

By Bob Quincy

Charlotte News Sports Editor

Tatum Sensed His Ills

A week ago from last Thursday, Jim Tatum sat at his home in Chapel Hill discussing a business venture with Andy Karres of Charlotte.

The two knew each other well. Andy had been recruited by Jim when the latter was freshman coach at North Carolina in 1941. The next season, when Tatum served a one-year term as head coach before going into the Navy, Karres was a first-string guard.

"Andy," said Tatum, breaking off their talk abruptly, "I feel terrible. Honest. I feel just like I've got polio."

"YOU'D BETTER go to bed, Coach," said Karres, "if you feel that bad."

"Can't," said Tatum, feeling his forehead and rubbing his hands. "I'm supposed to play golf with some fellows. If I don't show, they'll figure I'm playing big shot."

The next day Jim Tatum went to bed at his home. A doctor paid a visit and Tatum discussed his symptoms. He mentioned the polio possibilities. Jim had served as state director for the March of Dimes the year before and was quite familiar with the dread disease.

"I'll admit you have many of the symptoms," said the physician. "It's too early to tell. Let's go to the hospital just to be on the safe side."

Jim entered the hospital for observation on a Saturday. The next Thursday night he was dead. A virus, which stirred terrifically high temperatures and broke down his vital organs, was the cause of death. Many medical men feel the bug which got Jim had a close relationship to the polio family, if it were not a member.

Thus Jim, a master diagnostician on a football field, had been the first to recognize the opposition which was to take his life.

—He Liked To Recall His Biggest Victory

There are many stories told on Jim Tatum and there will be many more. One little-known one took place after his arrival at the University at the turn of 1937.

He was met by a particularly hostile campus press. Jim, who felt he was returning to the promised land, was jarred by some of the remarks. Instead of returning to his alma mater triumphant, he had to defend his every move. It disturbed him greatly because a thick hide which many felt was not subject to emotional feelings.

He turned to the church, made daily visits and with his pastor prayed he would be accepted as he hoped he would be. Either the prayer or the stimulated football program turned his critics into back slappers. Last spring, he was cited editorially as bringing a "new spirit and exciting attitude" to the campus with his presence.

Said Tatum, heaving a sigh: "I look back on my football career and can recall some nice wins. When Maryland licked Tennessee in the Sugar Bowl in 1934, when the Vols were No. 1 in the country, is something I'll never forget. Our upsets over Navy and Duke in 1936 were nice. But my biggest victory since I became a coach was winning over the campus newspaper."

—The Case Of The Missing Undershorts

A close friend of Tatum's was Hanes Lassiter, the Charlottean. They had been teammates at Chapel Hill.

One Saturday last Lassiter visited Tatum's home before game time. Jim was dressing hurriedly.

As the coach slipped on a pair of trousers, Lassiter interrupted. "Good golly, Jim," said Lassiter, "You're so nervous you forgot to put on your undershorts."

"I meant to dress just the way I did," said Tatum, grabbing a hat and heading for the door. "I forgot my shorts when we played Southern Cal out on the coast our third game. We won. I've dressed the same way ever since—and we've lost a game."

—Jim Could Poke Fun At Himself, Too

Jim could joke at himself. One of his favorite stories concerns a visit to New York during the spring. He and a friend decided to get a rubdown at the Downtown Athletic Club. Tatum and his companion were conversing on the rub-down table and the masseurs detected a Southern drawl. The guests were asked if they were from the south and said, yes, North Carolina.

"North Carolina," said the masseur who was working on Tatum's friend. "How about that silly Frank McGuire down there losing to Navy in the NCAA's?"

"Get off McGuire's back," snorted the other masseur slapping Sanny Jim's giant torso. "That bum Tatum lost to State three years in a row."

Johnson, Petty Back

Sunday GN Crowd Could Set Record

If fair weather smiles on Charlotte's second 100-mile Grand National in eight days this Sunday, the Fairgrounds quite likely will pull the biggest crowd ever to watch a late model event here.

Reason: Junior Johnson and Lee Petty are coming back.

Although both are top drivers in their own right, it's not so much their talent which figures to pull throngs Sunday. It's the simple fact that both men will be back on the same track which hosted a dramatic, fender-smashing duel.

In passing Johnson for the lead last Sunday, Petty seemed to be a little too close and left the pride of Wilkes County spinning.

Junior retaliated a few laps later by helping Petty clear off the track in the third turn. And besides Johnson and Petty, over 25 other top drivers are expected.

RICHARD PETTY will be the first Petty to return to the Fairgrounds this week, however.

The handsome young son of Grand National champion Lee has agreed to pilot Tom Ferrell's hot '38 Chevy in the Wednesday night I.T.A. drag here.

ALSO THIS WEEKEND is limited sportsman-racing at Columbia, S.C. Thursday night, I.T.A. monthly drag championships at Chester, S.C. Saturday night, drag at Concord Drag Strip Saturday, and modified, sportsman and lobby race at Winston-Salem, also Saturday.

Other I.T.A. drag go Friday night at Myrtle Beach.

NASCAR late model action includes a convertible race Friday night at Greenville, S.C., and a Grand National Saturday at Charlotte. The Charlotte Fairgrounds.

New UNC Coach Credits Severin—An All-American Put Hickey On Hill

By ELTON CASEY
(Special to The News)

CHAPEL HILL — Paul Severin, whom all Carolina fans will remember as an All-American end back in 1939-40, is the one individual who deserves the credit for putting Jim Hickey on the Chapel Hill football hill. A place where yesterday he was named head coach, succeeding the famed Jim Tatum, who died unexpectedly last week.

Hickey, a small man who has big coaching ideas, late yesterday afternoon officially was proclaimed as the successor to Tatum as the Tarheels' grid commander and, after two cigarettes and three bites on a juicy steak, told how he managed to land a position on the UNC staff, a spot where in four short years he suddenly finds himself as the king bee.

"It was in January four years ago and I was in Richmond preparing to grab a bite for lunch. I was heading into a downtown hotel and, as I made it to the entrance, I ran into Paul Severin, who had been a coaching opponent of mine. Severin, then, was at Randolph-Macon and I had been at Hampden Sydney, prior to resigning just a few weeks earlier.

"Paul grabbed my hand and gave me a good handshake. I told him I was sorry that I was leaving Hampden Sydney and, with much concern, asked me what I was going to do."

"I TOLD HIM that I was looking for a football job. Right off he told me that Jim Tatum was looking for an assistant at Carolina. He said he would talk to Tatum for me. I told him that I'd appreciate it."

"Severin and myself had lunch and I didn't think too much more about Carolina or Coach Tatum. We parted and I drove home, about 60 miles from Richmond. When I got

home, Tatum called from Chapel Hill and said he wanted me to come down the next day. I did. It was on a Wednesday that I met Jim Tatum for the first time in my life. We talked in his office at Wooden Gymnasium and he told me that he wanted me to return home and come back to see him at Chapel Hill on Friday.

"When I came back Friday, he told me that I had been added to his coaching staff. It was so quick, really, that I was shocked."

"I'LL HAVE to admit that had it not been for Paul Severin today I may not be at Carolina. Paul now is a successful insurance man and I'll be ever grateful to him for calling Coach Tatum about me." Hickey said as a long line of well

wishers grabbed his hand at a party staged by Carolina's athletic brass here last night.

That Severin put in a good word for Hickey comes as no surprise, really. The two grew up together in the Pittsburgh area, even played junior high football against each other.

With a three year contract tucked in his pocket calling for \$12,000 annually, Hickey, following his promotion from an offensive assistant to the head coaching post, took the step forward in stride.

"Yes, I know I have big shoes to fill. I never have worked for a finer man than Tatum. All of his assistants will tell you that."

"I ANTICIPATE no major changes in readiness for the coming season. Most made, thanks to the long range planning of Tatum before he died. "All of the assistants who worked with me will be retained. One of the first jobs, though for me will be getting with them and making some changes in assignments."

"I worked with the offense last year. Newcomer Ed Fullerton, who has just joined our staff, and Bud Carson, a varsity assistant, after having coached our freshman team for the past year, will take over some of my duties." The 39-year-old Hickey went on.

Hickey said that he still has another week of his vacation remaining and that he plans to take it.

"That's the only regret I have about taking this job, filling in for Coach Tatum."

"I've always wanted to be a head coach, however, and this is an opportunity that I hope I can do well with."

"Not wanting to place his neck on the chopping block even before practice starts, Hickey said that prospects for Carolina this fall are the brightest since he has been at Chapel Hill. "We had our best spring work ever."

"We will have a good nucleus back. I also realize that the schedule will be tough, plenty tough. As far as I now know, we will follow the same type attack that Coach Tatum employed down to the letter."

"I'M LOOKING for a good

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THE NEW JIM... is Jim Hickey (left) with UNC Chancellor Aycock

YAWKEY FLIPS STACK, JERKS INFIELD PAIR

BOSTON (P)—Boston Red Sox Owner Tom Yawkey, challenging his players to get going or get out, has ordered the cellar club's infield shaken up.

Yawkey and General Manager Mucky Harris yesterday called the shots as Shortstop Jim Mahoney and Negro Pitcher Earl Wilson were summoned from the Minneapolis farm.

After a phone conversation with field boss Billy Judge in Cleveland, it was announced that Mahoney, batting 211 in the American Assn., would start for the Sox at short in tonight's doubleheader with the Indians. Pumpkin Green, recently called up as the first Negro to play for the parent club, takes over second base while Pete Runnels moves to first.

Benching until further notice are shortstop Don Buddin and previously platoon first Baseman Dick Gernert and Vic Wertz.

—Mad As Hornets—

Battling Bees Bow Only To Arbiters

By RONALD GREEN
Assistant Sports Editor

If you'll pardon the mixed metaphor, the fire with which the Hornets consumed Jacksville's Braves at Griffith

League-leading Pirates shiver. On a night when they could easily have been complacent, with the season's scantiest crowd—565—raining wet weather, the Bees were mad as hornets.

"We're fighting for every inch," warned Manager Gene Ventie. "We've got to. We have the kind of club that has to battle for everything, with nobody letting down, if we're going to win this thing."

"If the club holds together as it did tonight, with everybody battling, we can take the flag."

Their win moved them within a game and a half of the top.

FEATURE bout of the evening saw the Hornets kayo All-Star hurler Bob Boz, who had won 12 and lost 6 before the Hornets laid one on his chin.

Meeting with great favor was the scrap between Third Basemen Don Dantoni and Plate Umpire Ted Howe. The latter turned to disavow when Howe thumbed Dantoni from the game in the fourth inning.

Dantoni was called out on strikes. He wheeled and, with his face the color of borst, relieved himself of a few choice Staten Island quotations and slammed his batting helmet to the turf.

"Out!" bellowed Howe. "Out!" Bob Tano took over.

THINGS remained relatively quiet until the eighth inning, when the Braves at bat and men on second and first, Mammie Jimenez bounced to Shortstop Billy Springfield.

Juan Guzman, flying from first to second, slammed into Springfield as the shortstop tagged second and threw to first for the double play.

Springfield, who later claimed Guzman had elbowed him unnecessarily in trying to break up the double play, bowed his back and had a few words with Guzman.

Sandy Valdespino, trotting in Continued on Page 5-B

Charlotte Speedway Underway

Turner's Track In Gear Now With Ground-Breaking

By MAX MUEHLEMAN
Charlotte News Sports Writer

After two months of legal delay, construction of Charlotte Motor Speedway began this morning with ground-breaking ceremonies on the 55-acre site which borders U. S. 28 some 19 miles north of the city.

President Curtis Turner expressed confidence that the one-and-a-half mile, million-dollar race track deluge would be ready for its inaugural event of spring of 1960, as originally announced.

"Legal difficulties encountered in the land purchase held up construction work two months," said Turner, "but with that problem solved we'll be going wide-open with work until the track is complete."

Turning the first official shovel of dirt was North Carolina Lieutenant Governor Luther Barnhardt of Concord.

THE LOCAL timberman-driving star said preliminary plans for the initial race point toward a long-distance event

for late model stock cars with the largest purse ever paid—\$100,000, unless we have to make some unforeseen changes.

The advertised \$75,000 purse for the Labor Day Southern 300 at Darlington, S. C., will be the biggest sum ever offered a stock car field in the year.

Among those present for this morning's ceremonies were Charles H. Crutcheff, vice-president and general manager of Jefferson Standard Broadcasting Co., who was announced as the newest member of the Speedway's board of directors; Milt Minor, Miss Charlotte; Carolyn Melton, Tobacco Queen and Miss U. S. Modified Racing; Concord Mayor J. G. McCaschren and several representatives of the Charlotte Chamber of Commerce and Charlotte Jaycees.



HIGH-LEVEL LABOR FOR A SPEEDWAY

Lieutenant Governor Luther Barnhardt (center) breaks ground for Charlotte Motor Speedway as Speedway officials Curtis Turner (left) and Bruton Smith and beauty queens Milt Minor (2nd from left) and Carolyn Melton look on.

'One Of Finest Hitters'

Ancient Woodling Has Orioles Singing

By DAVE DILES
Associated Press Sports Writer

DETROIT (P)—Paul Richards, a manager who does not appreciate in praise, recently said of Gene Woodling: "Whether people realize it or not, here is one of the finest hitters of our time."

This was long before the 36-year-old Baltimore outfielder with the awkward stance beat the Detroit Tigers yesterday 5-2 by driving in all his team's runs with a grand slam home run and a single.

Richards likes the way Woodling battles a pitcher, the way he meets the ball, the way he comes through in the clutch.

WOODLING, having the first year of his big league career that dates back to 1943, has battled across the Orioles' last nine runs and is making a strong bid for the American League batting crown. Another of baseball's senior citizens grabbing the headlines away from the youngsters.

Woodling will celebrate his 37th birthday in less than three weeks. Woodling spent seven years in the Cleveland chain but never won a regular job. He played briefly with the Pittsburgh Pirates before being acquired by the New York Yankees organization.

Woodling hit a modest .289 at Newark in 1947, with only eight home runs. The following season he was at San Francisco under Manager Lefty O'Doul.

It was O'Doul who persuaded Woodling to try the coil stance he now uses, crouching at the plate with his feet close together and his bat held high.

"IT'S AWKWARD and a little uncomfortable," says Woodling, "but I wouldn't change it for anything."

Little wonder, He hit .385 and smashed 22 home runs with San Francisco that season. The next year he was a Yankee outfielder, playing in 122 games.

But never since has Woodling enjoyed such a year at the plate as he's having now with the Orioles. He is batting .344. And it's a good thing.

Bob Nierman has been hurt much of the season. Gus Triandos is in a bad slump and Rookie Willie Tasby has tailed off after a tremendous start.

Gene Woodling, who started playing baseball for a living before teammates Milt Pappas and Jerry Walker were out of diapers, is Baltimore's "Man of the Hour" at the plate.

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