



Horse Cave Colored School

MY JOURNEY

BY CLARENCE E. GLOVER

**HENRY TOWN
TO ACROSS TOWN**
THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

Caverna Elementary School

MY Living Legacy

Clarence E. Glover

MY Children and Grandchildren are considered my living legacy. MY Journey is being written for family; my children, and grandchildren. I began writing each grandchild a monthly letter in the year 2014. This act of love continues today.

However, the letters do not acquaint my children and grandchildren with my journey. Therefore, in 2024, I began writing the “MY Journey” book series to acquaint them with my life.



LAMONTE



ADONIS



KOLETA



ROBERT

THE GRANDCHILDREN

Grand is defined as Impressive, Ambitious, Noble, and Dignified



The **Clarence Glover Scholarship Fund** is an endowed fund, created in 1971. It assists students from Caverna High School during their freshman year at **Western Kentucky University**. The “**MY Journey**” electronic, and print book series is housed at the WKU College Heights Foundation. They are accessible to the public via the website links, and phone number below.

www.wku.edu/chf/glover

270/745-4597

www.alumni.wku.edu/glover

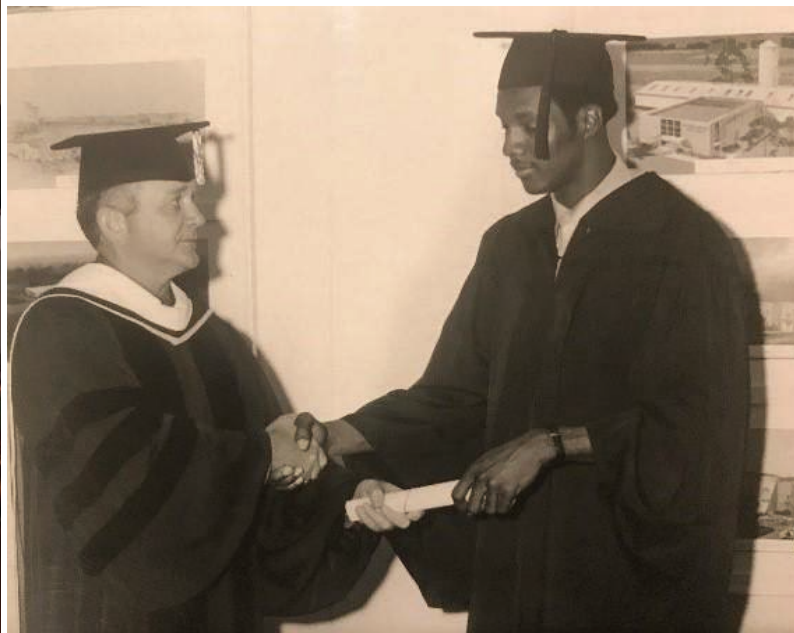
About the Author – Clarence E. Glover

Clarence Glover was born and reared in the section of Horse Cave, Kentucky, called Henry Town. He attended the Horse Cave Colored School through grade three, and the Caverna Independent Schools from grade four through twelve.

He was named basketball First Team All-State, to the Kentucky All-Stars team, and received All-America honors his senior year of high school. He was named nationally to Who's Who of Students in American Universities and Colleges while attending Western Kentucky University (WKU).

He was a starter on the WKU Men Basketball NCAA Division-I Final-Four Team. The Caverna community held Clarence Glover Day on April 18, 1971. This honor day followed the national tournament during his senior year at WKU. The Clarence Glover Scholarship Fund was announced during the celebration.

The scholarship is awarded each year to a Caverna High senior that is set to attend WKU.



Mr. Glover graduated from WKU with a Bachelor of Science degree, and was selected the Number One Draft of the NBA Boston Celtics. He earned his Masters of Education (M.Ed.) from Boston State College, and post-graduate studies at Butler University (IN.) and Indiana University-Purdue University at Indianapolis (IUPUI).

His career includes being a Professional Athlete, Teacher, Coach, and Principal. Honors and accomplishments include Massachusetts Division III Basketball Coach of the Year, co-founder of the Frenchburg Academy year-round boarding school in Miniffee County, KY., and the U.S. Job Corps National Alpha Award.

Additional awards include the WKU Athletic Hall of Fame, Tiger Woods Foundation '*Sharing and Caring*' Award, Barren County (KY.) Athletic Hall of Fame, and Kentucky High School Basketball Hall of Fame.

Mr. Glover's community service includes the following Boards of Director:

Indiana Black Expo, Inc., WHAS Crusade for Children, WKU College Heights Foundation, Louisville Central Community Centers, Inc., Louisville Public Media, WKU Foundation, Kentucky Repertory Theatre, WKU Alumni Association National Board, Actors Theatre of Louisville Advisory Council, Frazier History Museum of Kentucky, and the Kentucky Humanities Council.

On December 14, 2018 the Caverna Independent School District in Kentucky, named the Caverna High School basketball court, **Clarence Glover Court**.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN

THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

ESCORT SCHOOL - GRADES 6-8

C.E.G.

What is **The Shortest Distance** between Point -A and Point -B??

This was something I experienced as a third-grade student in January 1957. It was a question that crossed my mind regularly as it probably did other kids my age, and possibly the adults in our lives.

However, at that young age, I was unaware of the mathematical answer.

Also, during that time I did not have the remotest dream that someday I would be a teacher, assistant principal, and middle school principal. The middle schools where I was an administrator were called escort-schools. That meant that the students were escorted everywhere they went in the building.

They were escorted to every class, the restrooms, and to the cafeteria for lunch. The teachers would line the students up while in the classroom, and they would file down the hallway to their destination. The students did not enter middle school knowing these procedures.

Therefore, I would always start the rules and procedures training with the sixth-grade students. That training would follow the students throughout their middle school years. When the sixth-grade teachers escorted their students to the restroom; I would stand with the students in the hallway.



Photo from Internet

I stood with the students to give their teachers the opportunity to have private time in the restroom. The students were in a line throughout the day, wherever they went in the building. Therefore, I allowed them to get out of line and talk with each other after they filed to the restroom.

They could talk quietly with each other until all students and teachers had the opportunity for their private restroom time.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN

THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

THE SHORTEST DISTANCE – THE COVETED MINT AWARD

C.E.G.

Since I had allowed students to move out of line and talk, I had to come up with a way to get them to stop talking, and quietly move back into line when their teacher exited the restroom. It was easy to get the students to quickly stop talking.

I would raise my hand in the air above my head. That is what we called a “Level-5”; whereas, all staff and students in the area were to also raise their hands above their heads and immediately stop talking. They then gave their full attention to the staff member that initially raised their hand.

Since the students were being told throughout the day to lineup, I did not want their time with me to be what they experienced throughout the day. Therefore, I needed to create a sentence that would get the students back into line without saying, ‘Okay students, everyone get back into line’.

I decided to ask them a question. When a student raised his or her hand, I would call upon them. The first student that answered the question correctly would receive the “Mint Award”.

The mint award was a wrapped peppermint candy that I would give to students when I observed them doing something kind, helpful, etc. I carried peppermints with me throughout the day.



Photo from Internet

The question I decided to ask the sixth-grade students was, if Point-A is where you are standing and point-B is your classroom, **“What is the Shortest Distance Between Point-A and Point-B?”**

Each year, the sixth-grade students would eagerly raise their hands to be called upon. Their many answers were often creative, however, their initial answers were usually not the answer that I could accept for my question.

With each class, within a brief period of time, a student’s face would brighten, and she or he would eagerly raise their hand. When called upon, the student would answer **“it’s A Straight Line”!** Periodically, the first student to raise their hand would give the acceptable answer.

That usually meant one of three things. The first thing was that the student knew the answer, second was that the student’s older sibling had informed them of the answer to the impending question, or third was word had spread from student to student among the sixth graders.

When the correct answer was given, the class would give the student a “silent” round of applause. A “silent” round of applause was when the class would simulate clapping their hands in a “round” circular motion. The applause came as I presented the student his or her “Mint Award”.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

THE LONGEST DISTANCE – DELAYED GRATIFICATION

C.E.G.

The students would then line up in a straight line before their teacher came out of the restroom. One week later I would give the students another question. They could attempt to answer it at that time, or anytime throughout the school year.

It seemed simple, but it was a much more cerebral, and difficult question. Before asking the question I would preface the question with the following statement.

“We know the answer to what is shortest distance between point-A and point-B. I have a much harder question for you. Before I give you the question, I am informing you that I am a **Borderline Genius**”.

I would pause for a brief second after saying borderline genius. Then I continued by saying **“On the Genius Side”**.

That always got their attention; and that is when I informed them of the question.

THE QUESTION

“What is The Longest Distance between Point -A and Point -B?”



Their Answer had to match **“MY Answer”** to MY longest distance between Point-A and Point-B. I clarified to them that MY answer may not be the answer for everyone; however, their answer must match my answer to get the Mint Award.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

WARP SPEED – 57 CHEVY SPEED

C.E.G.

At the end of the school year, I would travel throughout the sixth-grade floor to once again, ask the question.

If a student answered correctly, he or she would get enough mints to share with the class. If the students still could not answer the question; I would tell them MY answer. I would then give them a scenario to illustrate the answer. **I will do the same for you** in the next book of this series.

We just traveled through time at warp-speed, from my 3rd grade year of school in January 1957 to decades into the future when I was a school principal. Periodically, we shall travel through time at warp speed. And, other times, we will travel at the speed of the 1957 Chevy.

The 1957 Chevy had a 283 cubic inch fuel injected V8 engine, 4-barrel carburetor, and a top speed of 120 miles per hour (mph).

That is not WARP speed, but in 1957 that was REAL fast. And, in 2025 that is still fast.



1957 Chevy bel air– Photo from Internet (MSRP \$ 2,399)

The 1957 Chevy bel air was introduced in September 1956. Interestingly, 1956 was the year that the Caverna Independent School District, and its communities, formulated their school plan for racial integration.

Numerous meetings, and many hours of planning took place with the core planning committees. Multiple community meetings followed until all details were completed. The plan was smoothly implemented beginning the 1957 school year, with possibly only a couple of minor hiccups.

The Caverna Independent School District was known as possibly the first school district in the Commonwealth of Kentucky, to racially integrated every school in the district. In the summer of 1956, I heard the word integration, but had no idea what it meant.

I also had no idea that in a few short months I would enter an entirely different world. A world of opportunities. Also, a world of obstacles placed strategically to deny me the opportunities others took for granted.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

IS IT A PALLETT - IS IT A BED

C.E.G.

Through observation, trial and sometimes error, I learned to select my paths. Sometimes, I selected the path least traveled. That was to avoid obstacles that I saw in another path. Other times I selected the path with known obstacles. I knew that I had to face the obstacles, and that I may stumble.

Sometimes I would stumble and other times I was able to turn stumbling blocks into stepping stones. I did not have an inkling about the adventures, both good and not so good, that I would encounter during my wondrous journey.

This particular day in January 1957 was a regular day for me and our family. My mind was on how to stay somewhat warm, hoping not to freeze to death.

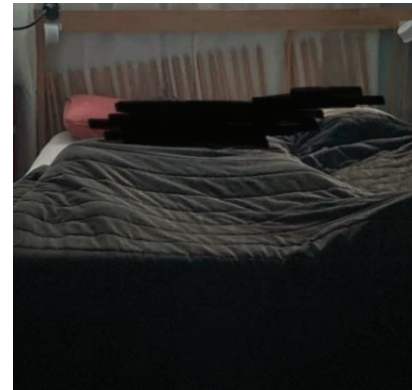


Pallett of sheets & blankets on the floor

Photos

from

the



Old bed with a blanket

Internet

On this cold January morning, I lay shivering in the early morning hours on my bed of tattered sheets and blankets. This carefully placed pile of tattered sheets & blankets was called a pallet. It was placed on the bare, time-worn, wood floor near the front door of our two-room house.

The pallet was placed on the floor at night; and taken up in the morning, similar to gathering up a load of laundry. I could see the back door of the house from my pallet. The door was located at the rear wall, exactly between the front room, and the back room.

Two of my older sisters, Maxine and Occie, and I slept in the front room. I slept on the floor-pallet and they slept on the “real” bed. It was old and sometimes unstable. The small “front” room had a well-used pot belly stove, a couple of wood chairs, and a lamp.

My other older sister, Velma, and my older brother Virgil both resided in Louisville, Kentucky. My mother and father slept in the “back” room. It served as a bedroom, kitchen, laundry room, and more. Items in the back room included, an “ice box” that served as the refrigerator, and a wood burning oven.

It also had an old-fashioned washing machine. There were no closets in the house, nor indoor plumbing. That meant the restroom was outdoors. Without making a sound, I peeped my head from beneath the tattered blankets.

I did not want my father to know that I was awake.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

THE POT BELLY STOVE - A STAPLE AND ANTIQUE C.E.G.

I pretended to be asleep!! I did not want to get up in the cold house, and go outside to gather wood kindling to build a fire in the pot belly stove.

As miserably cold as it was inside, it was even colder outside. If my father knew that I was awake he would have me get dressed and accompany him into the wintry cold to search for kindling and firewood. Therefore, I lay quietly in the cold, early morning darkness; waiting for daylight.

Daylight was when my father would arise, and go outside to gather kindling wood for the stove. We kept lumps of coal in a box behind the stove.

The pot belly stove had been in the front room for as long as I could remember, However, my memory was not very long, since I was not very old.

Finally, it was daylight!! Maybe I would not freeze after all.

I heard my father in the back room getting dressed into bib overalls. He usually put on layers of old clothing beneath the overalls. He then would pull on two or three pair of old socks. Some had holes in the toe part of the socks.

Then he pulled on his work boots, an old overcoat, his winter hat, and a pair of old gloves.



Bib Overalls

Photos



Work Boots Wood

from the



Door Latch

Internet

I heard the creak of the aged, wood back door. Daylight flashed into the dark room as my father opened the door. He stepped from the back room, down onto the block of wood that served as a makeshift step.

The door closed, and once again the room was plunged into total darkness.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

YOUR PRECIOUS FAMILY - BEGAN BEFORE YOUR PARENTS

C.E.G.

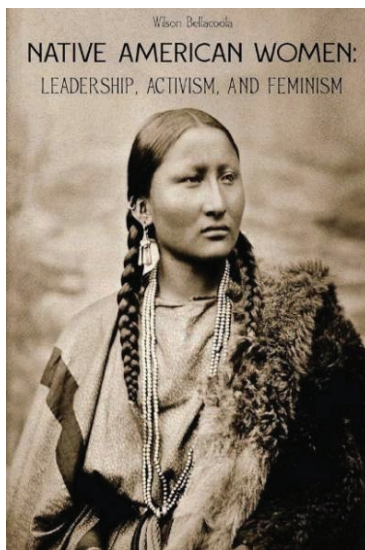
Money was very scarce; therefore, we used electricity sparingly. Lights went off at a specific time at night, and were on at specific times during the day.

About ten minutes later the door opened again. I could see the outline of my father standing in the doorway of the dark room. He was holding a load of kindling firewood in his arms. Hopefully, soon there would be some warmth in the house.

My father was a little over six-feet tall, with bronze skin and sturdy shoulders. A lifetime of hard work had made his body strong, but also caused wear. As a child, I never asked his age. Years later, I learned that he was fifty years of age when I was born.

My mother was a hard-working lady, dedicated to her family. Her 40th birthday was the day after my birth. That must have been an interesting way to spend her birthday, recovering from childbirth. Therefore, I feel birthdays should not be celebrated for oneself, but as a tribute to their mother.

I never knew my grandparents on either side of the family. I heard from my sisters that my grandmother, (my father's mother) was an indigenous American.



Indigenous Americans



U. S. Cavalry
from



Settlers
Internet

Photos

the

The indigenous Americans resided on the land now called America. Others came from different countries and forced the indigenous Americans from the land. The invaders, often known as “settlers”, referred to my grandmother’s people as Indians.

I mentioned my parent’s ages. It is interesting that as a child, I thought my parents were never young, and that I would never be old. As time passed, it became obvious that my thinking was not accurate. Also, one of the wondrous things about being a child is that you often trust others.

That is, until the adult world teaches you otherwise. To my grandchildren and others, when the adult world teaches you otherwise, please do not become a cynic (one that believes that only selfishness motivates human actions). Remember, the percentage of good is higher than the percentage of bad.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

SCARCE LUMPS OF COAL - BEFORE CLIMATE CHANGE

C.E.G.

I watched closely as my father prepared the stove. He placed crumpled old newspapers into the stove, then the kindling wood, and the coal went in last. He then took a brightly burning match and lit the newspapers.

The crumpled papers ignited the kindling wood, and the wood ignited the coal. Soon, the stove would warm the room.



Pot belly Stove



Kindling wood



Coal

The stove in the front room was basically our only source of heat. We had an old wood-burning oven in the other room but it was not a good source of heat. As the small room began to warm, my father directed me to get dressed for my morning chores.

The first chore was to take a metal bucket, and fetch water from the water pipe hydrant in the front yard. The hydrant was about three inches in diameter, and protruded three feet out of the ground. It froze nearly every winter night, whereas, I thawed it every winter morning.

I used leftover crumpled newspapers to thaw the water hydrant. The hydrant was located about twenty feet from the front of the house. I would place the newspapers on the ground at the base of the water hydrant. Heat from the flames thawed the frozen hydrant.



Photos above from the Internet

Matches were expensive for our family; therefore, I was only allowed to use one match. That meant I had to get the newspapers lit on the first attempt. Getting the newspapers lit on the first attempt was quite interesting.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

SUCCESS ON THE FIRST ATTEMPT - BULLIES ON SCHOOL STREET

C.E.G.

It was interesting because it would happen again years in the future. However, this time it was not igniting newspapers. This time, having to be successful on the FIRST attempt involved basketball.

It was me standing at the basketball free throw line, decades in the future during the NCAA National Tournament. It was for the one-and-a-bonus free throw. Making the first free throw would help secure a victory . The victory would place Western Kentucky University into the NCAA Division-I Final-Four.

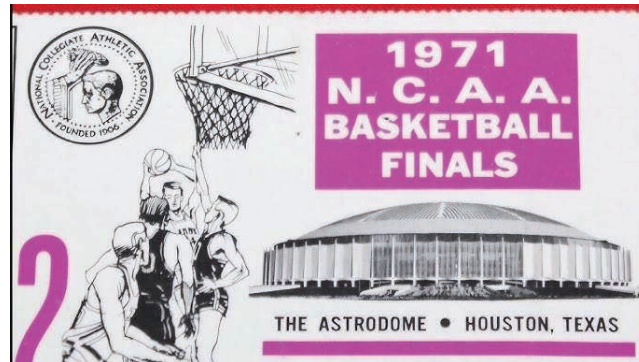


Photo from Internet

Photo from Internet

However, on this particular day in 1957 I had never seen a basketball, nor been introduced to the game of basketball. My introduction to basketball would happen in a few months following school racial integration.

What mattered on this day was that this 3rd grader get his chores done, and get to school. And also, try to avoid particular bullies on the way to school, and throughout the school day. I liked school, but for some reason, bullies large and small seemed drawn to me.

It was as though I wore a neon sign that said, “Hey bullies; I am over here, come harass me”.

One bully was large, with lots of muscles for a kid that was only a couple of years older than me. By sixth grade he was nearly the height and weight that would be his adult size. This bully was known to fight kids in the upper grades.

And, he had brothers & sisters, older and younger to back him up.

He also had cousins, male and female, that had reputations for being tough. One day the big bully’s ninth-grade female cousin came into our third-grade class. She walked behind my desk, and hit me very hard in the back of my head. The pain was tremendous, and I began to quietly cry.

Someone told my sister, Occie, who also, was in the 9th grade. Minutes later, Occie appeared in my class. She got permission from my teacher to talk to me. Occie asked, “Did L _____ J _____ hit you”? The girl she named, was the one that hit me.

L _____ J _____ was a bully with a reputation.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

BULLIES COME IN ALL SIZES - GENDERS, SHAPES AND COLORS

C.E.G.

I did not want my sister to confront this girl, and get hurt. So, I said that the girl did not hit me. I told my sister that I leaned back in the chair and accidentally hit my head.



My sister did not believe me, and left the room. Now, I was afraid for my sister's safety! The female bully had siblings, and cousins spread from Henry Town all the way to what we called 'The Hill'. And they all attended the Horse Cave Colored School, located in Henry Town.

Immediately after school dismissal, the fear for my sister's safety became a reality!!!



The upper grades dismissed before the lower grades. When they dismissed the third grade, I heard older students yelling "FIGHT....FIGHT"!! I asked who was fighting. An older kid said, "L_____J_____ and some other girl".

As much as I feared for my safety, it did not compare to the love I had for my sister.

I ran toward the fight as fast as my third-grade legs would carry me. I pushed and shoved between, and around the high school kids. I had never been this scared for anything, or anyone in my life. My sisters were EVERYTHING to me. I prayed that my sister was not the 'other girl' in the fight.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

MY SISTER FOUGHT A BULLY - BROTHER/SISTER LOVE

C.E.G.



Finally, I made my way through the big kids, and saw the two girls fighting. Suddenly, they fell to the ground!! Both rolling on the ground with arms flailing. Finally, one ended up on top of the other with arms still flailing. I heard an older boy say that is Occie Glover fighting L____ J_____.

I have learned that there can be a “positive” answer to a prayer, while not answering your exact prayer. I prayed that the “other girl” in the fight was not my sister. Evidently, she was the “other girl” in the fight. That meant my exact prayer would not be answered.

I heard the girl on the bottom screaming at the girl on top to let her up.



Photos above from the Internet

I was in near panic, fearing for my sister’s safety.....until I heard the girl on top yell back at the girl on the bottom. My panic and fear for my sister eased a little when I heard the girl on top yell at the other girl, “Say you will **NEVER** touch my brother again!!”

That is when I realized that Occie was on top. I do not know if I was yelling out loud, or in my head; but I was yelling “Occie’s on Top.....Occie’s on Top!!”.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

WE DID NOT HAVE MONEY - BUT WE HAD EACH OTHER

C.E.G.

Teachers arrived and attempted to separate the two girls. My sister would not let go. Not until the other girl said that she would not ever touch her brother again. When the other girl conceded that she would never hit Occie's brother again, my sister got up, and we walked home.



Photos above from the Internet

She put her arm round my shoulder and we walked home. When we were away from the other kids, she said to me, “I was scared to fight her, but I could not let her hit you like that”.

I knew that we did not have much money, or nice clothes, and barely enough to eat; but we (my father & mother, my brother, and my sisters) always had each other.

We did not all live in the same town or city, but geographical distance did not diminish family love.

The fight happened near the end of the school year. Occie and L_____ J_____ completed the school year at the Horse Cave Colored School. Interestingly, they established a mutual respect friend-ship that lasted well into their adulthood.

The other male bully was my age, but much smaller than me. I was not afraid of him, but I was definitely fearful of his family. His uncles had a reputation for being ruthless. They were described as having no compassion, or empathy for the person they were fighting or beating up.

The little bully knew this, and used their reputation to his advantage. He would shove me, and I would just walk away. Once, as I was walking away, he took his bb gun and shot pellets at me. I could feel the bb pellets hitting the back of my jacket.

I pulled the collar up on the jacket to protect my head, kept walking, and never looked back. In metaphorical terms, it was as though I was walking into the future and leaving him in the past.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

THE LOCAL BARBERSHOP - BULLIES GET HAIRCUTS TOO

C.E.G.

The following is an example of how he was able to be a bully. One day a few of us were in the local barbershop waiting for a haircut. The little bully asked to play checkers with one of the older kids. The little bully lost the game of checkers to the older kid.

The little bully became upset and angry, and hit the older kid. The older kid hit him back. The little bully began to cry; and ran out the back door of the barbershop, yelling for his mother. Their house was located a short distance from the barbershop.

Shortly after he ran into his house crying, his mother came out the door with a pistol. As she entered the back door of the barber shop with the gun, the older kid bolted out the front door. After witnessing this event, it appeared smarter for me to just walk away from the little bully.



I was the poorest kid in Henry Town; therefore, I always kept my eyes on the prize. The prize was education. At that age, I did not know that education was the prize, I just knew that I loved reading.

Reading books allowed me to visit places in my mind that some people took for granted, and that other people did not know existed.

As time passed, I began to understand that being bullied was not as much about me as it was about the bullies. The bullies saw something in me that I failed to see in myself. They saw my intelligence, and that I was steadily maturing into an individual that they envied.

It appeared that as others noted my intelligence and the emergence of my physical stature, each of the two bullies tried harder to dominate me. One with size & physical strength while he was still bigger and stronger than me, and the other used his family's reputation.

Many years in the future, I heard the lyrics of a song by recording artist, B.B. King. The lyrics were reminiscent of the two bullies during my childhood. . The lyrics are,

“You can treat me mean, but one of these days, you're gonna give a lot of money to hear someone call my name”.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

SOMEDAY YOU WILL PAY MONEY - TO HEAR THEM CALL MY NAME

C.E.G.

A few years in the future from my 3rd grade year I became a well-known high school athlete. The bullies paid money for admission into the basketball and baseball games. Hence, they paid money to hear the someone (the announcer) call my name.

However, on this particular day in 1957, I needed to complete my chores and get to school.

My sisters, Maxine and Occie helped me bring the buckets of water into the house for my mother to heat on the kitchen stove. The Horse Cave Colored School was possibly a quarter-mile or so from our house.



Sketch – Horse Cave Colored School

Both bullies lived on the same road where the school was located. The little bully lived a few houses before reaching the school, and the big bully lived a few houses past the school. The rear of the school was a field of weeds, with a wire fence that separated the school from Mr. Dilly's farm.

Therefore, if I wanted to avoid the bullies entirely, I could leave our house, and walk north on a gravel road about the length of two football fields. I could then climb a fence, and wade through knee high weeds, while cutting across Mr. Dilly's farm to the back of the school.

I often climbed the fence and waded through the weeds when I went fishing in Mr. Dilly's Pond.

However, on school days I chose to face the bullies, rather than Mr. Dilly's mean-looking cows. They sometimes felt I was invading their territory.



Photos above from the Internet

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN

THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

WEATHERED ALL SEASONS - I STILL LIKE BEING ME

C.E.G.

Sometimes people are asked what their adult self would say to their child self. The adult Clarence Glover would tell the child Clarence Glover, "It will never be easy, but you are going to be okay. Read the poem that I wrote for you."

I Like Being Me

By
Clarence Glover

I was born, and grew up in a two-room house made of discarded barn wood. It was freezing cold in the winter and sweltering hot during the summer. And, I wore raggedy clothes to school. But still;

I LIKE BEING ME.

I grew up "skinny as a rail" from lack of nutritious food, and worked in the school cafeteria to pay for my lunch. But still;

I LIKE BEING ME.

We had no indoor plumbing, and an outdoor "Outhouse" was our restroom. Water for cooking and bathing had to be hauled to the house and heated on a wood-burning stove. I often did not smell fresh like some other kids. But still;

I LIKE BEING ME.

A kid one-half my size harassed me throughout the time I grew up in the Henry Town section of Horse Cave, Kentucky. Other kids asked why I did not fight him. He would only have lost a fight. I could have lost much more. But still;

I LIKE BEING ME.

I was driving in Cave City, Kentucky, my junior year of high school and a policeman pulled me over for no apparent reason. I presented him my driver's license. He looked at his partner and said in disgust, "Damn, he has a driver's license"!! But still;

I LIKE BEING ME.

When I was a young teacher, while I slept during the night, Klan-type terrorists burned a cross in my Reading, Massachusetts front yard. We had no idea who was responsible for the act of terrorism. Some people hate me just because "I AM". But still;

I LIKE BEING ME.

My experiences throughout MY Journey is what makes me.....ME. Rodney Dangerfield said, "It Ain't Easy Being Me". I definitely know the feeling. But still;

I LIKE BEING ME.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

WINTER SHALL PASS - SUMMER SHALL COME

C.E.G.

My sisters bathed first, and me last. As I washed-up for school, my mother “scraped together” whatever we had in the icebox for breakfast. An icebox was the poor people’s refrigerator. A block of ice was placed in a holding container in the icebox to keep the perishable food cold.

The blocks of ice were like the ice blocks from the movie “Frozen”. However, I do not know if the blocks of ice we used came from a frozen lake.



Icebox Refrigerator



Blocks of Ice



Movie Frozen

We shared a meager breakfast, and my sisters walked with me to school. I would not concern myself with the bullies this morning.

The cold winter months faded away, and so did the snow. It was replaced by the warmer months of April and May. The gentle rains in April, brought out the grass and flowering dandelions in May. That meant that the school year was almost over!!



Photos above



from the Internet

It also meant that the nurse from the health department would come to the school, and give all students vaccinations for the next school year. The upcoming school year would be the first year for racial integration. All students attending the Horse Cave Colored School would attend the Caverna Schools.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

IF YOU HEAR THE DOGS, KEEP GOING - IF YOU WANT A TASTE OF FREEDOM, KEEP GOING

C.E.G.

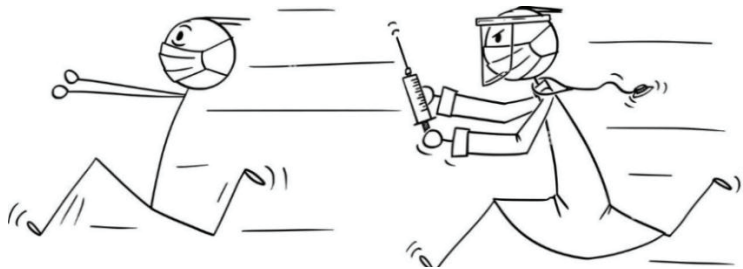
I was not looking forward to the nurse poking a long needle into my thin, bony arm. At the beginning of class one morning, we were told that the nurse would arrive that afternoon to administer our vaccination “shots”.

I decided when they sent us home at mid-day for dinner, I would not come back to school that day. In Henry Town lunch was known as dinner, and dinner was known as supper. Breakfast was called the same in Henry Town and across town. I was surprised when the nurse walked into our room during our first morning class.

She spoke with the teacher and began taking items from a medical bag. Our teacher instructed us to line up alphabetically by our last names. I had to think fast!! As the teacher called our names to line up, I casually walked to the window.

During the year, I had observed some of the older, disruptive kids open the window and jump to the ground. I opened the window and looked down to the ground. The ground looked really far away!! It was too far of a drop to the ground, so I decided to take the ‘shot’. As I turned to get into line someone loudly yelled, “OUCH”!!

As the nurse withdrew the needle from the student’s arm, I jumped out the window!! I hit the ground, rolled over a couple of times, got up, and ran. I heard yelling behind me, but I did not look back. I rounded the back of the building, and could see the road that led away from the school.



If you hear the dogs, keep going.
If you see the torches in the woods,
keep going. If there's shouting after you,
keep going. **Don't ever stop.**
Keep going. **If you want a taste
of freedom, keep going.**

– Harriet Tubman

Photos above from the Internet

I heard voices behind me, calling my name. I had never heard of Ms. Harriet Tubman, but I was not going to stop running!! As I was about to step onto the road, the big bully’s older brother tackled me. Two big kids lifted me from the ground and dragged me back to the school; kicking and swinging.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

WHEN RUMOR BECOMES A REALITY - YOUNG SOULS FACE the UNKNOWN

C.E.G.

Spring was followed by summer, and as summer passed it appeared inevitable that we would have to attend school on the other side of town. The first reason I thought it was inevitable was during the summer, Mr. Thomas, Principal of the Horse Cave Colored School, gave me permission to take any books I wished from the school to start my own library.

The second reason was that the August 16, 1957 issue of the Park City Daily News, Bowling Green, Kentucky said it was true.

It read...

The Caverna Independent School District, embracing parts of Barren and Hart Counties centered about the twin cities of Cave City and Horse Cave, will undergo complete racial integration beginning Sept. 3.

The integration move coincides with the opening of a new \$310,000 high school plant located on U.S. 31-W between Cave City and Horse Cave.

School officials expect 308 white students and 36 Negro students to enroll in the integrated high school this September. About 475 white children and 66 Negroes are expected in the system's two elementary school(s) catering to the first six grades. One elementary school is at Cave City the other is located at Horse Cave.

The acceptance of the new high school building and the integration plan was announced by Ralph Dorsey, Caverna High School superintendent, and Paul R. Huddleston of Bowling Green, Legal advisor for the Caverna School District.

However, integration of the school system came as no surprise to citizens, students and school patrons of the Caverna school district, both white and Negro.

"we feel we have done a good job getting ready for integration. Our orientation program has been going on for two years," a high ranking school official said today.



HORSE CAVE COLORED SCHOOL



CAVERNA ELEMENTARY SCHOOL



CAVERNA HIGH SCHOOL

I did not know what to expect, and neither did the other American students of African ancestry (aka Negro in 1957). Our parents felt it worth taking the risk for us to receive education opportunities that our ancestors were denied.

Therefore, children from **'Henry Town'** in Horse Cave, **'The Kingdom'** in Cave City, and from outlying areas cautiously made their way to the Caverna Schools. The children from across town seemed much the same as me. They enjoyed lunchtime and recess the same.

We all spoke the American version of the English language. Some students befriended me over the following three years of elementary school. Like in the movie Casablanca, possibly *"This was the beginning of a few beautiful friendships"*.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

BOOKS and BASEBALL - BRAINS and TALENT

C.E.G.

The school year at Horse Cave Caverna Elementary School began without incident. The classes went well and we had fun at recess playing my favorite game, baseball. I was pretty good at hitting the baseball.



That was because when I played with friends in Henry Town, my bat was a thin stick, known as a tobacco stick. It was used to hang tobacco in the barn to cure. We used golf ball sized rocks as our baseball. Of you could hit a rock with the stick, you could also hit a baseball using a baseball bat.



Rocks



Tobacco hanging on a tobacco stock
the Internet

Photos above from

A few of the kids in Henry Town owned baseball gloves. When the glove owners were “at bat”, the players on defense (called in the field) used their baseball gloves. The gloves were switched as teams moved from offense to defense. I never owned a baseball glove.

The fourth-grade year went well, especially since the library had plenty of books for me to read. I had friends that liked to play baseball and kickball during warm-weather recess. I had other friends that liked to read during cold-weather recess.

That allowed me the freedom to participate in the activities I liked during warm weather outside and read during cold weather inside. This worked well until the fifth-grade year. Fifth grade was when some of my friends from Henry Town discovered their love for a new game.

A game that I had not heard of before and had no desire to learn. It did not appear to be fun, and the game’s name did not make any sense. It was called “basketball”. The ball did not look like a basket. However, upon giving it thought, a baseball did not look like a base.

My friends were determined to play this game. In order to spend time with my friends, I would either have to watch them play basketball, or learn how to play the game. I decided to learn how to play the game. My friends told me that they would teach me.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

ONE of the GREATEST ATHLETES - OF ALL TIME: WILT CHAMBERLAIN
C.E.G.

The object was to take the ball and throw it into a round hoop nailed onto a board of wood about eight to ten feet above our heads. They handed me a basketball and told me to throw it through the hoop. I took the ball, and threw it in similar fashion to throwing a football.

That did not work well. I then took the ball in both hands, placed it down between my knees, and heaved it up to the hoop. That worked for getting the ball to the hoop, but not into the hoop. I found out later when I played Little League basketball that my future NBA basketball hero, Wilt Chamberlain, shot his free throws that way.

He wore the number thirteen (#13) and a rubber band round his wrist. During my second Little League season I decided to emulate my basketball hero, Wilt Chamberlain.



Wilt Chamberlain averaged over 50 points a game one season and scored 100 points in a single game
Photo from the Internet

I wore the number thirteen (#13), placed a rubber band around my wrist, and shot free throws like Wilt Chamberlain. Also, like Wilt, I missed scoring many of the free throws. One night, I forgot to take the rubber band off my wrist before going to sleep.

My hand swelled twice its normal size overnight. I quit wearing the rubber band, and changed the way I shot free throws. However, I kept the jersey number during Little League. Years in the future, when I was a member of the NBA Boston Celtics, we played the L.A. Lakers.

Wilt Chamberlain played for the Lakers. I wanted to tell him that he was my childhood basketball hero. I was too starstruck to tell him. That was probably best, since it would have been awkward saying to another NBA athlete, "*Mr. Chamberlain, you were my NBA hero when I was in the sixth grade*".

However, on this particular day, as a 5th grade student, I had to learn the rules of basketball from my elementary school friends.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

LITTLE LEAGUE BASKETBALL - MR. DORSEY & MR. THOMAS

C.E.G.

They had interesting rules. They said that I could not run with the ball like we did in football. I questioned that rule, but they did not budge. They said I would have to “dribble” the ball. I asked them what did ‘dribble’ mean?? It appeared that they were just making up rules.

Okay, I would dribble the ball. I took the ball in both hands and bounced it on the ground a couple of times as I moved closer to the hoop. My friends said I could not do that. They said that it was called “double-dribbling”.

I told them that they were bouncing the ball lots of times when they moved closer to the hoop. Were they double, triple, and quadruple dribbling??? They said that their dribbling was okay, because they did it with one hand, not two.

Again, it appeared that they were making up rules. But I was determined to learn the game. After a couple of days, the game became more fun. That year, the school district initiated a Little League Basketball Program. Mr. Ralph Dorsey, Superintendent of Schools, was the director.

Mr. Dorsey recruited coaches and referees. He worked the scoreboard himself. All of my friends signed up for the Little League Program. I decided not to participate in the program because I would have to wear a uniform with short pants.



Mr. Newton Thomas I wore number #13 because it was Wilt Chamberlain's number



Mr. Ralph Dorsey

I was afraid the other kids would laugh at my legs. Mr. Dorsey assured me that all the players wore short pants, and no one would laugh at me. I watched the games on the first Saturday of the program, and it looked like everyone was having fun. No one laughed or teased anyone.

Our school district was small, so the teams were combined with both fifth and sixth grade students. I came to the gym the following Saturday, and was placed on the team that Mr. Newton Thomas coached.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

MR. THOMAS & MR. RICHARDSON - DIFFERENT SKIN COLOR, SAME COLOR HEART

C.E.G.

Mr. Thomas was the former principal of the Horse Cave Colored School. He was currently a mathematics and science teacher at Caverna High School. Upon integration of the Caverna School District, Mr. Thomas became the first American of African ancestry (aka African – American in 2025) to teach in a school district that was formerly all-white (Caucasian).

I played on Mr. Thomas' team during my 5th and 6th grade years. The cheerleaders sold fountain soft drinks and assorted items from the concession stand at the Saturday Little League games. They would give me Coca Cola soft drinks and potato chips to give me energy before the game.

The high school basketball team played their Tuesday and Friday night home games in the Horse Cave gym. After the game I helped our elementary school custodian, Mr. Richardson, clean the gym. We would go bleacher by bleacher throughout the entire gym collecting trash.

We placed all the trash into trash bags and carried them to the garbage bin. I would use the dry mop to sweep the basketball court before, during, and after the basketball games. I did this every home game during grades seven and eight.



Mr. Richardson

Photo from Caverna Yearbook



Photos from the Internet

I received admission to the game, and twenty-five cents for my work. After we finished our work, I would walk across town to Henry Town, using my lantern to light the way.

I began working in the tobacco fields during the summer between grades seven and eight. I also opened my first bank account between the seventh and eighth grade. To my knowledge, I was the kid that age in Horse Cave that had their own personal bank account.

Mr. Dorsey co-signed in order for me to open the account. I took great pride in my banking account and kept meticulous records. This was the beginning of learning how to take care of my hard-earned money. And, how to allow some of my money to work for me.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

GOING FISHING WITH FRIENDS - ON A BEAUTIFUL KENTUCKY DAY

C.E.G.

I liked to go fishing on the summer days that I was not working in the tobacco fields. Sometimes I would go alone, and other times with friends. My greatest strength was my intelligence. My greatest weakness was being somewhat naïve and gullible.



I was naïve and gullible because I believed the lies that other kids told me. For instance, one summer day, some of the kids asked if I wanted to go fishing. They said that they were going to Creasy's Lake.

It sounded great, because I had heard of Creasy's Lake. However, I did not know that Mr. Creasy allowed people to fish in the lake. My friends assured me that he not only allowed fishing, but sometimes came down to the lake and fished with them.

We walked about two and one-half miles to Creasy's Lake. When we arrived, they began climbing over a barbed wire fence. I asked why we were climbing the fence instead of going through the gate at the house. I felt that we needed to let Mr. Creasy know that we were at the lake.

They told me that he had instructed them to go ahead and fish because he would be busy working. That should have been a **red flag** for me, but sometimes you believe what you want to believe.

It turned out that it was not a lake, but a very large pond. The largest pond I had ever seen during my young fishing days. We began fishing. After about thirty minutes I saw a man coming across the field on a tractor. I pointed to the man, and asked if that was Mr. Creasy.



Photos above from the Internet

The guys looked up, saw the man, and quickly pulled their fishing poles from the water.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

A LESSON LEARNED AT AN EARLY AGE - ONE IS FOOLED EASIER BY THOSE THEY TRUST

C.E.G.

They yelled RUN, and took off for the fence. At that point, I realized that they had lied about having permission to fish. They had a head start running for the fence, so I left my fishing pole in the water, and ran after them.



As I climbed the barbed wire fence, my pants snagged on one of the barbs. I had a choice of untangling the pants and possibly getting caught by Mr. Creasy, or I could jump and hope that the pants did not tear. As I climbed the fence, I could hear Mr. Creasy yelling “You boys better run!! I better not catch you!”

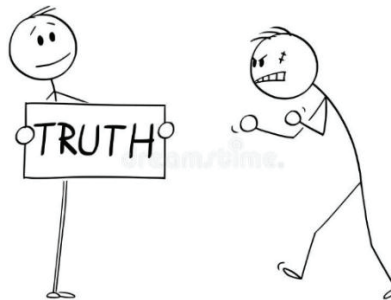
Mr. Creasy sounded quite serious!! So, I jumped! As I jumped, I heard the **riiiiiipp** of the pants. I knew this was going to be a very bad day. I had lost my only fishing pole, ripped my “good” pants, and if my parents heard about this, they were going to be very disappointed in me.

We ran until we felt that we were a safe distance from the farm. I then asked my friends why they lied to me about having permission to fish. They said if I knew we did not have permission to fish, that I would not have gone with them.

Their presumption was correct. I would not have gone with them. And, I would not have lost my fishing pole, and ripped my “good” (school & church) pants.

I hoped that my parents did not find out about the fishing incident. They were adamant that once I could differentiate between right and wrong, that I was to do what I felt was right, I was told “Do not go where you are not wanted, and do not take anything that does not belong to you”.

I was also told, “Always say ‘yes sir and yes ma’am to your elders”, and “If you do not have anything good to say about someone, do not say anything”. Yes sir and yes ma’am was easy. However, it sometimes was more difficult to find something good to say about people, than it was to not say anything.



Photos from the Internet

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

MR. DORSEY OPEN THE DOOR - LET THOSE COLONELS ON THE FLOOR

C.E.G.

James Percell and I became friends in the fourth grade. We were on different Little League teams in the 5th and 6th grade, but that changed in 7th grade. That is when we both became members of the 7th/8th grade basketball team.



Caverna 7th/8th Grade Basketball Team – Invitational Tournament Champions

Photo from Caverna Yearbook

Kneeling: Randall Curry – Jimmy Myers – Jerry Logsdon – Bruce Gentry – Michael “Mike” Strickland

Standing: James Percell – Glenn Clark – Paul Davis – Clarence Glover – Dale Green – Frank Hoover – John McGee – Mr. Chapman

We sometimes sat together during the high school basketball games. We would watch the junior varsity and varsity games. Sometimes a junior varsity player was allowed to dress with the varsity.

During our 8th grade year, we both hoped we could someday be on the junior varsity team. That way, we would have a chance to “dress out” with the varsity. That meant we would be in the locker room beneath the bleachers when the chant began.

To me, the chant was great!! Everyone on the Caverna side of the gym would stomp their feet in rhythm, and chant over and over,

*“Mr. Dorsey open the door, and let those Colonels on the floor,
Mr. Dorsey open the door, and let those Colonels on the floor”!!*

After the chant reached a crescendo, Mr. Dorsey would send the team up the steps from the locker-room. The cheerleaders would have a large hoop that had thin paper covering the entire center of the hoop.

As the team reached the basketball court, the lead player would burst through the paper.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

KENTUCKY HIGH SCHOOL - BASKETBALL ROYALTY - AT CAVERNA IN 1963

C.E.G.

The entire team followed closely behind him, jumping through the hoop. The Caverna side of the gym would go wild, cheering and clapping their hands. The fans continued to cheer as the lead player jogged around the entire basketball court, followed by the team.

We looked at this in awe, hoping that someday we would in that line of basketball athletes representing Caverna High School.

Sitting in the small Caverna gymnasium, watching the Caverna Colonels was as good as it could get. Or at least, that was what it seemed. But then..... it got better.

On a mid-January Friday afternoon, we all anxiously awaited the dismissal bell. This was a basketball game night, and the opposing team was Taylor County High. I had gym cleaning and floor sweeping duty that night, so I would get to attend the game.

With three minutes from the dismissal bell, we heard the crackle of the public address system. It was our principal, Mr. Wilbur Smith. He said that he had a very important announcement, and he needed everyone's attention .

The entire building became quiet. He then proceeded to inform us, in his words, that "The best high school basketball player in Kentucky will be in our gym this evening, and we need everyone on their best behavior. His name is Clem Haskins, and lots of news reporters will be here."



Mr. Wilbur Smith – Caverna



Clem Haskins(#22) shooting ball



Jack "Jackie" Butler – Munfordville High

My first thought upon hearing the announcement was that I would get to see Clem Haskins compete against Caverna that night in our Caverna gym!!! My next thought was to wonder how the Caverna players felt knowing they would be competing against the best basketball player in Kentucky.

This was really exciting for me. I had never gotten to see Kentucky high school basketball royalty in person. I had seen Jack "Jackie" Butler from Munfordville High School when he came to the Henry Town barbershop to get a haircut. However, I had never seen him play in a basketball game.

I arrived at the gym early that evening, as usual, to get instructions from Mr. Richardson. We made sure the basketball court was clean. The basketball gym was located in Horse Cave Elementary School, and the elementary classes used the gym during recess.

I had no idea that I would actually meet Clem Haskins, and his brother Paul Haskins that night.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

CAVERNA HIGH GYMNSIUM - ONE WATER FOUNTAIN - EVERYONE WANTED WATER

C.E.G.

The Caverna junior varsity players began to arrive, and went to the locker-room to get dressed for their game. For the first time, over the couple of years that I helped Mr. Richardson, both sides of the gym began to fill up early.

And, then the Taylor County buses arrived. Their cheerleaders and junior varsity players entered the gym. A Caverna person escorted them to the visitors' locker room. Then the varsity team members entered the gym. I tried to identify which player was Clem Haskins.

He was not only a basketball legend, but he was the American of African ancestry (aka African American) student that racially integrated Taylor County High School. The following year other students from Campbellsville Durham High also attended Taylor County High.

I was finally able to identify which of the basketball athletes was Clem Haskins. A timeout took place during the junior varsity game, and one of the varsity athletes stood up and walked down the sideline toward the hallway.

Our narrow hallway was where our single water fountain was located. This would not have been an unusual event, except just as he exited the gym into the hallway, almost every male in the gym stood up and walked to the hallway. I thought, "that player must be Clem Haskins". I got up too. When I reached the hallway, it was flooded with people.

I saw Clem and a couple of his teammates near the water fountain. I worked my way through the crowd of people until I was standing near Clem. I was not going to speak to him, just stand near him. And, as he finished getting a drink of water, I heard a familiar voice.

It was my brother in-law's voice. He was my sister, Maxine's husband, John Hazel. He stood about five feet and five inches tall, with seven feet of ego and confidence.



Photos from the Internet

He said, "Hey Clem". When Clem turned toward him, John continued. "You see that boy standing right there (pointing at me). He is going to be as good as you someday".

I was really embarrassed. Clem looked at me, and said, "Are you going to be a really good ball player someday"? I was upset with John for putting me into that spot. It felt like the hallway filled with people were waiting to hear my answer. My reply to Clem was, "Not as good as you".

Clem introduced me to his brother, Paul Haskins, and both wished me well playing basketball. I went back to my seat with my mind reeling. I had just met Clem Haskins!! He actually held a brief conversation with me. I was anxious to find James, and tell him that I had just met Clem Haskins.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

BASKETBALL TRYOUTS - CAVERNA HIGH STYLE

C.E.G.

James and I signed up to try out for the Caverna basketball team the following year. It was our freshman year. The tryouts were for the Caverna ninth grade team, junior varsity team, and varsity team. Each year, when tryouts initially began, grades nine through twelve practiced together.

When the Fall Sports ended, the other athletes, including football players would join tryouts. Many of the male students participated in football, track & field, basketball, and baseball. I decided to concentrate on baseball and basketball.



Caverna Football Team

1963-64 Academic School Year

Standing: Coach: B.H. Weaver, Gary Midleton, Jerry Jewell, Jimmy Burks, G.W. Estes, Jerry Cherry, Danny Logsdon, Butch Peterson, Hayden Smith, John Mobley, Paul Hay, Asst. Coach: John Miller

Sitting: Archie Hay, Bruce Gentry, Jerry Nuckols, Dwight Hatcher, Bobby Strickland, Larry Foley, Don Gentry, Reecie Proffitt, Malcolm Renick, Wayne Logsdon, Steve Pedigo, Jerry Logsdon

The football players joined basketball tryouts when their season ended. It took them a few days, and some of us a few bruises, before they adjusted from football to basketball. When the football players joined tryouts, the freshman team separated to a different practice time.

James and I were not chosen to join the freshman team. We continued practicing with those trying out for the junior varsity and varsity teams. It appeared that we had a chance to be chosen for the junior varsity team! The practices were intense. The juniors and seniors tried to show dominance.

A week later, the junior varsity team was separated from the varsity. James and I were not chosen for the junior varsity. It appeared that we were going to be on the varsity!! As freshmen, we were going to be on the VARSITY!! I could hardly believe it!!

Then, another part of reality set in. With the veteran juniors and seniors returning to the team, I probably would not see any playing time. I felt that it would be better to “PLAY” on the junior varsity team, than to “SIT” on the varsity bench.

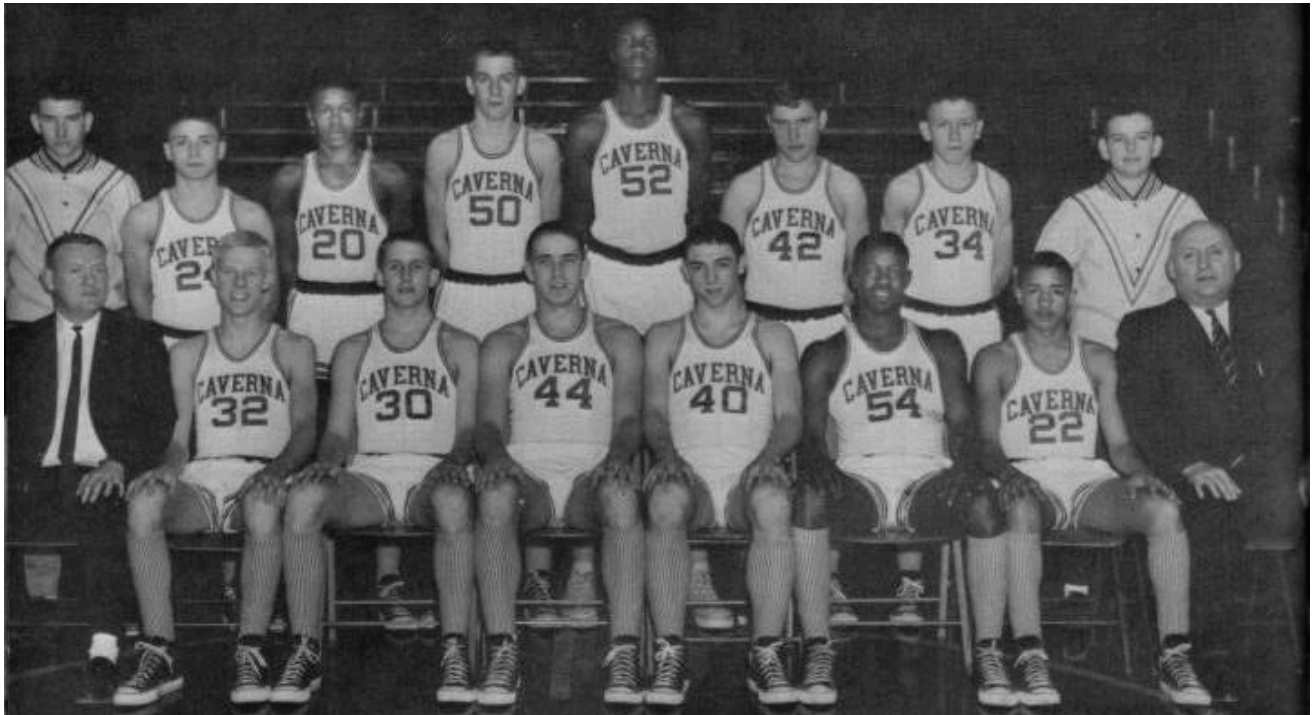
HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

MIDDLE SCHOOL ATHLETICS - TO HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETICS

C.E.G.

After further reflection, I figured that with the veterans returning to the team, Caverna had a chance to win the regional tournament. That meant if I was on the varsity, even sitting on the bench, I would still get to go to the Kentucky State Tournament.

That was Kentucky's high school basketball showcase. If you were good, and played in the State Tournament, people heard about you across the entire state.



Caverna Basketball Team Clarence Glover Freshman Year – 1963-64 (photo from Caverna Yearbook)

Standing: Mgr. Glen Clary – Bruce Gentry – James Percell – Neil Ford – Clarence Glover – Dale Green – Reecie Proffit – Mgr. Danny Nunn
Sitting: Asst. coach, John Miller – Terry Gilpin – Bruce Jolly – Danny Logsdon – Don Gentry – Allen Green – Marshall Sublett – Coach, Mr. Dorsey

James and I had seen **Jim Rose** from Hazard High School play in the Kentucky State Tournament as an eighth-grader. And, we saw **Paul Haskins** from Taylor County play in the State Tournament as a ninth-grader. He was on the team with his brother, Clem Haskins.

We felt that possibly this year, with our seniors, we could be in the Kentucky “**Sweet Sixteen**” State Tournament as ninth-graders. As quickly as those thoughts came, they went away. Like a puff of smoke dissipating in the wind.

As the varsity team was being finalized, it appeared that James and I were not only going to be on the team, but both of us would be in the “first five” starting lineup. This was quite unusual for freshmen to be in the starting lineup on a Caverna team.

We did not know how the returning veterans would react to freshmen in the starting lineup. We did not have to wait long to find out.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

GOODBYE MIDDLE SCHOOL - HELLO HIGH SCHOOL

C.E.G.

The next school day following the announcement of the starting lineup, some seniors did not attend practice. Seniors that I felt could help Caverna to a regional title, and a trip to the coveted "Sweet Sixteen". With only 400 students grades seven through twelve, word circulated quickly.

I did not know if the other students would blame me for the seniors quitting the team. It turned out that the ninth-grade class did not blame me, and I knew very few students in the upper grades. Therefore, I just had to continue doing my best in the classroom, and on the basketball court.

One of my early tests on the basketball court came against Scottsville High School. Their rising star was Jim McDaniels. He was about four inches taller than me. From our freshman through senior year of high school, it became **Glover** vs. McDaniels, and **McDaniels** vs. Glover.

CAVERNA ROLLS	
HORSE CAVE, Ky. (Spl) —	
Don Gentry and 6-5 freshman Clarence Glover teamed to lead Caverna to a 71-54 victory over tall Scottsville here Friday night.	
Gentry bombed 27 points.	
Glover scored 19 points and picked off 18 rebounds.	
Steve Mayhew and Tim Turner with 11 points apiece led Scottsville. Reserve Fred Rather led the Pointer rebounders with 9 recoveries.	
The victory was the third in a row and the seventh in nine games for the Colonels. Scottsville has a 3-6 record.	
Caverna 71	Scottsville 54
Logsdon 10	11 Mayhew
Green 2	5 Blankenship
Glover 19	4 McDaniels
Gentry 27	11 Turner
Sublett 9	2 Starks
Subs — Caverna: Percell 4, Jolly, Ford, Gilpin, Proffitt.	
Scottsville: Borders 6, Rather 9, McGuffey 6, Hancock.	
Caverna	21 14 15 21—71
Scottsville	15 13 10 16—54

We definitely could have used the seniors. However, it turned out that I did pretty well as a freshman. At least, that was what the newspapers, and the guys in the barbershop were saying. Caverna won the game, and that was our only game with Scottsville High School that year.

McDaniels sat out our sophomore year because he transferred from Scottsville High to Allen County High. Therefore, we did not compete against each other again until our junior year.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

CAN YOU HANDLE THE TEST - WITH ALL EYES ON YOU

C.E.G.

My freshman year proceeded, and I performed well against juniors and seniors playing for other schools. Those schools included Glasgow High coached by Jim Richards, and Bowling Green High, coached by Buck Sydnor. Both were later assistant coaches for the WKU 1971 Final-Four team.

Gentry led the Colonels' scorers with 22 points, taking game honors. Clarence Glover, the Colonels' 6-5 freshman, got 11 points and Sublett finished with 10.

BGH had a 38-35 margin in rebounds as 6-6 center Karl Skoog picked off 13. Danny Logsdon and Glover owned 14 boards apiece for Caverna.

BGHS 54	Caverna 52
Osborne 19	2 Logsdon
Wolfe 13	22 Gentry
Skoog 7	11 Glover
Markham 7	4 Jolly
Corbitt 4	3 Percell
Subs — Bowling Green: Guy 4, Llody. Caverna: Sublett 10, Ford.	
Bowling Green 10 17 13 14—54	
Caverna 16 5 12 19—52	

Net Scores

Kentucky College Basketball
By THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
Tennessee Tech 89, Western
Kentucky 83
Rio Grande 82, Pikeville 74

The games continued at Caverna, Metcalfe County, East Hardin, Munfordville, and Hart Memorial. Each time, the newspapers read the same. Caverna freshman, Clarence Glover, scored “X” number of points and grabbed “Y” number of rebounds

I have observed over the years, that it is often difficult for an individual to place “one’s own talent into proper perspective”. I first began to develop this philosophy during my freshman year of high school.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

PLACING ONE'S OWN TALENT - INTO PROPER PERSPECTIVE

C.E.G.

Garfield Smith, a senior on the Campbellsville High School basketball team was instrumental in that part of my education. Caverna played Campbellsville High at Caverna. Skinny six feet, five-inch freshman, Clarence Glover, was assigned to guard muscular six foot, nine-inch Garfield Smith.

The basketball game started as usual. The referee pitched up the ball. I got the tip and guided it to a teammate. We scored. Campbellsville brought the ball downcourt on offense. They threw the ball inside to Garfield. He shot the ball, and I blocked it, knocking it up into the bleachers.

At that point it appeared to be business as usual. I figured this would be another regular ball game; with me blocking opponents' shots, and making assists to teammates with precision passes. That did not happen this game.

After the blocked shot, they continued to throw the ball inside to Garfield. He outweighed me by about forty pounds. He took his superior weight and continually bumped me, until I was pushed beneath the basket. That placed him in scoring position.

I was quicker than him, and could jump higher. However, the referees did not call a foul when he used his weight to push me around, but called a foul when I blocked his shot.



Garfield Smith



Photo from the Internet

I fouled out of the game having scored three points. Garfield Smith finished the game with thirty-one points. I felt dejected. However, I began learning from this game as a ninth-grade student, how to better place my talents and abilities into proper perspective.

Following that Tuesday night game, I was concerned about being teased the next day at school about my poor performance against Campbellsville. When I exited the school bus on Wednesday morning, a group of ninth-graders were there to greet me. I thought the teasing was about to begin.

Instead, they walked me to class and dared anyone to tease me. They said that I was just a freshman, and Mr. Dorsey should not have had me playing against that big, tall senior. I walked to class quietly, and let them do all the talking.

Following that game, I never had the opportunity to compete against Garfield again. Years later, we became teammates for the NBA Boston Celtics.

I worked hard Wednesday and Thursday to make sure our upcoming Friday game would not be a repeat of Tuesday's game.

Caverna finished the 1963-64 basketball regular season, and we did well in the district tournament. However, another team won the regional tournament and advanced to the Sweet Sixteen.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

WHEN DISASTER STRIKES - FINDING YOUR INNER STRENGTH

C.E.G.

I continued working hard on my academics and prepared for the baseball season. I enjoyed playing baseball, and viewed it as I did everything else in life. Observe carefully, and use my brain and ingenuity to perform at my best.

I went to work on rural farms following baseball season, and the close of the school year. I helped farmers and sharecroppers plant, and harvest their hay and tobacco. After a summer of work, it was time to return to school. I enjoyed watching the football team compete.

Next came basketball season. Possibly, the Kentucky basketball “Sweet Sixteen” was in store for us my sophomore year. My life was somewhat similar to other Caverna students, while at the same time it was quite different. Similarities included enjoying school and time with friends.

Some of the differences subtle and others were blatant. All were invisible to many fellow students. That factor became obvious to me my senior year of high school by what the student ‘Yearbook Staff’ felt was appropriate for my senior class-favorite title. I will tell you about that later.

First, I need to briefly revisit a particular day during my eighth-grade year of school. It was an enjoyable day at school, and my friends and I planned to play flag football after school. As we returned to Henry Town, we spotted smoke rising high into the sky.

The smoke came from the direction of our house. I hoped it was not our house, but hope was not enough that day. The house caught fire from sparks of red-hot coal embers that popped through holes in our worn-out pot belly stove.



Photos from the Internet

My sister was home alone and escaped unharmed as the house burned to the ground, destroying everything, and leaving us with only the clothes we were wearing at the time. That night, our family went in multiple different directions.

I went to live with my mother’s sister, Aunt Claranetti. She and her husband, Uncle Verlus, were sharecroppers. The farm was a few miles outside of Cave City, Kentucky.

My parents and two sisters were taken in by other families.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

KIDNAPPED FROM THE STREETS - OF DOWNTOWN HORSE CAVE

C.E.G.

My Aunt and Uncle were nice, hard-working people. Both worked long hours each day on the farm. They gave me instructions on how to catch the bus to school, and trusted my ability to get there and return safely each day.

I would walk about one-quarter mile each day on a gravel road to the intersection of a paved road. The Caverna school bus would pick me up, and drop me off at that same intersection each day. I was very appreciative that my Aunt and Uncle allowed me to live with them. Our family was able to reunite about one month later.

By the time I reached my sophomore year, I had experienced things that hopefully most people never experience in an entire lifetime. I will share one of those experiences with you.

This particular experience took place between my seventh and eighth grade year of school. It was tobacco harvesting season and I was walking downtown in Horse Cave. A vehicle pulled up beside me, and the people inside asked if I wanted to help haul tobacco to the barn.

The people in the car were a sharecropper, **Mr. Z.**, his two sons, **J. Z.**, and **P. Z.**, and one of my older cousins, **X. G.** I answered, “No, but thank you” and kept walking.

The older son, **J. Z.**, jumped out of the car; picked me up, and threw me into the back seat of the car between him and my cousin. I was wiry thin, light in weight, and he easily lifted and tossed me into the car. I was about 11 or 12 years of age, and **J. Z.** was about 18 or 19 years of age.

He was known to carry a large knife, and had been suspended multiple times from the schools he attended in the county. He was known to threaten the teachers, and rumored to have been in fights with adults. My struggle to get out of the vehicle was met with the threat of physical violence.

I knew that I was being kidnapped (taken against my free will) and was fearful for my safety and well-being. I hoped that the presence of **Mr. Z.** and my cousin, **X. G.**, may help keep me safe. We arrived at the farm where **Mr. Z.** was a sharecropper. He informed us of the day’s work ahead.



Photos above from the Internet

I was accustomed to hard work, and worked alongside the others throughout the day loading tobacco onto the wagon and hauling it to the barn.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

NOT NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET - NIGHTMARE ON TOBACCO ROAD

C.E.G.

On the last load of the day, **J. Z.** strongly insisted that I take the top tier of the barn. They unloaded the tobacco from the wagon by handing the sticks to the person on the bottom tier of the barn and that person handed sticks up to me at the top of the barn. The wagon emptied, and I separated the last sticks of tobacco at the top of the barn.

As I descended from the top of the barn and jumped down onto the empty wagon, I saw my cousin leave the barn. I jumped down from the wagon onto the ground just as my cousin, **X. G.**, was closing the barn door. I ran toward the door and yelled for him not to close the door. He slammed the door shut and locked it with the wood latch!!

I was petrified!! **J. Z.** was coming around the wagon toward me saying something. I do not remember the exact words, but whatever he had in mind, I did not want to be part of it. I realized that I was in real trouble unless I got out of that barn. I grabbed a shovel that was on the barn floor. I warned him not to come any closer!! He continued toward me.

I threw the shovel toward him, hoping to slow his approach as I ran to the door. I reached the door and began banging on it!! I yelled for my cousin or anyone to unlock the door. I looked back and saw **J. Z.** reach for his head, and look at his hand. That is when I realized that the shovel had hit him, and that his head was bleeding.

I now feared that if I did not get out of the barn immediately, I could be killed. I did not know the location of this farm, and my parents and sisters did not know that I was missing. **J. Z.** reached into his pocket as he came toward me. I kept banging on the door and yelling for someone to unlock the door!!

I believe that The Almighty places people into our lives at different junctures for specific reasons. Mr. Ralph Dorsey was placed into my young life when the Horse Cave Colored School racially integrated into the Caverna Schools.

I felt the only way to get my cousin to unlock the barn door was to threaten him with the "Power of a White man". The Power of a White man that my cousin felt was influential. I began yelling at the top of my lungs, "If you don't unlock this door, when Mr. Dorsey hears about this you will never get out of jail. He will have you locked up forever. You will spend the rest of your life in jail!!"

Suddenly, the door swung open and the barn was flooded with light. I bolted from the barn and ran straight toward the pond that was between me and the road.



Photos

above

from

the



Internet

I planned to run as close to the pond as possible to cut down the distance to the road. Suddenly, I felt a painful thud against the side of my head. The force of it sent me flying into the pond. **J. Z.** had knocked me into the pond and was standing there waiting for me to come out.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

NIGHTMARE NOT ON ELM STREET - NIGHTMARE ON TOBACCO ROAD

C.E.G.

Mr. Z. was now heading toward the pond yelling **J. Z.**'s name. I could not swim and did not know the depth of the pond. My eleven to twelve -year-old mind decided to risk drowning over possibly being stabbed to death. I began wading toward the center of the pond. I figured if I could make it across the pond to the road, I could flag down a passing car.

Mr. Z. commanded **J. Z.** to let me wade from the pond. Once out of the water, I immediately headed for the road with the now heavy weight of my clothing soaking wet from head to toe. **Mr. Z.** stopped me. He insisted on driving me back to Horse Cave. I told him that I would walk to Horse Cave.

Mr. Z. insisted upon driving me. He left **J. Z.** and my cousin **X. G.** at the farm. I accepted the ride, and rode in silence with my hand on the door in case I needed to jump out. I informed my family of what had taken place from start to finish. No one in my family trusted that cousin again.

That cousin moved to a large Kentucky city when I was in high school. Later, when I was a college athlete, this same cousin wanted me to confirm to his buddies that the "Clarence Glover" they read about in the Louisville Courier Journal, and saw on national TV was "really" his cousin.

A few years later **J. Z.** was killed in an altercation supposedly involving a gambling disagreement, and **X. G.** died allegedly from a tainted drug purchased on the street.

A small town is a microcosm of a large city; whereas, the same things happen in both, but you have a higher percentage of experiencing them in a small town. I witnessed multiple incidents. Some were interesting, some were humorous, and some were bad. The bad shall go untold.

Now, back to my sophomore year of high school. I mentioned that there were differences between me and fellow Caverna students. One of the differences was that when other students went to the cafeteria each day, they went to eat lunch, and spend time with friends.

When I went to the cafeteria each day, it was to work in the kitchen with the lunchroom staff. The lunchroom staff served the students their lunch, and I washed their dishes. The students brought their lunch trays to the return-window. I emptied the uneaten food into the trash bin, sprayed the tray, and placed the tray into a dishwasher.

This was my job to pay for my lunch each day. Sometimes, kids would tease me about having to work in the cafeteria. Sometimes I "accidentally" sprayed them instead of the tray.



Photo from the Internet



They would yell and get the attention of the cafeteria staff. I would apologize for "accidentally" pointing the sprayer in the wrong direction.

Photo Gallery of Readers

BOOK - ONE

My Journey

HORSE CAVE TO HOUSTON *Pursuit of a National Championship*

By
Clarence E. Glover



Natalie Keeley Turner
Business Executive – Kentucky



Cindy Lambirth Mitchell
Retired Government Official – KY/CA.



Gary & Linda Hudson
Business Exec. & Retired Principal – KY.



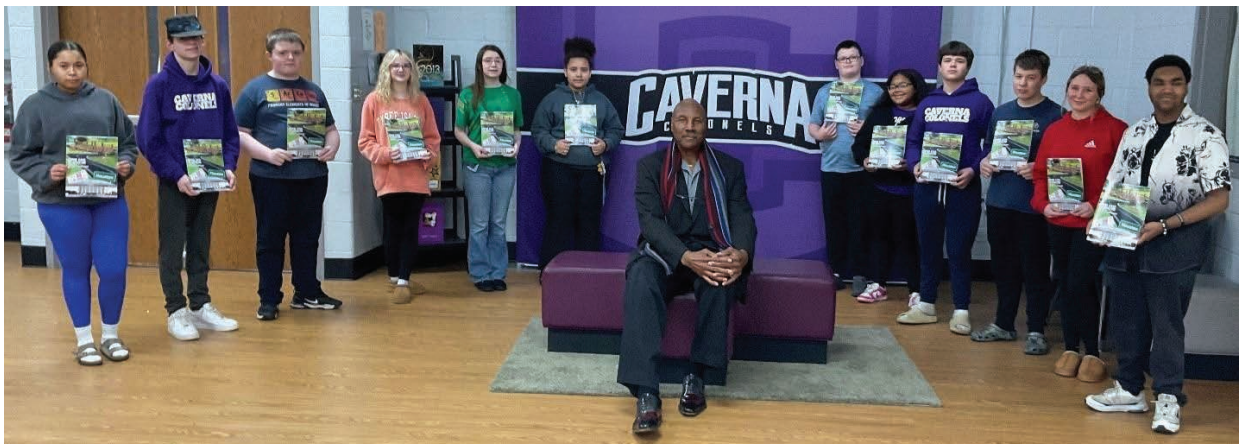
Theodore "Theo" Whitlock
Book Launch December 14, 2024



Bill Edwards
WKU Hall of Distinguished Alumni



Tola Iyun
Book Launch December 14, 2024



Clarence E. Glover and Caverna High School Students with Perfect Attendance
January 31, 2025 – Horse Cave, Kentucky

Photo Gallery of Readers

BOOK - ONE

My Journey

HORSE CAVE TO HOUSTON *Pursuit of a National Championship*

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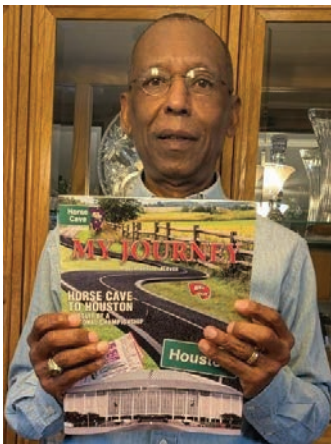
Bonnie Levine Blackman
National Yearbook Publishing – NJ.



Bettie P. Glover & Sabrina Spillman
Friends since High Street Elementary – KY.



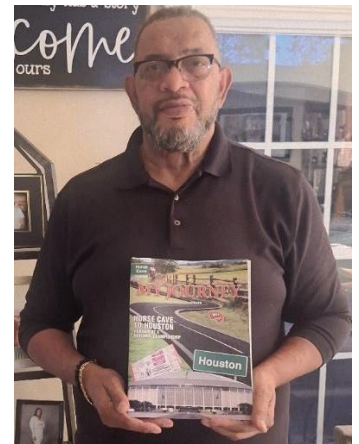
Linda Casey
Retired Principal & Dir of Middle Schools – IN.



Jimmy Stockton
Retired Government – Washington, D.C.



Amanda Abell-Summers
School Superintendent - Kentucky



Ernest Cummings
Business Executive – Atlanta Georgia



MEN OF PARADOX
Black History Month Meeting

Held at historic Freedom Underground Railroad 'Town Clock Church', New Albany IN. – February 28, 2025

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

WHEN DISASTER STRIKES - THE SECOND TIME - YOU KNOW YOUR RESILIENCE

C.E.G.

I was pleased to display my athletic talents, and I embraced the public exposure. This exposure increased during my sophomore year of school, and each year thereafter. I had a fine sophomore year in high school, and the basketball went great.

Also, there were times that were not so great. One evening, when a group of us were returning from a basketball game, we saw our family's next-door neighbor's house ablaze. A vehicle pulled up with siren its blasting; therefore, we thought the fire department was enroute.

Numerous people from Henry Town gathered waiting for the fire department to arrive. As time passed, it appeared that the fire department was not coming, I knew something had to be done quickly. More and more flames were flashing throughout the neighbor's house. I knew their house could not be saved; however, I had to think of a way to save our house.

We did not have running water nor indoor plumbing, and shared water with the next-door neighbor. The water pipe was about three inches in diameter and protruded about three-feet out of the ground. The pipe was located about 20-25 feet from the neighbor's front porch. I sprinted to another neighbor's house to borrow a water hose.

That neighbor told me it was impossible to put out that fire with a water hose. I quickly explained that I was going to use the hose to wet down our house. I ran back to the neighbor's house that was now engulfed in flames. I dived onto the ground, and began crawling inch-by-inch toward the neighbor's water pipe.

My sisters and my parents were shouting, asking what I was doing. It was the most intense heat I experienced in my entire life. I hugged close to the ground, but the heat was taking away my oxygen. My face and entire body felt the intense heat.



All Photos above from the Internet

My sisters were frantically shouting my name!! I could detect the fear for my safety in their voices. They pleaded with me to crawl away from the house!! I did not want to give up. I felt this was the only chance to save our house. I had to get water on our house before it ignited.

Finally, I conceded. I realized that to continue could cost our family more than just the house. I crawled backwards, inch-by-inch, still facing the neighbor's burning house. As I crawled from the neighbor's yard, I knew that once again, my family would be homeless.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

WHEN YOU CAN'T SAVE THE HOUSE - YOU SAVE WHAT is INSIDE the HOUSE

C.E.G.

Upon reaching the road about thirty-five feet away, I yelled to the Henry Town teenagers that were standing in the road. As they gathered around me, I told them that I needed their help. We needed to get as many things out of our house as possible.

I instructed them as to the items to take from the house. We would haul the items into the yard space separating our house from another neighbor's house. Without hesitation, each of the teens and some younger adults followed my directions.

My father asked what was I doing. I told him that we were going to get as many items from our house as possible. My father said our house was not on fire. I shouted back that it was not on fire yet, but it would be soon.

The teenagers and young adults helped me carry out the ice box, our old-fashioned washing machine, my mother's sewing machine, and other large items. We carried out mattresses and bed linens, and used a hammer to dismantle the beds. We then carried out the bed frames.



All Photos above from the Internet

As we carried out items, I hoped that I was wrong about our house possibly igniting; however, that was not to be this time. Someone yelled, "Clarence, it is going to burn"!! I looked at the house and it began to smolder, then burst into flames.

We made two more trips into the house as flames licked around us. They stayed right with me until I said "We cannot go back in. That's it"!! Both houses burned to the ground.

The fire department never came that night. The community came together to help once again. They donated second-hand clothes, and food items. We each found a place to stay for a couple of weeks while my parents looked for another house to rent in Henry Town.

I continued to go to school each day, wearing whatever clothing we could find to fit me.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

JIM. MCDANIELS - MAKES A CHALLENGE

C.E.G.

The basketball season was well underway, and soon we would play Allen County. Rising star, Jim McDaniels, had transferred from Scottsville High School to Allen County High. Therefore, he was ineligible to compete this year.

He could only practice and travel with the team. He traveled to Caverna and sat with the Allen County team during the game. Both teams played well. The score remained close throughout the entire game, with Caverna maintaining a small lead at the final buzzer.

Following the game, both teams went to their respective locker rooms to shower, and dress into regular clothes. As those of us that were walking home passed the Allen County bus, Jim McDaniels leaned out his open window.



Photo above from the Internet

He yelled, “Hey Glover!!” I stopped walking, turned, and looked in the direction of their bus. Not knowing what to expect, I responded with one word, “Yes”. McDaniels continued, “It will be different next year. I will be playing”.

I took a moment before responding, and then replied, “I will be here”.

Word spread quickly from barbershop to barbershop in Horse Cave, Glasgow, Bowling Green and Scottsville. McDaniels had laid down a challenge to Glover!! The rivalry of the two young titans was now official.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

THE WONDER YEARS - BECOMING CLARENCE GDLOVER

C.E.G.

Our Caverna team won the majority of our games for the remainder of the regular season. And again, for the second consecutive year, we did well in the district tournament. We qualified for the regional tournament, with hopes that this year we would win our way into the coveted “Sweet Sixteen”.

We performed well in the regional tournament; but another team won the tournament, and qualified for the State Tournament. I continued to concentrate on my studies and prepare for baseball season.

The baseball season went well, and I began to establish myself as a long ball, homerun hitter. I also did quite well with the glove on first base. The school year concluded with me getting prepared for another summer of work, wherever it could be found.

During the summer between my sophomore and junior year of high school something interesting began to take place. Unbeknownst to me, the farm owners, sharecroppers, and general public were obviously reading the newspapers.

People were talking, particularly the guys in the barbershops. And, without me doing anything but being myself, people were transitioning me from being Clarence Glover. People were now looking through a new lens. The MEDIA lens.



Clarence Glover

TO



CLARENCE GLOVER

All Photos above from the Internet

When I walked into the barbershop filled with older, and younger men talking about everything from politics to athletics on a Saturday morning, “**It Happened**”. During the summer when we played pickup basketball games with guys of all ages at the Caverna gym, “**It Happened**”.

When we played pickup basketball games on the outdoor courts at the Caverna Elementary School in Cave City, and on the outdoor court near Munfordville, “**It Happened**”.

Without me asking for it, and without it being said directly to me, people had matriculated me from Clarence Glover status to **CLARENCE GLOVER** status. Certain community members demanded that I remove the “CLARK KENT” eyeglasses, and accept the Superhero cape they placed upon me.

This new status came with new responsibilities, and higher expectations. Responsibilities and expectations that I accepted without hesitation

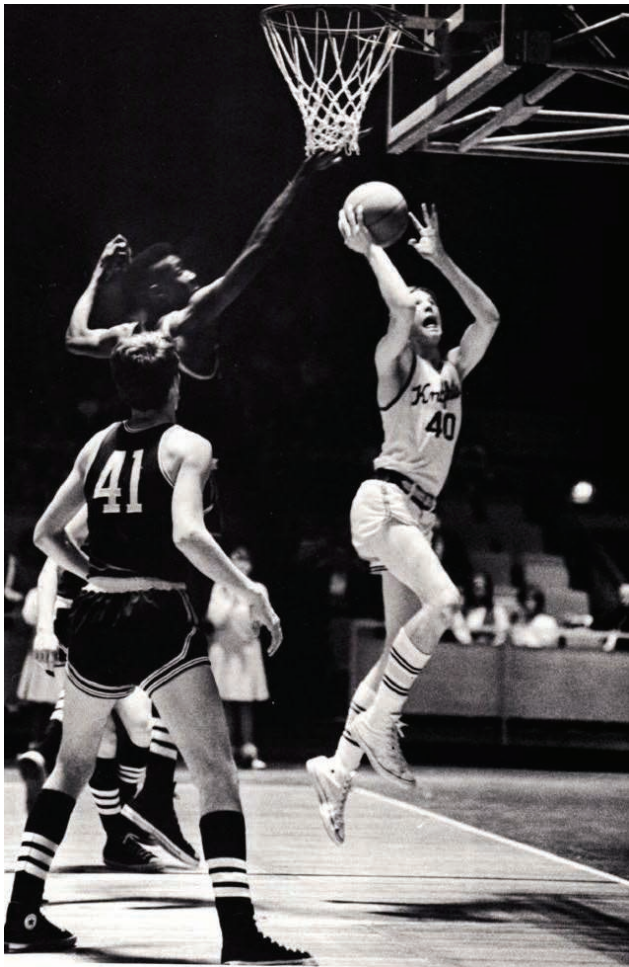
HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

SMALL SCHOOL FROM SMALL TOWN - PERFORMS LARGE IN BIG CITY

C.E.G.

The junior year of high school began and my summer of work in the hay and tobacco fields ended. I cheered for the football team, the cheerleaders, track team, majorettes, and our Caverna Marching Band. I cheered for all of them, and they in turn, cheered for me and my basketball teammates.

Our basketball team competed against Glasgow, Scottsville, East Hardin, and Bowling Green High. Each basketball contest, I, Clarence Glover, entered the locker-room and mentally prepared myself; whereas, **Clarence Glover** could trot onto the court, and meet the expectations placed upon him.



Championship: Trinity Invitational – Louisville, KY.
Caverna defeats Elizabethtown Catholic

COLONELS POST WIN

HORSE CAVE, Ky.—Caverna almost got burned Friday night by Greensburg's Dragons, but held on for a 61-57 double overtime win.

Reserve Johnny Wilson got four crucial buckets to spark the victory. Clarence Glover stuffed 22 points and hauled in 37 rebounds to lead the Colonels. Neal Ford added 11 points and Bruce Gentry hit 10 for the winners.

Edwards and Ratliff paced Greensburg with 19 and 16 respectively.

The game was knotted 12-all at the first stop and Greensburg moved ahead 25-24 at the half. After three periods Caverna led 43-37 but the Dragons rallied to tie the game at 52-all at the end of regulation play.

Both teams hit one basket in the first overtime before the Colonels put away the win.

Caverna and Greensburg will have a re-match Thursday night in the first round of the SKAC Tournament.

The scoring:

Caverna 61	57 Greensburg
Proffitt 4	7 Houk
Ford 11	9 Spachman
Glover 22	16 Ratliff
Gentry 10	19 Edwards
Percell 6	6 Goff
Subs — Caverna: Wilson 8,	
Hoover 0. Greensburg: Wil-	
liams 0, Walker 0.	
G'burg 12 13 12 15—2—3—57	
Caverna 12 12 17 11—2—7—61	

Caverna defeats Greensburg High

We confidently felt that we could compete with most teams across the Commonwealth. I usually could handle the opposing player that I was assigned to guard, while also assisting my teammates if an opposing player they were assigned to guard, happened to momentarily slip away.

During the early season, we traveled to Louisville, Kentucky to compete in the Trinity Invitational Tournament. We won three games in two days. We defeated Dunbar High from Lexington in the semifinals, and Elizabethtown Catholic for the championship.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

THEY READ THE SPORTS SECTION - AND FOUND AN UNKNOWN COUSIN

C.E.G.

We now, were getting statewide recognition. At away basketball games, girls asked the junior varsity players if they knew me. This seemed somewhat odd to me, that they thought the junior varsity players may not personally know me.

When the players acknowledged knowing me, the girls asked them to deliver quickly scribbled notes to me. They were written on assorted pieces of paper. Therefore, girls I had never met sometimes said that they were my girlfriend.

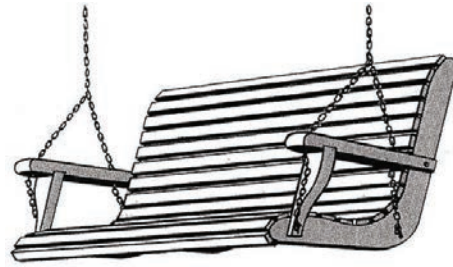
Incidentally, I never had a girlfriend until my senior year of high school.

People that barely spoke to me in the past were now referring to me by my name. Even with the superhero cape, I was still the poorest kid in Henry Town. However, I was informed, that some daughters were told “that kid is a catch, because he is going places”.

I picked up relatives that I never knew existed. Some turned out to actually be relatives.

One Sunday, I was walking “down the road” in Henry Town, and passed the house where friends of mine resided. If you lived on the east side of Henry Town near the railroad tracks, when you went toward the west side of Henry Town, one would say I am going “down the road”.

On this particular day, when I spoke to the older brother in the family, he said, “Clarence, this lady here is your cousin”. She was very pretty, and I had seen her sitting on the porch in the swing with him on other Sundays.



All Photos above from the Internet

She resided in a neighboring town. She sometimes traveled to Horse Cave and attended church with this older brother of my friends. After church, they would sit in the swing on their front porch and talk.

I did not believe him. She told me her name and her father’s name. She said that her father, and my father were brothers. I cordially told her that I was pleased to meet her, although I still thought they were playing a prank.

I went to the source that would know if this pretty lady was my cousin. My sister, Maxine, would know. Maxine confirmed that the lady’s father, and our father were brothers. She indeed, was our cousin. Over the years, I met many other cousins.

Evidently, they did not know I existed, until they heard the name of that “basketball playing” kid in Horse Cave. The newspapers and radio had helped them find another cousin.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

CLASH OF THE YOUNG TITANS - WOULD THIS YEAR BE DIFFERENT??

C.E.G.

Our winning streak placed us on a direct collision course with the Allen County team , and my new rival, Jim McDaniels. I was really not overly concerned. We had beaten Scottsville High my freshman year, and I had outplayed McDaniels.

And, McDaniels transferred to Allen County High, and we beat them at Caverna my sophomore year. However, McDaniels sat out that year, due to transfer ineligibility. This team could be different with him at the center position. Hmmm, possibly there was reason for concern.

McDaniels had shouted a challenge out the bus window our sophomore year, following Allen County's loss to us at Caverna. His challenge statement, "It will be different next year. I will be playing", was fresh in my mind. There was reason for one concern. The game was being played at Allen County!!

And, there were two factors I had not previously calculated into the equation.

Factor #1: McDaniels' supporting cast at Allen County was taller than my teammates, and talented.
Factor #2: While I was toiling away in the tobacco and hay fields, McDaniels was spending his time working on his basketball skills.

We traveled to Scottsville, Kentucky to take on Allen County High School. As we warmed up for the game, I noticed a couple of other items.

Item #1: The basketball court did not seem to be regulation size.

Item #2 McDaniels had grown since our freshman year. He had grown from being a six-feet and nine-inch freshman, into an almost seven-feet junior!!



All Photos above from the Internet



Although he had the height advantage, I had faith in my ability to handle him inside. He possibly felt the same way; because when the game began, it became apparent that he had no intention of coming inside. Reminiscent of the movie, The Wizard of Oz, when they said

“This is a horse of a different color”

It quickly became obvious that we were “Not in Kansas (or Horse Cave) anymore”. And, Jim McDaniels was an athlete that had acquired a **different** set of basketball skills.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

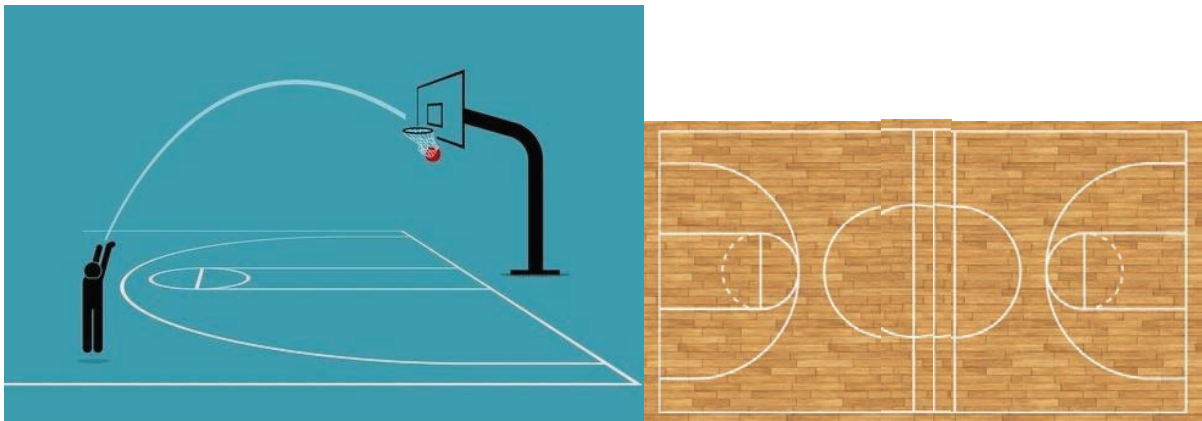
MCDANIELS' STATEMENT WAS ACCURATE - HE DID MAKE THEIR TEAM DIFFERENT

C.E.G.

From the jump ball, it appeared that our Caverna team anchored by juniors and seniors would fare just fine. Even on this **different** dimension Allen County basketball court. And, it appeared to be working in our favor when their almost seven-foot center moved out to the half-court line to handle the basketball.

When he turned to shoot the ball from a distance further out than the current existing 3-point arc, I thought this is great!! I blocked him out in order for my teammates to get the rebound. To my surprise, there was not a rebound to get. The basketball went through the hoop, touching only the bottom of the nets!!

My second thought was 'Lucky Shot'. Hopefully, he would keep shooting that far away from the basket. Well, it turned out that it was not a lucky shot. Shooting from that distance was what Jim McDaniels had worked on for the entire year since he yelled his challenge from the bus window.



All Photos above from the Internet

Obviously, this was going to be a long night for Caverna. He had drawn me away from the basket in order to defend him outside. This meant I could not protect the basket to help my teammates inside. And, he was extremely accurate with his jump shot, especially coming off a screen by a teammate.

He told me years later; that whenever he was tired following practice and was leaving the court with the other team members, his coach would ask him where he was going. Then, the coach would say, "Remember Glover". McDaniels said that he would turn around, and go back onto the court to work on his shooting game.

With most all factors in Allen County's favor that night, they won the game. However, we had a fine team, and felt that if we met them in the Kentucky State Tournament, on a neutral court, we could defeat them. They were picked to win their region, and we were picked to win ours.

After the game with Allen County, we continued our winning ways, defeating teams inside our district and in the Southern Kentucky Athletic Conference (SKAC). One week prior to the end of our regular season we played Campbellsville High School and won by approximately twenty-two points.

The score throughout the game was actually much closer than the final score margin. Until early in the fourth quarter both teams were positioned to win the game. We were able to make good plays, and the score widened. Sometimes athletes let public statements, and the final score cloud their memory.

I think that is what happened to our team. We closed out our regular season and won the District Tournament. We then won each Regional Tournament game, and faced Campbellsville High for the championship.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

SCHOOL DAZE - WAKE UP!! WAKE UP!!

C.E.G.

Campbellsville High was the team we had beaten by twenty-two points just a couple of weeks earlier. The media, the public, and it appeared our team, felt Caverna would easily win the regional championship.

The game began!! It seemed that our team was sluggish, moving in a slow-motion. We seemed to be approaching the game as though we won it two weeks ago, and this was just a scrimmage. We were not defending well and our offense was not working well either.

I knew what to expect from Scott, their hard-working six-feet and six-inch center. In order for me to handle him, I knew my game had to be on-point. Therefore, I could not leave him unattended to assist teammates as much as usual. It seemed that we were playing in a daze.

I wanted to do like in the Spike Lee movie, “SCHOOL DAZE”, and yell, **WAKE UP!!**



Photo above from the Internet

As usual, when the other team double-teamed me (two players guarded me), I passed the ball to my open teammate. However, this night, we were not making the open shots. This was not a good sign. This was our chance to play in Freedom Hall, in the Kentucky State Tournament “**Sweet Sixteen**”!!

I was able to contain their six-feet & six-inch center, and he was unable to stop me from scoring in the final minutes of the fourth quarter. However, we were having difficulty stopping his teammates from scoring. When the final buzzer went off, the final score was **Campbellsville 48-Caverna 47**.

I had scored twenty-eight (28) points, grabbed twenty-seven (27) rebounds, and blocked four (4) shots. However, there was No Sweet Sixteen for us this year.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

THE MARK OF MANY FINE TEAMS - ONE LOSS DOES NOT DEFINE THEM

C.E.G.

The fire trucks and police escort that awaited us at the Hart County line returned home unceremoniously. Our small school of four hundred students (grade 7-12) competed well through the season. Also, we won the district tournament, and won our way to the finals of the regional tournament!!

However, many people expected us to win the regional tournament, and possibly a couple of games in the state tournament. Therefore, it was hard to celebrate our accomplishments, when we came up short of people's expectations. Everyone on the team took the loss hard. The seniors took it the hardest!

Since our school enrollment was so small, many of us participated in multiple sports. Therefore, many members of the basketball team, would also be on the baseball team. Possibly, we could win the regional tournament in baseball, and go to the state tournament.

Mr. Dorsey was also our baseball coach. For many of us, this was our third year playing together.



STANDING: Asst. coach, John Miller, Don Hunter, Johnny Ray Wilson, Clarence Glover, Billy Frasier, Tony Huffman, Mark Isenberg, Coach, Mr. Ralph Dorsey

SITTING: Jimmy Webb, Bruce Gentry, Randall Curry, Allen Green, Danny Logsdon, James Percell

Almost every member of the baseball team were also members of the JV and varsity basketball teams. Jimmy Webb was our backup center on the basketball team, and was one of the best baseball pitchers in the Southern Kentucky Athletic Conference.

Bruce Gentry and Randall Curry were guards on the basketball team, and were fine infielders at short-stop and second-base. And, jump-shot artist, James Percell had a fine glove playing third-base. I played first base and had gained a reputation as a homerun hitter. I batted a fine .352 while also hitting homeruns.

Seniors, Allen Green, Johnny Ray Wilson and Danny Logsdon were part of the basketball team; as were sophomores Don Hunter and Mark Isenberg.

Also, Caverna playing in the Kentucky Baseball State Tournament was not a far-fetched idea.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

CAVERNA HIGH SCHOOL is SMALL - OUR ACHIEVEMENTS ARE LARGE

C.E.G.

Just five short years ago, in 1961, Caverna not only played in the Kentucky Baseball State Tournament, but also won the state championship. Our basketball assistant coach, Dennis “Denny” Doyle was on that team. They won the state tournament on a triple play. Mr. Ralph Dorsey was the coach.



Following two years as assistant basketball coach at Caverna, 1965-67 (my junior and senior years), Denny left to pursue professional baseball. After a short stint in the Triple-A Minor League, Denny made it into the Major League. I attended, and graduated from Western Kentucky University.

In 1972; five years after we both left Caverna in 1967, Denny and I were in Boston at the same time. He with the Boston Red Sox, and I with the Boston Celtics.

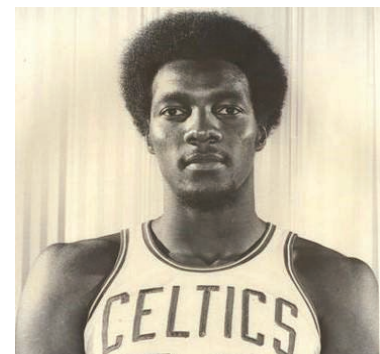


DENNIS “DENNY” DOYLE



MR. DORSEY

1966-67 Caverna High Basketball



CLARENCE GLOVER

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

HELLO, MISTER POSTMAN - IS THAT LETTER FOR ME?

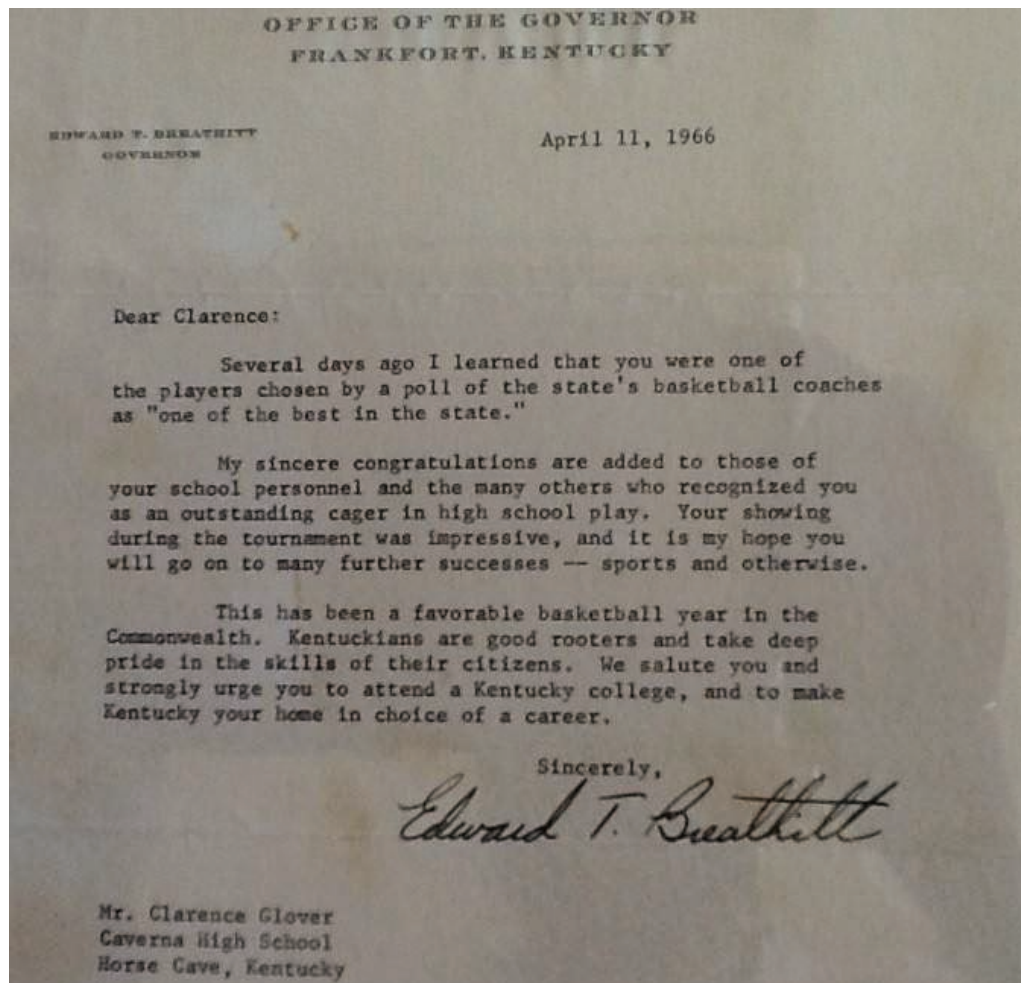
C.E.G.

However, for my junior year in 1966, we did not qualify for the Kentucky Baseball State Tournament. It was a fun season, and our team gained regional exposure via newspaper articles. Also, I heard from numerous colleges during the junior year of school.

They included Indiana University, Middle Tennessee, Tennessee Tech, University of Kentucky, Western Kentucky University, University of Louisville, Niagara University New York), and Florida State University. At the close of school for the year, I again found work, anywhere and everywhere.

It was a fine summer of hard work, and placing money into my checking account to pay for a full year of upcoming cafeteria lunches, school clothes, books, and school fees.

Additionally, I was honored to receive a letter from the Governor of Kentucky.



Letters from colleges for me came to the school, and to the local post office. We did not receive mail at our house. My friend and teammate, Ralph Rogers, asked his parents if it was okay for colleges to call their phone to leave messages for me. I was very appreciative.

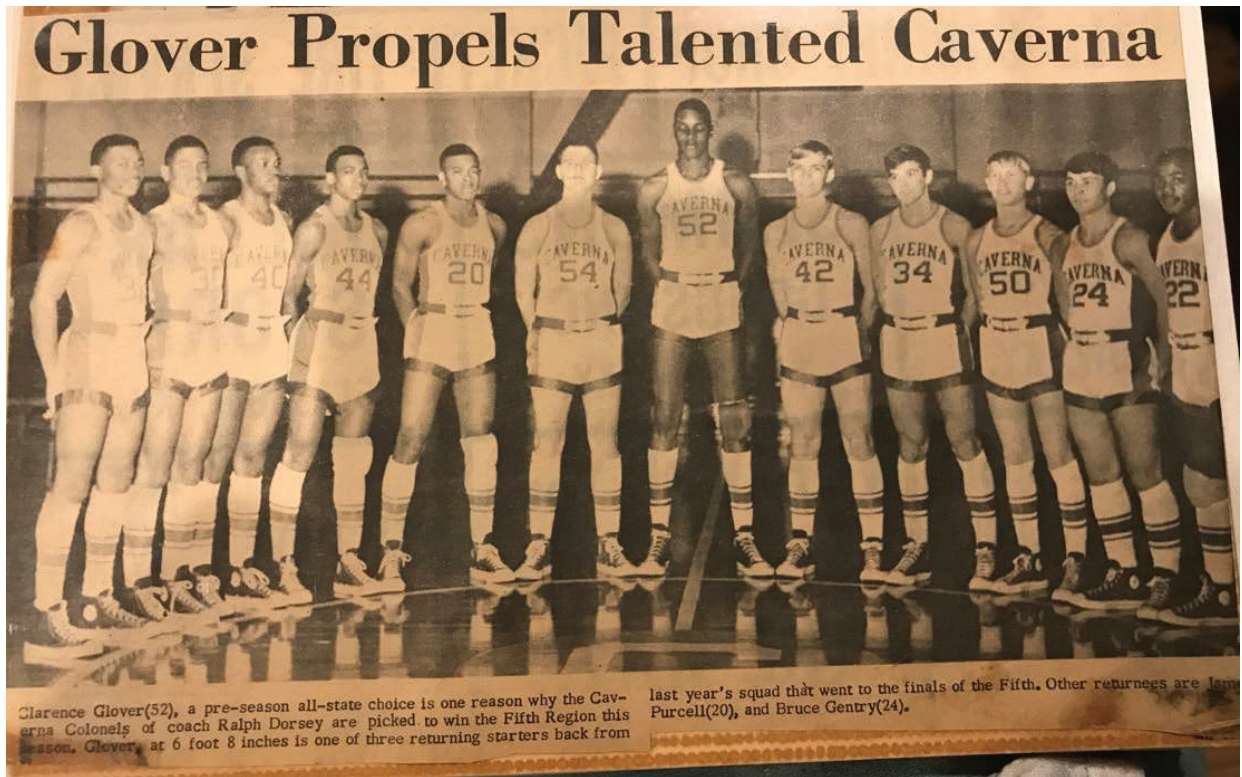
Numerous calls from colleges and junior colleges in Kentucky, and multiple states came to the Rogers' house. Therefore, I got to know the family during my many trips to the Rogers' home. And, beginning my senior year of high school, I had my first ever girlfriend. It was Ralph's sister, Mary.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

INTRODUCING THE 1966 - 1967 CAVERNA COLONELS

C.E.G.

The senior year began smoothly with the football team having lots of success. Following football season, the press reintroduced our basketball team to the Commonwealth of Kentucky.



Danny Davis, Dennis Page, Don Hunter, Ralph Rogers, James Percell, Jimmy Webb,
Clarence Glover, Frankie Hoover, Johnny McGee, Larry Doyle, Bruce Gentry, Randall Curry

1965-66			1965-66		
Won-Lost			Won-Lost		
Pos.	Team, Region	Record	Pos.	Team, Region	Record
1.	Owensboro (3rd)	24-6	14.	Elizabethtown Catholic (5th)	25-5
2.	Allen County (4th)	22-5	15.	Fleming-Neon (14th)	22-3
3.	Louisville Central (6th)	23-3	16.	Woggener (7th)	15-4
4.	Louisville Male High (7th)	27-4	17.	Betsy Layne (15th)	18-11
5.	Shelby County (8th)	33-1	18.	Breathitt County (14th)	21-8
6.	Thomas Jefferson (6th)	25-3	19.	Hazard (14th)	25-7
7.	Covington Catholic (9th)	21-6	20.	Ohio County (3rd)	25-7
8.	Earlington (2nd)	29-7	21.	Lexington Tates Creek (11th)	15-10
9.	Seneca (7th)	12-7	22.	Paducah Tilghman (1st)	20-5
10.	<u>Caverna (5th)</u>	21-10	23.	Harrison County (10th)	30-3
11.	Adair County (5th)	28-6	24.	Ashland (16th)	25-7
12.	Woodford County (11th)	23-6	25.	Russell (16th)	24-7
13.	Franklin County (11th)	12-12			

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

CLARENCE GLOVER - CAVERNA HIGH SCHOOL
C.E.G.

At the beginning of our senior year of basketball, the news media was also kind enough to reintroduce me to the Commonwealth of Kentucky

State's Leading Players					
Player, School	Ht.	Class	Player, School	Ht.	Class
Jim McDaniels, Allen Co.	7-0	Sr.	Justin Sharpe, Earlington	6-3½	Sr.
Jim Rose, Hazard	6-3	Sr.	Tom Hoover, DeSoto	6-3	Sr.
Ralph Mayes, Central City	6-3	Sr.	Les Yates, Elizabethtown	6-3	Sr.
Clarence Glover, Caverna	6-8	Sr.	Doug Parsons, Betsy Layne	6-5	Sr.
Henry Bacon, Male High	6-2	Jr.	Stan Keyes, Calloway Co.	6-2	Jr.
Jamie Pickett, Shelby Co.	6-4	Sr.	Bob Burns, Cov. Holmes	6-2	Jr.
Blaine Henry, Harrison Co.	6-1	Sr.	George Schloemer, Cov. Catholic	6-4	Sr.
Tom Roberts, Russell	6-7	Jr.	Bernard Bradshaw, Woodford Co.	6-5	Sr.
Felix Thruston, Owensboro	6-6	Sr.	Steve Wood, Williamstown	6-1	Sr.
Jim DeWalt, Thomas Jefferson	6-6	Sr.	Ben Watkins, Lou. Central	6-5	Sr.
Bobby Jones, Frankfort	5-10	Sr.	Alan Linker, Wiggener	6-4	Sr.
John Williams, Lou. Central	5-11	Sr.	Dwaine Boucher, Franklin Co.	6-4	Jr.

Courier-Journal All-State Basketball Team													
Player, School	Pos.	Ht.	Wt.	Class	Age	Avg.	Player, School	Pos.	Ht.	Wt.	Class	Age	Avg.
Jim McDaniels, Allen Co.	C	7-0	200	Sr.	18	38.6	Felix Thruston, Owensboro	F	6-5	180	Sr.	17	19.1
Jim Rose, Hazard	F	6-3	172	Sr.	19	24.4	Jerome Perry, Manual	C	6-3	188	Sr.	17	23.1
Henry Bacon, Male High	G	6-2	190	Jr.	17	16.5	George Schloemer, Cov. Cath.	F	6-4	186	Sr.	17	15.0
Ralph Mayes, Central City	G	6-3	160	Sr.	17	21.2	*Justin Sharp, Earlington	F	6-3½	175	Sr.	19	16.0
Bobby Jones, Frankfort	G	6-0	170	Sr.	18	24.6	*Dwaine Boucher, Frank Co.	F	6-4	205	Jr.	18	18.0
Clarence Glover, Caverna	C	6-8	205	Sr.	19	19.1	*Tied in the voting.						

Caverna became well-known through local and statewide media. The media also gave attention to the supposed

Glover vs. McDaniels

--- and ---

McDaniels vs. Glover

RIVALRY

The rivalry between me and Jim McDaniels was kept alive by the radio and print media. It packed the gyms across the state wherever either Caverna or Allen County played. Both McDaniels and I were being recruited by multiple colleges, and both visited colleges in multiple states.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

FRIENDS OR RIVALS - COULD WE BE BOTH??

C.E.G.

McDaniels and I actually got to know each other when we visited Niagara University (NY) at the same time. High school All-American and future Naismith Hall of Famer, Calvin Murphy, was a freshman at Niagara.

Calvin was a two-time basketball All-American at Norwalk, Connecticut High School. He also was a world-class baton twirler. In 1963, as an 8th grader, he won a national baton twirling contest. And, in 1964 he was invited to perform in the New York World's Fair.

The Niagara coaches felt with Calvin at guard, me at forward, and McDaniels at center, we could attract the other athletes that would make us national championship contenders.



Clarence Glover, Lex Carter, E. Dent Lackey (Mayor, Niagara Falls, NY.) Jim McDaniels
Looking out over Niagara Falls from a distance

Jim McDaniels and I became friends during our visit to Niagara University. Calvin encouraged me and McDaniels to join him at Niagara as teammates. The invitation to be teammates was appealing.

I returned to Kentucky to reflect upon the visit, and discuss it with Mr. Dorsey.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

CAVERNA HIGH SCHOOL - 1966-67 TEAM & COACHES - DRESSES FOR SUCCESS

C.E.G.

Our Caverna basketball season moved smoothly my senior year. The gyms were packed every game; home and away game. And, we did not disappoint the crowd. Our seven seniors knew this would be Mr. Dorsey's last year as head coach. We wanted him to finish with a trip to the Kentucky State Tournament.

We knew that it would take more than just the seniors to make the State Tournament. We needed the entire Varsity, Jr. Varsity, Cheerleaders, and Caverna Community. There were too many good teams in our region this year to take anything for granted.



VARSITY

Greg Isenberg - Manager, Danny Davis, Dennis Page, Don Hunter, Ralph Rogers, James Percell, Jimmy Webb, Clarence Glover, Frankie Hoover, Johnny McGee, Johnny Doyle, Bruce Gentry, Randall Curry, Johnny Burks - Manager, Ralph Dorsey, Coach.

JUNIOR VARSITY

FIRST ROW: Larry Ramey, Donnie Donselman, Wayne Hughes, Billy Bale, Ricky Shirley, Kenny Russell, Terry Martin, SECOND ROW: Dennis Doyle - Coach, Lanny Hatcher, Danny Davis, Johnny Doyle, Dennis Page, Ralph Rogers, Mike Asbury, Don Hunter, Steve Austin, Mark Williams, Virgil Proffitt, Mike Thompson.



Caverna Yearbook 1967

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

CAVERNA HIGH SCHOOL COLONELS - SOUTHERN KY. ATHLETIC CONFERENCE C.E.G.

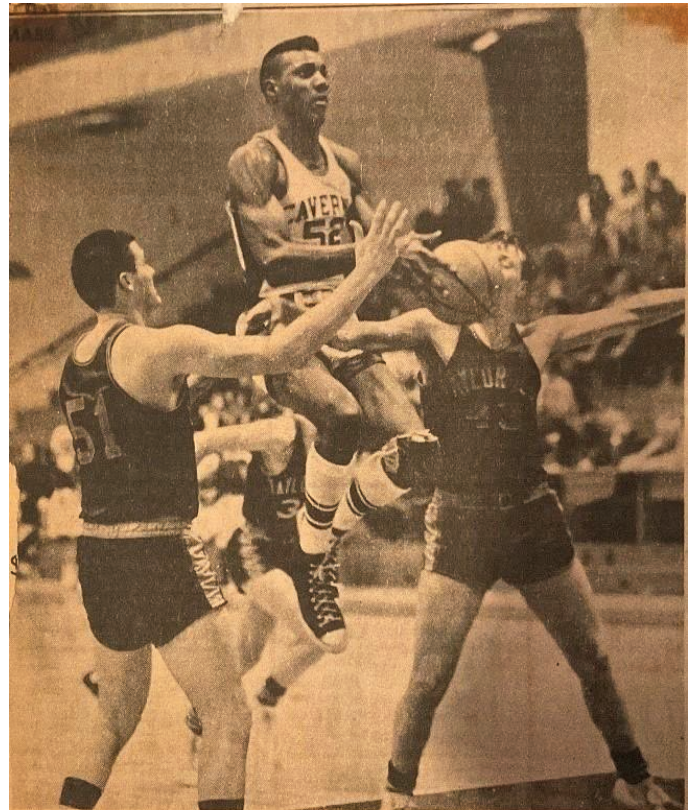
As the Caverna Colonels trotted onto the basketball court in each away gymnasium, we knew that the Caverna cheerleaders would be there to greet us, and guide the Caverna crowd in cheering us. Usually, they cheered us to victory.

They were there when we played Campbellsville High, and Adair County High, in the SKAC) Tournament.



HEY GUYS, WATCH THE ARM, WILL YOU? -- Clarence Glover of Caverna came up with the ball in second half action of Saturday night's SKAC final game, but James Percell (20) and Wilford Blair seemed to have more of Clarence than they

did of the ball. Glover came down with 26 rebounds in all, 34 in the foreground in Milton Dornar of Adair County. The Indiana came up with a fourth quarter rally to edge Caverna 50-46.



TWO ON ONE -- Taylor County's Donnie Clark (51) gets help from teammate Willie Davis (43), as Caverna's Clarence Glover (52) goes in for a shot in the Caverna-Taylor County contest in the SKAC tourney in progress at Scottie Arena. A picture page on the tourney appears on page 6 today and a complete roundup of tournament games appear on page 7.



Junior Varsity

Karen Logsdon, Janie Ross, Patty Johnson
Denise Reed, Vickie Cherry



VARSITY

Ruthie Bale, Donna Nunn
Minerva Burd, Dianne Sullivan, Brenda Renick



Junior High

Ellen Bale, Mayme Lou Davis, Brenda Donselman
Susan Tucker, Marsha DeWeese

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

A VOTE TO GIVE UP HOME COURT - CAVERNA COLONELS vs. ALLEN COUNTY

C.E.G.

School remained the same. Studies during the day, and basketball practice after school. Dr. Webb had administered aptitude tests, and I had scored high in the area of business administration. I had no idea how that would fit into my future; therefore, I continued to meet with him to get guidance.

Meanwhile, the Glover vs. McDaniels rivalry was building to a crescendo. A well-known journalist from the Louisville Courier Journal called to interview me. He asked about my family, hobbies, relatives, and future plans. He informed me that he would be covering the Caverna vs. Allen County basketball game.

The game was a Caverna home-game and was scheduled to take place in our Caverna gym. This was to be the showdown in the Glover vs. McDaniels --- McDaniels vs. Glover rivalry. The upcoming game had received so much attention; that it became obvious there would be long lines outside our small gym.

Mr. Dorsey held a team meeting to inform us that he had been requested to move the basketball game to a larger gymnasium. He had met with the Caverna School board, and informed them that he would allow the basketball team to vote on whether to move the game.

He informed us that college coaches from multiple states would attend the game, along with journalists from across Kentucky and other states. Therefore, the only gymnasium in the area large enough to hold the projected attendance was E. A. Diddle Arena at Western Kentucky University. It seated over twelve thousand.



Western Kentucky University – E. A. Diddle Arena 1967



I felt we would have a better chance of winning the game in our small gym. Possibly, our only chance!! Allen County's team was a powerhouse. There were 120 counties in Kentucky and practically every county had multiple teams. Out of all those teams Allen County was ranked in the top five in the state.

McDaniels was currently considered the number one basketball player in Kentucky, and ranked in the top ten in the entire country. I felt that our only way to change either of those rankings was in our small gym. My teammates seemed to like the idea of playing in Diddle Arena with thousands in attendance.

I understood that it was not just **Glover vs. McDaniels**, and me wanting to play him on our home court. I also understood that this may possibly be a “once in a lifetime” opportunity for my teammates to play an official game on a major college basketball court with thousands in attendance.

Therefore, I voted with my teammates to move the game to Diddle Arena.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

UNLIKE LAS VEGAS - WHAT IS SAID IN BARBERSHOPS - DOES NOT STAY IN BARBERSHOPS

C.E.G.

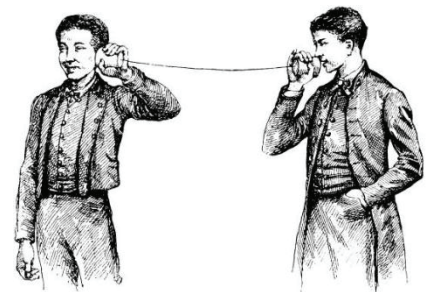
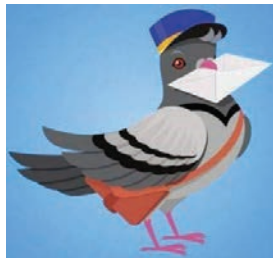
The week leading up to the game was interesting. I tried to make everything seem like this was an ordinary game that was being played in a neutral gym. However, everyone seemed to be talking about the upcoming game. McDaniels was averaging 40.1 points per game. How many points would he score, etc.

Saturday's haircut at the Henry Town barbershop did not help things. Every barbershop expert had their opinion. Could Glover's defense match McDaniels' offense??? Finally, I made the statement that "I could hold McDaniels to twenty points. One-half his average".

I do not know why I thought that statement would stay inside the barbershop.



Glover at Henry Town barbershop



All Photos above from Internet

McDaniels at Scottsville barbershop

Word spread from barbershop to barbershop, and community to community. It went by carrier pigeon, ham radio, telegraph, smoke signals, tin cans, and beauty salons. Of course, word finally reached the barbershop in Scottsville where McDaniels got his haircut.

The word got there so quickly, one would think I told him in person. Projected game attendance suddenly increased. Now that word had reached the Scottsville barbershop, things just got really interesting

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

THE ARENA SIZE MAY DIFFER - THE COURT SIZE IS THE SAME

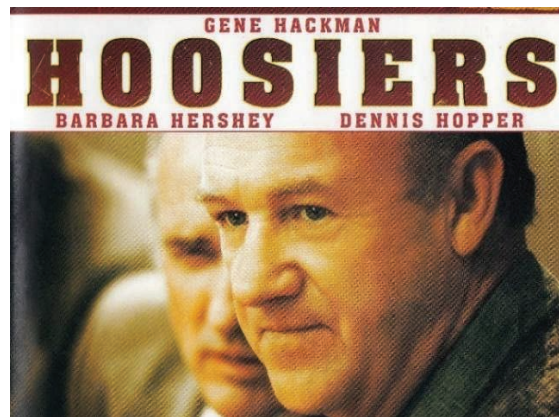
C.E.G.

A lot was at stake for this basketball game. We had given up our homecourt, and our homecourt crowd. We had given up our “out of bounds” surprise element. That was when the opposing players were in-bounding the ball, and realized they only had about three feet on each end of the court, from the wall to the out-of-bound line.

We would not have those elements, nor a small warm gym tonight, as we take on the **#4 ranked** team in Kentucky. Also, they had the player ranked by many news outlets as **#1 in the USA!!** However, we would meet this challenge head on, and find out if either, or both aforementioned assertions held true.

We arrived at Diddle Arena and were shown to the locker-room. The arena was almost empty when we arrived. When we came out to warm up for the game, people were filing in and finding their seats. We went back into the locker room after warmups. When we returned to the court there were thousands of people!!!

We had never played for such a large attendance. We had to approach this game like the movie “**Hoosiers**”.



All Photos above from Internet

The distance from the floor to the goal was the same as Caverna’s gym. The dimensions for the length and width of the basketball court was striped the same as the Caverna gym. We had to play the game within the confines of the basketball court, and not the enormous size of the arena.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

THE DAVIDS VS. THE GOLIATHS - OH NO - THE SLING SHOTS ARE AT HOME

C.E.G.

Prior to this game my attention was mainly toward maintaining McDaniels. I knew that it would take all of my quick thinking, agility, and defensive know-how to keep this high school seven-foot All-American contained. That meant I would not be able to assist my teammates on defense as much as usual.

As I watched their team warm up, I noticed practically every player in the warmup line dunked the ball. The only players on our team that could dunk the ball was me, and our five-feet and eleven-inch guard, James Percell. All of their players must have had growth spurts over the summer.

Their backup center was six-feet and nine-inches. One starting forward was Lex Carter. He was the six-foot and six-inch forward that visited Niagara University with McDaniels. It appeared all of their players were at least six feet and four-inches except a couple of the guards.

Our entire team was at a height disadvantage at every position. After the jump ball, I decided to take the ball to the hoop, hoping to get McDaniels into early foul trouble. That strategy did not work. He had learned not to go for the fake, and keep his feet on the floor until I actually jumped.



Glover makes pass to teammate

Louisville Courier Journal



Glover blocks Allen County player's shot (McDaniels #44)

It was obvious this would be a hard-fought game, played above the rim much of the time. It would be a tiring game due to the talent and height of McDaniels' teammates. Both McDaniels, and their backup center were taller than me. I had to be perpetual motion, and continually utilize my jumping ability.

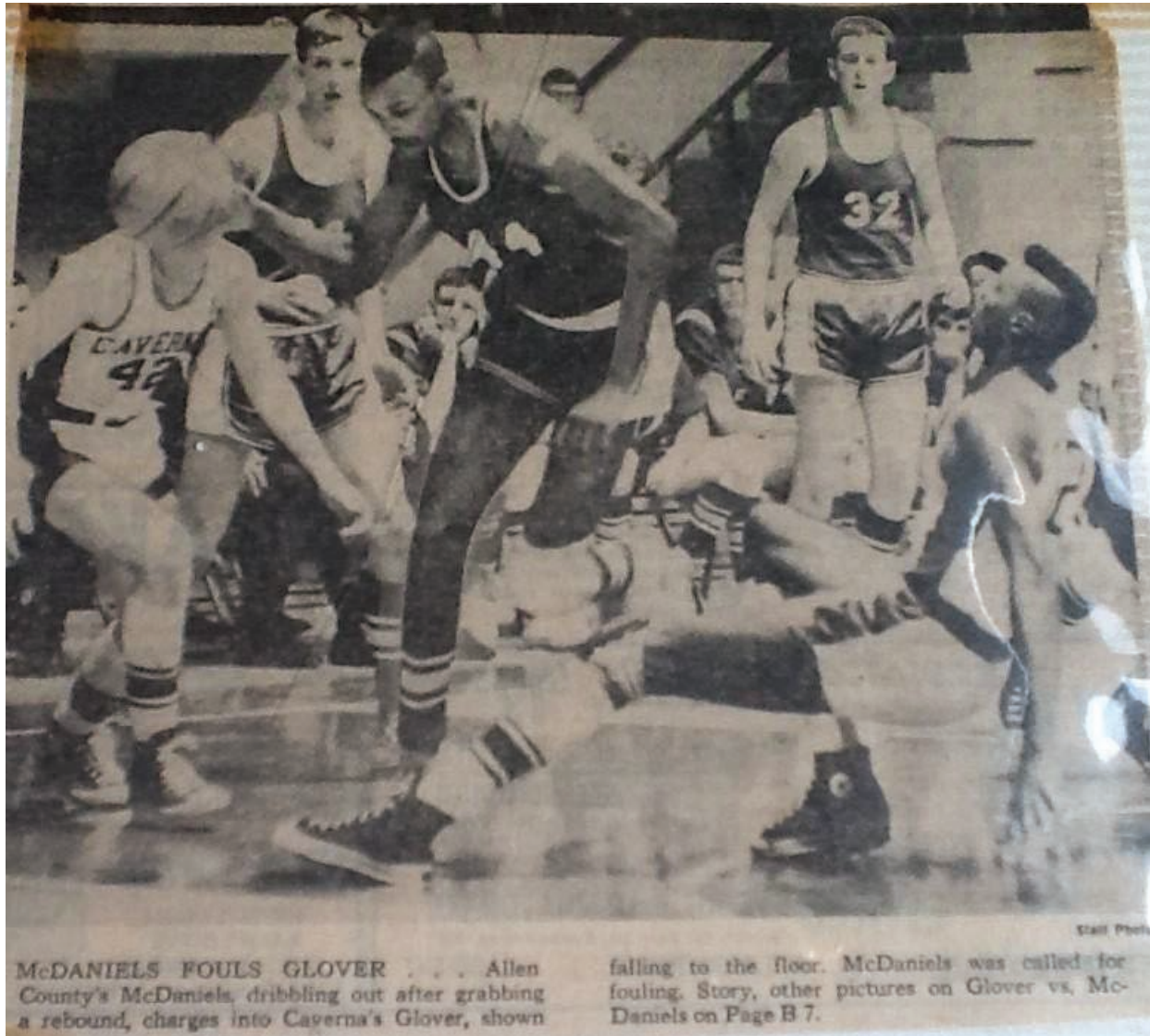
The Allen County team's superior height at every position was wearing us down. However, we persevered.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

CAVERNA'S ONLY CHANCE FOR VICTORY - CONTAIN MCDANIELS, OUTSCORE HIS TEAMMATES

C.E.G.

As we went into the third quarter of the game, it was obvious that Allen County was one of the top teams in the entire state. On any given night, they could beat most teams without McDaniels. With McDaniels, they appeared unstoppable!!



MCDANIELS FOULS GLOVER . . . Allen County's McDaniels, dribbling out after grabbing a rebound, charges into Caverna's Glover, shown

falling to the floor. McDaniels was called for fouling. Story, other pictures on Glover vs. McDaniels on Page B 7.

Louisville Courier Journal

Our only chance of winning would be if McDaniels fouled out. I felt some hope when McDaniels was called for a charging foul. He grabbed a defensive rebound, and instead of passing the ball as an outlet for the fast-break, he decided to dribble. I stood directly in his path and took the charge.

However, I also was in foul trouble. My pressure defense had held McDaniels to less than ten points the First half of the game and I was well on the way to holding him to the twenty points for the game. However, with my defense on McDaniels, and at times assisting teammates, I was in deep foul trouble.

Holding McDaniels to twenty points, one-half his scoring average, meant nothing, if we as a team, could not outscore his team. I would have to score my usual nineteen point to neutralize McDaniels, and my teammates would have to do the same with the remainder of the Allen County team.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

IN THE FABLE, THE TORTOISE WON THE RACE - NO FAIRY TALE IN DIDDLE ARENA THIS NIGHT

C.E.G.

McDaniels and I continued our battle of the boards until late in the third quarter. I had four fouls and needed to be careful. McDaniels had the basketball outside close to the half-court line. As he began to dribble, I swiped the ball from him, and looked to start our fast break.

The whistle blew, and the referee called a foul on me. It was my FIFTH foul!! I had fouled out of the game!!

The referees did not confer about the call. In later years, the referee sitting at the scorer's table on standby told me that he felt the foul should not have been called. Nice to say; but too little, too late.



Allen Co.: McDaniels(#44) Caverna: Glover(#52) Bruce Gentry(#24)



Caverna: Frank Hoover (#42) Glover (#52)

Photos from Louisville Courier Journal

I fouled out of the game with one minute and eight seconds left in the third quarter. McDaniels had twelve points at that moment. He ended the game with THIRTY-PLUS points. Each time he dunked the ball, he would look over at me sitting on the Caverna bench.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

WE LOST TO THE STATE'S 4TH RANKED TEAM - OUR MISSION: WIN ALL REMAINING GAMES

C.E.G.

Allen County easily won the basketball game. Barbershop basketball pundits wondered how many points McDaniels would have scored if I had not fouled out of the game. Some felt he would have scored less than twenty points and others felt he would have scored more than twenty points. To me, their discussions were a moot point. What mattered to me was the final score on the scoreboard.

Our basketball season continued. Bowling Green High was one of the teams we played enroute to the District and Regional Tournaments. Hopefully, this year, we could take Mr. Dorsey to the Kentucky Basketball State Tournament for his final year as Caverna Basketball head coach.

Purples' Price Has 22

Glover Posts 21 As Caverna Tips BGH

Caverna High's Colonels must have figured at times the last night that it was all a bad dream.

There were the Colonels galloping along with a 17-point lead over Bowling Green High in the last half.

The next time anybody got a chance to look at the scoreboard, there was BGH trailing by just two points. And then the Purples tied the score on a layup by Jackie Price.

But 6-foot-8 Clarence Glover and James Percell finally put out the panic and Caverna went on to a 64-58 victory, the ninth in 13 games for coach Ralph Dorsey's team.

Glover finished with 20 rebounds and 21 points.

Percell added 16 points and Bruce Gentry posted 14.

Price led coach Larry Doughty's Purples with 22 points.

James King bagged 16 and Steve Long tossed in eight in a reserve role.

Caverna led by just 16-14 at the end of the first period. But Glover and Gentry and Percell hit a red-hot streak in the second quarter as the Colonels swelled their lead to 42-27 at the half.

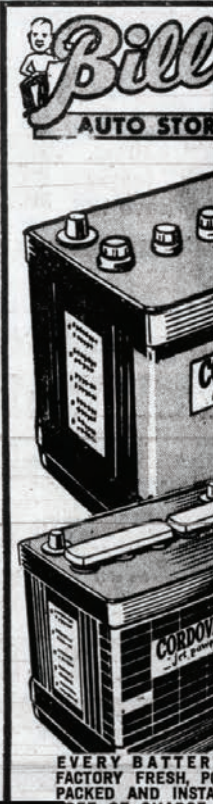
Price got 14 of his points in the last half, King eight and Long seven as the Purples rallied gamely only to run out of gas.

George Helm, a 5-10 senior, led the Purple rebounders with 12.

Twenty-four floor errors killed the Purples. Caverna had but 12 turnovers.

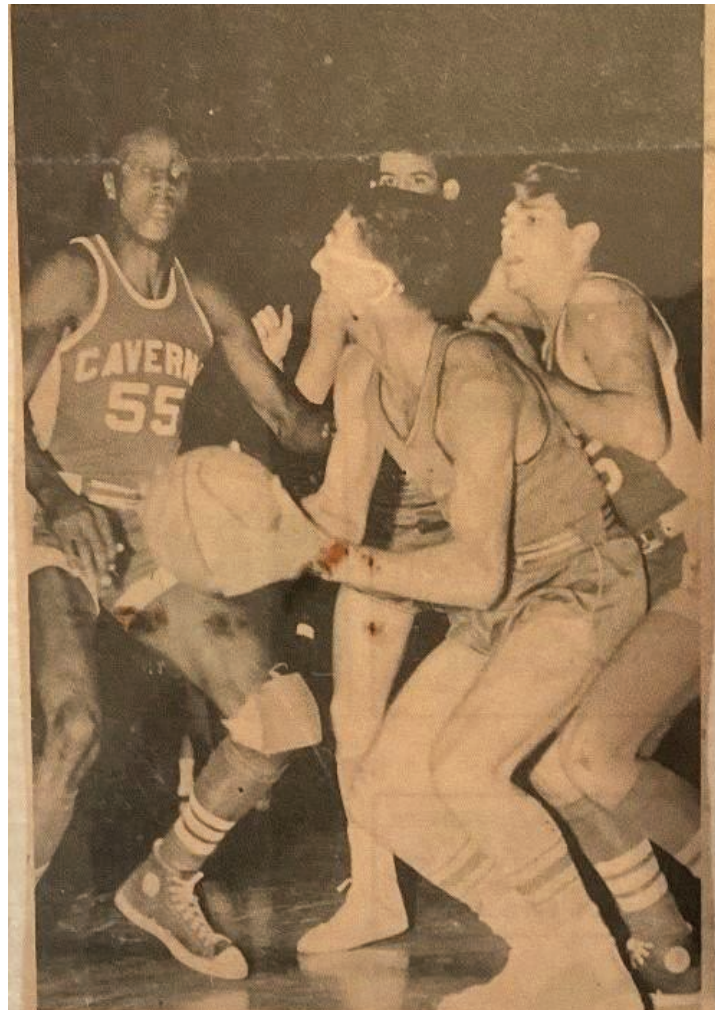
The Purples next meet Glasgow at 7 p.m. tomorrow in the opening game of the BGH Invitational. Allen County and Franklin-Simpson battle in the nightcap.

Caverna 64	58 BGH
Hoover 8	22 Price
McGee 5	2 Helm
Glover 21	2 Strickler
Percell 16	16 King
Gentry 14	2 Barriger
Subs — Caverna: Curry	
Bowling Green: Stanley 4	
Long 8, Reynolds 2, Mitchell 7	
Walton	15 27 11 11—64
Caverna	14 13 18 13—58
BGH	



Bill's AUTO STORE

EVERY BATTERY FACTORY FRESH, PACKED AND INSTALLED FREE OF CHARGE.



COLONEL DEFENSE -- Rugged defense characterizes Caverna, especially in the form of 6-8 center Clarence Glover (55), as Bowling Green forward James King found out soon after the picture was snapped. Glover blocked his shot. Caverna plays St. Joe in the 8:00 game in the Fifth Region tourney beginning at Campbellsville today. The Colonels were runners-up last season.

Park City Daily News

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

FEBRUARY IN KENTUCKY IS - BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT TIME

C.E.G.

Our team bounced back from the loss to Allen County without “missing a beat”, and moved on to other teams. We were not about to let other teams think that they could also beat us. One by one, we showed the other Kentucky teams that the Caverna Colonels was a team to be respected.

And, I reaffirmed my reputation in the minds of the people; and the print media, that I deserved my current ranking as the top defensive player and rebounder in Kentucky high school basketball.

12—Glasgow, Ky. , Daily Times, Tuesday, February 28, 1967
Carverna 19-6


Colonels Favored To Win In 18th District

One of the Fifth Region's most talented basketball coaches, Ralph Dorsey, has one more shot at the Fifth Region basketball title. It's his last year at the helm of the Colonels and his all-senior ball club is going all out to make Dorsey's last seasons one he will remember.

Dorsey, who has piloted the Colonels for 17 years, has plenty of talent riding in his favor. The anchor man of the Colonel ball club is 6'8 Clarence Glover, an All-Stater last season and this area's rival to Allen County's 7 foot ace, Jim McDaniels.

Glover is averaging 19 points per contest, and averages about 19 rebounds as well. He is considered one of the best defensive men in the state, and helps the Caverna cause, by causing the opposition to think before they shoot - because if they don't they may not speak for several minutes.

Another reason for Dorsey's high hopes in the District and Regional is senior James Percell, one of the most sought after prospects in the area. Percell, at 5-11, is averaging 13 points per contest, and is the Colonel floor leader at the guard spot. He is smooth under



We continued our winning, and I continued fielding telephone calls from colleges across Kentucky and other states. As far as colleges, I was leaning toward Florida. However, it was a long distance from home, and I would be leaving family, and my first ever girlfriend.

The final college decision was placed on hold while we completed our regular season, and prepared for the District Tournament.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

POLAR BEARS AND RED DEVILS - WE HANDLED THE COLD AND THE HEAT

C.E.G.

We completed our regular season and began play in the 18th District Tournament. It was always tough because the teams were highly competitive. The Hart Memorial Polar Bears were always hard to beat. Especially the years with tough defender, high-jumping, Charles Buckner.



Greg Isenberg, Danny Davis, Dennis Page, Don Hunter, Ralph Rogers, James Percell, Jimmy Webb, Clarence Glover, Frank Hoover, John McGee, Johnny Doyle, Bruce Gentry, Randall Curry, Johnny Burks, **Mr. Ralph Dorsey (Coach)**

The Munfordville Red Devils were also a highly competitive team. A couple of their players, in later years, told me about their practice routine the week prior to playing Caverna in their home gym. They said the heat was set at a high level all week, so they would be accustomed to it by game night.

They always had excellent teams and it was tough to beat them at home.... or away. It was especially, tough to beat them on their home court.

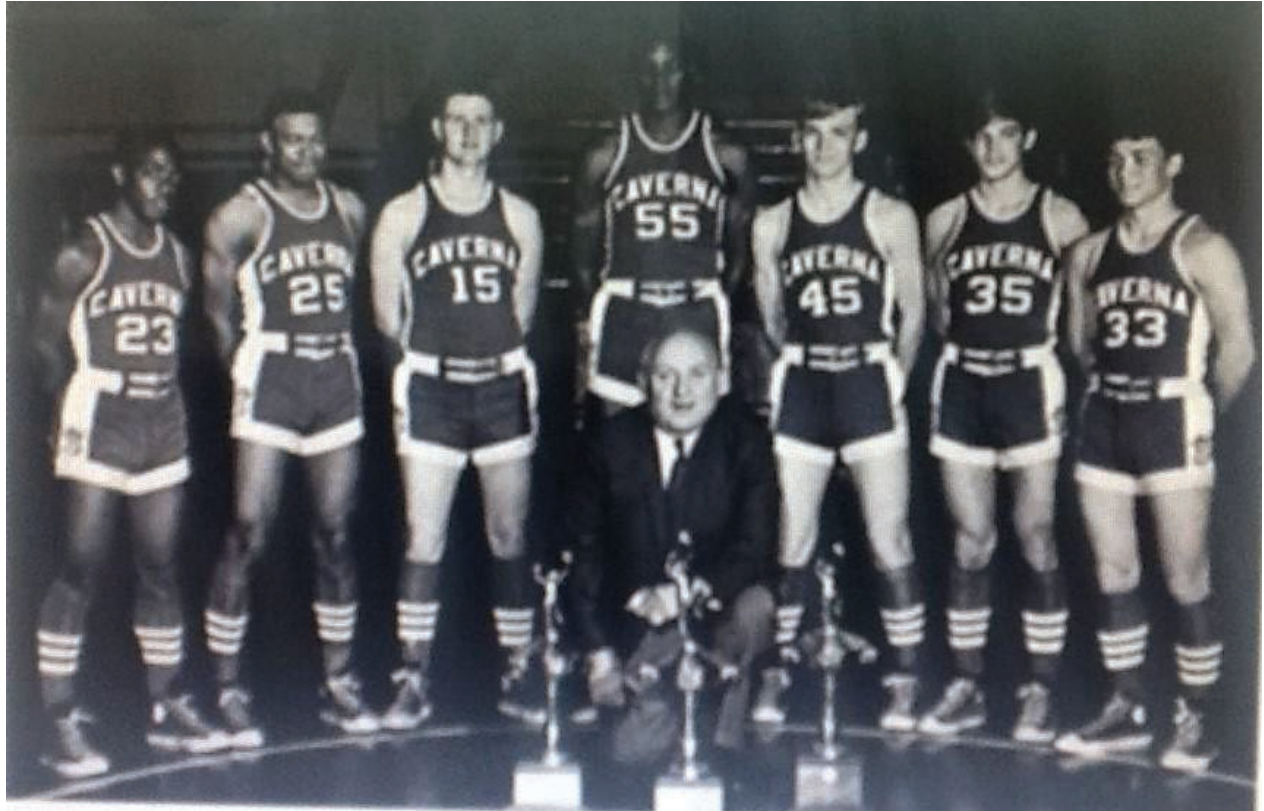
HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

FOR A HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR - EACH TIME IS THE FINAL TIME

C.E.G.

After winning the 18th District Tournament, the next tournament would be the Regional Tournament. Caverna seniors knew this was our last Fifth Regional Tournament, and there would not be another year for an attempt to play in the Kentucky "Sweet Sixteen".

Also, time was drawing near for graduation. We would no longer report to the classes of some of our favorite teachers. Some of us planned to go away for college, and possibly would not see school friends again for years.



Randall Curry-James Percell-Jimmy Webb-Clarence Glover-Mr. Dorsey (kneeling)-Frankie Hoover-Johnny McGee-Bruce Gentry



Mr. Weaver-Principal



Mrs. Ramsey- Reading



Mr. Thomas Math and Science



Mrs. Robinson- History



Mr. Hunt-Science



MRS BROOME



MRS. CAGLE



MR. DUVALL



MRS. SHUSTER



MRS. SAUNDERS

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

THE INVISIBLE MAN - BY RALPH ELLISON - RANDOM HOUSE 1952

C.E.G.

In 1967, in the entire Caverna School District, there was only one teacher that was an American of African ancestry (aka Negro in 1967). That teacher was Mr. Newton Thomas. He was a brilliant man, and was the former principal of the Horse Cave Colored School before racial integration.

He was the sole teacher from the Horse Cave Colored School to teach at Caverna. This also made him the first American of African ancestry to teach in a Kentucky school district that was formerly all White (aka Caucasian). This disparity was common, and acceptable by school boards, administrations, and residents across Kentucky.

The American students of African ancestry ((aka African-American in 2025) referred to Mr. Newton Thomas as “Mr. Thomas”. The American students of mainly European ancestry (aka as White in 1967 & 2025) referred to Mr. Thomas as either “Professor Thomas or “Fesser”.

This was offensive to some African-American students. Many African-Americans viewed it that the White community was unwilling to refer to this African-American teacher as **“Mr.”** Thomas. Many White students seemed unaware that this was offensive to their classmates since they genuinely respected Mr. Thomas.

Possibly, they primarily had only heard him referred to as “professor” in their community.



Camille Jewell-Elaine Cobb



Anne Craighead-Debra Hensley

SENIOR



Imogene Carney

JUNIOR



Sandra Fancher-Glenda Hunt



Melinda Mayfield-Denise Reed

FRESH



PATTY JOHNSON

Freshman Attendant

REVA EDWARDS

Junior Attendant



**BASKETBALL
QUEEN
AND COURT**



The 1966-67 Basketball Homecoming was one to remember for Queen Sandra Thomason, the lovely, talented daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Edward Thomason. Sandra, a main leader in many school activities, will never be forgotten at Caverna.

Sandra Thomason



SHELIA MORGAN

Sophomore Attendant



LOUISE HAYES

Senior Attendant

Additionally, there were no African-Americans in the positions of principal, assistant principal, guidance counselor, athletic director, or coach in the Caverna District. African-American students felt belittled by this lack of representation throughout the school district.

Also, there was not one African-American substitute teacher, bus driver, cook, janitor (aka custodian), or school secretary.

There was not a glimmer of student racial interpersonal relations outside athletics. Even the Football homecoming Court (Elaine Cobb), and Basketball Homecoming Court (Hailia Louise Hayes) involved athletics.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

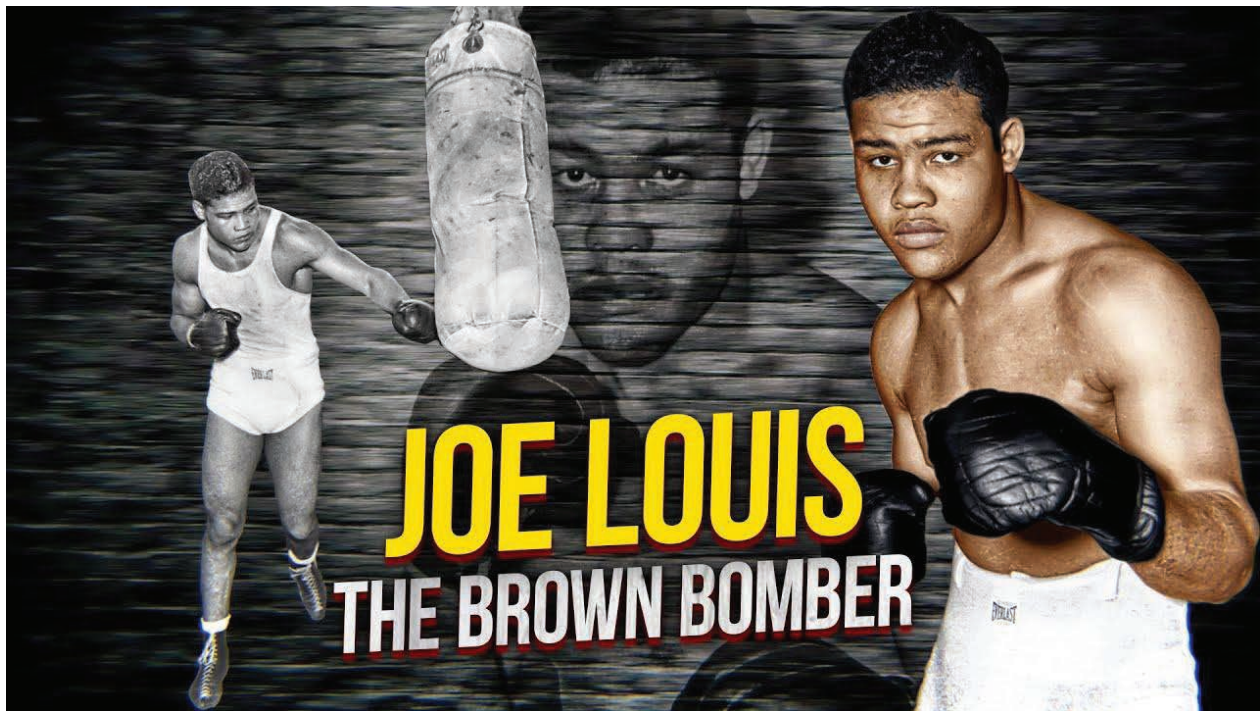
NOT IN SEARCH OF JOE LOUIS - IN SEARCH OF OUR JOE LOUIS

C.E.G.

With lack of representation throughout the community and school district, it was quite feasible that teachers supervising clubs and councils did not notice that the makeup of school organizations, in no way resembled the makeup of the student body.

I do not know the exact reasons; however, there was not one African-American student on any club or council in 1967. This included the Yearbook Staff, Student Council, Library Club, Tri-Hi-Yi, Beta Club, Pep Club, FHA, FTA, Cheerleaders, and Senior Class officers (president, vice president, secretary, treasurer, reporter, parliamentarian).

Unlike the American Revolution that took place when they experienced “Taxation without representation”, we did not have a Boston Tea Party. As the saying goes, “It was, what it was”. This lack of representation in our school district was mirrored in neighboring school districts.



All Photos above from Internet

Joe Louis was born in Alabama, across from a cotton plantation. His family had experiences with the Ku Klux Klan, and moved from Alabama to Detroit, Michigan. Mr. Louis grew up in Detroit, and with the guidance of a mentor, became one of the greatest prize fighters of all time. He served his country and community.

Therefore, it was important to African-Americans in the Caverna community, and outlying areas that they have a hero to represent them. A hero for the share croppers on rural farms, residents of **Henry Town** in Horse Cave, and **The Kingdom** in Cave City. They needed their “Joe Louis”!! They needed someone that was publicly acknowledged as successful in what he was doing by others than themselves. Namely, the White community.

Someone that was read about in the newspapers, heard about on the radio, and talked about in positive terms. They needed someone that worked the hay and tobacco fields with the sharecroppers, knew the struggles of their people in a society that was not built to include them..... and could give them reason to cheer.

They needed someone like the great boxer, Joe Louis, known as the “Brown Bomber”.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

THE BROWN BOMBER - TO OUR BROWN HOPE

C.E.G.

As a burgeoning high school basketball athlete, I certainly was not in the greatness class of Mr. Louis. However, for our small town and neighboring towns, in some manner, I became their Joe Louis. I knew poverty, worked the fields with the sharecroppers, had excellent parent home-training, and respected all elders.

I did not curse, smoke, nor drink alcoholic beverages. And, when people read about me in the newspapers, it was about something good. Without knowing it, I became their “Joe Louis”. I was bestowed the assignment to represent the sharecroppers, the people of “Henry Town” in Horse Cave, and the residents of “The Kingdom” in Cave City.

Some told me in direct words, and others told me indirectly, that I represented them. It turned out that the representation lasted long past high school. I would always be the kid that grew up in the Henry Town section of Horse Cave, Kentucky. And, I would always be their representative.

Therefore, as a high school student, it was made apparent that for me

“Failure was not an option”.

After winning the 18th District Tournament, we joined the other 5th region winners and runners-up for the 5th Regional Tournament. The winner would advance to the Kentucky Basketball Sweet Sixteen. This was the final opportunity for our seniors.



Photo from Internet



Photo from Internet

Last year, we were favorites to win the tournament. We listened to friends, pundits, and read the news-papers. Seemingly, last year, we showed up for the championship game feeling that it was already won. I do not know that this was how our team felt, but it seemed that way.

This year, our team did not have the same overall strength that it did last year. Therefore, every night, every team member would have to bring his “A-Game”. Otherwise, we go home. One-by-one we sent home, each team that we played.

Finally, it was “Friday night under the Championship Lights”. We were to face Elizabethtown Catholic. We beat them last year for the Trinity Invitational Tournament Championship. Now the question was, could we do it again this year to make the coveted trip to Louisville’s Freedom Hall.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

REGIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP GAME - DÉJÀ VU “ALL OVER AGAIN”

C.E.G.

The Elizabethtown Catholic coach was **Hardin McLane**. He had already been selected to be the Assistant Coach for the upcoming 1967 high school Kentucky All Stars Team. He had taken the Elizabethtown Catholic team to the Kentucky Basketball State Tournament in the past.

The Caverna High coach was Mr. **Ralph Dorsey**. He had also taken his Caverna team to the Kentucky Basketball State Tournament. Also, he played on Indiana University's first NCAA National Championship team. Without question, Elizabethtown Catholic and Caverna High both had talented teams, and talented coaches.

The best team may or may not win this championship game; but the best team that night would advance to the Kentucky Sweet Sixteen. We needed to win this game in 1967 as a tribute for Mr. Dorsey's retirement from coaching high school basketball.

When the game ended, the score favored Elizabethtown Catholic. Alas, it was not to be, for our Caverna team to compete in the Kentucky Basketball Sweet Sixteen.

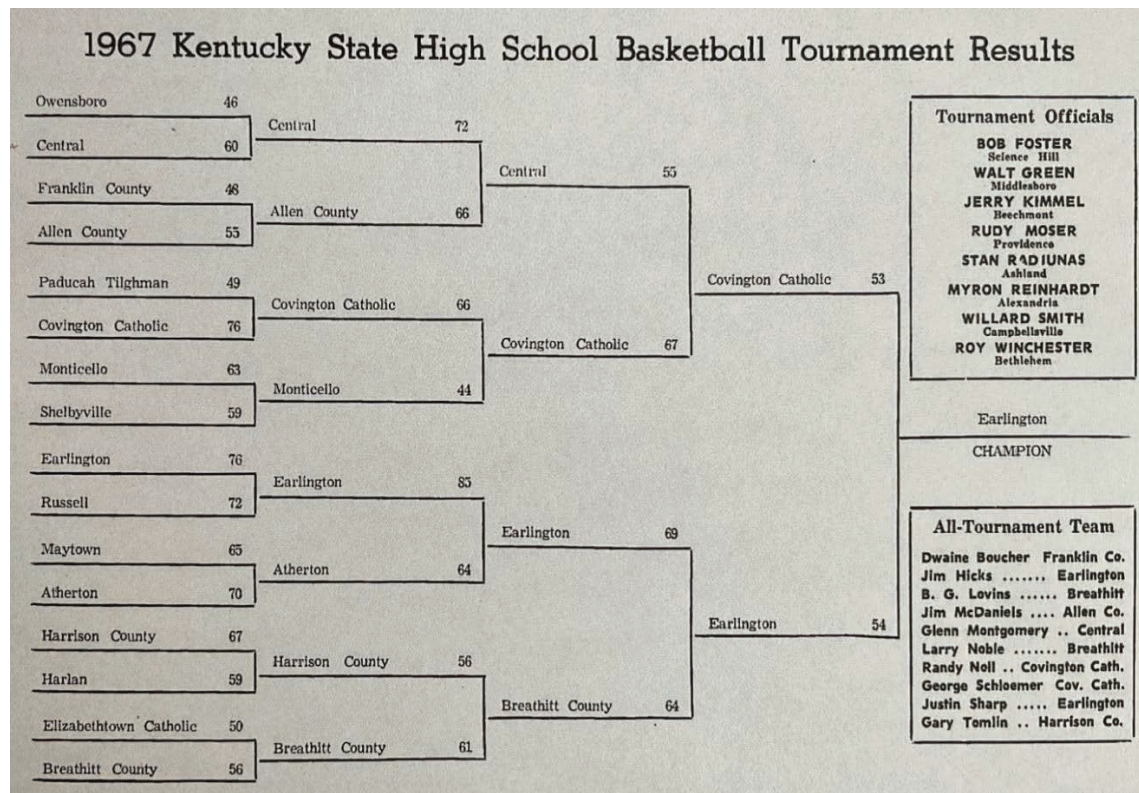


Ralph Dorsey



Hardin McLane

Kentucky Basketball Hall of Fame



All Photos above from the Internet

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

BASKETBALL TO BASEBALL - 1967 WAS AN INTERESTING YEAR

C.E.G.

I attended the Kentucky High School Basketball State Tournament and watched my new friend, Jim McDaniels, and his Allen County High team compete. They won their first game and lost the second. I visited with McDaniels following their first game. He looked like he was not feeling well.

It turned out that he had the Mumps (aka Parotitis). The Mumps is a highly contagious disease, causing swelling of the glands in the throat area just below the chin. Unfortunately, I caught the Mumps from McDaniels, and missed tryouts for our baseball team. Therefore, I lost my starting position at first base.

I sat on the bench the entire regular season upon returning to the team after recovering from the Mumps. The regular season ended, and we began tournament play. I did not get into a game during the district tournament either. I was dejected, but showed up for every practice and game. We advanced to regional play at Lampkin Park in Bowling Green.

We were losing to Ft. Knox with one runner on base, and one out in the bottom of the last inning. It appeared that I would not get to play in even one game my senior year. Unexpectedly, Mr. Dorsey motioned for me to go in and pinch hit. Their pitcher was a strong left-hander (aka southpaw).

He threw the first pitch at about 75-miles per hour, almost hitting me. I had to quickly fall back onto my rear into the dirt. I took my time getting up, brushed myself off, and got back into the batter's box. I positioned myself for the next pitch. I knew that at the speed he threw the ball; I would have to be ready to swing.



All Photos above from the Internet

I began my swing just after he released the ball. The ball came “straight down the pike”, and my bat connected with the ball perfectly as it was crossing the plate. The ball sailed over the center field fence, and over a row of cars parked in that area. Horns honked, and fans cheered as I made the “homerun trot” around the bases.

Our baseball season ended that day. Therefore, my senior year, I batted a perfect “thousand”, and hit a homerun every time at bat.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

20th CENTURY BASKETBALL ELITE - KENTUCKY HIGH SCHOOL ALL STARS C.E.G.

Prior to graduation, accolades and honors came my way. And so did letters and phone calls from colleges across the country. I became the most sought-after athlete by colleges, including every sport in Caverna's history.

Honors included All Conference, All District, First Team All-State, All-America honors, and Kentucky All-Stars. I had made the decision as to where I would attend college. That was, until I became a Kentucky All Star.



Louisville Courier Journal

Top Photo: Clarence Glover (Caverna) – Jim McDaniels (Allen County) – Ben Watkins (Louisville Central)

My All-Stars roommate, Jim McDaniels, had other ideas regarding our respective college futures. One late afternoon, following the day's second practice, a few of the guys congregated in the room McDaniels and I shared.

McDaniels said "Guys, if we all went to the same college, I bet we could be national champions." I quietly moved away from the conversation. My college decision was made, and my career path was already charted.

The guys engaged in a brief flurry of youthful basketball chatter, and speculation about McDaniels' statement. Each agreed that the group of guys in the room playing on the same team could someday win a college national championship.

At that point McDaniels proposed that everyone in the room make a pact to attend the same collegeWestern Kentucky University.

One by one each all-star placed his hand in the customary huddle ritual formation, except for me.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

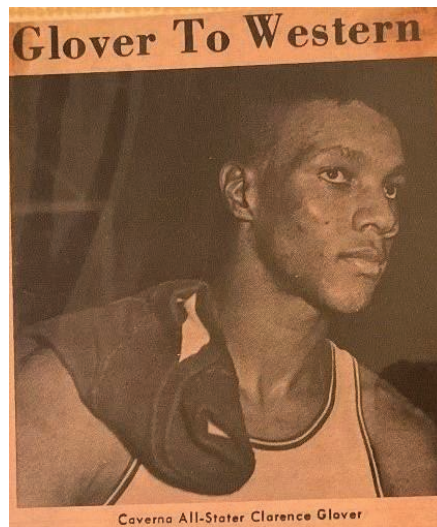
FUTURE NCAA NATIONAL CHAMPIONS - LETS ALL ATTEND THE SAME COLLEGE

C.E.G.

I pretended not to have heard the conversation. They each stood there looking at me with their hands placed one atop the other. It was a standoff as I sat staring back at them. In unison, almost as one voice they made a verbal statement, “Come on Glover! Man, we need you!!

McDaniels said “We are going to stand here until you join us.” I was sitting at the small desk in our hotel Room, and they stood between me and the door. After what seemed an eternity but actually was only minutes; I stood up, walked over to them and placed my hand atop the others.

I figured everyone would forget about the pact once the all-star games were over. Then, I would go to Florida and study business administration. Well, that didn’t happen!



Park City Daily News

Caverna High had their Senior-Day college trip two days prior to when I was to sign an athletic grant-in-aid scholarship with my Florida school. The senior-day trip was to Western Kentucky University, known as “Western”.

As we were exiting the bus at Western, a member of the WKU basketball team approached the bus. The WKU player was Walker Banks. He informed me that the basketball coaches would like to talk with me. We walked to their offices located in Diddle Arena.

There, I met with coaches John Oldham, Gene Rhodes, and Wallace “Buck” Sydnor. Coach Oldham had traveled to Caverna earlier in the school year to meet with me. I had not met Coach Sydnor nor Coach Rhodes before this day.

After talking with the coaches, I agreed to attend Western Kentucky University. Coach Oldham’s sincerity, honesty, and charisma were the deciding factors in my decision to attend Western Kentucky University.

HENRY TOWN - TO ACROSS TOWN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE

AFTER ALL THESE YEARS - MY CLASSMATES - STILL DID NOT SEE ME

C.E.G.

Interestingly, as high school graduation approached, I was not as excited about it as were my classmates. That was because in 1967 seniors had to purchase the senior photo package to be in the yearbook. My parents could not afford it, and the dwindling amount of money in my checking account had to be used to buy school lunches, and pay the fee to take the ACT College Entrance Exam.

Therefore, I was elated when the student yearbook staff informed me that they had selected me to be pictured in the “Class Favorites” section. This meant that my picture would be in the yearbook senior section for my senior year!!

However, the elation was not meant to last long. I asked was it for “**Most Athletic**”.

I was informed that they had selected a basketball teammate for that photo. I was selected as the male representative for “The Laziest”. I was hurt and disappointed. Not just because they selected someone else for Most Athletic; whereas, he also, was a fine athlete.

It was because the student yearbook staff and I were classmates for years, and I was still invisible to them. Years of hard work, state and national recognitions, and they were still unable or unwilling to “SEE”..... **ME**.



Camille Jewell Clarence Glover
Class Favorites section – Caverna Yearbook 1967

*I see you.
I hear you.*

Over the years, I became visible to some. Others could never comprehensively SEEthe real ME.
MY Journey from

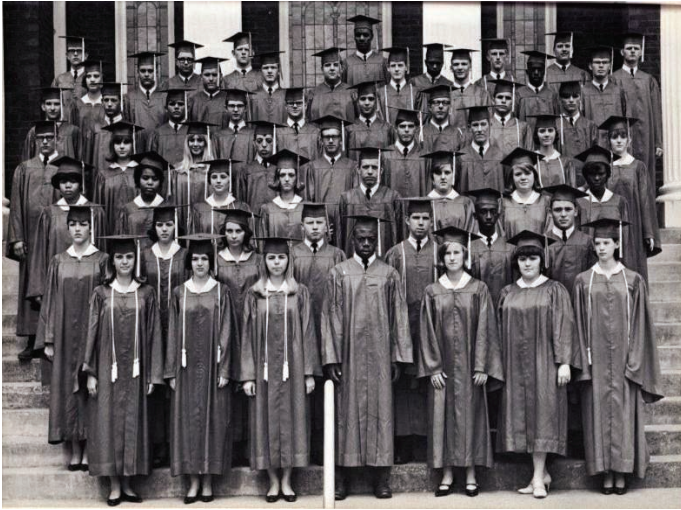
HENRY TOWN – TO ACROSS TOWN

The Shortest Distance

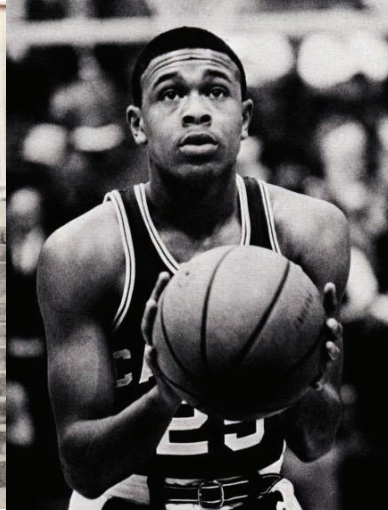
had many interesting experiences; told and untold. Join me in the next book for the “LONGEST DISTANCE”.

HIGH SCHOOL IS AN INTERESTING TIME

Some Friendships Are Timeless



Caverna Class of 1967



James Percell III

Classmate, Teammate, Friend since childhood



Yolanda Garvin

Neighbor, Friend since childhood



William "Big Shot" Garvin
Neighbor, Friend since childhood



Mary Rogers (Glover)
Classmate, Future Wife



Lenda Rogers
Friend since childhood



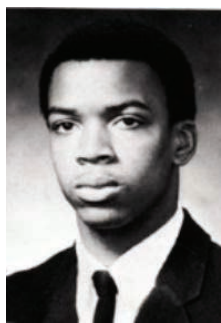
Edward "Cookie" Ford
Friend since childhood



Connie Lambirth (Franklin)
Friend since childhood



Mrs Percilla "Boots" Garnett
Friend since MY childhood



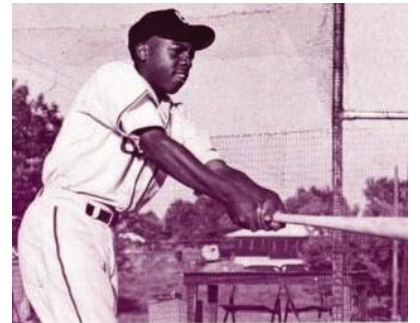
Ralph Rogers
Teammate, Friend



Sandra Thomason (Wilson)
Classmate, Friend



Faye Jones (Garvin)
Friend since childhood



Randall Curry
Classmate, teammate, Friend



Bruce Gentry
Classmate, Teammate, Friend



Robet Kinslow
Classmate, Friend



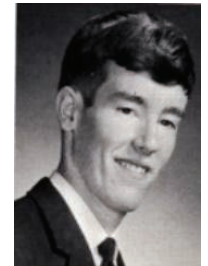
Linda "Lyn" Talyor
Classmate, Friend



Elaine Cobb
Classmate, Friend



Hailia Hayes (Curry)
Classmate, Friend

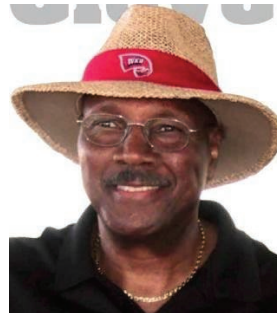


Andy Holman
Classmate, Friend



**A Power Greater than any Human has bestowed upon each of us gifts and talents.
I feel that it is incumbent upon each individual to either use, misuse, or allow
the gifts and talents to atrophy. I chose to use my gifts and talents for
the purpose I believe they were bestowed upon me.
To help those within my realm of reach.**

Clarence E. Glover



caverna.kyschools.us



MY Parents & Siblings

By Clarence E. Glover



ROY GLOVER

CLEMMIE GLOVER

My parents were married 50-plus years when my father passed away. My mother passed away about a decade later. To my knowledge, my father never allowed himself to be photographed.

Birth Order: Virgil Glover Flossie Glover Velma Glover Lynce Maxine Glover Hazel Occie Glover Lambirth Clarence Glover



ROY GLOVER
1896-1975

CLEMMIE GLOVER
1907-1984



VIRGIL GLOVER

MAXINE

VELMA

FLOSSIE GLOVER



OCCIE



CLARENCE



CAVERNA LITTLE LEAGUE BASKETBALL

KENTUCKY



ESSENCE OF THE GAME

HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL

HALL OF FAME

MY JOURNEY

HENRY TOWN

The Shortest Distance

TO ACROSS TOWN

BY CLARENCE GLOVER