

both hits with strong scores. Both were turned into successful films. Nor is there discussion of his film work in the 1950s. *High Society* (1956) was a major success, the underrated *Les Girls* less so but its score is worth discussing. The collection contains interesting essays on two of Porter's flops, *You Never Know* and *Seven Lively Arts*. There is a brief analysis of some of the songs in *Kiss Me Kate*, but little discussion of his many pre-World War II hits. Clearly there is a need for more volumes like this one.

Of the many composers who wrote for Broadway in the last century, only Kurt Weill, Leonard Bernstein,

and Stephen Sondheim have received much serious scholarly and critical attention. *A Cole Porter Companion* is an important addition to scholarship on American musical theatre and popular music. There is much more to consider about Porter's work, but this is a good introduction to scholarly examinations of the work of one of the most beloved American composers.

JOHN M. CLUM, Professor Emeritus of Theater Studies and English at Duke University, is the author of several books and essays on twentieth- and twenty-first-century American drama and musical theatre.



The Milan Miracle: The Town That Hoosiers Left Behind

By Bill Riley

(Bloomington, Quarry Books, 2016. Pp. xii, 175. Paper, \$23.00.)

In his 2005 book *Transition Game: How Hoosiers Went Hip-Hop*, *Sports Illustrated* writer and Bloomington native L. Jon Wertheim reminded readers—if indeed there were any who needed reminding—“It’s hard to exaggerate just how deeply basketball is embedded in Indiana’s fabric...the filament that threads together towns from Auburn to Zionsville” (p. 2). Bill Riley embedded himself with the 2010-2011 Milan Indians basketball team, heirs to the 1954 championship celebrated in the 1968 film, *Hoosiers*. The 2010 Indians were not a talented team—most recent Milan teams have not been, he informs readers—and

both the regular season and the tournament offered the harsh reality that “*Hoosiers* never felt so far away” (p. 59). Riley frames this story as a passionate lamentation, one that extends even to the inadequate respect paid to the material remnants of a bygone era. “The 1954 state final trophy rests in a small case built into the wall. The state finals banner, torn and water-damaged, hangs next to a runner-up banner from 1953” (p. 2). Central to the story is a linking of the economic and athletic struggles of rural Indiana communities such as Milan. “Thanks to the economic depression,” Riley notices, “state funding cutbacks, and

many other less visible factors, it was rare to see a kid from Milan with a basketball in his hands" (p. 14).

It is not clear whether an economic upturn would have meant more basketballs in more hands, and whether that, in turn, would have nourished the underdog virtues that seemingly inspired the Indians' brilliant two-year run of 1953 and 1954. Some readers will be interested, no doubt, to learn that quite unlike their fictional counterparts in *Hoosiers*, the 1954 Milan team was talented and tournament tested. In addition to being runners-up in 1953, they had in 1954 defeated the celebrated team from Crispus Attucks, featuring Oscar Robertson, on their way to the state championship.

Clearly, sports can bring communities large or small together in both tangible and intangible ways. How enduring are these moments of "collective effervescence" is more difficult to chart. No return to glory would have altered the deep economic problems

that beset the town. Riley reminded me of Simon and Garfunkel's famous line in "Mrs. Robinson," that "Joltin' Joe has left and gone away," when he declares of Milan that, "David didn't live there anymore" (p. 164).

David did not live only in mid-1950s Milan, however. The team of African American students from Crispus Attucks, led by "the Big O," changed the face of basketball in the state, winning back-to-back state championships in 1955 and 1956. What this team overcame is certainly worthy of its own *Hoosiers* movie. Milan may not now be the location of "happy ending" sports stories, but the town had a magical moment many communities do not, one that can serve as burden or inspiration. The beauty of sports is that the underdog can rise up unexpectedly, even if the address keeps changing.

EDWARD T. LINENTHAL is Professor of History at Indiana University, Bloomington.



The Unknown Travels and Dubious Pursuits of William Clark

By Jo Ann Trogdon

(Columbia: University of Missouri Press, 2015. Pp. xx, 469. Illustrations, maps, index, appendices, tables, notes, bibliography. \$36.95.)

Decades ago, I wrote a novel 931 pages long, which began in 1773 with Master Billy Clark playing in his nursery in the Virginia Colony and ended in 1806 with the grizzled explorer William Clark arriving in Kentucky at

the end of his expedition to the Pacific with Meriwether Lewis. Apparently even that wasn't enough. The first fan letter about that seemingly endless book said: "Will there be a sequel? I love William Clark! He's amazing!"