

Scouting Brown Indian Game Was Like An Old Home Week

By GIL STINGER

"No Siamese cats, no covered bridges, no sports cars."

Bob Dimicco ticked off some of my interests when he spotted me back of the scoring bench at the St. Bonaventure "long house" Saturday a few minutes before 9 p.m.

"How come you're here?" he asked.

"I'm a scout, an Indian scout," I said.

I wasn't kidding either. The credentials which got me there, read plain as day: "Scouting Floor Space, Niagara 1968. Downstairs."

So there I was, maybe five

feet off the floor, St. Bonaventure seniors on either side, the team benches 10 feet away, surrounded by 6,000 Brown Indian fans, the biggest tribal gathering since the long house opened.

(The official name of the gathering place is "University Center." I prefer "long house" because of the Indian head design etched in the floor and the scalps hanging on the end walls. The scalps are labeled Niagara, Detroit, Toledo, Kent . . . or are those pennants?)

FOR AN HOUR and 45 minutes I scouted the activities on the floor space, as my ticket said. I had just seen Calvin Murphy on the CBS News TV show that evening, and here

now, in person, was the young man from Niagara.

When he autographed my program afterward, he signed it "best wishes," and in his suit, white shirt, dark tie, and fine features, he reminded me of the pictures of the late singer, Nat King Cole. A likeable young fellow.

I had gathered from Mike Abdo and Bob Davies of the TH sports staff that Calvin would be something to see because he is a sort of national basketball figure.

(Basketball is the name of the action.) After the hour and 45 minutes, I gathered the Brown Indians (the name of the St. Bona basketball team) can handle such figures in their stride.

And when Bona's Bob Lanier, six foot 11, takes a stride, what the Rochester Times Union:

EVEN IF you don't know anything about layups, zones, and rebounds, it is a marvel to behold those tiered seats filled to the rafters with people come from near and far to behold 10 young men dashing about an oak floor in rapid pursuit of an orange ball.

For instance, John Nelson of Hornell, famed Alfred University sports publicist, accompanied by Pete Cartella, drove over for their first look at a Bona game in the Center.

In the row where I sat were Keith Sheldon of the Dunkirk Observer; David O'Mara of Rochester, scouting for Provi-

dence whom the Bonnies play Feb. 10; "Skip" Myslenski of the Rochester Times Union; "Mick" Dunning, a Bonnie fan from Fredonia; "Hap" Hazard and Pe'e Hubbell of WJTN, Jamestown, and a scout from Fairfield whose name I didn't get.

"Hap's" parents live in Little Genesee. "Pete" is the son of Buffalo's Ralph Hubbell, for many years a noted TV and radio sports announcer.

BOB DIMICCO (school teacher, 4th Ward supervisor and Olean Republican city chairman) operates a panel of switches which control the electronic scoreboards on the walls. Along the bench with Bob were "Tim" Wallace, St. Bona

English prof and former radio announcer, who is the official scorer; Dave Winn, Bradford, a Bona graduate student teaching at Hinsdale who announces on the loudspeaker system; and Mitchell Eade, Joe's brother, who handles the amplifier controls on the system.

I cite these person ages only to underline what Bob Schneitler of the TH staff said during the half. "It's like old home week at these games. You see people you don't see maybe for a year."

Speaking of the orange balls, you will see 12 of these balls in a rack in front of the scoring bench. But none is used in the game. They're for practice only. The game ball is a new one supplied by the referee.

AT OUR SCOUTING bench, we all figured it had been a pleasant evening. We even had a little excitement when we

smelled something burning. "Steve" Deery, a student from Oneonta, one of numerous blue-coated "bouncers," looked into it, as did dozens of Burns guards and maintenance men. Turned out to be a student's jacket, fallen to the floor. A cigarette had fallen on it, burnt a hole in it.

I enjoyed the psychological warfare before the battle in which a funeral march was held with the enemy in a coffin. The black box with purple eagle (Niagara symbol) inside was held open while the Niagara players practiced. Heap big Indian torture!

A man commented to me Sunday that Niagara had been "dyed purple," but that's a pun, son.

THE STUDENTS generally were well-behaved, if noisy, but what would an Indian battle be without war whoops? Most of the remarks were polite, such as "hey, ref, that was a very bad call," but perhaps I didn't hear 'oo well in all the din.

As the long house cleared at 10:45 p.m., rapidly through 16 exits, I talked with the Rev. Richard Amico of St. John's Church who had been busy keeping track of the scores. He said one of the Brown Indians, Johnny Hayes Jr., was in his former parish, St. Joseph's, at

Niagara Falls. Fr. Amico had gone to Niagara Falls Saturday to drive the player's mother, Mrs. Carmella Hayes, down for the game.

Mike and Bob had warned me about post-game traffic. A group of 45 Olean fans chartered a bus for the Olean-St. Bona drive rather than use their own cars. However, by waiting 30 minutes, walking 5 minutes to a parking spot east of the Priory, then leaving, I was at the Municipal Building at 11:45, which isn't bad.

EVEN THE SNOW wasn't bad. Light and fluffy, it made a white mysterious canvas for the string of red taillights to trace patterns on. And it soundproofed the campus in serene contrast to the recent massacre indoors.

I believe massacre is the correct word. For what happened on the floor, please turn to tonight's sports pages, 8 and 9, for the best Bonnie basketball reporting being done in the country.

While I was a scout, I came not to see the game, but only to scout the people who came to see the game.



WAR WHOOPS from Bonnie fans. The students were well-behaved, if noisy, but what's an Indian battle without war whoops? Most of the remarks were polite, like "Hey, ref, that was a very bad call."

Students Get 'Assist' In 12th (DePaul)

(Jan. 10, University Center)

St. Bonaventure's 'psyched' students deserve at least an "assist" on those stats sheet for that 77-67 victory their Bonnie posted over DePaul Wednesday night.

A crowd of 4,867 saw the Bona basketball forces boost their record to 12-0 with iron-like defensive work and another superb night from Bob Lanier.

But, it's the little things that sometimes change the course of a game.

TAKE LAST NIGHT for instance.

Coach Ray Meyer of DePaul was sitting in the stands watching the Bonnies' freshmen. The Brown Bereted student body was in top form in the enthusiasm department and the Student Center was hopping.

That noise settled the issue for Meyer.

"I was going to start Tracy (Tom) but he's only a sophomore. I was afraid of what the crowd noise would do to him — so I decided on a veteran starting club."

The veterans were good — very good, in fact. But they couldn't solve the Bona 1-2-2 zone and with 7:52 left in first half, Tracy came in for Bob Mattingly.

Before his entrance, DePaul's entire offense had been centered around 6-8 Bob Zoretich and 6-3 Al Zetsche. But Tracy starting popping outside the zone and, before he was finished, put in eight of 16 shots and ended up with 17 points.

HAD TRACY been in from the start, DePaul might have been able to stick closer to the seventh-ranked Bonnies. As it was, the two-man offense was no match for Bona's Ironman Five — and, once again, the Ironmen went the route.

"How do you beat that club?" asked Meyer in wonderment after the game.

"In the first half, we protected the inside (against Bob Lanier) and they hurt us outside (Jimmy Satalin, Bill Kalbaugh and Bill Butler). In the second half we protected the outside and they hurt us inside," he explained.