

Bones: 'This Could Make Me Forsake A Great Sport'

By Bob Quincy

Charlotte News Sports Editor

30 Seconds To Go When Lid Popped

WINSTON-SALEM.—I've been in basketball 27 years as a player and a coach," said a solemn, pensive, troubled man named the Rev. Horace McKinney. "I've loved almost every moment of it. But this is the one thing that can run me out."

Wearing a red and black striped tie, one foot pulled high against an aluminum table enabling the gangling coach to tuck one knee under his chin as he half-sat, half-leaned in meditation, he pondered the events of the evening. They had not been pleasant.

His Wake Forest Demon Deacons had lost to North Carolina, 75-66. With 30 seconds remaining, a small-scale revolution had broken out on the playing floor, one in which fans and players alike participated. It was the fight, not the loss, which prompted the statement from Bones McKinney.

AS A REPORTER, I had the best seat in the house. My position was near the foul-shooting line nearest the Wake Forest bench. It began there.

It happened so quickly—and so unexpectedly—I cannot say who threw the first punch. Three men—North Carolina's Lee Shaffer, Wake Forest's Dave Budd and Charlie Forté—went to the floor in a scramble for a loose ball. There was a shuffle for position—and suddenly everyone was replaying the recent epic of Cato and his men taking Havana.

Both benches, accompanied by their coaches, appeared on the scene. Spectators hurled themselves from the stands like missiles disobeying a countdown process. An old man, his hair completely white and brandishing a long, black umbrella, was seen stalking about with the fire of a bear hunter in his eyes.

—There Was Not One, But Two Outbursts

MCKINNEY and Coach Frank McGuire of the Tar Heels did their best to herd their players together and they almost accomplished their mission. It wasn't easy. Both were smothered with fists from unknown assailants, although neither was injured.

"Will the organist PLEASE play the Star Spangled Banner?" pleaded the public address announcer. Had this been done, perhaps it would have ended then and there. The original outburst had been calmed to a moderate degree.

Musicians, too, must get excited. The National Anthem, or if it was intended as such, never quite came out. The notes were more or less like a cough from a dying man—and if the few bars that were played on the Coliseum, it would have come closer to Elvis Presley and Fats Domino trying to sight-read Bach for the first time.

Either the musical tempo served as a bugle call or fresh troops appeared, for fighting erupted again.

IN ALL, IT MUST have lasted for five minutes. Police, who had departed the arena earlier to set up outside for traffic direction, were now pouring back into the Coliseum. They did a good job of directing they were outnumbered about 20 to one.

Fans, the real troublemakers, continued to flock outside. Six or eight worked over York Larese, North Carolina forward, who turned in a fine defensive effort when not in the game.

Order was finally restored. I would say more than 200 of the \$2.00 on hand for the contest got into the extra-curricular affair. It is amazing to recall that it was a good game, a hard-fought game. I wish the people would think about the game. But now they'll remember the fight. Just the fight."

—One Of The Observers Was State's Ev Case

AND so here was Bones trying to explain and at the same time trying to forget what had happened. The game hadn't been that rough, both coaches admitted. No one except lists, much less a riot.

"I have a 1949 Buick," said Bones, his voice soft with tenderness. "I love that old car. Sometimes the lights won't even work, but I still love it. I'd give that old car right now if this thing hadn't happened."

"I don't know whose fault it is. It happened just like a flash fire. All of a sudden it was there and raging. We have to learn respect for the game. It was a good game, a hard-fought game. I wish the people would think about the game. But now they'll remember the fight. Just the fight."

Across the hall, McGuire met reporters and asked, "Any questions?"—about the game, not the brawl.

AS HE DISCUSSED the strategic efforts of the Tar Heels (in relation to the 40 minutes of basketball) a gentleman shuffled through the line and apologized for interrupting the session.

"I'm Harold Tribble," he said. "Coach, I'm very sorry for what happened."

"Oh, yes, Dr. Tribble," said McGuire, recognizing the president of Wake Forest. "It was one of those things. Who can say? Thank you for coming by."

McGuire kept repeating that the outburst on the floor was a real shocker. The game had been tense, but not overly rough. Wake was in the game until the final four minutes, then the visitors pulled ahead.

"STRANGE THING," said McGuire. "But when I looked at the clock and saw the 19:59, I was thinking, 'Well, that's 11-point lead. I turned to Dean (Assistant Dean Smith) and said, 'It looks like it's all over, thank goodness.' Ten seconds later the atomic bomb went off."

Referee Curly White and Umpire Jim Mills later said Shaffer and Budd had been ejected, but McGuire and McKinney, as preventive measures, sent both starting units to their dressing rooms and completed the game with the remainder of the benches.

North Carolina State's Ev Case, who was scouting the contest, took a look at the new faces and offered a philosophic comment on the happenings. Said Case: "Well, that's one way to get those substitutes in there."

RYFF VS. ANDRADE

WHAT A TIME FOR COMEBACKS

NEW YORK (AP)—Friday the first of three in the 1959 calendar, is an appropriate date for tonight's "battle of the comebacks" at Madison Square Garden.

In one corner, Cisco Andrade, on the way back after an elbow operation and a fight in which he broke both hands in 1957.

In the other corner, Frankie Ryff, the thin-skinned boxer who underwent surgery for the removal of scar tissue around the eyes in 1958.

Both lightweight claim they are hale and hearty. Ryff, who has never got it, although he for their 10-round match that will have beaten three former champs



WHOA, BOY . . . Wake Forest Asst. Coach Al DePorter attempts to prevent Carolina player from joining melee at last night's UNC-Wake game

MOE DUELS RITCHE

FANS REAL VILLAINS AS TEAMS PLAY GREAT GAME

By BOB QUINCY
WINSTON-SALEM.—A doubleheader was staged here last night at the Coliseum.

North Carolina conducted itself very much like the nation's No. 2 team in defeating Wake Forest, 75-66, in a rousing basketball game . . . as the opener.

In the nightcap, the fans conducted themselves like Jackasses in closing out the activity with a riot. (See today's column.)

THE DEACS had promised a secret weapon to toss against the Tar Heels. They came out bouncing a basketball painted black and white and resembling a pool hall eight-ball.

Later the "Demon Deacs" mascot pulled a bench full from a sack just before the tip-off. It was a fat blue-and-white number, just like the one Carolina uses as a warm-up. He burst it with a hot pin. Everybody laughed. It started off like a good evening of fun.

The game, itself, was a honey. The Deacs, a scrappy, determined mob, were down only one at intermission, thanks to a 15-point effort by Guard George Ricke. Score read UNC 33, WF 32.

THEN THE visitors from



BONES MCKINNEY

Chapel Hill, hoping to displore Kentucky as the best team in the nation, got busy. They utilized sharp ace Doug Moe for the drive.

Carolina abandoned its zone and sent Moe out to stop the red-hot Ritchie. The 6-6 Brooklyn boy did a superb job, held the West Virginian to seven points after the second stanza began and that pretty well sums it up.

The Tar Heels got hot in their shooting, forced ahead and in the late stages widened the spread.

With 30 seconds remaining, the fight broke out. It could have been calmed with no damage to anyone had not the fans left their resting

places and assumed the roles of gladiators.

WAKE FOREST went for broke in the game, didn't try the stalling tactics they utilized at Chapel Hill in their first meeting of the season.

"We figured North Carolina probably would practice anticipating a stall," said Bones McKinney, the Wake coach, "and decided to work for the good shots then take them."

Wake shot well, hit 47 per cent for the night. UNC came up with a 48 mark. The difference came at the foul line where the Tar Heels sank 23 of 26 shots, a phenomenal mark. The Deacs could hit only 16 of 24 bits of charity.

Moe was great. He scored 16, fed off in Cousy fashion and led the go-ahead attack. McKinney praised him to the conclusion as "really a great one."

Deac Kepley had one of his better nights for UNC with 17, with Lee Shaffer contributing eight rebounds, 16 points, and York Larese 14. Ritchie's 22 and a vastly improved Twig Wiggins with 11 paced the plucky Deacs.

—Brown Explains—

Blade Says Deal Farce

VIGOR Gendron, who was traded by the New Haven Blades last week to the Clippers, last night denounced the Eastern Hockey League transaction as a "farce."

Gendron and Gary Luyben came here in exchange for Bibber O'Hearn and John Brophy. The two Blades were released the same day they arrived here, although Gendron played in one game.

"The New Haven Journal Courier quoted Gendron as saying, 'I feel that this recent deal was about the lowest thing that ever happened in hockey.'"

"New Haven wanted O'Hearn and Brophy," said Gendron, "but we would not seriously weaken our team by trading them and we also felt Brophy and O'Hearn might help New Haven to beat Philadelphia in the four games they had coming up with Philly (two last week, two this week)."

"We need to overtake Philadelphia if we are to make the playoffs and any defeat they suffer will help us." "We did not want Gendron and Luyben. The original deal called for Luyben and Nick Donalashen but we did not want Donalashen, either."

"I told them it was all right with me but the Blades would have to pay their expenses."

Gendron questioned the conditions under which he was substituted for Donalashen at the last minute in the deal. He pointed out that New Haven fans were told that he was substituted for Donalashen because the Clippers needed a defenseman. He said North Carolinians were told the change was made because Donalashen was injured.

"I surely wasn't tossed into the deal because of the published reason," he added.

Brown said he has heard that Donalashen was kept because he is engaged to the daughter of the New Haven owner. He added that the substitution mattered little since Donalashen would not have been kept here, either.

"I would like to add," said Brown, "that I feel the team has played as well since Brophy and Gendron joined."

Gendron and Luyben were sent here merely as a formality to make the trade legal under league rules."

BROWN said the deal was made with an eye on the future.

"We are supposed to get two players from New Haven next season. If we don't get what we want—and we do have something definite in mind—we have an agreement with New Haven that we can reclaim Brophy and O'Hearn," he explained.

Gendron said he and Luyben remained on the Blades' payroll while they were in Charlotte. Brown said he had asked New Haven to transfer the two players to the Clippers' roster and then release them in New Haven without going through the formality of sending them here. He said New Haven officials were afraid this would not be legal and insisted on sending the men here.

"When they said they wanted them to come here," said Brown, "I told them it was all right with me but the Blades would have to pay their expenses."

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Clips Scoring In Vain

McNULTY VS. JET LINE—TIE

By RONALD GREEN

For the past eight games, the Clippers have been in potent offensive form as there is in the Eastern Hockey League but not in this five, won two and tied one.

This is the story of the season for when one thing is going right, another is going wrong.

Led by "Quiet Man" Jim McNulty, who has suddenly burst loose in big game days, the Clippers roared in for six goals of the Coliseum last night but so did Johnston.

Ten minutes of sudden-death overtime warfare proved nothing and it ended in a 6-6 tie, witnessed by 1,331.

McNULTY, who rapped in a pair of goals against Washington last Saturday night, made it in two games with the first Clipper "hat trick" of the season at the Coliseum.

Stan Wareski continued his recent surge with a goal and two assists and Gerry Sullivan and Wimpie Jones added one apiece.

All this should have been enough to handle the Jets but Don Hall, Dick Robarge and Ken Coombes demonstrated for the 15th time why they are the best line

in the league, collecting four goals between them. Frank Dorrington and Stan Parker got the goals for the Jets.

A RECAP of the scoring in the Clippers' last eight games shows that they have tallied a total of 30 goals, an average of 4.1 goals per game. For an idea of just how good a production this has been, you need only note that Clinton, which is coming out front in the standings with its high-powered attack, has averaged 4.6 goals per game for the season.

The problem for the Clippers in these eight games has been stopping the opposition. Goals against in that span number 31.

It has been generally defensive mistakes which have resulted in the five defeats and a tie in the eight contests.

THE BATTLE last night was a fairly one, a good one for the spectators. The hitting was hard and frequent and the scoring kept the issue in doubt throughout.

DEL WEBB WITH DODGERS?

NEW YORK (AP)—Del Webb, part owner of the New York Yankees, is considering severing connection with his club to join Walter O'Malley in ownership of the Los Angeles Dodgers, the New York Journal American said today.

—Carter, Bud Smith and Salas. Ryff, 28, a five-footing slanting boxer, appeared headed for the heights until the June night in 1956 when he was knocked out by Larry Boardman in the Garden ring. Frequent eyebrow cuts trade him decide on the operation in 1958. He talked of quitting the ring.

When Barney Ross, the former light and welter champion, took over his contract last September, Ryff did better. He gave his former trainer to Eddie Perkins and then stopped Aldo Mendez and outpointed demonstration for the 15th time why they are the best line

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