

# Chapel Hill Mauls Southern By 33-6

By DOUG JOHNSTON

The Chapel Hill Wildcats slogged their way to a 33-6 victory at Southern High of Durham Friday night. Both teams had to battle rot only each other, but also slippery turf and several inches of mud on the rain-soaked gridiron.

This victory avenged an earlier loss to the Rebels and boosted the Wildcats' league record to 4-1, while the Southern squad's mark dropped to 0-5. Overall the Cats are 6-3; Southern is 2-6-1.

At the start the game promised to be a "mud battle." At the first half each team managed only one score. Joe DiCostanzo recovered a fumble on the Southern 32 for the 'Cats, from where, in three plays, they scored. Fullback David Gibson slithered over from the five, and Danny Leigh's kick was

good. Southern, sparked by full-back Jimmy Collins, launched a 72-yard drive in the closing minutes of the second quarter and the halftime mark was 7-6.

A roaring crowd of 25 Wildcat rooters witnessed the second half kick-off. As Coach Culton's squad got in the swim of things, the rooters saw the 'Cats tally four more times while the defense swamped the Rebel attack.

Stan Perry started the action with a 47-yard score from scrimmage. Minutes later he made it 20-6 as he returned a punt 53 yards to score and Leigh added the PAT. Chapel Hill added two more touchdowns in the final quarter, one the climax of a 75-yard drive as Donnie Clarke wiggled away from two Rebels to reach paymud from 35 yards out. A subsequent drive was highlighted by a 30-yard run by Leigh to the Southern six. He then took it the additional six yards to score, adding the PAT on a quarterback sneak. Score: 33-6.

Each team made three pass attempts, none of which were good. Even under the game's submarine conditions, the Wildcats failed to reach the line of scrimmage only once.

Coach Culton commented that the entire backfield (Leigh, Clarke, Perry, Gibson) "looked like they were not to be stopped. Several times we felt they were stopped at the line of scrimmage, but they kept on digging and eventually broke away."

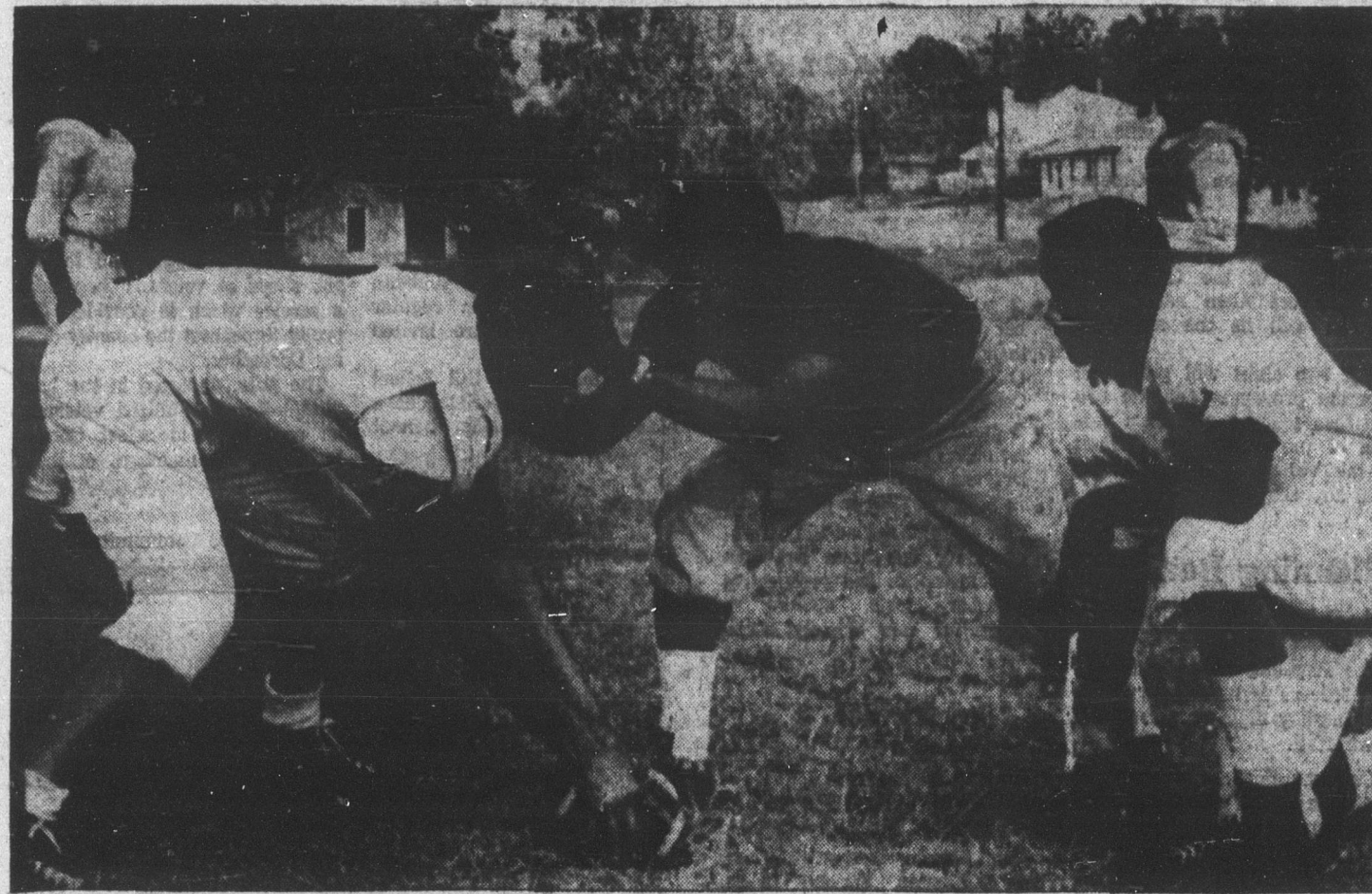
Why was the game played under such conditions?

"Probably the reason the coach (Southern's Terry Swanger) wanted to play was that Southern is known as a 'power team.' We like to run to the outside and throw the ball. It worked the opposite and we looked like a 'power team.'"

"I was amazed that we didn't fumble; that ball stayed slippery, muddy wet. Every time one of our backs went through he held the ball with both hands and tucked it under his arm."

The determination of the Wildcats on the field was matched by the Wildcats in the stands. While at one point Southern had only two fans in the stands, the Chapel Hill aggregation totaled 42 spectators at its peak, with a complete, but rain-soaked cheer-leading squad.

Score by periods:  
 Chapel Hill ..... 7 0 13 13-33  
 Southern ..... 6 0 0 0-7



Lincoln Coach William Peerman Shows One Of His Tigers How

# Lincoln Tigers: A Football Hurricane

By J. A. C. DUNN

People who mess with the Lincoln High football team lose. This is an established fact, as changeless as the prevalence of hurricanes in early autumn. The only difference between Lincoln and autumn is that the Tigers extend their hurricane season well into November.

The Tigers, a double-A team, were Eastern District champions in 1959, and State champions in 1960 and '61. They lost the State championship game last year, but that is their only loss in the last 55 games, including nine games so far this season. This year they have been running up scores of 40, 28, and, week before last, a staggering 62, all followed by 0 for their opponents. They haven't been scored on since the championship game last year. Their lowest score this year was 6, against Merrick-Moore. That was a tough game. It was raining hard. Thursday they squeaked narrowly past Nash High. Everybody but the team had been a bit worried about the Nashville game. The team had been ready to play the game Monday afternoon, but Coach William Peerman's approach to Nashville had been a bit more grave. "They're a tough team," he said last Monday. "They have big, tall boys," said Lincoln principal C. A. McDougle solemnly as classes were excused briefly Thursday morning so the students could bid the team goodbye. The Tigers preserved their record by a relative hairline: 36-0.

Lincoln is a sort of Gordian Knot of North Carolina high school football. There really isn't much point in anybody else playing Lincoln. Everybody loses, like clockwork. Things have almost gotten to the point now where Lincoln's opposition defines a perfect season as one in which every game but one is a victory. Some people on Lincoln's circuit are just this side of considering the Lincoln game an automatic loss.

The Tigers are not a big team in any sense of the word. Coach Peerman has 31 boys to work with, and regularly plays 19 of them. He throws in the other 12 for short spells now and then. The Tigers' average age is 17, most of the starters are juniors. The heaviest man on the squad weighs 196, and their opponents' lines often average over 200. The Tigers are built much like their namesake, long, lean, rangy, and fast. Two or three are quite short. One of the short boys' legs are of different lengths, a congenital handicap. He limps, but he plays guard, and if you told him to tackle a cantering horse, he probably would bring it down.

"He never flinches," said Coach Peerman. The Coach put the boy on the football team to "keep him alive," to make him see that an odd leg didn't render him useless to the world. At the beginning of the season the boy couldn't do a "bicycle" during calisthenics. Now you can't tell the difference between his and any other players' "bicycles."

"He's a good player," said Coach Peerman, "and the boys love him. They love him."

The real reason the Lincoln Tigers can't lose is that they won't. It's as simple as that. "These boys love the game, and they believe nobody can beat them." The team is as closely knit as a pearl sheet. You can

tell from watching them scrimmage. They play football among themselves during the summer. From the middle of August until school opens Coach Peerman has them up at six in the morning and practicing until eight, with another two-hour practice in the afternoon. After school starts they practice an hour and a half a day.

Sartorially, the Tigers are not impressive during practices. Their practice pants and jerseys are venerably worn, some notably tattered and patched with tape. One or two boys seem to be trousered chiefly in tape. Their helmets are good ones, but battle-scarred. But they don't care. An odd, warlike glitter flashes from the eyes behind every face guard. They move as though spring-driven; not one of them has that lumbering stride characteristic of the bulldozer lineman. The fastest man on the squad consistently outruns his interference when carrying the ball and has complained to Coach Peerman about having to run over his blockers in order to get anywhere.

Aside from his own coaching talent and the indestructible Tiger spirit, Coach Peerman has two chief assistants, Herbert Hargett and Big Mike. Herbert Hargett is a practice teacher at Lincoln and Coach Peerman's assistant. He is built like a bison and his howitzer voice has a note of utter contempt for foul-ups that stings boys into doing it right or suffering the ignominy of being summarily sidelined.

Big Mike is the Tigers' charging dummy. Relays of Tiger lines practice daily hitting Big Mike like a truck slamming into an oak, sending it and Coach Hargett, who rides the frame, sailing up and down the Lincoln High field "like tissue paper," as Coach Peerman put it.

The Tigers sing during calisthenics. They sing "Davy Crockett" while doing deep knee bends, and then they hum the tune, and then they whistle it, and then there's a little spate of chatter and they start flinging themselves to the ground and doing pushups, counting cadence.

During scrimmage both lines leap from the snap like a man snatching at a teetering bottle. A wire ball carrier made apparently of pipecleaners leaps over the line, around the line, through holes made for mice, desperate for yardage. At one point he carried three tacklers for half a dozen steps before going down.

Coach Peerman is a strict disciplinarian. "When they get in that monkey suit and come out here on the field, they're out here to work, not to play. This is no kidding, for keeps. There's got to be one boss on the field. They've got to do what you tell 'em to, if they don't I might as well go home."

They have training rules — no smoking, reasonable bed hours, etc. Coach Peerman knows that some of his boys stay out late, and that some sneak a quick cigarette on the back path from the school to Merritt Mill Road. But he doesn't go around at night looking for them. "I tell 'em, I'm not going out to look for them. You don't know where they are. It's a waste of gas." They keep or break their own rules.

Coach Peerman has deeply hollowed, rather sad eyes, the body of a veteran lumberjack, and a deep, slow, hoarse voice suggestive of immense authority. His coaching technique is not the tactful, persuasive kind. He lowers his head and glares with outrage at a player who makes a mistake. He thumps shoulders, digs ribs, bellows orders, calls his boys by their first names, and Mrs. Peerman complains that the Coach puts his team before his family. "She's almost right," he says. "She knows good and well I don't put anything above her and the children. She's just trying to get at me. But she's almost right."

He was brought up in western Pennsylvania. He loves football as a game ("and basketball just that much less, and baseball that much less than that"), but he also sees the game as a discipline. It keeps boys off the streets, away from the hangouts, out of trouble. He was not far from delinquency himself, so he knows.

"I got to running around with this group of boys. I played hooky a lot—you go to school one day, stay out three. My cousin was playing football, catching passes and everything, and I wanted so much to be like him. The coach talked to me and talked to me, and he told my daddy about me staying out of school. I didn't know he'd told my daddy. I came home one day, and my daddy said 'Take off all my clothes.' He had a coal miner's belt, which is about this thick, and he whipped me—man, he whipped me. He set me straight. I began to think after that."

He blasted the pea nearly out of his whistle and roared, "Line

## Lincoln Brushes Off Nash 36-0

Lincoln High put the finishing touches to an unbeaten and unscored-on season Thursday by thrashing Nash County High, 36-0 in Nashville.

Highlighting the game was a 100-yard touchdown run by Thomas Bell with an intercepted Nash County pass in the final quarter. Bell also scored a seven-yard touchdown in the first quarter.

Lincoln went ahead in the second quarter when Warren Harris and Paul Farrington tackled a Nash ball carrier in the end zone.

Fred Baldwin capped an 80-yard drive also in the second quarter by going over from four yards out.

Grady Wright ran 25 yards for a Lincoln touchdown on a pass

from Baldwin in the third quarter.

John Jones followed up Bell's spectacular run with a 40-yard dash on another interception for the final Lincoln TD. Farrington took a pass from Baldwin for the conversion after Bell's touchdown and Robert Davis ran for the two-pointer after Jones' interception.

The Tigers will play this week in the Eastern District playoffs.

Score by quarters:  
 Lincoln ..... 0 14 6 16-36  
 Nash Co. .... 0 0 0 0-0

## Business Faculty Teach Institute

Instructors from the University School of Business Administration will serve again this year as the faculty for the Hospital Executive Development Institute.

The four-day institute will begin on Dec. 8 at the Carolina Inn. It is designed for top-level management personnel in hospitals in both Carolinas.

The joint sponsors are the North Carolina Hospital Association and the South Carolina Hospital Association.

The dinner speaker on Dec. 8 will be Alan E. Thomas of Charlotte, general personnel manager in North Carolina for Southern Bell Telephone & Telegraph Co.

The institute faculty includes the following from the UNC School of Business Administration: Dr. Richard L. Levin, Prof. Richard P. Calhoun, Dr. Richard L. Simpson and Dr. Rex S. Winslow.

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**BEAUTY NOTES**

BY ALICE STONE

Ladies, if you think that pre-occupation with beauty and glamour comes with maturity—forget it. A recent survey on the use of beauty aids by high school girls found that the use of eye make-up products such as eye shadow, eyebrow pencils, eyelash curlers, etc. has more than doubled in the last three years. It would appear from this that even the lush blush of youth calls for an assist here and there.

Also among the young set it was discovered that 94 per cent use hand lotion, 97 per cent find it prudent to use a deodorant daily and 94 per cent shampoo their hair at least once weekly.

This last item is as good an excuse as any to remind you that the finest and most qualified hair care experts for miles around are ready to serve you at Aesthetic Hair Styling Salon. From a shampoo to an exciting new hair style, you will find a simple and effective short-cut to beauty at Aesthetic Hair Styling Salon, 133 1/2 East Franklin Street. Phone Phone 942-4335.

**THIS WEEK'S HELPFUL HINT:** Incidentally, ladies, nail polish remover is also fine for removing residue left by cellophane tape.

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