

TIME OUT



"Like they say — the bigger they are, the harder they fall!"

Gavilan Reaches Chicago

By CHARLES CHAMBERLAIN
CHICAGO (AP)—Ah, for the life of a champion.
Welterweight King Kid Gavilan, his leather face creased in smiles, arrived in Chicago last night to begin his final week of drills before trying to dislodge Carl (Bobo) Olson's middleweight crown in Chicago Stadium next Friday.

Gavilan was bundled in a heavy overcoat as he stepped from a New York plane into blasts of cold wind. Reporters whisked him away to a nearby cafe and there the fun began.

Gavilan is one of the few sports big shots who is agreeable for anything. He'll pose for a picture standing on his head and wiggling his toes if asked.

AUTOGRAPH

In the cafe, he wandered back to the kitchen and donned a chef's white headpiece and coat. Then he pretended he was carving up a big roast from the oven. Meanwhile, waitresses and kitchen help grouped around him, handing him dollar bills to autograph.

"These people—what won't they think of next for Gavilan," fumed Mundito Medina, the champion's cagey little trainer and a character in his own right.

Medina looked around the kitchen. "Look at Gavilan. They could give him a blank check to autograph and he wouldn't know the difference. Here he is in all this heat signing stuff and posing for pictures. He should be in bed resting."

While all this was going on, the confusion was completed by loud barks and growls from an iron-barred door leading to the office of the cafe's manager.

There inside was a great Dane. Someone was patting the huge dog and whispering in his ear.

"He won't hurt no one," this fellow said. "He just makes a lot of noise. Hey, Gavilan, how about this guy—he weighs 160 pounds."

That set off the photographers. They wanted Gavilan to get inside the office with the beast and make like he was going to punch him.

Gavilan peered through the iron grating and the great Dane—called "Chief"—stuck his nose through. Gavilan stroked it. The dog looked up at him.

"Okay," said Gavilan. "I go in—you take picture. This dog just another middleweight to Gavilan."

At this point, Medina was fit to be tied.

"No dogs!" he yelled. "No dogs! How stupid can you people get. One bite and Gavilan loses his arm to elbow and world will be without man who become next middleweight champion. No dogs!"

And with that, the group moved on to a hotel where Gavilan went to bed.

HOCKEY

HOCKEY PLAYOFFS
By THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
Thursday's Results
NATIONAL LEAGUE
Toronto 3, Detroit 1 (Best of 7 series tied 1-1)
Montreal 3, Boston 1 (Montreal leads best-of-7 semi-final series 2-0)

AMERICAN LEAGUE
Pittsburgh 3, Hershey 2 (Pittsburgh leads best-of-5 semi-final series 2-0)
WESTERN LEAGUE
Calgary 3, Victoria 1 (Best-of-7 series tied 1-1)
Basketball 4, Edmonton 0 (Best-of-7 series tied 1-1)

INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE
Cincinnati 3, Johnstown 0 (Cincinnati leads best-of-7 final series 1-0)

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Gayle Talbot Tebbetts' Hopes On Young John Temple

By GAYLE TALBOT
SARASOTA, Fla. (AP)—Birdie Tebbetts, serving his first spring as manager of the Cincinnati Reds, has found his man—the player whose fighting spirit and hustle and all-around oneness are going to team up with Birdie's brains to yank the club higher than sixth place in the National League.

The youngster, who already has captured Birdie's heart, is a tobacco-chewing hard rock named Johnny Temple, who played 63 games for the Reds last season and fully intends to play every game at second base in the race coming up. He is listed at 175 pounds, but somebody must have had a foot on the scales.

"He's the toughest little monkey I've come across in a long time," Tebbetts says happily. "Up to now he's called every man on the team a dirty name except me, and I expect to be next. He's a real throwback to the old days."

"He's been playing down in Venezuela this winter, and when he reported to me I asked him if he would like to take it easy for a while. All he answered was 'I haven't got time to take it easy.' If he can hit enough to play second base for me, I guarantee you'll see some action."

"The other day Del Crandall (Milwaukee catcher) blocked the plate on him when he was coming in and you never saw such a collision. The ball flew off and that big Crandall just stayed down as Johnny came limping to the bench. Someone told him Crandall was still down and he said, 'That's nothing—I'm afraid to look and see if I've still got a kneecap.'"

"Then, before he sat down, he went over and glared at Ted Kuszewski, the biggest player in the world, and said, 'Let that be a lesson to you, you big slob.' Our star first baseman hasn't thought of an answer yet."

Temple played with Tulsa of the Texas League in 1951 and part of 1952, and is said to have left an

indelible impression upon that circuit, which knew a few tough characters before he came along. He led the league in stolen bases in 51 and hit a robust .306 for most of the next season, so there is reason for Tebbetts to hope his bat will prove adequate this year.

"He used to start fights in the Texas League that everybody got in," volunteered one of his admirers from down there. "Once he got a rip across his head that took 16 stitches to close, but before the game was over he was back with a bandage around his head, taring to go some more."

The best score, good for second place in the division standings, was turned in by the Timber Structures squad of Portland, Ore. It rolled a 2925, still a respectable distance back of the leading Milwaukee (Wis.) Bridge and Iron team which has had a fat 2984 since opening day.

The other two newcomers who muscled their way into the select circle were Casey's Auto Sales of Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., and Shockey's Optics of Kansas City, Mo.

Casey's took over ninth on the strength of a 2751 and Shockey's tenth with two points less. Out of the leaders' ladder went Mike's Paint and Glass, Blackfoot, Idaho; Lumbermen's Mercantile, Olympia, Wash., and Oxford Bar, Haver, Mont.

The single ladder remained unchanged in Thursday's action but two sharp jolts were given leaders in the all-events and doubles divisions.

Doug Garrison, 33-year-old Kirkland, Wash., watchmaker, and Elv McNeely of Everett, Wash., teamed up to roll a 1228 and muscled into third place.

Garrison's 645 in the doubles, a 695 team series and 616 singles effort gave him an all-events total of 1866 and second place in those standings.

The booster team division got a new leader as the First Restaurant of Tacoma, Wash., rolled a hot 2816 to replace Moose Clubbers of Spokane, leaders since opening day last Saturday.

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TIME OUT — Eddie Stanky takes time out from directing the St. Louis Cardinals to give his son Mike, 2, some hitting pointers. Mike, however, seems more interested in the cameraman.

Home-Run Ball Still Plagues Ralph Branca

By RIP WATSON
Associated Press Sports Writer
The dreaded home-run ball, which added Ralph Branca's name to the list of baseball's greatest "goats" in 1961, still is dogging the handsome right-hander.

Branca yielded three home runs—good for a total of six runs—in five innings yesterday against Cincinnati. The Redlegs went on to beat the Detroit Tigers 13-11. Wally Post, a .242 hitter with Cincinnati last year, hit the first with the bases empty, and pitcher Harry Perkowski added to Branca's embarrassment with a similar homer.

Then Hobie Landritsch (.249 last year) slugged one out of the park with the bases loaded.

It was Bobby Thompson, then with the New York Giants, who victimized Branca with a home run in the final game of the 1951 National League playoff against Brooklyn. The historic blow cost the Dodgers a pennant and just about wrecked what had started out as a promising career for Branca with the Brooklyn club.

BETTER PITCHER
At the age of 21, Branca won 21 and lost 12 in leading the Brooks to a pennant. He never reached that figure again, although he was one of Brooklyn's better pitchers until Thomson unloaded against him. He pitched in only 16 games in 1952, winning four and losing two, and was sold to the Detroit Tigers last year after yielding 12 runs in 41 innings of pitching. Ironically, Brooklyn asked waivers on Branca shortly after he had been shelled again by the Giants. No National League club wanted him.

Branca wasn't the only pitcher to get his lumps yesterday, however.

The Philadelphia Phillies and Milwaukee wound up with a "foot-ball" score, 16-13 for the Phils, after a wild ninth inning in which the winners scored nine times and the losers six. Del Kouns belted two home runs and Stan Lopata one for the Phils, and Sibby Sisti, Jim Pendleton and Hank Aaron homered for the Braves.

SENSATION
Rudy Regalado, Cleveland's rookie sensation, slugged his sixth

and seventh home runs of the training season as the Indians whipped the Chicago Cubs 6-3. The 23-year-old phenom also singled twice and now has a .447 batting average and 17 runs batted in.

Pittsburgh took over first place—that's right, first place—in the National League spring standings by choking off a desperate Philadelphia Athletics rally to squeeze out an 8-7 victory. The A's had scored twice and had two men on base when Ed McChesney filed out to end the game.

The Washington Senators slugged Billy Pierce, the Chicago White Sox' top lefty, for six runs in the second and chased him in the fourth while running up a 9-2 score against the Sox. Connie Marrero and Al Sima teamed up to hold the Sox to six hits, all singles.

SCORELESS
Oh, yes, there was some good pitching elsewhere too. Bob Wiesler became the first New York Yankee pitcher to go seven games, and Tom Morgan added two more scoreless innings as the world champions blanked the Boston Red Sox 2-0. Outfielder Hank Bauer baited home both runs in the third inning.

Stan Musial made three hits and scored both runs in the St. Louis Cardinals 2-1 victory over Brooklyn, which shoved the Dodgers back into second place. Gerry Staley went seven innings for the Cards, allowing the only Dodger run, and Tom Poholsky finished up.

The Baltimore Orioles got three unearned runs from three New York errors and defeated the Giants 3-1, thereby giving the Birds the best record of the four clubs training in Arizona.

Brixen, Ross Sign for Bout
SPOKANE (AP)—Gene Brixen, a Sandpoint, Idaho, heavyweight who has won all 13 of his professional bouts, will face veteran Chuck Ross of Portland in the main event of a boxing card here March 30.

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TO BUY THAT REVOLUTIONARY NEW JOHNSON OUTBOARD MOTOR!

The first shipment of a push-button outboard, a 25 horsepower model equipped with built-in electric starter, has been received in Klamath Falls by Mr. H. E. Hauger.

With such a motor, the local dealer explained, an outboard boat can be operated fully from the driver's seat in the same manner as the family car. Starter and choke are operated by push-buttons mounted in a dashboard panel and the outboard, the Sea-Horse 25 produced by Johnson Motors, is equipped with all fittings for steering wheel and throttle-and-shift control units.

The new electric outboard, H. E. Hauger said, retains the ready-pull hand starter intact for optional use. He said the Johnson 25 also will continue to be available in the standard nine-electric version.

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Gavilan Finds Training Camp Oppressive Chore

By JIMMY BRESLIN
NFA Staff Correspondent
SUMMIT, N.J. — (NEA) — A training camp, if you have been a fighter for as long as Kid Gavilan has, quickly becomes an oppressive place. The days start early and there are times, during those four-mile runs before breakfast, that the fighter would like to call it quits and get his bout over with on the spot.

Ehsan's training camp, where the welterweight champion has done the major training for his April 2nd try at Carl (Bobo) Olson's middleweight crown, has been Gavilan's home for two months.

The place stands on a Jersey roadside, and it seems to be scooped out of a hill. It is a small and quiet camp with a farm house and, up the hill a little, a two-story gymnasium. The room the flat-faced Cuban shares with his trainer, Mundito Mendina, is in the gym building.

Gavilan sprawled himself out on the edge of his bed and talked training as he wrapped white gauze around his hand for the sparring session he had scheduled in a few minutes.

ROUTINE
"Same routine all time," he said. "Same for Baselyo (Basilio), Paddy Yong (sic). Never change. Worry 'bout condition. Wall, that's important. Olson beazy fighter. Kill yourself after fight goes 10 rounds. This was goes fifteen. Gotta be okay for whole fifteen round."

Gavilan is only 26, but he talked in the tired tones of one who has been working too long at the same job. "Too much travel," he said. "My wife at Havana. Gavilan Kid here. Then I go to Chicago, too much."

His trainer is a busy little fellow and he came into the room, wearing an undershirt and suspenders. He spoke quickly in Spanish and then led Gavilan out into the gym for his boxing.

First, Joe Tomasello, a middleweight club fighter, got into the ring, and Gavilan boxed him cautiously. He gave ground and took that peculiar chicken walk off to one side, peering over his hunched left shoulder as he went. He worked two rounds with Tomasello and then Mendita put in a helmeted boy he called "Figaro."

As he yelled for the two to start, Gavilan walked over to the bucket set up on a table alongside the ring. He leaned through the ropes and spit his mouthpiece into it. Then he motioned he wanted another.

The trainer produced one and quickly stuffed it into the fighter's mouth and then left the room as Gavilan and "Figaro" began boxing. Gavilan needs nobody to instruct him when he is in a ring. He does things himself and knows when to do them. Three straight times he came inside and tied up his sparring partner by locking his right arm over the other guy's left and showing his opponent's right hand straight into the air with the other hand. This is the way he plans to tie up Olson inside, where Bobo is best.

DANCE
When Mundita came back and began to sing the "Skaters Waltz" aloud, the Kid began to dance around, jabbing. He'll do this against Olson, too.

He answered the trainer's call for a last minute flurry by yelling a garbled, "Come, come," through his mouthpiece to "Figaro." Then

he busted his man with a right hand. That, too, will be a big thing against Olson. Catch him coming in.

Now his sparring was over and the Kid was dancing around, shadow boxing. His taped hands cut through the air in quick, vicious arcs. As he skipped around the low-ceiling room, he watched the group of onlookers who sat on a row of bleachers. He picked out one sickly, dressed guy and stopped in front of him, then fired a fast punch which whistled past the surprised guy's ear.

FUN
This was fun for the kid and he roared, "Ha!" as he threw it. Then he volleyed at the guy, who blinked with every move, Gavilan yelled, "Ha! . . . Heel!" as he fired away.

The trainer screamed at him in Spanish, and Gavilan stopped and addressed the crowd.

"Champeen here and entertain you . . . where's hand for him? Come on, clap." The Kid skipped out and into the shower room as the people clapped for him.

He came back to his room dressed in blue jeans and cowboy boots. Mendina had two eggs and a glass of carrot juice ready for him. Gavilan cracked one of the eggs at an end and sucked its contents. He did the same with the other, then gulped down the juice.

Then he sat on his bed and looked out the window. "Nothing to do until tomorrow," he said. "It's always the same."

KID GAVILAN . . . Olson 'beazy'

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