

Crawfordsville Ind., Jan. 23 - (Spl.- Coach H.T. McCullough's 1940 Athenians will play the first basketball game in Crawfordsville High School's new \$250,000 gymnasium Wednesday evening against Washington High School of Indianapolis. Crawfordsville claims to be the birthplace of basketball in Indiana, and indeed, in the Midwest, for more than forty-five years ago the first game was played here. The high school has a new, fully equipped gymnasium. The building will be dedicated later in the season.

Basketball was introduced to Crawfordsville in the spring of 1893 by N. C. McKay, a Presbyterian minister, who had just been appointed secretary of the Y.M.C.A. built here about 1890. In preparation for his work as secretary, he attended the Y.M.C.A. training school for secretaries and physical directors at Springfield, Mass. There he saw the new game invented by the late James A. Naismith, played with a round leather ball and a couple of baskets hung up at the end of the gymnasium floor.

Assuming his duties here in March, McKay promptly told the boys about the newly-invented game he had seen at Springfield. The boys rigged up baskets in their new gym, and a round leather ball was made, somehow, with the result that the game was introduced and played here the first time anywhere west of New England.

PLAYED IN FIRST GAME.

Dr. J. B. Griffith, now a practicing physician of Crawfordsville and a Wabash College graduate with the class of 1895, participated in the first basketball game ever played here when he was a sophomore in college. Right from the start both the college and high school boys took to the game which today is the most popular indoor game throughout the state played in every village and hamlet with a school large enough to have a dozen or more boys enrolled. Crawfordsville High School, first playing the game more than forty years ago, won the first state high school championship back in 1911.

THE BOY FRIEND

My Hooper dosen't get much out of school
He thinks Aquinas is some kind of drink,
I really don't believe the poor damphool
Can use his brain machinery to think;
I told him about Socrates one day
And in the middle of my speech he said:
"I never heard of him. Where does he play?"
Some girls were listening, and was I red!

I think his head is one big basketball
With nothing much but air on the inside.
It doesn't seem to register at all,
In fact he does his thinking with his hide;
His parents think that he's a clever kid
But they have never probed beneath his lid.

T. E. B.