sectional with 14 wins and advanced to the title game before succumbing to Crawfordsville.

The Cardinal coach was Lester Olin. His tenure there started in 1930 and concluded in 1936.

Their best team had probably been assembled in 1914. This year new Richmond advanced to the final 16 before losing to Lebanon, who was eliminated by Wingate, the eventual state champs. Other good years were 1915 and 1920.

The 1934 sectional was a wide open affair as New Market, Wingate, Waveland, Darlington along with the Cardinals had good records. Host, Crawfordsville entered the melee with a 4-14 slate.

After eliminating Linden (23-19) and New Market (28-20), they defeated Darlington (35-24) for the title.

The next week at the regional in Greencastle they were topped by the hosts in a very close game, 28-25.

The starters in this sectional winning year were - Church and Chadwick (forwards), Perry (center), and Jones and Montgomery (guards). The subs were Chrisman, Binns, Simmons & Mennen.

It is believed that New Richmond started playing basketball in 1908. Their last year as New Richmond was in 1953. In 1954 they were consolidated with neighboring foe Wingate to form Coal Creek Central. Students from the area of these two schools now attend North Montgomery High School.

### Coal Creek Central

The new consolidation of Wingate and New Richmond opened in 1954.

The Coal Creek Bearcats went into the 1966 Crawfordsville sectional with a 16-5 record. The best in the eleven year history of the school (later assimilated into the North Montgomery consolidation). The Bearcats' five losses were to New Market (twice), Waveland, Linden and Fountain Central in OT.

In the sectional they took out Crawfordsville, Ladoga and New Ross. Their closet contest being a 10 point victory over New Ross in the title game.

Of the 4 teams in the Covington regional (Bainbridge, Coal Creek, Fowler and Turkey Run), only the Bainbridge Pointers had ever won a regional title, doing so in 1959. This year Bainbridge whacked Fowler, 90-70 and Coal Creek disposed of Turkey Run, 82-75. That evening, led by superstar Larry Steele, who later played for the 1977 NBA champion Portland Trailblazers, Bainbridge overcame the Bearcats, 85-74. The following year (1967) the Pointers advanced to the Final 8, coming within an eyelash of the Final 4. Their coach was Pat Rady, currently at Terre Haute South and a member of the exclusive 500 Win Club of Indiana high school basketball.

Coal Creek's coach was Phil Miller, who was in his first of three years there. He had previously won sectionals at Brook in 1953 and Ligonier in 1962.

The starters for the Bearcats were Rick Stonebraker (a possible relative of Homer Stonebraker, star of Wingate's championship teams in 1913 & 14), Chuck McKnight, Larry Lidester, Lee Fouts and Denny Mennen. Freshman, Rick Haas was the sixth man.

Coal Creek's only other trip to the sectional championship game came in 1969 when they lost to Crawfordsville.

-----The End-----

### Stall - continued from page 2

first 15 minutes of the second half. So sitting there for 35 minutes with no action, the juiced up fans became disenchanting and started trashing the theater. Seats were pulled from their moorings and other projectiles were hurled at the electric score board. By the time the game resumed with 5 minutes to play, neither the fans nor the theater were in any condition to enjoy it.

Case called the strategy the "delayed offense" and there was a ripple effect all the way to both coasts. Scores began plummeting and the ten-second line (1932) became a countermeasure. Although still not in high school, it took the shot clock to alter the stall.

-----The End-----

### Nebraskan - continued from page 3

Brownsburg was ahead again.

It was when Larry Keyt stepped to the free throw line with 15 seconds left in overtime that I wiped the perspiration from my brow. He sank them as if he had nerves of steel. Van Buren; 68 Brownsburg, 67. At the 10 second mark George Johnson, the little Bulldog guard was fouled. The crowd was silent it seemed for an instant, but suddenly broke into an uproar. Johnson's shot... was good. The game was tied and he had another shot coming. Here it was.....good again! Brownsburg by 1!

The Blue Devils had three last chance shots, but none hit the mark. Their winning streak was gone!! Snapped at 17.

The Brownsburg fans went wild as the Van Buren team walked dejectedly and slowly off of the court. They had performed brilliantly, but had been beaten.

It took several minutes for me to regain my composure. When I looked around, I saw the Nebraskan comforting his wife - she was in tears. I walked out of the gymnasium with the couple. All he could say was, "I've never, never, never seen anything like it."

Outside the fieldhouse I shook hands with he and his wife and bid them farewell. They thanked me graciously. What for? .....I don't know. It wasn't until I reached my car, that I remembered I hadn't caught their names. But that didn't bother me. I knew that I would see them again, sometime, somewhere, at an Indiana high school basketball game.

-----The End-----

Editor's note: The game just described took place in the 1959 Wabash Valley Tournament while Mike McCormick, just out of high school, was writing sports for the Terre Haute Tribune. Brownsburg went on to the championship game, before bowing to the Bloomfield Cardinals. Brownsburg at the time had an enrollment of 345. It now enrolls 1,350.

Of interest to me is that Cevert Lucas was my paternal grandfather's first cousin. Both graduated from Advance High School.

Regretfully, Barbara Cavanaugh has resigned as secretary. Her decision was based on these facts. She has not been able to attend some meetings do to her own travels and other commitments. However she intends to remain a member and come to meetings when possible. Ruth White has graciously agreed to serve for the remainder of Barb's term.

Basil - (continued from page 1)

The Kokomo article by Pedro Velasco noted that Mawbey was the 21st coach to ascend to 500 (probably got info from the Associated Press). However, because of a lot of diligent research within the IHSBHS he is most likely the 20th, because Bob Macy, whose totals include college wins should not be included on this list of high school wins only. And if Bill Harrell's and Norm Held's totals which include high school wins in other states were excluded, Basil would stand in at 18th. Following is a list of the IHSBHS's 500 Elite with pure Indiana high school wins only. The totals do not reflect wins accumulated in the 2000-01 season now in progress, but we know that Basil is in and more than likely Jim East will make it. Numbers in parenthesis are games that the IHSBHS has, as of yet, not been able to verify. An asterisk(\*) signifies an active coach.

- 771 Jack Butcher \*
- 723 Howard Sharpe
- 714 Bill Stearman
- 644 Marion Crawley
- 607 Jim Miller
- 581 Cliff Wells
- 575 Pat Rady \*
- 563 Jim Jones \*
- 553 Ward Smith (5)
- 540 Bill Springer
- 526 Gunner Wyman
- 524 John Adams
- 511 Bill Patrick \*
- 511 Alva Staggs
- 507 Tom Goldsberry (38)
- 506 Jim Rosenstihl
- 505 Joe Hinton
- 498 Basil Mawbey \*
- 486 Jim East \*

Two other names that are missing from this list that are included in others are Everett Case (676) whose win total includes games won at North Carolina State and By Hey (549) whose actual total is 456.

Regardless of were Mawbey stands on any given list, he is to be commended for his dedicated service to the game we

hold so dear. Also, for his valiant comeback after open-heart surgery and the excellent job he is doing, this year, at Lewis Cass High School.

It could be that Basil Mawbey may become a trivia question. Who was the first Indiana high school coach to win a basketball state championship in two different classes? "I'm sure that all IHS-BHS members want to wish Mr. Mawbey the very best good fortune in the upcoming tournament." HBS.

-----The End-----

NOTES TO THE EDITOR

From Phyllis Rogge:

Enjoy receiving the "Boxscore" and seeing the names so familiar to me. Wanted to let you know that Chuck Wohlford was responsible for Bill's introduction to the organization and meeting guys as goofy about basketball as he was. What joy the group brought to Bill. Thank you.

*Editor's note: She asked that her new address be noted - 1358 Amanda Court, Wabash, IN 46992.*

From Bill Bueter:

I look forward to reading Boxscore. Have saved every issue for my library.

The December issue paid a nice tribute to Joe Quigley. I still miss his visits, when he stopped either coming home to Indiana or returning to Georgia. We always met at Neil's Place in Sellersburg for a meal, followed by a long basketball talk at home.

*Editors note: When I think of Bill's and Joe's get-togethers, I still have to laugh about the time that Joe left the door to his van open during one of their visits. On leaving Bill's house "Huck" closed the door and went on his way. About 100 miles south he heard a meow. One of Bill's neighbor's cats had stowed away. Joe stopped at the next gas station and called Bill. Bill said he wasn't going to miss the cat so Joe left it at the gas stop and went on his way. Bill said he never heard anything from his neighbor about the missing feline. I can still see the impish smile on Joe's face as he told the story.*

Bart Carter's name was inadvertently omitted from the last edition's list noting those who have transferred from regular to lifetime memberships.

The Barn Burner Trophy

Anyone familiar with Leigh Evans' website (HickoryHusker.com) should know about the trophy. If your not, it's a high school version of the Purdue-I.U. "Old Oaken Bucket". However, it can involve many teams. Old-time fans will recognize the format as similar to the Evansville Press "Dope Bag" traveling trophy. Leigh says, that since our great game has been somewhat fractured by class ball, here at least is a small way that all teams can compete on the same level. This in effect ties all schools, once again, together.

To begin with Leigh decided to give the prize to the winner of the Austin-Crothersville game on November 13, 1998. Since then, 17 additional schools have possesses it, which is accomplished by defeating the team holding it.

I am proud to say that my alma mater (Lebanon) is one of the teams to gain this honor, having been the only school of a lower class (3A) to take it away from a larger class school, Lafayette Jeff (4A). They then lost it to Frankfort by 1 point, on a last second shot by a Lebanon grad's grandson. It is currently held by Brownsburg. L.H.S. had a chance to be the first team to reclaim it but failed miserably at Brownsburg on February 15th.

To keep up with this intra-class affair be sure to log onto Leigh's website.

SAGAMORE CONFERENCE

School	In	Out	OR	SH
Brownsburg	1968	1988	01	00
Carmel	1968	1975	02	01
Crawfordsville	1968		01	03
Danville	2000		00	00
Frankfort	1968		07	05
Lebanon	1968		14	06
Noblesville	1968	1981	01	00
North Mont.	1976		00	01
Southmont	1987		00	00
Tri West	2000		00	00
Wstrn. Boone	1984		01	00

OR - Outright title. SH - Shared title

None of the schools have won a state championship while in the conference. However, titles were won by Crawfordsville (1911), Lebanon (1912-17-18), Frankfort (1925-29-36-39) and Carmel (1977).

All board members are willing to stay on the board for another term, but some are willing to step down so others may get involved. If interested in being considered, contact President Elect, Roger Robison. Phone: 812-331-8018 or E-mail: Hotdog@compuserve.com.

Giants - continued from page 4

opponents to prepare themselves for the bigger and more competitive schools that they would have to face in the later rounds of the tournament. With no close contests unless you counted one, 10 and one, 13 point win as close, how would the team respond in a critical situation?

Following is a portion of the story that the Louisville Courier-Journal tells in an article published on March 7, 1998. It appeared in its tabloid section called *The Scene*.

The energizer of this team was their coach Mark McCoy Tarry. His wife once described him as a stocky, square-block figure of a man with flashing steal-blue eyes topped by strawberry-pop red hair. A faint trace of freckles added interest to his Irish face. His straight back, broad shoulders and determined gait denoted his belief in the healthy, athletic condition of the body and his absolute cocksureness of himself. That was after she had studied him for forty years. When they first met at Western Kentucky she couldn't have imagined studying him for 40 minutes. "My first impression of him," she recalled "was nil. But he was a very persistent guy, and he was that way all of his life."

Some comments from his players were: (1) "Ol' Tarry was a straight shooter. When we traveled he expected you to be gentlemen - no thugs. He demanded 120 % out of everybody. He



Coach Tarry holds his son Mike while posing with team after 1948 championship.

gave it of himself, too.", (2) "He talked loud and if you didn't know him, he could come across as a bit gruff and somewhat cocky. He was confident." and (3) "He could make you think that you were the greatest. He was our father, counselor, role model, self-help guru and healer."

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**Mark Tarry's Ledger**

Born: Birmingham (Marshall Co.), Kentucky, a town now entombed by Kentucky Lake.

Graduated: Western Kentucky College (now University).

Coach-Brewers, Ky. H.S., 1939-48

Record: 247-47

Unbeaten in reg. season, 1944

State runners-up, 1947

Undefeated state champs, 1948

Coach-Memphis State, 1949-51

Record: 40-27

Principal & coach-Sedalia, Ky. H.S. 1952-59

School Superintendent-Eminence, Ky. H.S., 1960-73

Died of a heart attack in 1975 at the age of 62

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 Brewers' achievement was not entirely a surprise. Like Hebron and Milan, the Redmen had been extremely successful in the year prior to their trip to Shangralla, but had gone a step farther than their contemporaries, having advanced to the title game in 1947, before bowing to Maysville.

After that defeat Coach Tarry set the tone for the championship year. According to one player the ride home wasn't all that morose. In recalling the coaches reaction: "He said, 'We'll get'em next year,' and he didn't dwell on the loss. He was upbeat after we lost. It wasn't a sad situation." But the folks at home saw it differently recollected one team member. "You'd have thought that we'd lost World War II.

**They Got'em**

As I read the Brewers saga, there seemed little doubt that their lofty goal could be obtained. These comments give credence to Coach Tarry's prophecy, that "We'll get'em next year". Anything less would have been unacceptable!

Jim Owens, star center, in recalling one opponent's weary verdict had this to say: "I was guarding him and he said, 'Man! Playing against y'all is just like being in a wreck!'"

The Brewers cheerleaders, also, had their take on the tenacity and greatness of their team.

*When you're up, you're up!  
 When you're down, you're down!  
 When you're up against Brewers  
 You're upside down!*

And let no one think that Brewers, the only Kentucky school west of Kentucky Lake to win a state championship, was an aberration. In 1944 Brewers hadn't lost a game until the state tournament. At that time the town's people blamed that loss on the flu and a lack of drugs. Tarry's record in his tenure there was 247-47. As previously described, he had brought a tough and determined persona to the school which had been absorbed by the boys he coached.

Jim Owens expounds further, "He could make you believe that you were the greatest". And Tarry's juggernaut proved it!!!

The article closes with this sobering, but esoteric commentary:

Mark McCoy Tarry passed away in 1975. His pallbearers were the boys who carried him to perfection in 1948.

*Editor's note: By beating Maysville (55-48) in the 1948 championship game, Brewers avenged their title game loss (50-54) to Maysville in 1947.*

-----The End-----

High School	Town pop.	Enrollment	Year & Record	State pop.
Brewers, Ky.	57*	70	1948 (36-0)	2,944,806*
Hebron, Ill.	696*	97	1952 (35-1)	8,712,176*
Milan, Ind.	1,014*	169	1954 (28-2)	3,934,224*

## Wendell Trogdon

An earlier profile and list of Wendell's books previously appeared in the Boxscore (1999 Summer Edition, pages 5 & 6). Following is an updated profile and revue of his latest book.

### Profile

It is somewhat astonishing that Wendell Trogdon ever became a basketball fan.

Back in the fourth grade, his teacher-coach made him a "back" guard, which meant he had to spend every minute of each game in the defensive end of the floor. "It was no place for anyone who wanted to be a scorer," Trogdon recalls.

"Told me if I crossed the first of what were then double lines at mid-court, I would be removed from the game."

"We played the fifth and sixth grade teams every other day at noon throughout the winter and I got to take one shot, a free throw which I missed. That explains why I shot every time I got the ball when I was in the fifth grade."

Trogdon and that fourth grade teacher, William Wright remained friends until Wright's death in December.

On graduation night of 1942, fire destroyed the Heltonville school, causing all games to be cancelled for the 1942-43 season.

"After that we practiced one night a week at Shawswick and played all our games on the road. The results were more losses than victories, mainly because we offset our lack of height by our lack of speed," he adds.

Wendell denies that he got a scholarship not to play basketball at Franklin College, although as a farm boy from Lawrence County, he could have used any financial help available. The only basketball he played there was as a reserve on a fraternity team.

Within a month of graduation, he was in the Army. He married, wife Fabian, soon after his discharge and began a career in journalism. They have three daughters and four grandchildren. Like most men who devote too much to

their careers, he admits, "I am probably a better grandfather than I was a father."

He has been president of the Mooresville Lions Club and was on the Park Board when land was bought for the 100-acre Pioneer Park. "I really haven't been too active in civic endeavors for several years," he confesses.

I belong to the American Legion and Elks Club, but do not attend meetings, and belong to the Methodist Church, which we attend on some, but not all Sundays."

He has, however, written a total of 16 books, plus the one to be reviewed here.

He has recently become a columnist for two publications - "Over Fifty" and Kroger's Lifestyles Plus".

Trogdon claims that he is as Hoosier as apple pies - the thousands of them his wife has baked for him over the years.

"There are a lot of places to live, but none are finer than southern Indiana," he says. And there's no better place to be on a Friday night in winter than in a high school gym where two rival schools are engaged in an old-fashioned barnburner. Trudging through snow to an Indiana basketball game beats treading sand to bask in the Florida sun."

### Book Revue: Main Street Diners

Wendell Trogdon's latest tome will take readers on a tour of approximately 150 eating establishments in small Indiana communities. It tells of his and Fabian's adventures into these down-to-earth, home cooking eateries, mostly in the early morning hours for breakfast.

My meandering can't do justice to the book so here's a sample of one of Wendell's early morning adventures. I have chosen Keith's Koffee Shop in Pine Village. HBS.

Keith's is not impressive from the outside and looks more like a man's place. It

appears even more so from the inside. At a round table covered with a worn lac cloth are six men, one with a white shirt and tie, others in work clothes, farmers ready for another day of harvest on nearby farms. They nod at the strangers who enter, then resume their conversation. The morning news is on the TV but is ignored, the men more interested in the weather than what is going on in Washington.

Most of them know where to find the coffee pot and donuts and do not mind serving themselves. However, we are hesitant to do so. Keith pours our coffee and at 40 cents it's a cheap jolt into the daylight hours.

We look around and get the idea that Keith is a grandfather. Drawings in crayon by youngsters are held on the refrigerator by magnets labeled "Purdue," the university just 17 miles to the east on Ind. 26. Lest any downstate fans be unhappy at Keith's partiality, an Indiana banner is on a bulletin board, under one of Purdue's of course.

This is not a designer restaurant. It has the reality of a man's environment. The bulletin board holds announcements of farm auctions, deer hunting info etc... For sale are bags of dog food are near the door, along with items farmers need.

The sun is rising. A few more people enter to join the in the conversation or to read the Lafayette Journal & Courier. We leave feeling awakened by the coffee and the atmosphere. We see a hand written "Thank you" sign on the door. The visit has been our pleasure.

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*Editor's note: You may ask what this book has to do with basketball. Many of these quaint establishments are decorated with memorabilia of the town's past and present basketball teams. Basketball fans can also use the book as a guide to good eating when traversing the state to ball games.*

*I haven't quiet finished the book but so far I have enjoyed reading about the basketball highlights in the restaurants of such hamlets as Clayton, Lapel, Rossville & Thorntown.*

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The book is available in some book stores or can be ordered by mail. Send \$17.20 (includes postage & sales tax) to Backroads Press, P. O. Box 651, Mooresville, IN 46158-0651. Phone: 317-831-2815  
E-mail: wend@iquest.net  
Also, feel free to inquire about Wendell's other books listed in the Summer 1999 Boxscore.