

# Hanes Hosiery defeats Rupert Bell to capture fifth straight 10-13 championship

▲ **Beal, Davis, Thomas lift Hosiery with key hits, good pitching**

Hanes Hosiery's 10-13 year-olds won their fifth consecutive Winston-Salem Recreation Department Summer Baseball League championship last Thursday by defeating Rupert Bell 18-11.

Hanes Hosiery captured the championship in the high-scoring battle by doing what it has been accustomed over the last five seasons - outscoring its opponent.

Timmy Beal, Rory Davis and David Thomas provided the spark to lead Hanes Hosiery to its championship game victory. All three of the Hosiery's top hitters went four-for-four to pace the hard-hitting offensive attack.

Beal, the only member of the team to knock a homer over both fences at Hanes Hosiery during the season, also drove in a team-high four runs. Beal also combined with Thomas and Davis to handle the pitching duties in the championship game. Douglas Robertson and "Moochie" Jeffries were the standouts for the team in the field.

Rupert Bell was led by Donald Hairston, who drove in three runs on two-for-five hitting. Rayshawn McMillian, Andre Hairston, Donald Hairston, Antoine Joyner and Andrew Greer also had hits for Rupert Bell, coached by Robert Minor.

Hanes Hosiery, led by Coach Art Blevins, finished the season 8-0 and has now com-



Hanes Hosiery's 10-13 year-old team, which captured its fifth straight city recreation championship. Front row (l-r) Rory Davis, Adam Collins, Raymond Black, Darryl Tuttle, Sean Owens, second row, Head Coach Art Blevins, David Thomas, Nathan Wilcox, Steven Smith, Douglas Robertson, third row, Chris Williams, Timmy Beal, Asa Beal, Moochie Jeffries, Matisse Witherspoon, back row, Frankie Beal, Coach Brenda Robertson, Coach Carlos Mumford.



Coach Art Blevins congratulates Timmy Beal on an outstanding season. Beal is the lone member who has been with the team for all five championship seasons. Beal was one of the team's top pitchers and hitters. The 6-2, 13-year-old ninth grader was the only player on the team to hit the ball out of the ballpark during the season.

pleted a 40-1 record over the last five seasons.

The key to the team's success over the five-year period has been having outstanding players, according to Blevins. That along with a desire to be successful has driven the team to each of its titles.

This year's team was led by an exceptional group of 13 year-olds who will be moving up to the 13-16 year-old league next year. The leaders of the team this year were Timmy Beal, Rory Davis, Chris Williams, Douglas Robertson, "Moochie" Jeffries, Jr., Marshall Cunningham, Raymond Black, David Thomas and Nathan Wilcox.

But once again Blevins says that the youngsters, who played complimentary roles this year will be asked to step up next season. They included 10, 11 and 12-year-old players.

Members of this year's team, who will return next year, are: Adam Collins, Sean Owens, Matisse Witherspoon, Darryl Tuttle, Steven Smith, Carl Crigger, Sean Butler, Asa Beal and Frankie Beal.

Blevins says the kids are the key to his successful program.

"They are great kids who love the game of baseball," Blevins says. "And we do go out in the hot sun and practice on a regular schedule. Also, we have some wonderful parents and volunteers who help me out each summer - Brenda Robertson, Carlos Mumford, L.B. Tuttle and Aaron Shaw.

"We also have a great sponsor, who has sponsored us each summer - Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Mock."

Blevins keeps the program at Hanes Hosiery free of charge all year round so kids can play

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any sport without a cost. This past summer, the Hanes Hosiery Recreation Center had over 250 boys and girls in the summer program - either playing T-Ball, 10-13 baseball, 13-16 baseball, 11-14 Hot Hoops Summer Basketball League or 15-18 year-old Hot Hoops. All played free of charge.

With the help of friends and sponsors like Roadway, the Teamsters Local 39F, Mock Tire, Progressive Local 310, C.A. Hall, Kathy Green, Brenda Robertson, Ced Thomas and Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Mock, Blevins says he hopes to continue running a quality program free of charge for all of the kids year after year.

## Tiny Indians have come long way since segregated days

from page B1

football team. I don't know when I was first introduced to the sport, but I have loved football ever since I can remember. When time for sign-ups came around, I was one of the first in line.

After running around in August's hot sun for about five days, we were issued uniforms. I guess there were about 25 of my friends from Gill and Mock Streets in Happy Hill Gardens. We made the daily trek on foot to practice, wearing our uniforms proudly. For most of us, it was the first time that we had ever worn any kind of uniform.

Our coaches told us specifically, "don't wear your uniforms any place else other than practice," they said. We followed those instructions for awhile, at least two or three days we couldn't resist the temptation of suiting up for friendly neighborhood battles about every day.

I can still vividly remember my first game. It was against the Tiny Grayhounds. I can remember getting up about 6 a.m. that morning, with butterflies in the pit of my stomach. My brother Tim and I went to pick up a friend of ours, Donald Gordon.

It seems that somehow along the way, Tim and I had failed to impress upon our father and mother that we needed the registration fee of \$5 to become certified members of the team. Now here it was, game day, and we still did not have the necessary funds.

I guess fate was on our side that day. Donald's uncle had given him \$20 and being our friend, he didn't mind sharing with us so we could play. So Tim and I packed all of our pads into our helmet and, along with Donald Gordon, headed to the Boys Club.

When we got there, we turned in our \$5 each. We were then given our game pants and jerseys. What a beautiful sight. Out maroon jerseys and white pants were brand new. They looked like a thousand dollars to us. We got dressed in the gym and went to join the rest of the members of

our Junior Pee Wee team. Little did we know at that time that history would be made that day.

We were given our last-minute pep talk by our coach and filed out to the field for the game. What a shock it was when we looked across the field and saw our opponents. If our uniforms looked like a thousand dollars, then the Grayhounds' looked like a million.

Their uniforms were immaculate. We gazed in amazement, from head to foot, at our opponents. We were all attired in old-fashioned, plain white helmets - the square type with the old squared-off face ground. Their helmets were red with a white greyhound emblem. Their jerseys were the same color, with their numbers on the shoulder and striped. Our jerseys had the old block letters and has no numbers or strips on the shoulders. Their pants were also red, made of silk-type material, with a white stripe on each side. Ours were plain white, cotton pants with no stripes. Every player on the Grayhounds also had on football cleats.

A few players on our team, mostly the white boys, had cleats. The rest of us had sneakers and even a few had regular casual shoes because that's all their parents could afford.

There was one other noticeable difference also. Their whole team was white. Not one player, coach, cheerleader, majorette on the visiting side was black. And they had lots of fans. When we finally got to the field to begin the game, we were so intimidated that we could hardly keep our composure. We kicked off to the Grayhounds and it took them only two plays to score. I can still recall that sight. A double-reverse, a play that we had never seen in practice, much less worked against.

The announcer quickly blurted out after the score, Grayhounds 6, Red Shields Zilch. Zilch, I had never heard the term used before but before that days was over I heard it often. Grayhounds 14, Red Shields Zilch...Grayhounds 21, Red Shields Zilch...and finally Grayhounds 28, Red Shields

Zilch.

Unfortunately, my season ended the following week. It seems that when the coaches went to Diggs Elementary School to get a copy of my birth certificate the following Friday, they found out I was only eight year old. At that time, the minimum age for participating on the Junior Pee Wee was nine. The cut off date was October 15 and my birthdate didn't come until December 22.

There were only three teams, junior pee wee, pee wee and midgets (or varsity as we liked to call them). Since then the number of teams has doubled.

When I showed up for the game that Saturday, when we were scheduled to play the Ardmore Wildcats, I was told that I had to turn in my uniform. I did reluctantly. The same scenario was repeated from the previous week. Ardmore came in with their sassy new uniforms and ripped our team 20-0.

The Junior Pee Wees didn't win a game that season, they finished the season with an 0-8 record. The only time they saw any non-white players was when they journeyed to Elkin to play the Elkin Redskins. However, in the Winston-Salem area, no other teams allowed African Americans to play on their teams.

That lasted until my third year in the league. That was the year that the members of that first Junior Pee Wee team moved up to the Midgets. They went undefeated that season. None of their games were even close. My brother Tim played on that team. He was joined by a host of other players from the neighborhood that went on to become standouts at Parkland. They included Reginald Little, Marvin Bonner, Verlie Fields, Vincent Pledger, Curtis Speas, Carl Gary and Melvin McFarlin.

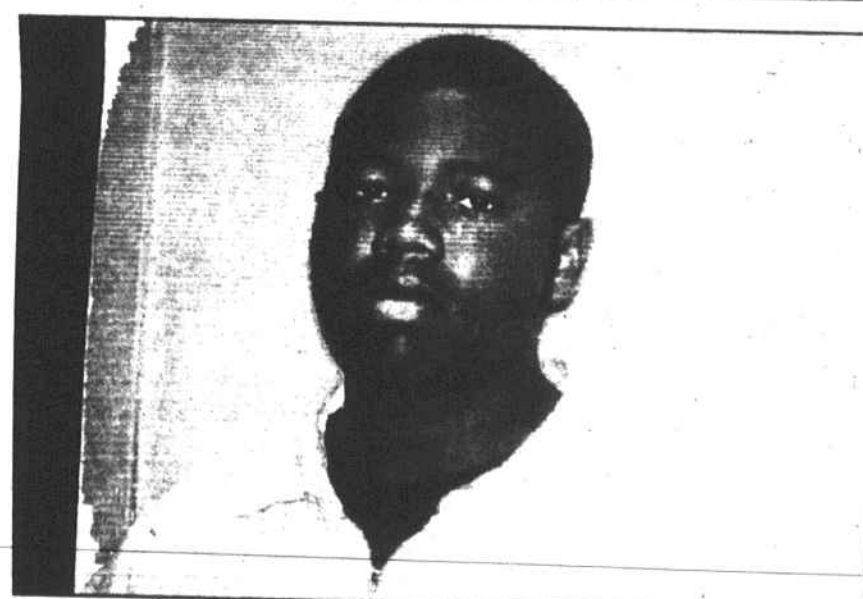
After they captured that first championship, I noticed another interesting phenomena. It started first with the Grayhounds, who began to open their doors to a few, hand-picked African Americans. Next was the Vikings. By the time I played my final season, nearly every team in the league

had African-American players on their roster.

When I came back to coach as an assistant with the Indians in 1984, the Indians had become an all African-American organization. What a way it had come since that first year, 1966, when we integrated the league.

Today, the Indians are a thriving organization. The team is regularly among the Northwest Midget League's top teams. It has produced a host of talented players that have gone to stardom on the high school and college level. They include my old teammate, Kennedy Duckett, who went on to play at Wake Forest and in the NFL with New Orleans and the Dallas Cowboys. Also numbered in its alumni are a host of players who went on to enjoy outstanding high school careers. They include Frank Draper, Walt Larry, Leonardo Horn, Ed Byers, Lamarr Landrum, Kenard Martin and Jomo Legins.

Even though Tom Brown and others with the Indians organization want to see the program move along faster than it is currently, I applaud it for where it has come from. When I look around and see the positive impact that the league is having on boys and girls in our community, I can't help but wonder what would have happened if my two brothers hadn't taken the initiative to venture into the Boy's Club more than 30 years ago.



### Spiritual leader!

Clifford Neal's name was left off the roster of the Kappa Magic 15 year-old AAU Basketball team in last week's Chronicle. Neal, a junior at Mount Tabor, was a key member of the team according to Coach John Allen. Neal's football career was cut short by an injury to his vertebrae during last year's Spartan football season. However, he decided to try out for the Kappa Magic and made an immediate impact on the team with his work ethic, determination and hustle. In addition, Neal is an honor student and carries a 3.8 grade point average.

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