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Times-Dispatch SPORTS
24 Wed., Feb. 26, 1964

SPORTVIEW

By Chauncey Durden

Times-Dispatch Sports Editor

MIDWINTER'S MADNESS

There's a strange malady that grips the nation,
Bringing chills and fever and heart palpitation.
'Tis not the flu nor the common cold,
Yet a virus that strikes both young and old.
A disease to be caught in late February,
Completely harmless and quite temporary,
But highly contagious to kith and kin,
An ill that strikes all manner of men.

What are the symptoms of this dreadful ill;
Can it be cured with a wonder pill?
Can doctors prescribe a simple shot,
A session or two on the analyst's cot?
When it strikes is there ought you can do
To make its effects less drastic on you?
A course of treatment to arrest the case,
Or soothing trip to some far away place?

Oh yes! Much can be done to ease the pain;
Fine remedies proven time and again!
Once you've gotten a sure diagnosis . . .
That you've really got acute "tournamentosis."
Oh, indeed you have it, of that there's no doubt,
When basketball's all you can think about.
When you mumble and stumble and stare into space,
Worrying about the conference race.

When you speak of shuffles and zones and hooks,
And pore at night over strategy books.
Spend hours discussing the one and one,
The full-court-press, the shoot and run.
Your fever it worsens each night about ten,
When the games are over and the scores all in.
And you catch the sportscast to hear the score,
Then juggle the tourney positions once more.

You figure the pairings, the times, and such,
Wond'ring who's well . . . who'll hit in the clutch.
As you check statistics and records past,
Now you're approaching the crisis fast!
At last, the scores are all in . . . the season's done,
The victim is feverish, but recovery's begun.
No pill can relieve it the doctors report,
The cure is a seat on the tournament court!

The better the seat, the quicker the cure,
But's a medical fact, no seat is too poor.
The suitcase is packed, the tickets arrive,
The doctor says you'll most surely survive.
Then at the arena . . . the games 'bout to start,
There's a glow on your face, a pound in your heart.
When the balls are a'bouncin' and the nets are a'fly,
Then's when the sparkle returns to your eye!

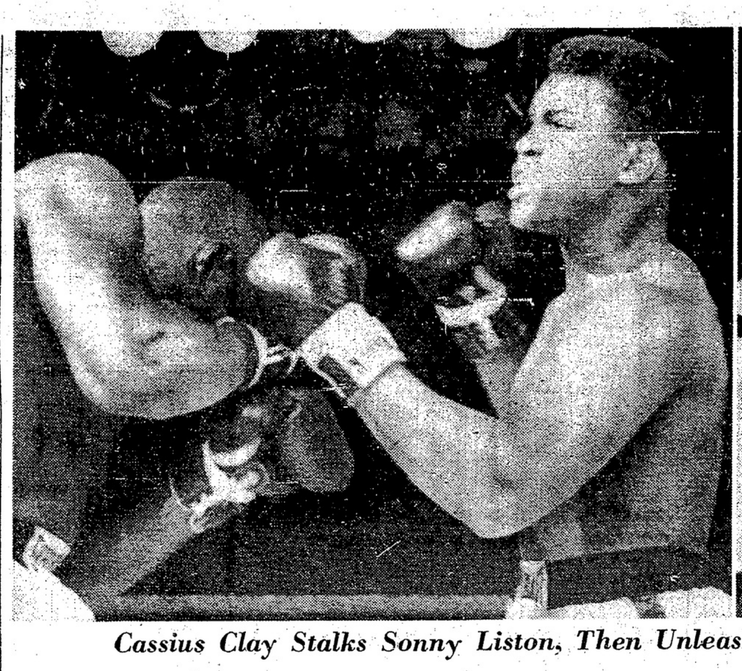
It's then that you know you'll surely survive,
The crisis has passed, you're really alive!
You've jumped and screamed and yelled yourself hoarse,
The dread disease has 'most run its course.
After three days of treatment your fever is down,
Games are all over, you leave the big town.
Back to your home and your family so dear,
Fully recovered . . . until next year!

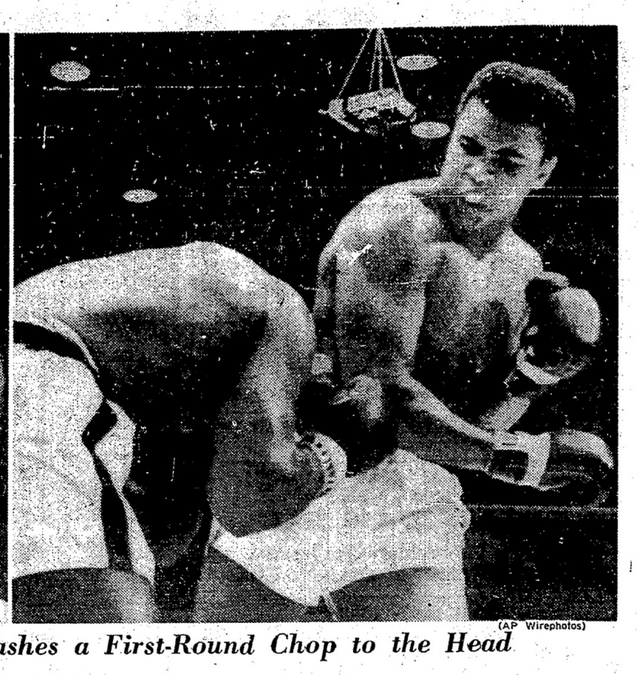
—WILLIAM H. PURYEAR

Disa and Data:

LYNCHBURGER PURYEAR WROTE in a note attached to his rhyme: "The Capital City will feel a little lonesome this weekend as she gazes to the southwest and sadly watches the festivities in Charlotte. And, think of the old Arena sitting there cold and forsaken, filled with memories of past glories.". . . A former tournament official offers as reason No. 1 for picking Davidson to win the Southern Conference tournament the fact that "the Davidson players will be sleeping in their own beds." The No. 1 seeded Wildcats will commute between Davidson and Charlotte—a distance of less than 20 miles—during the tournament. . . . That anything can happen in basketball is pointed up by the fact that Furman's No. 5 tournament seeded Paladins defeated No. 1 seeded Davidson and No. 2 seeded West Virginia during the season. . . . And if further proof of basketball's uncertainty is in order, consider the University of Virginia's varsity and freshman teams scoring over North Carolina Monday night. Why, in an earlier game at Chapel Hill, the Carolina freshmen had beaten the Cavayearlings by more than 40 points. But Big John Naponick, UVa.'s fabulous freshman, said after that game, "They (the Carolina freshmen) are good, but not that good."

Now it is baseball that is taking a back seat to the Beatles. The company that puts out the bubble gum baseball cards is delaying this year's issue of major league baseball player cards in order to capitalize on the Beatles. That's right, Beatle bubble gum cards will be placed in distribution this week. . . . Dick Herbert, sports editor of the Raleigh News and Observer, is a mild fellow, not given to losing his temper in print. But the decision of the Atlantic Coast Conference to move back the championship game of the ACC tournament to 9:07 p.m. in order to televise the game brought out all the fight in Herbert. He ripped into conference officials in his Monday's column. . . ."It is time," Herbert concluded his column, "the college presidents examine the current practice of allowing college sports officials to sell tickets and, AFTER all are gone, to send the game out free on television. This is money grabbing of the lowest order. The paying customer deserves protection he is not getting.". . . Note to Emporians: One of the real good ones of this world, Red Barber, is in your midst. Treat him with loving care.

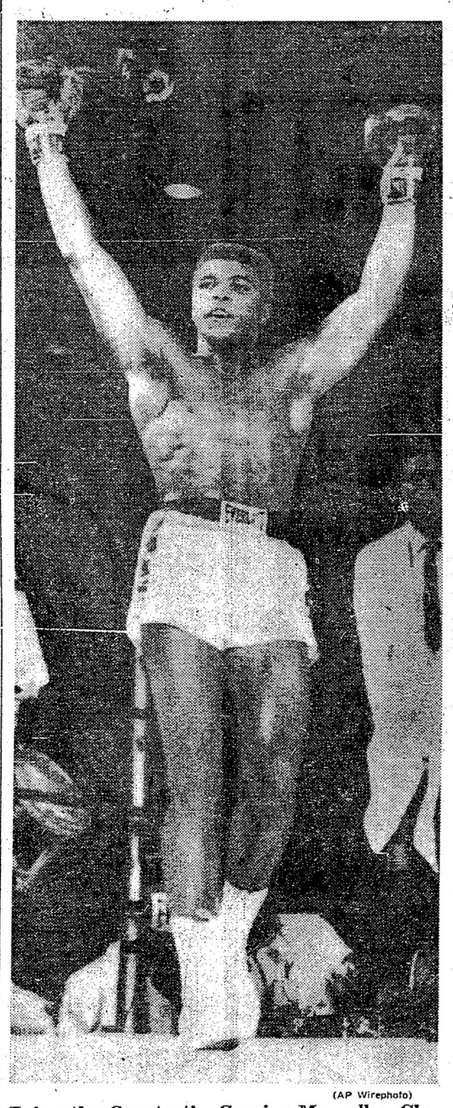




(AP Wirephotos)

Cassius Clay Stalks Sonny Liston, Then Unleashes a First-Round Chop to the Head

Clay Wins Heavyweight Crown On TKO Over Liston in Seventh



(AP Wirephoto)

'I Am the Greatest'—Cassius Marcellus Clay

Impossible Happened After All

From T-D Wire Dispatches

MIAMI BEACH, Feb. 25 — Cassius Clay stepped out from his corner for the start of the seventh round Tuesday night, bold and still unafraid.

A burgeoning look of amazement suddenly spread across his face.

"Yipee," he screamed, flinging both gloves aloft in the ecstacy of the moment.

He alone in the Miami Beach Convention Hall seemed to realize the impossible had happened.

Sonny Liston had, yielded his heavyweight championship while sitting with head bowed on the stool in his corner. Unbelievable as it had to appear, Clay was the new heavyweight champion.

Yet shocking as this may have seemed to those who saw the fight in the flesh or on closed circuit TV or heard via radio, it probably was fitting climax to a day which had been laced with fantasy.

An Emotional State

At the morning weigh-in, Clay had worked himself into an emotional state that came pretty close to being outright hysteria.

He looked scared. He acted scared. A boxing commission doctor told reporters Clay acted as if he was "scared to death."

"Liston is tense," said Dr. Alexander Robbins, the examining physician. "But Clay is nervous and scared, and he's burning up a lot of energy. It's going to hamper him in the fight." The doctor was not the only one who was wrong.

Clay turned the weigh-in, usually a routine business, into a wild, tumultuous prelude to the fight.

At precisely 10:30 a.m., he burst into the weigh-in room, complete with retinue, and wearing a blue denim work jacket with "bear huntin" written in red script across

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(AP Wirephoto)

Ex-Champion Liston

A Bad Shoulder

Round by Round

ROUND ONE

Liston was short with a jab as Clay ducked away. Cassius moved away as Liston stalked him. Liston landed a hard right to the ribs. Clay got in two jabs as he moved back. Liston was short again with two jabs. Clay scored with a glancing left and right to the head. Clay got in another left jab as Liston missed with his attempted left jabs. Clay got him with two more left jabs as he stood in mid-ring for a moment.

Clay drove a volley of six punches to Liston's head and followed with another left and right to the head, but Liston seemed okay. They fought for several moments after the bell sounded. Neither the fighters or the referee apparently heard it.

Clay's round.

ROUND TWO

Liston got in a left jab to the head and a right to the body as the second round started. Liston scored with a short left hook to the head, but took two left jabs in return. Liston missed with a tremendous left as Clay backed away. Liston missed two jabs but got in three others as Clay, hands down, moved away.

Clay scored with two light left jabs to the head and a left to the body and then moved back. Liston pinned Clay to the ropes and pounded him with both hands to the ribs. Clay got away and started moving again. Clay shot over four left jabs in mid-ring. Liston got in a jab but missed two others as Clay backed away. Liston got in a light left jab and hook to the head.

Liston's round.

ROUND THREE

Clay shot over two jabs in mid-ring as the third started. Clay drove over a volley of punches that hurt Liston. A cut was open under Liston's left eye. Liston tore after Cassius and pounded him to the body, but Clay turned right back with hard lefts to the cut. The cut looked wide and deep. Clay moved nimbly around the heavy-footed champion. Liston got in a left and right to the body and then a hard left to the jaw. Liston drove in a hard right uppercut to the jaw as the fans roared. Liston stalked Clay and connected with a good right to the jaw and three stiff left jabs to the head. Clay got in a left jab as the crowd roared.

Clay's round.

ROUND FOUR

Clay snapped over two left jabs to the head after Liston missed with two. Liston plodded after Clay who stabbed him with three left jabs. Liston got Cassius in a corner, but Clay got out without trouble. Clay stood even in mid-ring with Liston and snapped over three jabs. Then he moved back with his hands down. Clay was not moving away as much as before. Liston was short with jabs as Clay circled him. Clay landed two jabs and took one back. Liston drove over a solid right and left to the jaw, but the punches did not seem to bother Cassius. Liston got in two light jabs before Clay moved away and got in two of his own. Clay looked much faster than the champion. Clay snapped a left hook to the jaw just before the bell sounded.

Clay's round.

ROUND FIVE

Liston's seconds had an ice bag on the champion's cut and swollen left side of the face. Clay smashed him to the body with both hands. Clay got away and then held. Clay was blinking his eyes as Liston stalked him. Liston drove a hard left hook to the jaw and a right to the jaw as Clay moved away. Clay held out his left hand as Liston moved after him. Clay was not punching. He was just holding out his left arm. Liston belted a left hook to the body and a left and right to the head. But Clay appeared to know what he was doing as he circled away from the tiring champion. He stabbed two left jabs to the face as he moved back. He was moving slowly away from Liston who was very sluggish and apparently very tired.

Liston's round.

ROUND SIX

The referee looked around the ringside and asked somebody to get a doctor to look at Clay's eyes but the bell sounded and they started fighting. Clay missed a left hook but scored with a fast right and left to the jaw. Cassius snapped over three lefts and three rights to the head without return. They were light punches, however. Liston got in a left jab, but took two hard lefts to the head in return. Clay moved around Liston usually only about two feet away from him. He moved in and then cut again on the lumbering Liston. Cassius missed a right that brought up oh from the crowd. Clay snapped four straight left jabs to Liston's face. Liston drove over a short right to the head but took two lefts to the jaw as the bell sounded and the crowd roared.

Clay's round.

Ex-Olympic Champ Was a 7-1 Longshot

MIAMI BEACH, Feb. 25—(AP)—Cassius Clay, a 7-1 longshot, scored one of the major upsets in boxing history Tuesday night when Sonny Liston gave up the world heavyweight title in his corner because of a strained left shoulder.

As Liston failed to come out for the seventh round it went into the record books as a controversial seventh round technical knockout.

There was a chorus of boos from the small crowd of 8,000 in the Miami Beach Convention Hall at the ending. Liston had been cut under the left eye in the third round and looked slow and lumbering against the 22-year-old former Olympic champion from Louisville.

Clay, the fourth fighter with a perfect record to win the world heavyweight crown, leaped into the air at the sudden ending and opened his mouth wide as he yelled to newsmen, "Eat your words!"

"The Greatest"

"I am the greatest, I am the greatest, I am the greatest," the new champion chanted ceaselessly after it was over.

"I'm the king of the world. I upset the world. I am the king. I am the king."

Asked why Liston couldn't get to him, Clay said, "Because I'm too fast. He was scared.

"I am the greatest that ever lived.

"I just beat Sonny Liston and I just turned 22, so I must be the greatest.

"I was going to end it in the eighth as you would have seen, but the man stopped it in seven."

The press almost unanimously had picked Liston to beat back the brash Louisville Lip, who had put on a frantic scene at the morning weigh-in.

Dr. Alexander Robbins, chief physician of the Miami Beach Boxing Commission, said, "Lis-

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Cards of Fight

Referee Barney Felix							
Liston	9	10	9	10	10	9	—57
Clay	10	9	10	9	9	10	—57
Judge Bunny Lovett							
Liston	9	10	10	10	10	9	—58
Clay	10	9	10	9	8	10	—56
Judge Gus Jacobson							
Liston	9	10	9	9	10	9	—56
Clay	10	10	10	10	9	10	—59
The Associated Press							
Liston	9	10	9	9	10	9	—56
Clay	10	9	10	10	9	10	—58

Liston's Purse Withheld

MIAMI BEACH, Feb. 25—(AP)—The Miami Beach Boxing Commission ordered Sonny Liston's purse withheld pending examination of the former heavyweight champion by two surgeons in Miami Beach Wednesday.

The announcement, by Ed Lassman, a member of the commission and president of the World Boxing Association, was made about one-half hour after Liston gave up his world title to young Cassius Clay by failing to report for the seventh round.

The examination of Liston, who quit with what was announced as an injury to his left shoulder, will be made by Dr. Lester Russin and Dr. Stanley Winkle.

Liston said immediately after the fight that his shoulder was injured in the first round.

"It feels like it is broken," he said.

Liston's manager, Jack Nilon, said he ordered the former champion to quit, and emphasized that it was his, Nilon's decision, not Liston's.

The purse affected will be only the live gate. The commission does not have control over any monies Liston will receive from close circuit telecasts of the bout, monies which make up the great bulk of the estimated $1.3 million he will receive.

Rebs Stop Lancers, Tie for Lead, 85-73

By Bob Diehl

Douglas Freeman's Rebels, giving Manchester a merciless beating at the backboards, parlayed a 22-rebound advantage and a 45 per cent floor shooting percentage into an 85-73 victory over the previously unbeaten Lancers last night before a turn-away Arena crowd of more than 5,000 persons.

The loss, Manchester's first in 14 starts, boosted Freeman, now also 13-1, into a first-place tie with the Lancers, in the Central District.

It also set up a possible play-off between the two teams for the district title. (See story, Page 27.)

It was a tremendous team victory for the Rebels, who went most of the way with six players.

Buddy Reams, the Rebels' 6-5 forward, led the surge, both offensively and defensively.

Reams scored 18 points, pulled in a game-high 16 rebounds and almost completely bottled up Manchester's Bill Mavredes, half the Lancers' outstanding one-two scoring-rebound punch.

Greer Jackson tied Reams for Rebel scoring honors with 18 and captured 10 rebounds as Freeman took a whopping 57-35 advantage off the boards.

Saint Lee contributed 16 points, Doug Ennis 11 (eight in a third-period surge) and Ken Allen eight points and six rebounds despite sitting out more than half the game saddled with personal fouls. Allen finally fouled out 2:03 left to play.

MANCHESTER	G	F	T	DOUG.-FREEMAN	G	F	T
Bundy	10	9-9	29	Reams	5	8-11	18
Green	4	2-4	10	Allen	4	0-0	8
Mavredes	6	4-5	16	Jackson	7	4-6	18
Ely	4	0-1	8	Ennis	5	1-3	11
Robison	2	3-6	7	Lee	7	2-3	16
Ford	0	1-2	1	Gilman	0	0-1	0
Montez	1	0-0	2	Childress	7	0-0	14
Russell	0	0-0	0	Overton	0	0-0	0
Totals	27	19-27	73	Totals	35	15-24	85

Manchester	16	19	15	23	—73
Douglas Freeman	24	20	15	26	—85

Reams left with 31 seconds left.

But the decisive points and rebounds probably were contributed by Allen's sub Boyd Childress.

A 6-2 senior who had scored just 35 points all season, Childress fired in 14 last night and pulled in eight rebounds in about three-quarters of action.

When the Rebels made their first surge, going from 24-18 to 32-18 early in the second period, Childress collected two field goals.

Later in the period he retaliated with two straight after Manchester had narrowed the deficit from 38-24 to 38-29.

In the third period Childress fired in two more to help Ennis as they scored 12 of Freeman's 15 points.

The Rebels took the lead for good at the 4:05 mark of the first period on Allen's tap of

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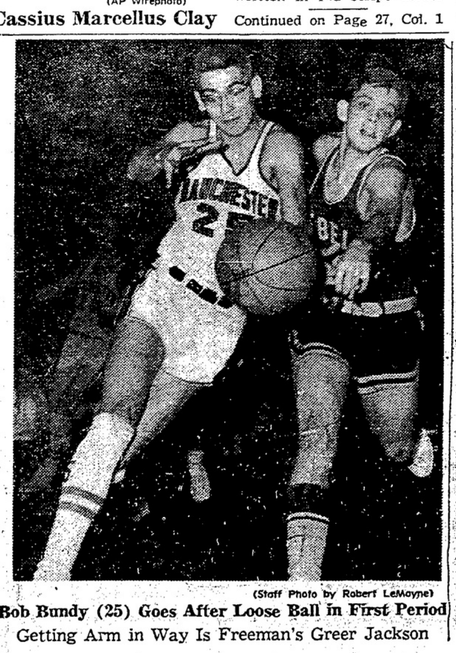

(Staff Photo by Robert LeMayne)

Bob Bundy (25) Goes After Loose Ball in First Period

Getting Arm in Way Is Freeman's Greer Jackson

A MOVIE PLOT

Mosque Audience Shocked by Ending

By Dick Heller

It was like the plot in a bad cowboy movie.

You know . . . the cowboy stands outlined against the twilight sky, crooning a love song to his horse.

Shattering shots ring out and, before customers can grab another handful of popcorn, the hero is aboard his steed and firing away at a crew of disappearing bandits.

That's how it was for sudden drama last night at the Mosque in the combination movie theater-ringside atmosphere generated by championship fights these days.

The crowd of 3,500 booed Cassius Clay at the introductions but, after the first round, backed the challenger all the way. As the sixth round ended, customers applauded and asked each other "can it be for real? I think Clay is beating him, but you can't tell from television. . . ."

Then the announcer was screaming something indistinguishable and Clay's handlers were in the ring. The ending came as a complete shock to the Mosque audience, which had been given no indication that Sonny Liston's shoulder was proving a problem.

People leaped to their feet, ran into the aisles, and circled meaningless ly until Joe Louis—converted to a TV commentator for the evening—herded Clay to the microphone.

That put everybody back in their seats for the challenger's deathless words. They proved familiar, proving that success will not spoil

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