

McKINNEY EXPECTED TO BE NAMED WAKE'S HEAD BASKETBALL COACH

By BOB QUINCY

A startling new development is expected in the Wake Forest College athletic organization this week—with Bones McKinney, who for the past five seasons has assisted Coach Murray Greason with basketball fortunes of the Demon Deacons, taking over as head coach.

Greason, The News learned today, will be named assistant to the athletic director (Bill Gibson) and will serve in various advisory capacities at the Winston-Salem school.

The athletic council of Wake Forest has slated a special meeting for tomorrow and is expected to make the announcement at that time.

Horace McKinney is a 38-year-old who has won the ad-



BONES MCKINNEY

miration of those associated with his ability on a court. He came up through the ranks, was an outstanding high school star and then played for North Carolina State and North Carolina.

He is probably the most successful pro player ever to come from this area. He was one of the NBA's most colorful and spectacular performers for Washington and Boston.

Greason, who only yesterday returned from the NCAA coaches meeting at Kansas City, recently completed his third year as head of Demon basketball fortunes. One of Wake's greatest athletes himself, Murray won 12 varsity letters during his undergraduate days from 1921-26. He captained both football and basketball teams.



MURRAY GREASON

Greason has been head basketball coach without interruption since 1933. In 1938, his squad advanced to the NCAA finals before bowing to Ohio State and in 1953 his squad won the Southern Conference tournament by defeating N. C. State in the title contest.

For some months, it had been rumored that McKinney was leaving Wake Forest for other attractive offers. He had been linked with the St. Louis Hawks of the NBA and there were some hints of a private business enterprise.

When Bones finished his pro career, he decided to enter the ministry. He is a tireless worker in athletics and in religious fields. He is the father of five children.

Moods Of A National Championship

Well, Mr. Rupp, And What Do You Think Of Us Now?



6-B MONDAY, MARCH 25, 1957

By Bob Quincy

Charlotte News Sports Editor



From Joe Came Only A, 'Gee!'

KANSAS CITY—They jumped and leaped and slammed backs and tears were mingled with laughter. The scoreboard was a biased 54-53. The red dots glaring steadily at the shocked 10,500 who had withstood three overtimes to a North Carolina finish over Kansas. Those wearing blue and white were as gay and carefree as youngsters visiting their first fair and the realization struck that the cool, poised veterans who made the NCAA show their own were really kids after all.

This was a National Championship.

The tallest of them, a boyish-faced Joe Quigg, couldn't contain himself. He jumped and clucked the game ball and swirled with the mob "Gee! Gee!" he said over and over. It was his two free throws that tied, then defeated the Jayhawks. From the highest of the rafters came a student to the floor to pat him on the back and tell him he was great. And Joe Quigg smiled some more and looked at the ball and could only say, "Gee! Gee!"

This was a National Championship.

They filed from the Kansas dressing room and tears were streaming down their faces. Their coach, Dick Harp, sat alone and looked at the floor. "You may say we were beaten by the No. 1 team in the country," he said, bravely. "We were out-rebounded and out-shot. No one has taken the play from us on the boards until North Carolina." As the players walked down the hallway, a few of the rabid tried to offer consolation. "Don't say anything," sighed one of the players. "You can't say anything that will help."

This was a National Championship.

The mist sprayed the hilly streets of Kansas City and outside, minus an overcast, asked South Carolina's Grady Wallace, an All-American who had come to participate in the East-West game. "At practice today," he said, "we took an informal poll among the players. Not one of us picked North Carolina to win. It seemed that far fetched. You can't take it away from them; they got guts."

This was a National Championship.

As Tommy Kearns, the guard who had last touched the ball before the horn gave the crown to the Tar Heels, dressed in his hotel room the telephone rang. "Where's Blowing Rock?" asked he. "Yes, Ma'am, yes, Ma'am, thanks for calling. We appreciate it." You could hear the party going in the background, so loud was the buzz from the receiver. Kearns shifted from one foot to another as long distances toll mounted. "Get to go now—coach has a squad meeting." But the callers persisted. A grin crossed the face of Kearns. "Oh, no, Ma'am, we weren't worried at all. You see, we figured three overtimes would give the crowd their money's worth. Yes, Ma'am, we planned it that way."

This was a National Championship.

In Frank McGuire's suite, the players filed in. They were neat and clean, wore their blue and white introductions as great and there were small, emotional speeches from some of them. Assistant Coach Freeman made the introductions in a formal manner and he called on Ben Carnevale, the Navy coach who had carried UNC to the finals in 1946 before losing to Oklahoma A&M. "I wish I could express my admiration," said Ben, who roomed with McGuire. "I got the thrill as if this were my own team. I couldn't be happier if it were my own, believe me."

This was a National Championship.

Lennie Rosenbluth, who had fouled out of the most monumental game in his team's glorious history, arose from a chair and looked his mates in the eyes. He spoke softly and sincerely. "I have had a great year," he said, "and I realize it was because of you. . . that you made it so. All I can say is that I am proud to be one of you and I am honored to be a member of this team."

This was a National Championship.

It was 16 months ago and, for a shift in scenery, this reporter sat in the office of Adolph Rupp the Kentucky coach, at Lexington. "You writers from the Atlantic Coast Conference always boast of fine basketball in your area," he said, "but you have to prove it. You need the prestige of winning the big one. Until you do that, you'll never convince the critics you really have it. Your area needs that big win in the worst kind of way."

This was a National Championship.

BASINGER SHOWS FORM THAT WON ACC COUNTRIES

North Carolina University's loss is Myers Park Country Club's gain as far as golf and the Charlotte Four-Ball championship is concerned.

Buzzy Basinger, no longer at Chapel Hill where he was ACC Champ last spring, teamed with Charles Furman III to capture the 11th annual four-ball crown, 1-up, over Peck Alexander and Archie Smith. Play took place at Charlotte Country Club yesterday.

It was a sparkling, carefully played match all the way with the veteran golfers conceding nothing to each other. After 18 holes, it was all even.

Then Basinger and Furman went to work. A three netted the all-important 17th for a one-hole edge and the 18th was halved. So the representatives of Myers Park took the trophy back to its familiar spot for another year.



WARM WELCOME . . . some 10,000 fans crowd around UNC's plane as it arrived in Raleigh yesterday. (AP Photofax).

—Says Governor—

'Bigger Thrill Than Politics'

KANSAS CITY—"I got more thrill out of watching North Carolina defeat Kansas," said Governor Luther Hodges, chatting in Frank McGuire's headquarters after the NCAA finals. "In winning a political election, why? I guess because I could share the joy with so many others."

Hodges arrived the afternoon of the finals. Bad weather had made his appearance doubtful—and the players felt they had lost on Friday night he might have canceled. "Win or lose I'd have made this trip," said Hodges. "I'm not



GOV. HODGES

one to quit just because everything isn't going right."

KANSAS lost three games this

season by a total of eight seconds. The UNC contest was dropped when Joe Quigg sent the Tar Heels out with only six remaining.

In another game, the Jayhawks were trimmed when the ball went through the nets just as the buzzer sounded.

The only loss was recorded when two seconds remained on the clock.

PLAYING BEFORE a jam-packed crowd of 10,500, most of them pro-Kansas, coach McGuire's Tar Heels stretched their one-season all-victory record to 32 games. A night earlier they had gone three extra five-minute sessions in beating Michigan State 74-70 in the semifinals.

The final game of the NCAA's 19th tournament was a championship test between teams rated No. 1 and No. 2 in the Associated Press poll of sportswriters and sportscasters. And it finished according to the script.

A brief scuffle in the second overtime involving two or three players and both coaches enveloped the proceedings.



CHEER FROM CHAMPS . . . North Carolina whoops it up after taking the NCAA crown. McGuire holds the winning trophy (AP Photofax).

Cunningham Praises Quigg's Work On Defense—Plus Two Vital Shots

for the NCAA crown, gave himself a bad rap after the final.

"I choked up," said Bob Cunningham, coach of the Tar Heels, commenting on a free throw he had tossed completely wild in one of the three overtimes. Had he hit, it would have meant much.

"I stepped up to the line and told myself this is it, this will be easy," said Cunningham. "And then the ball just disappeared. I don't know what happened to it as it slipped off the side of my hand."

Cunningham was being too frank. He missed, true, but his value was unlimited. He did toss praise for Joe Quigg, whose two charity tosses won the game for the Tar Heels, 54-53.

IF YOU WONDERED

Answer To Title Is Basic Enough: Better Coaching

By BOB QUINCY

KANSAS CITY—It took cool nerves, immense determination and drive from the players; perhaps, a lift from "up there" as one fan put it. But if you really want the answer to why North Carolina defeated Kansas, 54-53, for the NCAA championship the answer is simple enough. Kansas was outcoached, that's all.

Two years ago, when Will Chamberlain had announced his intentions of going to Kansas, a group of basketball people were sitting around Leone's, a New York restaurant.

"What would you do, Frank?" asked Jim Pollard, a pro for the

Minneapolis Lakers who had turned to coaching. "Chamberlain is going to be nearly un-stoppable."

Frank McGuire thought for a second before biting off an answer. He answered: "I'd never let the big so-and-so see the ball. I'd control it and play angles on him. Block him from rebounds. I'd never try to match a team of his with conventional play."

And there was laid the groundwork for UNC's battle plans, although at the time, McGuire didn't realize he'd be in a position to use it.

FRANK MCGUIRE enjoyed himself the afternoon before facing Kansas. He sat with friends in his hotel room and talked

No. 32—The Big One

TEAM	G	P	F	T
NORTH CAROLINA	21	19	21	54
KANSAS	21	19	21	54
ROSENBLUTH, F.	4	4	4	20
LOTT, F.	4	4	4	20
BRANNAN, F.	4	4	4	20
QUINN, F.	4	4	4	20
CHAMBERLAIN, F.	4	4	4	20
KINGS, F.	4	4	4	20
BLISSIE, F.	4	4	4	20
TOTALS	15	25	15	52
North Carolina	22	14	2	58
Kansas	22	14	2	58

about a variety of things. He didn't mention tactics and seven-footer Chamberlain and his mates.

Minutes before the game, he gathered his squad. They'd play a zone, he told them, concentrating on falling back on Chamberlain. Hands up, always. On offense, they'd control the ball and take only the sure shots.

"Lennie," said McGuire, turning to Rosenbluth, "in particular, you're our point-maker and I'm the first to concede you have no peer as a shooter. But if you take the wrong shot out there, I'll shoot you."

"When we shoot, try to get Chamberlain away from short range at the boards. Block him on rebounds. That goes for both boards. And one more thing: Don't foul—but if you have to see that they feel it. This is no birthday party."

THE TAR HEELS played a super game the first half. Their first seven shots fell through the nets, soon they had a 19-7 lead. It was almost too good, reasoned

Continued on page 9-B

Pitching Big Problem A BREAKDOWN ON BEES

By RONALD GREEN

Charlotte News Sports Writer FERNANDINA BEACH, Fla. —It's silt down on this dark, rainy Sunday afternoon here at the beach, while the Hornets are watching an instructional film, and consider the team's situation after one week of spring practice.

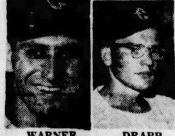
By positions: FIRST BASE—With veteran Harry Warner, a superior glove man and a powerful hitter for the club last year, returning and with long ball hitting Hank O'Neal backing him up, this position is solid.

SECOND BASE — A big question mark here. DAVE DRAPP, regular last year, is the central figure. He told General Manager Phil Hower by phone last night that he won't report to camp. "It's not a question of salary," Hower explained. "I don't know what's the matter, but I plan to keep after him." Drapp was pur-

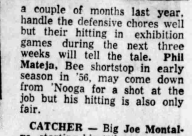
chased from Chattanooga last week after the infielder had refused to report to the Lookout camp. There's a possibility that Dickie Harris, son of Bucky and now working out with Washington, will be sent down.

SHORTSTOP—Manager Gene Verble will be back at his old stand here with good hands and an adequate bat.

THIRD BASE — Things are very much in doubt at third. Orlando Gonzales and Addie Hintze, the latter a Hornet for



WARNER



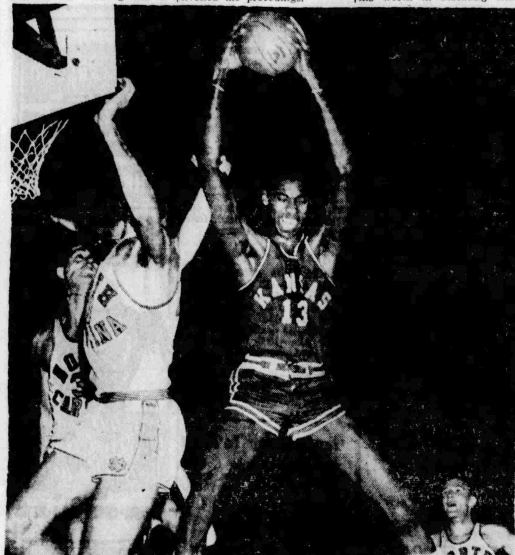
DRAPP

a couple of months last year, handled the defensive chores well but their hitting in exhibition games during the next three weeks will tell the tale. Phil Mateja, Bee shortstop in early season in '56, may come down from Nooga for a shot at the job but his hitting is also only fair.

CATCHER — Big Joe Montalvo, starting his 11th year in pro ball, has everything the Hornets want except the fat batting average. But his hitting is adequate enough, when his other values are weighed. He's top at handling pitchers (Evelio Hernandez didn't hit his stride last year until Montalvo was acquired), can throw out the runner, is a hoisterous sparkplug.

The second line catcher will be more important this year since there are six doubleheaders on the schedule and many

Continued on 2nd Sports page



THIS WAS THE STILT . . . before Tar Heels wilted him