

Claims Walker Jealous Of Him

A REBUTTAL: Frank Howard Probes Peahead's Past

By Bob Quincy

Charlotte News Sports Editor

Recalls A Boyhood In 'Bama Wilds

(EDS NOTE: A week ago, D. C. (Peach) Walker, coach of the Montreal Athletics, justice to his long-time "enemy" Clemens' Frank Howard, a letter offering tips on how to conduct one's self in Europe. A sample: "When eating, work really hard, but not too hard. Eat, eat, eat. You're not your highest. Eat, drink, but then later was good." Howard took the advice to heart, and he is now a regular in the front row of the grand boxes, gets his opportunity today to give to Charlotte resident Walker.

Clemens College Athletic Association

May 14, 1958

Dear Monsieur Peahead,

I see you are spending a busy off-season composing trashy letters—counterfeited as tips on etiquette for my trip abroad. Walker, let's face it—we've known each other too long for that sort of attack. You, the Maxwell Bodenheim of the coaching business, offering advice:

Why, I remember you in Alabama as a boy. You talk about your vast knowledge of European travel, whatever that is? You didn't have an underwear change back then and button shoes to you were a pair of black brogans with red clay on the soles.

You've come a long way since then, Walker, but you



PEACH WALKER

... Pancho Villa type



FRANK HOWARD

... as a scholar

went too far when you tried to dehydrate your old (former) buddy, Coach Howard. Peahead, you want the facts and here they are:

I'm off on a tour of Europe as an exchange professor. I think they call it a Fulbright scholarship. Just a few people like me and the late Albert Einstein have been accorded that honor.

AS A COMMON PROFESSIONAL coach, you're lucky I'm taking time to belittle myself to write you. If the truth were really known, the press would realize you wrote those filthy lies out of envy for me being picked as an international lecturer and expert on football, which I am. The Government is paying my way out to Germany to conduct a clinic.

Looking back on your dismal career, I recall the only clinic you ever conducted was the Greater Wake County Clinic—and the only ones who showed up were your assistants at Wake Forest. None of them are coaching now, so that's a pretty good indication of your ability in that field.

WHEN THE BAPTISTS kicked you out of Wake Forest for being a headman, Hickman felt sorry for you and hired you as his assistant at Yale. He had hoped to get a few laughs—but the only guffaws came from the rest of the Ivy League. They laughed you clean out of the place and I understand a wealthy alumnus paid your first year's salary at Montreal to be sure you'd never come back.

In New Haven today they have two unusual hotels. One is where George Washington slept and it's doing a landslide business. The other is where you slept and it's still padlocked by the health department. The Yale history department calls the two most socially significant movements in modern history the chasing of Pancho Villa back into Mexico and the running of you into the north woods.

I can think of a couple of incidents which reveal your true character. One took place at Greenville, S. C., last winter when the Touchdown Jamboree was in session. Several of us coaches, including yourself, Oklahoma's Bud Wilkinson, N. C. State's Earle Edwards and others, were invited to a fine old Southern mansion for a social.

THE HOME ITSELF is a showplace. It is filled with antiques, costly paintings, and period furniture. I thought you, like the rest of us, were duly impressed until I overheard you ask the (dumbstruck) owner, "Which is this—the Moose or the Elk's Club?"

Then there was the time you invited me to Montreal and we ate out at one of those fancy restaurants. They brought out some snails (or escargots, as you call 'em) and you never had seen any before. But trying to impress me, you tried to eat them. You picked one up, shell and all, put it in your mouth and cracked it like a chestnut. And you're worried about my manners?

That picture some of the papers carried of you—it must have been made years ago. The last time I saw you I remember an old, haggard, wrinkled face—a map of disaster from what that Edmonton coach does to you in the Canadian League every year.

PEAHEAD, YOU OLD REPROBATE, you only did one smart thing in your life—and that was selling Jim Lutum for a tie and a turkey pobbler when you managed him in baseball in the old Coastal Plain League. And speaking of ties, I recall that those long neckties you once wore with delight caused you to originate the sack look. The Sack! Sack!

In past years, you've been a member of the Clemson IPTAY Club, naturally giving the minimum fee of \$10. I'm canceling your membership as of today. Some of my \$500 members give me a little puff to have to take. But for a cheap \$10, I don't have to listen to you at all.

The only regret I have about your misleading letter (that somehow got into papers all over the country) is that it embarrassed some of my good alumni. They didn't dream I knew anybody as uncouth as you.

I have talked to my lawyers about bringing a suit against you but he advised against it and told me just to consider the source. Well, I have ... and you're a source subject as far as I'm concerned. I hope you freeze to death in a Canada nest fall—or that the French revolution in Montreal burns you at the stake, like Jo Ann of Ark, when you lose the Grey Cup again.

Sincerely yours,
Frank Howard
Professor and Football Coach
Clemson College

It is the first time that received an offer from a Paris film company to play the leading (unsuccessful) role in the next Brigitte Bardot movie. If I accept, I'll try to get you a bit part, something like my grandfather who dies in the first reel.

Padgett, Dantoni Sliced

Hornets Make Wholesale Cut In Roster



MILESTONE FOR THE MAN ... is double, his 3,000th-hit

—After No. 3,000—

STAN'S NOT CONTENT—HE'S AFTER NL RECORD

By JOE MOOSHILL

CHICAGO (P)—Stan Musial, having cleared the 3,000 hit barrier, now wants to become the biggest hit maker in National League history.

"I want to make the most hits in National League history," said Musial after collecting his 3,000th hit in a pinch hitting role against the Chicago Cubs yesterday which paved the way to a 5-3 St. Louis victory.

Musial had only one regret in becoming the eighth major leaguer to hit safely 3,000 times. "I wish I had made it in St. Louis," he said, "but I'm glad it's over with."

Cardinal Manager Fred Hutchinson had benched his star in order to give the great slugger the opportunity to get the big hit in St. Louis where the Cardinals met San Francisco tonight. But with the team trailing 3-1 in the sixth inning, a man on second and only one out, Hutchinson called on the 37-year-old veteran. Musial worked the count to 2-2 and then drove a Moe Drabowsky offering into

or 19 and hangs around for a long time. It's a tough grand. After all, it means getting 200 hits a season for 15 years."

Musial did it in his 16th season. Cobb was the only other player to do it in less than 17 years and Musial bettered Cobb's time by three months.

A couple of minutes after getting the big hit, Musial strode towards the stands and kissed his wife, Lill. Then he was mobbed by reporters. In answer to numerous questions, he said: "It was a curve ball ... Glad it's over with ... Sorry I didn't get it in St. Louis ... Just as big a thrill as getting my first major league hit (off Jim Robin, Boston Braves, Sept. 17, 1941) ... Can't remember my own thousandth hit (off Cliff Chambers, Cubs, April 24, 1943) but I got my two-thousandth off Curt Simmons (Phillies, Sept. 9, 1952) ..."

And so it went. After the game, the Man was detained by various television and radio appearances held on the field but he didn't mind saying "I hit 'em everyday you get your three-thousandth-hit."

When he finally finished and headed toward the dugout and the clubhouse, an estimated 1,000 fans remaining from the crowd of 5,692 gave him a shouting ovation.

"We'll be waiting for No. 4,000," Stan, shouted a youngster of about 11. Musial gave the lad a wink and a smile and ducked into the shadows of the dugout.



STAN'S FANS ... mob him in St. Louis as he prepares to kiss 3,000-hit ball

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Soon — even bigger news in premium gasoline at your Esso Dealer's FRIDAY, MAY 16. Watch for it!

Five Pitchers Among Ten To Be Sent Out

By RONALD GREEN

Five pitchers, three infielders, a catcher and an outfielder have been sliced from the Hornets' roster to reach the 18-player Sally League limit which went into force today.

Veteran reliever Spec Padgett, one of the star performers of last season, was among the ten released. In six appearances this year, he had no decisions and showed little of the form which earned him a 9.5 record here last year.

Pitcher Alex Gordey (12) and Pete Spasoff (12) were sent down to Ponte Rica of the Mexican League. Former major leaguer Woody Rich (02) also a reliever, was released. Don Cameron, who made only his second appearance of the season last night after nursing a sore leg this spring, was shipped to Fox City, Wis.

ALSO GOING TO Fox City were Third Baseman Carlos Pascual, who did not pan out as the long ball hitter the Hornets had hoped he was, and Shortstop Don Dantoni. Third Baseman Bill Harty was assigned to Ft. Walton Beach, Fla.

Catcher Jack Falls and outfielder Glenn Zimmerman, both members of last year's second-place club, were released out here. The Washington organization no longer regards them as prospects.

The cutoff left the club with eight pitchers, four infielders, two catchers and four outfielders. Still to be dealt with is young

Continued On 2nd Sports Page

Recruiting Issue Blast

Howard, Giese In Rhubarb (For Real)

GREENVILLE, S. C.—Coach Frank Howard of Clemson went down the line in counterattack today on some observations made by South Carolina coach Warren Giese here last night.

Howard told the Greenville Piedmont via telephone that "Giese knows about our IPTAY program as he does about crossing a goal line on Big Thursday."

Howard's remarks came in response to an observation by Giese last night in a speech to Greenville members of the Greenville group of South Carolina supporters that one "director of a nearby school has said that only he and God knew where the IPTAY Clemson athletic support group funds went."

Howard said "I am afraid Mr. Giese doesn't have much of a sense of humor. It is possible that I said that as a joke somewhere, but all our IPTAY Funds go into scholarships and then the funds are audited. The IPTAY books are open to inspection by any member at any time."

Of Giese's charge that Clemson did a "push and shove" type of recruiting, Howard offered: "We are trying to get as many good football players as we can. You know we have to do that to stay in business. But as to our recruiting, the program is very simple. We invite a boy down here and tell

him the advantages of going to Clemson. Then we send him home and tell him to think it over and talk it over with his parents before he signs a grant."

Giese pointed out that USC's "negative" recruiting approach bore dividends in the case of

Continued On 2nd Sports Page

BASEBALL

7 GAME HOME STAND

CHARLOTTE HORNETS VS. MACON

MAY 15, 16, 17, 18

KNOXVILLE

MAY 19, 20, 21

GRIFFITH PARK

"Where Hennessey Costs so Little"

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

BOB QUINCY, Sports Editor
Ronald Green — Max Muhleman — Larry Harris

WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, 1958 13-B

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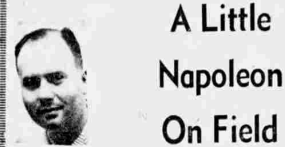
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Part One: The New' Peahead And His Canadian Pals

By Bob Quincy

Charlotte News Sports Editor



A Little Napoleon On Field

LEADS. NOTE: The writer has recently returned from Canada where he spent several days in the Montreal football camp. Coach of the Amateur of the Canadian League is D. C. (Peahead) Walker, a resident of Charlotte during off-season. This is the first of three in a series dealing with the Amateur, their coach and the team personnel.

MONTREAL, CANADA—There is a slight resemblance between Doug Walker, football coach of the Montreal Alouettes, and Peahead Walker, one-time titular head of the Wake Forest Deacons. This is probably because they are one and the same.

He still prowls the battle area, looking ever so much like a grumpy Napoleon when things aren't going well. He ejects a superb snarl and when a player needs a dressing down, Mr. Walker is a one-man battalion of first sergeants.

Once the business of football has been put away for the day, the fellow we once knew as Peahead disappears. Out comes a showered and shaved man-about-town, as cosmopolitan a bloke as ever strode down St. Catherine's street.

HE IS A FIGURE OF much discussion in this intriguing city where more French is spoken per hour than anywhere else in the world, save Paris.

A doorman will greet him with an "Ah, good afternoon, Monsieur Walker." A head waiter will bow, obviously pleased his bistro is being honored. "Come in, Mr. Walker," he will sigh. "A special table for you."

Peahead takes all this in stride, no doubt glowing a little inside that an Alabama boy has done so well. He sits in his comfortable office, one of several engaged by the Alouettes, and recalls the time his entire football program was held at the old Wake Forest campus from one small, bare room in Gore gymnasium.

—For The Hat Check Girl, A Bow And Kiss

"I'M HAPPY," says Walker. "I've got a great set-up, good people to work with and there is no city in the world quite like Montreal. We've already sold 19,000 season tickets to our games—just for an indication of the interest up here."

"Then there are other factors. There are no alumni to call you in the middle of the night; no college presidents to ride shotgun on you. And another thing—the pay is better."

The new Mr. Walker picked up a clipping from his desk and laughed. He flipped it around.

It was a picture of a St. Louis player of Frank Howard, his character, "wacky," from Clemson, departing on his flight



ON THE FIELD during practice is Coach Walker with one of his former Wake Forest pupils, Ed John (Red) O'Quinn of Asheville. Red has been a great player for the Alouettes for a number of seasons.

for Germany, where he is to conduct a football clinic. "Look at him," hooted Peahead. "he's got on that beret I gave him. Heck, he can't do anything right. He's wearing it like a bandage over one of his ears."

THE COACH SUGGESTED FOOD

from one of Montreal's best restaurants. Inside, he was greeted by the hat check girl, a large and pleasant person who enjoyed football. Peahead walked to her bowed low and with some ceremony kissed the back of her hand.

"If you keep growing, honey," he said, "I'm going to let you play one of my tackles."

The coach was seated after being greeted by several persons. "Something very good tonight is the steak," said a waiter. "And perhaps some nice asparagus."

—He Brings Up His Friend, Howard, Again

"T.L.L. tell you what," said Peahead. "We'll start off with some escargots. Now they're snails but they come from the sea. In France and they're good. Then we'll have steak and crepes suzette. You'll like the crepes suzette here."

The food was excellent and Peahead—or rather, Doug, as he's called by most Canadians—ordered a pause for an aperitif. Then he turned to the head waiter, who was enveloped in the flames of brandy like a happy fire eater, and said confidentially, "You're doing a fine job with those crepes suzette."

Sometime later, the pause era arrived, a concoction which resembles a thin coral snake in that several inches are stacked atop one another.

"The bartender here takes pride in these mixtures," he said. "I ordered one for Frank (Howard) when he was with me last year and the first thing he did was stir it up. It was the supreme meal!" He cackled.

Doug Walker sat back and relaxed, a man of distinction, on the town.

I COULDN'T HELP but recall the Peahead of old, the one with the loud shirts and ties that resembled African foliage. He had his share of fame then, but now he has taken a new, suave appearance, a bon vivant in every way.

"When I enjoy these surroundings," he confided, "I always think of my youth. I was still in my teens and I went to Kingston to play pro baseball. Back then I had a section called Sugar Hill that was a sort of money red light district. I was just a boy from Alabama and I thought red lights were to stay cars."

"One of the older fellows took me in and we sat around. The girls were all dressed in evening gowns. I sat and looked straight ahead. Finally one came over to me and asked, 'Would you like to see a bedroom?' I looked at her and answered, 'No, Ma'am, I'm not sleepy.'"

Monsieur Walker has seen much of the world since then. (Tomorrow: Part II, Peahead's recruits from America)

THE SWING THAT LAUNCHED NEARLY 2,000 HITS



The Great Yankee Clipper, Joe DiMaggio, Visited Griffith Park Last Night And Demonstrated His Famous Swing For Hornet Fans. News Photographer Tommy Franklin Caught Joe In The Pose That Once Struck Terror In Every Pitcher's Heart.

Procedure Is Altered The News' Hole-In-One

Tourney Opens Monday

Carolina Golf Club Site Of 11th Event

By RONALD GREEN
MISSILES guided and unguided will rocket through the night next week. It will be open warfare as the city's experts and dufers assault the odds in The News' Hole-In-One Golf Tournament.

The Hole-In-One, which always has a field of several hundred ranging from grey-haired ladies to youngsters just out of diapers, will begin its 11th annual run at Carolina Golf Club Monday night at 7 p.m. and will run for six days.

A large array of prizes, ranging from shiny new irons down to golf balls, will be handed out to the sharpest shooters at the conclusion.

A change has been made by The News in cooperation with Carolina Golf Club.

THROUGH ten years, 6,150 contestants have hit 18,450 shots in the general direction (for the most part) of the green. This means the odds against a hole-in-one when the first man steps up for his hole this year will be 3,000-to-1 against him.

Competition will be divided into two groups — men in one, ladies and youngsters 14 years old and under in the other. A set of prizes has been prepared for each group.

First ace of the week or closest to the hole for the tourney will be champion, however, regardless of year.

Continued On Second Sports Page

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THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

BOB QUINCY, Sports Editor
Ronald Green — Max Muhleman — Larry Harris
THE CHARLOTTE (N. C.) NEWS — 5-B

—Warner, Barb Blast—

Saban Pitched With Purpose; Bee Home Streak Hits Nine

By RONALD GREEN
BOB SABAN, his face beaded with perspiration, unbuttoned his flannel shirt and, like an artist backing off from his work and crying, "Voila!" said, "Now, that should attract some attention up there."

The Hornets starter had just put the finishing touches on a three-hitter that beat Jacksonville, 1-0, in the second half of a double-header at Griffith Park. The Hornets took the opener, 10-7, before 3,051 fans, second largest crowd of the season here.

The twin wins ran the Bees' home winning streak to nine. They try for No. 10 tonight at 7:45, v.e.n.d.i.n.g. Garland (Ducks) Shifflett (6-3) against the Braves, Tony Diaz.

UP THERE, as Saban put it, it can mean only one thing — higher classification. "I don't feel they gave me a fair chance to move up this spring," said Saban who was pitching the best ball in the Sally League at the end of the '37 season.

It was an eye-catcher, no doubt about it. Bob surrendered singles to Ray Rod in the second inning to Dud Whitley in the fifth and to Ross Carter in the seventh as he outlived Carter, an All-Star selection, in classic style.

It was Saban's fourth win in against two defeats. The loss made Carter's tab read 2-4.

ALTHOUGH the great Yankee Clipper, Joe DiMaggio, put one over the leftfield fence in a fifteen-game exhibition, the gathering that had come to see the Jolter got a bigger kick out of round-trippers hit by two fourteen Braves — Harry Warner and Ed Barbario.

Warner who played on a couple of championship All-Star teams before joining the Hornets, drilled a Carter slider over the rightfield barrier in the sixth inning for the only run of the midday.

Barbario, who opened this season with the Florida club, sent one into the mull at the first inning of the opener with Ralph Rea on base.

Both Barb and Warner had two for three in the opener, scored twice and drove in two runs. Warner rapped two for four in the midday, Eddie one for three.

REID KEARNS, the Bees' bullpen control artist, came on in the middle of a fourteen-inning game, the fourth inning and earned the decision in the opener. He left be-fore the top of the sixth but the Hornets tallied five in the bottom of that frame on four hits and three bases on balls. Big blow was Catcher Sam Manney's two-run double.

Jim Heise started for the Bees, gave way to Tom McVey in the fourth.

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He's On His Way

By ED WILKS
Associated Press Sports Writer
It is this year Whitey Ford, the New York Yankees' stud pitcher, finally wins 20? He's on his way.

Starting times will be assigned at night from 7 p.m. on. You may reserve only one starting time — or three swings — during each evening. However, all times are not taken, those who wish to hit again may do so.

HERE'S THE way the tournament runs. You pay \$1 for three shots at a circle 20 feet in diameter and rounding the cup, clubs and balls are provided.

If you hit a shot inside the Magic Circle, you receive a new golf ball as a prize. The shot will be measured. Closest to the hole during the week wins, second closest takes second prize, etc.

The idea, of course, is to put one into the cup. It has been done five times in the ten years the tournament has been held. Glenn

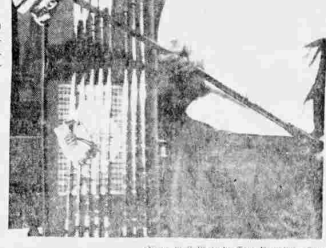
HERB TRIES TO SCORE AGAIN

WASHINGTON — Herb Score, the injured-plagued Cleveland southpaw who rode a blazing fastball to fame, pins his latest comeback bet for the night on an assortment of breaking pitches.

Encouraged by his relief work against New York last week, Score pronounced himself ready to resume a starting role at the scene of his 1948 miseries.

Scheduled from May 7 to the remainder of last season when he was hit in the right eye by a live drive, Score strained a tendon in his pitching arm at Washington April 30 and re-injured the arm here June 14.

A 20-GAME winner in his 1936 sophomore season, Score has



Carolina Pro Larry Jackson displays tourney prize

Can Ford Make '20 Club?'

In the National League Milwaukee regained first place from San Francisco by beating the Giants 12-1. The Chicago Cubs took third with an 11-0 victory over Philadelphia in 11 innings, and Los Angeles rapped Cincinnati 8-5 in the only other game, scheduled.

Herb Bauer's ninth homer, a leadoff shot, and Mickey Hatcher's 2nd, a "wrong" field, 4th-out smash in left, helped Ford breeze in. But he wasn't just coaching. He struck out two, didn't walk a man and fanned 36 batters, three over the minimum. He re-leased his last one-struck Lader who doubled with two out in the seventh of the last 20 he saw.

Early Nym (18-1) was the loser. The Red Sox, who scored two in the third for a 2-1 lead with the help of a wild pitch and two missed balls, wrapped it up as reliever Don Mossi walked one to load the bases. Then walked James

Whitley Ford

farm hand, shut out Washington 4-0 on nine hits for the Kansas City A's ended their losing streak at six.

HE'LL THROW CURVES

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Clemson Coach Ignores Peahead's Advice

Howard Lauds Southern Cookin'--After Europe Tour

By Bob Quincy

Charlotte News Sports Editor

Snow On His Dome In July



(Eds. Note: Frank Howard, head football coach of the Clemson Tigers, is back at his office in South Carolina after his recent tour in Europe conducting football clinics for the armed forces. Prior to his departure, he exchanged letters with Peahead Walker of the Mountain States on the proper manner to conduct oneself abroad. Here is a report of his trip.)

FRANK Howard, world traveler, is back home—and glad of it. He broadened his mind on his recent tour of Europe, but his heart is in Dixie.

"You might say my stomach is in Dixie," said the salty Clemson coach. "I likes country food—cornbread and cabbage and grits and red gravy and that sort of thing. It sho' tasted good when I got back."

Frank has been to Germany, France, Belgium and England, his duties chiefly confined to a coaching clinic at Nurnberg, Germany, and sightseeing elsewhere.

"I ate all over Europe," he said, "but I'm here to report Southern cookin' is best."

A NATIVE OF ALABAMA and head coach at Clemson since 1940, Howard has spent most of his life in warm climate.

"I guess I was pretty impressed when I got snowed on July 5," he said. "It was up on the Zookpit or Pitrook or somewhere over there. It was a big mountain, anyway."

He was referring to the Zugspitze, near the Swiss border. "That's awful pretty country over there," said Howard the tourist. "Me and my staff—Bob Jones, Charlie Waller, Banks McFadden—had a fine time."

Found The Russias Weren't Good Prospects

HOWARD was asked if he found any prospects for his Clemson football team during his journey.

"I think I might have come across a boy who can play fullback and will be getting out of the Army pretty soon," he said.

"How about the Russians? Did you see any Russians?" "Yeah, I saw them, too, over there at Berlin—but the ones I saw looked too dandy to make my club."

Howard and entourage spent five nights in Berlin, three in Paris.

"I saw everything there," said Frank. "I went to the best restaurants and the best shows. I saw the Eiffel Tower and the 'Follies Brasserie.' About all I didn't see was Brigitte Bardot."

CERTAINLY A MAN OF SUCH background has formed an opinion of great cities of the world. Would Howard rate Paris with the No. 1 spot of his tour?

"No, I like Berlin better," he said.

Ah, the German art was more appealing. The International flavor of intrigue and tension at the German capital made it the more attractive of the two perches.

"Now, we just got to Berlin first," said Howard. "By the time we got to Paris, we were nearly broke. That makes a difference anywhere."

Arms Got Tired Making With Sign Language

IN Belgium, Howard encountered Wade Padgett, a former Clemson football star and team captain who is now an Army officer attached to the American Embassy in Brussels.

"Wade showed us around and we saw all the sights, including the World Fair," Howard would care to make a statement regarding the Fair.

"It's bigger than the one at Columbia, that's for sure," then to Newfoundland.

"We had breakfast in Newfoundland, lunch in Washington and supper at Clemson," said Howard. "I remember the day when I thought I was traveling when I had grips at Clemson, but dogs at Fickens and barbeque at Moncks Corner."

HOWARD HAS BECOME one of America's most active coaches. Last year he visited Canada as a guest of his "arch enemy," D. C. (Peahead) Walker.

"I'm about convinced I like Montreal better than anywhere I've been yet," said Frank. "It's not so hard to get understood up there. They speak English AND French."

"Lord, that 'international language or whatever they speak in Europe tries a fellow out. I had to describe everything I wanted with my hands and arms. I feel like I been shoveling coal in a non-union mine."

Before he departed in early July, Howard was offered a series of "tips" for continued behavior from Peahead, the Montzai coach. He was asked if he followed them.

"No," said Howard, "and that ain't all. What Peahead knows about etiquette and manners would get a man in trouble in Lower Slobbovia. If I'd taken his advice, I'd probably still be over there—in a concentration camp."

Shots In The Dark

Cravers Almost Had A Pair Of Holes-In-One

While In-One Highlights: The big winner in the News Hole-In-One Tournament apparently will be The Empty Stocking Fund, the charity to which all profits go.

With \$1,500 already in the till going into today's closing round, the Fund should receive a fat check after expenses.

A. B. CRAVER SR., who dropped the second ace of the event yesterday afternoon, came by not to hit but to let his son Johnny enter.

"Thought he might as well try since he was here. Glad he did."

THERE WERE almost two acres in the Craver family this week. A. B. Jr. hit one into the flag Tuesday night and it almost dropped into the cup before spinning one foot, eight inches away.

TOMMY HURT became the second player to put all his eggs in the basket yesterday. Erdman Auman was the

Number Seven Iron Does Trick

A.B. Craver Hits Second Hole-In-One



THESE FELLOWS DEALT ACES WITH CHIPS DOWN Steve Fellos (left) and A. B. Craver Sr. hold up fingers signifying they've really made the grade in The News' Hole-In-One tournament at Carolina Golf Course.

FOLLEY SHOWS POWER

IS RADEMACHER THROUGH? HE SHOULD BE, ANYWAY

By BOB MYERS Associated Press Sports Writer LOS ANGELES (AP) — The strange saga of Pete Rademacher must be over — or is it? — while Zora Folley stands out today as the top contender for a crack at the world heavyweight championship.

Big Pete tried his hand at professional fighting for the second time last night, and it was even worse than the first time. The dangerous hitting Folley, from Chandler, Ariz., knocked the former amateur king out in one minute 15 seconds of the fourth round.

It took Floyd Patterson the world titleholder, six rounds to do it at Seattle last August. Folley had 29-year-old Pete from Columbus, Ga., down four times in all.

ON THE LAST knockdown, referee Charlie Hanchett didn't bother to finish the count. "He's still as green as he was at an amateur," said 26-year-old Zora, who split a pair of decisions with Pete when they were amateurs.

Sportsman Rademacher was high in praise of Folley. "Frankly," said Pete, "Patterson was nothing like this fellow. He had real power—and he was very good with his head."

FOLLEY DECKS PETE FOR THE LAST TIME This was the action as Zora Folley dropped former amateur champion Pete Rademacher for the fourth and last night in his knockout victory in Los Angeles last night. Rademacher catches a flurry of punches to the head up-

465 Blast 100 Shots Into Circle

By RONALD GREEN

A. B. Craver Sr., a 47-year-old theater manager, made the second ace of the 11th annual News Hole-In-One Tournament at Carolina Golf Course yesterday afternoon.

Using a No. 7 iron, the five-eight, 210-pound Craver equaled the best score achieved by Steve Fellos the previous night. Fellos automatically claimed the championship, his ace being first, but Craver will receive a duplicate of the first prize, a set of irons, for his and will take second place in the standings.

Prizes will be awarded tonight at 9:30, showing, scheduled to run all day, will end with the 9:28 starting time.

CRAVER'S hole-in-one, seventh in the history of the tourney, highlighted the biggest day and night in the history of the tournament. A total of 465 hopefuls fired from 10:30 a.m. until 11:30 p.m., with 100 shots finding their way into the Magic Circle. Total entries this far is 1,580, with 500 shots hitting the circle.

CRAVER was met as well with a shot as was Fellos, by his own admission. Clyde Allen, an onlooker, advised Craver to try a severe iron after his eight iron shot had fallen short.

"I did," said Craver, "and choked up on it a little. I never by the ball well when I choke a club. I sort of half topped that one."

THE BALL hit well out in front of the green and scampered toward the cup. It rolled around the cup, hesitated for a moment on the lip, then fell in the back.

"I didn't see it go in," admitted Craver, manager of the Plain Theater.



SUT ALEXANDER... his Carolina crew won team trophy with four in circle

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

BOB QUINCY, Sports Editor
Ronald Green — Max Muhleman — Larry Harris

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1958 6-A

Bob Blanks Reds Saban's Work Due Reward With Sens; Rowe's Homer Big

SAVANNAH, Ga.—If Washington is looking for men to reward by a call to the big club in late season, they should overlook Bob Saban of the Charlotte Hornets. He's been terrific in recent games.

Last night the nighthawk won his seventh game in nine decisions by blanking Savannah, 4-0, in the first game of a two-bill. The Hornets led the second, 8-3, but the glitter of Bob Saban's seven-inning showing was still around.

Notorious for his late-season elegance, Saban has never caught the fire of high brass in spring training. Yet, from June until season's end, there isn't a better hurler in the minors.

Take his last four starts: ON JULY 14, he shut out Jacksonville, 1-0, with a three-act. Four nights later he stopped Augusta, 6-0, on six hits.

Last Monday, he again stopped Jacksonville, 1-0, with a three-act. Turn of last night against the Redlegs when he didn't offer more than a single, nor did he walk a



BOB SABAN

a 4-3 victory over Jacksonville, but the Dodgers failed to cut Augusta's six-game Sally League lead. Augusta downed Knoxville 12-8.

Bee Boxes

CHARLOTTE	SAVANNAH
Verble, 5-0	St. John, 10-1
Williams, 2-1	St. John, 10-1
Rowe, 4-1	St. John, 10-1
Burton, 2-1	St. John, 10-1
Munroe, 1-1	St. John, 10-1
Warner, 1-0	St. John, 10-1
Baxter, 1-0	St. John, 10-1
Harris, 1-0	St. John, 10-1
Saban, 1-0	St. John, 10-1

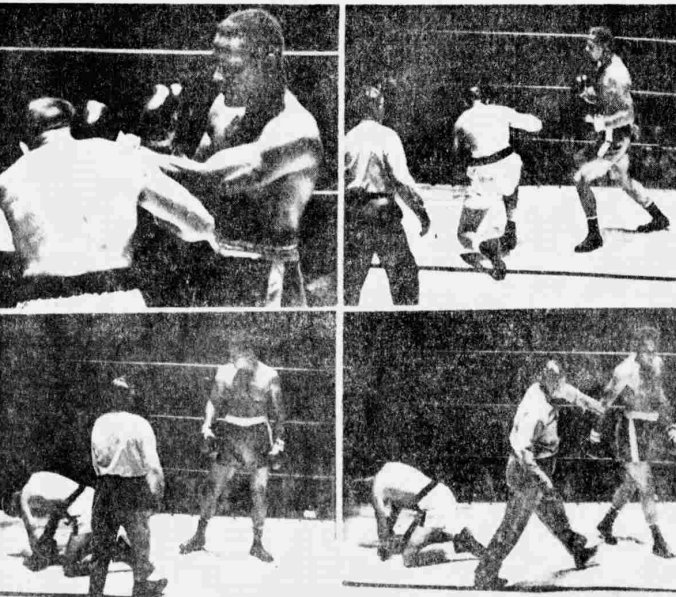
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Warner, 1-0	St. John, 10-1
Baxter, 1-0	St. John, 10-1
Harris, 1-0	St. John, 10-1
Saban, 1-0	St. John, 10-1

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YOUR LIFE MAY DEPEND ON THE MUFFLER IN YOUR CAR THE MIDAS MUFFLER CO. 1145 W. 11th St. AT OVERHEAD BRIDGE



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