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BILLIARD NEWS

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FEBRUARY, 1969

Vegas Readyng For \$33,000 Cue Classic As....

CRANE LEADS STARDUST ENTRY



WORST

...1st Champ

LAS VEGAS, NEVADA -- The 5th Annual \$33,000 Stardust All-Round Pocket Billiard Tournament, the world's richest, by far, will open March 6th and run thru March 22nd, and will feature more than one hundred pool stars from nearly every state in the U.S.A.

The public interest, both local and throughout the entire country, the coverage by television, radio, and the newspapers was just excellent during last year's event, and should be just as equally as great for the action coming in early March in Vegas.

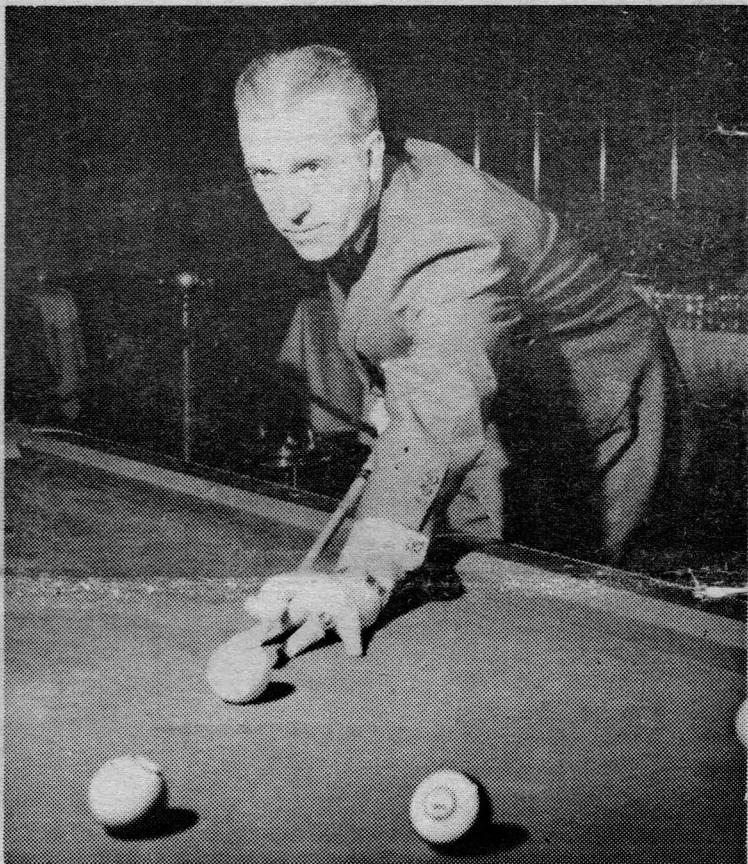
The game of Billiards, as well as the famed Stardust Hotel, is certainly receiving their share of tremendous publicity across the country from this annual cue classic, which truly features the world's greatest pool stars.

The Stardust Open All-Pound

Pocket Billiard Tournament has attracted as many as 10,000 fans, many who were dignitaries of the Billiard Industry, many who came from all-parts of the fifty states in our union.

Last year's \$33,000 Stardust Open was won by one of the 'Big' names in the billiard world, Mr. Joe Balsis, nicknamed as "The Meatman", who hails from the Keystone State Pennsylvania. In winning the 14-1 event, and then the All-Round Turney, Balsis

(Continued on Center Fold)



IRVING CRANE



ALLEN

...2nd Champ



TAYLOR

...3rd Champ



BALSIS

...4th Champ

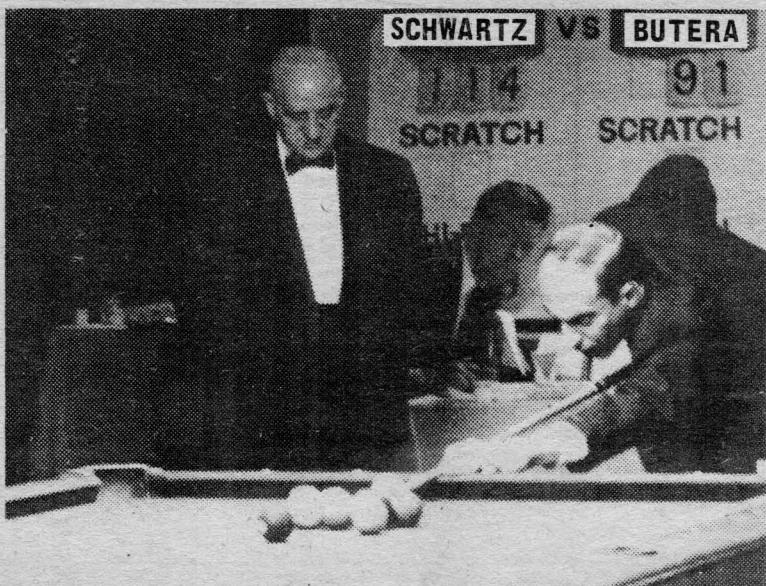
McConnell Wins U.S. Open Nine-Ball Meet

ARLINGTON, VA. - The second Annual U.S. Open Nine-Ball Tournament, recently completed at Bill "Weenie Beanie" Staton's Jack & Jill Cue Club, was won

by Harry McConnell of Tucson, Arizona. For his efforts, the top-notch cue artist from out west, earned himself a first place

(Cont'd on Page 9 - Column 1)

Butera Captures First 'Steel City' Tournament



Official referee, 'Cue Ball' Kelly, watches as Lou 'Machine Gun' Butera displays form which won him 1st place prize at Hawk's Nest Billiard Club, in Pittsburgh.

PITTSBURGH, PENNA. - And, when it was all over, Lou "The Machine Gun" Butera, emerged victorious as champion of the First Annual "\$7,000 Steel City Invitational" Billiard Turney. And, as Jackie Gleason would say - "How Sweet It Is!"

Butera, one of just six top-flight cue stars invited to participate in this fine cue classic, had to compete against Pennsylvania's pride and joy, Mr. Joe "The Meatman" Balsis in the championship match as both men had posted won/loss records of 7-3.

Butera, after defeating Crane in the Semi-Finals 150-89, was more then rved-up for the big championship match against Joe Balsis. After a slow start, Lou pulled the trigger of his 'Machine Gun', defeating Balsis 150-106. (Cont'd on Page 11 - Column 3)



U.S. OPEN NINE-BALL CHAMPION Harry McConnell (left) pictured accepting \$1,000 check and championship trophy from Bob Purdum, of the Jack & Jill Cue Club.

'Cue Ball' Kelly-- King Of New York Billiards

By JOE MARCUS

For the past 40 odd years, Cueball Kelly has been the most popular figure on the New York billiard scene.

The second eldest of 24 children, Cueball has been helping to promote the sport of pocket billiards in the area.

When most of the skeptics said the sport didn't have a chance to continue growing, it was Cueball who kept players like Ohoefrio Lauri and Al Gassner interested in playing exhibitions. In other words, he gave them the much needed break that otherwise would have forced them to pack up their cues and look for other work.

Then as the sport received its most important hypo several years ago it was once again Cueball that went out of his way for the players in the area.

True to the form of one man's jealousy about the success of a fellow man the knife-throwers started to take shots at Cueball and the man with the big stomach that is matched only by the bigger heart took quite a beating from some Johnny come-latelys.

But now Cueball is without a doubt the King of New York billiards once again—a position that he deserves without a question of



MARCUS

a doubt.

Last month Cueball initiated his first annual Challenge of Champions which are five-day 1000-point matches between the leading players in the nation.

For his first attraction at Woodside's Golden Q Cueball put together Lou (Machine Gun) Butera and Steve Mizerak Jr.

Running the entire show from pitting the players together, to handling the publicity announcements, to even collecting tickets at times, it was a real success and the winner was the players who each saw a nice return of cash for their efforts.

If this first challenge match of the series is any barometer of (Cont'd on Page 10 - Column 5)

On opening day Butera was real sharp walking (or should one say running) around the table pocketing balls with a consistency that still never fails to amaze the purists. He took the opening block 200-118.

On the second night it was nip and tuck all the way with Mizerak, who is now teaching school in the Garden State, winning out 201-200 to cut Butera's lead to 400-319.

Feeling that the time had come for an all out effort Mizerak went wild on the third night running 106 and 93 in slaughtering the Machine Gun Kid, 281-104 and with two blocks to go the score stood 600-504 in favor of Mizerak who has placed high up in the World's Championship two straight years.

The fourth day saw Butera make his determined run for all the marbles as he out shot Steve, 296-185 to carry an 800-785 lead into the final night's action.

For a fan to get into the crowded Golden Q on the final night he had to get there several hours in advance as all the seats were taken by the spectators who came from as far as New Jersey and Pennsylvania to see the two boys, who have done so much for the sport in the past few years, battle it out. Butera had a run of 93 on the final night but Mizerak was the steadier of the two putting together runs of 58 and 63 and eventually taking the action 215-162 for an overall 1000-962 win.

On Sunday, January 26th, we motored to Arlington, Va., from our home in Philadelphia to the Jack & Jill Cue Club, which is truly a toll trip. On the Benjamin Franklin Bridge, 50¢ toll, over the New Jersey Turnpike, 30¢, the Delaware Memorial Bridge, 50¢, Delaware Turnpike, 30¢, John F. Kennedy Memorial Parkway in Maryland, 90¢, and finally, the Baltimore Tunnel, 60¢. It really keeps one busy handing out tolls, down and back!

It was a beautiful sunny day, and crossing over the Susquehanna River, in Maryland, was quite a sight to behold.

We arrived at the Jack & Jill Cue Club around noon and found no change from a year ago when we first visited one of the finest billiard classics in the United States. Every table, made by the Macon Billiard Company of Macon, Georgia, was in play and a waiting list at the control center. We of the National Billiard News staff salute these two wonderful proprietors, Bill "Weeny Beany" and Bob Purdum, for selling our sport to the fans in this posh suburb of our national capital. We always feel relaxed and happy in their company as the hospitality of these two proprietors is the finest. I enjoyed a long talk with each of them.

We got to see the semi-finals starring Richie Ambrose and Dennis, also Ambrose and Lynch. Ambrose defeated Dennis, 11 to 8; and Lynch 11 to 4. At 8 o'clock were the finals and a sell-out, standing room only crowd for the championship match starring Harry "The Horse" McConnell and Richie Ambrose. The championship match was winner of 15 out of 29. McConnell was the winner by defeating Ambrose 15 games to 10. The popular Pete Murnack from New York City was the official referee. He always does a great job.

We were pleased to have an introduction to and shake hands with several of the new cue stars. Also greeted our friend, Joe Spaeth, and had a long talk with the popular Danny Gardner from Queens County, N. Y. He was telling us about how he was defeated by Norma Webber in the U. S. Open at Lansing, Michigan. Of course, the unexpected in billiards is what makes it the Number One sport of all sports.

To see who won the games and how many, turn to Page Nine.

We really had a treat and a good laugh when the Crown Prince of pocket billiards, Tom Cosmo, put on his in front of the packed audience at Jack & Jill's tournament.

When you put on a Cue Classic like this 9 Ball U. S. Open and you run it with a profit, it has to be well planned and with good management and we are proud to have this kind of proprietors advertise and promote our sport of billiards.

On February 1st we motored to the Steel City tournament in Pittsburgh in the Squirrel Hill section via the Pennsylvania Turnpike, rain and fog all the way over. We checked in at Howard Johnson's plush Motor Inn, 3401 Boulevard of the Allies, where all the cue stars were staying, including Ambassador of Pocket Billiards, Charles "Cue Ball" Kelly, famous booking agent and official referee, starting back in the 1919 era when Greenleaf won his first World's title. His top cue star today is Lou "Machine Gun" Butera, winner of the Hawk's Nest "Steel City" pocket billiard cue show starring world's champion Irving Crane, and the mighty Wimp, Luther "Wimp" Lassiter, winner of four World's titles and second twice of the six years the Billiard Room Proprietors Association of America's World's 14-1 pocket billiard championship tournaments have been played, and many more tourneys. Also Joe "The Meat Man" Balsis, who acquired the nickname because of owning a chain of butchers; Cicero "The Kid" Murphy, who learned his pocket billiards in the Pal Club in Brooklyn, and is the top colored star in the world today. We recently received a request to have him play in one of the desert cities in the West. Also he received on Sunday, February 2nd, a phone call to play one week in the south in this coming April. He is very popular with the Billiard Proprietors throughout the United States and liked by all of his associates and has millions of fans.

The sixth star was none other than Bernie Schwartz, the popular proprietor and player, who is responsible for selling our sport to the Squirrel Hill section of the smoky city, Pittsburgh. We salute Bernie and his lovely wife, Ruth, and all their families, who did such a super management job taking care of all the many details that arise at one of these classics. The planning and organization was perfect. Quoting Jackie Gleason "the audience in Miami Beach is the best in the world," that is what we would say about the Steel City pocket billiard fans, "they are the best in the world." Their support in this \$7,000

(Continued on Page 10 - Column 3)

Editor's Notebook

by EARL NEWBY



KELLY

WHY
NOT
?

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Mizerak's Madison Recreation Hosts First 'Hippy Tournament'



PICTURED ABOVE ARE SEVERAL MEMBERS OF THE FIRST "HIPPY" TOURNEY--Event took place at the Madison Recreation, which is operated by Steve Mizerak, Sr., 240 Madison Avenue, New York City. (Leave it to Steve to come up with another first for the world of billiards.) From left, Rocco Swalick, Winfield Nichol's, Bob Zullo and George Pollo. (This photo was supplied by the Madison Recreation.)

Lauri Thrills Fans In Trenton Exhibition Win

TRENTON, NEW JERSEY -- The pool buffs of Trenton will not soon forget the likes of one Onofrio Lauri, the steady stroking cue artist, who litterly just thrives on executing trick shots while putting on a billiard exhibition in front of a goodly sized

crowd of appreciative 'Home-town Type' fans. Such was the case on Tuesday night, February 18th, while performing at Joe Russo's Gold Crown room, 38 E. Front Street.

Lauri, "The Dean" of pocket billiards, posted high runs of

46 and 36, as a crowd of over 100 fans looked on in sheer amazement, as to the style of this great man. Lauri, who along with Lou "Machine Gun" Butera, are very fortunate in having, at one time, secured the services of "Cue Ball" Kelly, (born as Carl Zingale 72 years back), who still handles all their booking assignments. Both men feel that they could never get a better agent.

In his Straight Pool match, Lauri played against a local lad by the name of Gary Lorenzo. "The Dean" posted a 125-30 victory, and was quick to praise the fine talent of his youthful opponent.

Russo announced that every other Wednesday night there will be an exhibition match between a various array of stars. Also, in April, after all settles down from the March Stardust action, his Gold Crown Billiard center will host a 3-Man Round Robin (Cont'd on Page 10 - Column 4)

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RUSSO

Sidelights On Sports

By AL ABRAMS, Sports Editor

THE HAWK'S REVENGE

Bernie Schwartz, called the "Hawk" by his friends, first chalked his cue stick. Then a broad smile came over his expressive face as he studied the multicolored balls on the green felt padded table in front of him.

The "Hawk" had reason to smile. He was swooping in for the kill. He was about to gain revenge over the four-time World Champion Irving Crane in their match recently in the Steel City Invitational pool tournament at the Hawk's Nest Billiard Club in Squirrel Hill.

Crane, who was leading, 135 to 130, had just missed a not too particularly difficult shot. The crowd of about 300 jammed around the small room, murmured and shuffled in their seats. The champ had been off his game throughout most of the match. Here was the spot for a local boy to make good.

Bernie, who is big and husky, has a Harry Walker hair-do-long strands of black hair strung over from left to right to cover a balding pate. Before taking his shot, he closed the top button of his suit coat in nervous fashion. Then he stopped again and closed the lower button, leaving the middle one open.

Actually, Bernie said later, he wasn't nervous. He's jittery to begin with. But he wasn't as he reeled off 20 straight shots to hand Crane his first defeat of the tournament.

"The champ beat me twice," Bernie explained. "Once he ran off 165 balls on me in an exhibition and in a Las Vegas tournament, he just beat me by eight points. I felt I was going to beat him tonight."

* * *

BERNIE PROVES HE BELONGS

The match between Crane and Schwartz took almost three hours, unusually long for a game of 150 points. Bernie's win was greeted by polite applause and much back-slapping later.

"This boy (Schwartz) don't figure in the league with these guys," said a man with a big cigar in his kisser. By "these guys" he meant Crane, Luther Lassiter, Cicero Murphy, Lou Butera and Joe Balsis who make up the six-man tournament.

Bernie played like he belonged in the same league. No matter where he finishes in the tournament, it will be his boast that he whipped the champ. He did it the hard way, too.

A triple scratch cost Schwartz 15 points late in the game. "I had to," he said of the deliberate third scratch. "That was the only way I had a chance to beat him. If I'd have given him a chance he might have run off the balls he needed."

* * *

CHAMP APPEARS WAN, WEARY

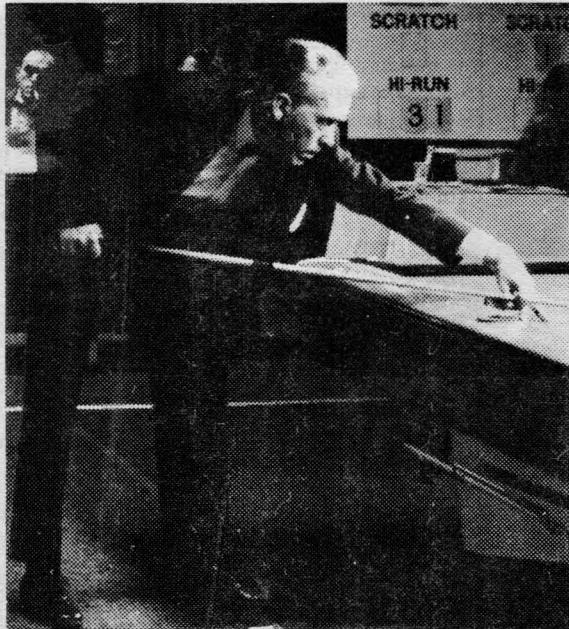
Those who insisted that Crane was off his game could have said the same thing about his opponent. Both the Champ and Bernie repeatedly got themselves into bad placements-shots that couldn't be made-forcing scratches. Three scratches in a row cost a player 15 points to be taken away from his score. It happened to Crane earlier.

Crane, a medium-sized man in his early fifties, with gray hair (once brown) parted in the middle, has a wan and weary look about him. To those who don't know him, he appeared ill at ease, far from what a champion should look.

I mentioned this to Schwartz and Joe Balsis. Both smiled. "Don't let that wan look fool you," Balsis said. "The guy is a killer. Just when you think you have him on the run, he perks up and kills you."

I asked Bernie what Crane said to him when they exchanged words while sipping water during a break in

(Continued on Page 5 - Column 1)



IRVING CRANE

'As Sully Sees It'

By PRESCOTT SULLIVAN

OFF THE HUSTLE

We've read and written quite enough about Broadway Joe Namath to hold for a while so, if you don't mind, we'll get off the subject and introduce Norman Webber.

Webber is plain folks. Just an average looking guy. There's nothing distinctive about him. Not at all the sort you'd pick out of a crowd. He doesn't even need a haircut.

You might take him for a used car salesman, a taxidermist, a glass blower, a process server, a bartender, a bus driver. Guys like Norman Webber are all of these things and more.

The commonplace appearance of just another working stiff is part of his strength. Or it was, at least, until recently when he changed his way of life.

In what for him was a difficult decision to reach, Webber gave up pool hustling, a profession he had pursued for some 30 of his 41 years.

Webber still plays pool for his coffee and cakes, but he doesn't hustle it. Well, anyhow, not as a regular thing. If he were to see a chance of making a fast buck he would, of course, have to think twice about passing it up.

"As the father of five, I'd naturally have to give it every consideration," he says. "It would be no more than fair to my family."

It isn't likely, however, that many such opportunities will arise. The main reason Webber gave up hustling was that he was running out of pigeons. He's been at it too long and had become too well known in too many spots.

* * * * *

But it was a good deal while it lasted. And, as Webber observes, there's still plenty of money to be made in it for fresher faces.

"I'm hoping my two older boys—John, who's in the Army and Tom, who's in the Navy, will follow in my footsteps once they're out of the service," he says.

"Both are fine players and their old dad here sure would hate to see 'em waste their talents by going to work."

Webber, whose father operated a pool hall in Sanford, Me., has been hustling pool since he was a kid of 12. At first, it was for nickels and dimes around the old man's place of business, but as soon as he was able to travel on his own, he took to the road in quest of bigger marks to hustle.

"I've made some good scores in my time," Webber recalls. "Particularly in New England and through the Southern states. The small towns down there were berry patches for me."

* * * * *

Webber's average-guy look made the racket easier for him. He employed a number of get-ups. Among other things, he passed as a farmer, a Coca Cola route man, a Shell Oil truck driver and a house painter in well-smeared overalls.

"I carried the different outfits in the trunk of the car and whatever pool hall I hit I had some excuse for dropping in," he explains.

"For example, when I was posing as a driver for Shell I'd tell 'em the truck broke down and I was waiting for it to be fixed. Or, when I was a Coke salesman, the story I gave the guy who ran the joint was that I was new on the job and wanted to get acquainted.

"You happen to need anything?", I'd always ask, real friendly like. And, you know, I got lots of orders. Didn't fill any of 'em though."

The trick in pool hustling is getting the game started. "Like a little action, fella?" were the words Webber longed to hear. But he never tried to make himself out a soft touch. To the contrary, upon mention of a "little action" he became a braggart.

"Pool's my game," he'd tell 'em. "If I do say so, I'm the greatest."

The pop-off tactics entrapped many a hometown hotshot who was out to take the loud-mouth stranger down a notch or two. Few succeeded.

Webber's biggest score was made as a "teammate" of Bo Belinsky. The fun-loving pitcher, who fancied himself as a pretty fair stick, had been hustled in Las Vegas. Coming to the rescue as Red Saxby, a make-believe third string catcher for the L. A. Angels, Webber out-hustled the hustlers. He and Belinsky split \$2500.

Now that he's off the hustle, the thing with Webber is playing in tournaments and giving exhibitions. He appeared recently at Cochran's 1028 Market St., and at Quee's, 1171 Webster, Alameda. As Webber says, and will tell his sons, at \$100 an appearance it beats hard work for a living.

(Reprinted, With Permission, from SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER)

SIDELIGHTS ON SPORTS

(Continued from Page Four)

the match. "Crane told me he felt faint," Schwartz said. "I wanted to beat him so bad, I said to the boy sitting near me, I hope he does faint so I could win the match."

Crane wasn't so wan and weary later. He whipped Luther Lassiter, 150 to 23.

* * * *

TOURNAMENT VERY INTERESTING

The \$7,500 Steel City Invitational is drawing packed crowds for all matches. The customers come from all walks of life, well dressed businessmen, average workers, college students with long hair and Thomas Jefferson eyeglasses and a sprinkling of women.

Those in attendance appreciate the wizardry of the pool shooting artists. The tournament, which is being run by Schwartz, ends Sunday with top prize of \$2,500 going to the winner.

It is already a success in more ways than one. Bernie's victory over the champ delighted his friends.

"It's a bigger upset than the Jets over the Colts," one told me. Then he ordered, "Be sure and put that in the paper."

(Reprinted from PITTSBURGH POST-GAZETTE)

No Sports Figure Can Match Minnesota's Hustle

By FRED MC MANE

NEW YORK, N.Y. (AP)--There isn't a sports figure in the world who has made hustle pay off more than Rudolf Wanderone.

Not Fran Tarkenton, not Jerry West, not even Pete Rose. They have all reached the top in their respective professions, but Rudolf Wanderone has become a veritable legend. Of course, Wanderone has employed a different kind of hustle to achieve this distinction.

Actually, the name Rudolf Wanderone probably isn't known to more than a handful of people. In fact, Wanderone doesn't even use his real name any more. The name everyone associates with the 5-foot-7-inch, 260-pound hustler is "Minnesota Fats."

GREATEST 'HUSTLER'

Minnesota Fats, considered by some, including himself, as the greatest pool hustler who ever lived, is one of the leading forces contributing to the growth of pocket billiards in this country over the past seven years and among many politicians and show business people he is more popular than Tiny Tim.

A Runyonesque character, Fats has been a popular figure in the nation's pool halls for the past 46 years, but it has only been since Jackie Gleason portrayed him in a movie called "The Hustler" seven years ago that his name has become well-known.

The movie, which was a huge success, created a national interest in pool, and the trend reached such great heights that as of last year there were an estimated 60 million people in the

United States who were playing the game.

GETS SOME BENEFITS

Some of the benefits of the trend have come Fats' way. He is the star of a television show called "Celebrity Billiards," the author of an autobiography, the president of Minnesota Fats Enterprises, which manufactures pool tables and accessories, and a much-called-one-guest attraction at various sporting goods fairs.

At 56, Fats is now living a comfortable life with his wife in Dowell, Ill. But it's the years on the road hustling that Fats remembers most.

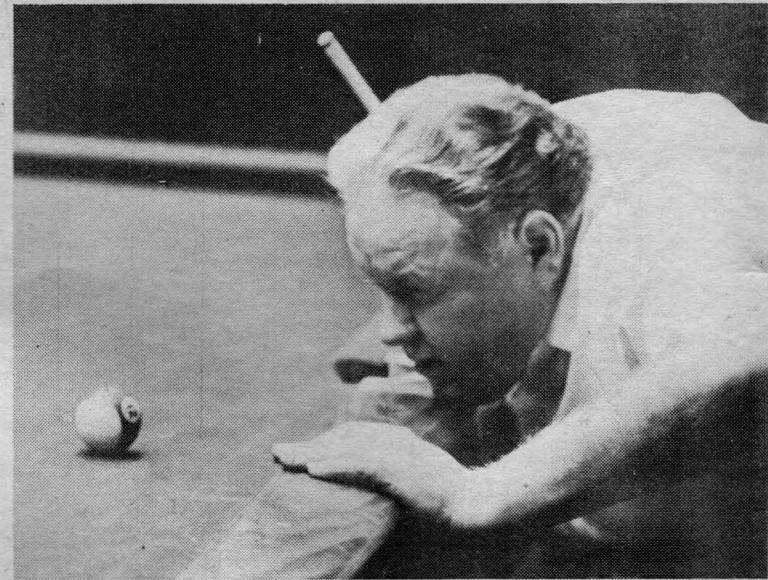
"I began playing pool at the age of two," Fats recalled the other day while engaging at his second

favorite sport, eating, at the sea-fare Double Dolphin Restaurant.

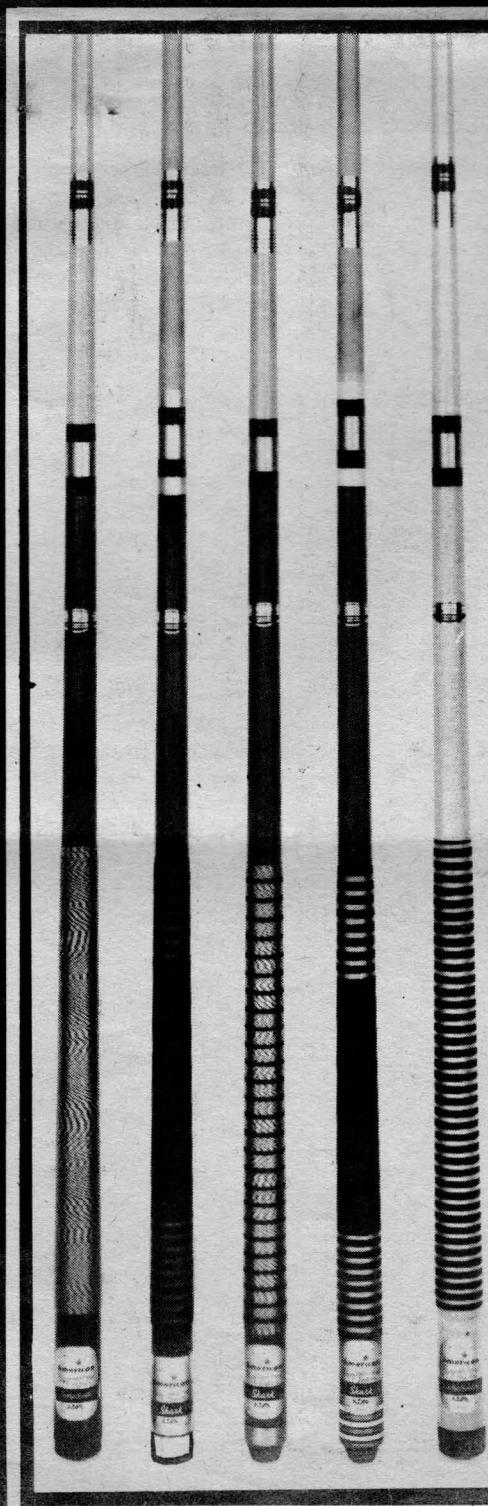
"I was born in New York and my father used to take me in the saloons and sit me up on the pool table. When I was eight years old I played Erich Hagenlacher in Berlin and beat him. When I was 10 I beat Charles (Cowboy) Weston and went on the road.

WOULD HIT ALL HALLS

"I would take a tour and hit all the pool halls in the country. I wouldn't play the small towns, though. I used to go into big cities and would go into the main room and take on the best player in town. I used to win 'em all. I played the greatest players who ever lived and none of them beat me. They couldn't play when the (Cont'd on Page 11 - Column 1)



MINNESOTA FATS



Shown left to right

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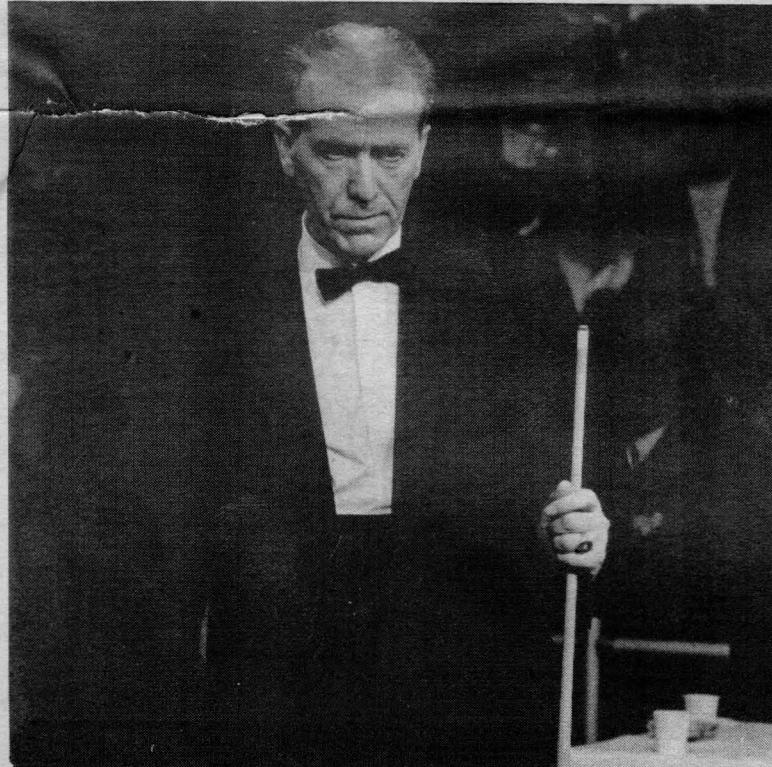
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Looking Back At Crane's First World Pock



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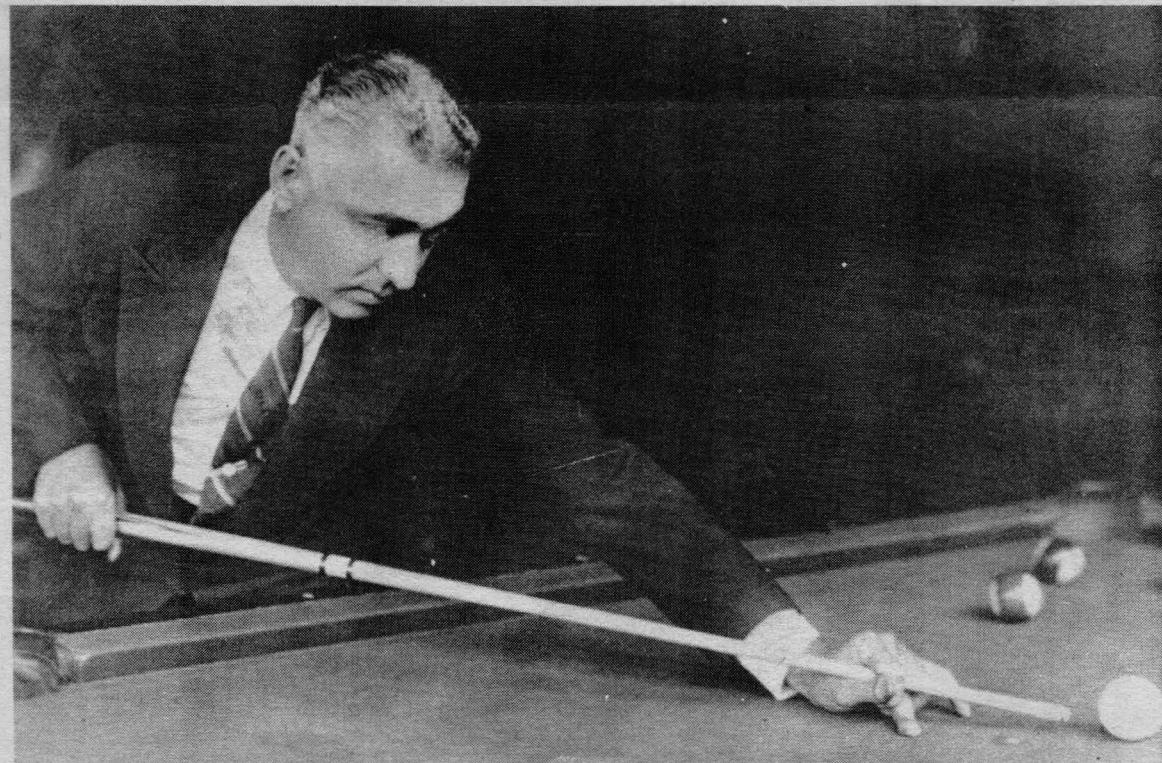


IRVING CRANE



MOSCONI

... Hall of Fame Member



CHARLEY SEABACK

(Continued from Front Page)
joins the likes of the late Harold Worst, Ronnie Allen and Eddie Taylor who had won, in that order, the first three Stardust Classics. Last year's Nine-Ball action was captured by World's Champion Irving Crane, with the One-Pocket meet going to Marvin Henderson.

According to Tournament Official George "Big Daddy" Jansco, the first entry was sent in for this year's tourney by Irving "The Deacon" Crane. It was back in 1937 that Crane played in his First World's Tournament. After participating in a play-off, the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin had this write-up of the World's Event; The headline read; "Billiard Tourney Nearing Finals", with a sub-heading that read; "Matches between leaders tonight may decide Champion."

STANDINGS

Greenleaf	7	3
Mosconi	7	3
Crane	7	3
Caras	7	4
Rudolph	6	4
Ponzi	6	5
Camp	5	6
Allen	5	6
Lauri	5	6

Diehl	4	7
Seaback	3	8

The world pocket billiards championship may be decided tonight at the Broadwood in matches involving the three leaders.

Ralph Greenleaf, defending champion, and Willie Mosconi, of Philadelphia, are the principals of the final match, with Irving Crane, Livona, N. Y., meeting Erwin Rudolph, Cleveland, in the opener.

Greenleaf, Mosconi and Crane are leading with seven wins and three defeats. Providing Crane is beaten by Rudolph, the winner of the Greenleaf-Mosconi game will become champion. In the event Crane wins from Rudolph, he will oppose the victor of Greenleaf-Mosconi match in a playoff for the championship tomorrow night.

Rudolph, a former champion, is holding down fifth position with six victories in ten engagements. He was beaten by Greenleaf Saturday night when Ralph regained his form after suffering three consecutive defeats. The score was 125-67 and followed Mosconi's 125-22 victory over Crane.

Considering that the Philadelphia Bulletin is one of our coun-



JIMMY CARAS



ERWIN RUDOLPH

Pocket Billiard Championship 32 Years Ago

try's great daily newspapers, this in itself is a fine tribute for the billiard industry. Just two day's later, November 17th, the same publication had this to say about the finals of that event. This was the main headline as it was then printed: "Greenleaf Gains 16th Cue Title." The sub-heading read as follows; Champion Defeats Irving Crane in the playoff, 125 to -1. (Here was the copy that was printed).

The world pocket billiard championship remains in the custody of Ralph Greenleaf for the second consecutive year.

Greenleaf took possession of the title for the 16th time when he swamped the ambitious Irving Crane, Livona, New York, 125 to minus 1, in their playoff at the Broadwood Hotel, completing the match in the 12th inning with an unfinished cluster of 76.

Crane was not given an opportunity by the wily Ralph to gather the balls for an extended run. Irving's best string of the match was one of 11 in the second inning.

Greenleaf forced his rival to take three successive scratches starting the fifth inning, with the result that 15 valuable points were deducted from Irving's score. After sending 14 ivories into the pockets, Greenleaf scratched, then came back to chalk up 16 more points. His safety play gave Crane no chance for an opening and Ralph returned to the table to complete the

game with an unfinished cluster of 76.

A Philadelphian, Willie Mosconi, clinched third place in the opening match when he conquered Jimmy Caras, of Wilmington, 125-96, in 18 innings.

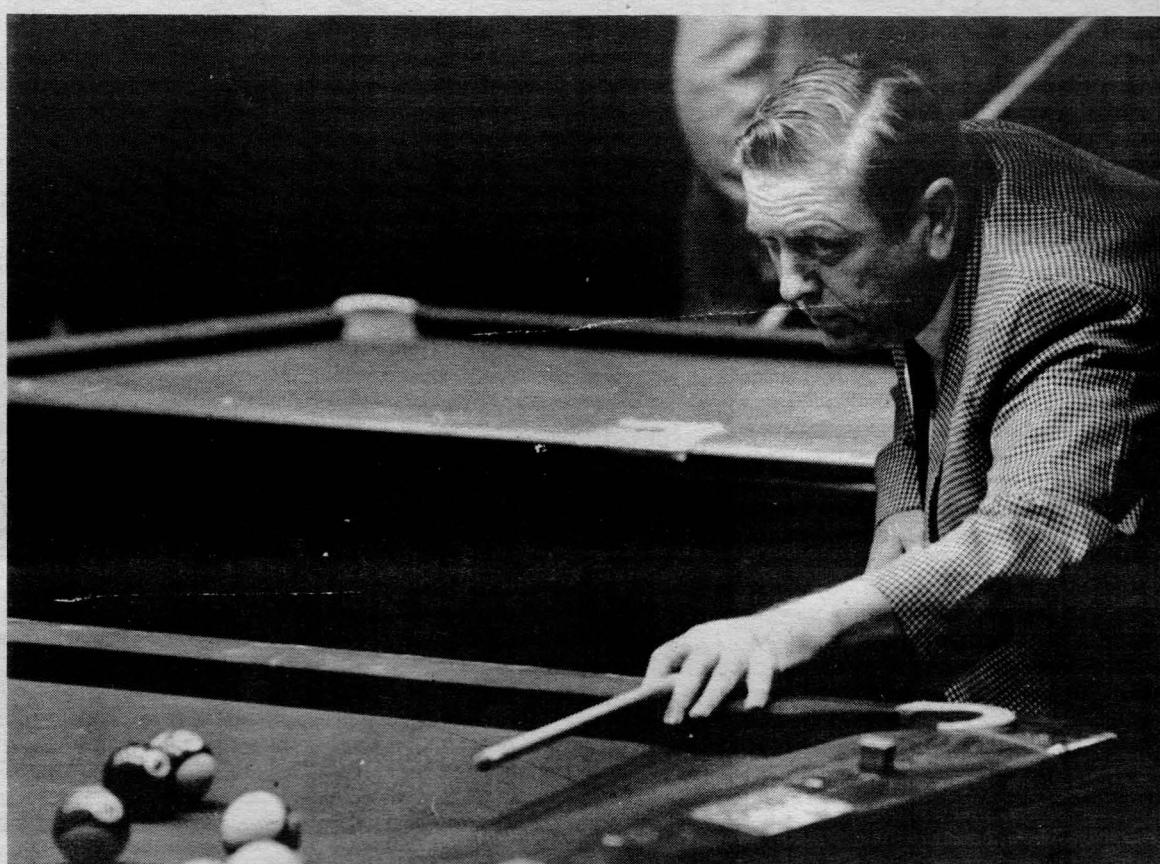
Caras gained a short lead when he pocketed 25 in succession in the fourth frame, but Mosconi soon forged ahead and finally ran out the match with an unfinished string of 22 in the 18th session.

The final standings gave Caras fourth place. He is followed by Erwin Rudolph and Andy Ponzi, six victories and five defeats each; Onofrio Lauri, Benny Allen and Marcel Camp, five triumphs and six losses; Joe Diehl, four wins and seven defeats; Charley Seaback, three victories and eight setbacks; and George Kelly, two victories and nine defeats.

The aforementioned is now of course history, as will the 1969 version of the Stardust Open be, when it winds up in mid-March in the 'Fun & Games' capitol of the world, good ole Las Vegas.

This famed cue classic offers a player a chance to win himself a cool \$10,000.00 prize if he could manage to win all-three of the events.

Being as the great Crane, a very successful Cadillac salesman from Rochester, N. Y., has already four World's Championships, you certainly have to put his name at the top of the list as favorites, regardless of what



MARCEL CAMP

tournaments he enters. His titles came in 1942, 1946 and 1955, with the fourth one being last year's victory in the BRPAA 14-1 event in New York's posh Statler-Hilton Hotel.



JOE DIEHL



BENNIE ALLEN



ANDY PONZI



ONOFRIO LAURI

HARRY McCONNELL

WINNER



Richie Ambrose, just prior to competing in nine-ball action, is pictured assembling his cue stick.



Harry McConnell joins with Tournament Queen at Jack & Jill Nine-Ball tourney in pointing out "officially" that he was the winner.



Pat Lynch, after placing 3rd in U.S. Open Nine-Ball meet, is pictured accepting congratulations from Bill "Weenie Beenie" Staton, proprietor of the Jack & Jill Cue Club which hosted the annual event.

The Press Box

The Only Game In This Town

By ROY MC HUGH

Sitting in the top row of the bleachers watching Luther Lassiter make the brightly-colored balls drop into the pockets, Machine Gun Lou Butera grew fatalistic. "This'll be the new high run," he whispered.

Lassiter was playing Cicero Murphy in the Steel City Invitation pool tournament at the Hawk's Nest and he had not missed a shot for 20 minutes. The high run—139 balls—belonged to Butera himself, a slight, meditative, debonair man. It would never last out the night, he was sure.

But with 107 points on the board, Lassiter cut the 10-ball too sharply, misjudging the angle to the corner pocket, and now the 10-ball was still on the table. "You get a little too confident. You take your eye off the ball," said Butera quietly. "That's what stops a good player most of the time, a very simple shot."

So Butera still had the high run. The high run at events like the Steel City Invitation pays just \$100, but in the currency of the ego it is worth a fortune. Ego, pride, vanity—call it whatever you like—is a pool player's meat and drink.

Although Irving Crane, the world champion, led Butera by one game in the standings last night, Butera was disappointed when Crane lost to Bernie Schwartz. "If anybody's going to beat Crane, I want it to be me," Butera said. "I'd like to be in a position where I even have to beat Crane twice to win the tournament."

BEST APPROACH

Ask Butera to name the best pool player there is and he shakes his head. "Now I've got to talk like a braggart," he says. "But unless I talked this way, I wouldn't have any confidence. And the proof's in the pudding. I've beaten every major player in the country."

Yet Butera never has won a major championship. His 30th birthday last year was an occasion of deep gloom, for, growing up in Pittston, one of those scarred, exhausted coal mining towns in the Eastern Pennsylvania anthracite belt, he had sworn that at 30 he would be the world champion—or throw his cue stick in the Susquehanna River.

He broke that promise, as he knew he would. Pool, for Lou Butera, was always the only game in town.

His father, after leaving the coal mines, ran a pool room in Pittston, but Lou, as a kid, played in Toke LaPorte's pool room next door. There, on the days when school seemed unattractive, he was safe from his father, who refused to set foot in Toke LaPorte's. The truant officer had no such qualms. Guessing where to look for Lou, he invaded Toke.



BUTERA

LaPorte's and said, "Who's that kid at the first table?" Toke answered quickly, "That's my nephew. He's mentally retarded. I let him come here and play."

TAKING A DARE

When Lou was 14, Joey Chitwood's Daredevils brought their automobile act to Pittston, driving through flames and crashing into walls. One Daredevil was a pool hustler; the others got their money together and challenged Toke LaPorte to find an opponent. Toke called Lou Butera.

Lou walked through the door wearing knickers—he was the last boy in Pittston wearing knickers—and the Daredevil's backers smiled avariciously. The Daredevil carried a little black book in which he wrote down the names of his victims. Only one man ever had beaten him, he said—the great Erwin Rudolph. But Sam Butera, Lou's father, having for once crossed the threshold of his business rival, placed a \$20 bet on Lou.

The Daredevil broke and ran 73 balls and Sam Butera left the room. "I got hot about that," says Lou. "I figured he had no faith in me." With runs of 47 and 78, Lou won the match, and \$400 changed hands.

To the Daredevil, Lou said, "Put this down in your book: You've lost to one man Erwin Rudolph, and one boy—Lou Butera." Then Lou marched home, where his father was eating dinner. He threw \$40 on Sam Butera's plate. "Here's your money," he said. With a backhand swipe of his coal miner's paw, Sam taught Lou the value of manners.

KID NOT KIDDING

But when Erwin Rudolph played an exhibition in Pittston, winning from a local favorite handily, Lou was bumptious enough to tell him, "You won because you didn't play me." Rudolph took Lou to the back table, broke the rack, and said, "Come on—I'm playing you now," whereupon Lou ran 85 balls.

Lifting him off the floor—he was 4 feet 9 and weighed about 90 pounds—Rudolph asked, "Junior, where are you from?"

"He wanted to take me home and tutor me," says Lou, "but my dad wouldn't stand for it."

By paternal dictate, Lou was (Cont'd on Page 11 - Column 3)

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MC CONNELL WINS 9-BALL

(Cont'd from Front Page)
prize worth a cool \$1,000.00, along with the beautiful Championship trophy.

At the end of the 55-game qualifying round, Richie Ambrose was on top as he out-classed Joey Spaeth in a fine 11-9 win. Going into the Semi-Finals, Ambrose was scheduled to compete against Buddy Dennis and Pat Lynch. By margins of 11-8, and 11-4, the talented New York cue star was then assured of making it to the finals.

Ambrose's opponent in the finals was Harry McConnell who had earlier beaten Lynch by a decision of 11-7. In the finals, the championship match was decided by a 15 out of 29 score. This was won by McConnell who grabbed a quick 15-10 decision over runner-up Ambrose. The latter won a \$600.00 cash prize for finishing second.

Lynch placed third and picked up the \$400.00 check, while Buddy Dennis landed the fourth spot and the \$200.00 reward. Fifth place was won by Joey Spaeth who won \$100.00, as did Pete Murnak, along with Sam Trivett and Roy Trivett.

Listed below is the complete standings of the qualifying round, as well as the finals payoff.....

QUALIFYING ROUND

1st	Dennis over Devalliere
2nd	Barrett over Burton
3rd	Lynch over Hanny
4th	S. Trivett over Lillard
5th	R. Trivett over Florence
6th	McConnell over Spaeth
7th	Hicks over Staton
8th	Mataya over Jenkins
9th	Devalliere over Staton
10th	Burton over Florence
11th	Cosmo over Sizemore
12th	DiMaggio over Palmer
13th	Murnak over Shepherd
14th	Taylor over Angel
15th	Ross over Fry
16th	Gartner over Parsons
17th	Jenkins over Hanny
18th	Dennis over Hicks
19th	Parsons over Palmer
20th	Devalliere over Hicks
21st	R. Trivett over Barrett
22nd	Ambrose over Ross
23rd	S. Trivett over Cosmo
24th	Lynch over Mataya
25th	Sizemore over Lillard
26th	Murnak over Riggie
27th	Spaeth over Angel
28th	DiMaggio over Gartner
29th	Burton over Barrett
30th	McConnell over Taylor
31st	Ross over Fry
32nd	Spaeth over Taylor
33rd	Sizemore over Cosmo
34th	McConnell over DiMaggio
35th	Mataya over Jenkins
36th	Gartner over Parsons
37th	Ambrose over S. Trivett
38th	Shepherd over Reggie
39th	Ross over Sizemore
40th	Murnak over R. Trivett
41st	Lynch over Dennis
42nd	Devalliere over Mataya
43rd	Burton over Shepherd
44th	Spaeth over Gartner
45th	McConnell over Ambrose
46th	R. Trivett over Burton
47th	S. Trivett over Ross
48th	Dennis over Devalliere
49th	Spaeth over DiMaggio
50th	Dennis over R. Trivett
51st	Lynch over Murnak
52nd	Spaeth over S. Trivett
53rd	Dennis over Murnak
54th	McConnell over Lynch
55th	Ambrose over Spaeth

SEMI-FINAL ROUND

56th	Ambrose over Dennis
57th	Ambrose over Lynch

FINAL ROUND

58th	McConnell over Ambrose
------	------------------------

*Final match was 15 out of 29.

FINAL STANDINGS OF

1st	HARRY MC CONNELL, Tucson, Arizona
2nd	Richie Ambrose, New York City, New York
3rd	Pat Lynch, Vienna, Virginia
4th	Buddy Dennis, Baltimore, Maryland
5th	Joey Spaeth, Cincinnati, Ohio
6th	Pete Murnak, New York City, New York
7th	Sam Trivett, Bristol, Tennessee
8th	Roy Trivett, Richmond, Virginia



Referee Pete Murnak, who earlier had been eliminated from competition, watches as steady stroking Richie Ambrose pre-

pares for corner shot. Ambrose finished #2 in recently completed U.S. Open Nine-Ball tourney at Jack & Jill Cue Club.

**Go Billiards Go
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In 1969**

Kelly, 72, Has Spent 47 Years As Manager, Official In Sports

By BOB BLACK

Cueball Kelly may be the liveliest remnant of bygone days in the dying sport of pool.

Cueball (his proper name is Carl Zingale) is 72, the type of sportsman that Damon Runyan doted on.

"I think I'm the only Italian with an Irish name who lives in

a Jewish section of Jersey who speaks Yiddish," he said.

If that's not enough to give him proper credentials, then a history inside the smokey hue of pool halls adds to his background.

The latest chapter was added at the Hawks Nest in Squirrel Hill, where Cueball served as referee for the Steel City Invita-

tion tournament which ended recently.

"I first became interested in pool when I was 12 years old," Cueball said. "I've followed the sport through its big times, when it was one of the greatest, through today, when interest is dying."

Kelly picked up his nickname (Cont'd on Page 10 - Column 1)

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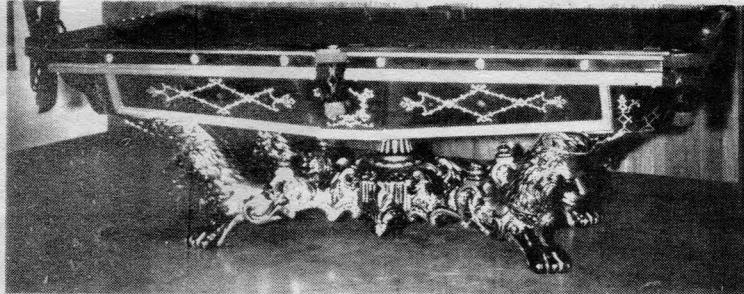


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Lou Butera poses in back of huge championship trophy presented to him by Hawk's Nest proprietor Bernie Schwartz

(2nd from right), runner-up Joe Balsis (2nd from left), referee 'Cue Ball' Kelly and Cicero Murphy look on.

KELLY, 72, HAS SPENT 47 YEARS AS MANAGER, OFFICIAL IN SPORTS

(Continued from Page Nine)

from neighborhood buddies in Rahway, N. J.

"Since my first name is Carl," he said, "lots of guys started calling me Colly. Then somebody mispronounced it and called me Kelly. It stuck."

"The Cueball was a natural to go with it," he added. "I hung around pool halls so much I began to look like a cueball."

Along with being the only active pool referee, Kelly has been working as a manager for top pool players for more than 47 years.

"Ralph Greenleaf was the best of all the players I've handled," he said. "None of the modern pool players could even touch his cue stick."

Greenleaf reigned as international champion from 1919 to 1930, longer than any man has been able to stay on top in modern times.

"Willie Mosconi was the closest thing to him among the modern players," Kelly said, "but he's on his way down now. I guess Irving Crane, Wimpy Lassiter and Joe

Balsis are the best around now."

All three played in the tournament at the Hawk's Nest, along with Cicero Murphy, Lou Butera and Pittsburgh's Bernie Schwartz.

But it was Cueball's prematch antics which helped entertain the crowd.

"My shoulder don't work right no more," he said. "I can't use a cue stick, but I can still do tricks with my hands with pool balls."

Kelly, a windmill of perpetual motion when he is refereeing a match, juggles balls, balances one between two others, rolls the cueball around the table and kicks one ball out of an extended rack and replaces it with the cueball on a roll as some of his tricks.

A little round man, Kelly said, "I used to play pool against Jackie Gleason in our neighborhood when we were kids. Course now that he's a big TV star I guess it doesn't matter much that I could beat him on a pool table.

"I've refereed more pool matches than any human ever has

or probably ever will," Kelly said. "Course I guess that doesn't matter much either, but it makes me feel pretty good."

One night last week Kelly was conspicuously absent.

"Hey, where's Kelly?" someone asked. "I don't know," someone else said, "but he's around someplace."

It always probably will be that way, too, because everybody knows you can't do anything in pool without a cueball.

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LAURI EXHIBITION

(Cont'd from Page Four)

match between himself, Cicero Murphy and Lou Butera.

According to the popular player-proprietor Russo, bigger and better things are coming to the Gold Crown in the very near future, and that several top-notch billiard events will be held at his establishment. After this current series of bi-weekly exhibition matches, the 3-Man meet in April will be next in line. After that, well, you can read all about it in the March issue.

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'CUE BALL' KELLY

(Cont'd from Page Two)

what is to come we can only say that Cueball's magic has rallied again.

"It was the type of match that either of us could have won," said Mizerak, "and I'm happy that I won it. I think the 1000 point match is a great idea and of course working together with Cueball on the whole idea is great."

In defeat Butera said: "I had my chances and I didn't take advantage of them but it was the type of match we either could have won. I think the whole idea is tremendous."

(Continued from Page Two)

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EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

pocket billiard cue art by champions was the best that we have witnessed for many a year.

For the complete wrap-up of who won the money and how much, see photo on Page 11.

Lou Butera's winning form, pleasing personality and sportsmanship has made him one of the greatest to ever come to the Steel City, and any cue star, whoever he may be, will find it quite difficult to win his title from the fans. His alert manner and rapid fire in pocketing the balls is most responsible for winning his way into the hearts of all the fans who had the pleasure of witnessing his cue act. We are quite sure that with Ambassador Charles "Cue Ball" Kelly, will have his hands full booking this super young anthracite region of Pennsylvania cue great. Barring any accident, he will be at top for many years.

Some of our new acquaintances while at the Steel City tourney were Joseph McMahon of Verona, Pennsylvania, and Mr. Cramer, who is a pocket billiard manager in the Steel City. McMahon is the owner and operator of the billiard center in his city.

We were told about a new young cue star who opened up a new room in downtown Pittsburgh. His name is Billy Corson. However, we did not get to see him play.

One of our subscribers in Pittsburgh, who went to college in Philadelphia and was a patron of our Billiard center at 1035 Chestnut Street, informed us that Bill was quite a player and he has youth. He is what we call a "cue

comer." We look to see his name in the line-up of cue stars of more than 100 entries in the World's richest pocket billiard classic Stardust Open in Las Vegas, Nevada, Howard Hughes' territory.

We checked out on Monday morning to motor back from Pittsburgh to our city and the 325 mile Pennsylvania Turnpike auto toll trip was rougher than the rain and fog going over. We had the white stuff that the skiing enthusiasts love. Believe you me, the mountains and the tunnels and the curves and the truck trailers on the Pennsylvania Turnpike we do not like. Well, on Tuesday we were back at the desk running our time clock and reviewing the Steel City tourney to our many friends who come in and out daily to enjoy the sport of billiards.

All the cue stars at the Steel City Tournament sent "get well" wishes to the fabulous Don Willis known as the Cincinnati Kid, now a patient in the Mercy Hospital, 723 Market Avenue North, Canton Ohio, 44702, suffering a coronary attack. Dean Chance said that Don was playing basketball in the Boys' Club the day before the Medics got him. The following day he attended a Press Club meeting.

When leaving and walking to his car, he told some of the sports writers that he had a bad pain in his chest. Don drove to his personal physician's office, a short distance away, and his doctor sent him to the Mercy Hospital in the ambulance. At this writing we are pleased to report that we talked to Mrs. Willis by telephone and Don has made a fast recovery. They

expect him home by the 8th, but we do not think he will be playing basketball with the boys. We once ran an article on Don, the Cincinnati Kid, and have had so many requests that we are going to re-run it. This article will tell you the names of the stars he had victories over, and will also explain the delicacy and the potency of his stroke.

While attending the Steel City Cue Show several pocket billiard fans asked us the dates of the B.C.A. U.S. Open Classic for 1969 which we do not have at this date. When our friend, Roy Gandy returns to Macon from the Sports Show at the Astrodome in Houston we will place a telephone call to Mr. Manufacturer Gandy, and try to have this information for the March issue.

We understand that Minnesota Fats, Willie Mosconi and Tom Cosmo are selling equipment at the Houston Astrodome for different companies.

We learn by way of the grapevine that there is a new Cue Star promoter moving into the Miami, Florida, area. He will be running some fine tournaments in Jackie Gleason's city. We have always felt that with championship caliber cue stars like Danny DiLiberato, and they have an 18 year old cue star just reported to us in Miami who is terrific, this area is ready for championship billiards on a par with the Tampa, Florida, area. These are two fine billiard cities. In Tampa it is Mr. Lefty Goff who has the soft smooth stroking stroke that pockets the ball with the greatest of grace.

\$7000 STEEL CITY INVITATIONAL TOURNAMENT

JAN. 26 to
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WINNER: LOU BUTERA

HAWK'S NEST
BILLIARDS

DOUBLE ROUND ROBIN	SCHWARTZ	LASSITER	CRAANE	BALSIS	MURPHY	BUTERA	WON	LOST	HI RUN
BERNIE SCHWARTZ	P I	87 1 150 98	60 45 54 131	61 71	1	9	56		
LUTHER LASSITER	150 150	T T 23 150 84 150 150 114	150 150 150 150	87	6	4	117		
IRVING CRANE	132 150	150 82	S B 150 59 150 150	150 150 150 150	6	4	96		
JOE BALSIS	150 150	150 129 59 150	U R 150 150 150 150	0 150 150 150	7	3	85		
CISERO MURPHY	150 150	65 150 31 48	81 150 150 150	G H 6 14 150 150	3	7	68		
LOU BUTERA	150 150	150 93	150 150 150 150	P A. 150 150 150 150	7	3	139		

Huge scoreboard at Hawk's Nest Billiard Club shows how they finished in regulation play.

NO SPORTS FIGURE CAN MATCH 'FATS' HUSTLE

(Continued from Page Five)

going got rough."

Even in the early days he was never called by his regular name, Fats remembers.

"It was always 'Hi, Fats.' They started callin' me Minnesota Fats after I beat everybody around Minnesota. From then on if I was in New York, I was New York Fats, if I was in Miami, I was Miami Fats."

Although Fats was considered the best at playing for money, he remembers how rough it was to make a buck.

'FRESH BANKROLL'

"Guys who played pool for a livin' never wound up with any money. It's the toughest game in the world. You could only play six months a year because it was just too hot in the summer to play. Then you'd lose it on the horses or something else. When winter

came you'd have to go out and get a fresh bankroll."

"I was the only man in the world who ever survived. Why? Because I could go into any town and play anybody. Other guys would go broke but I'd always win the money. Going into a man's home ground and winning is rough. You're liable to get busted. But I had a knack for learning the tables very fast."

The days of the hustler are over as Fats remembers them, though. A whole new image of the professional pool player has been developed, and he can make a fairly decent income by finishing high in a few of the various tournaments which have sprung up throughout the country.

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BUTERA CAPTURES 1ST 'STEEL CITY' TOURNEY

Following Butera and Balsis were Luther Lassiter, Elizabeth City, N. C., Irving Crane, Rochester, N. Y., who were tied with records of 6-4, Cisero Murphy, Brooklyn, N. Y., who posted a 3-7 mark, and tournament host, Bernie Schwartz, Pittsburgh, who had a 1-9 record.

Butera connected for the high run of the entire meet with his 139 score. Next was the 117 run which was executed by Lassiter.

According to Schwartz, popular proprietor of this "Hawk's Nest" Billiard Club, attendance for the entire meet was just excellent. Bernie remarked, "I'm sure that after seeing the way the fans poured out to see the Joe Balsis-Luther Lassiter ex-

hibition match in early December, and again for this "Steel City Invitational", it's not going to be too, too long before the Hawk's Nest schedules some other kind of Billiard action."

One of the entire tournament highlights occurred off the slate table. Upon hearing about Don Willis being stricken with a mild heart attack, all the invited play-

ers decided to send the talented Canton, Ohio cue star a telegram to express their wishes speedy recovery. Says Schwartz, "This was done almost as soon as it was talked about." Bernie then added, "To the surprise of all of us, Ole Don sent us a nice reply. His message too was via the telegraph office." The return message read as follows:

Mr. Bernie Schwartz
c/o Pocket Billiard Tournament
Hawk's Nest Billiard Club
1918 Murray Avenue
Squirrel Hill, Pennsylvania

Dear Bernie,

Leave it to pool players to know what's good for another player. Of all the nice things that happened to me since I got sick, the thing that gave me my biggest lift was the telegram you boys sent. No matter who wins the tournament, you're all champions in my book.

Best of luck, Bernie, for a real successful tournament.

Regards,

Don Willis

P. S. I'm getting along fine.

(Continued from Front Page)



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still wearing knickers. Rebellious, he waited for the next heavy rain and then sat down in the gutter. Scene two found his father chasing him around the house and into an apple tree. Lou spent the night there—throwing apples at his father to hold the fort—but he never wore knickers again.

And Sam Butera was present when Lou earned the nickname of Machine Gun, winning a tournament match in 40 minutes from Jackie Colavita. "He machine-gunned me," Colavita wailed.

Lou fires away at an average of nine seconds a shot. "If I started thinking about the game, I'd realize how tough it is and miss," he explains. He also lets you know that machine guns are lethal. "I'll be playing a guy who runs 50 balls from the break, and then he sits down and he doesn't feel too bad, but five minutes later his lead's gone."

"If I had an agent," Lou says, "I could've capitalized on that movie, 'The Hustler,' like Minnesota Fats did, because the name of that other player was Fast Eddie. And there ain't no one faster than me."

(Reprinted, With Permission, from PITTSBURGH POST)

Go Billiards Go
For The Fun Of It
in 1969

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Promoters Get The Money, Titlist Complains

LOS ANGELES, CAL.-- "If you play professional billiards," says handsome Eddie Kelly, "you might make enough to pay the psychiatrist you're gonna end up going to."

Kelly, who wears bell-bottom trousers, keeps his hair slightly shaggy but stylish, has warned you he was going to "tell it like it is" with the probilliards dodge.

He was keeping his word.

"The promoters, 90 percent of 'em, want all the money," he said. "Most of the figure if they keep us pool players broke, then we'll have to play."

Kelly says it's fine they don't play, and he's setting an example.

REDUCED HIS PLAY
A four-time world champion, twice in 9-ball and twice in one-pocket, he's cut his tournaments down to only a couple a year.

One is in his home city, Las Vegas, a place where Kelly's kind of action can be found.

"The weather's great and so are the hours," he says. "No clocks, no locks. Time doesn't mean anything. It's the last frontier of opportunity. I love it."

His other tournament is usually in Southern California. He'll be in the opening night field Friday as the first World's Championship tourney ever to be held in the city of Los Angeles begins a 23-day run at the Elks' Club. Kelly is matched against Dallas West of Rockford, Ill.

SIZABLE PURSE
There is \$16,000 in prize money at stake.

"Maybe I should have broken everybody playing for dough before the tournament started," said Kelly, "so they wouldn't have had money for rent-and would have been on their way home."

Money, he added, is a distinct problem even for a championship caliber player.

He remembers a tournament in Lansing, Mich., where he ended up paying \$750 to play. And he recalls the 1966 national tournament, when he won two of three of the divisions, and won \$3,000. His expenses were \$1,600.

"Every tournament I ever played in," he says, "I had to pay for the privilege of making the promoter's money."

Kelly's barrage doesn't stop with promoters. He doesn't think much of many of his tourmates, either.

'LIKE CHILDREN'

"The attitudes of most of them are like children," he says. "All they do is sit around and talk about who beat who, who made what shots and who holds what records. They're not a bit interested in getting the sport onto national

television more or promoting it."

Kelly points out that two other spectator - participant sports, golf and bowling, have "blossomed out."

"Billiards could never be like golf but it could make it as big as bowling has, and its players could do as well as the bowlers have."

"But most of the kings of pool, the guys who dominate the sport, are looking to make their own individual deals. They feel it's worth more to them that way, but everybody else gets hurt. We can't get together-unionize and organize."

SPORT IS RESTRICTED?

Kelly believes that his sport is being restricted by things, as well as personalities.

"We can't put it on TV because we never know how long the matches are gonna last. We should have a rule about how long a guy can take before a shot. We have none now. I think a minute would be fair."

"And I think the game of straight pool is much too slow. People don't really understand it. To me, 9-ball is the best spectator game, easy, quick and exciting."

Over the years, three names

stand out when you think of putting a round ball into a hole with a stick.

REMEMBER WILLIE?

The first is Willie Hope, but he played three-cushion, the gentlemen's game. The next is Willie Mosconi, "the best straight pool player who ever lived," Kelly thinks. But he acquired wealth largely through a lucrative, long-term retainer from the Brunswick Company. The third is the man most people call Minnesota Fats.

"He's a tremendously talented player," says Kelly, "but even he's making it mostly on his personality."

A great portion of the rest, guys with ability like handsome Eddie Kelly, have no struggle.

His wife, Kelly Kelly, a former New York showgirl, is helping out now as a cocktail waitress in Las Vegas. The man of the house wanted to open his own billiards room, "a place with class," but the money to build it wasn't to be found.

So now he ponders.

It's not leisure for him any more but he still likes pool.

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EDDIE KELLY

Meade Named Hospital Director

Taylor Hospital's Board of Directors recently increased wages of 58 nurses and employees ranging from \$2 to \$4 per day, named a new director from Avoca and made known it is seeking state funds for a new hospital.

Henry F. Meade, Avoca businessman, was named to the board to succeed the late Avoca Mayor James J. McLane.

Henry "Sharkey" Ventre, the board chairman, said the wage increases will become effective Feb. 1st and cover all of the 58 employees.

He said a meeting will be sought in Harrisburg to seek state funds for a 'badly needed' new hospital.

Proprietor of Meade's Recreation Center, 735 Main St., Avoca, for the past 19 years, Meade is one of the best known sportsmen in the Lackawanna - Luzerne County region. In his younger days, he was recognized as one of Northeastern Pennsylvanias outstanding billiard artists during which period he participated in championship tournaments held in various sections of the Eastern part of the United States.

Meade is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. James F. Meade, area pioneer residents. James F. Meade initially operated a bil-

liard parlor in Avoca Borough 50 years ago and previously was owner of a confectionery store located in Sarsfield Opera House, at 909 Main St., Avoca.

In his four years service in World War II, from 1942 to 1946, Meade was attached to the Office of Chief of Signal Corps, Washington, D. C., and later transferred to a two-year tour of duty in the Pacific Theater of Operations.

A graduate of St. John the Evangelist High School, Pittston, Meade is a charter member, past president, and "key clubber" of Avoca Lions Club. He additionally holds memberships in Mid-Valley Old-Timers Athletic Association, the Purple Club of Scranton, the Greater Pittston Friendly Sons of Saint Patrick, and King's College Century Club of Wilkes-Barre.

Professional affiliations held by Meade include those with Billiard Parlor Proprietors' Association and Billiard Players Association.

Among his widespread activities, Meade holds memberships in McPhillips-Widdall Post No. 607, American Legion, Avoca, Pleasant Valley Post, VFW, Avoca and Wilkes-Barre DAV in which he is listed as a lifetime member.

A former Democratic committeeman in Avoca Borough's Second Ward, Meade was a member of Avoca Borough's Council 20 years ago. He is communicant of St. Mary's Church of Avoca and a member of its Holy Name Society.

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