

studies of genius. Among the most surprising of Terman's omissions is his lack of comment on Kinsey's claim that one in three men had experienced homosexual activity to the point of ejaculation with another man. Terman believed that homosexual men were effeminate—indeed he had reported this result for his masculinity/femininity scale—but at the same time, a number of his geniuses had reported homosexual behavior. Terman wanted his geniuses to be “normal,” and he viewed them as more moral than

average. Declaring that silence is discourse, Hegarty argues that Terman believed that if many men had had homosexual experiences but had not continued with a homosexual lifestyle or identity, their behavior need not be understood as pathological. The book is highly recommended to historians of sexuality.

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One Small Town, One Crazy Coach: The Ireland Spuds and the 1963 Indiana High School Basketball Season

By Mike Roos

(Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 2013. Pp. 302. Illustrations. Paperbound, \$26.00.)

There was a time late in my fifty-two-year newspaper career when an age line kept advancing. “Nobody under 30 is reading newspapers anymore,” we started to hear. Then it was “nobody under 40,” on its way toward the seemingly inevitable “no one. Period.”

In Indiana, the sad truth for sentimentalists is that the same sliding line probably applies now to those wonderful times when Indiana crowned one state high school basketball champion and everybody cared—or so it seemed. The last of those years was in 1997, so the countdown has begun toward extinction for those who lived that magic. The open

tournament, like the universally read newspaper, isn't coming back.

It's hard to say whether author Mike Roos, writing about a crazyman named Pete Gill and a no-longer-extant team called the Ireland Spuds, argues more strongly for the Bring-Back-The-One-Champion folks or the It's-Better-Now-Because-It's-Not-Nuts brigade. Not that he's neutral. His storytelling eloquence makes the old juices flow, as Pete and the Spuds deliver unto their townsfolk the 1963 sectional championship, a victory they had been awaiting forever.

For every team in Indiana, mighty or miserable or middling, that February first round of the tournament

once represented a redemptive last chance, open to all teams, to claim that season's neighborhood basketball supremacy. The killers of the old tourney failed to grasp that the state championship never was the real prize, the driving dream, for any but the year's powerhouses. The sectional was; every year a half-dozen or so little guys made an eternal community name for themselves by whipping the neighborhood basketball bully that one unforgettable time.

For folks in Ireland, Jasper was the dominating big school, and before Pete Gill in 1963 the locals had never cut down sectional nets. As a coach, Pete never had either in his previous undistinguished and brief stops at Roanoke, Switz City, and Turkey Run. But he never doubted himself, and never aimed low. When he came to Ireland, the Spuds had just gone through their best and biggest talent in years and had met their usual sectional fate—couldn't beat Jasper, couldn't win the sectional. Now the roster was down to runts, and the reigning mood in the town's barbershops and bars was resignation to endless basketball ignominy. Enter Gill, convinced beyond resumé that he was a coaching genius.

A few madcap months later, Ireland had won a sectional—and the tournament's second round, the regional! Crazy Pete, a Professor Harold Hill in sneakers, was talking state

championship, just four wins away, and by then it didn't seem impossible. His style was not for the mentally balanced; his team conditioning was evil, borderline felonious; his coaching wasn't textbook. But this one time, he took to the Sweet 16 maybe the most undersized, under-skilled underdog ever to get there.

Gill did the coaching; Mike Roos's dad, Jim, was the school principal who did the hiring, the sweating, and the apologizing; Mike himself, as an eleven-year-old fifth grader, did the starry-eyed witnessing, and remembering, and then the splendid writing that fictionalized history in ways insignificant to the overarching story of triumphal underdog. His book came out in the fiftieth anniversary year of Gill's Spuds' breakthrough, which will never be matched again. Ireland High and several hundred town schools like it have been swallowed into consolidations, with the Ireland Spuds and Epsom Salts and Banquo Ghosts lost to the ages. Sectionals don't match neighbors anymore, nor does state champ mean State Champ. For *One Small Town, One Crazy Coach's* 302 lively pages, Mike Roos keeps an era and his childhood alive.

BOB HAMMEL was an Indiana sports writer for forty-two years, the last thirty in Bloomington. He is the author or co-author of thirteen books, eight of them on IU or Indiana high school basketball.

