

# Cubs, Fans Give Banks 'Great Day' At Wrigley Field

## Coco Laboy In Exclusive Interview With Newsmen

BY CHARLES E. JONES  
In an exclusive interview with *Coco Laboy*, league-leading hitter (369) in the Carolina League and star third baseman for the Raleigh Cardinals, this newsmen learned many interesting facts about the year-round baseball hero.

Coco was arrested last Thursday night in Rocky Mount after a charge of assault with a deadly weapon had been lodged against him, but said he did not hit anyone on the field with a baseball bat as charged.

A fight in the fifth inning caused his ejection from the game, which the Cards won, 5-3, after a teammate, Ed Chasteen, was "beaten" with throws by Rocky Mount left-hander Carl Middendorf. George Kissell, manager of the Raleigh team, complained to the umpire about this.

Laboy, who was the next pitcher to bat, stated the southpaw pitcher threw at him, but he bunted down the first base line and, allegedly, bat in hand, ran into the lefty and started swinging the bat. At this

point, both dugouts were emptied and a general free-for-all took place for about 15 minutes.

When the dust cleared, one Rocky Mount player was unconscious and taken to a hospital, and Laboy was arrested. However, at the trial Friday morning, he was given a 30-day suspended sentence and fined court costs of \$20.00 in the case. The player for Rocky Mount only suffered minor bruises and was released from the hospital the next day.

Laboy, a 24-year-old native of Ponce, Puerto Rico, the second largest city to San Juan, said although he didn't hit the Rocky Mount pitcher with the bat, he felt like hitting him with my fists. The young star has played in the Texas League and hit 389 for El Paso in 1963.

He was also in the San Francisco League at one time, but likes the Cardinals club best. He was high in praise of Raleigh, where he and two other players reside with Mrs. M. D. Haywood, 215 E.

Cabarrus Street.

Coco was also a player in the Northern League, playing with Winnipeg in Canada. When the season is over, he plans to return to Puerto Rico and continue to play baseball as the sport is played there year-round.

The oldest of ten children, 4 brothers and 5 sisters, Laboy said he doesn't consider baseball as



COCO LABOY

work. "I like to play. It is very good fun," he said with his heavy Spanish accent.

He has played ball for the past five years.

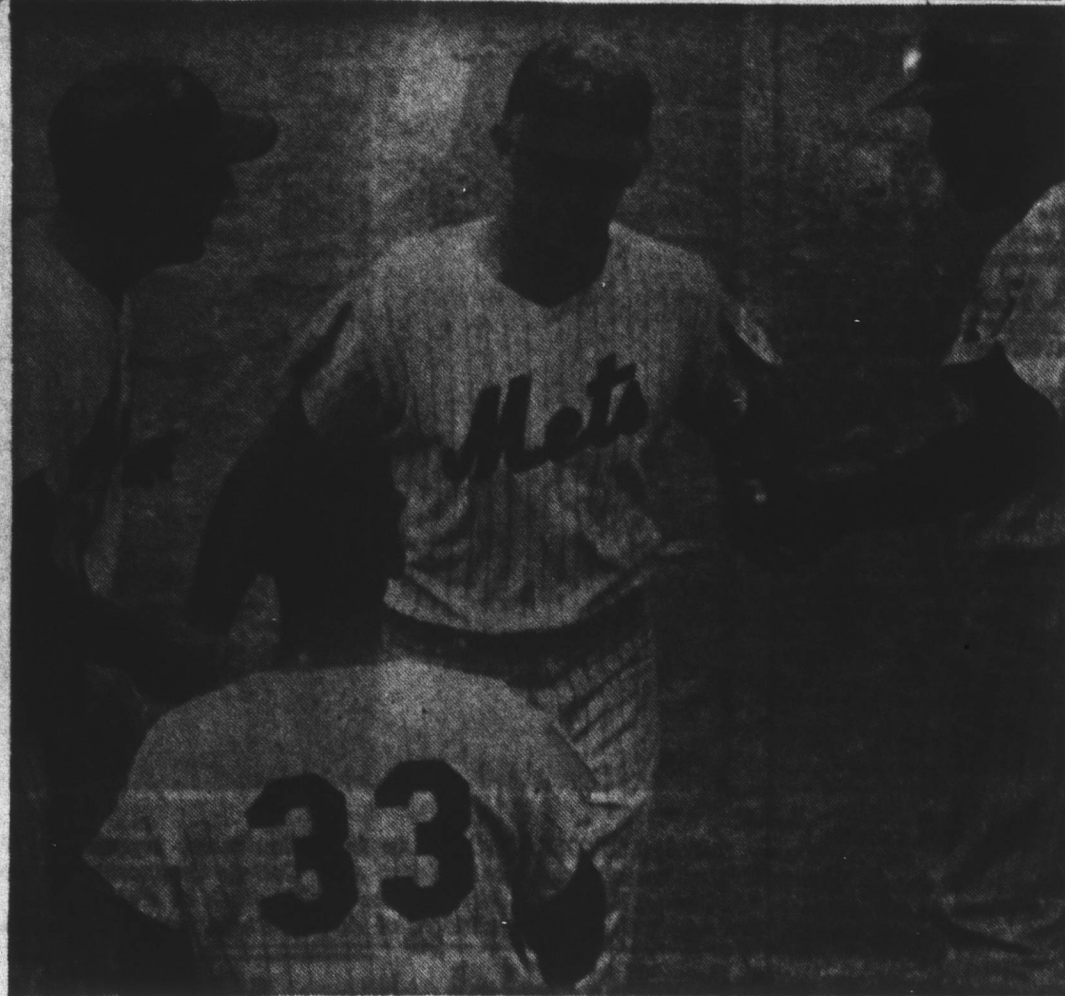
When queried as to what he attributed his tremendous hitting ability he replied, "It doesn't take much strength, but it depends on your ability to follow the ball and have a good wrist break to hit the ball at the point of impact."

Laboy, who is a right handed hitter, says he'd rather hit a right hand pitcher than a southpaw. His reason was, "The right hander has a short pitch."

Laboy, in conclusion, emphasized the fact that he was trained to play in the big leagues.

At the rate he is hitting the ball now, he is almost certain to wind up with the patent club, the St. Louis Cardinals.

TELEVISION has now reached the point where everyone feels free to breathe and smile, talk and be normal as the occasion demands, and yet be credited with enjoying the program.



THEY ALL SCORE — New York: The New York Mets' Jim Hickman (center) is congratulated by the teammates he scored on his grand slam homer in the sixth inning of the game at Shea Stadium August 19th against the Pittsburgh Pirates. Greeting Hickman are (left-to-right): Ed Kranepool, Ron Hunt and Joe Christopher. The Mets won 4-2. (UPI PHOTO).

### Seek To Top 51,000 Attendance Mark:

## Wednesday Is "Jesse Jones Night" For Raleigh Cardinals; End Nears

Baseball fans throughout Eastern North Carolina are expected to pack Raleigh's Devereaux Meadow baseball park Wednesday night, August 26, as the Raleigh Cardinals observe Jesse Jones Night.

With only four more home games the Raleigh Cardinals seem

assured of their best attendance since their banner year of 51,000 through the turnstile. This figure was reached during the playing days in Raleigh of Boston Red Sox star Carl Yastrzemski.

"Jesse Jones Night," a repeat of a few weeks ago,

the previous season that almost ended his football career completely.

But Willie had willed himself to recovery and would have been willing to gamble his future for should add heavily to the already 47,000 Raleigh attendance. Earl Jones, popular and enthusiastic kingpin of the Cardinals and the famous Sausage Company is leaving no stone unturned in an attempt to garner the needed 400 to 500 to better the old 51,000 mar.

To top off the Wednesday Jesse Jones promotion, Coco Laboy, popular hard-hitting leader of the Carolina League will see action at third base and, of course, fans will thrill each time he comes to bat with anticipation of another home run to add to his 22. His batting average of .368 is tops in the league.

Baseball fans and their friends will enjoy pre-game show and such as home run contest exhibited at the park.

The R-Cards wind up the season after Wednesday's game (Aug. 26) playing Kingston Aug. 30 and a big double-header with the league leading Kinstonians Sunday, August 30; and Sept. 3rd's curtain closer evening to Raleigh the Wilson Tubs.

Go to Devereaux Meadow to these last games fans and help Coco Laboy and the Raleigh Cards pass the old 57,000 attendance mark. You'll not only enjoy good ball games but your presence will aid in keeping baseball in Raleigh.



CHICAGO (UPI) — The scene was the victorious Chicago Bears dressing room in Wrigley Field on one of the rawest and coldest afternoons in National Football League history. The date: Dec. 20, 1963.

The Bears had just rubbed the noses of the swifthe headed New York Giants in the frozen turf for a 14-0 victory and the NFL title, knocking wily old Y. A. Tittle out of commission and stopping his collaborators cold with a tremendous defensive effort in the process. Even the Giants rugged Eric Barnes was bottled up in the process.

In the process also, Bears quarterback, Bill Wade, countermanded Tittle by clicking on offense; and fleet halfbacks Roosevelt Taylor and Bennie McRae projected themselves in starring roles.

It was a great day for the Bears and their rabid partisan fans, who braved the bone-chilling temperature to whoop it up in the flesh for their grid heroes. There was indeed every justification for jubilation.

And so the Bears were now

in their warm and cozy dressing room whooping it up themselves, with "Papa Bear" George Halas, leading the cheering.

From every nook and cranny of the room came the jubilant shouts, "We made it," "We showed 'em, didn't we?" as the players gave vent to their feelings.

Everybody was dizzy with elation. Everybody? Not quite. At least one Bear was modest in his reaction to the championship win, which climaxed a season's uphill fight for the northsiders.

His name: Willie Galimore. Fat bluntness, Galimore was somewhat dismayed in the atmosphere of excitement because he did not get the opportunity to contribute more to the victory. He only saw brief action.

Was he peeved with Halas for the curtailment of his services? Not a bit. He understood that Halas had to go with Ronnie Bull, who was fully sound and was otherwise playing top football. Galimore, instead was frustrated by the turn of fate, which had dealt him two banged up knees during

the game against the Giants. Halas, however, ruled against it, reasoning Willie was too valuable a man in the Bears future plans to dash it all even in an afternoon of championship football. He'd play it safe with Willie, who was considered one of the greatest broken field runners in the NFL. Only two seasons before, Willie had set a Bears record of rushing with more than 100 yards, and now two operations later, was giving every indication of regaining his past form. Halas couldn't gamble.

However, at the moment, Galimore's great competitive spirit; his desire for the star-dom of the moment, didn't square with the realities of the situation. He wanted badly to be in there fighting with his teammates. Willie was that type of heart-and-soul competitor.

This is the type of personality of which champions are made and Galimore was a real pro champion in every way. It is only real fault was that he couldn't keep fate from dogging his footsteps. Finally, on a lonely dirt road leading to the Bears training camp at Renaissance, Ind., recently, Willie and his "road buddy" John Farrington, the colorful Bears end, lost a tragic fatal battle to the Grim Reaper in an automobile battle.

But for the tragedy, however, Galimore would have become a football all of Panzer of rank. He certainly had the drive.

The Catholic Digest states that one Catholic signed the Declaration of Independence: Charles Carroll.

Vote... and the choice is yours!

Don't vote... and the choice is theirs!

Register... or you have no choice!

## MONEY 'ROUND THE WORLD

From Turin, Milan, Genoa and Venice in the North to Sicily in the South, Italy is a sun-bathed land of art, culture and stunning scenery. It's as beautiful and romantic a country as any American could wish to visit.

The basis of Italian money is the lire. At present the rate of exchange is about 625 lire to the U. S. dollar. The smallest paper money currently in use is the 1,000 lire bill (\$1.60). There are coins for 5, 10, 25, 50, 100 and 500 lire.

The simplest way to overcome currency problems while traveling overseas is to use travelers checks. First National City Bank Travelers Checks can be bought and cashed throughout Italy. And remember that most Italian shops close for siesta from 1 to 4 p.m., reopening until about 8 p.m.

And that, buddy, is no accident.

## SPORTS INTERNATIONAL

BY A. S. "DOC" YOUNG  
(For Negro Press International)

When the American girls duelled the Russian girls in that international track and field meet at the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum recently, every fan in the area, and multitudes across the country, pulled hard for the American girls to win.

And that brings us to a time-worn point, a la the late Dinah Washington:

What a difference a "day" makes! It was just a short while ago that most Americans frowned on girls' track and field with a tinge of twisting of their faces. They smashed their teeth at the thought of it. The frowning was, perhaps, more official than unofficial, for countless educational leaders spoke verbosely and eloquently in speeches which, boiled down, simply said: "Nuts to girls on the track."

The claim was that track and field was detrimental to femininity. Track and field, the critics said, made girls muscle-bound.

The sport wasn't wholesome and it wasn't healthy for girls, others said.

The more outspoken hinted (hinted, did I say?) that there was something queer about a girl who liked to run or jump in competition, ignoring the fact that running, especially, and jumping were among the most natural of exercises.

Most of the mobs were caucasian, protecting—I guess—the soft, downy daintiness of their women.

Not a living soul complained because Negro girls were carrying the banner for America, the torch for America. And, for a while there, the Negro girls saturated and dominated the field.

Alabama's Tuskegee Institute gained international fame with its famed girls' track and field

teams. Alice Coachman and her mates were great heroines in circles where running and jumping weren't regarded as cardinal sins.

Other Negro schools and athletic clubs began producing fine athletes in the feminine gender. Tennessee State, with its Tigerbelles and Coach Ed Temple, took up where Tuskegee left off. In Chicago, Joe Robichaux coached Catholic Youth organization teams and won more than a few honors.

But a "day" made a difference. For one thing, getting beat every time the huskier, faster, stronger Russian girls came along for combat began to embarrass all Americans. Negro girls alone—of course, there had been the great Stella Walsh and Babe Didrikson, but such Caucasian "tomboys" were fairly rare—couldn't be expected to carry all the banners and all the torches.

Lovely, leggy Wilma Rudolph, the Tennessee Tigerbelle, helped the pro-girls-track-and-field forces tremendously during the 1960 Rome Olympics, when she ran off with a carload of gold medals while the whole world cheered.

Obviously, Wilma was feminine. She was probably the first Negro girl athlete to be described as being "beautiful" in the general-circulation daily press. She proved that a girl didn't require a face by Frankenstein to qualify for the world of track and field.

Today, the prejudices are disappearing.

Track and field fans are hugging the girls too. They're cheering them on. They're smothering them in loving kindness, not to mention cheesecake publicity.

The mobs have taken cover (or maybe they're now too busy trying to get Goldwater elected).

## Charlie Sifford Nets \$4,333 For 2nd Place In St. Paul

Charlie Sifford of Los Angeles got back in the top money-winning bracket Sunday (Aug. 16) when he shot a four-round, nice-under-par total of 275 strokes to finish in a three-way tie for second place and win a total of \$4,433 in prize money, in the St. Paul Open Golf tournament.

The winner of the tournament was a pro rookie named Chuck Courtney of LaJolla, Calif. He

booked \$11,500 for his 23-under-par, 272 total score.

Sifford was tied for second with Jack McGowan of Largo, Fla., and Rod Fumess of Spokane, Wash.

Sifford, who finished ahead of such other famous golf pros as Julius Boros, Bobby Nichols and Lionel Herbert, played good golf throughout the tournament. He had rounds of 70-70-68-67.

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## 23,000 Persons Pay Tribute To Vet Star

CHICAGO (UPI) — "I thank you for this warmth and acceptance and for making this day possible. I will forever be grateful."

These were the words of Ernie Banks, Chicago Cubs star slugger and first baseman, as he thanked a total of 23,000 fans on hand to honor him during "Ernie Banks' Day" August 18 at Wrigley Field.

As the words flowed across the other of the bright and sunny afternoon, the crowd roared back its approval and soon Ernie, a deeply grateful individual, was almost close to tears.

The "Day" in his honor—the first ever permitted by Cubs owner P. K. Wrigley, the cheering gun magazine—was arranged by a special committee headed by Chicago sportsman Philip E. Clark.

Clark was Mayor Richard J. Daley's personal representative at the ceremonies. Banks had previously received a proclamation in the mayor's office declaring the day in his honor.

The crowd just didn't assemble to cheer Ernie, a star with the Bruins for the past 11 years, but they expressed their true feelings with a meaningful gift.

The fans gave Ernie an air-conditioned nine-passenger Dodge

station wagon. The Cubs management gave him a diamond ring, WGN-TV, whose baseball announcer Jack Brickhouse was master of ceremonies, gave the star a transistor radio and savings bonds for his three children and a hi-fi recording player set, and Banks' teammates gave him an engraved sterling silver tray.

Sharing the honors with Banks were his attractive wife, Eloyee, sons Joel and Jerry, and father, Edward, who came from Dallas, Texas, to share in the tribute to his son. Ernie is a native Texan.

Ernie's 21-month-old daughter, Jan Elizabeth, remained in the family's southside home.

AT HOME the parents mended the language, and yet expect the school to teach the kids to speak like diplomats.

WHAT YOU CAN'T say to your wife you can say to her best friend, and often get a firm hand-clasp of approval from said wife's friend.

OPT. A VERB meaning to choose or "go for," is becoming popular among writers who disdain familiar words; I'm not opting for opt.

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