

# BOXSCORE

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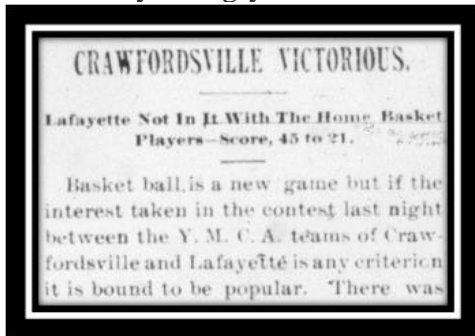
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## INDIANA BASKETBALL ROOTS AREN'T WHERE YOU THOUGHT THEY WERE

by  
Matt Werner

Nicholas McCay, general secretary of the Crawfordsville YMCA, learned the game of basketball from the game's founder,

James Naismith, and brought it to Crawfordsville, Indiana. Subsequently, the first basketball game in Indiana was played on March 16, 1894, between the Crawfordsville and Lafayette YMCAs. Crawfordsville won, 45 - 21. That is why Crawfordsville is the birthplace of Indiana basketball. Every good Hoosier knows it. We have repeated it a thousand times. But what if it weren't true? Would that make you angry?



Reputed First Indiana BB Game

I recently had a conversation with a huge Indiana basketball fan. We were discussing early Indiana basketball history and I mentioned that new evidence has revealed that basketball wasn't first played in Crawfordsville, nor was the first game held there. "Were they games, or just practices of some sort?" he

asked. "Both," I replied. There had been games, scrimmages, exhibitions, and demonstrations featured elsewhere in Indiana before the Crawfordsville game. "All we can state for certain about the Crawfordsville game," I said, "is loaded with caveats—it is the first known game between two teams from two different cities in which we know the resulting score."

He didn't like that. "Still, McCay learned basketball from James Naismith and brought the game here, right?" he responded. "Well, that's been called into question too," I said. "New research suggests Nicholas McCay wasn't responsible for bringing basketball here, and it's likely he never met Naismith." "Well, that's the way I've always told it," the fan said, "so I'm going to keep on telling it that way." He went on, "They're rewriting all other history, so they might as well rewrite Indiana basketball history while they're at it." He was bitter. For 74 years, McCay had been given credit for delivering basketball to Indiana. Can you imagine? What luck and what a wonderful legacy. What a wonderful fallacy! Where and how did such a rumor get started?

As museums and libraries digitize newspaper archives, what once took days, weeks, or months of painstakingly scrolling through microfilm readers, now can be done in minutes or hours. This is how historian S. Chandler Lighty discovered evidence of basketball played in Indiana at least 20 months before the infamous Crawfordsville game, he published his findings in the December 2014 issue of *Indiana Magazine of History*. His article, "*James Naismith Didn't Sleep Here: A Re-examination of Indiana Basketball's Origins*," is a must-read for history and Indiana basketball fans. Here are some revelations that Lighty exposed:

- On November 17, 1894, the *Crawfordsville Review* ran a story from the *Indianapolis News* that stated, "Basketball was introduced into the State by the Indianapolis [YMCA] association through its physical director. Two teams were organized in the city and played against one another through two seasons." No writer and no editor of the Crawfordsville newspaper questioned the legitimacy of that claim.
- Nicholas McCay's duties as general secretary of the Crawfordsville YMCA did not include physical education or introducing new sports. Furthermore, he quit his job at the YMCA 7 months before the infamous "first" game took place.
- On April 1, 1893, the *Indianapolis News* dedicated two columns to the game of basketball being played at the Indianapolis YMCA a full year before the Crawfordsville game. It mentioned a league of four teams competing, and it credited physical director William A. McCulloch with introducing the game a few months earlier.
- An *Indianapolis Sun* story in

November 1892 reported basketball being played competitively in Evansville. The *Evansville Journal News* reported the results of a game played between the Evansville YMCA and Terre Haute YMCA on January 27, 1894. Evansville won 26–15.

#### **The Indianapolis News, April 1, 1893**

##### **A Basket Ball League**

At the State convention of the Y.M.C.A. held recently in Columbus, the organization of [a] basket ball league was effected with the following cities as members: Indianapolis, Crawfordsville, Terre Haute, Lafayette, and Wabash College. Basket Ball was introduced into the State by the Indianapolis association through its physical director (W.A. McCulloch). Two teams were organized in the city and played against one another through two seasons. As a winter's sport, the game proved to be popular, and two games were played in Tomlinson Hall before numbers of spectators. The first league game scheduled is to be between Indianapolis and Crawfordsville. It will be played at Crawfordsville on Thanksgiving Day. Before that time there will be two games between Indianapolis and Crawfordsville and Terre Haute and Lafayette teams, two teams against two teams, at the Y.M.C.A. gymnasium, on November 21.

#### **Earlier Reported Indiana BB Game**

As you see, even my statement that the first-known scheduled game between two teams with a resulting score was in Crawfordsville—which I wrote in my book, "*Season of Upsets*"—was incorrect. Am I angry? No. Embarrassed? A little, but I published "*Season of Upsets*" before Lighty's revelations. History changes.

Scholars of Indiana basketball (if there really are any) should have known something was up. As early as 2008, Bill Pickett uncovered some dubious newspaper reporting and research. A man who claimed to have played in the March 16, 1894 contest told a reporter of the local *Journal and Review* in 1944 that it was the first game ever in Indiana. The claim was not verified. The *Indianapolis Star* repeated it. The March 1971 issue of the *Indiana*

*Historical Bulletin*, published by the Indiana Historical Bureau, repeated the claim, as did Herbert Schwomeyer in 1997 in the 9<sup>th</sup> edition of his book, "*Hoosier Hysteria*." From there, the fable spread like wildfire and Hoosiers accepted it as fact. Sound familiar? It should. That is how rumors are created.

Historians desire the truth and revise history to expose that truth. Not in every case, but far too often, past recorders of history wrote what they *wanted* to be true, rather than what *was* true. They wrote what they perceived to be the story with no respect for other people involved. In 1944, a Crawfordsville reporter might have wanted to believe the very first basketball game was played in his town. When he found someone who had played in that March 16, 1894, game, and he claimed it to be so, he accepted it. Maybe he didn't care, and perhaps it was just one of several silly stories he'd write that week or month. But think about it—how did those players know somebody hadn't played basketball in any other corner of the state in the 27 months between the game's invention and their contest? They didn't.

There is no harm in being wrong so long as we accept the truth when presented to us. To keep an open mind first requires us to open our mind, whether it be history, a relationship, work, or politics. Nicholas McCay did not introduce basketball to the state of Indiana and the first game was not played in Crawfordsville. I accept it and you can too.

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 Indiana basketball roots aren't where you thought they were.

## THE GOOSE WHO FLEW AWAY

by

Dean Hackney

*Editor's Note: This article first appeared in the Kokomo Perspective newspaper not long after the 21st century turned the corner. Dean Hackney was the managing editor at the time and conducted an interview with James (Goose) Ligon, a former star center for the Kokomo Wildkats and later a professional ballplayer with the ABA. Ligon had helped his high school team win the IHSAA state championship in 1961 but was beset with law enforcement issues in subsequent years. The interview in 2003 was timely since Ligon passed away in Louisville on April 17, 2004, at the age of 60.*

Former Kokomo standout Jim "Goose" Ligon talks honestly about stardom, drugs, jail, family--and the way the city treated him during the toughest times of his life.

It is hard to imagine that more than 40 years have gone by (*ed. note: now 60*) since that magical winter night in 1961, when a young Jim Ligon helped lead the Kokomo Wildkats to the IHSAA boys state

basketball championship. It is also hard to imagine that less than 24 months after the historic win, he would leave Kokomo's public eye for 25 years--returning only to sneak into town to see family members. It has only been in (recent) years that he has felt comfortable enough to be seen and acknowledged in the town that "built" him.

But, to know and understand Jim Ligon, one must look into his past, before he was known around Indiana by one simple name--Goose. One must look at the troubled crowd he ran with on the north side of Kokomo. One must know that he watched his father die through a window in a hospital at an early age. One must know that his one refuge was a game that he loved, but almost threw away a chance to play it. One also must know the personal demons that haunted him since his graduation from KHS in 1962. This is the story of Jim "Goose" Ligon, a legendary name for Kokomo's basketball fans, but a man few really know.

### The early days

Born in February 1944, Ligon grew up on the north side of Kokomo. From an early age, he knew he loved the game of basketball, and honed his skills at such places as the YMCA, Carver Community Center, and the Second Missionary Baptist Church in the Kokomo Church Basketball League. "Basketball always has been my life," said Ligon. "I played at Douglass Elementary School, and then on up. 'I always played with players who were better than me so I could get better. 'And I kept getting better as I played against bigger guys.'"

Tragedy struck when Goose was only 10 years old. His father was stricken with an illness and had to be admitted to the hospital. But, in the medical facility, Goose said--while the future basketball legend was

peeking through the window--his father coughed a few times, fell out of bed, and breathed his last breath. "It's tough to see your father die," said Ligon. "He was the center of our family, the bread-winner. 'Now it was just me and Mom.'" The family then moved in with his aunt [near] Elwood Haynes School, where Ligon continued to play basketball. Then it was a move downtown so he could attend Central Middle School. Despite the moves, he says he still found his old [companions] from the north side whom he knew would get him in trouble. "People on the north side would tell me they wanted to see me make it, and those were good people," he said. "And, when I would start to get in trouble, they would go tell my mom, and she would get on me. 'I think they really wanted to see me make it and succeed. 'They were keeping me in focus, and it really motivated me. 'They wanted me to be a leader instead of a follower.'"

Goose's basketball skills continued to improve, and he was catching the eyes of everyone in town. By the time he was a freshman at Kokomo, even the players knew he could be special. "Jimmy Rayl was a senior, and he would come over and pick me up and take me to the courts to play," said Ligon. "I mean, he was the Splendid Splinter, and my idol. 'But he would still try to keep me out of trouble. 'I should have known then. 'I always have been surrounded by great people who wanted to help me, but I always fell back on the wrong crowd.'" Rayl graduated in 1959 with a state runner-up trophy, the school's scoring title, a scholarship to Indiana University, and the Mr. Basketball title. Fans of the Red & Blue thought they had seen the greatest player who had ever graced the court of Memorial Gymnasium. Not in their wildest dreams did they think someone would come around

and shatter his scoring record of 1,632 career points. They were wrong.

### **A budding star**

By his sophomore season, the team was beginning to gel--and he was gaining some form of celebrity status in Kokomo. The following season was the championship campaign and, according to Goose, he could do just about whatever he wanted around town. But that fact would come back to haunt him after his graduation. It was also during this time that he fathered his first child. "I am not proud of everything I have done in my life," he said. "Sometimes I just didn't think things through." At some point during his high school days, Jim Ligon underwent a name transformation, thanks to a local sportswriter. "Bob Ford thought I shot the ball like Goose Tatum of the Harlem Globetrotters," remembered Ligon. "And "Goose" has stuck ever since. 'I had a hook shot like him, so I favored him anyway. 'Before that, my friend Bobby Guge called me T.O.--which was for Tall Oscar. 'You know, like Oscar Robertson. 'Then I was called Seabiscuit because I ran so fast when I played ball."

The state title came at a time when Indiana basketball was king. A state championship meant the world to a city. To this day, Kokomo fans still talk about Goose's 19-point, 18-rebound performance like it was yesterday. He was a bona fide hero, and he took that title and made the best of it--at least in his own eyes. After all, he could do no wrong because he was the state champion hero. People would simply look back the other way when Goose had a problem. But things began to unravel during his senior season. He was the frontrunner for the coveted Mr. Basketball award, and the Kats looked like they could repeat as the

state champs. But, the day before the sectional tournament, Goose was with a friend who had been drinking. "We went over to Anderson to go skating the night before the tournament," recalled Ligon. "I was with a guy, and he drove his car off a bridge and into the water. "The police and everyone came. 'I was trying to hide who I was, but once they found out who I was, BOOM! 'They tested me, but I didn't have any of that stuff on my breath [alcohol]. 'Then the head of the high school tried to get me barred from playing. 'But I wasn't driving, so it was up to my coach for punishment."

His coach was Joe Platt, whom Goose said was like a father to him. He punished Goose only with extra laps. "He used to let me come over and eat and hang out sometimes," said Ligon. "I really think he wanted



**Coach Joe Platt with Jim Ligon**

to keep me out of trouble so I could play ball." It was also during this time that Ligon was dating a high school girl--a girl who was a couple of years younger than the senior. Most people would not see a problem with this, but in the 1960s, an interracial relationship was not a common occurrence. "I never looked at someone for their color," said Ligon. "My parents always had white people around us when we were growing up. 'I played with

them, and that is why I could fit in anywhere. 'You treat me like a man, I treat you like a man, and there shouldn't be any problem."

### **A lost Mr. Basketball**

Kokomo bowed out of the title run without repeating--something Goose said didn't really surprise him since the drive for a title wasn't as great since they already had one under their belt. "You know, it was disappointing, but we were still thinking that we already had one," said Ligon. "We could have had two. 'We wanted two, but it just didn't happen." Goose made it to graduation at Kokomo and was the odds-on favorite for Mr. Basketball. But, when the award was announced, he learned he was not going to wear the prestigious No. 1 Indiana uniform. And, according to Goose, the incident in Anderson was the cause for him being passed over. "Anytime I did something wrong, the media was all over it," said Ligon. "The Anderson thing knocked me out of Mr. Basketball--they gave it to Larry Humes (of Madison). 'I know I should have been." Ligon said he knew that it was his own fault he didn't get the honor that Rayl received three years before, and he wasn't bitter about it--after all, he was named an All-American and Humes wasn't.

After the Indiana-Kentucky All-Star game, Goose said things changed for him since he became unprotected by society after he graduated. "I could do no more for Kokomo High School," he said. "When I did good things for KHS, nobody bothered me. 'But, when I got out, I should have woke up. 'I couldn't do anything for them, so they were not going to protect me anymore like they [had been] doing." He said that included both with schoolwork and with the law. And that is when his relationship with a girl was exposed--and the downfall

of his life began. "I knew the girl's mother, and she used to let me spend the nights [over] there," said Ligon. "But her mother liked to gamble." Goose said that while he was playing with the Harlem Magicians after graduating, his girlfriend's mom came up to him and demanded \$2,000. Goose refused, and the mother had him arrested for statutory rape. "I was in Elk City, Oklahoma, playing for the Magicians, and the U.S. Marshals came onto the floor and arrested me," said Ligon. "The crowd thought it was just part of the act."

Ligon returned to Kokomo, and the judge told him he had two choices--leave town or go to jail for a year. "He told me he knew that I didn't know what I was doing with the girl was wrong," said Ligon. "But he said that with the white-black situation, it was a problem. He said he knew what I had been doing, but there is nothing you can do for Kokomo High School now. You aren't there, and you can't win no more games for them. He said if I left town, they would just put me on probation. But I made [it in] this town, and I wasn't leaving, I told him. You are just going to have to send me. And they did!"

### Pen(n) State

So, with little fanfare, Ligon was off to Pendleton Reformatory for what the judge told him would be one year. "I didn't know then that the judge doesn't know when you will really get out. It is up to the parole board," he said. Goose's time in the state pen did not get off to a good start, and within a week, he found himself in trouble with the authorities again. "My cousin, who was also in [the pen] with me, told me that someone was going to try and get me," he said with a pained look on his face. "So, he gave me a "shiv" [knife], and I slipped it [into] my sleeve. Then, a guy grabbed me

and took me into a closet, and I pulled it out and stabbed him. I had tears in my eyes because I had never done anything like [that]. I didn't try to kill him, but I stabbed him all over his arms and legs. He was running down the walkway, and I kept stabbing him until the guards got to me."

## Ex-Basketball Star Sentenced

Kokomo, Ind. (Spl.)—Former basketball star Jim (Goose) Ligon was sentenced to a 1-to-5-year term in the Indiana State Reformatory yesterday for assaulting a 13-year-old girl.

The 19-year-old Ligon who led Kokomo High School to the state prep title in 1961 was calm as the sentence was handed down by Howard Circuit Judge Lester E. Winslow, who gave him a stern tongue lashing.

"Society has been especially good to you," the judge told the towering 6-9 Ligon, but you have violated "the law of God and man."

LIGON'S mother broke down at the sentencing, crying, "I can't believe it . . . I just can't believe it . . ."

Judge Winslow also said Ligon had received fame and recognition in a very short period, and told him young persons had looked up to



Ligon

Ligon as a symbol of hope and that he had taken that hope from them.

A charge of rape was filed against Ligon in the attack on the white girl last Nov. 25 and a jury found him guilty June 18 of assault and battery with intent to satisfy sexual desires.

While free on \$5,000 bond awaiting sentencing, Ligon was arrested June 28 on another sex charge on the complaint of a 17-year-old Negro girl. No formal charges have been filed in that case.

JUDGE WINSLOW announced he had learned in the pre-sentencing investigation that it was not the first time the former basketball star had been on the outskirts of the law.

Ligon faced a possible 2-to-21-year prison sentence under Indiana law.

Ligon issued a public apology shortly after jury trial conviction, saying he was prepared to serve any sentence imposed.

After high school, Ligon turned professional, touring with the Harlem Magicians basketball team.

Again, though, he was "Goose," and authoritative eyes looked the other way because he was needed once more--for the prison basketball team. He said the Pendleton prison team was stacked with players, and they won games all the time against both [opposing] prison teams and outside opponents. In fact, the mayor of Pendleton and the state governor were frequent fans of the games. According to Ligon, his star status on the team caused the parole board to deny him from leaving. "They would pull out these letters which said things like "We are going to kill you if you come back," he said, referring to letters written from Kokomo residents. "But they just had to keep me until I had a replacement on the team."

Ligon said that prison hardens a man. "Not only did he stab someone

himself, but he was witness to prison murders, attacks, and other brutal atrocities. Ligon said he had replaced a guy [on the team] named Jamie Lee, so he knew he wasn't going anywhere [soon]. Ironically, Goose and a team from Kokomo had traveled to Pendleton to play Lee's team--just two months before he [himself] was sent there. "They kept saying that they had a place for me, and after that game, I figured out what they meant," he said. "Lee was 6-8, and when he got his parole, I was [his replacement]. And, when I got my parole, another big guy came in to take my place."

### Goose who?

Ligon's promised one-year stay turned into a three-and-a-half-year eternity. And, when he was released, he knew he couldn't go back to Kokomo, so he was paroled to Bloomington. After all, he was so disliked in parts of the "City of Firsts" that the high school took his picture down from the walls of Memorial Gymnasium. So, he shipped off to Bloomington to make pizzas at Bucky's Pizza near the IU campus. "There was no way I could come back to Kokomo," said Ligon. "I had to sneak into town to my sister's house just to see my friends and my girlfriend, or whatever. Then I would sneak back out of town. But Andy Castner and Bobby [Guge] knew. They have been around with me for a long time. They would tell me that it was time to go before someone would find out about me."

While he says a majority of the town had forgiven him, there were still elements whom he thought would kill him. "They threw a Molotov Cocktail onto the porch of my sister's house, trying to burn it down," he said. "There were crazy people who just didn't understand. You know, it was the black and white situation. But I couldn't come

back because it would jeopardize my family." He moved to Michigan City next and was so poor that he recalls something that will stick with him for the rest of his life. "I was living above a pool hall, putting up drapery for a living," said Goose. "I had [almost] no money, [but was able to buy] seven White Castle [hamburgers]. 'I put them on the steam heater and ate one of those a day for a week--and that is all I had. 'The smell [of those small burgers] kept me going into the room [where the heater was]. It was crazy, but it is a fact of my life.'" When it looked like the world was about to fall in on him, Goose got the word that would change his life forever--whether for the good or bad. A new professional basketball league was forming--the American Basketball Association (ABA).

### Louisville or bust?

In 1967, he contacted the newly formed Indiana Pacers and thought he would get a spot with them. After all, he was a local hero who should be able to get fans into the stands. But General Manager Mike Storn thought his presence would have the opposite effect, so he suggested that Goose call the Kentucky Colonels [also a new ABA team] in Louisville instead. Thirty-six years later Goose was still calling the town on the other side of the Ohio River his home. "That is why whenever I played [against] the Pacers, I wanted to win so bad," Ligon said. "It was bush league what [the Pacers] said to me. 'And I could hear what they were saying in the stands about me [in Indianapolis]. 'It fired me up, though.'" He said he loved the ABA, and at that point in his life, he was able to have some fun with his past since he seemed to be past his problems.

While playing for the Colonels, I got tired of being introduced with no college while other players had one,"

he said. "So, I told everyone that I went to college--Pen(n) State. 'I told them I didn't graduate but did attend for 3 1/2 years. 'They all laughed, but that is how I was introduced at games. 'From Pen(n) State, Goose Ligon. 'People who knew loved it.'"



**ABA Professional, 6-7 Goose Ligon**

He played for six years in the ABA (*ed: actually, seven*), and was consistently in the top five in rebounds while being named an ABA All-Star. His career ended while playing for the Virginia Squires when he ruptured his Achilles tendon. At the time he was playing with a future Basketball Hall of Famer--Julius "Dr. J" Erving. "We were almost unstoppable before I got hurt," said Ligon. "The two of us were high-flying."

### Bust

After the injury, he returned to Louisville where he had maintained a home which was occupied by his mother--whom he had invited to live with him during his first season there. With no college education--and no million-dollar contract to fall back on like today's players--he had to find a job like any other American. "It was a tough transition, because I was living the high life with the Colonels," he

recalled. "I stayed in the best hotels, ate the best food, and ran with the best crowd." He said he wasn't ready to retire yet, so he began running with the wrong crowd [once again]. He found some friends in the projects of Louisville where, coining a phrase from the television show "Cheers," "Everyone knew his name." He still wanted to be Goose Ligon, basketball star. He wanted the attention, the fame, and glory. What he got was trouble.

He took a good-paying job at the Louisville Transit Company. But instead of using his hard-earned money for the good, he used it to buy drugs for his buddies in the projects--simply so he could continue to be the go-to man, just like during his playing days. Unfortunately for the Kokomo legend, he never recovered, and to this day he still finds himself wandering back to the bad streets of town. "That is when my drug use really got going," said Ligon, who admits that he still has a problem today. In fact, just a week before this interview, Goose said he hit bottom again and at the age of 59 smoked a joint of marijuana. "I had cut myself away from all the good people and hung [out] with the ones I knew would get me in trouble." He said his lowest point came after his mother had retired and Goose went to her and asked for \$2,100 from her retirement pay to pay off some bills. He admits that he lied to her and wanted the money only for dope. He took the money and went back to the projects to buy drugs for himself and his friends--returning himself to the glory days of Goose Ligon, the "provider."

### Family Life

Goose said his mother has been a rock in his life, and has stuck with him through thick and thin, the good times and the bad. An interesting note about Goose's mother is that in all his glory, she saw him play the

game he loved only twice--and never during his high school days. "You know how rough basketball gets," he said. "Well, I was playing pro ball and she came [one time] to watch. 'It got rough, and she came out of the stands hollering "Don't you hurt my son!" 'She never came back again. 'She thought we just beat up on each other."

But not all in life is bad for Ligon. He is happily married, has given [numerous] inspirational talks to students, and is a proud parent. "My first two marriages were glorified--I was playing ball and everyone knew me, said Ligon. "My first wife and I went clubbing and stuff all the time. 'My second wife was a Jewish lady, and she was filthy rich. 'There was nothing I could do for her, and I felt like I was a kept man. 'If you can't buy something for your wife because she [already] has everything, well, that one lasted only a year." Then, 27 years ago, he married a woman whom he says is the center of his life, Doris. They now [in 2003] have two children, Erik, 14, and Mary, 11. "She [Doris] has always been with me," said Ligon. "No matter what I get myself into, she is always there when I come home. 'She has had plenty of reasons to leave, but we love each other too much." He thinks the reason they have made it is because when they met, he was just Jim Ligon to her. She had no idea that she was going out with a Louisville celebrity when they first met as employees of the Transit Company." "I used to see her with a big stick, because she was a security guard," said Ligon. "That stick was bigger than she was. 'But there was just something about her, and we have been together ever since."

Ligon recalls what happened in the projects after taking the \$2,100 from his mom. He was sky high after an entire day of doping and couldn't even find a quarter to use

the phone. After finding a friendly neighbor, he called Doris and told her he needed to get into a rehab clinic. "She didn't have to help me, but that is how good of a woman my wife is," said Ligon. "She could have just left me there and left me for good. 'But she stayed with me and helped me through." Family is important to Goose. At an [ABA] Hall of Fame Induction banquet he asked for three more chairs so his entire family of 11 could crowd around a table for eight. "It's okay, we'll all fit," he said with a grand smile. "I want to enjoy this with everyone who came." Later in the evening, instead of accepting an award on his own behalf, he dedicated it to his mother who was sitting at his table--a gift for her 87th birthday which she was celebrating that evening.

#### **Kokomo calls**

Ligon says he struggles every day with his addiction but can go months without using. Then, something happens to bring him down again--which causes him to revert to his past. Now on total disability, he lives from one government check to the next, while trying to teach youngsters that they can make something of themselves. He understands his demons but is dedicated to helping others not make the same mistakes he has made. He says he made his peace with Kokomo and now enjoys being recognized when he returns to town. He said that despite what happened in the mid-1960s, when the race riots began later that decade the city came to him, asking him to talk to students. It is amazing to watch him in action. Despite having a heart attack two days after his last bout with drugs, he still wants to help people--and noted something while watching the KHS football team recently. "I reckon when you put a uniform on--any uniform--you

represent that uniform," he said. "When you step out on that court or field, you are out there for one reason--to kick butt [for your team]."

While thinking back to his recent visit to Walter Cross Field while the Kats were trailing 21-0 in the first round of the sectional football tournament, Ligon said "This is your home, and you don't want anyone to come into your home and run over you. 'If they are going to run over you, they have to be extra-especially good. 'There is no way that our coaches would let players jack around with each other. 'But that is what they were doing--even though they were getting their butts kicked. 'If we had done that, we would have been running [laps] the next day at practice. 'They were just having a good time. 'We would have been getting each other fired up. 'Everything is [by] computer now. 'They don't want to dedicate themselves to something. 'My son will get lost with that stuff if I wouldn't holler for him to come downstairs. 'That has taken away a lot [from] sports. 'They just don't seem to care as much [as we once did]."

Jim Ligon is a man who never has asked for help on a regular basis. And that may have been his biggest downfall, because there were always people around him who were willing to help. He may have a closet full of personal demons, but he still has been able to find time during his troubled life to talk to thousands of students, trying to guide them away from his [own] lifestyle. So the question remains, what if? What if he hadn't been in that crash [at Anderson]? What if he had been Mr. Basketball [in 1962]? Where would he be today? It doesn't really matter, because Goose seems happy with whom he is, and when he triumphantly returns to Kokomo every few years, [many] people

recognize his 6-8 frame and relive the good times with him.

Sure, the city turned its back on him during his darkest days. But it has forgiven him--and [conversely]--he has forgiven the city. Goose is a legend in Kokomo, and it is gratifying to see him return [these days] as a hero.

*Dean Hackney is a graduate of Kokomo High School, and wrote a book titled "Kats with a K." It is a 100-year history of boys basketball at KHS.*

**David Glascock Autobiography  
Coach of Indiana's First State  
Champions, 1911  
Abridged & Edited by  
Sports Historians Bill Boone and  
Cliff Johnson**

*This is the Alpha and Omega (the beginning and the end) of my journey through life. It is intended to be an account of the high and low spots of those years and to provide my two sons with some idea of their dad's life--DG, 1964. (Ed. note: Coach Glascock passed away Feb. 16, 1969.)*

On July 30, 1885, I received my first spanking. It was on a farm about seven miles southeast of Veedersburg, Ind., and was delivered by Dr. Risty Shoaf. He lived at Steam Corner, a small town at the intersection of two roads now known as U.S. 41 and state road 32. On the farm I rode a horse, at 4 years old, to help my dad gather sugar water (*ed., tree sap*). There also, I ran my first 440-yard dash with mother on my heels urging me on with a peach switch--I had run away to a friend's home. That dash stands out in my memory of the farm.

When I was six or seven we moved to Veedersburg. My father had bought a restaurant. Later, he bought a dray line. In this business he handled Standard Oil products. While living in Veedersburg, I

attended grade school. The Oil Company later transferred father to Attica. While living there I kept busy helping to take care of the horses that were used on tank wagons, riding our cow to water, hunting bumble bees in McDonald Park, catching frogs in what is now called Ravine Park, playing sandlot football, participating in shinny (a variation of hockey, without a goalie), and engaging in other activities like any normal boy.

In the fall of 1898, my father was transferred to Crawfordsville. During the move, I rode our horse Kate there while leading our cow. We lived on East Jefferson Street, only a short distance away from the grade school and high school. During the summers of my high school and college days, I worked on a paving gang, then at a brick yard at the east end of town. It was a mile from home. After ten hours of wheeling bricks or pitching them into a kiln, I would run home. That brisk run helped me to warm up and get in condition for a football game or practice afterwards, and I don't remember the team ever having to wait for me for any game. In those days, a player played both defense and offense, as there was no platooning. My regular position was fullback, going both ways.



**Dave Glascock 1910**

In high school, my hardest subjects were geometry and Latin. In fact, I took four years of Latin to complete it for just the two years of credit. In athletics, I played basketball and football. However, in the fall of 1903 I fell from a hickory tree and tore ligaments in my left knee and did not play football again until the fall of 1904. I graduated in the spring of 1905, and that fall I enrolled at Wabash College. At Wabash, my grades were good except for math. Zoology and German were my favorite subjects, and they were helpful later in working on advanced degrees in Education. In my freshman year and in one of our first football games, I made a 25-yard run down the sideline. After the game, a friend told me that my dad was there and when I made the run he jumped up and down and shouted, "There goes my boy." But neither of us ever mentioned that event again.

Concerning athletics, I took part in basketball and football and ran on the track team, winning the mile run. As a member of the football squad I played against Chicago, Northwestern, and Illinois all in eight days. We were coached by an Indian—Francis Cayou. In my sophomore and junior years, we defeated Purdue. My old head gear, with scratches all over it, is on display in the trophy case at Wabash College, as is a picture of our backfield that beat Purdue. I did not consider myself a star athlete but did give it all I had in every game. And I enjoyed playing. The following is taken from a Wabash yearbook: "David Glascock, '09, a light but fast and neryv man. Plays a fine game at fullback. He is Gi Harp's understudy. When he takes on more weight will make a strong bid for the team." My weight at that time was 142 pounds in my birthday suit.

During the summer if 1908, I



waited tables at a hotel on Lake Michigan near the city of Holland. There were about 20 of us from either the city of Crawfordsville or Wabash College. Hotel Manager Roy Hall and waiter Walter Lynn were my classmates at Wabash. I was on the basketball squad for three years as a substitute back guard. Near the end of the 1908-09 season, we played Notre Dame and one of our regular forwards, for some reason, did not want to go, so I was shifted to forward along with (Ward) Lambert. At Notre Dame, we played on a 90-foot dirt floor.

In the spring of 1909, Crawfordsville High School challenged Wabash for a post-season game. Six of the players on the Wabash squad were former CHS players. As in the Notre Dame game, the same forward refused to play and, once again, I was shifted to forward. Because we thought they had no chance to win, we warmed up with a volleyball. The high school's defense concentrated on Lambert and before they knew it I had scored three buckets. Accordingly, their defense loosened up on Lambert, so I began feeding him the ball and he began scoring. In the end, we won 36-18, a satisfactory ending to my basketball career as a player. Ward "Piggy" Lambert went on to coach at Purdue for many years. I did not play football my senior year at Wabash but coached the CHS football squad to an undefeated season. As a result, I was hired by the school to teach and coach starting the fall of 1909. To better prepare for teaching, I attended Indiana University's School of Biology at Winona Lake near Warsaw, Ind. In all, I was there three different summers and my work led to a master's degree in zoology.

I spent the summer of 1910 at Colorado Springs. Cousin Alfred (was called Uncle Budge) graduated

there that spring. He got me a job working on the Colorado College campus. We did lots of hiking--to Garden of the Gods, up the Seven Sister Falls, and to other nearby points. On the evening of July 29, 1910, we started up Pike's Peak. At the timberline, we took a nap on pine boughs (never again!). We arrived at the top on my birthday, July 30th, just as the sun was breaking in the east. The route up was a back trail except for the last quarter of a mile. That was up a log road. I was so pooped that I had to sit and rest three times. The trip up really was much easier than the trip down. Our knees and feet took an awful beating coming down. That fall I returned to Crawfordsville.

In March 1911, the Crawfordsville basketball team won the first state championship. However, the title was not officially recognized until 1957. At the conclusion of the game, however, each squad member received a plaque recognizing us as the winner of the first basketball tournament. The presentation took place at Butler Fieldhouse. Perhaps a few lines about the 1911 championship should be included--right from the old horse's mouth. For the first day, CHS had drawn a bye. In order to win we had to play three games in nine hours. And, by golly, we did. The games had 20-minute halves, and there was no dribbling allowed by the rules. We had only seven players on the squad. Today, 1964--of that squad these men are still living: Ben Myers, Hugh Miller, Cleo Shaw, and Newton Hill. These boys and the other three had what it takes to make a "champion" in sports and in life. Namely, courage, the will to fight and win, the willingness to give all and be a good sport, to be a graceful loser and a generous winner. The departed men are Carol Stevenson, Orville Taylor, and Grady Chadwick.

Roy Hall, a college classmate of mine and team manager, has also passed on. 1911-12 was my final season at Crawfordsville. During the summer of 1912 I worked on a farm near Byron Center, N.Y., where cousin Lex Hesler was doing research for Cornell University.

From the fall of 1912 through the spring of 1915, I taught and coached at Ogden, Utah. Non-school days were employed in hunting and mountain climbing, while in winter it was ice skating. I also tried my first and last time at skiing. During the summer of 1914, I drove a stagecoach in Yellowstone National Park. By the fall of 1915, I returned to Crawfordsville and took a job with Houghton Mifflin Publishing Company, traveling in Indiana. In the summer of 1916, the job took me to Aberdeen, South Dakota where I also began coaching at a small college. But since World War I was going on, I took an examination in Aberdeen to apply for officer's training. I passed, and in the summer of 1917 I spent 90 days training for the military at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indianapolis. At the conclusion of training on Aug. 17, 1917, I received a First Lieutenant's commission. That fall, I was sent to Chillicothe, Ohio, and attached to the 323 Field Artillery Division. There, being assigned to Battery E, I was put in charge of the regimental horse shoeing. While at Camp Sherman, an incident happened, and I was transferred to an infantry outfit. Later I learned that the new assignment had something to do with my having been an athlete and coach. Incidentally, before the war, I had joined the Masonic Lodge in 1913. Joined Christian Church at Crawfordsville, spring 1914 and was baptized. In my effects somewhere is a Masonic penny I received with a personal mark on it. The penny was lost overseas, but later it was

returned by our 323 F.A. Chaplain along with a letter which still resides in my letter file.

After I was transferred and reported to that infantry division back in 1917, I raised so much of a rumpus that the commanding colonel was glad to send me back to the 323 F.A. Later I was assigned as an officer in that unit. We spent the winter training men in the art of gunfire. On June 2nd, 1918, we left Camp Sherman for New York and overseas duty in Europe. Our course across the ocean was a zigzag one in order to elude German subs. At one time, we were as far north as the southern tip of Iceland. Then we sailed down the coast of Scotland past the Isle of Man and landed at Liverpool, England. Because there were not enough quarters for all officers on the troop ship, twenty-five of us lieutenants were sent ahead to a camp in Winchester, England. We were there for five days before the rest of the regiment arrived on June 30th. During these five days we toured Winchester and saw many historical places and sights including the Cathedral, parts of which were built in A.D. 192. Some of its timbers were cut and put in place in 1066. The exhibits were interesting, too. Back then, there was a harness that soldiers locked onto their wives (a chastity belt) while they, the men, were at war. The wives could engage in no monkey business during the men's absence. Built within the Cathedral too, was the King's Chapel. We also witnessed King Arthur's Round Table and many other interesting places and sights. One day three of us went A.W.O.L. to London. There we visited the Chestershire Inn where Ben Johnson once regularly sat and drank ale with Charles Dickens. The Inn was noted for its pancakes, beef pie, and ale. We sampled it all.

After the rest of the regiment

arrived, we crossed the English Channel at night on July 3 and landed at LaHavre, France. From there, we went on to Camp Coetquidan for artillery training. During one of our training marches there, my horse reared and fell backward. My left foot was crushed. I was taken to the hospital and was still there when my outfit was ordered to the battlefield. After much argument on my part against remaining hospitalized, my big-hearted doctor relented and permitted me to go along. From the hospital I took an ambulance and arrived at the train station just in time to throw my crutches onto the train and place my knee on the boarding steps just as the train began to move. This ended the stay at Coetquidan.

On Sept. 22, 1918, we went to the front lines near Bordioce. Our activities at the front near these places in France were Reveguy, Vaubecourt, the Argonne Forest, Nixeville, Verdun, Meuse River, and at Cotetabou where the first shot by our regiment was fired on Oct 8 at 5 A.M. We were at Ecurey, France on Nov. 11 when the Armistice was signed. But we did fire 35 rounds that same morning. Our march into Germany and our activities are given in the History of Battery E. Also presented is the story of my army life up to the honorable discharge on May 27, 1919. On this march into Germany, we stayed all night with a family named Myers. I traded 2 cans of Prince Albert tobacco to one of their soldiers for a "Gott Mit Uns" belt buckle. Old Mr. Myers said, "Jah, Jah God was with us, but he is with America now." While in Germany we were stationed at Urbach Uberdorf, about 20 miles north of Koblenz on the Rhine River. I visited Koblenz several times. Once I took a boat trip up the Rhine past the famous De Lori rock. I also had an airplane flight over the river.

It was a thrill to see the U.S. flag flying on the boats below. I rode my mare in a contest and won first prize which was a two-week pass. I traveled to Cologne, Germany and to Brussels, Belgium. There, on April 9, 1919, I saw King Alfred lead his troops in review. From Brussels, I caught a ride to Paris with two YMCA men from Indianapolis. We drove through much of the English battle sector of the war. I had three days in Paris before the MPs caught up with me, advising that one day was authorized limit. I saw the city night and day. I was called an SOB by a beautiful street girl after advising her that \$4.00 was too much. She was the last of ten that stopped me on my way back to the hotel, after watching the Follies Bergere. I took a sightseeing trip to see the Kingly Spread at Versailles with the large dining room lined with mirrors where King Henry fed a thousand men at one time. We were shown his bedroom and bed. It was the custom for people to enter the king's bedroom and watch as he dressed--so the guide told us. I also took in the wonderful gardens and fountains in the city.

When I returned to my outfit at Urbach, I found the men all set to return to the U.S. We soon left Uberdorf, taking the train for Brest, France where we arrived on April 26, 1919. We were there for several days. While on duty at Brest, I took a large squad of men down to the wharf early on a morning to unload cargo on some ships. All I had to do was to deliver them and return for them at 4 P.M., so I had the whole day for sightseeing. I viewed a dungeon several feet underground where enemy prisoners had been dumped into a hole with spikes protruding from the floor. One side of the hole was opened to the sea and at high tide the sea washed out the bodies, dead or alive. On May 5 we

boarded the "Von Steuben" (a ship captured from the Germans) for our trip home. On the way home, I was seasick for five days. On May 13 we arrived at Hoboken, then taken up the Hudson River to Camp Merritt. There our men were split up into groups for discharge. I was sent to Camp Sherman and was given \$60.00 with my discharge on May 29, 1919.

In the fall of 1920, I went to Aberdeen, S.D. as a football coach only. At the end of a successful football season, I was hired additionally as a coach and teacher of physical education. My activities there, my sons, are best related by your mother. We were married June 17, 1924, when your mother met her Waterloo. And that, dear sons, is why you are here. After a wedding trip to Yellowstone National Park and other points west we visited mother's uncle, Jim Grover at Zumbrota, Minn. While there, Mr. L.N. Hines wired me from Terre Haute that I could have the coaching position at Indiana Normal School. Mr. Hines was Superintendent of Schools at Crawfordsville in 1911 when I coached the first basketball state championship. From Zumbrota we hurried back to my home in Crawfordsville. I went to Terre Haute and signed up for the job at \$2400.00 per year. Mr. Arthur L. Strum was the head of the Physical Education Department there; we had met at Illinois University during the summer of 1922. At Illinois I had taken coaching courses and Phys Ed. These helped me in coaching and teaching Phys. Ed. classes at Terre Haute. My army background also was a great help.

As the college grew and more Phys. Ed. classes were assigned to me, I realized the need for better teaching preparation. Therefore, two summers and one year were spent at Columbia University in New York

City to accomplish that end. Before finishing, and on the road home from N.Y. in 1928, David was born at Zanesville, Ohio. When David was three, I spent the whole year at Columbia completing my studies. Your mother was teaching in the Commerce Department here at Indiana Normal. Later, I decided to go to Indiana University to work on a doctorate degree. This took three summers. Your mother spent one summer at the I.U. campus with me. We resided at 1601 South Center Street. One morning, in the wee hours of May 25, your mother called me to take her to the Union Hospital where very shortly you, John, appeared as a howling success. While living at 1601, I worked on the data that I had collected for my Doctor's thesis. During the year 1936-37, besides my teaching and writing a thesis, I became commander of the American Legion Post #40. On top of that we were building our new home. So, the year of 1937 was a humdinger--a thesis, a new home, a Doctor's degree, and serving as commander of American Legion Post #40.

Sometime during the first few years in Terre Haute, I received a U.S. Army citation, which was a gold medal and having my name signed in the "Book of Gold" at Verdun, France, as a defender of that city during World War I. On August 6, 1937, we moved into our new home at 350 South 22nd. The house was completed but there was much work still to be done on the yard. Here we had a home all our own. We were happy to be able by August to establish a home base for you boys. At that time David was nine and John four. You boys kept us busy trying to answer David's many "Whys" and keeping John out of the trees. Both of you attended Davis Park school, Woodrow Wilson Junior High school, and Wiley High

School.

Hope to see you later,  
Love Daddy (*i.e., David Glascock--ed. note*)

## UNRAVELING SOME YARN

by Doug Bradley

*Editor's Note: Doug Bradley is a featured freelance writer, researcher, and charter member of IHSBHS. He has been an outspoken critic of many of the claims, decisions, resolutions, and reports put forth by basketball's governing bodies, along with many scholars, sports writers, and organizations connected with the sport. He has been especially vigilant regarding misleading or erroneous information about "facts" that often make their way into print. Doug does his best to expose them when he can.*

IHSBHS needs to have a repository for several things. Two of my favorite wishes are for B-team nicknames such as the Dale Golden Deuces (A-team is the Golden Aces) and yells such as one of Shelbyville's that is shown at the end of this article. But here is what set me off today:

Sam Simmermaker (Star City HS class of 1950), now a WCSI radio announcer at Columbus, sends out a daily sports report on his Facebook, and his last entry today was "The Indiana Basketball Hall of Fame has a booth at the Indiana State Fair." This seems informative and helpful, but every time I think of the HOF, it bothers me that after all these years there is still so much erroneous chaff remaining in its records, exhibits, and literature. For instance, a HOF display claims that the first high school glass backboard was used in 1920 by Owensville HS and that Judge Harry Champ, also a teacher there and the team's coach, was the

originator. That display was one of my favorites until my own research disclosed that it was likely not even one of the first dozen installed in the state. Furthermore, those backboards were mounted in the fall of 1922, not 1920. Champ did not become a judge until several years after he taught at Owensville, and it appears that Harold Taylor McCullough was the one responsible for buying the glass backboards.

Several news articles then were uncovered about glass boards being used by other early teams in the state, one even shown in a 1913 photo. Evidence that the HOF display was bogus came first to me when, during my research, I discovered an article in a Kokomo newspaper that reported a December 1921 game played in the Kokomo school basement gym (before Haworth was built) against visiting Muncie Central. The article spoke of the glass boards used in that game. Since the glass boards at Owensville were not installed until Fall, 1922, it belied the words printed on the HOF exhibit. The Purple won that game 15-10, but it didn't prevent the Wildkat fans and student body from offering up their rousing cheer of

Hit 'em high,  
Hit 'em low,  
Eat 'em up, Kokomo!

We need to make sure that trademark yells are not forgotten:

"The Ikmiks (ghosts?) of Connorsville; We don't boo, do you?"

Shelbyville fans awaiting the Columbus Bulldogs' entry to the floor: "We want dog meat!" Then Columbus fans would throw frankfurters onto the court which were gathered up by the Shelbys and taken home for a meal.

And another, a bit more obtuse, that still might put a grin on Columbus Principal Jud Erne's face: "Shelbyville, Shelbyville! You think you're it? S-H for Shelbyville, I-T for --it!" Alternate versions of the yell might also have been in play before school administrators put an end to it altogether.

### **THE LARGEST H.S. GYMS IN THE U.S.**

**by Doug Bradley**

I wanted to point out that Wikipedia's "List of largest high school gyms in the United States" is worthless. So, to advise and enlighten any readers who care, I've done my own research and created what I believe to be an accurate list. Wikipedia shows only two correct seating numbers, one that may or may not be right someday--but not today, and ten others that are completely wrong.

#### **My corrected list for the present time (May 2022) is as follows:**

8228 Seymour IN  
8054 East Chicago Central IN  
7864 Loos Field House TX  
7829 New Castle IN\*  
7425 Davis Field House TX  
7345 Elkhart IN  
7154 Lafayette IN\*\*\*\*  
6974 Marion IN  
6907 Washington IN  
6744 Southport IN

#### **Other gyms that originally seated 7000 or more:**

8240 Anderson IN  
6579 Muncie IN  
6402 Gary West IN  
6066 Columbus North IN  
59?? Michigan City IN\*\*  
5203 Kokomo IN  
5067 Richmond IN\*\*\*\*

\*New Castle claims 8424, but 260 telescoping bleacher seats and 335 portable bleacher seats have never

been used (and likely never will be).

\*\*Michigan City's new seats are to be counted in late 2022.

\*\*\*Richmond has 5610 seats, with removable bleachers in place that seat 543.

\*\*\*\*Lafayette actually seats 6690, same as the day it first opened. The 7154-capacity seating happens when the balcony seats are changed from 18-inch width to 16-inch.

Wikipedia has listed the Chinle, AZ gym at 7500 seats for several years now, but it has only 5734.

### **FOUNDER'S CORNER**

**by**

**Harley Sheets**

Being one of the content editors of Boxscore is an obligation I take quite seriously since IHSBHS's mission is to be as accurate as possible, rectify past errors that come to our attention, and verify or reject claims that appear within the public domain. While reviewing a past Boxscore article I wrote in my "Tidbits" column (Winter 2018, pages 3-5) I discovered an error I made in it. James B. Garner, maybe the most famous of all Lebanon HS graduates for inventing the gas mask, graduated in 1889, not 1893 as I stated. But more significantly, I had mentioned in that article a recent discovery showing that the first games of basketball had NOT been played in Crawfordsville. Therefore, I suggested that someone should delve into this historical revelation and get the matter permanently resolved. Lo and behold, in this current issue I find that Matt Werner's research and references leave little doubt about the factual origins of Indiana's first basketball games. Thanks, Matt!

## PRESS RELEASE

Boone County Basketball Hall of Fame

For Immediate Release

RE: **2022 Inductees Ceremony**

July 19, 2022

Contact: D. L. White – President  
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### Boone County Basketball Hall of Fame Holds Induction Ceremony for the Class of 2022!

The **2022 Inductee Class Ceremony** was held on Saturday, July 16th in the Ulen Country Club Ballroom. Vice President Larry Randel welcomed all and gave some information on our group. He also showed some basketball trophies recently acquired which will be displayed in the Thorntown Historical Museum. President D. L. White emceed the introduction of each inductee followed by their acceptance speeches. Inductees or a family representative joyfully accepted the honor.

The inductees or their representative into the Boone County Basketball Hall of Fame gave appreciative and inspiring acceptance speeches about their basketball career memories. Many praises were also given to the BCBHOF for the giving of over \$8,500 in scholarships to Boone County graduates in their three and one-half years of existence. A large poster with pictures of the 17 scholarship recipients was on display as were many other basketball items such as sweaters, shoes, jerseys, pictures and books.

#### Inductees were:

- \*Dick Bramblett      Lebanon      1946      He was one of Lebanon's leading scorers for 1945 & 1946.
  
- Mike Caldwell      Lebanon      1967      Leading scorer his senior year on the 1967 Lebanon team, and second leading scorer his junior year playing with Rick Mount.
  
- \*Bennie Devol      Lebanon      1923      He was Lebanon's first 1000-point scorer and was the all-time leading scorer for the Tigers until Rick Mount broke his record in the 1960's.
  
- George Johnson      Zionsville      1965      He was Zionsville's leading scorer in 1965 and is 4th all-time in points for the Eagles.
  
- \*Byron Linton      Thorntown      1960      He was one of Thorntown's all-time leading scorers and helped the Keewasakees win 3 County Championships and 2 Sectionals.
  
- \*Frank "Doc" Little      Lebanon      1917      First Team All-State for Lebanon's 1917 State Championship Team.

\*Kent Poole                      Western Boone 1982    He was the leading scorer for the 1982 Stars when they advanced to the Semi State. He also starred as "Merle" in the movie "Hoosiers."

\*Max Price (2021)              Thorntown              1953    Coached Pinnell to the 1962 Sectional Title.

Mick Pyle                      Zionsville              1972    He was the leading scorer for the 1972 Eagles who finished 17-6, and is the 5th all-time leading scorer in Zionsville history.

Jami Sloan                      Lebanon                  1990    She was the first Lebanon female hoops player to be named to the Indiana All Star Team. She graduated with 13 school records.

Tom Wethington              Granville Wells 1964    He helped lead Granville Wells to the 1963 Sectional title as well as 3 County Championships.

Many of the inductees were proud to represent their small Boone County school...and felt the same as Merle Webb (Kent Poole) from HOOSIERS with his famous movie line... "Let's win this game for all the small schools that never had a chance to get here."

If you would like to nominate someone for the Fifth Inductee Class of 2023 please go to our website [www.BooneCountyHoops.com](http://www.BooneCountyHoops.com) and download the Nomination Form or request form from our Vice President Larry Randel at [SiSRandel@gmail.com](mailto:SiSRandel@gmail.com). All Boone County players, coaches, officials, and fan enthusiasts may be considered for future induction. *(Closed or consolidated schools are Advance, Dover, Granville Wells/Jackson Twp., Jamestown, Perry Central, Pinnell, Thorntown & Whitestown. Active schools are Lebanon, Traders Point, Western Boone & Zionsville.)* The submission deadline for 2023 nominations is December 31, 2022. Membership is \$20 per calendar year and that form may be obtained the same as the Induction form.

Up next is our 2<sup>nd</sup> Annual Golf Outing at Cool Lake on Friday, July 22, 2022. This is a fundraiser for our Scholarship Fund. To obtain more information or to register for the Golf Outing, please email [SiSRandel@gmail.com](mailto:SiSRandel@gmail.com) or call 317-873-4100.

[www.BooneCountyHoops.com](http://www.BooneCountyHoops.com)

Like us on FACEBOOK - Boone County Hoops  
501 ( c ) 3

Website:      [www.BooneCountyHoops.com](http://www.BooneCountyHoops.com)  
                    or Boone County Basketball Hall of Fame



FACEBOOK BooneCountyHoops

July 19 2022

## BECOME AN IHSBHS MEMBER

(Indiana High School Basketball Historical Society)

Join a statewide group of sports-minded individuals who have a common interest in the history of high school basketball, Indiana's favorite sport. Membership dues are currently just \$10 per year. Established in 1994, and loosely associated with the Hall of Fame in New Castle, IHSBHS (pronounced "ish-bish") publishes four seasonal newsletters for its members, each issue usually 12 to 16 pages in content, known as Boxscore. This newsletter contains diverse items, including short stories that recount tales of former Hoosier ballplayers and their schools' teams. Members are invited, but not required, to submit their own personal stories for inclusion in Boxscore.

### Membership Application

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Mailing Address: \_\_\_\_\_

E-Mail (optional for receiving Boxscore) \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone No. (optional) \_\_\_\_\_

High School and graduation year \_\_\_\_\_

Check or money order to IHSBHS for \$10 enclosed? \_\_\_\_\_

Mail to: IHSBHS Treasurer Rocky Kenworthy, 710 E. 800 S., Clayton, IN 46118

Board of Directors: Roger Robison (Frankfort '54), Harley Sheets (Lebanon '54), Cliff Johnson (Western '54), Rocky Kenworthy (Cascade '74), Tim Puet (Valley, PA '69), Leigh Evans (Castle '86), John Ockomon (Pendleton '60), Jeff Luzadder (Dunkirk '74), Curtis Tomak (Linton '59), Kermit Paddack (Sheridan '02), Bill Boone (Ladoga '56).



## Indiana Basketball Hall of Fame Annual Membership Program

The Indiana Basketball Hall of Fame is committed to recognizing Indiana's Basketball Legends and inspiring Indiana's basketball future.

The Indiana Basketball Hall of Fame Foundation, Inc. is a 501(c)(3) not-for-profit organization. The operation of the Hall of Fame is dependent upon attendance, gift shop sales, funds generated through activities and events, gifts and donations. The Annual Membership Program was established to allow all basketball enthusiasts to participate in the support of preserving and sharing Indiana's basketball history.

As an Annual Member of the Indiana Basketball Hall of Fame you will receive the following recognition and benefits during the next year.

- name recognition on the Annual Membership display in the lobby of the museum
- name recognition in the Indiana Basketball History Magazine, & Induction Banquet Programs
- free museum admission for the member and 3 guests, 20% discount in the gift shop
- Hall of Fame complimentary gift
- subscription to Indiana Basketball History Magazine
- invitations to annual receptions for inductees and honorees along with other special events

Please complete the membership form, and keep the Indiana Basketball Hall of Fame in the GAME!

## 2022 Membership Form

### Membership Categories

<input type="checkbox"/> Active H.S. Coach	\$25
<input type="checkbox"/> Active H.S. Referee	\$25
<input type="checkbox"/> Regular Member	\$100
<input type="checkbox"/> Benefactor	\$250
<input type="checkbox"/> Patron	\$500
<input type="checkbox"/> Lifetime	\$3,000 (Cumulative)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_ Email: \_\_\_\_\_

Please make check payable to Indiana Basketball Hall of Fame, One Hall of Fame Court, New Castle, IN 47362. The Indiana Basketball Hall of Fame Foundation, Inc. is a 501(c)(3) not-for-profit organization. Your contribution is tax deductible.

Check method of payment:

Check or Money Order enclosed       Credit Card (VISA, MC, Discover)

Credit Card # \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_ Vcode \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_