

# BOXSCORE

A publication of the Indiana High School Basketball Historical Society

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## 2007 Issue 1

### IHSBHS Officers

President	John Ockomon	Pendleton	1960
Vice-Pres.	Harley Sheets	Lebanon	1954
Secretary	Gary McGrady	Fountain Central	1982
Treasurer	Rocky Kenworthy	Cascade	1974
Co-Editor	Harley Sheets	Lebanon	1954
Co-Editor	Rocky Kenworthy	Cascade	1974

### School Namesakes

Most high schools go by their town, city, county, or township names, but some are named for persons both famous and obscure. As a new IHSBHS project, we would like to solicit your stories about the persons who are namesakes for the following schools or any others you may know of:

- Oakland City Wood Memorial
- Winchester Driver
- Liberty Short
- Seeger Memorial
- Michigan City Elston
- Michigan City Rogers
- Muncie Harris
- Madison Shawe
- Seymour Shields
- Terre Haute Gerstmaeyer
- Indianapolis Shortridge
- Evansville Besse
- Terre Haute Wiley
- Granville Wells
- Gary Tolleston
- Hammond Gavitt
- Hammond Morton
- Anderson
- Indianapolis Howe
- Indianapolis Wood
- Indianapolis Scecina
- Roncalli
- Indianapolis Ritter
- Marion Bennett
- McCutcheon
- Pinnell
- Ellettsburg (Way County)
- Vincennes River (Gibault)
- Terre Haute Thornton
- Terre Haute Schulte
- White's Institute

Send info to Rocky Kenworthy  
See publishing box at right

### Thoughts and Musings on our Favorite Pastime

#### NCAA

Maybe I'm a pessimist because I don't like seeing Indiana high school players (girls and boys) going out-of-state to play college basketball. There may have been extenuating circumstances unknown to me, but Greg Oden and Mike Conley, Jr. would have made Butler, Indiana or Purdue as great of a team as Ohio State, having seen how well all three played in the tournament. I doubt if there are many OSU fans in our state. I know I haven't enjoyed their winning ways especially after the Xavier game was handed to them on a silver platter. If the shove out-of-bounds of Justin Cage by Greg Oden was not an intentional foul then there is no such thing.

Let me make one thing clear. I have in the past rooted for out-of-state teams with Indiana player(s) and felt justified in doing so. An example is Michigan State and Scott Skiles. Scott wasn't heavily recruited by in-state schools, but MSU saw something and was rewarded and should have won the NCAA tournament his senior year. Even though I like Thad Matta and think he did a fine job at Butler and Xavier, I hope OSU doesn't win the championship. This newsletter will arrive after the fact.

#### THE INDIANA HIGH SCHOOL TOURNAMENT

Even though we are mired in the class format, I have a somewhat more positive disposition. I would like to congratulate Fort Wayne Luers and more explicitly, Wheeler on winning their first sectional. Wheeler had been trying for 88 years! Additional kudos to

Fairfield, Lanesville and Providence on their first regional titles. And how about Oregon-Davis on becoming the first school to have the girls and boys win championships in the same year. Way to go Grovertown, Hamlet and Koontz Lake.

Wasn't it poetic justice to see Jack Edison's Plymouth Pilgrims win their second state title after being denied two years ago on a last second desperation shot by the Washington Hatchets. Then to see Pete Trgovich show us that he must have learned something while playing for the incomparable John Wooden at UCLA. Although it was East Chicago Central's first title, its antecedents (the Washington Senators and Roosevelt Roughriders) did okay. In 1960 Washington under Hall of Famer Johnny Baratto took apart a supposedly unbeatable Muncie Central Bearcat team in annexing the crown. In 1970, Roosevelt Roughriders stampeded to the throne room with a perfect 28-0 slate. The following year Washington, not to be out done, mimicked its sister school with a 29-0 state championship year. Names like Trgovich, Stoddard, Barnett, Cantrell, Dawkins, Divjak and Bridgeman might ring a bell.

Harley Sheets

Boxscore is published by the Indiana High School Basketball Historical Society. Dues are \$6.00 per year. Due year runs from January 1 to December 31 and includes news letters and full membership with voting rights when in attendance at regular meetings. Send dues, orders, change and notice to IHSBHS, 2010 E. Kentucky, P.O. Box 300-S, Clayton, IN 47119. E-mail: volk@ihsbhs.com. All inquiries or notification of error should be directed to co-editor Harley Sheets, 625 S. State Road 39, Danville, IN 46122. E-mail: harley.sheets@yahoo.com

## Hillbilly Revenge

by Rocky Kenworthy

Before we commence here, let's be clear - Jed won't be windmill dunking over Mr. Drysdale, Jethro won't be cipherin' how many seconds he's been in the lane, Elly Mae won't be shaking her pom-poms in the cheerblock, and no, Granny's not spikin' the concessions either. This little story comes from the hills and hollers of Brown County. Van Buren Township and Nashville, that is.

The history of the basketball program at old Van Buren High was a pretty inauspicious one. With an enrollment of 60 to 70 in any given year, and no gym, there wasn't a lot to work with. Only twice (1936 and 1939) did the basketball team manage a winning record. For decades mired in the Franklin Sectional, and their final three years sent to Columbus, their tournament performances were predictably dismal as well. In their twenty-seven years of tournament play (1932-1958), Van Buren won only three sectional games; two over Clark Township (1936, 1948) and once against Nashville (1939). Most times it wasn't even close. They lost their twenty-seven sectional contests, by an average of 26 points. Even as such, The Franklin Evening Star was never particularly sympathetic to Van Buren's plight. Although Van Buren dubbed themselves the Wildcats, as far as the Evening Star's sectional previews were concerned, they were known as the Van Buren "Hillbillies." One year they went so far in describing Van Buren's sectional chances as, "none, improving to slim if the Hillbillies decide to play in shoes this year."

The 1957-1958 season would be Van Buren's swan song, as they were scheduled to merge with Nashville the following year. They opened the season with a win at Tunnelton, but managed only two more victories, against Tampico and somewhat oddly enough Nashville. And while Wildcat, i.k.a. Hillbilly, fans probably took more than a bit of delight when tiny Brown County neighbor Helmsburg,



Van Buren Township School

behind 6-5 man-mountain Marcus Kirts, shot down a pretty good and certainly cosmopolitan Franklin club, 41-40, in the Center Grove Sectional, Van Buren went without fanfare, losing 64-40 to Waldron over in Columbus. Soon-to-be partner Nashville didn't fare much better. The Broncos battled illness and injury all season in '58, and limped to a 6-15 final mark after a sectional loss to Moral Township.

The merger of the two clubs for the '59 season, probably didn't stir fear in hearts around the state. Nashville had enjoyed only slightly more lifetime hardwood success than Van Buren, and between the two they had amassed precisely zero appearances in a sectional championship game. With 6-2 David Bessire, 6-2 Larry Crabtree, and 6-2 Charles Leffler returning, and 6-3 sophomore Jerry Hynes coming in, there was at least some size available via Nashville. And since Van Buren's 6-1 do-it-all Charlie Roush plus 5-11 guard Jimmie Gredy were donning the Black and Gold Bronco jersey for their senior seasons, maybe there was a little hope. Bringing everything together fell into the hands of a rookie mentor, 23-year-old Ted Shisler, fresh out of Taylor University. Shisler's philosophy, that you can't harness a Bronco, became evident quickly. Nashville outran Solsberry 81-69 in the season opener, and won their first three, before Smithville's Skibos slowed Shisler's brigade 69-59. It would be the only time Nashville would be on the short end all season. Scoring over 80 points six times, the Broncos finished with a sparkling 17-1 regular season mark, which included a 70-58 table-turner at Smithville in early February. But the tough Columbus Sectional loomed.

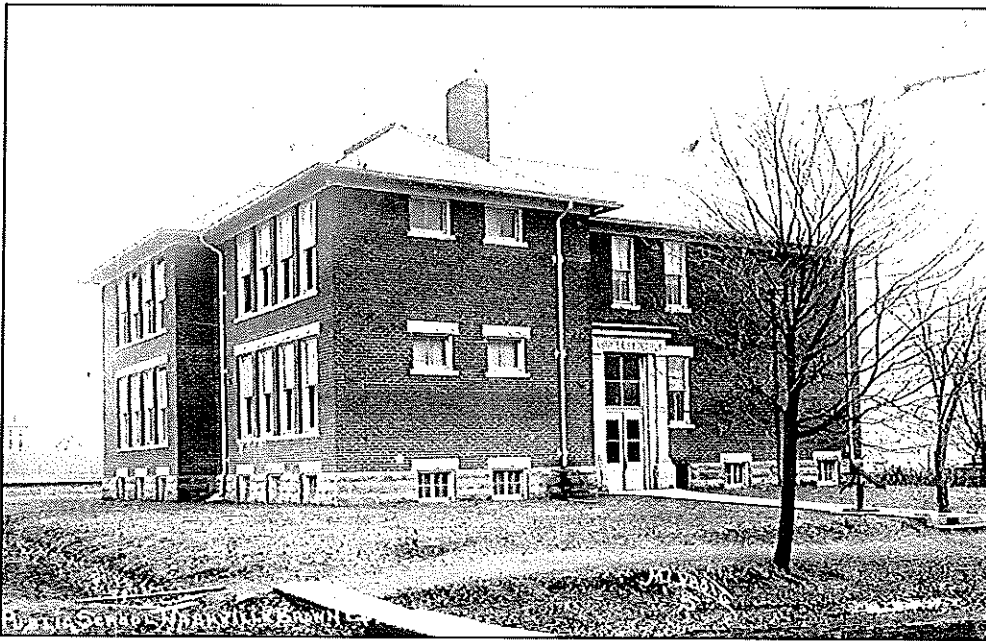
Nashville might have been on some wagers win-place-or-show card, but many thought the Broncos no better than fourth horse at Columbus. Defending champ Shelbyville had 20 point scorer (and IHSBHS member) Danny Thurston firing the Bears to a 12-8 mark. And while Shelbyville's victims included Bloomington, Anderson, Connersville, and Franklin, the only schools on Nashville's lightweight schedule still in existence today were Monrovia and Hauser. Columbus had hoped lightning would strike again. Their farm-club, Clifford High School, had supplied the Bulldogs with Indiana All-Star Jerry Schofield, and a subsequent regional

championship in '55. But Gordon Blancett, who averaged around thirty points per game in the junior high at Clifford, and then transferred to Columbus in '56, was felled by illness and missed the '59 season, leaving the young Bulldogs struggling at 7-13. Still their big-time schedule, the home-court advantage of massive Memorial Gym, and a regular season win over Shelbyville made them a threat. Best bet to slay the big boys was resting with Waldron. The Mohawks had flirted with immortality the previous year, beating Columbus in the semi-finals, but losing a close sectional final to Shelbyville. While graduation losses were heavy off that dandy 23-2 club, coach Bill Doig had manufactured another stellar (18-2) unit in '59, losing only to Hancock Central and Whiteland. George Larrison and Bill Barnard led the balanced Shelby County champs. Also, newly formed Southwestern Shelby, at 15-5, was going to be no pushover in the eight-team field.

Nashville's draw was Helmsburg. The 4-15 Tigers were in rebuilding mode, and had fallen hard twice to the Broncos in the regular season. But the old adage, "it's hard to beat a team three times in the same year," seemed to be rearing its ugly head again. John David Yoder shot the Tigers into a 28-24 halftime lead, and Nashville fans had to be thinking the post-season skeletons of the past were never going to leave the closet. But the Van Buren connection, Charlie Roush and Jimmie Gredy, got rolling in the third stanza, knocking in 14 points collectively, and Nashville won going away 68-56. Things were about to get tougher.

Saturday morning's opponent would be Waldron, who had slapped Columbus around pretty good in Friday's nightcap. It appeared the abuse could continue. The Mohawks raced to a 22-12 first quarter, and 42-32 halftime lead. But a bit of strategy gone awry may have been the Mohawk downfall. Coach Doig pulled his starting guards Charles Loveless and George Larrison in the second quarter, and for most of the second half, in hopes of saving some gas for the Saturday night championship game. Even with center Bill Barnard also benched with four fouls, the effect wasn't immediate. Nashville could only cut into the lead slightly, still trailing 61-54 after three

Continued on page 3



Nashville High School

periods. Waldron came back with their starters midway through the fourth, but by that time Jerry Hynes and Roush had gotten hot. A Hynes bucket knotted the count at 64, but a Bill Branson freebie, and Loveless' drive put the Mohawks up three with 50 seconds left. Hynes' hoop cut the Mohawk lead to one, and Roush's steal and subsequent jumper put Nashville up for the first time with 11 seconds left. As Waldron came down for a final crack, Roush stole the ball again, and scored at the gun, for a heart-stopping 72-69 win.

Would Nashville have enough left? Shelbyville, as expected, had won the top bracket, over Southwestern, and would provide Saturday night's opposition. Dee Compton's Bears jumped out to a 17-11 first quarter lead, but the sharp shooting of Hynes and Roush put Nashville up at the half 30-28. Shelbyville managed a small third quarter margin, and Roush had been keeping the Broncos in the game all by himself. But the effect of Nashville playing the second semi-final game was beginning to show. With a little over two minutes remaining Shelby had built a 59-52, and looked poised to add more hardware to the trophy case. But Nashville had saved up a hardwood lifetime of second wind, now was time to use it. Roush knocked down a couple of freebies, and after a Shelby miss, marked two more charities to cut the margin to three. The Broncos forced a turnover, and Roush knifed inside for a deuce, cutting the lead to one. Another Nashville steal with 40 seconds left sent the 6000 in attendance spinning. When

Roush drew another foul with thirty-one seconds left, the place was bedlam. This Hillbilly wasn't shooting for food, but he was shooting for the kill. Two more dead-eye free throws put Nashville up one, and a Golden Bear miss and subsequent rebound foul put Jerry Hynes on the line to ice it for the Broncos. He hit both, and Nashville waltzed away with a 62-59 championship. Roush set a sectional record of 36 points in the tilt, including 18-18 from the foul line. He scored 86 in the three sectional games, then another Columbus Sectional mark. No one asked if he'd brought shoes with him this time.

The hills and hollers of Brown County exploded. There was a six-mile bumper-to-bumper caravan leading from Memorial Gym back to Nashville on that glorious Saturday night. Many Columbus people joined the party, partly because even if they couldn't win it, at least old foe Shelbyville was gone too. While the fire trucks were carrying the players on a victory ride through town, someone broke in the courthouse and rang the bell for the first time in ten years. An impromptu bonfire and free meal at the school cafeteria awaited all comers. Even Columbus radio station WCSI joined the festivities, identifying themselves as, "This is WCSI, broadcasting from the suburbs of Nashville," for a couple of days.

The Black and Gold had found some black gold (can't figure out how to work Texas tea in here though). And while they may have loaded up the truck, the only place Nashville boosters were

headed was the Columbus Regional. The Broncos drew North Vernon, winner of a so-so Greensburg field. Edinburg, who had upset the Steve VanAntwerp-Jon McGlocklin led Franklin club on Arliss Stapleton's sudden death bucket in the second overtime to win the Whiteland Sectional, would take on fourth ranked Madison in the second afternoon feature. A nip-and-tuck first half saw North Vernon take a 33-32 edge at the break, but Roush's hot hand gave the Broncos the lead for good at 40-38. Behind Roush's 27 points, Nashville steadily pulled away with a 68-56 win. Edinburg's attempt to slow the tempo against Madison's hi-octane Cubs in the second contest held the score down, but Madison won easily 60-44.

The regional final featured two racehorses. Nashville was generally at their best when they ran the floor. But Madison's fire-brand style of hoops would dominate southern Indiana for the next three seasons (61 straight regular season wins), and that Saturday night also. Behind Buster Briley's 30 and Larry Shingleton's 22, Madison ran the Broncos ragged, 93-62. This wasn't exactly embarrassing. Madison's 1959 club possessed three players, Briley, Shingleton, and Larry Humes that amassed five national championships in their collegiate careers. Shingleton played on Cincinnati's 1961 and 1962 NCAA champs, and narrowly missed a third when Loyola beat the Bearcats in one of college basketball's greatest comebacks in the '63 national championship. Briley would shoot Evansville College to the 1964 Division II National Championship, while Humes starred on back-to-back Aces' title teams ('64 and '65). Madison went on to lose an 82-80 overtime heartbreaker to eventual '59 champ Crispus Attucks in the Indianapolis Semistate.

The '59 sectional champ would be Nashville's high-water mark. Coach Shisler's 18-5 '61 club came close, losing a 61-57 sectional final to Columbus, but that was Nashville's final shot. They and Helmsburg consolidated to form Brown County High School in 1962. Shisler guided the first-year Eagles to a 20-3 mark (still best ever), and beat a very good Columbus club in the sectional semi-finals, only to lose to a sub .500 Shelbyville club in the sectional final. Shisler moved on to coach some good teams at Scottsburg, but could never duplicate the sectional magic that some Hillbillies helped brew up in 1959.

## The Misadventures of an Indiana High School Basketball Player

by Harley Sheets

### NOT REALLY INTERESTED

Almost every young man growing up in Indiana aspires to play for his high school's varsity basketball team. And most of the ones who were able will tell you that these were some of the best years of their lives. That wasn't the case with me. The reason for my lack of interest at the time probably had to do with the fact my mother had taken me with her to Detroit in 1944, when she went to work in the war effort. My heroes were Hank Greenberg, Hal Newhouser and a Hoosier named "Dizzy" Trout. They were some of the Detroit Tigers who won the 1945 World Series.

After the war, I returned to my hometown (Lebanon) as a fifth grader. There were three grade schools in town, and one in the country which I attended. The three city schools had basketball teams; mine didn't. But soon after school started, we learned we were to have one. My sports were softball and baseball. I didn't go out, but soon thereafter I was told I should, so I did. I can't remember too much about these two years other than we didn't win many games. Mr. Mitchell, our principal, was the coach. He was quite elderly and didn't seem to care much about winning. He would substitute regularly giving everyone a chance to play equal time. I remember one particular game. We lost by one point because one of our players made a basket for the other team. Surprisingly, by season's end I was starting to like the game.

### A BIG DISAPPOINTMENT

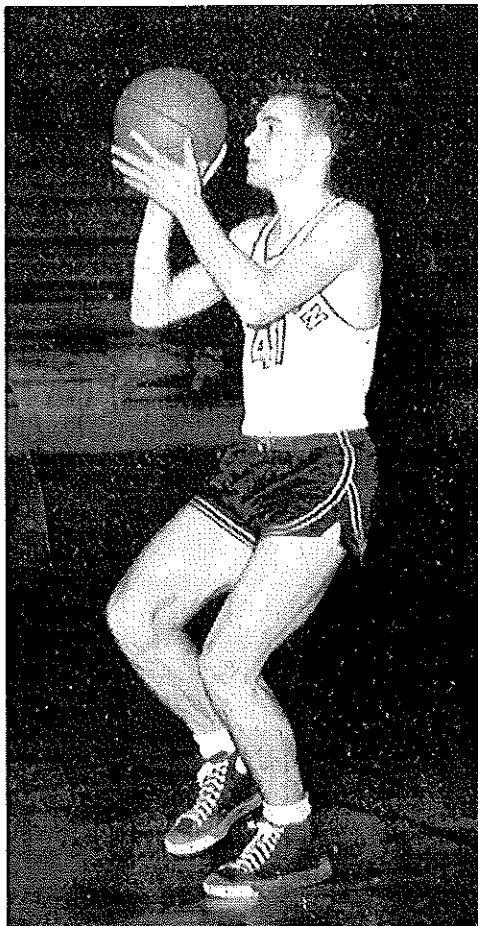
After grade school, students moved on to the junior high (the old high school) which was situated next to the current high school. Soon it was time to try out for the junior high team. The competition was quite keen. There were no 7th "A" and "B" and 8th "A" and "B" like they have today. There was just one team made up of the best from both grades. The coach was "Cat" Adam who had been one of the stars of Lebanon's back-to-back state championships in 1917 and 1918.

I made the first cut and we were told the final cut would be the following Monday. After school let out that Monday, everyone went to check the list. When I looked, my name was missing. What a disappointment. So, what! I hadn't wanted to play anyway. But as

I continued to gaze at the list, I saw my cousin Marshall "Otto" Sheets had made the cut, so I thought I would take a chance and dress anyway. After all there was a Sheets on the list and "Cat" was an old man. During practice, I thought I had done OK and blended in adequately, but at practice's end the old boy set us down in the bleachers and, after a few comments said this. "I won't mention a name, but there is someone here that doesn't belong. He knows who he is."

The irony of this story is that only three of the 14 boys sitting in the bleachers that day made it to the varsity level and only two of the three ever started on the varsity - cousin "Otto," who scored 254 points as a freshman, and the guy who didn't belong.

The following year, there was a new coach. "Cat" had passed away. I made the team and was a starter. The following two years, I started on the freshman and junior varsity teams. As a junior varsity player, I occasionally got to dress with the varsity. I had one wish - that if I ever got into a varsity game, I hoped it would be an away game so that if I messed up, it wouldn't be in front of the home crowd. But more on that later.



Harley in Action

### MY JUNIOR YEAR (1953)

The 1951 and 1952 teams had won consecutive sectionals, with the 1952 team setting a record for most points scored (1,311) in a season. Things were looking up in Tigerland. There were two starting slots available and one was mine. The season began with a win over Lapel and three losses to our arch-rivals Crawfordsville, Frankfort and Lafayette Jeff by a total of five points. I was riding high as the leading scorer with an 11.7 average. Then the six-week grading period came and I received an "F" in one of my four solids. The coach decided to suspend me for one game, even though I was eligible by IHSAA standards. After that, the situation between the coach and myself began to deteriorate. We ended up losing the sectional championship game to Zionsville by the largest margin that a Lebanon team had ever lost by in a sectional contest. After the game, I had some choice words for the coach. It looked like my basketball days were over.

### MY SENIOR YEAR (1953-54)

As luck would have it, the old coach was gone and Bob Igney (a future Hall of Famer) replaced him. Mr. Igney was a protégé of "Piggy" Lambert, a Naismith Hall of Famer who had coached at Lebanon before becoming an icon at Purdue and, in the process, had coached John Wooden. Things were again looking up for the Tigers. Three starters returned, along with two new players - one from Noblesville and another who had moved in from the county late the previous year. However, Marshall Sheets had joined the Army. Another two-year starter was permanently suspended and I was hampered for the first seven games with a football injury. The Tigers got off to an unimpressive 4-6 start. Then things got even worse.

The next game was at Alexandria. My parents attended, then stayed overnight with relatives in Elwood. When we returned home, we decided to have a party at my house. We were found out and the leading scorer Lynn Miller, the Noblesville transfer (also a starter), myself, and a sub were suspended. The coach said we would miss the upcoming weekend games versus Shelbyville and Terre Haute Gerstmeyer. We would then be told our fate the following Monday. At the Shelbyville game, I found myself rooting against the Tigers for the first time. A 17-point loss occurred. The next

*Continued on page 5*



night a 40-point debacle at Terre Haute. These two losses were most likely what got the leading scorer and me back on the team. The other two were dismissed.

I hated to miss the Gerstmeyer game. We thought we had a chance to upset the Blackcats because they had beaten us by 10 the previous year. They led by 10 at halftime, but we played them on even terms in the second half. Besides Harley Andrews had graduated and we hadn't been all that impressed with the Andrews twins and their cousin, it was the two guards (Bolk and Smith) that had given us problems the previous year. Upon our return, Mr. Igney didn't start the two stray cats at Cathedral and, with that loss, we stood at 4-10. The next night, Miller and I were in the starting lineup and we registered a surprisingly easy win (59-44) win over Cleon Reynolds' Shortridge Blue Devils. Why surprising? We had played an almost perfect game against them the previous year and still lost by eight. I still consider that team the best I played against in my years with the Tigers.

One problem still remained. Lynn Miller, who was only 5-foot-9, was faster, quicker and could out jump all of us, but wouldn't quit smoking. He would play like gangbusters on offense but tended to play little defense. We were always calling time outs to let him catch his breath. Calling time outs with the previous coach was no problem, but Mr. Igney knew something was up. So, some of us threatened to turn Lynn in. We think he quit.

With the coach finally getting our attention, things started to fall into place. We lost one more game, a one-point overtime loss to Larry Hobbs' Sheridan Blackhawks, led by Larry's son Joe, who was later selected to the 1954 All-Star team. (See Summer 2001 Boxscore). We also beat Crawfordsville 61-52 after losing two earlier games to them by 16 and 13. Another satisfying win (79-70) came against Indianapolis Howe in the season finale after they had beaten Crispus Attucks. Oscar Robertson was a sophomore on this Attucks team.

#### THE SECTIONAL

With a lackluster record of 9-11, hardly anyone was picking us to win the sectional and in the first game, it looked like they might be right. Against a weak Dover team (2-16), we trailed by one point at the half, but after a lambasting by the coach, it was no contest.

All four games were won by double digits, including a 55-42 victory over

Pike in the finale. Bob Igney had stepped into a cesspool and came out smelling like a rose. This should have been no surprise. He had won four sectionals in five years at Kendallville in his first coaching venture.

#### THE REGIONAL

We received a tough draw in the regional. Frankfort drew what was usually the perennial weak sister in the first game. Lebanon drew the favorite, Lafayette Jeff in the second. As we waited to take the floor for our game against Jeff, we saw Fowler had upset Frankfort, a team that had beaten Milan, the eventual state champ, during the regular season. Now all we had to do was beat the Bronchos. Jeff had beaten us by 12 early in the season, but it was a different story this time. The game went back and forth with neither team leading by more than four points. With 45 seconds left and three starters fouled out, the Tigers trailed by one, and had the ball. The instructions were simple. Our starting guard, who was really quick, was to drive the lane with about eight seconds left and score or get fouled. Everything went smoothly until our center, who had played the game of his life, misread the clock and took an ill-advised shot that missed. These Lebanon Tigers who had grown up just in time had lost a heart-breaker but at least had given their fans something to cheer about. They also had set the all-time record at L.H.S. by scoring 1,371 points, and along the way had learned some valuable lessons.

#### REMINISCING

I have often wondered how things could have been. What if 6-foot-4 Marshall Sheets who had scored 254 points as a freshman, had returned and our two-year starter Don Lambert hadn't been suspended? What if we would have applied ourselves to the task at hand more diligently? We had the fan support, a good coach and a great tradition to back us up. Our immaturity did us in and it's a shame that we were defeated in Lambert Fieldhouse in our last game. It had been named after a man who had coached at only two places - Lebanon and Purdue.

There are many other recollections that come to mind. Three rather hilarious ones follow. The first two happened when I was a sophomore. The third occurred during my senior year. We traveled to Michigan City for a game. After settling in and eating our pre-game meal, the coaches told us we could go to the sock hop after the game if we won or even if

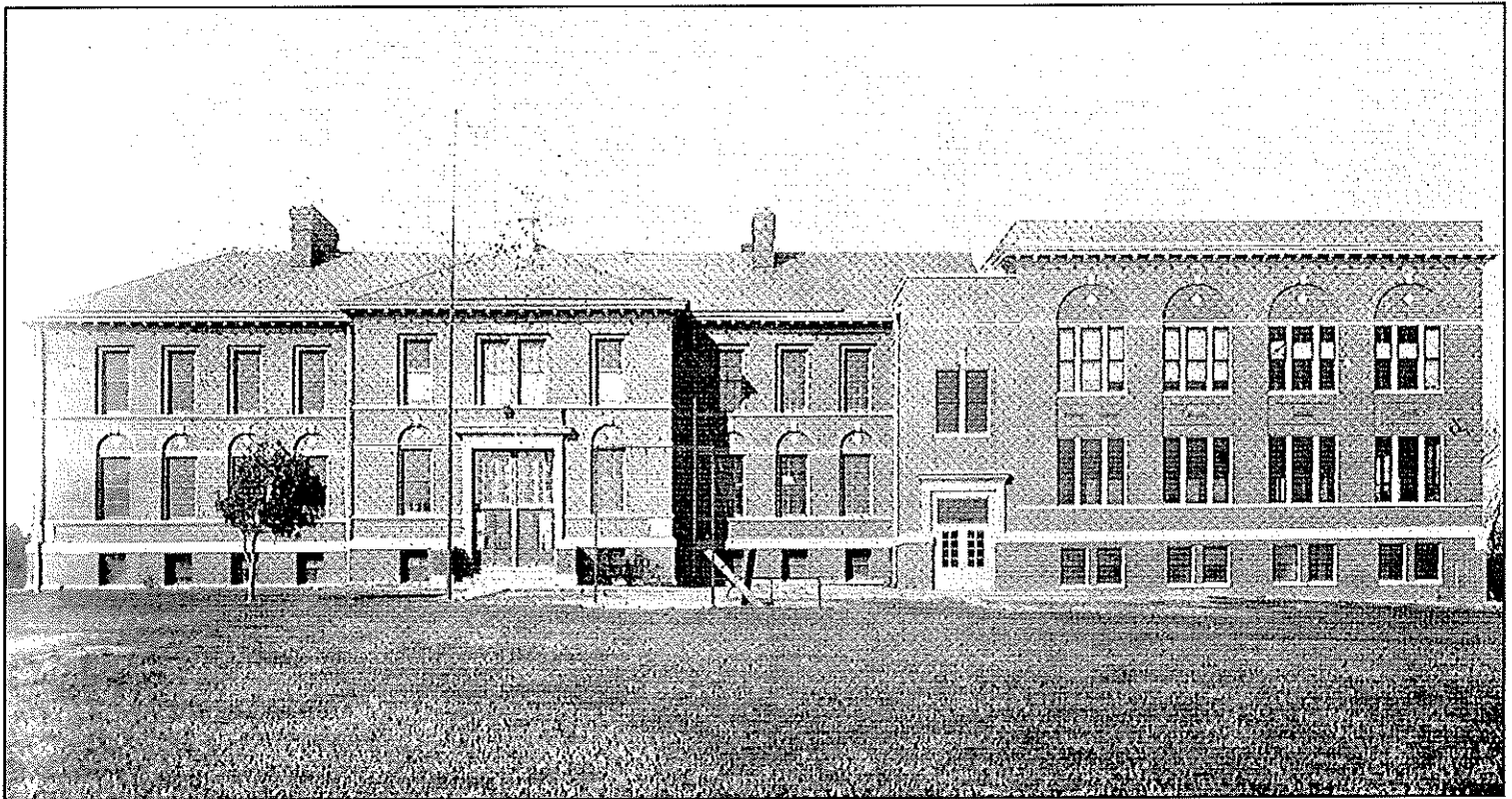
we played a good game and lost. Late in the game, we had the ball and a four point lead. With 1:45 left, the coach called time-out. We were told to run our delay offense and to take no shot unless wide open under the basket. Everyone did his job until the ball went to "Otto" Sheets, the talented but immature freshman. He fired an 18-footer, it missed and M.C. scored. Another time-out was called. The coach gave the same instructions with the same results. Marshall fires again. They score and then win the game in overtime. Back at the hotel a bunch of disgruntled Tigers congregate in one room for a lynching. Our captain grabs "Otto" and wants an explanation. The freshman's reply was that someone in Lebanon gives him \$20 every time he scores 12 or more points and he only had 11.

The other funny thing happened to me. As a sophomore, I occasionally dressed with the varsity but never got in a game. We were playing Gary Froebel at home and they featured two 6-foot-5 all-staters— Johnny Moore and Vladimir Gasnovitch. As the game was winding down, the coach called for me. By the time I found out who I was to replace and reported to the scorers table, there were but 40 seconds remaining. The only stoppage in action was a foul called on a Froebel player. Fortunately for me, the guy I was to replace had to shoot the foul shot. He missed and play continued to the end. I was definitely relieved because I never wanted my first game to be played in front of the home crowd in case I messed up.

This last incident supposedly happened. My dad wasn't going to use one of his season tickets one night, so left it with a friend to use. The friend had something come up and gave it to someone my father didn't know. Sometime during the game, I made a couple of glaring errors in consecutive trips down the floor. The fellow looked at my dad and said, "They ought to get that boy out of there, don't you think." My Dad's reply, "Don't ask me."

#### FINAL THOUGHT

I hope you readers don't think this was an attempt to glorify or denigrate Lebanon's basketball program. It was not. I felt it was a way to tell some interesting happenings (good, bad and exciting) that can take place in Indiana high school basketball in a short period. I know there are many, many other tales to be revealed and I hope my adventures motivate others to tell theirs.



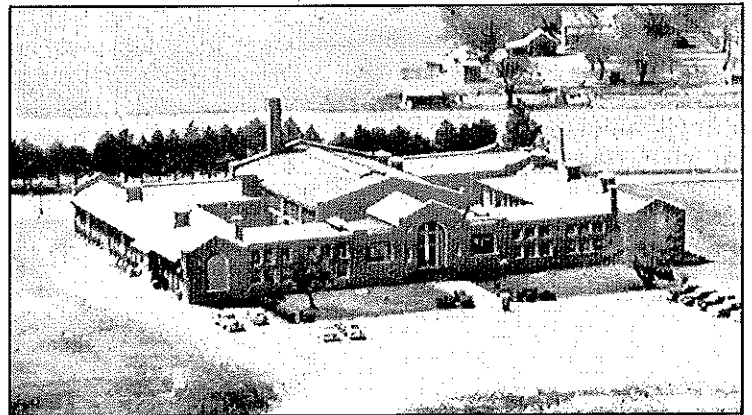
**IHSBHS Mystery Photo**

Each issue of the *Boxscore* features a school photo (usually from the postcard collection of Harley Sheets) for members to attempt to identify. Any person who correctly names the gym or school pictured will win a copy of Harley's "Where in the World" book, which lists all consolidations as of 1983.

Send guesses and/or information to:  
 vols@indy.net

or  
 IHSBHS Mystery Photo  
 710 E. 800 S  
 Clayton, IN 46118

**Previous Issue Mystery Photo**



Charles Denbo of Orleans correctly guessed last issue's Mystery Photo which was Moral Township in Shelby County.

**IHSBHS Challenge**

This issue's challenge is a dandy – teams with the most consecutive winning seasons. Here's a start:

Lafayette Jeff.....	1943-1982	.....40*
Jeffersonville.....	1966-2004	.....39
Marion.....	1965-2002	.....38
Loogootee.....	1959-1991	.....33
Barr-Reeve.....	1976-2003	.....28
Bedford North Lawrence.....	1976-2003	.....28
Richmond.....	1966-1993	.....28
Ben Davis.....	1977-2003	.....27
Terre Haute South.....	1972-1998	.....27
Anderson.....	1973-1998	.....26
Whitko.....	1972-1996	.....25
Seymour.....	1952-1976	.....25
Manchester.....	1976-1999	.....24
Gary Roosevelt.....	1950-1973	.....24
Lafayette Central Catholic.....	1985-current	.....23

\* incomplete records before 1943

Send any corrections / additions to: vols@indy.net

**New Members**

We have had several new members join the IHSBHS in the last few months:

Name.....	Current Hometown.....	High School
Duncan Gilmore.....	Attica.....	Rockville
Louis Baldwin.....	Cloverdale.....	Cloverdale
Roger Schroder.....	Indianapolis.....	Milan
Art Miley.....	LaJolla, CA.....	Petersburg
Carl Bruns.....	Sunman.....	.....
William Reid.....	The Plains, OH.....	Poling
Bill Reid.....	Denver, CO.....	Alexandria