

Kansas To Woo Jackie

Moreland-Chamberlain Combo To Play?



By JACK KISER
A basketball team adored with two of the most famous names in the country — Wilt Chamberlain and Jackie Moreland — is more than just a coach's pipe dream. It's a distinct possibility.

The News yesterday learned from Dick Harp, Kansas University coach, that the Jayhawks are definitely interested in pulling this recruiting coup, one to equal the Chamberlain catch.

"Sure, we're interested in Mr. Moreland," Harp said when contacted by phone in his Lawrence, Kan., office. "He's the type of player any coach would want."

AT THE SAME TIME Harp denied that Kansas was actively engaged in wooing the North Carolina State freshman whiz, now facing four years of in-

eligibility with the Wolfpack. "I know I haven't talked to Mr. Moreland since the big explosion," he asserted. "I can't speak for other persons interested in the Kansas team, but if there have been any contacts with him I haven't heard about."

Kansas' interest in Moreland was revealed by Milton Gross, sports writer for the New York Post, earlier this week. Gross reported overhearing a conversation between Harp and his ace recruiter, Roy Edwards.

Gross was waiting on an elevator in a Kansas hotel when he heard the name of Jack Moreland mentioned. He wrote: "Behind me in whispered conversation were Dick Harp and a blond-haired man I did not recognize. The blond one (later identified as Edwards) said: 'I think he's back in Min-

den, Ia.' meaning Moreland. He's awfully good and I know somebody who can call him and ask him if he's interested."

"Harp nodded his head, with obvious interest. "We've got to be awfully careful," the blond man said."

Just then Harp turned, saw Gross, and cut the conversation short. With Kansas suspected of everything but The Great Train

Robbery because the sensational still is there "without getting a cent" extreme caution must be observed when dealing with Moreland.

Harp didn't deny the conversation yesterday. Neither did he admit it. "I don't remember such a conversation. Now I'm not questioning Mr. Gross's integrity," he hastened to add. "It's possible such a conversation did take place."

THE KANSAS coach made it clear he wouldn't condone any offer to Moreland while he was still enrolled at State. It was pointed out that reliable sources have said Jackie would leave at the end of the current semester (Jan. 26). "Well, if that happens, we'll probably join the other coaches in the chase. We're interested in him if he's interested in us."

"It's a shame this had to happen to Jackie," Harp continued. "I understand he's a fine boy." The reporter added that he also is a straight A student.

"We're always interested in straight A students at Kansas," Harp replied. "Especially if they're 6-6 basketball players."

MORELAND IS no stranger to Harp. The Jayhawk coach saw schoolboy cage him in action during the classic at Murray, Ky. "He looked as if he were ready for college play then," Harp recalled. "I contacted him last spring, but he didn't seem too interested in coming this far north so we didn't go all out for him."

And what does Mr. Harp think of a possible Jackie Moreland-Wilt Chamberlain combination? The reply, which could rate as the understatement of the year: "I think it's a very good idea."

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS
BOB QUINCY, Sports Editor
Sandy Grady — Ronald Green — Jack Kiser
10-A THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1957

WIFE SHOUTED, BABY CRIED

WEST JORDAN, Utah. — They took it big here in Gene Fullmer's home town when the word flashed that Utah's Cyclone had won the middleweight championship of the world.

Perhaps taking it biggest of all was his wife Dolores, 25,

who says she "shouted so loud the baby started to cry" when the decision came over on television.

"I was just so happy at the decision I burst into tears," Mrs. Fullmer said. She usually accompanies Gene when he leaves town for a fight, but this

time she had to stay home to care for five-month-old Kaye Fullmer, their baby girl.

In West Jordan, the spontaneous celebration was like nothing seen since the end of World War II. Within minutes after the fight, many of the 2,100 townspeople were in the streets.

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REMATCH SEEN SOON—
'Much Meaner' Next Time, Warns Champ

NEW YORK (AP)—Freshly crowned Middleweight Champion Gene Fullmer, a rough and tough mauler, warned Ray Robinson today that he'll be for a knockout the next time he fights the dethroned king.



Sandy Grady

'He Don't Fight Human'

Prejudices of a TV Watcher:

It wasn't long after the first beer commercial faded that you knew the truth. It was a contest between a bulldozer and an antique.

Gene Fullmer has a pretty original style. He advances behind crossed arms like a buccanier's insignia, then he grapples with Sugar Ray in a drowning man's frenzy.

If the back of Robinson's head were the jacket on a slot machine, Fullmer would be a rich man today.

You wouldn't see that many rabbit punches in a cabbage patch free-for-all.

"Old Fullmer," mused a fisherman in the joint, "throws that right hand at the back of Robinson's head just like a man casting for bass. Nice motion."

Robinson still has his old litherness, speed, poise and cleverness. But Fullmer has something more effective: The Clutch. He looks like George Becker fighting an octopus.

IN the sixth they barrel-rolled through the ropes together. "I seen," said a critic, "classier fighting between two drunks on New Year's Eve."

Next round, Fullmer's clubbing right sprawls Robinson through the ropes alone. Far from his lavender Cadillac, his dancing shoes, his six managers, his Harlem retinue, Sugar suddenly looks alone and indignant.

It's the ninth now, and Robinson is producing those same dramatic flurries that remind you of his startling finish of Randy Turpin in the New York fight. But Fullmer ignores the blows and you remember—this is five years later.

Fullmer is hammering the rear of Robinson's head like a methodical carpenter working union scale.

It's the 11th round, and Robinson staggers Fullmer with his best left hand of the night. But Sugar is a man trying to brush off destiny.

"That old boy," says a spectator is the joint of Fullmer, "don't fight human."

Speaking of spectators, what happened to Ruby Goldstein?

IN the corner between rounds, Fullmer doesn't seem to be breathing hard. What an advertisement for fresh air and clean living.

It's the 14th and Robinson's face is a mask of disbelief, disenchantment and despair. He looks more hopeless than at the end of the Maxin fight—but this time it is Fullmer, not the best.

It's over. They're putting the robe over Robinson as carefully as a man covering a valuable museum piece. Which, after this night, he is.

I voted 10-3-2 for Fullmer. Who's a sentimentalist?

In the TV microphone, Fullmer speaks easily, thoughtfully ("I appreciate the cards and telegrams . . .") as a man on a Rotarian lunch program.

The future? I don't think Fullmer—with all his conditioning, eagerness, stamina and clumsy strength—can stay on top over a year. Lasse, Turner, Boyd whipped him last year. Who'll be next?

Robinson—the best of our time in this fan's opinion—lost with all desperate hopelessness of a man trying to stop time. At the finish, Sugar didn't resemble the last stand of a great athlete—merely a man who had lost a street fight.

Which he had.

"I fought for nothing this time," said the unmarked, 25-year-old Mormon from West Jordan, Utah.

"The next fight if Robinson wants it—I'll be out there for the big money and to keep the title. I'll be twice as mean and I'll be out for a knockout. I wanted to go for the kayo in this one but Mary (manager Mary Jensen) said I had the title wrapped up in the late rounds and not to open up."

"Whether there will be a return fight—and the chances are strong that there will one—will be decided this afternoon when the defeated 36-year-old Sugar Man meets with his brain trust to decide his flistic future.

The fading Robinson making the second defense of his third reign as middleweight champion, lost on a unanimous decision in 15 rounds. He was floored for six in the seventh round, cut and soundly punched to the body throughout. Ray was gashed over the left eye in the seventh and it was widened in the 14th.

Referee Ruby Goldstein, a target of heated criticism by Robinson's advisers, voted for Fullmer by 8 rounds to 5 with 2 even. Judge Frank Forbes had Gene

(More fight stories, pictures on page 12-A)

ahead 10-5, while Judge Harold Barnes had it a shade closer, 9-6. The Associated Press card had Fullmer in front 9-6.

Fullmer, a thick-necked, brawny mine worker with a zest for fighting, got off to a fast start in the first three rounds, swept the sixth, seventh, eighth and tenth rounds, and clinched the first boxing title for Utah with a rousing surge in the 13th and 14th rounds.

Robinson, hurt five times himself, shook Gene at least three times but couldn't follow up as he did in the past when he seemed to sense when he had an opponent in trouble. Maybe the spirit was waning, but the flesh was weak and the reflexes have slowed.

Robinson, who collected a fat purse of \$139,050 to Fullmer's \$30,802, has a contract calling for a return bout within 90 days at 30-30 split if he wants it. How did he feel about continuing in the ring?

"Boxing is my business," he replied, leaving no doubt that he wants another crack at Fullmer. "If he wants it, the fight is his," said both Fullmer and his manager, Mary Jensen.

"It's up to them," said the grim-faced Harlemin, pointing to Ernie Braca, Harold (Hler) Johnson, Joe Glasser and George Gainford, who handle his business. "They'll do the deciding."

"The place is right here too—Madison Square Garden, added Jensen. "We drew a capacity house, 118,134, gross gate \$194,640 and we should be able to do it again. And this time we'll be getting more money. We got the title and that's what we were after. The purse just about covers the training expenses."

Fullmer, a look alike for baseball's Yogi Berra, was born to be a fighter. He was named after Fort's heavyweight champion Gene Tunney and started boxing exhibitions when he was eight years old. A veteran of the Korean War, he says "I like to fight."

He showed Robinson, the roaring Garden fans, and television viewers across the nation, plenty of fight.