SPORT

MARCH

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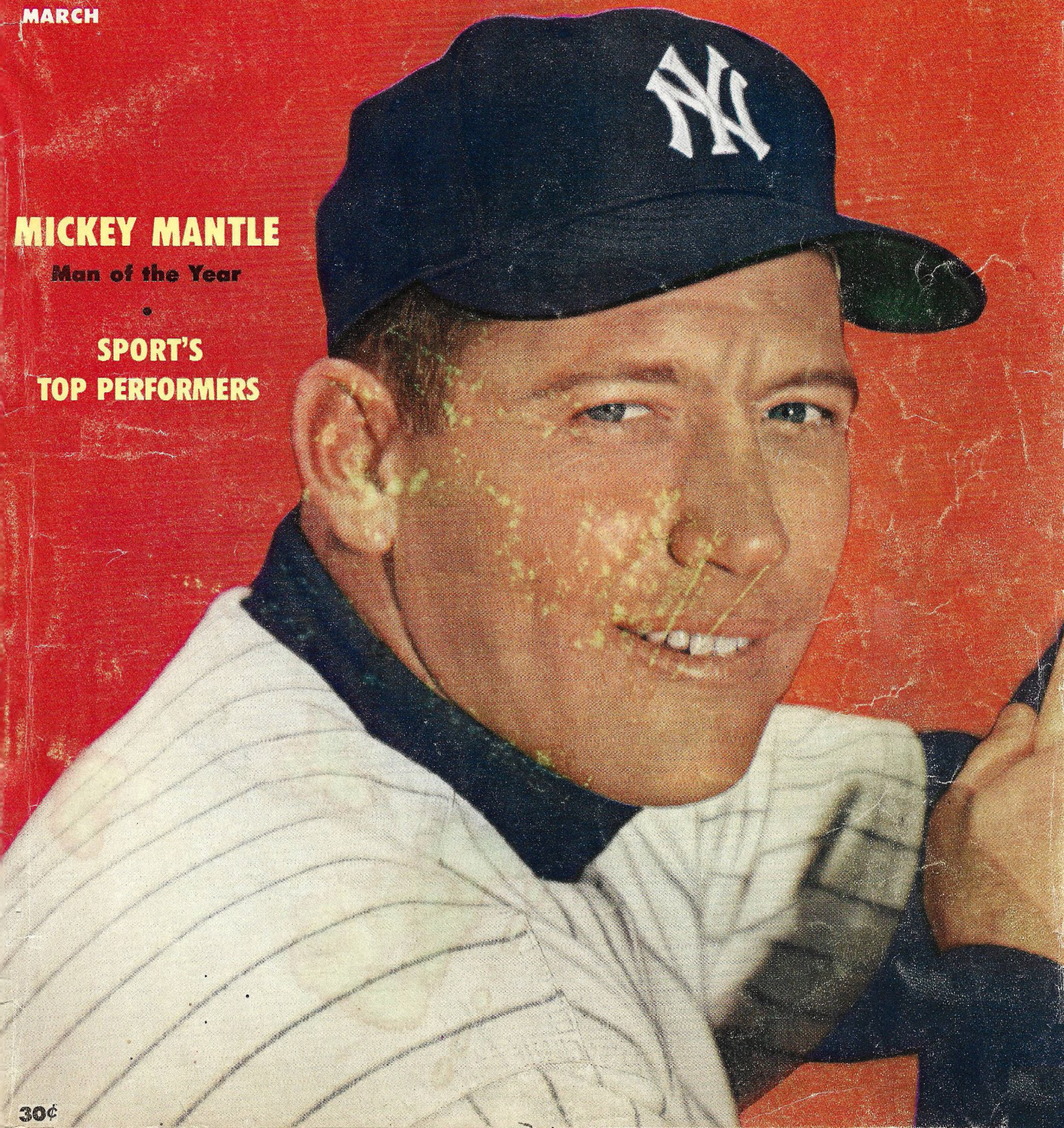

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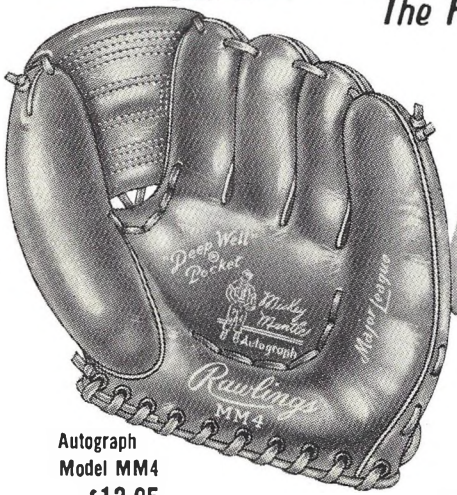

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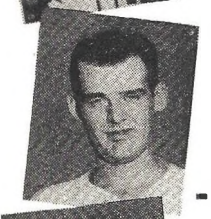

DON LARSEN

MONTE IRVIN

next month in SPORT

ONE of baseball's burning questions, up for grabs in 1957, is, "Which Way Milwaukee?" The loyal fans who crowd County Stadium want a pennant; second place won't be good enough. Russ Lynch goes out on a limb and gives us his ideas on whether Eddie Mathews (our cover boy) and the rest of Fred Haney's Braves are due to go up—or down.

ALL you have to do to become an overnight hero in the United States is pitch a perfect game in the World Series. It's as simple as that; just ask Don Larsen. Nobody was paying much attention to Don before his no-windup delivery baffled the Dodgers in the fifth game of the '56 Series, but now he's a full-fledged celebrity. Ad men pay whopping sums for his testimonials; banquet emcees clamor for his presence; kids beg for his autograph. All of a sudden he's "The Great Larsen." Will it last? Frank Graham, Jr. tells the whole absorbing story in our SPORT SPECIAL for April.

MONTE Irvin speaks out with quiet authority on: "Where the Negro Ballplayer Stands Today." . . . Furman Bisher reports that the shame of our colleges is the way athletes are recruited, and he cites chapter and verse in the account of Jackie Moreland's adventures . . . The great Red Smith tells "How Not To Catch Fish," and you'll get to meet pro basketball star Bob Pettit and the Boston Bruins' Allan Stanley . . . Plus, exclusive, six pages of pictures on the Dodgers in Japan . . .

SPORT

THE MAGAZINE FOR THE SPORTS-MINDED

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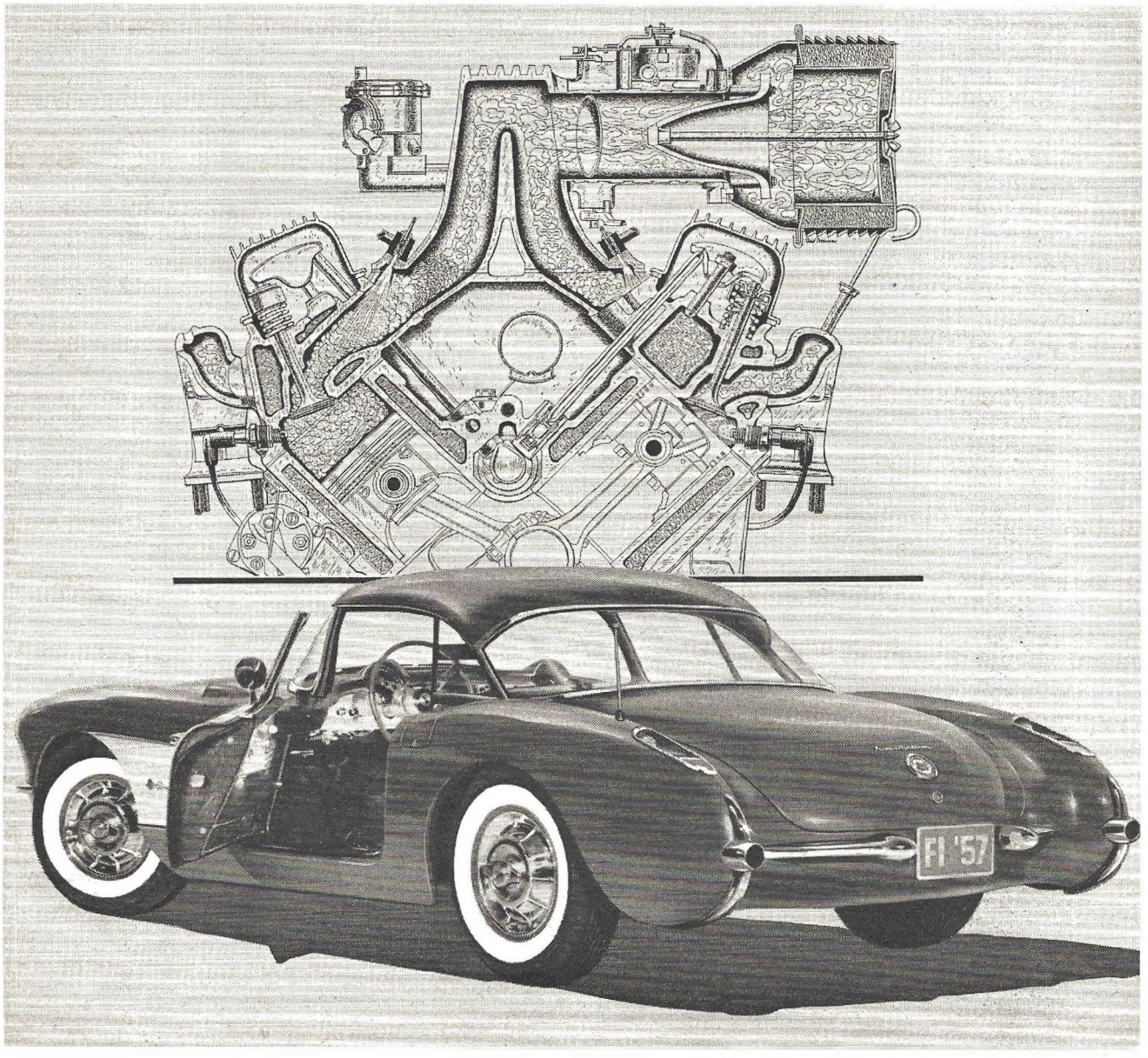

IT ALL DEPENDS . . .

In "The Many Faces of Casey Stengel," Ed Linn said that the Yankee manager will go to heroic lengths to ignore any new faces that make their way into his dugout for an interview.

Well, Mr. Linn, you're wrong. Mr. Stengel talked to me for about 45 minutes one day in his dugout while his Yankees were in Norfolk, Va., as guests of the Norfolk Tars in 1954. At the time I was stationed at Langley AFB, Va., as sports editor of the Langley *Flyer*. Mr. Stengel ignored some of his so-called "old newspaper friends" to complete his interview with me. Mr. Stengel is the most considerate manager in baseball.

Duluth, Minn. GEORGE C. MOURKAS

WHAT A CRYSTAL BALL!

I was looking through an old issue of SPORT from 1952. This issue went on sale November 30, 1952. In it you said Floyd Patterson would be champ in four years. Four years to the day later, he was, knocking out Archie Moore to keep his date with you. I'd say that's calling them on the nose. Can you pull another like that out of the hat?

Waterbury, Conn. JOE DUNPHY

Sure we can. How's this? Four years from now, the New York Yankees will win the American League pennant.

THE BIG SWITCH

I just finished reading "Inventory In Baltimore," a very fine article. A few issues back I read another very fine story, "The Last Days of Brooklyn's Old Gang." I have a hunch that in about ten years from now your magazine will be doing articles entitled "The Last Days of Baltimore's Old Gang" and "Inventory In Brooklyn." Would be interesting, don't you think?

Bronx, N.Y. MARTIN SCHWARTZ

WHAT HAPPENED TO ROSENBLUTH?

I'm disgusted with your All-America basketball team. What happened to Lennie Rosenbluth? Doesn't he rate All-America any more? He is the greatest ballplayer ever to come out of the state of North Carolina, and that includes Ron Shavlik, Dick Hemric and George Glamack, who was awarded the Helms Foundation "player of the year" title in 1940 and 1941. Coach Frank McGuire calls Rosenbluth the best player he ever coached.

Lennie's shooting percentage last year was better than that of three of your All-Americas. And the other two are five and eight inches closer to the basket than Lennie is. Rosenbluth is the greatest second team All-America your magazine has ever had or ever will have.

Greensboro, N. C. SAM SHAFFER

You'll find some balm for your wounds on page 51, where there is a story about All-America Len.

SWOYERSVILLE A. A.

It would be nice if you'd run a story on the town of All-Americans, Swoyersville, Pa. This town is not only the best little town around, but its high school has turned out some of the greatest names in sports. To name a few, there was Joe Holup of George Washington, John Paluck of Pittsburgh and the Washington Redskins, John Holup of George Washington. Walt Michaels of the Cleveland Browns and Lou Michaels of Kentucky. These are only a few. If you were to do a story about this town, you'd find out that there have been many more. Please look into this.

Villanova, Pa. A SWOYERSVILLE FAN

HAPPY NEWS

Received your telegram about winning third prize in your Giant Quiz when I arrived home from work one day and was elated with the news. I am thankful I was fortunate enough to rank so high among contestants from all over the country. Although I worked very hard on the Quiz, I found it was put together very well, and I learned a lot about doing research. I was an entry last year and fell by the wayside, but being a lover of sports, it didn't discourage me about trying again this time.

Bronx, N. Y. CLIFFORD J. MOORE

IS FRANK LANE CRAZY!

I've read your article, "Is Frank Lane Crazy?" and I want to clear this up. The answer is "Yes." I agree that it was time to get rid of some fellows, and he picked the right ones, but, oh, did he get hooked on the incoming talent!

Milwaukee, Wisc. MICHAEL HART

Lane is far from crazy. Fans have given him a bum rap. He had to give away such favorites as Red Schoendienst, Harvey Haddix and Bill Virdon to get good material. True, Schoendienst was a popular fellow in St. Louis, but the Cards needed a shortstop. Just as the Card fans miss Red, that's how I miss Al Dark and Whitey Lockman. And how about the Del Ennis deal? Del is a good clutch hitter. And Lane didn't do too badly with Herm Wehmeier, who beat the Braves, 2-1, in a 12-inning game late in the season. That game cost the Braves the pennant.

College Point, N.Y. RUSS HENRICH

RED SOX BACK TALK

Your article, "The Red Sox Talk Back," was very interesting, but not completely accurate. Being a diehard Sox fan and a resident of Boston, I feel qualified to clear up some erroneous opinions. The situation regarding the Boston writers vs. the players is true, but only in part. Some writers do print half-truths about the Sox, but they are a minority. One newspaper chain, with some papers in Boston, caters to sensationalism.

Another thing—the Sox are not picked on because of their past failures, as the article suggests. True, disasters such as the 1948 playoff loss and the pennant defeat on the last day of the 1949 season can never be entirely forgotten. If the fans criticize the players, however, it's because of what they are doing wrong *now*.

You will find that 70 per cent of the people who go to Fenway Park to boo the Sox are Braves fans . . . And if other clubs don't need 15 minutes to cool off after a game before the press is allowed in, then the Sox don't need it, either.

It's very simple, what would stop all the criticism—a pennant.

Boston, Mass. STANLEY CURRAN

I'm happy someone finally had the guts to print the real story behind the many flare-ups between the Red Sox and their critics. I'm a Yankee fan, but I think it's a shame the way the writers treat the Boston players. The players have no way to defend themselves against such treatment. The Sox deserve all the credit in the world.

Brooklyn, N. Y. HARVEY SHOMER

Your story on the Red Sox was one of the best. I'm a Canadian, from Ottawa, where sports are slowly dying out, and I have no favorite teams except maybe Pittsburgh. But I have some favorite players, like Bob Friend, Robin Roberts and Ted Williams. Now, here's my beef. I've read so many raps against Williams and other Sox players that I think it's wonderful the players even play in Boston. Tom Yawkey would do better to move his team to some other city.

Ottawa, Canada MAURICE FARLETT

The Boston players have rabbit ears. It's a wonder they all haven't been run out of baseball. They've blamed their poor showing on the press and the fans—never on themselves.

Bridgeton, N.J. CHARLES MCPHERSON

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SPORTalk

By FRANK GRAHAM, JR.

Rocky's Soft, Happy Life

We had read in the newspapers that Rocky Marciano was assuming the oversized proportions of Two-Ton Tony Galento, and so, hearing one morning that he was in town, we called him at his hotel. A friend of Rocky's answered the phone and said the champ wasn't up yet and would we call back about 11 o'clock. My, my, we thought to ourselves, the Rock must really be treading the primrose path. Anyway, we called at 11 and made a date to meet him later in the day at his "lounge," the Marciano Room, on Lexington Avenue, in New York City.

Rocky's cocktail lounge is laid out in the shape of an "L" with one arm housing a bar and the other a small room with tables, a bandstand and a dance floor. Covering one of the walls in the lounge, almost 30 feet long, is a huge photograph of Rocky standing over the fallen Archie Moore. When we came in, a couple of Rocky's friends were examining the photo, picking out newspapermen and celebrities clearly visible at ringside. On the other wall is a 30-foot drawing depicting each man Rocky fought in his professional career; each opponent is shown flat on his back or in the act of falling. The formidable figure of the Rock stands at one end of the mural, throwing his lethal right. Beneath each of the stricken figures is printed his name and the date of execution. This avalanche of tumbling men must have a disastrous effect on passing drunks.

Rocky came out and greeted us with all the uninhibited heartiness of a Toots Shor. We felt, as we always do when seeing Marciano after a long interval, mild surprise that he isn't as big as the popular conception of a heavyweight champion. We also noted with satisfaction that the reports of his obesity were greatly exaggerated. His face was fleshier than in his spartan days, but he hadn't gone to the sort of fat that might encourage anyone to challenge him to a brawl.

"I weigh about 215 now," Rocky told us. "That's 30 pounds over my fighting weight, but only ten over normal for me. I could get back in shape if I had to because I still watch myself carefully. I do some roadwork now and then and usually I eat only steaks and chops. Of course, I love Italian food, too, but I couldn't touch it when I was fighting. Now I can eat it once in a while if I want to."

We asked Rocky what he was doing now that he had retired. "Right now I'm interested in making a success of this place," he said. "It's owned by Americo Schiavone, who's chief inspector for the State Athletic Commission. I don't put any money in it, but Americo's using my name here.

"I like the idea because I've always wanted to spend more time around New York. Then the dog track up at Raynham, Mass., has hired me as a promotion man and I've agreed to spend 50 days each summer up there. I tried to buy a shoe factory in Brockton with a couple of friends, but that fell through. Right now we're hoping they're going to make the movie of my life story. I'd like to fool around some with movies. It would even be fun to try a little acting. I'm game."

Rocky had the chef ladle out a bowl of *pasta fazoola* for us, and after a couple of minutes he broke down and ordered a bowl for himself. The

Rocky Marciano's single-minded devotion to boxing has been replaced these days by a variety of interests, including supervision of the kitchen in his new supper club.

Minnesota's Ken Yackel towers above Gary Kearns, RPI's 5-1 All-America star.

lounge hadn't opened yet for the night, but Rocky wasn't able to sit still for more than a couple of minutes at a time. People were coming in to see him or he was being called to the phone, and off in the corner a man was trying to get him to stand still for an hour to listen to an idea he had for a musical comedy about a prize-fighter. Then the phone rang again and Rocky went to answer it. He came back and said, "Rocky Graziano is coming over and he's bringing Yogi Berra. That Yogi is some character." We had to get back to work so we thanked Rocky for the *pasta fazoola* and left. It didn't look, we thought as we walked down the street, as if Marciano was ever going to fight again.

All-America At 5-1

The Biblical tale of David and Goliath has always appealed to people with a strong feeling for the underdog, and that seems to include most of us. The drama of a little guy coming to grips with a Goliath must satisfy our desire to see the high and the mighty tumbled from their pedestals, and the Rabbit Maranvilles, Phil Rizzutos and Buddy Youngs enjoy a special position of honor in sports because they had the courage and the ability to make good in games dominated by big men. Hockey fans with a sympathy for the little guy will be happy to learn of the exploits of a young man named Gary Kearns.

Gary is a forward on the hockey team at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute and last year he was the national collegiate scoring champion. The reason for all the excitement around RPI, aside from the usual stir over a hero, is that Gary is 5-1 and weighs 135 pounds. He scored 58 points, collected on 26 goals and 32 assists, during the 1955-56 season and was named to the collegiate All-America first team. RPI meets most of the leading college teams in the United States and Canada, and being a star in that competition poses some problems for a 5-1 forward.

"The toughest part is the abuse I have to put up with," Gary says, grinning. "Some big guy on the other team is always saying something like, 'Get out of my way, you little worm.' Even my own teammates call me 'Microbe.' When we play on the road, the gate-keepers usually try to make me pay my way in because they think I'm just some kid who's sneaking in with the players. I don't have many problems on the ice, except with the regulation sticks, which are too big for me to handle. I have to saw about six inches off the tops of mine. The other teams don't seem to have any sympathy for me because they knock me around pretty good, but I can dish it out, too."

Gary's size is often an advantage to him. He immediately wins the sympathy of the crowd, and if some roughneck on the other club brushes against him, the crowd sends up a storm of boos and it usually means a penalty for the "offender." Though Gary draws his share of penalties, a referee has to think twice before calling one on him because the crowd is reluctant to believe that such a little fellow could be guilty of roughing up his opponents. One referee was unfortunate enough to put Gary off the ice last year for "high sticking." The crowd didn't know whether to laugh or boo. "High sticking?" Gary piped indignantly. "Why, I'd have to stand on a step ladder!"

Gary, as might be expected, is a good stick-handler and a speedy skater, but opponents are amazed at the force of his body checking. Among the amazed was an enemy goal-tender last year when Gary slid up to him on his knees and poked the puck past him into the nets.

A native of Peterboro, Ontario, Gary came to RPI because of his interest in architecture. This poses another problem for him because he has to pile cushions on his chair so he can reach his drawing board. His height (or lack of it) has never worried him, though. In high school he even played on the basketball team. "I finally gave it up, though," he says. "The big guys were stepping all over me and the little guys were sticking their elbows in my ears."

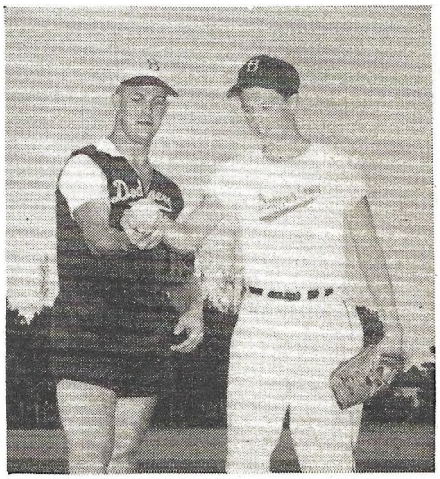
Karl Spooner's Summer At Camp

Recently Dodger vice-president Buzzie Bavasi was quoted as saying that Brooklyn's 1957 problems would be solved by a return to form of sore-handed Roy Campanella and sore-armed Karl Spooner. Everybody knows about the miseries that kept Campy's batting average down around .200 last season, but Spooner, the strikeout sensation of 1954, seemed to drop from sight as completely as has Bob Speake. Actually, the hard-throwing southpaw was in the sun, at Vero Beach, Fla., during most of 1956.

When we saw him recently, tanned and trim, Karl looked ready to go out and shatter some more strikeout records. "I haven't thrown a ball hard since the 1955 World Series," Karl told us, and then he grinned wryly, "and I guess I wasn't throwing too hard then, either, because I got knocked out in the first inning in my only start. Anyway, I reported to Vero last spring and I couldn't throw hard enough to puff your lip. I only worked a couple of innings and then came north with the Dodgers. At cut-down time in May, Bavasi called me in and told me they were sending me to St. Paul so I could try to pitch my way back into shape. I wasn't much good out there, either. My shoulder hurt every time I tried to throw hard. I was just lobbing them up. Finally they sent me back to Brooklyn for another checkup. I was desperate by then. There were times when I was sure I was never going to be able to throw hard again.

"When I got back, I went to see Bavasi and he showed me the doctor's report. It turned out that I had bursitis and the doctor thought it could be cleared up, but rest and hot weather were the best things for it. 'We got just the place for you,' Buzzie told me. 'We run the Dodgertown Camp for Boys at Vero Beach every summer, and you can go down there and finish out the season as an instructor. You'll be out in the sun all the time, you'll be keeping in shape, and maybe you'll have fun too.' "

Karl wasn't so sure he would have any fun, knowing that the Dodgers were in a knockdown battle for the pennant, but he was willing to try anything that might bring back his fast ball. He went to the boys' camp. "Buzzie was right," Spooner told us. "I spent eight hours every day with those kids, teaching them what I could about baseball and taking them fishing between times. Even Carl Furillo would have been envious to see the fish those kids caught. I pitched batting practice to the kids once, but that was the only time I got on the mound except to instruct them. They were boys between ten and 16, and I could throw my slow curve up there and they'd miss it. I played in one game, too. When the campers' all-star team played the staff members, I played first base. Steve Lembo, who used to catch for the Dodgers, also played with us. I got two hits, a single and a triple. I really hit the hell out of that triple."



Sore-armed Karl Spooner spent last year instructing youngsters like 16-year-old Ronnie Booth at Dodgertown Boys Camp.

Karl brought his wife and baby to Vero Beach and they liked it so much they decided to spend the winter there. He has kept himself in shape by doing roadwork and he believes the long layoff will clear up the bursitis and bring back the fast ball that made him, for such a brief time, one of the National League's most promising pitchers. "As much as I liked working at the camp last summer," Karl said, "I hope I'm not back there again this year."

Redleg slugger Frankie Robinson, attending Xavier University, gets to know school heroes like football star Steve Junker, *left*, and basketball captain Jimmy Boothe.

SPORTalk

News From The Fan Clubs

The Chico Carrasquel Fan Club is looking for new members. Those interested may write to Carol McCord, 19432 Winslow Rd., Shaker Heights, Ohio . . . The Jim Piersall Fan Club numbers among its members singers Eddie Fisher and Tony Vale, actors Tab Hunter and Tony Perkins and Celtic basketball star Bill Sharman. If you would like to join this illustrious group, write to Mary Kaye, 365 K St., South Boston, Mass. You don't have to be a celebrity to join . . . Herb Score fans may write to Francis Wociechowski at 6828 Lansing Ave., Cleveland, O., for information about the club honoring the Indians' great lefty. . . . Mark Klein of 3425 Knox Pl., New York, N. Y., has jumped on the bandwagon by forming a Don Larsen Club.

Frankie Robinson Looks Ahead

Frank Robinson, the spectacular young slugger of the Cincinnati Reds, deserves some kind of an award for formulating long-range plans. Anyone in baseball will tell you that this 21-year-old leftfielder who won Rookie of the Year honors in the National League last season has a future ahead of him as brilliant as that of any other player in the game today; he should be hitting home runs for the Redlegs for many years to come. Other young men with comparable prospects for success would be content to sit back, enjoy themselves and let the money pour in. Not Robinson. Having graduated from Oakland's McClymonds High School several years ago, he has decided to continue his education, and last fall he enrolled at Xavier University in Cincinnati.

Naturally, the Redleg star stirred up a lot of excitement on campus when he reported for his first day of classes. Frank arrived at school on November 19 with an escort of photographers, newsreel cameramen and reporters. Startled by the popping flash bulbs and poised pencils of the reporters, Xavier basketball coach Ned Wulk commented wryly, "I wish we could get a turnout like this for the opening of our basketball practice."

Frankie upset classroom routine, too. The Rev. John H. Reinke, who conducts a course in General Psychology, was talking recently about Robinson's first day in class. "When I was studying at Loyola University in Chicago," Father Reinke said, "the Psychiatric Unit of Cook County Hospital had just been built on the site of the school's old baseball diamond, and we used to refer to it and its patients as being 'out in left field.' So, during my lectures here, I always referred to a psychotic as one who was 'out in left field.' When I used the term on this particular day, I noticed that the students began to giggle and look at Frank. From then on, I had to alter my terminology—in that class anyway.

"Later in the hour I noticed that the class began to fidgit more than they ordinarily did. Then, as soon as the bell rang, they all jumped up and rushed over to Frank to get his autograph. It was the most hectic ending any of my classes ever had."

Frank is taking 12 credit hours at Xavier, including courses in General Psychology, Speech, Administration of Physical Education, Coaching, and Health and Hygiene. As we said, Frank is an unusually farsighted young man. Of course, the Redlegs are happy to see him enrolled in college, too. It might help to keep him out of the Army.

They've Played The Game

INSIDE SPORT: In putting together our magazine, we have always tried to use writers who know sports. But this issue is unique in that it carries two stories written by former big-time athletes, Curt Gowdy and Mal Mallette. That's getting down to the grass roots.

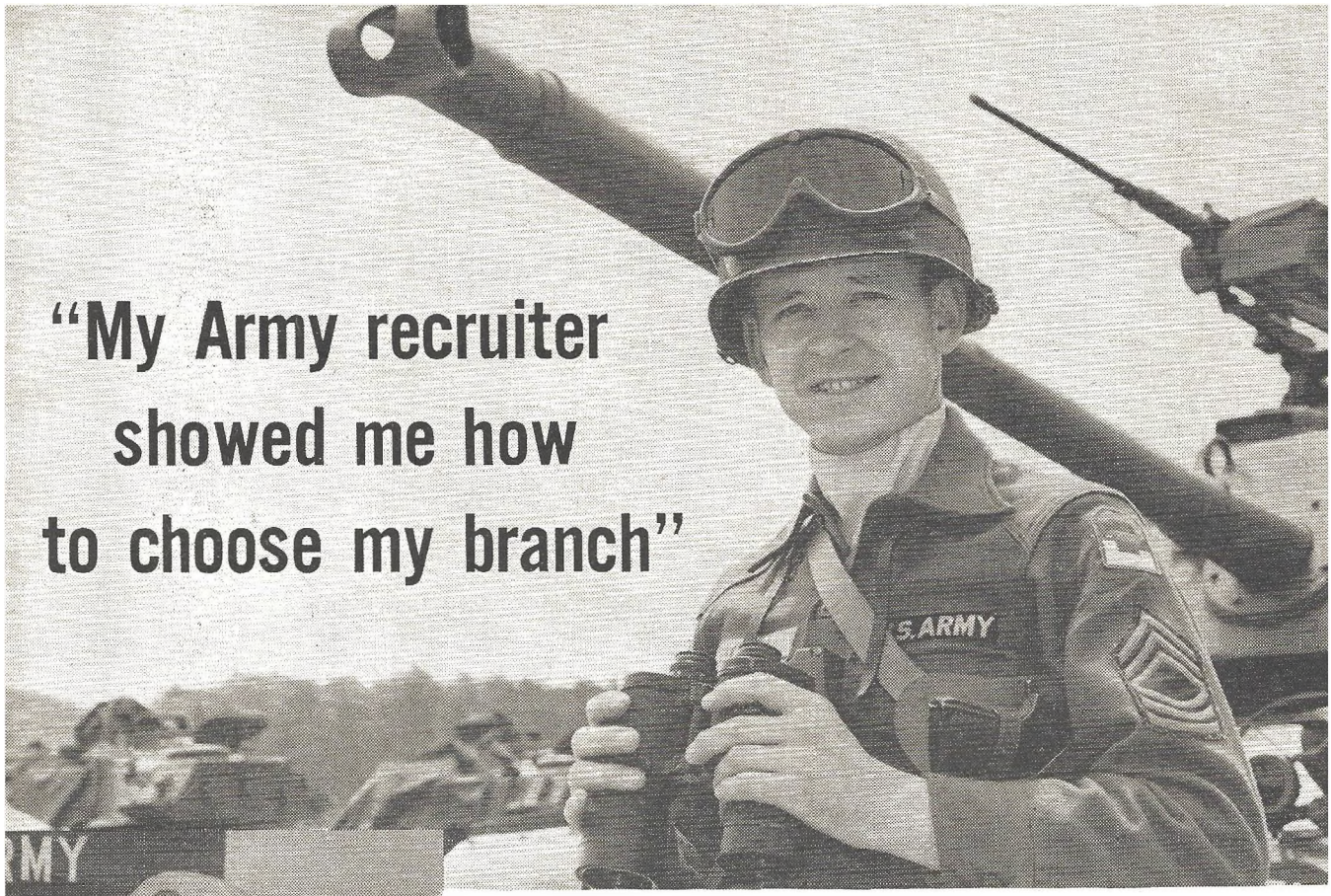
Gowdy, who now broadcasts the Boston Red Sox games and is well known as a football and basketball announcer, was a basketball star at the University of Wyoming in the early Forties. He played on the same club with the great Kenny Sailors and got first-hand knowledge of the one-handed jump shot because Sailors was just about its first outstanding exponent. Curt picked up the shot from Kenny.

Mallette, who turned to sportswriting when his pitching arm went dead, was at one time a fine major-league prospect. He is now a member of the sports staff of the Winston-Salem *Journal*, and is one of the able young sportswriters in the South. Mal was in the Yankee organization when he hurt his arm, and Brooklyn president Branch Rickey, who had received some good reports on him, drafted him in 1950 and labeled him a "sleeper." Mal never made it.

He did come close, however. We remember sitting in on an early-season conference between Dodger vice-president Buzzie Bavasi and manager Chuck Dressen in 1952. They were trying to pare the Brooklyn squad to the player limit, and they had finally narrowed it to two candidates for the one available berth on the club. Mallette was one and the other candidate was a rookie pitcher named Joe Black. Dressen, desperately scrambling for pitching help to replace Don Newcombe, who had just gone into the Army, leaned toward the more experienced Mallette. Bavasi overruled him. "Mal just can't throw hard any more," Buzzie said. "We'll never win a pennant with him. Let's take a chance on Black."

So Black stayed and became Rookie of the Year. The Dodgers won a pennant with the brilliant relief pitcher, but Mallette, giving up baseball soon afterward, carved a new career for himself. We'd say he has become a big-league writer.

Lou Brissie, who led Legion All-Stars to Caribbean last fall, chats with player June Raines, *center*, and Nats' rookie Neil Chrisley, *right*, at Havana Stadium.



Sgt. 1st Class Edmund L. Reel
Army Recruiter,
Sutton, W. Virginia

"He got me the leadership training I wanted"

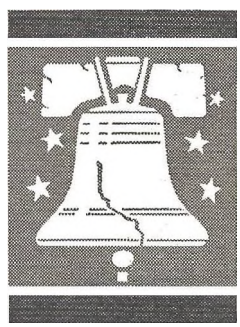
"I entered service just the way I wanted to, thanks to my Army Recruiter. He was a nice fellow and gave me the straight talk on enlistment opportunities. With his help, I chose my branch of service *before* I enlisted. Now I'm a tank commander in Armor. It's plenty exciting to have all that power at your command. But, more than that, I got real leadership training—great instruction and schooling that's taught me to handle responsibility, make important decisions. You really owe it to yourself to see your Army Recruiter and find out the best way for *you* to plan your service career. I'm sure glad I did, because I've found being a leader is a real mark of prestige!"

Thomas R Cogar

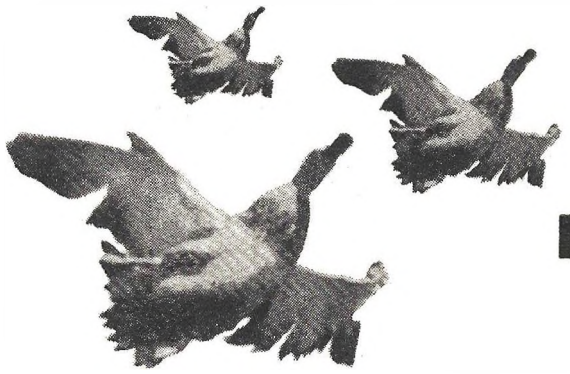
M/Sgt. Thomas Cogar, Gassaway, West Virginia
Graduate, Gassaway High School

YOUR ARMY RECRUITER CAN GIVE YOU THIS SAME SPECIAL DEAL

The Army Recruiter in your home town will show you how to pick your spot in the Army the same way Tom did. He'll show you how you can choose your Army branch *before* you enlist. Infantry, Armor, Signal Corps, Army Medical Service, Engineers, Artillery, Ordnance, Airborne—name it, and it's *yours!* You'll get great leadership training right in your field—be in a position to climb to an important job of responsibility and decisions. Your Army Recruiter is ready to help you, so visit your local Army Recruiting Station today! Remember, there's no obligation!



GET CHOICE, NOT CHANCE, FROM YOUR ARMY RECRUITER



Small Shot Has Power, Too

It isn't so much the size of the pellets you use in your shotgun as it is the shock effect that helps you score when you're hunting

By Richard Alden Knight

PROBING the mysteries of the shock effect of gun pellets on game birds and animals has proved to be a valuable aid to hunters. But, felling a bird does not depend on striking power alone; bigger shot is not necessarily more effective than smaller pellets.

Shock is brought about by any blow strong enough to affect the circulation of the bloodstream. It can be caused by a bullet, club, or knife wound without actually striking any of the vital organs. When it is severe enough, shock of this type can cause death.

To give you an idea of how involved the subject can get, one ammunition firm, obviously confusing striking power for shock, devised a chart on hitting power, in pounds and ounces, of each size of shotgun shot. What did not follow was the assumption that a pellet bearing, say, the striking weight of a half pound, would not cause the instantaneous shock if it struck the foot of the animal, or bird, that it would cause if it hit a more vital part of the body.

Ten years ago, my hunting partner and I became interested in the effect of shock and shotguns. At the time, we were fortunate in having a large winter crow roost, catering to some 50,000 birds, and within an hour's drive from the house. Then, too, the cost of ammunition wasn't especially high.

Starting the season, we shot crows every day we had a chance. Our bag varied from 50 to as many as 300 birds a day. Going through as many shells as we did, the local supply thinned down to the point where we no longer had any selection. We took pretty much what we could get.

By the time Christmas had passed, we had exhausted the supply of 6's in town and had sadly depleted the 7½'s. By the middle of January, we were shooting 9's. Throughout all of this steady shooting, one fact manifested itself more clearly as each day passed. Our kills became cleaner and our batting average climbed as we dropped back into *smaller* shot. You can imagine our amazement.

Interested in finding out why, we began collecting dead crows and spent our free evenings performing autopsies. This is when we first discovered the value of pellet shock.

I had managed to salvage a few heavy loads and I shot these in competition with small shot. Two effects became apparent. When we operated on the kill, we discovered that while the heavy shot tore tissue and ripped vital organs, there were fewer of them in the target. To kill a crow outright with these larger pellets, we had to hit vital organs. Such was not the case, we found out, with the smaller pellets.

Stripping the skin and feathers from the dead crows, we would count the number of pellets required to put him down for keeps. On an overall average, 11 holes seemed to be the norm. Then we would trace these pellets on their path through the bird. Some startling things came to light.

We discovered that, of the 11 or so pellets striking the bird, only two would be in a vital spot. The remainder would be scattered in areas not normally considered fatal. Yet the birds were tagged on kill to determine their manner of fall and only completely killed birds were autopsied. In a few instances were there enough pellets in vital regions to kill instantaneously. Yet these birds came down like they were hammered over the head.

After six long months and 36 cases of shells, we arrived at as much of a conclusion as we were able to under the experimental facilities at our disposal. Broken down, they amount to this: Shock remains an indefinable point. Still, we worked out a kind of formula. Basically, it indicated that when one pellet strikes a bird, the shocking power of this pellet is 1. The shocking power of 2 pellets is 4, the power of 3 pellets is 9 and so on.

Last year, I was hunting Sora Rail in the Patuxet River Marsh below Baltimore. This was a year when the oats on the marsh were very high, making boat-to-boat visibility difficult. Straddling the foreseat in the punt, I was braced as we slid over the marsh, when a hunter in a nearby craft took me full in the pattern of a load of 20 gauge 9's at about 40 yards.

For the interest of science, but not protection, I was glad that I was wearing a light-colored poplin shooting jacket at the time—the marks of the load were clearly shown on its fabric. It was as if a giant hand had swatted me a shattering blow between the shoulders. I hurtled out of the boat headlong, rolling instinctively to hold my gun high as I hit the shallow water. I lay there in some six inches of marsh muck, unable to catch my breath for a moment. It was a good five minutes before I was able to clamber back into the punt. But, I was far from being composed.

After I had recovered, I stripped off my jacket and read the story written across its back. Thirty-six pellets of the load had hit me, but only seven had actually penetrated to the point where they drew blood. The remainder merely punched me without entering. Yet, braced and weighing 175 pounds, I had been lifted well off my feet by the impact. And well I should have been, when you consider that the 36 pellets hitting me generated a shocking force of 1,296! This is enough of a blast to belt a mule.

The only way you can agree with this piece is to prove it to yourself. Try small shot next hunting season in preference to large. Shoot all species with it, give it a fair chance. Then see if you don't agree with our reasoning. There is a tremendous power in the multiple striking power of small shot.

How The Lady Pros Keep Posted

Every once in a while some prominent "sportsman," usually a guy who gets no closer to an athletic event than his television set, makes a speech in which he deplores the current tendency of the American people to take their sports as spectators rather than as participants. This may be true of the country's male population because, as any woman will tell you, we're a lazy bunch, anyway. The ladies, on the other hand, are flexing their muscles and moving into competition in numbers that are sometimes alarming to the self-satisfied "superior" sex. Fay Crocker, the 1955 women's open golf champion, was talking about the trend the other day and we thought she had some interesting things to say.

"Playing on the women's pro tour," Fay told us, "I get to see a lot of the country, and everywhere I've gone in the past couple of years I've been impressed by the tremendous upsurge in golf among the women. During our tournaments, the galleries are filled with women and they don't come just to stand and gawk. They watch every move we make and afterwards they ask us questions. When we play open tournaments, girls flock from hundreds of miles around to enter them and sometimes we start off with as many as 150 players. And when I go out on my job as women's golf coordinator for Spalding's and put on clinics or exhibitions, the enthusiasm is overwhelming.

"These girls are good, too, so good it sometimes scares me. It's going to get tougher and tougher on this pro tour because the younger girls coming up are already threatening to crowd us veterans out. They say experience pays off in golf, but look what Marlene Bauer, who's only 22, did last year. She dominated our tour and won over $20,000, the all-time record for women. Of course, Marlene's father is a pro and she's been playing since she was two years old, so she's had the experience. Still, she gives you an idea of how good the younger crop of golfers is."

Fay has had a lot of experience in golf, too. Both her father and mother won numerous golf titles in Uruguay where her father settled some years ago as an importer. Fay, naturally, grew up with a golf club in her hands. "When I was in school, I cut out a lot of pictures of Bobby Jones going through his swing," Fay said, "and then pasted them on the back of a deck of playing cards. I would take them to school with me, and when I held them under my desk and flipped the cards, I had a little private movie of Bobby and his swing. When I grew older I began to win all the women's tournaments in South America, and finally I came up here to try my luck with the golfers of the United States. In 1950, I lost out in the finals of the women's amateur tournament and then I turned pro in 1954."

We remarked that the ten-month pro golf tour must be a killing grind. "It could be, if we let it." Fay said. "We start in January and go right through the middle of October and we travel over 40,000 miles. Of course, we've figured out ways to make it easier. Two of us always drive together and we each take the wheel for only an hour at a time. We've found that we can keep going for ten

or twelve hours that way and it doesn't take anything out of us. We couldn't get more than two girls in the same car. The springs just wouldn't take it. Once we start putting in our sets of clubs, plus the extra clubs and the shoes and all our clothes. it looks like we're going away for a year—and as a matter of fact, we are.

"We have to pack more than just the 'necessities.' This tour would get deadly if we didn't have things with which we could occupy our minds. We pack portable television sets and hi-fi's and books and magazines. That way we're able to keep up with everything. Then, Marilyn Smith, who's my driving partner, and I play a lot of games while we're driving and they pass the time and also help to educate us. We see if we can name the capitals of each of the 48 states or what states a certain river runs through. I've got Marilyn so that she can rattle off the capitals of all the South American countries. Then we listen to the news broadcasts on the radio and later we talk over what we've heard. When we come to a certain area that has historical interest, we stop and get out and look around. Things have more meaning for you that way. There's no sense just driving along like a couple of amoeba. After all, men don't live by bread alone."

Nor women either.

Portrait Of A Winner

Just in case you frustrated contestants in the Giant SPORT Quiz would like to know something about the man who beat you out for the $250 First Prize (*see page 13*), he is Charles H. Mitchell, who owns a farm outside Millsboro, Del., where he raises corn, soy beans, chickens (broilers) and horses (trotters and pacers). He sells some of the horses he breeds and races the others each summer on the Maryland-Delaware racing circuit. He is a graduate of the University of Delaware, is married and has a daughter, Linda Ann, not yet three years old.

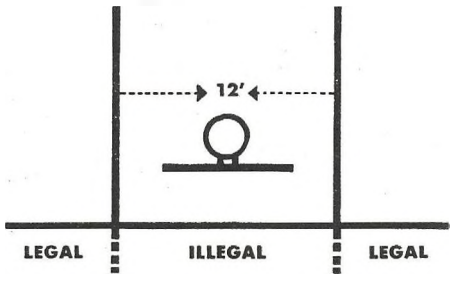
Mr. Mitchell's final score is a fair indication of how tough the Quiz was. He had two questions partially wrong, and still turned in the best set of answers. He missed a portion of Question 15 in Part One, dealing with the traditional trophies which major colleges compete for, and he failed to mention one of the five lefthanded tennis champions in Question 18, Part Two. He was one of the few contestants who correctly answered Question 14, Part One, asking for the team whose pitchers have hurled the most no-hitters. By careful checking he discovered that the Red Sox stand alone with 11, while some of the pitchers listed for other clubs lost their nine-inning no-hit efforts in extra innings. (Our quizmaster was being sly.)

Mr. Mitchell is not an inveterate quiz contestant. "This is only my second try at the SPORT Quiz," he told us. "I first tried it two years ago and couldn't get past the first question, so I didn't bother going any further. Last year I entered and got three or four wrong but wasn't able to win anything. I got most of the answers without having to go outside my own sports library, which is pretty extensive. I've saved every issue of SPORT since you started publishing it, and I got a lot of answers right from them. I wrote away for some of the answers, like for the one about the athletes who had starred in movies. The Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences sent me the answers."

We asked Mr. Mitchell what he planned to do with the $250. "That," he said, "is going to help pay off the mortgage on my house."

Metamorphosis In Basketball

How does a rule in any sport get changed? There must be many ways, since we all seem to unwind our red tape differently. But, we have learned after too long a lull of ignorance, there is usually a story that goes with a rule change. The big change in basketball this past season was the requirement that all balls passed in from behind the end-line, under either basket, could not be handled within the 12-foot zone directly behind the basket; only to the left or right of that zone. Thusly:



The question is, why? Well, last year when Wilt Chamberlain was still a freshman at Kansas U. and supposedly doing no serious harm, the coaches of the Big Seven got a taste of what the young man would some day do to them. In frosh games, a favorite Jayhawk trick on out-of-bounds plays was to pass the ball in by lobbing it over the back of the backboard and have Wilt catch it in midair and stuff it through the basket. Something, the coaches agreed, had to be done. On their own courts they weren't too worried; they had already decided to string chicken wire across the top of the backboard. But what would happen at Kansas? They sent a recommendation to the coaches' association to pass a rule against throwing the ball in over the backboard. The coaches studied the proposal and sent *their* recommendation to the rules committee that this be adopted —but asked that it also be illegal to pass the ball in *under* the backboard. All of this concerned only the offensive backboard. The rules committee studied, in its proper turn, *this* proposal, ran tests of the suggested rule's practicality, then wrote it into the books. But the committee made the rule apply to *both* backboards. Nobody knows why. Next year the rule is due to be changed again.

Small Things To Be Thankful For

Fred Russell of the Nashville *Banner* recently told this story about Bear Bryant, head football coach at Texas A&M. Bryant was delivering a speech during a dinner for the football squad and one of the players, seated in back, was ducking down behind a chair and making peculiar noises. The heckler, seated far back, thought he would never be detected. He didn't realize that Mrs. Bear Bryant was sitting next to him. Finally she turned around and said to the player, "Do you know who I am?"

"No," said the player.

"I'm Mrs. Bryant," she said.

The player gulped and then asked her, "Do you know who I am, Mrs. Bryant?"

"No," she told him.

The boy rolled his eyes toward the heavens and muttered, "Thank the Lord!"

Notes From Here And There

The old saying, "if you can't beat 'em, join 'em," has been carried to its ultimate point by Ronnie Loneski, a 6-5 basketball player from Calumet City, Ill. Ronnie was all set to attend North Carolina State, but he switched to Kansas because he wanted to play on the same team with Wilt Chamberlain . . . Speaking of tall basketball players, the University of Houston lost one early this season when Charles Buxton, a 7-2 center, was caught stealing a car. When he explained to the cops that he was a kleptomaniac, he was asked to define the word. "A kleptomaniac," Buxton said, "is a person who finds something before it gets lost." As a transfer student, he was ineligible to play at Houston this season, but he was keeping in shape by playing for a team sponsored by a cleaning firm. When arrested, Charley had managed to score only 12 points for the team. "Even basketballs are stickin' to my fingers these days," he said glumly . . . Glen Gorbous, the Phillies' outfielder, spent the winter playing hockey with Drumheller, Alberta . . . Charley Silvera's sale to the Cubs gives the veteran catcher a chance to prove to his two kids that he is on the up and up. For years he and Mrs. Silvera have been telling the children that Daddy is a catcher with the Yankees, but every time the youngsters turned on the television set to get a look at him they saw a chunky man wearing number "8" behind the bat. Daddy was never even in the picture . . . Ricky Nelson, the 16-year-old son of Ozzie and Harriet Nelson, is one of the country's better young tennis players and recently played in the national indoor tournament in St. Louis . . . Frank Connolly, the captain of Siena's basketball team, is one of 15 children and already has three kids of his own. The Connolly clan can start its own league. . . . Have you ever wondered what became of Jack Fleck, who had that brief, bright moment of glory when he won the 1955 National Open at San Francisco? Well, Jack hasn't won a tournament since, but recently he bought a share in a golf course near Detroit . . . Max Macon, manager of the St. Paul Saints in the American Association, is a basketball referee during the off-season. A year ago he made a call against the University of Louisville which cost them a game. When he led his St. Paul team into Louisville for its first series last spring, the Colonels front office had supplied the home town fans with tiny whistles. Max's ears were ringing all night. Just recently Max was refereeing an NBA game and the Lakers insisted that one of his calls cost *them* a game. Now Macon is worried about his first trip to Minneapolis with his Saints this spring.

See you next month.

—F.G.

GIANT SPORT QUIZ WINNERS!

IT CAME AS a surprise to us that from the good turnout for this year's Giant Quiz, there were no perfect papers. In fact, first-prize winner Mitchell had one and a half questions wrong, and all other winners had from two to four errors. Except in a few cases, we had deliberately prepared puzzlers this time that could be looked up in one sports' book or another. But we will admit we were as tricky as ever.

Another surprise in this contest was the volume of submissions that came in from large family units. There were at least four instances where we discovered members of the same family (anywhere from eight to 16 of them) submitting papers that were, for the most part, similar. One family, from Brooklyn, did well enough to place nine members among our list of winners.

1ST PRIZE **$250** CASH

CHARLES H. MITCHELL
P.O. Box 456
Millsboro, Dela.

2ND PRIZE **$150** CASH

MERL OTJEN BARNS
1126 W. Jefferson Street
Fort Wayne, Ind.

3RD PRIZE **$100** CASH

CLIFFORD J. MOORE
1651 Hunt Avenue
Bronx, New York

ADDITIONAL PRIZES

Polaroid Land Camera

Curtis Cowan
4146 Boyd Avenue,
Bronx 66, N. Y.

Binoculars

Peter David Franklin
2187 Holland Avenue,
Bronx 62, New York

Herschel Nissenson
36 West 84th Street,
New York 24, N. Y.

Fay Moore
1651 Hunt Avenue,
Bronx 62, New York

Helen Hemmen
1 Oscar Street,
Bay Shore, L. I., New York

Garcia Fishing Rods

Dr. Eric Pike
525 East 68th Street,
New York, New York

Richard Lewis
3917-46 Street,
Long Island City 4, New York

Charles Connell
41 East 12th Street,
Huntington Station, New York

Illinois Hamilton Wrist Watches

John Fitzpatrick
1158 Third Avenue,
New York, New York

Frances Tenca
1192 First Avenue,
New York, New York

Helen Livingstone
66 Scudder Place,
Northport, New York

Katherine Gilbert
Tower Hill Road,
Tuxedo Park, New York

Lawrence Conroy
117-30 205th Street,
St. Albans, New York

S. B. Chamberlin
40½ W. Irving Street,
Oshkosh, Wisc.

Josephine Tuma
32 Lincoln Avenue,
Islip Terrace, New York

John Carrigan
135 Third Avenue,
Brentwood, L. I., New York

Leonard Lohmann
Lake Elmo,
Minnesota

Ralph De Bari
Prince Road,
Rocky Point, L. I., New York

Howie Schwartz
208 Bay 22 Street,
Brooklyn 14, New York

Richard Realander
101 Swezey Avenue,
Patchogue, New York

Martin Knee
130 Fenimore Street,
Brooklyn 25, New York

Marilyn Schwartz
208 Bay 22 Street,
Brooklyn 14, New York

Yetta Garber
208 Bay 22 Street,
Brooklyn 14, New York

Morris Entin
687 Van Sicklen Avenue,
Brooklyn 7, New York

A. Packer
43 Countesbury Road,
Valley Stream, L. I., New York

Stanley Schwartz
208 Bay 22 Street,
Brooklyn 14, New York

Morris Packer
1674 West 5th Street,
Brooklyn, New York

Donald VanAmburgh
2260 Lake Avenue,
Rochester, New York

Irving Schwartz
208 Bay 22 Street,
Brooklyn 14, New York

Charles T. Woodard
R.F.D. No. 4,
Fulton, New York

B. Bondy
8857 16th Avenue,
Brooklyn, New York

Esther Packer
208 Bay 22 Street,
Brooklyn 14, New York

Wilson Baseball Gloves

Joseph L. Piccerillo
654 Hanover Avenue,
Allentown, Penn.

Edward J. Pulastro, Jr.
White Avenue,
Northvale, New Jersey

John Callahan
23 Second Avenue,
East Islip, L. I., New York

MacGregor Baseball Glove

Karl Wingler
626 Tennessee Avenue,
Fort Wayne 3, Ind.

Clyde C. Sorola
3916½ W. Alameda Avenue,
Burbank, Calif.

Ronald R. Revette
703 Huron Street,
Schenectady 5, New York

Nokona Baseball Gloves

John Vincent Leon, Jr.
1827 Kienlen Avenue,
St. Louis 20, Mo.

Gary Klein
3167 Sunnyslope Blvd.,
Pasadena 10, Calif.

Robert Forrest Baker
2918 Edison Street,
Dayton 7, Ohio

Spalding Baseball Gloves

Ronald R. Ward
Shawnee Inn,
Shawnee-on-Delaware, Penn.

Clark Benton
155 East 72nd Street,
New York, New York

Charles VanAmburgh, Jr.
Box 57,
Port Crane, New York

FOR COMPLETE GIANT SPORT QUIZ ANSWERS SEE PAGE 66

Six Trades That Ought To Be Made

It would take guts, but they could help the clubs involved and tighten the pennant races. They might even cost some general manager his job. What do you think?

By Dick Young

IF you're a baseball fan, the chances are you're an incurable grandstand manager. You know better than Casey Stengel does who should pitch and who should play left field; you know better than Fred Haney does who should bat fourth and who should play second base.

Being a grandstand manager is fine. It's good, clean, healthy sport, and hardly anybody ever gets hurt except the real manager. But don't you have any ambition? Why not give yourself a promotion and move into the front office? Be a grandstand *general* manager. It's a wide-open field and the possibilities are tremendous. Not only can you arrange to pay your favorite ballplayer all the money you think he's worth, and entertain your friends in the best box seats in the house, but you can play the most exciting game of all—making trades.

Come on. Take a shot at it. But only if you've got a lot of nerve. This is no game for the faint-hearted. We're setting out to show the real general managers what they could accomplish if they had enough guts to take a few chances. It's up to us to make six spectacular, eye-popping trades that will make sense by themselves but also will serve to tighten the pennant races in both major leagues. It isn't going to be easy but we can do it.

Let's keep in mind these basic trade factors: (1) What does the team in question need? (2) Who has something extra of that commodity? (3) What would he require in exchange? (4) Can we give him what he requires?

With those rules laid down, a good place to start is with the Cincinnati Reds. They made a great race of it last year and wound up in third place, only two games behind the champion Dodgers. Everybody knows that they're the hittingest team around right now and the common assumption is that they would be downright tremendous if they could get hold of one good pitcher. So let's be big about it and give them Robin Roberts of the Phillies. Naturally, you can't expect to latch on to a pitcher like Roberts without giving something important in return. But we're ready. We'll let the Phillies, who desperately need power hitting, have big Ted Kluszewski. Birdie Tebbetts has enough hitting to be able to get along without Klu, and he has an excellent first-base replacement at hand in George Crowe. Birdie himself said last fall that Crowe would probably hit 35 home runs if he played a full season, and that's exactly what the Reds got out of Klu in 1956. It's a trade that would, in the classic phrase, help both clubs. The Phils would hate to give up Roberts and the Reds would hate to say goodbye to Kluszewski, but you have to give up something to get something and neither club looks to be good enough as it stands.

Neither Robby nor big Klu was exactly up to par last season. After six straight 20-game-winning years, Roberts failed to make it in '56. He came close, winning 19 ball games for the Phillies, but he also lost 18, which is not in the usual Roberts style at all. Klu hit .302 and 35 homers for the Reds, respectable figures for most batsmen but nothing much for the Cincinnati strong man. Even more troubling, he had aches and pains most of the season. What with one thing and another, and considering the fact that Roberts is exactly two years older than Kluszewski, it wouldn't be a bad trade at all. The Reds need pitching and the Phils need hitting. If Roy Hamey and Gabe Paul had our nerve, both clubs would be improved.

Now that we're under way, we can really pull off a big one. The Indians and the Red Sox have been eating the Yankees' dust for years. Both clubs are good, but not good enough. The Indians

Early Wynn
Indians

Both players are near the end. Ted would make the Indians an exciting club in '57 and Wynn's pitching would make the Sox, already tough, a serious threat.

Ted Williams
Red Sox

Robin Roberts
Phillies

A bold move might help each club. The Redlegs need a good pitcher and who's better than Robin? Klu would put sorely needed punch back into the Phils.

Ted Kluszewski
Redlegs

Frank Thomas
Pirates

Thomas would look good in Dodger outfield with Snider and Furillo. In turn, the Pirates would be strengthened at two positions. Gilliam is key to trade.

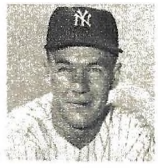
Jim Gilliam

Sandy Amoros
Dodgers

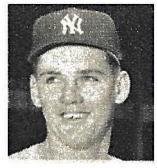
Billy Pierce
White Sox

The Yanks drool at the thought of Pierce. The Sox would pick up two regulars and fine young pitcher. It would give Lopez the depth he needs to maneuver.

Hank Bauer



Andy Carey
Yankees



Johnny Kucks

Harvey Kuenn
Tigers

Garcia would make Tiger staff one of best and Chico would tighten defense. Kuenn, a fine hitter, would replace Rosen and add punch to weak Indian attack.

Chico Carrasquel

Mike Garcia
Indians

Red Schoendienst
Giants

Red is 34, but Braves *must* win in '57. He's the man to plug gap at second and insure flag. Giants, going nowhere, would trade for future. They've nothing to lose.

Joe Adcock

Danny O'Connell
Braves

have great pitching but not enough hitting. The Red Sox seem to be afflicted by some mysterious jungle rot that eats away at them until they disintegrate, usually in September. Strong measures are called for. The Indians have, in Early Wynn, a man who is widely regarded as the best professional pitcher in action today, a master of the trade. He has won 120 ball games for Cleveland in the last six seasons, an average of 20 per year. He is 37 years old but he has a rubber arm that was good enough to come up with a 20-9 record last season. He may not have many years left but right now he is a jewel of a big-game money pitcher. Why not have the pitching-rich Indians trade him to the Red Sox for the 38-year-old Ted Williams? Sure, Williams is an institution in Boston but it doesn't seem too heretical to argue that he has outlived his usefulness there. The Sox certainly haven't been winning with him; of recent years, they haven't even been winning any friends with him, much less pennants. It wouldn't be a bad idea to try a run for the pennant without him, if only to test the widely held theory that some of Ted's I-am-above-it-all attitude rubs off on the younger Red Soxers. And the Indians are one of the few clubs that not only can afford Williams' reported $100,000 salary but also can afford to give up an important ballplayer for him.

Williams probably will retire after the '57 season, but the Indians would get their money's worth back at the gate in one year. With Ted's bat to back up strong-armed pitchers like Bob Lemon, Herb Score, Ray Narleski and Don Mossi, they might very well steal the pennant. But whether they win the pennant or not, they would make a lot of bored Clevelanders interested in baseball again. That would make up for Williams' retirement even if Wynn continued to pitch winning ball for Boston for a time. It would be an exciting trade; it would give a great big shot in the arm and a brand new challenge to two ball clubs that badly need stirring up.

One club we've got to do something for is Milwaukee. The Braves stumbled upon a gold mine when they moved to the Wisconsin city, but the gold is liable to peter out if they don't come up with a pennant soon.

They've kept their riotously loyal customers on the edge of their seats by finishing second three out of the last four years, and it's definitely time to break the always-a-bridesmaid pattern. It shapes up as a pretty good ball club with a distinct weakness at second base. Let's give Milwaukee the dandy ex-Cardinal who is now playing second base for the Giants, Red Schoendienst. Red isn't as strong as he used to be but he managed to hit .302 in 132 ball games for New York last year and he would be an ornament in that Milwaukee infield. To get him the Braves would have to give up Joe Adcock, and would have to throw in Danny O'Connell to play the bag for the Giants. Adcock may sound like a stiff price to pay—Joe is only 29 years old and Schoendienst is 34—but the price isn't too high to pay for pennant insurance, and the Braves have got to go for the flag. Schoendienst would anchor the Milwaukee infield, get on base a lot, move runners along, add championship know-how and class to a ball club that obviously could use it. Fred Haney can shove young Frank Torre into the breach at first and get along very nicely. It would be a risk, but a risk well worth taking. As for the Giants, Schoendienst can't help their future plans and they certainly aren't going to contend for the pennant in '57. When they got Jackie Robinson, the Giants said they would play him at first. But obviously if they could get Adcock and O'Connell they would play Jackie at third, and, with Daryl Spencer at short and O'Connell at second and Adcock at first, they would have a respectable infield.

Brooklyn doesn't need help but will be looking for action and could use a leftfielder. The best place to get one appears to be Pittsburgh, where Frank Thomas never has been especially happy. Thomas, with his strong bat (.282 batting average, 25 home runs and 80 RBIs in 1956) would look good alongside Duke Snider and Carl Furillo in the Dodger outfield, and the Brooks could make a major contribution to Pittsburgh's building program by sending Bobby Bragan a fine second-baseman-outfielder, Jim Gilliam, and a long-ball-hitting outfielder, Sandy Amoros, who can break your back when he gets in a streak but never has been greatly appreciated by the Dodger brass. It would be a fair trade, helpful to both parties. The Dodgers admire Gilliam, although they are aware of his weakness on double plays, but they find him expendable despite his great '56 season in which he hit an even .300 in 153 ball games. They would like to put young Charley Neal at second permanently, and they have other youngsters for infield swing duty. As good as Gilliam is, he can be spared. Knowing that, and knowing that the Dodgers have been looking for a solid leftfielder ever since they traded off Andy Pafko, we can't pass up the opportunity to deal with Pittsburgh. The Pirates used Thomas at third last year but he established himself as a first-class leftfielder in his earlier seasons. He would give the Dodgers what they need. In return, the Pirates would be strengthened at two front-line positions, and their fight for a berth in the first division would be materially aided. Amoros hit 16 homers as a part-time player for Brooklyn last year and probably could be counted on for at least 20 if he played regularly. Gilliam could be used either at second base or in left field and would fit neatly into Pittsburgh's style of play. It would be a good trade.

Now let's get back to the American League, where traders of our imagination and boldness are sorely needed if the Yankees' domination of the league is to be challenged. Having already done our bit for the Indians and the Red Sox, let's turn our attention to the White Sox. Third for five years in a row, the Sox desperately need batting power. The only place we see where they can get it is from the Yankees themselves. Naturally, they've got to dangle some pretty enticing bait in front of the world champions. Who else but Billy Pierce? The great little lefthander, winner of 20 ball games and possessor of a 3.33 earned-run average last year, would make the Yankees drool. They make no bones about their hunger for another "big" pitcher, and Pierce certainly would fill the bill. To get him, they probably would, if forced to the wall, be willing to give up the three players we would demand to strengthen the Sox—outfielder Hank Bauer, third-baseman Andy Carey and pitcher Johnny Kucks. No doubt George Weiss will scream like a wounded animal when we insist upon Kucks; he'll want to put us off with Mickey McDermott. But if we're going to give up a proved star pitcher like Pierce, we've got to get a promising pitcher like Kucks and two hitters like Bauer and Carey to justify the gamble. Maybe we will be handing the Yankees another pennant by

giving them Pierce, but maybe not. With Bauer in the lineup, the Sox will have as good an outfield as there is in the league—Minnie Minoso in left, Larry Doby in center and Hank Bauer in right. Carey, who may not be the greatest fielder in the world but hits the ball with more authority than last year's .237 average would indicate, would team with Luis Aparicio at short, Nellie Fox at second and Walt Dropo at first to give Chicago a better than adequate infield. Kucks, pitching for the Sox, might not win the 18 games he won for the Yankees last year, but he figures to do his share—and he's only 23 years old. The Yanks would get what they want out of this trade, but Chicago would get a fighting chance to break out of that third-place rut, and that's worth gambling for.

That leaves us with one more contender to help, the Detroit Tigers. Under a new manager, Jack Tighe, who was one of Bucky Harris' coaches last year, the Detroit club has high hopes of improving upon its fifth-place 1956 finish. But it's a ball club with pronounced weaknesses, and one of the most glaring of them is on the pitcher's mound. Maybe we can convince general manager Spike Briggs that the only way he can get the kind of help he needs is by giving up one of his "untouchables"—in this case, Harvey Kuenn. Not the greatest fielding shortstop in the world by a long shot, Kuenn is one of the American League's most dangerous hitters. Last year he wasn't in top shape physically but he still managed to hit a whopping .332 for the third best average in the league. To make the best possible deal for Kuenn, we think the Tigers will have to look to the Indians, who can give them Chico Carrasquel to play shortstop and big Mike Garcia to take up a big chunk of that pitching slack. Mike only won 11 games for the Indians last year but he is a powerhouse pitcher with a healthy arm and he would look mighty good in Detroit livery. Carrasquel can't carry Kuenn's bat but he is a wizard in the field and he's not helpless at the plate; he drove in a respectable total of 48 runs for Cleveland in '56. With Billy Hoeft, Frank Lary, Paul Foytack and Garcia, Detroit would have a pitching staff of pennant-contending caliber. With Jim Finigan, obtained in trade from Kansas City, at third, Carrasquel at short, Frank Bolling at second and slugging Ray Boone moved over to first (with Eddie Robinson backing him up), the infield would stack up, too. And, of course, the Bill Tuttle-Al Kaline-Charley Maxwell outfield doesn't have to apologize to anybody. As for Cleveland, the Indians haven't been able to do it with great pitching. Kuenn's productive bat might make the difference. It would be an exciting experiment.

Anyway, as we've been saying right from the start, you can't get anywhere in this trading game unless you're willing to take chances. It wouldn't require any courage for Gabe Paul to give up Rocky Bridges, Rudy Minarcin and Charley Harmon for Robin Roberts, but trading away Ted Kluszewski is a different proposition. The swaps we're suggesting are the kind that could easily come back to haunt a general manager for the rest of his life; they could haunt him right out of his job.

That's why it's so much fun being a grandstand general manager. We can make the trades without a worry in the world. Anybody want to deal? Now, let's see, wonder what Horace Stoneham would want for Willie Mays?

THE REAL GENERAL MANAGERS SPEAK OUT

Gabe Paul

General Manager
of the Redlegs

"I would not trade Ted Kluszewski for Robin Roberts. You hear a lot of talk about 'bell cows' of pitching staffs; well Ted is the bell cow of the Cincinnati attack. He gives our attack a foundation. He makes it easier for the other guys. When he's hitting, the other players in the lineup seem to catch the spark. Maybe they get more confidence when they see Ted tearing some pitcher apart.

"The way I look at it, ours is an offensive team, and we owe our success to our power. Take away the big guy and you might change the whole complexion of our ball club.

"Don't forget that in any big trade there are a lot of factors to be considered. One of them is the way the manager of the team feels about the players involved and the material he feels he needs. It could be that our manager has a higher opinion of our pitching staff than you do."

Roy Hamey

General Manager
of the Phillies

"I stand on what I have always said: I would not trade Robin Roberts unless I were guaranteed the National League pennant.

"If I had to pick one player in the league that I thought would be most essential to bringing a pennant to Philadelphia, that player would be Roberts. With him pitching for us, I feel that we always have a chance to finish 1-2-3. As I see it, our job is not to look for ways to trade Roberts, but to try to get some help for him on our pitching staff. Six of his last seven seasons have been outstanding ones. I don't know of any other player in the league who has meant as much to his team as consistently as Robin has. If I could come up with a player or players in a trade for him who would mean as much to us as Robin, I think it would bring Philadelphia the pennant.

"That's what I mean when I say I would only trade Roberts if it meant a pennant for Philadelphia."

CAN LOPEZ STAY CALM IN CHICAGO?

It was tough enough in Cleveland but wait until he meets his new ball club

By FRANK GRAHAM, JR.

BUCKY HARRIS has said that, despite the sugar-coated announcements that are made to the press, a manager never quits; he is always fired. When Charlie Dressen "resigned" as manager of the Dodgers in 1953, the announced reason was that he wasn't granted a contract for more than one season. As everybody knew, and as everybody but the actors in the farce came right out and said, the Brooklyn front office had soured on the gabby little manager and, when he balked at signing, they were only afraid that he would change his mind. Dressen obligingly triggered the gun that blew his own head off. In a like manner, Al Lopez, who had managed the Indians since 1951, last fall voluntarily removed himself from his post to the inexpressible relief of Cleveland general manager Hank Greenberg. This is the bitter pill that forms the core of the profession of managing a big-league baseball team: a manager has never yet left his job without producing a prayer of thanksgiving, audible or private, from the front office. A club will always find a way to keep a manager if it wants him badly enough.

And yet the departure of Lopez from Cleveland somehow seems to rise above the petty distinction between quitting and being fired. He left as he has done everything else since he came into the game—with

good taste and quiet dignity. It is true that a word from Greenberg would have kept him in Cleveland. Greenberg did not choose to say the word and so Al left. There were no recriminations, no charges of passing the buck, no hints of a double cross. When Lopez found the situation in Cleveland uncomfortable, if not intolerable, he simply packed his bags and went home to Tampa.

Baseball, however, is a business where virtue is not always rewarded, and there are those who feel that Lopez will pay dearly for leaving Cleveland, as honest as his feelings were when he made his decision. The frustration of running a regular second behind the Yankees was the biggest load he had to carry in Cleveland. In future years, with the White Sox, he may look with envy on the pleasantries that come with being in second place. A persistent optimist, Al accepted the job of managing the White Sox with his eyes wide open, but there is a feeling in baseball that they will be opened even wider when he takes a close look at what he has inherited from Marty Marion. When Marion was relieved of his command in Chicago (a great deal less subtly than Al was nudged out of Cleveland) he was asked if he thought he might be replaced by Lopez. Marty was quick and emphatic with his answer: "If Lopez is coming here, he'd better bring his pitchers with him."

Al must satisfy boss Chuck Comiskey, *left.*

As Red Gleason of the Chicago *Tribune* recently said, "Lopez left a ball club that can't beat the Yankees to join a ball club that can't beat the Yankees." Unfortunately for Al, he may find in Chicago obstacles that will be just as tough to hurdle as the Yankees are. Among these you can list the character of the White Sox front office, the "show-me" attitude of the South Side fans, and an aging—if not dying—ball club.

It was the Chicago front office that precipitated Marion's abrupt downfall. Marty did well with his ball club, bringing it within five games of a pennant in 1955 and providing the Yankees with their only real scare of the 1956 season. No White Sox manager since 1920 has come so close to bringing the club a pennant, not even Paul Richards, and the majority of Chicago fans are convinced he did all that was humanly possible with the players put at his disposal. They also admired Marty for the very quality which turned the front office against him—his frankness when talking about the ability of his players.

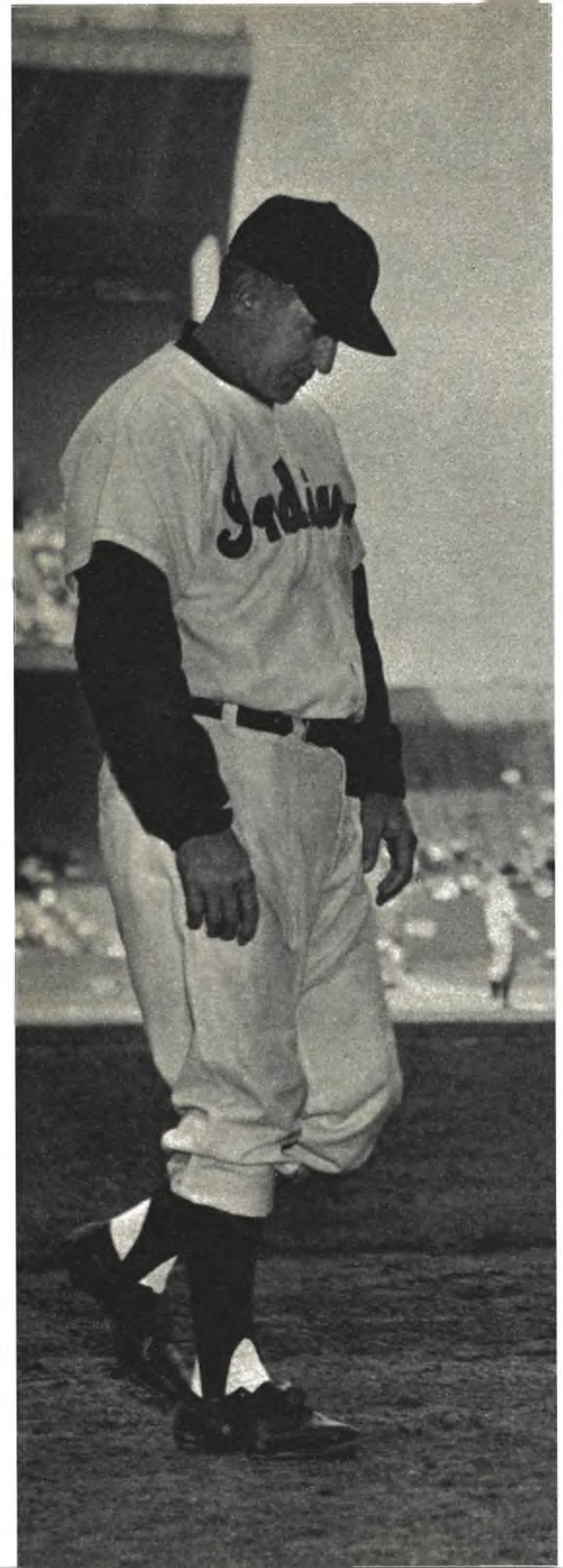
It may be remembered that Marion, who had managed the St. Louis Browns, was fired when the club was moved to Baltimore because he gave the new owners a frank (and sour) appraisal of their ballplayers. In letting him go, the Orioles explained that he had a "defeatist complex." In Chicago, Marion not only let the front office know that he didn't think the players on his club could battle the Yankees on even terms, but he criticized them openly whenever he felt they weren't playing as well as he thought they should. That Marion was just as quick to praise a player who had played well wasn't considered by vice-president Chuck Comiskey and his aides. They were only aware that he was indirectly criticizing them when he rapped the players they had acquired for him. When Marion was fired last October 25, Comiskey's explanation made it plain that Marty's comments about the ballplayers had rubbed him the wrong way. He had already told the press that Marion's material was "excellent," but that the job Marty had done with it was only "creditable." Now he not only made his feelings known completely, but took the occasion to lash out in all directions.

"Personally, I feel that Marion should have done better," Comiskey said. "However, I'm not going to mention any specific things. We had enough second-guessing around here for a long time." That last posy was flung in the direction of Frank Lane, who left Chicago under even less happy circumstances than did Marion. A vice-president who can draw so much blood in three short sentences can make working conditions uncomfortable for any manager, and this is one of the booby traps which Lopez will have to avoid.

In Al's favor, there are the circumstances under which he came to Chicago, and his own character. While Marion was Lane's choice, Lopez is Comiskey's, and often the head man will be less critical of his own choice, feeling that any mud slung at his manager must reflect on his own judgment. Lopez is not as likely as Marion was to get his bosses angry, either, because his judgment of his players' ability will not be as harsh. This is not to say that Lopez is not as honest as Marion; it just means he is more inclined to see the brighter side, even when disaster seems imminent.

Another reason for Marion's dismissal was his penchant for running back to St. Louis every now and then to visit either his family or his business interests. This was interpreted by Comiskey as a lack of enthusiasm for the ball club, especially when Marty once missed an organization meeting which was called to discuss the young prospects in the White Sox farm system. The fans, of course, weren't impressed by this defect in Marty's character, either, and their screams were loud and long at what they considered Comiskey's unfair treatment of a manager they respected. This admiration for Marion, then, is another handicap for Lopez. Just as Al followed the idolized Lou Boudreau into the Cleveland job, now he is following another very popular figure into the White Sox dugout. If the fans begin to draw any unfavorable comparisons between Lopez and his predecessor, Al will hear the news in a hurry. One of his big jobs in Chicago will be to win over the fans.

Lopez has the right to feel that essentially he will stand or fall on how his team does, but this seems like



a frighteningly shaky crutch for him to lean on. The Go! Go! Boys have grown up and some of them are approaching baseball's old age. Lopez could conceivably see his first-line outfield disintegrate in one year. Minnie Minoso claims to be 33 years old, but his claim is as dubious as his account of his background. Nobody really knows much about Minnie because he varies his biography with each interview. His poor start last year hurt the club badly and, while he can still run, his fielding is growing progressively worse. Lopez may lose some of his legendary affability watching Minnie as he tries to impale himself on a line drive.

Jim Rivera will be 35 in July, but age has not improved his inability to hit slow curve balls thrown by lefthanded pitchers. The Sox may try to peddle him for a younger player, but they will do so only at the risk of further aggravating their followers. When the daring Jungle Jim reaches first base, Comiskey Park comes alive. Lopez knows all about his other outfielder, ex-Indian Larry Doby, and the strange symptoms which always break out just when it seems he will finally realize his great promise.

"He's a hard guy to figure out," Lopez says, shaking his head. "But just because we traded him away from Cleveland doesn't mean I'm not glad to have him back with me here in Chicago. It looked like a good trade for us at the time, because we got a good young outfielder in Jim Busby, and a shortstop in Carrasquel that we thought would put a little punch into the bottom of our batting order."

Despite his ailments and a .268 batting average last year, Doby put some power into the Sox attack and knocked in 102 runs. At 32, he is not too old to finally have a real big year for Lopez, but he can't supply the Sox with all the power they need to challenge the Yankees.

The spectre of age does not hover so conspicuously over Al's infield. Lopez will have his headaches at first and third, as have all his predecessors in Chicago for many years now. At first base he can choose between 33-year-old Walt Dropo and 23-year-old Ron Jackson. This choice may convince him that the first-base problem in Cleveland, as troublesome as it was, was nothing compared to his current dilemma. Sam Esposito, last year's rookie third-baseman, is only 25.

The center of the Sox infield is more encouraging. Luis Aparicio may yet rival Roy McMillan as the game's most brilliant defensive shortstop, and his hitting was one of Marty Marion's more pleasant surprises during the 1956 season. At 23, he promises to give Lopez long-term insurance at a position which bedeviled Al throughout his years in Cleveland. Nellie Fox, at second, is a scrappy little guy who gets on base often enough, but there are some South Side spoil sports who complain that he seldom knocks in a badly-needed run. It doesn't take a spoil sport to know that Nellie is probably the worst pivot man in the big leagues. He doesn't have the arm for the play and more often than not he winds up on the seat of his trousers somewhere just short of the center-field wall. Little Nellie, at 29, is a big boy now and so there doesn't seem much chance that his technique will improve. Still, he does get on base a lot, and that never

Lopez left Cleveland after six frustrating seasons "to give somebody else a chance." He ran second to Yanks five times.

has been known to hurt a ball club.

Lopez finds himself with one of the league's better catchers in Sherman Lollar, but Sherm is no indestructible Yogi Berra. He needs rest, but the quality of his understudies may prevent him from getting it. In fact, one of Lopez's major projects will be to come up with understudies for his infielders and outfielders, too. His bench is one of the weakest in either league.

Marion's admonition to Lopez to bring some of his pitchers with him from Cleveland may haunt Al time and again before the summer reaches the cool of October. The staff, headed by Billy Pierce, is capable of some brilliant performances, but it may look woefully thin to Al when the doubleheaders begin to pile up. Al says the scarcity of front-line pitchers doesn't frighten him; he likes to work with only four starters. When he came to Cleveland, he put his staff on that regular rotation, and Early Wynn, who had always preferred plenty of rest between starts, began to thrive on the extra work and became a better pitcher than he had ever been before. In the past, Pierce has also liked to pitch with an extra day's rest, and it will be interesting to see how he responds to Lopez' idea of a rigorous schedule. It will also be interesting to see how the Chicago bullpen responds to the call of a manager who once could, with a wave of his hand, throw a Don Mossi, a Ray Narleski or an Art Houtteman into the breach.

Obviously Lopez has more than enough uncertainties in his future to upset the calmness that has been his trademark. Right now he is facing the future bravely. "I took the job with the White Sox," Al said recently, "because I was confident that Chuck Comiskey would be a nice guy to work for. I'm sure he likes me, because if he didn't, he wouldn't have hired me. There's no reason to believe that he or anybody else will interfere with my command of the club on the field. If I'm unhappy here, it will only mean that the club isn't winning, and not that somebody in the front office is trying to tell me how to do my job."

He probably has a point there, because there must be something wrong with a man who can't like or work with Al Lopez. This will be a point in Al's favor in his fight to win over the fans who believe Marty Marion was railroaded by the Sox management. The fans, the writers and his players have always been Al's biggest boosters. In a game that has its share of selfish men, Lopez is almost unique in that the story of his career is dotted with small acts of considerateness and understanding, and that he is admired by almost everybody.

"The hardest thing about us losing," Bob Lemon once said, "is to have to look at Lopez' face afterwards."

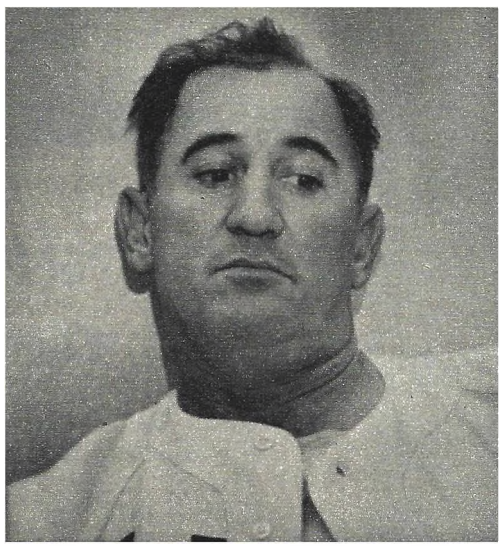
Al is held in what approaches reverence by his players because of his attitude toward them. "I treat my players the way I always wanted to be treated," he says. This is a philosophy that too many men neglect once they assume a position of authority. Lopez is different.

Baseball people, whether they are players, managers or officials, are sensitive mortals, willing to accept the kind things written about them as their proper reward and turning in rage upon the writer who suggests, even once, that their performance or strategy is not wholly free from defects. Al's attitude is refreshing. "The writers have a job to do," he will tell you. "They have to write about a game as they see it, and if you're the goat—well, they've got to put that down, too."

Al received some indication of how the writers feel about him when he left Cleveland. Late last September, Hal Lebovitz of the Cleveland *News* wrote that Al would probably resign at the end of the season. A week later, when Lopez' resignation had been officially announced, Lebovitz called him to wish him luck and let him know how sorry he was that this was his last year in Cleveland. "There's nothing for you to be sorry about, Hal," Lopez told him. "After all, you got a scoop out of it."

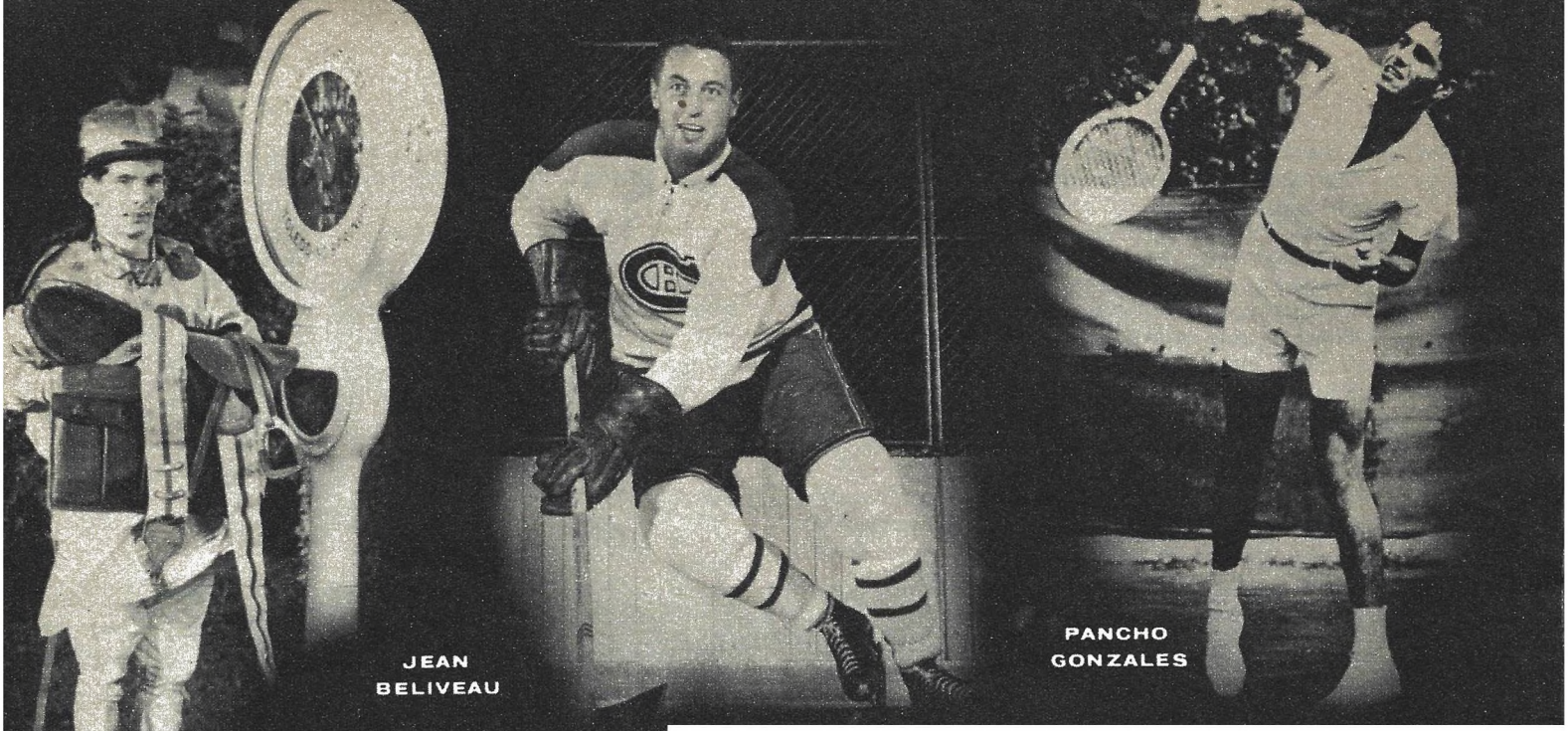
(⟶ TO PAGE 97)

A fine receiver, Al set a major-league mark, catching 1,918 games.



The worst blow was the sweep of his Indians by the Giants in '54.

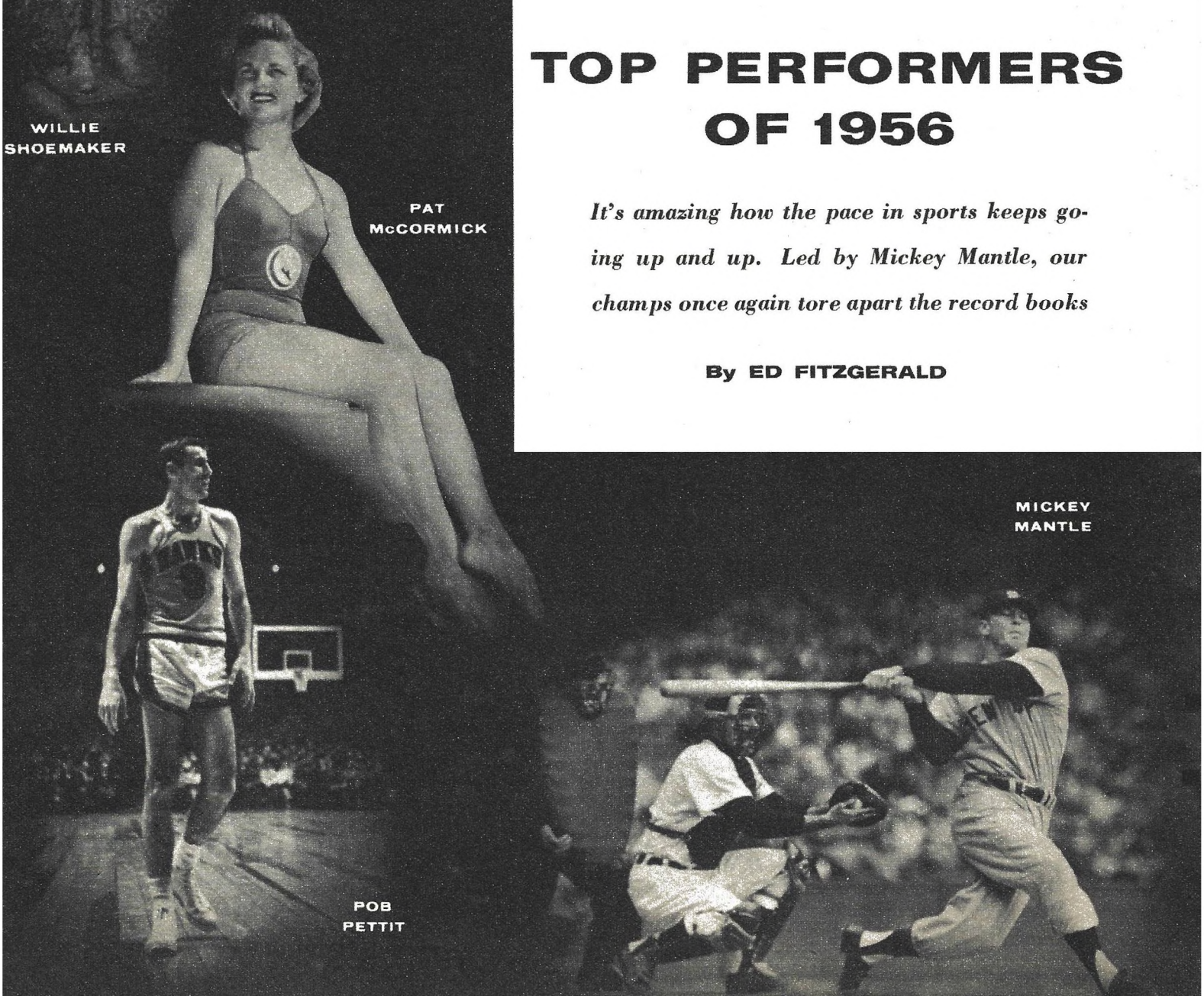
Al spends the winter golfing with old pals in his home town, Tampa.

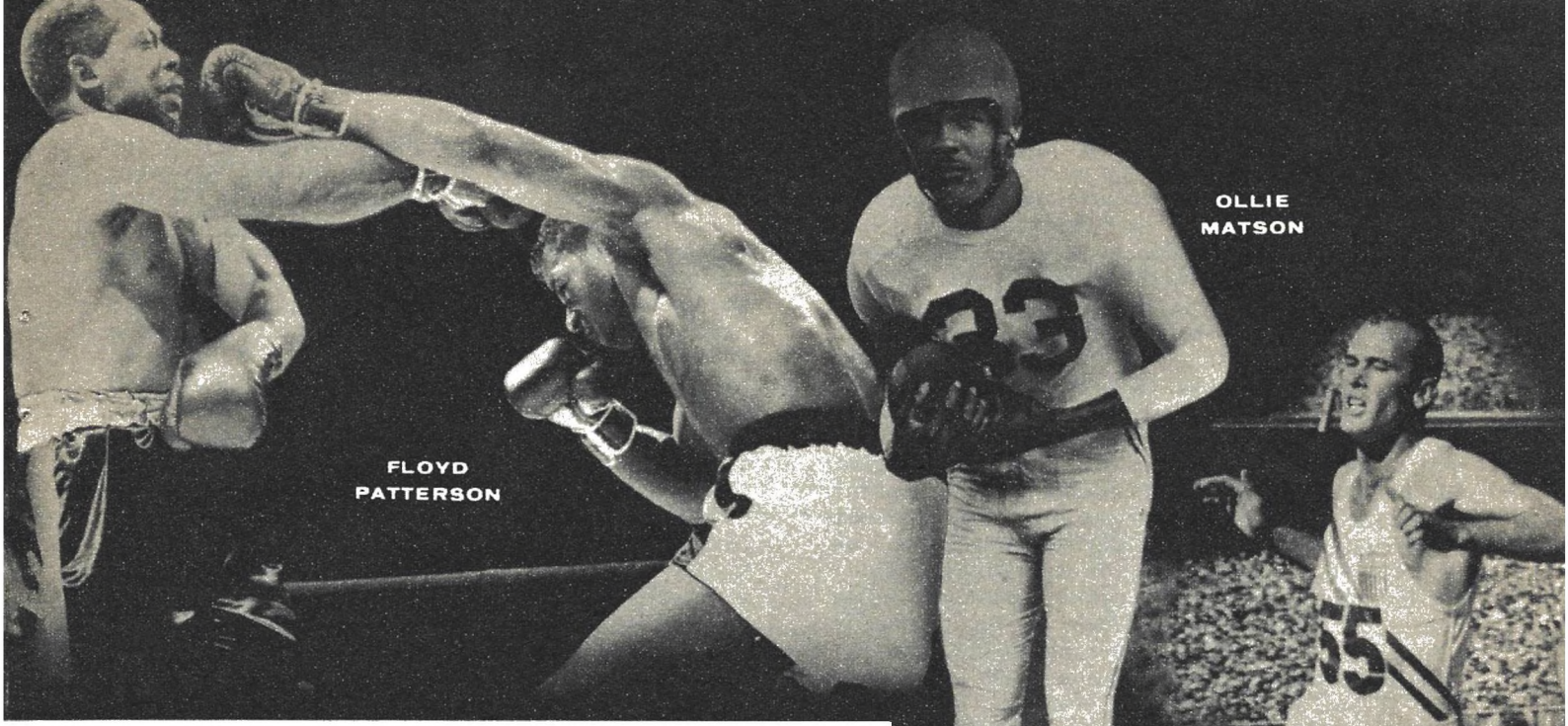


TOP PERFORMERS OF 1956

It's amazing how the pace in sports keeps going up and up. Led by Mickey Mantle, our champs once again tore apart the record books

By ED FITZGERALD





THERE hasn't been a dull sports year since the athletes got out of uniform at the end of World War II and took the games back from the old men and the boys. Year in and year out we have been treated to torrents of excitement, and always the runners run faster, the basketball players score more points, the golfers give par a worse beating, the ballplayers hit their home runs a little farther. Records fall like leaves from a tree and it is hard to keep from wondering, when a new year begins, how the boys can possibly keep up the pace. But 1956 has no apologies to make as it takes its place in line.

First of all, it was Mickey Mantle's year, the year of the coming to greatness of one for whom greatness was predicted from the time he first exploded like a string of Chinese firecrackers in the Yankees' spring training camp at Phoenix, Ariz., in the spring of 1951. Then, too,

it was Floyd Patterson's year, the year another "can't miss" young man followed what appeared to be an ordained path to the top of the mountain—the mountain being, in this case, the heavyweight championship of the world. It was the year Bobby Morrow scored the first Olympic sprint double (100 and 200 meters) since Jesse Owens did it in 1936, and it was the year Bill Russell led the University of San Francisco to the national collegiate basketball championship and then went on to lead the United States team to the Olympic title. It was the year Don Newcombe won 27 National League ball games for the Brooklyn Dodgers, and the year old Sal Maglie came back from the baseball graveyard to win 13 big ones for the faltering Brooklyns, once his bitterest enemies. It was the year a promising but erratic young pitcher for the New York Yankees, Don Larsen, pitched the first perfect game in the long history of the World Series. It was the year Sugar Ray Robinson capped one of boxing's most astounding careers by flattening Bobo Olson in four rounds to keep the middleweight championship he had come out of retirement to regain from Olson in the last days of 1955. It was, all in all, quite a year.

There was hot competition for most of the Top Performer awards in the 12 major categories covered by SPORT Magazine's tenth annual survey. Only Mickey Charles Mantle, the Yankees' switch-hitting prodigy, spreadeagled his field when it came to year-long accomplishment, but even Mickey's claims were challenged by the inspirational (as well as practical) achievements of Sal Maglie and by Larsen's epic one-shot. In the end, however, the voters felt that Mantle was not only the Top Performer in Baseball but also the Man of the Year—and you can say that the other way around, too.

Floyd Patterson was overshadowed by the flamboyant Sugar Ray early in the year but his hard-fought victory over primitive Hurricane Jackson and his ridiculously easy knockout of Archie Moore made the new heavyweight champion the only possible selection as Top Performer in Boxing. Carmen Basilio, with his impressive and popular win over Johnny Saxton for the welterweight title, never had a chance. Patterson caught the imagination of the whole country by the way he overwhelmed Moore with his swift footwork and his marvelously adept hands punching in the kind of combinations you seldom see employed by a heavyweight. The writers had made Archie the favorite in the early line but by fight time on November 30 in Chicago Stadium it was strictly 6-5, pick 'em. Floyd made even that readjustment of the odds look far wide of the mark as he took command of the old gaffer in the first round and made him look like a hollow shell of the skillful boxer and hard puncher he had been—even against the invincible Rocky Marciano. Maybe, as has been suggested, Marciano took too much out of Moore, but even making allowances for that, Patterson looked every inch a champion in putting Ancient Archie away in two minutes and 27 seconds of the fifth round. Archie spoke for almost everybody when he said, after the fight, "Patterson is the fastest thing of his weight I've seen in many a moon." It was generally agreed that Floyd, at 21 the youngest boxer ever to win the richest of the ring's titles, would be the boss for a long time to come.

San Francisco, meaning the University of, wrapped up its second straight NCAA basketball championship by defeating Iowa, 83-71, in the final round of the tournament. It was the 55th consecutive victory for the powerful Dons, their 29th in a row for 1955-56, and everybody went away talking about Bill Russell. There could be no other choice for Top Performer of the year in Basketball. Big Bill scored 26 points in the final, strictly an average performance for him, and was his usual versatile self on defense. Six feet, ten inches tall, Russell is clearly one of the greatest players in the game's history. He ranks with the likes of Hank Luisetti, George Mikan, Bob Cousy and Tom Gola as a player who cannot be stopped on offense, and on defense will break up any attack thrown against him. Players from other countries had no more luck against him as he bulwarked our championship Olympic team than did his collegiate opponents at home. He was the ball game, every time. (⟶ TO PAGE 64)

Mickey is the Man of the Year

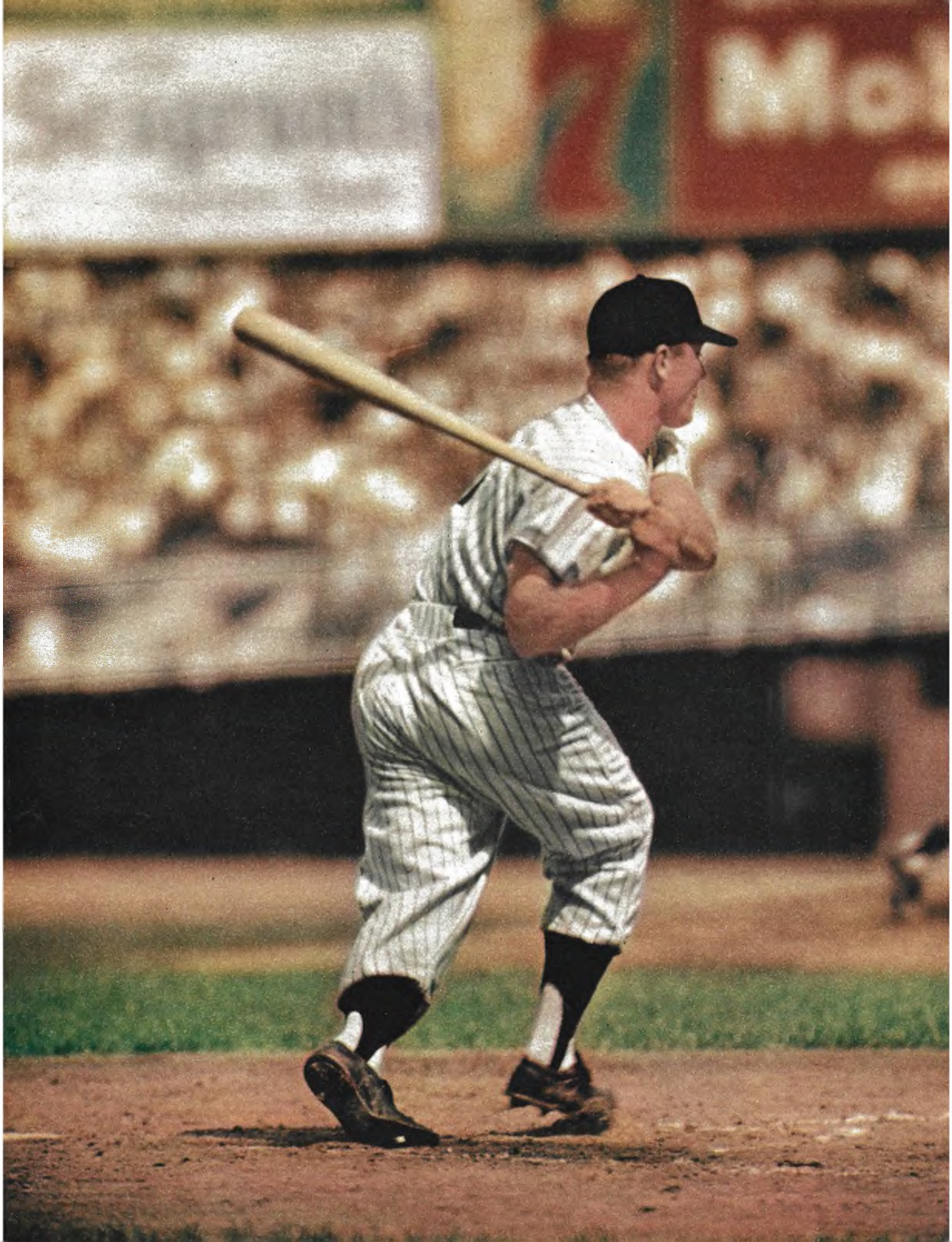
YOU don't generally expect to find anything to read on the big sheet of "Official American League Batting Records" distributed by the Howe News Bureau of Chicago at the end of each season, except a bewildering array of figures. This year, however, the boys in the Howe office just about said it all when they began their closely printed report by saying:

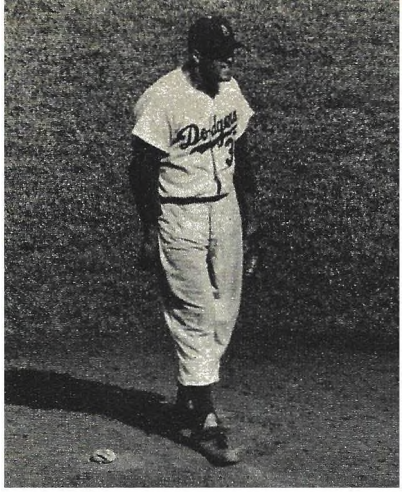
"A summation of the American League batting average figures for the 1956 season may well be entitled 'The Mickey Mantle Story.'"

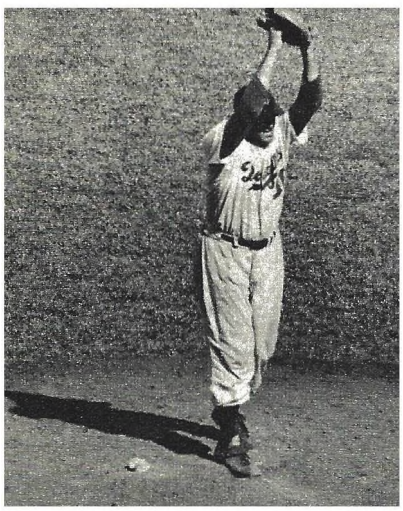
No matter how you look at it, and no matter how deeply you were moved by Sal Maglie's comeback or how breathlessly you were impressed by Don Larsen's perfect game in the World Series, 1956 was Mickey Mantle's year. You can be an American Leaguer or a National Leaguer; you still have to salute the remarkable batting feats of the young switch-hitter who has taken Joe DiMaggio's place in the middle of the Yankee lineup and in the hearts of the Yankee fans. Mickey came of age all at once with a three-way league-leading performance that put him in very distinguished company indeed. He led the league in batting with a .353 average, eight points ahead of Ted Williams' .345; he hit 52 home runs, more than any other Yankee except Babe Ruth and more than any other American Leaguers except Ruth, Hank Greenberg and Jimmy Foxx; and he batted in 130 runs. Just to wrap up everything in sight, he also scored the most runs, 132, and hit for the most total bases, 376. With all due respect to the great catching and hitting of Yogi Berra, the fine shortstopping of versatile Gil McDougald, the aggressiveness of Billy Martin, the pitching of Whitey Ford and the thinking of Casey Stengel, it was primarily on the strength of Mantle's hitting that the Yanks regained the world championship.

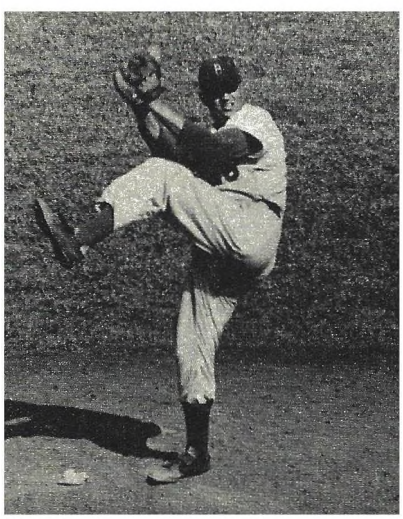
Ever since Mickey's first partial season with the Yankees in 1951 (they sent him back to Kansas City for a while, remember?) virtually everybody in baseball has predicted that he would become one of the great ones. It was obvious that all he needed was poise and confidence, intangible virtues that are born in a few of us but that most of us have to earn as experience matures us. It is cause for rejoicing on the part of the Yankees that Mickey Mantle has reached this stage at the age of 25. He will be the man of many another year before he is through.

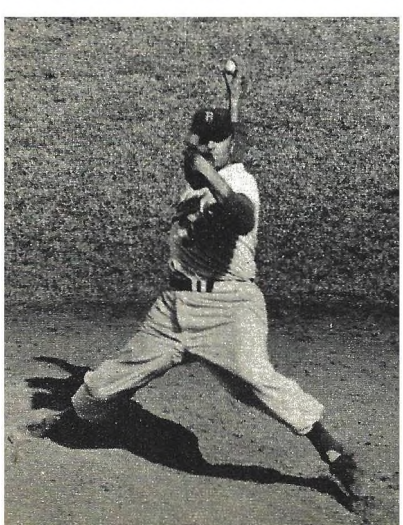
Color by George Heyer











WHERE DOES BIG NEWK GO FROM HERE?

What's a fellow going to do? Newcombe had the greatest year of his career, and came away being called gutless. It would get anyone down

By ROGER KAHN

UNDERNEATH the single word courage, *Bartlett's Book of Familiar Quotations* lists 46 varied and eloquent entries, more than enough to demonstrate conclusively that courage, like love and death and hate, is one of the principal fascinations of mankind.

Before failure in the 1956 World Series tore at his pride and left him naked to laughter, Don Newcombe, the most valuable pitcher in baseball, was no more than a reasonably interesting individual. He had his moods and his great rages and his strangely pathetic desire to be liked, but he was a Dodger. Alongside such electric personalities as Jackie Robinson and Duke Snider, he was not dominant. As a national figure, he was no threat to Elvis Presley.

But just as soon as his collapse in the Series made it fashionable to say, "Newk's got no guts," the situation changed completely. An alert magazine offered $1,500 for a story in which Newcombe was to say, "I'm not a coward." A veteran sportswriter who had disliked Newcombe began asking, "Isn't life tough enough for all of us without throwing that choke-up stuff around, too?" The President of the United States took time out to write that he, personally, was rooting for Newcombe to come back strong. Newk himself was perhaps still less than a national figure, but the question of his courage was almost an international issue, like Suez, Hungary, or Anita Ekberg.

If you spent the last baseball season prospecting for uranium, it is conceivable that you missed some of the salient facts of the Newcombe affair. It is a classic story, with severe, unbending lines.

Tabbed as having the potential of 30-victory seasons when he first joined the Dodgers eight years ago, Newcombe finally achieved his potential during the 1956 season. He did not win 30 games, but he did win 27, something no Dodger pitcher had accomplished in a generation. Many of the games he won were close and critical, as of course they had to be because the Dodgers won the (⟶ TO PAGE 74)

Photos by George Heyer

"Guys don't like my attitude," Newk says. "Can't blame 'em. *I* don't like it."


Dodgers
36

Players kill time in a hotel lobby. Wearing ties is a club rule.

Red Kelly, *above*, like his mates, cares about good restaurants.

On The Road With The Red Wings

Detroit's hockey players may be roughnecks on the ice, but when they're on their own they are well-mannered young men about town, concerned with living the good life

By Al Silverman

AT TEN o'clock in the morning, six and a half hours before the Detroit Red Wings were scheduled to board the train for Montreal, coach Jimmy Skinner presided over a low-pressure practice session at Olympia Stadium. The practice was confined to skating and a little shooting. Nothing strenuous; just a way for the players to keep sharp. At least Skinner hoped it would be that way. The Red Wings had won the night before at the Olympia, beating the Toronto Maple Leafs handily but looking a little lethargic in the process.

This was early in the season and the Wings were riding along smoothly in second place, just a couple of points off the pace being set by the early-season wonders of the league, the Boston Bruins. Consequently, most of the people connected with Detroit hockey were feeling pretty good. The players glided through the practice like men who didn't have a worry in the world, supremely relaxed as they bantered with each other, seemingly indifferent to the home-and-home series coming up with the Montreal Canadiens, the team most of them regard as their chief opposition in the National Hockey League.

There is always something a little eerie about a deserted auditorium the morning after. Down on the brightly lighted ice, the hissing, swishing sound of the skates, the voices singing softly and loudly, the puck thumping into the goal-tender's stick—all the various noises were like sharply defined musical notes contrasting with the utter silence of the dark cavern of an auditorium. A few onlookers watched the Wings at work; upstairs, attendants worked silently in the dark sweeping up the debris left by 12,000 fans the night before.

About the only indication that there had been a game played at the Olympia a few hours earlier was a big, vivid sign hanging from the balcony behind one of the goals. Painted in bold red letters, the sign read, "The Flying Dutchman, Earl Reibel." The assistant trainer of the Wings, Lefty Wilson, who also fills in as emergency goal-tender and was working out with the team that morning, skated by Reibel, nudged him and pointed to the sign.

"Hey, Dutch," he said, "how long did it take for you to put that up?"

The practice hadn't lasted more than an hour before the players began to slip off the ice one by one, until only the rookies and a couple of the veterans remained

Once on the ice, the Red Wings are remarkably relaxed. After a loss, they are quiet but not morose. They shake it off quickly.

behind. As Gordie Howe unlatched the gate leading from the rink to the team's dressing room, he looked back at the holdout skaters and remarked mildly, "You can't beat ambition."

Down at one end of the rink, a nine-year veteran of the Wings, Marty Pavelich, was talking to a rookie, Billy McNeil. "Once you get the puck, you got to move with it. You got to get the puck out of your end. Move with it. Some guys are good puck carriers, some aren't . . . The idea is the same in baseball. What am I going to do when the ball comes to me?" McNeil listened intently, a husky, good-looking blond-haired youngster of 20, nodding his head from time to time.

The last two off the ice were Johnny Bucyk and Larry Hillman. They hadn't played in the Toronto game and coach Skinner felt they needed the extra work.

In their dressing room underneath the stadium, the players dressed hastily. It was now after 11 and the train for Montreal was due to leave at 4:30, so there wouldn't be much time for the married men to spend with their families. (There are six bachelors on the club.) Watching them dress, you were struck by the fact that every one of the players had worn a cap to practice, the kind of cap that is considered stylish today. The Wings had started wearing them in training camp at Sault (pronounced Soo) Ste. Marie last fall

Bill Dea, *center*, nursing a black eye, Gordie Howe and Metro Prystai take a walk after their big meal, in late afternoon.


11
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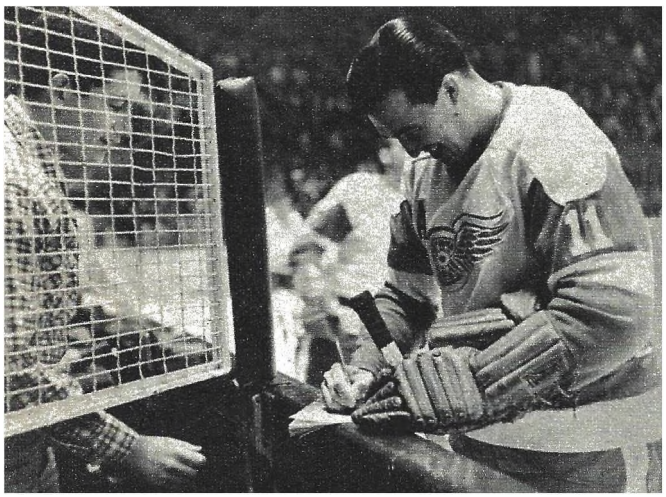
NORTHLAND Pro
NORTHLAND Pro

On The Road With The Red Wings

continued

Wings hold record from shower to bus.



Pleasantly, Marty Pavelich, who is called Sabn, signs for a young fan. Detroit has a large, enthusiastic following.

In the tradition of all pro athletes, the Wings kill some time on the road at the movies. That's Red Kelly buying.

Photos by George Heyer

because Ted Lindsay had caught cold there and had bought himself one to protect his noggin. When a veteran of such standing makes such a decisive move, it is only natural for the rest of the team to go along. Which they did. Red Wing players are sensitive to the whims and fancies of the natural leaders on the club, the Ted Lindsays, Gordie Howes and Red Kellys.

Marty Pavelich, now fully dressed, adjusted his cap in the mirror, then lit his pipe. Pavelich, who is called Sabu by his teammates because of his sallow complexion and sleek black hair, is the only pipe smoker on the club. He is also the best dressed Red Wing on a team that is almost uniformly clothes conscious. "Well, I guess I'll go see the wife," Pavelich said. "They hate to see you go. When I first started, the road trips were something new to me. It was exciting. Now, I still like them, but it's a job. Red Kelly and I have roomed together nine years. We'll have breakfast, read till noon, take in a good movie, go to church, then go back and lie down. I don't play cards on the train. I'm no card player. I mingle with the fellows. I like to read. *The Caine Mutiny,* good novels. I'm reading one now on why Japan lost the war."

The dressing room was emptying out rapidly and head trainer Carl Mattson and Lefty Wilson began stowing equipment in the red-and-white painted trunks that would accompany the team to Montreal. Mattson picked a soiled uniform off a wall hook, brushing his buffed grey head against one of the slogans that challenge the Wings in their dressing room. This one read: "We supply everything but guts."

Red Wing players have to carry only their personal things on a road trip. Everything else—the uniforms, the two pairs of skates belonging to each player, the two or three sticks per man—go into the trunks. Mattson and Wilson have to lug them to the Michigan Central railroad station, see to it that they get aboard the train safely, then see that they get off the train and to the arena where the game is being played. This is an important function of the trainer's (—→ TO PAGE 78)

Moving from their dressing room to the ice, the Wings are quiet. There is no horsing around about the serious business ahead.


NEW YORK
17

THE SHOT NOBODY CAN STOP

It's the jump shot—and it's the big reason for the sky-rocketing scores today. You can't block it because you just can't out-guess the man who's taking it

By CURT GOWDY

PAUL ARIZIN, with that stubborn tuft of hair he never quite can flatten down bobbing on top of his head, raced downcourt as his Philadelphia Warrior teammates moved the ball up with hurried precision. Nearly everyone in the crowded arena—including the opposition—seemed to sense what was going to happen next. As backcourt man Jack George brought the ball over the center line, he feinted with his head toward gaunt Neil Johnston elbowing his way into position near the basket, but threw instead to Arizin, who was roving, in his loose-jointed gait, in the corner. Almost at the instant he caught the pass, Arizin faked to his left, then darted to his right toward the free-throw area, his defensive man doing a reverse two-step to keep up with him. Suddenly, Arizin screeched to a stop, leaving his guard momentarily flat-footed, and sprang high in the air, the ball cupped snugly in his right hand. When he reached the very peak of his jump, he put up a one-handed shot that whistled cleanly and softly through the basket for another two points.

If there was anything unexpected about this maneuver, it was not that Arizin took the shot. The jump shot has become as familiar a sight on the pro basketball scene as arguments with the referees. The only element of surprise to Arizin's shot—and this is one of the key reasons why the jump shot has become the No. 1 point-producer in the game—was in determining the precise moment he would stop and jump. Only the shooter knows when he is going to make his jump shot; no defense in the world can out-guess him. This is just one of the features which make the shot impossible to stop.

Coaches to whom I've spoken—in the pros, colleges and high schools—are almost unanimously agreed that (⟶ TO PAGE 85)

His great spring in out-jumping opponents, like 6-9 Ken Sears, *at left*, helps make Paul Arizin the classic jump shooter of today.

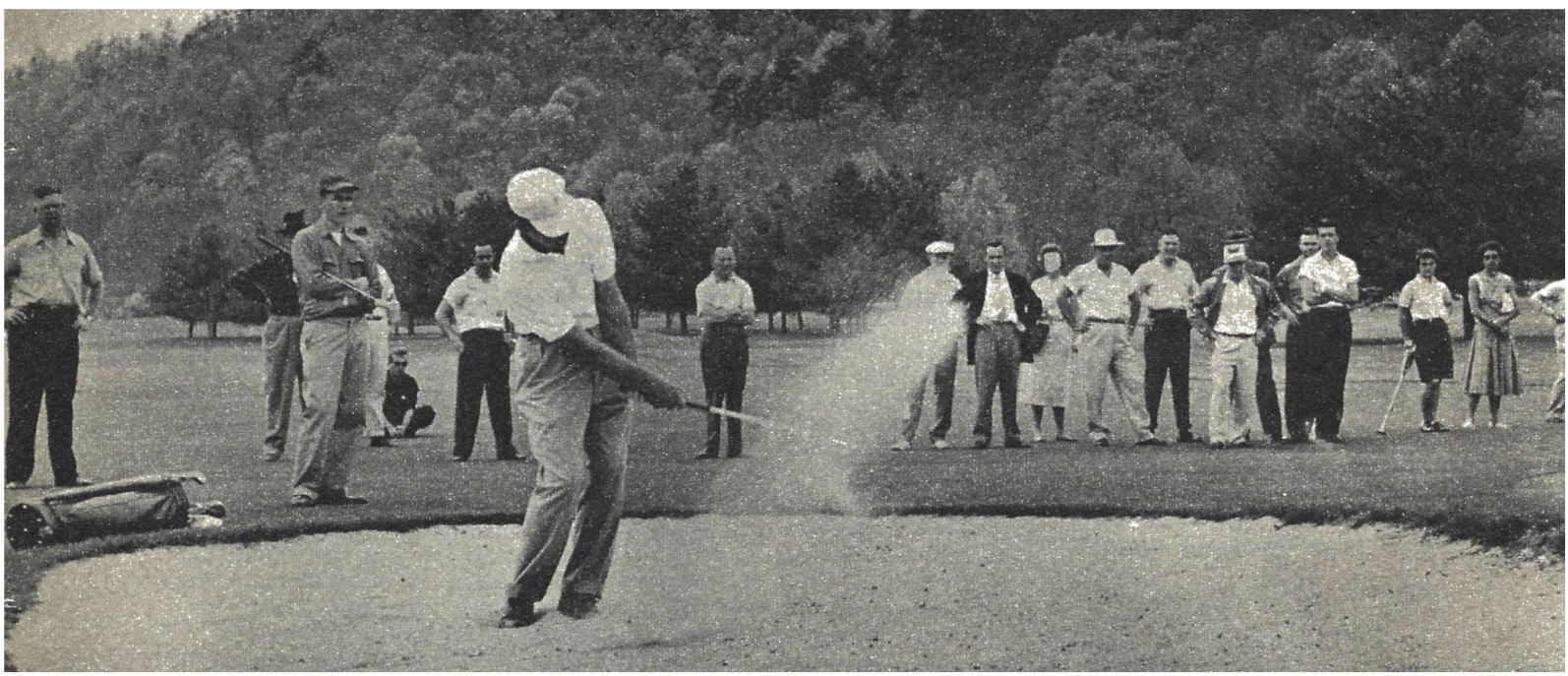
Color by George Heyer

CRASHING THE PRO GOLF CIRCUIT

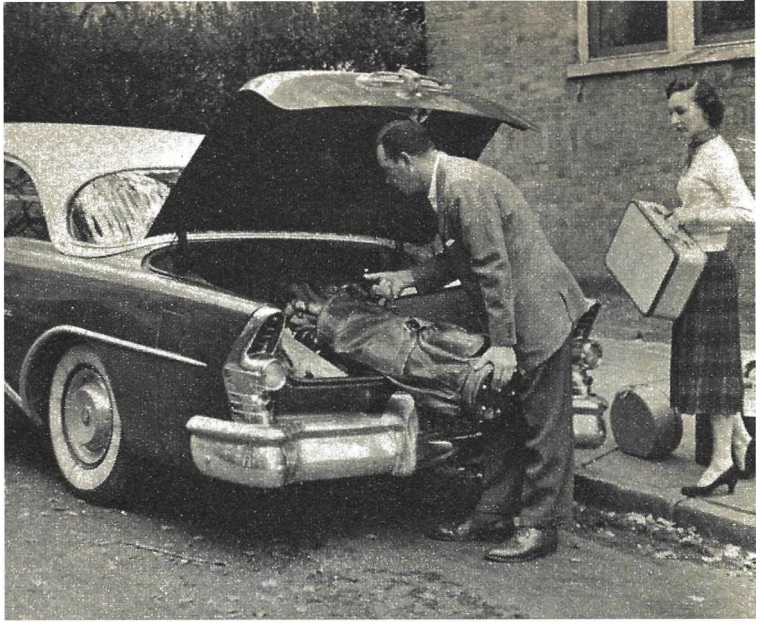
Fetchick, *left*, Billy Maxwell enjoy breather.

The lure of big purses is worth any sacrifice to hopeful pros like Mike Fetchick. They don't mind starting out on a shoestring

By BILL LIBBY



Mike, *here* blasting out of a sandtrap at Greenbrier last May, has been on the tour since 1953. He finds it hard making ends meet.



Like most pros on the circuit, Fetchick and his wife travel in their own car. They just bought a new one for 1957 tour.

MAKING good on the pro golf circuit is as much a matter of economics as it is a matter of coming up with a steady share of clutch shots. It is a punishing, heart-breaking business, and as young Mike Fetchick discovered when he started making the tour in 1953, it can be for a long time nothing better than a hand-to-mouth existence.

Few newcomers win a tournament right off the bat. The pressure is too great and the competition is frustratingly intense. With almost a million dollars waiting to be picked up at the final green in the more than 50 PGA-sponsored tournaments run during the year, they fight you on every putt. The payoff can be as enormous as the close to a million dollars Sammy Snead has earned in less than 20 years on the tour. Or it can leave a guy as broke as the day he started out—and just as unknown.

What a newcomer needs to go with his skill is a certain amount of luck—both on the fairways and off. Either he is born with money and can support the expensive way of life a pro golfer leads, or he has to find himself a sponsor who will foot the bills until his golfing luck improves. He can't do it with empty pockets. It takes about $7,500 a year to make the tournament circuit; for a man and wife, you can almost double that figure.

On the 1956 summer tour, Ted Kroll, who has many years of golf hunger behind him, pocketed $72,835, the largest chunk of it coming from his victory in George May's $100,000 "World Championship." A young man like Dow Finsterwald, thirsting for his fortune, with a name still new to most sports fans, made nearly $30,000. But don't let that figure ruin your perspective. In 1955, only 17 golfers out of the more than 236 who cut into the year's pot made over $13,000. Only 35 of them cleared $7,000. Of the 146 pros who made less than $1,000, one luckless gentleman named Lee Mackey contented himself with the munificent sum of $11.11.

What drives these golfers with sufficient skill toward such insufficient rewards? Why do they force their way into this toughest of all professional sports, and how do they stick at it? Mike Fetchick's case typifies that of most of today's struggling young pros. Last year, his fourth on the circuit, Mike, who can powder a golf ball 250 yards or more, finally parlayed his rare determination and confidence, his selfless devotion to the game, and his willingness to give up all thoughts of a normal life, into a fair amount of success.

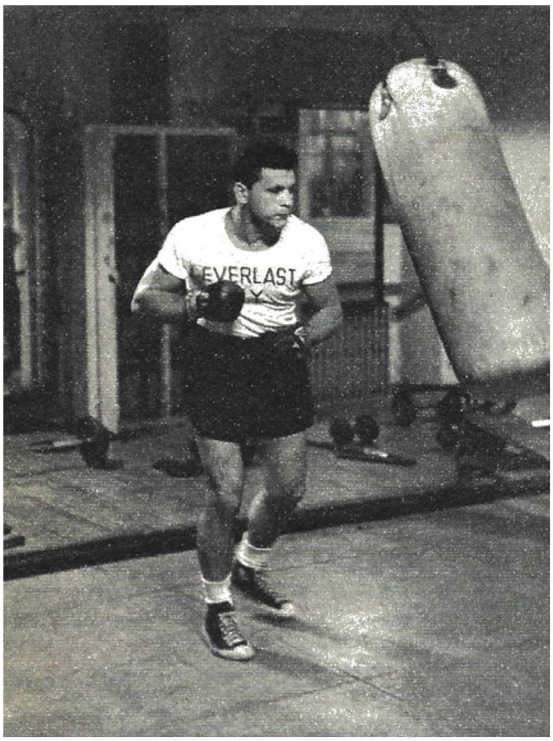
Fetchick is a beefy, six-foot, 205-pounder who was born with no silver spoon in his mouth 34 years ago, the son of a carpet-shop factory worker, in Yonkers, N. Y., a factory city of 165,000 in dollar-stuffed, golf-mad Westchester County. Mike, his parents, his four brothers and one sister, always had to struggle for a buck. By the time he was 11 he was, like his brothers, caddying at Dunwoodie, a public golf course in the city. "Money was the thing," he recalls, "that's why I started. But as soon as I started, I loved it."

He made 80 cents plus tips for 18 holes. "Tips," Mike said, "ran from a dime to a quarter. Anything over that and you had a helluva tipper." He thought back and then griped gently, "It was very seldom that you got to carry more than two bags. Two bags doubled your fee. I was big for my age and could handle three bags when I got the chance."

Mike went to Saunders, a trades high school, and played all the major sports, but dropped baseball when it cut into his golf. He found he learned more about the links playing with his fellow caddies than with schoolboy foes. "We played any time we could," he said. "We did a lot of sneak playing. In the summer, too, we'd weed golf courses. Weed so many hours you'd get to play so long. Then me and Willie Wansa, who was the assistant pro, used to get up at five in the morning and go beat golf balls until it'd be time for him to open up."

Sandwiched around a hitch in the Air Force during the war, Mike made the usual progress toward a golf career, landing assistant professional jobs at those little Wall Street annexes, the little country clubs that abound in Westchester. He was married in 1951 and spent the customary golf apprenticeship in numerous local tournaments, which in the more advanced golfing areas maintain high standards of competition and low standards of payoff.

Mike was then ready to be launched, bursting with youth, strength, skill and determi- (⟶ TO PAGE 87)



ONE FOR THE BOOK

Second Chance

He is 29 years old and he has been out for two years. But he

By Frank Graham

ROLAND LA STARZA had boxed two rounds with his sparring partner, Jimmy Scolara, and now he was punching the heavy bag. His manager, Jimmy D'Angelo, looked on, his face impassive. It was like the old days. Only the setting had changed. This was not Long Pond Inn at Greenwood Lake but the basement boxing room at the YMCA in New Rochelle, 35 minutes from Broadway, and this was the start of La Starza's return to the ring. High on the wall, apparently unnoticed by him, was a forgotten sticker bearing the likeness of Rocky Marciano.

La Starza is 29 years old. It was over three years ago that he fought for the heavyweight championship. He has been in retirement for nearly two years. Ask D'Angelo what he thinks of this return to the ring, and the manager shrugs and says, "It's up to him. If he wants to do it, I can't stop him."

"Then you didn't urge him?"

"I did not."

Ask the fighter, now finished with his bag punching and pulling off the gloves, sweat bathing his broad, pleasant face and dampening his T-shirt, why he is taking up again the drudgery of training and the bruising trade he had put behind him and he says: "I guess you could call it pride. I lost my last four fights and was knocked out in the last one. I don't want to quit on a record like that. I want the title as much as I did when Marciano had it and I mean to get it."

Won't he be deterred when he is reminded, as he is bound to be, of the ancient maxim: "They never come back"?

He picked up a towel and sat on a bench, mopping the sweat from his face and neck. "Why should I be?" he asked. "It simply isn't true, because they do come back. Jim Braddock was washed up as a fighter and working on the docks when he came back to win the championship. Jersey Joe Walcott was denied a license in New Jersey because the commission said he was too old but he came back. And how about Ray Robinson? And, of course, there have been others.

"When I retired, I was very serious about it. I never meant to fight again. But I never let myself down physically. Actually, as a result of operations on both elbows, I'm in better condition now than I was then. I have kept active, playing golf and flying a small plane. I weigh 188, only four pounds more than I did for Marciano. So, at 29, I'm not old and I'm not fat and I never dissipated and I took little punishment—so why shouldn't I come back?"

And he doesn't need the money?

"If I did," he said, "I would take a job that's been offered me as a pilot with one of the big commercial airlines. I have a commercial license—I was in business for a while on my own, taking passengers up for pleasure flights from the Armonk airport. Or I could go to work for a small tool-making plant in which I hold stock.

"I'm not trying to tell you I'm rich. But I'm not broke. I made quite a bit of money boxing. A lot of it went to Uncle Sam and a lot for expenses, too. But I'm not short on cash and I have annuities that will begin to pay off soon. Besides," he said, smiling, "I'll

for Roland La Starza

retired looking bad and that's why he's coming back. It's a matter of pride

never starve as long as my father has his meat and grocery market."

Now, looking back to his beginnings as a fighter, as he sat there on the bench, towelling himself and cooling out before his shower, he said: "If you'd known me as a kid in the Bronx, you'd never expect to see me in the ring some day. I was always quiet and peaceful. I won't say I was timid, although I always avoided fighting with the other kids if I possibly could. But my older brother, Jerry, was just the opposite. I don't mean that he was a bully but he had a quick temper and would just explode if anybody tried to put anything over on him. So he had quite a lot of fights and he got to be very good with his fists. He entered the amateurs and won the Metropolitan middleweight subnovice championship in 1942 and then he turned pro. He had only seven fights when they threw him in with Sonny Horne. Horne was going good in those days and beat him on a decision and he quit and joined the Air Force and flew Mustangs in Germany during the war and never went back to boxing.

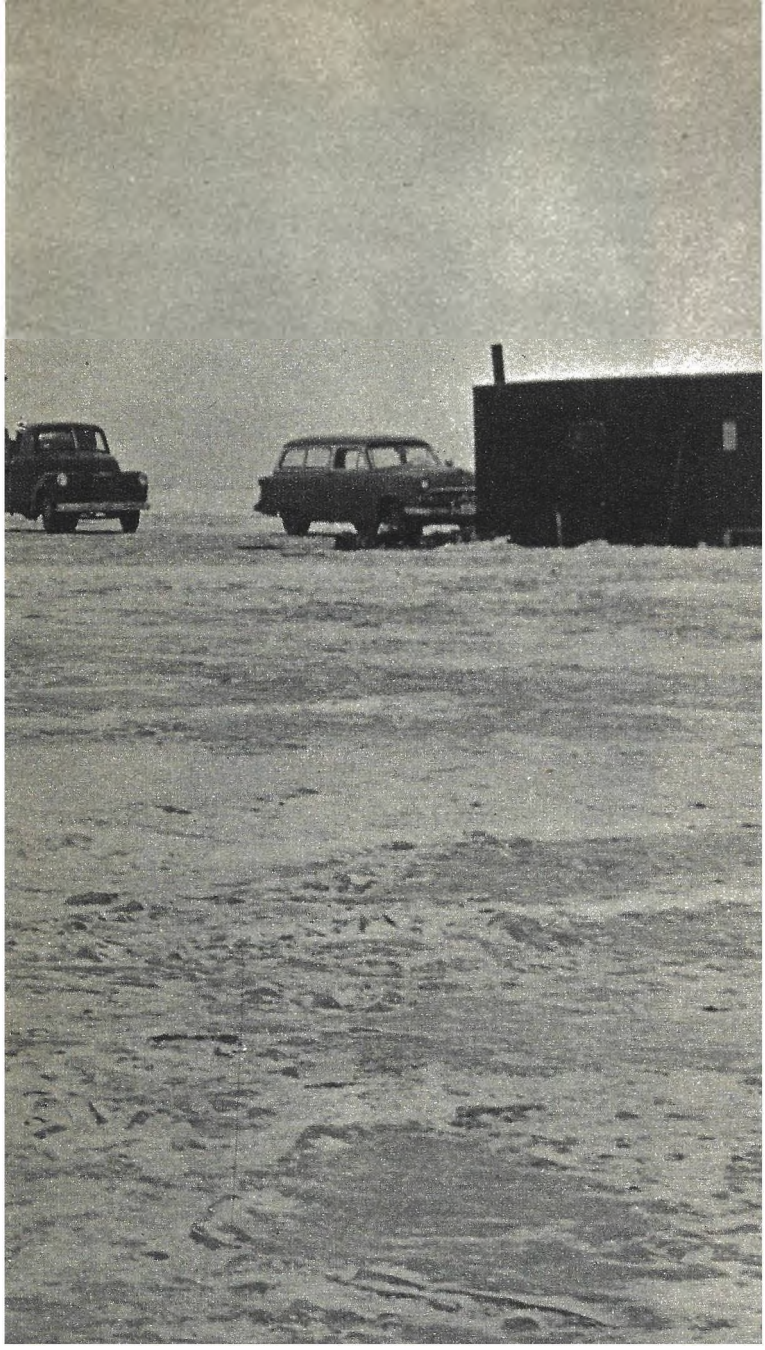
"But it was through him I became interested in boxing. As an amateur, I trained and boxed at the CYO and when I was in the Army in Italy, I was the heavyweight champion of the Eighty-eighth Division. When I got out of the Army, I turned pro. A friend of mine, a pharmacist in the neighborhood, (⟶ TO PAGE 90)

Roland saved his money, and he knows groceries, from the family market, *right*, won't be short—but he wants the title.

they fish when it freezes

Squatted on a frozen lake, staring into a hole in the ice, your body half frozen, may not sound like fun. But to many, it is great, exciting sport

By Dale Shaw



ACCORDING to the latest census, there are more than 20,000,000 fishermen in the U. S. Most of them, however, are summertime participants, inclined to stay close to the fireside or the television set on even chilly days. And come winter, they would no more think of fishing (without migrating south) than of swimming. Although many of them are able and devoted anglers, they can't see fishing when it freezes. The way they see it, ice fishing means some character from the country squatting on a box on a frozen lake, staring into a hole cut in the ice and waiting for a nibble while cold immobilizes the body and the spirit. Spread at his feet as a reward for such chilling ignorance might be a couple of small frozen fish.

But such a picture is false. The news may come as a shock to warm-weather anglers, but the fact is that ice fishing is a booming pastime, even a cult or mass movement today, in some parts of the country. And that the fish caught and the fun had are apt to be as big as that gained in balmier weather. Not only does cold often increase the size of the catches, but it makes for exciting fishing, too.

Great lake sturgeon of 50 pounds and more are speared through the ice. Northern pike, that toothsome sweet-water barracuda, may be speared, too, or lured to the hook with tin baits or live bait. In the broad range of the pickerel, cigar-shaped cousin to the pike, the largest of this species can be taken through the ice. In some parts, bluegills, lake trout, whitefish, even salmon are caught in freezing waters.

Stronghold of ice fishing sport is the Midwest where temperatures drop way down and produce vast regions of thick ice. Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan are excellent for ice fishing. So is Ohio, northern Pennsylvania and New York, and on up through New England.

What is there in ice fishing to attract the man of action? Wild sport, sometimes. Also companionship and teamwork. By far most of the fish snared through chopped ice holes are victims of a rig called a "tip-up, trap or tilt," depending on the locale. The gimmick consists of a notched stick frozen in the ice alongside the fishing hole. A second stick is hinged in the notch, with a red bit of flag, or a bell, at one end, and a short wire at the other. The fishing line may be wound on a small spool tacked to the stick, or looped back on the ice and anchored at the base of the iced-in stick.

At a suitable distance from the bait, the line is tied to form a small loop which is passed over the wire of the tip-up. Thus, the business end of the line dangles straight through the ice hole to put the worm or minnow within convenient reach of the perch, pickerel, pike or bluegill.

This is how the system works: when the fish hits, the flag snaps up. If you are on the alert, you spring to the line to check your catch. The reason you are not sitting right there to grab the line is that the tip-up scheme permits you to tend a good many holes simultaneously. Often you will want to spread your sets, to find an area where fish have herded together. If one setup begins to hop regularly and you take a few, then you would chop out new holes and move the other rigs closer to the productive one.

Ideally, ice fishing should not be a solo affair. It is for two, three or more hardy folks and there is more than enough for each to do. I remember vividly the best ice-fishing time I ever had, and it is a fair example of what the sport can offer. True cold comes to my southern New York State county in irregular blasts. The first of these may not sweep down until the end of January. As likely, a warm spell will then thaw the ground and melt the ice within a few days. But if the cold has put a safe three inches of hardness on the ponds and lakes we are ready to ice fish.

When I got the call last January from Dick Mann, an enthusiastic summertime bass-fishing buddy, he said, "I was up-county delivering a job for the boss (he is a machinist) and I cut off the route and took a look at Byram Lake. She's solid. And they are starting to punch holes in it . . ." That was a Friday night.

Saturday morning we were on the ice, our gear of the year before patched and ready. (⟶ TO PAGE 95)

REMEMBER DALE LONG?

He's the fellow who owned the world of baseball for eight glorious days before the bottom fell out. He still wonders why

By IRV GOODMAN

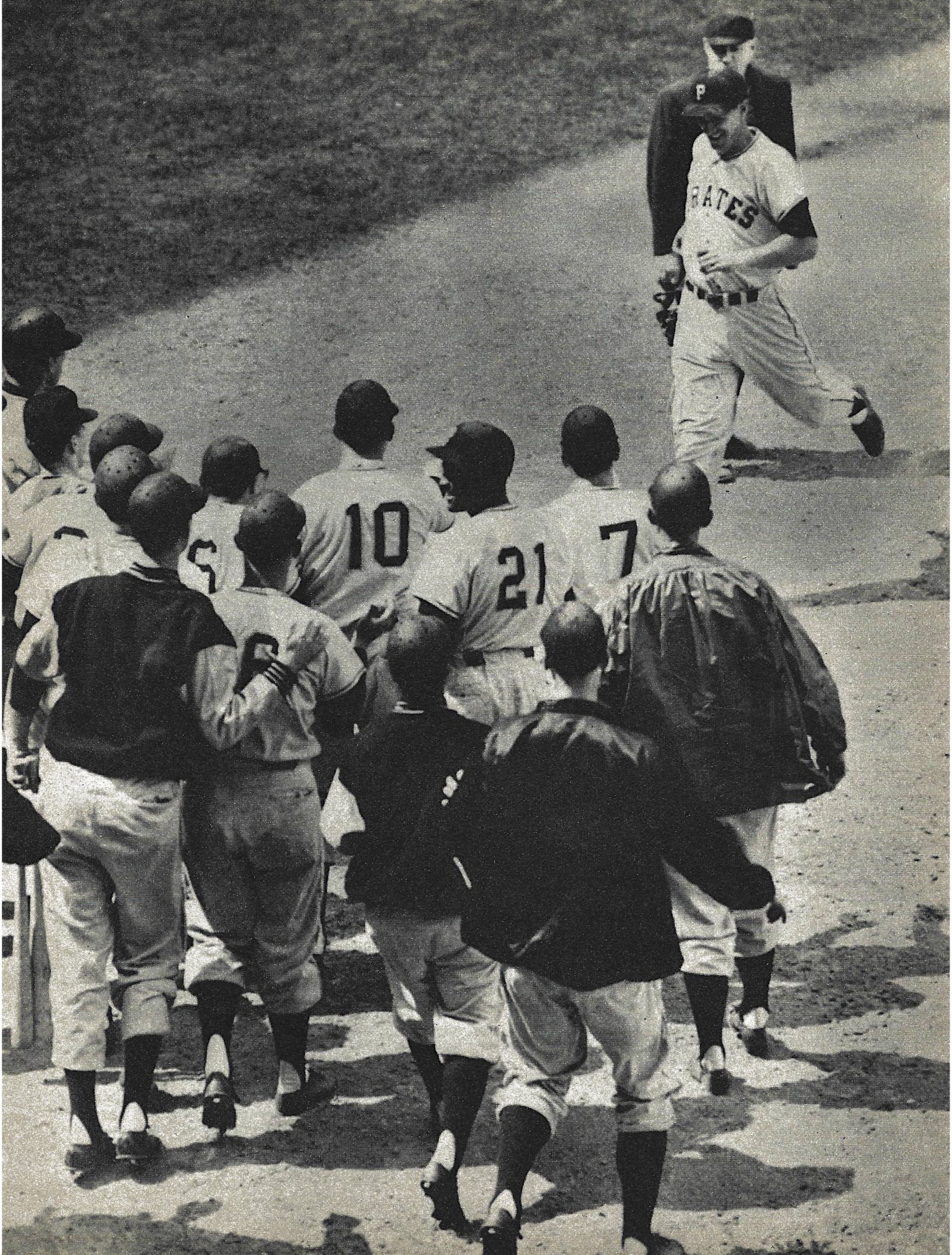
IN THE last game of the 1956 season at Ebbets Field, with Brooklyn needing a win to take the pennant and the Pirates refusing to roll over and play dead, Dale Long came off the bench to pinch-hit against relief pitcher Don Bessent, and struck out. In the press box, a cynical writer said: "What a way for Babe Ruth to end up!"

The end it was—the empty, everlasting end to a sudden, swirling spree of success. What faint hum that still remained of the heroic venture that had held the baseball world breathless for eight glorious days in the spring was snapped off and gone with that biting remark. The Dale Long who had swelled for a moment to Ruthian proportions was back among the peasants to stay. This was Bobo Holloman the year after he pitched his no-hitter. This was Davy Crockett the day after they invented Elvis Presley. Dale Long, it seemed at that sad moment of futility, might have been better off if he had never become a hero.

Heroes don't wear well. After it's all over, they have to keep talking about it, to others and to themselves, to justify holding on to the wonderful feeling that was there for such a painfully short time. To a journeyman ballplayer like Dale Long, who had always been chiefly concerned with keeping a job, getting a day in the sun is even more of a mixed blessing. It is glorious because not even in his wildest dreams could he have imagined it happening to him. And it is bitter because it had to vanish just when it began to feel real. When a great personal triumph is over, a fellow like Long looks forward hopefully for the lightning to strike again. And he keeps looking back over his shoulder, too, wondering what happened to the first bolt.

It began quietly enough for Dale Long. In spring training, he remembers, he felt good. At bat, he felt strong, maybe a little stronger than usual—he isn't sure any more. (—→ TO PAGE 68)

Long's homer streak was the big early-season story. After he hit No. 8, *right*, fans made him take a curtain call before the game could continue.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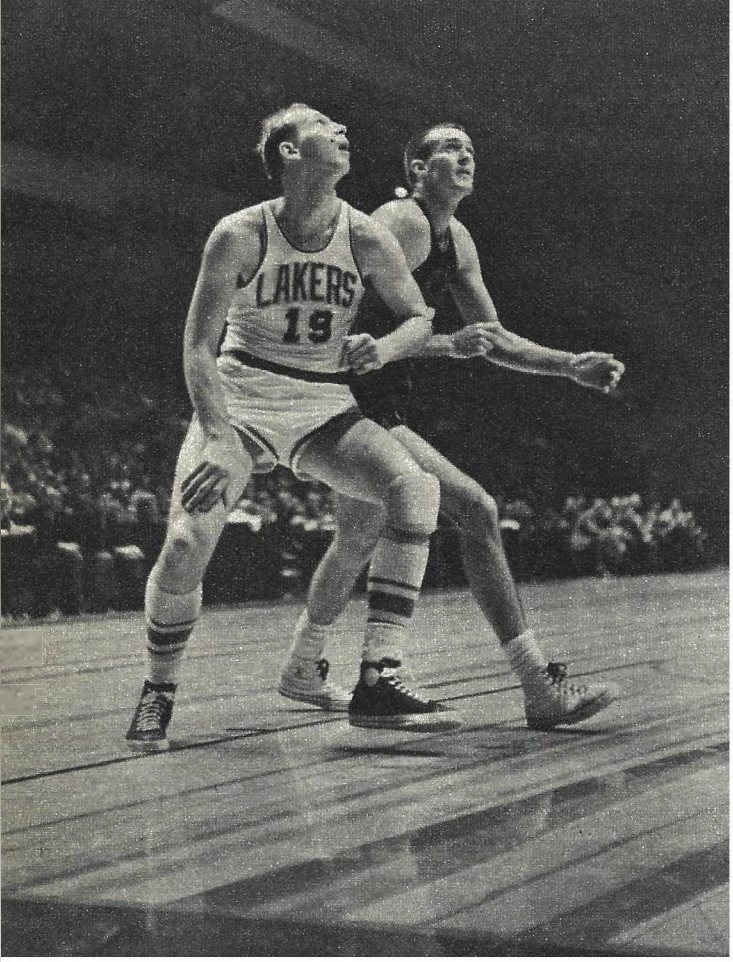
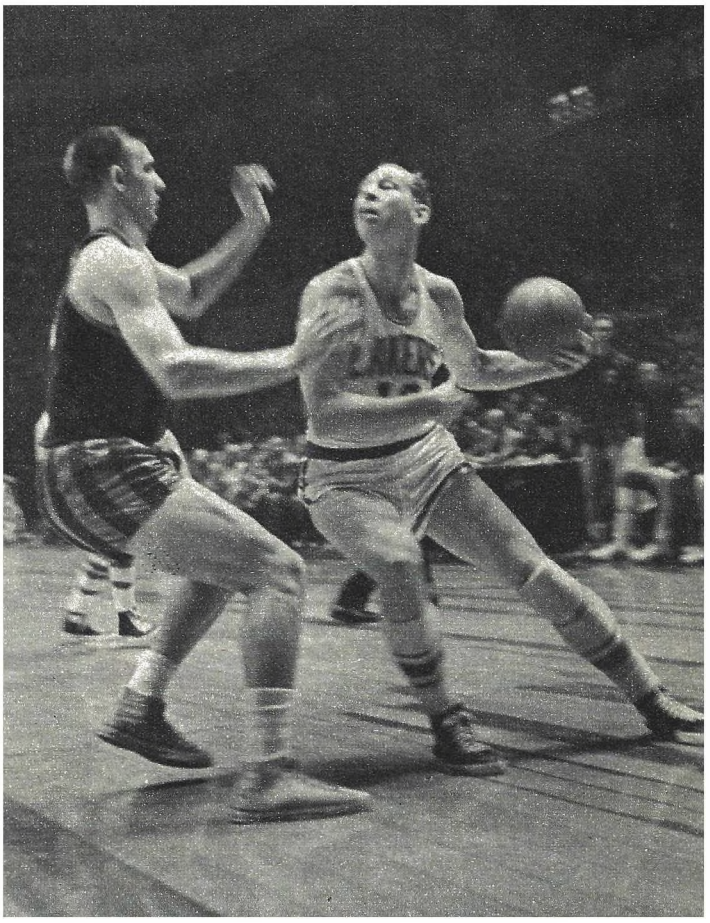




Vern Mikkelsen is fully appreciated around the league as one of the NBA's roughest big men.

Workhorse of the Lakers

By Murray Olderman

WHEN he was working for the New York Yankees, Arthur Patterson, major domo in charge of publicity, made a fetish of compiling club box scores on injuries, even while the "sickly" Yankees were clobbering the opposition on the field. He had plenty to work with—DiMaggio's heel spur, Henrich's knee, Keller's back, et al.

The man in charge of keeping track of injuries for the Minneapolis Lakers the last couple of years didn't have to go to the trouble of running down the roster. He had all he needed in Vern Mikkelsen, a big Dane who looks indestructible and plays that way, too, but doesn't always feel it. He has had a succession of injuries that would set any losing coach off on a volley of excuses.

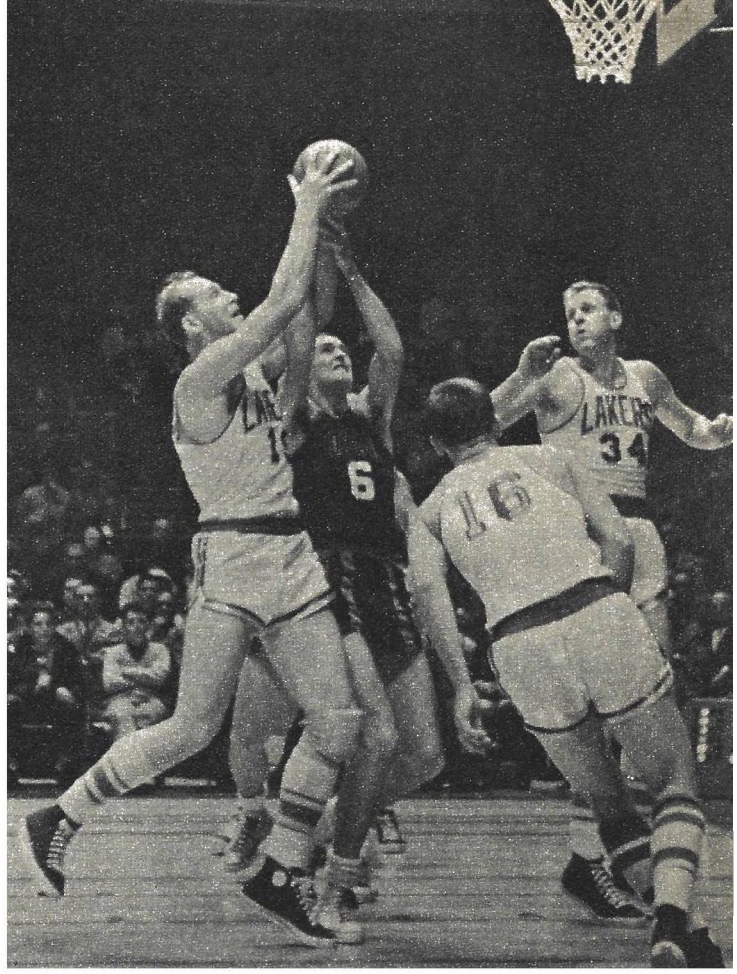
It started when Mik was married in the summer of 1955 to the former Jean Hansen of Willmar, Minn. Almost immediately he had a hernia operation. Before he could report to training camp last season, he underwent an appendectomy.

As the league games got under way he was bedded momentarily by an operation for hemorrhoids. This happened while the club was on its first road trip. Luckily there were a couple of days off between games. The doc said, "Take it easy," and Mik dragged himself on the floor the next night.

It was an important appearance because Mikkelsen happens to be the second most durable man in the history of the National Basketball Association. Harry Gallatin of the New York Knickerbockers has played in so many straight games they've thrown away their abacuses. Mikkelsen at the moment is somewhere over the 450 straight mark.

The pain next shifted to his knees. They swelled,

Photos by George Heyer



He has made his size felt under the boards, scored consistently, even helped revolutionize the game

he limped, and the Lakers foundered, but he got through the early-season games with his string intact. When he got back into shape, he found he couldn't lift his left arm above his shoulder level without using his right for a fulcrum. This is somewhat handicapping when you're struggling under the boards for rebounds, and a half dozen eager hands are thrust above your face. One-armed rebounders are scarce in the NBA. Tracing the injury to its origin, Mik remembered an exhibition game against the defunct Baltimore Bullets in Raleigh, N. C., two summers earlier. Swooping for a loose ball, he was bounced on the boards and landed on his left shoulder. It began to stiffen up, but he scarcely noticed it—a dripping, elbow-inflicted gash over his eye concerned him more that evening.

Before the current season began, Mikkelsen's shoulder was cut open, the calcium deposits which had formed were removed, and the frayed ligaments were tied together. He is able to flop his arms around again with all his old abandon, and is once more the workhorse he has been for eight years in the NBA.

For a player with such a service record, Mikkelsen is strangely unnoticed. It's not that he lacks appreciation by basketball's aficionados. Around the pro league, he's bracketed with such pluggers as Harry Gallatin of the Knicks and Jack Coleman of the St. Louis Hawks—tough pros who hurt you off the backboards, get their share of points, do a job on defense and earn the ungrudging respect of the men they play against. Mik makes the NBA All-Star squad more often than not. You've had a hard night's work when he has been draped around your neck 48 minutes, not counting time off for breathers. But he doesn't always reap a harvest of publicity for his efforts. Some athletes are destined to spend their careers in the shadow of a Babe Ruth, a Red Grange or a George Mikan. Lou Gehrig scarcely got out from under the Babe when his career was tragically curtailed. Who remembers Earl Britten, who smoothed the path for Grange and booted the Illini out of trouble for three seasons? Not many more are aware of the contribution made by Arild Verner Agerskov Mikkelsen to the success of the Lakers during their five years of Yankee-like domination of professional basketball.

Mikan was always the man who monopolized the spotlight. When George moved his size 16s into law and politics, Mikkelsen was physically suited to inherit the big guy's role, at six feet eight and 230 pounds. He was the captain and main hope of a Laker club suddenly floundering in mediocrity without the pivotal Mikan force. Vern's scoring shot up to a healthy 18.4 points per game. At 28, he would be considered still in his physical prime. Yet he remains what he was before—the workhorse foil for the scoring feats of a

more spectacular teammate, this time Clyde Lovellette, a gentler version of big George.

If he lacks the spectacular touch, Vern at least can point with pride to having been the instigator of a basketball revolution. Seven years ago, when he joined the Lakers fresh out of Hamline University in St. Paul just across the Mississippi from Minneapolis' downtown loop, basketball theory dictated that you corral a couple of big goons and surround them with three little scats who scurried around the floor while the large gents camped under the baskets.

The Lakers already had two giants, Mikan and Jim Pollard, on hand when Mikkelsen squeezed himself in. But the Lakers couldn't keep Mikkelsen on the bench for long and his presence in the lineup of the pro champs forced a revision in basketball thinking. The new concept embodied a lineup with three big men, backed by two nimble feeders, and controlling both the offensive and defensive backboards—a set-up that is still in force. You can't be without those three tall ones and hope to win in pro basketball today, a practical fact driven home to the Lakers since their failure to come up with an adequate partner for Mikkelsen and Lovellette up front after Pollard joined Mikan in retirement.

As basketball changed, so did Mikkelsen. He was a natural territorial grab for the Lakers back in 1949 when it was planned that he would eventually replace Mikan. But George showed no signs of slackening pace, and earnest Vern figured he had better start doing something for his salary. In college he had played only the pivot and was primarily a hook shooter. With George firmly anchored in the keyhole, Mik the hooker wasn't needed. He had to find a different niche for himself, and the best bet was to become a corner man. That took some doing for a 20-year-old kid who had scarcely begun to master his over-sized body, had never driven past a defender or popped shots with accurate regularity from the outside.

"Sitting on the bench," Mikkelsen says, "I got plenty of chances to study such fine set-shot artists as Andy Phillip and Frank Brian. They held both hands high, cradled the ball in them, and let her rip from overhead. They were small, and I was big. If I shot it from up there, a guy would have to guard me awful close to block the shot, and that would also give me the chance to drive around him."

The two-hand overhead set cinched Mikkelsen's place as a pro. He didn't entirely neglect his collegiate experience as a center, because even Mikan demanded occasional relief, and the Lakers have been known to use a semi-double pivot. There isn't anybody who lofts up a hook like Mikkelsen. All the parts of his angular, broad-hipped body go through a series of independent gyrations, and suddenly a hinged elbow is flying loosely in the air and propelling the ball toward the basket almost on a straight line. Miraculously, it skips off the board just above rim level and skips through the nets. Vern has none of the soft touch or style of a Lovellette.

"Guys like Clyde," Mik observes, "shoot off their fingertips going away from the basket on the theory that, with their height and body blocking, it will be almost impossible to stop them. It looks pretty, all right. I shoot my hook just the opposite. I'm going towards the basket, so that if the shot doesn't go in, I'm right there for the rebound and two points' insurance. Remember, I've got an advantage on the man who's guarding me because my momentum is propelling me toward the basket."

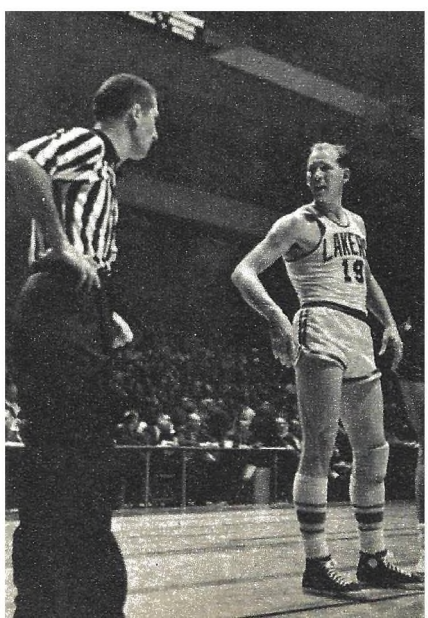
He's not kidding; don't get in his way. This is a big, strong man who last failed to make a Minneapolis box score in 1951. To the galleryite in Rochester, Fort Wayne, St. Louis, New York or any other stop on the circuit, Mikkelsen, in the pale blue and white suit of the Minneapolis Lakers, his hands flopping uncomfortably by his sides, his steps heavy and widespread, his long Scandinavian face blunt and silent, mouth slightly ajar, his light hair thinned away to semi-baldness, looks like a plodding man of the soil. He's rugged.

He is also an articulate, completely poised, well groomed young man, one of the most studious to invade any sports field. He has studied here and abroad, holds a master's degree, and once hoped to be an administrator in education.

Vern was born in Selma, Calif., Oct. 21, 1928, the son of Elna and Michael Mikkelsen. He has two older sisters, Esther and Hertha, both married. His father is a six-foot, two-inch Danish Lutheran minister who has a congregation in Rosenborg, Neb. As a child, young Vern lived variously in Wisconsin, Montana, and finally Minnesota. When he was ten, the Mikkelsens settled in Askov, a little Danish community, population 500, 60 miles south of Duluth and 90 miles above the Twin Cities. It's in a prosperous agricultural area, not too far from the iron-mine country. The life is healthful and uncomplicated, just right to sprout hardy young boys who eventually grow up to be six feet, seven inches tall.

One of the NBA owners claims that once a man passes 6-6 in height, he is maladjusted because of the social traumas he has had to endure as an individual apart. To put it in his language, they're all a bit "screwy." Apparently he has never talked to Mikkelsen.

"Actually," Mik recalls, "I sprouted late. I didn't have to cope with a physical complex until I reached maturity and was psychologically equipped for it. I wasn't the biggest man on my high school team until my senior year. When I first got (⟶ TO PAGE 93)



On bench, Vern studies the action with intent eyes. As captain, he is Laker spokesman, and can be as rough on referees as on opponents.


LAKERS
19

CAROL IS EASY ON THE EYES

Ten years ago Carol Heiss' coach said she would be the world's best skater. She is that now—and the prettiest, too

WHEN Carol Heiss was six years old, she was already an exceptional skater whose family had turned down several offers made by professional promoters. Her mother, anxious to make the most of Carol's talent, took her to a skating coach named Pierre Brunet, a former Olympic champion. After watching the little girl glide around the rink, Brunet said to her mother: "In ten years she will be on top."

Last winter, Carol, grown into a handsome blonde girl of 16, finished second to Tenley Albright in the Olympics and then won the world figure skating championship at Garmisch-Partenkirchen in Germany. She had kept pace with Monsieur Brunet's timetable, and now she was striking out for even greater glories.

Besides her undoubted ability on skates, Carol has several other advantages that may help to bring her the kind of fame and fortune won by a former women's skating champion, Sonja Henie. First, she has the startlingly pretty face and bright smile that can win over audiences and even stodgy judges, and which ultimately may attract the gold that goes with a Hollywood contract. And second, Carol has the advantage of her spirited (and sometimes bitter) rivalry with Tenley which last winter stole the Olympic spotlight for a sport which has been missing the glamour Miss Henie once gave it. Only real competition can keep interest alive in any sport and these two evenly-matched girls, although out-distancing all other contenders, have filled skating rinks both here and in Europe.

This month the two girls will be at it again. Carol will flash her active, "athletic" style

Color by George Heyer

CAROL IS EASY ON THE EYES

continued

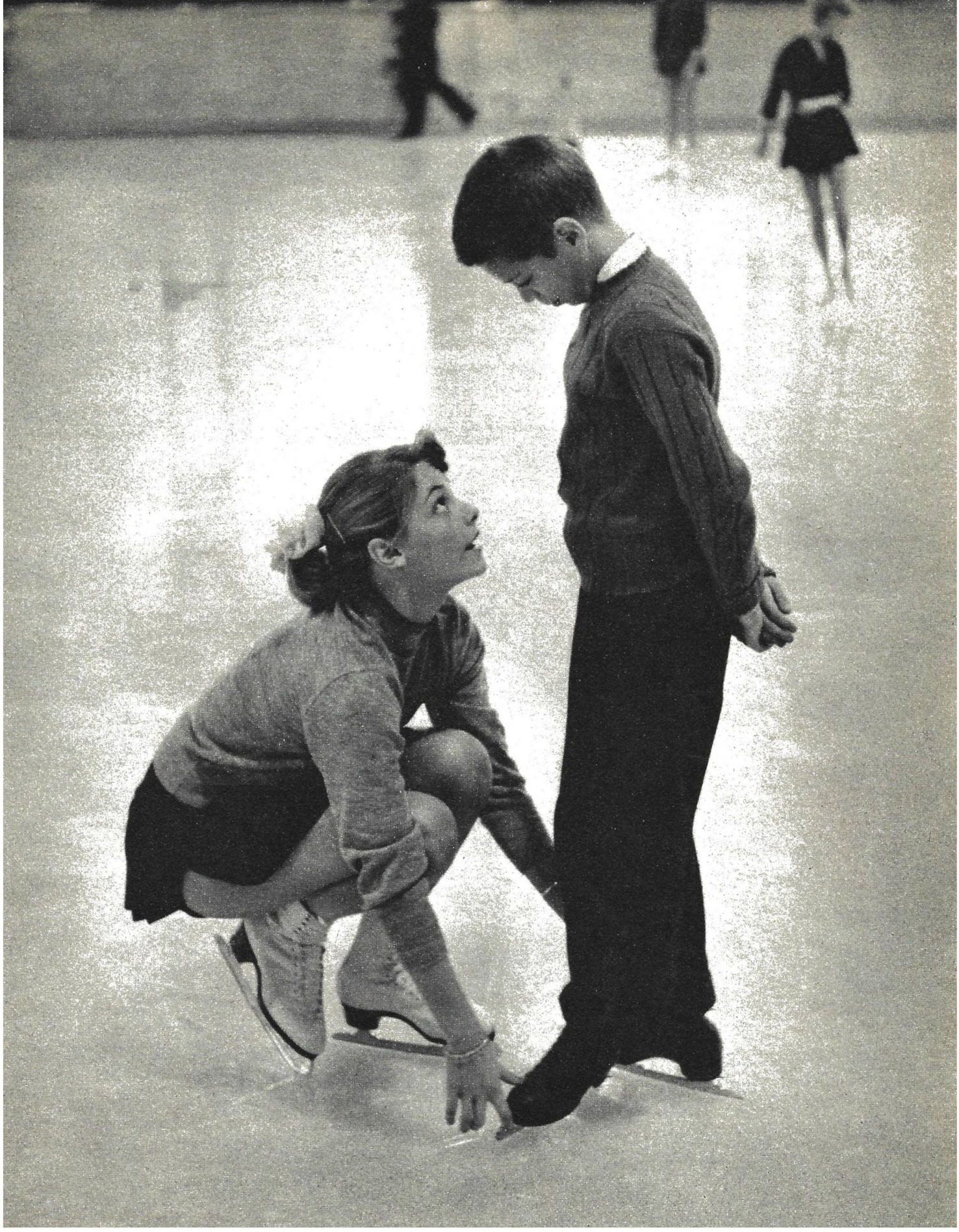
Carol's greatest moment was when she won the world title in Germany last year after being a close second in the Olympics.

against the grace and ease of the 21-year-old Tenley in the North American championships at Rochester, February 9-10; in the world championships at Colorado Springs, February 27-March 2; and in the nationals at Berkeley, March 13-16.

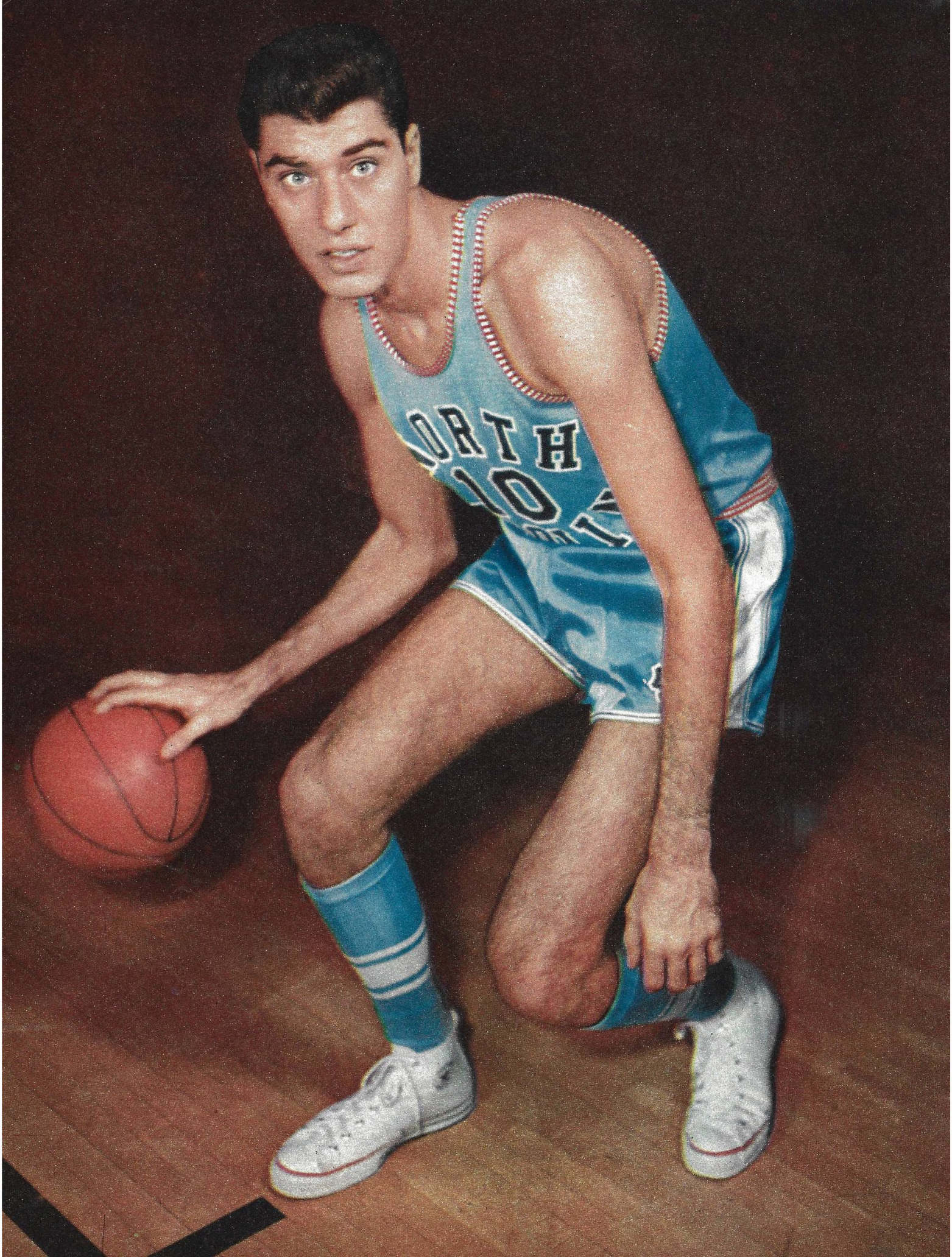
Carol, now a slender 17-year-old from Ozone Park, N. Y., is not the only talented member of the Heiss family. Her brother, Bruce, 13, and her sister, Nancy, 15, have won a number of skating titles; Nancy is going to the world championships this year as an alternate.

Carol is already pointing to the 1960 Olympics. "After that, who knows?" she says. "But if I win, I'll retire as an amateur so that Nancy can take over."

She attends a professional children's school in New York.



Carol isn't the only champ in the family. Her brother Bruce, 13, *above* with her, and sister Nancy, 15, have won titles, too.


ORTH

The All-American Everybody Boos

Crowds get on Lennie Rosenbluth because he looks arrogant and doesn't worry about defense—or so they say. But he can really pump them in

By Mal Mallette

THE tall, bone-thin basketball player with the annoyingly deadpan face strolled out of the North Carolina defense, which was collapsed around the foul circle, and grabbed hold of the opposing player with the ball. The chorus of boos that had started when he made his first move toward the ball grew into a cascade that drowned out the referee's whistle.

Still deadpan, Lennie Rosenbluth took his position on the inside of the foul lane. He seemed oblivious to the insults of the crowd. He had seen a job that needed doing, and he had done it. Now his job was to bring down the rebound if the foul shot was missed.

To an outsider, the abuse the crowd of 12,000 unleashed on the frail-looking Rosenbluth must have been mystifying. The strategy of the deliberate foul was obviously correct. It was an Atlantic Coast Conference tournament game at Raleigh, N.C., and North Carolina was trailing Virginia by three points with three minutes to play. The underdog Cavaliers, an exciting upset victory almost in their grasp, had gone into a freeze. The Tar Heels had to get the ball, and quickly. Rosenbluth had simply carried out orders.

What's more, only minutes earlier, the six-foot, five-inch native of New York City had smashed the North Carolina season scoring record set 15 years before by George Glamack, an all-time All-America. There should have been cheers for him in this moment of triumph. But to Lennie Rosenbluth, the abuse was neither mystifying nor new. He is the All-American everybody boos. Well, almost everybody. At Chapel Hill, at least, they think this swarthy thin man with the dark eyes and deadly shot is the greatest thing that ever happened to North Carolina basketball.

The fellow who cheers the loudest for Rosenbluth is Frank McGuire, coach of the Flatbush Tar Heels, so-called because McGuire does most of his recruiting in and around New York City, where he coached at St. John's University before crossing the Mason-Dixon line in 1952. Frank calls Rosenbluth the greatest player he has ever coached and that takes in quite a bit of territory since fellows like Bob Zawoluk and Dick McGuire (no relation) have played for the transplanted New Yorker. McGuire began plugging Rosenbluth before the round-shouldered marksman played his first freshman game. To show his appreciation, Lennie has set school records every year, and last season he was one of two juniors to make the first ten on the Associated Press All-America team. The Helms Foundation put him on the first five.

The final moments of the Virginia (⟶ TO PAGE 82)

Color by UP

ALMOST A STAR

The Story of Milwaukee's Gene Conley

"Better than Blackwell," they labeled him. But the Braves' amiable giant hasn't quite made it. Is his awkward pitching motion destroying his arm?

By EMMETT WATSON

ONE day in late June, 1955, Gene Conley, baseball's tallest pitcher, went out to work against Philadelphia for the Braves that made Milwaukee famous. Conley was 25 years old. The year before, he had won 14 games and lost nine. On this particular day, midway in his second season of big-time baseball, he was working on his 11th win—a heady pace of victories for a two-year practitioner in the majors. Each start Gene made was one more confident stride into what many experts and countless fans regarded as baseball's most promising future.

Pitch? He could deal it any way you liked. From his towering but athletic height of 6-8, Conley could come straight overhand and deliver a fast ball that jumped with life. Or he could crack a curve that dropped off an invisible table. He could deliver both pitches off a three-quarter overhand delivery as well, and he could "take a little off" for a change-of-pace that made even the wiliest hitters lunge and flail.

Not infrequently, Conley's great, 225-pound frame would abruptly lean over to his right. The long arm would disappear behind his hip, then whip out from the general direction of third base—a cross-fire delivery that left many of the National League's bravest hitters flinching like rookies. Conley was high in strikeouts, low in earned runs, and his control was that of a 30-year-old veteran instead of a baby-faced rookie on his way to greatness.

But this day—this try for his 11th win against Philadelphia—wasn't a good one for Conley. The Phils dug in and teed off. The "edge" was gone from Gene's fast ball. His curve no longer cracked; it hung tastefully for hungry hitters. Finally, in the fifth inning, Milwaukee manager Charley Grimm sent a coach out to take Conley off the mound. Milwaukee lost, 6-1. And later, in the dressing room after the game, a teammate stopped by Conley's locker, where he sat in his street clothes. "Forget it, Gene," the fellow said. "Hell, you'd have had to throw a shutout to win that one."

Conley nodded, but his mind was on something else—a throbbing pain in his shoulder that had begun to come and go as early as the second inning. It had become worse as the game wore on; still it ached as Gene sat there. "Yeah," he replied absently, "I'll forget it. I'll get 'em next time."

But there was only one more "next time" that entire year. He lost five games and won only one more—a pain-filled, 2-1 edging of the Pirates, who were not hard to edge in those days. Conley's record for the season was a disappointing 11-8.

Color by George Heyer

For young Gene, above others, it was disappointing. Not since brash-talking Dizzy Dean hit the majors 20 years before had so much been said, written and predicted about one young pitcher. Had Conley delivered to expert specifications, Milwaukee, not Brooklyn, would have battled the Yankees in last fall's World Series. Gene's manager and greatest admirer—Charley Grimm—would still be boss of the Braves, instead of a front office executive with the Chicago Cubs. One could list a dozen would-have-beens, most of them logical, some of them likely, if these predictions about Donald Eugene Conley had held up:

Said Charley Grimm two years ago: "He'll be a 20-game winner for a long time. I'm not talking about his being just a good pitcher —I mean he'll be a truly great one."

Said John Quinn, the Braves' general manager: "This kid is our right-handed Warren Spahn."

Said Bucky Walters, then Milwaukee's pitching coach: "He's a terrific prospect. He's got a good arm, he's smart, and he's learning his hitters."

Said Warren Spahn: "He reminds me of Ewell Blackwell, except for one thing—Conley's got better control than Blackie had."

They've always talked about Gene in superlatives, dating back to when he just sprouted to an alarming physical height as a fun-loving kid athlete in the town of Richland, Wash. He was a bright pitching star in the Hearst All-Star game in New York, before which game one scout pulled out his wallet and confided: "Here, this is what I'd give him to sign. The whole damned bankroll." Colleges fought shamefully over his basketball talents, to the point where one of them, Idaho, actually tried to kidnap him off the campus of Washington State. As a Boston Brave development project, Conley twice won the "minor-league player of the year" award with brilliant records at Hartford in 1951 (his first year as a pro) and at Toledo in 1953.

He warred with John Quinn over his right to make money at professional basketball and went ahead to play with the Boston Celtics. He might easily have developed into a top pro basketball star. Gene usually won his arguments with the Braves and undoubtedly browbeat raises out of them by using the basketball issue. At Hartford, he practically kept the franchise alive as crowds averaged some 2,000 above normal on nights he pitched. In 1954, his first year with Milwaukee, he beat Brooklyn five times, ranking only behind Spahn as the Braves' most effective pitcher with an earned-run mark of 2.97.

Almost everything Conley did was achieved with an easy, good-natured flair that delighted fans and writers. National magazines carried frequent stories on him. Newspapermen delighted in his quotable wisecracks and unabashed friendliness. After his 14-9 rookie year, Gene was Topic A on the hot-stove league agenda and his ten fast victories at the beginning of 1955 cinched the belief for almost everybody that Gene was one of the game's bright new young stars. There were a few doubters, of course.

"The way he throws," predicted one National League pitcher, "that kid is going to tear his arm right off his shoulder."

Several pitchers and coach Bucky Walters discussed his peculiar delivery. "If you want to pitch a lot of years," Walters once told him, "it might be wise to change your style."

The Conley style is exaggerated, in part, by his size. Despite his height, Gene actually strides a shorter distance than many smaller pitchers. He uses less body motion than most pitchers; as a result Gene puts great strain on his arm and shoulder. His high leg kick is well-known to batters in the National League. This kick is done partly for psychological effect. Who wants to concentrate on a blazing fast ball with a size 13½ shoe waving about in your face? It's also a habit he developed as a youngster. But despite such frills, the heavy work of Gene's delivery is done mainly by his arm. His fellow pitcher, Lew Burdette, once told him: "Gene, if you used your body to help your arm, there's no telling how fast you'd be."

Conley's arm "gave" in that mid-season start against Philadelphia in 1955. Gene reasoned that it was only a temporary shoulder soreness that would be all right after four or five days' rest. He said nothing about it to Charley Grimm. "I didn't tell anybody about it," he says now. "It hurt, but I figured I could throw well enough to get by. I guess it wasn't the smart thing to do, but I was new, and I was afraid if I started talking about a sore arm they'd think I was alibiing because I couldn't win. I kept figuring the soreness would work itself out, but it didn't. It got

Gene's size and motion combine to make his pitches appear to be coming at the hitter from somewhere near third base.

worse. Finally, I went to see a doctor on my own in Milwaukee and got him to inject novocain before the game. All that did was make my arm feel soggy and heavy and I felt kind of lazy myself. The shoulder still hurt, and I lasted only five innings against the Cubs."

Conley started a Saturday night game against Brooklyn the last week in August of 1955. The Dodgers climbed all over him, men on base almost every inning, then finally sent him sagging into the dugout with seven runs across. Gene sat down wearily next to Bucky Walters and mopped his face with a towel.

"Don't feel bad," Walters told him. "Go on in and take a shower. Charley might want to use you for an inning or two in one of the games tomorrow."

This was the end of several weeks' pain and a discouraging pattern of lonely shower baths. Gene made up his mind then to tell the truth. A few writers and players already had begun to suspect that something was wrong, anyway. "Charley isn't going to use me for any inning or two," Conley said. "Bucky, I've got a sore arm."

Walters followed Conley into the dressing room. "All right," he said, "you like it up here, don't you? You like being in the big leagues?"

Gene nodded.

"Well, you tell Grimm," Walters said. "For your own good, tell Charley."

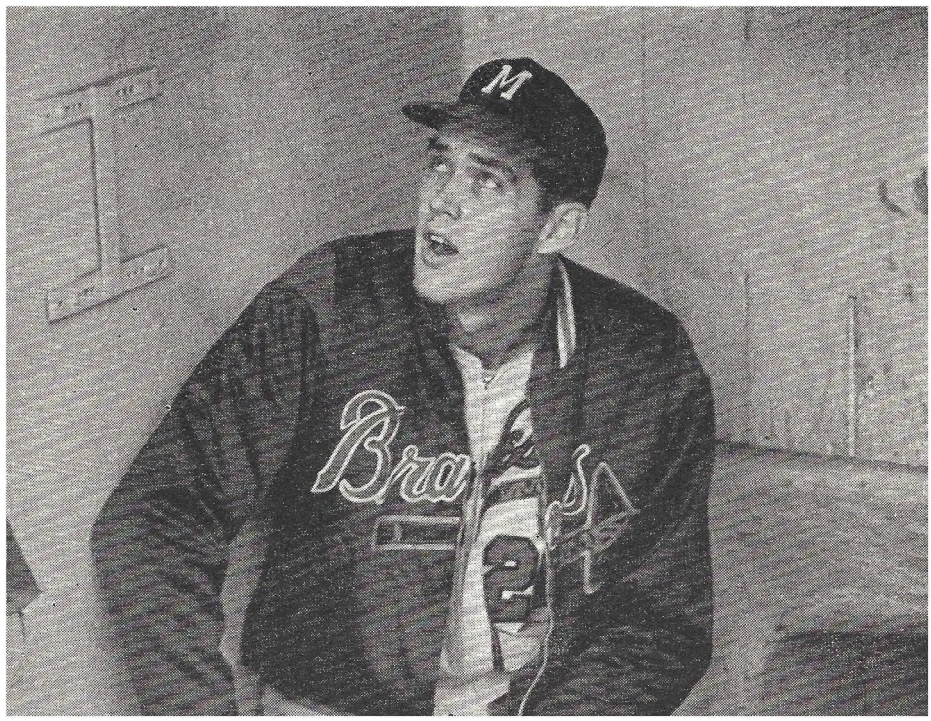
Conley went to Grimm and told him about the sore arm, when it first began to hurt, how it failed to come around—leaving out the part about the novocain.

"Charley was swell," Conley recalls. "He told me that my career was worth more than trying to pick up a win or two. He told me to forget about pitching, to rest my arm and get ready for next year."

The Braves sent Gene to see Dr. M. D. Cramer, a Des Moines physician who had been successful in treating other sore-armed pitchers. Dr. Cramer diagnosed the trouble as torn tissues around the shoulder socket. He prescribed a form of therapy that involved an elastic stretcher; Gene would attach the stretcher to a wall and exercise by pulling it over in front of him, much in the manner of the follow-through for a regular pitching delivery.

"I carried that hunk of elastic around wherever I went," he says. "I brought it out to Richland when I came home to visit my folks and down to Oregon when we visited my wife's parents.

"Well, you can't go around driving nails in people's walls. So I figured out a way to attach it to a door knob, then I'd sit down and do my exercises. That thing got to be part of me."



Newspapermen have liked Gene ever since he first came up. He is easy to talk to, pleasantly brash, and always good for a quotable wisecrack. He makes colorful copy.

By February of last year, Conley says, the arm and shoulder felt strong. He reported for spring training with the Braves at Bradenton and immediately started to throw batting practice. Instantly, he hurt his shoulder again. "I was almost sick to my stomach," he says. "I kept thinking, 'I don't want to go through this again.' But there it was; the shoulder hurt—and I wasn't hiding it from anybody this time. I went right to the club doctor and told him."

The Braves' team physician, then Dr. Charles Locks, sent Gene to another well-known specialist for ballplayers, Dr. Michael DiCosola, the same fellow who set Ted Williams' injured shoulder. Dr. DiCosola, according to Conley, said there was nothing functionally wrong with his shoulder, that he had probably reinjured himself by starting too fast with batting practice pitching. He injected cortisone in Gene's shoulder socket and recommended warm weather for a while.

Conley was left in Bradenton, under Dr. DiCosola's care, after the Braves went north. He worked out daily at Braves' Field with Eddie Roush, the old-time outfield great. After two weeks of this, the Braves sent him over to Jacksonville, a Milwaukee farm club, where he pitched batting practice almost every day.

"I could feel it getting stronger," he said. "The shoulder felt good under that warm weather and pretty soon I began to let out. I was bearing down good. Almost every day I'd be on the phone to John Quinn in Milwaukee, asking him to let me come north. 'I'm ready,' I kept telling him, but he'd stall me off. Last spring, you'll remember, the weather was terrible in Milwaukee. The club was about ten games behind the schedule and Charley had more pitchers than he had work for. At any rate, I wound up with a month of the most unenjoyable vacation a guy ever had.

"Finally I told Quinn, 'Look, this layoff is beginning to hit my salary. I want to come up and show you I can pitch.'" Quinn relented and Conley rejoined Milwaukee on May 20. At this point, Gene figures, he faced the greatest challenge of his baseball career. "It's like this," he explains. "A guy is branded as a sore-arm pitcher like I was. Now, a sore arm isn't always physical. Part of it can be a state of mind. So when you read in the papers that you've got a sore arm, when you know your manager thinks you've got a sore arm, when players talk about your sore arm, when writers ask you how your arm feels—well, then you've got to overcome a hell of a psychological handicap. I had to prove to everybody that I could pitch again."

There is no question, of course, that Conley can pitch; nobody registers an 8-9 record in the majors (as Gene did last summer, after his late start) by merely drop-kicking the ball up there. The question is—how well can he pitch, compared to two years ago? And what is his future? Will he go on to be—as so many predicted—a great major-league star? Or will he develop into a "next year" pitcher, a selling plater on the waiver list, a "spot" hurler, who eventually disappears into the minors? Milwaukee is hungry for a pennant and Fred Haney's pitching is top drawer; Gene will have to show something to figure in such lofty plans.

"I think I can do it," he said. "I know I can. I just feel that way. I don't know whether it's a good thing to say or not, but I'll win 20 games. That's my goal."

Not for a moment does he concede that his is a doubtful situation. He was speaking now with quiet confidence, born of youthful pride and perhaps some rationalization. He was sitting now in the empty dining room of the Desert Inn, at Richland, where his father, Ray, works at the nearby Hanford atomic energy plant. Outside was parked a long, expensive, lavender-colored 1956 car, which Conley jokingly calls "my Elvis Presley model." In a sense it has come to represent the good way of life his incredible athletic talents have brought him.

His huge frame was turned sideways from the table and his enormously long hands, which can almost encase a baseball, toyed with a fork on the table. Although he lives in Milwaukee, this is Gene Conley's town. Each winter he drives home to visit his parents, and the people of Richland know him by sight and he knows most of them. He laughs frequently and his eyes wrinkle in a friendly manner; his face has an almost adolescent appearance. People like him on sight. Now he was serious as he talked of his future. . . .

"I think I've proved I'm over the shoulder trouble," he was saying. "I feel it will never go bad again. Of course, you never know, but I'm confident. I felt a lot better last year, with that 8-9 record behind me, than I felt the year before, when I won 11 and lost eight. I felt better because my arm was good. I'd pitched a pretty good season. Maybe not so good on won and lost, but my arm was strong. I lost a few tough ones—the kind you go home and tell your wife about.

"With a little luck I could have been 12-5 as well as 8-9. But those are the things you expect. No complaints. The important thing is that I licked this shoulder business. I started 18 games and pitched in 32. No guy with a bad arm can do that."

He went on talking earnestly: "You know, like I told you, the toughest thing I ever faced was coming back to pitch last year. Everybody was watching me, to see if I could still go. If enough people think you've got a sore arm, you get to thinking they might be right. Well, I got over it, and I was satisfied. I think the Braves were, too."

In a physical sense, Conley is one of baseball's oddities: He is the tall-

Six-eight Conley (No. 8) was a stand-out basketball player at Washington State, went on to play for the Boston Celtics.

est boy ever to establish himself in the majors. Johnny Gee, of Pittsburgh, towered briefly through the National League many years ago, and Frank Sullivan, of the Boston Red Sox, who is an inch shorter than Gene, is not far from stardom in the American League. When one thinks of Conley as a 6-8 college basketball star, it's easy to visualize a shambling, shy, almost inarticulate goon. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Conley has a bright intelligence and a politician's flair for remembering names and faces. He loves to kid about himself, and delights in nursing small stories into tall ones. One of his favorite yarns (which he has polished to perfection on the banquet circuit) concerns his debut with the Braves (then in Boston) against Brooklyn at Ebbets Field in 1952. "I had the bases jammed with Dodgers every inning," he says. "Had to take my stretch before every pitch. Then Andy Pafko really tied into one. He drilled it into the deep seats with two on and wiped the bases clean."

Conley laughed. "From force of habit, I took my stretch on the next hitter. Some jokester yelled out of the Dodger dugout, 'There he goes!' It startled hell out of me and I actually backed off the rubber and took a look over at Earl Torgeson, who was playing back with nobody on.

"Maybe that story's funny enough as it stands. But I like to dress it up a little. I make it sound like I whirled and threw and almost drilled Torgy right between the eyes. Since the joke's on me, I figure I can take a few liberties with it."

Gene's excellent control (as a first-year rookie at Hartford he struck out 173 and walked only 53) is a mystery to everybody, including Conley. It leads to another story which Gene tells on himself—a story that he has told so many times it has become almost apochryphal. One version has it that Travis Jackson, his manager at Hartford, suggested he become deliberately wild at times to keep hitters from digging in. The result was a flock of walks, two hit batters and an early bath.

"Actually," he laughs, "I think I got played for a sucker. One night before the game I bumped into Schoolboy Rowe in the hotel coffee shop. He was managing Williamsport and I was scheduled to pitch against his club that night. He invited me to sit with him and started giving me some fatherly advice. 'You know kid,' he told me, 'you've got great control. Almost too good. Take a tip from an old-timer who's been around, make those hitters worry a little. Be a little more wild—you know, brush 'em back, throw a couple of wild ones to scare 'em.'

"I thought that was just dandy advice," Gene says with a laugh. "I was sailing along with a 16-3 record and it never occurred to me I might be tampering with success. After all, Schoolboy was just trying to help me. So I went out that night and walked the park full, hit a couple of batters and barely staggered in by some awful score like 9-8. Now that I look on it," he says, "I think old Schoolboy just had me pegged.

Such stories illuminate another paradox in the baseball career of Gene Conley. He has never pitched a complete season in the majors, and his aggregate big-league record of 33 victories and 29 defeats hardly seems to justify his attendant publicity He has, in truth, received more newspaper and magazine space than many a steady 20-game winner. Why?

Gene's enormous height naturally attracts notice. His spectacular minor-league record spread a certain amount of fame before he ever faced a major-league audience. But Gene Conley has large amounts of that hard-to-define quality called color. He has enough self-assurance to tell funny stories on himself. For example, he willingly kids about his own size. "I always tip a shoeshine boy plenty," he laughs. "Imagine working on those big feet of mine!" He turned up a joke about his gangling frame when he first joined the Braves: He took a shower sitting down. Even when he's angry, Gene has a knack for the right phrase. In 1953, when the Braves shipped him out to Toledo after spring training, he was furious. "If I had any guts," he told a teammate, "I'd just quit!" Then he added: "On second thought, I'd better play. I haven't any money, either."

During his time with the Boston Celtics he discovered, to his own delight, that people mistook him for Ed Macauley, then the Celtics' celebrated center. This was too much to resist. Conley began signing "Ed Macauley" to autograph books. Once he even gave out a radio interview, posing as Macauley, in which he praised St. Louis University as the be-all and end-all of higher education.

On occasion, some fan would ask "Macauley" what he thought of Gene Conley's chances as a big-league pitcher. "Macauley" would shake his head, as though he detected an unsavory odor. "Confidentially," he'd say, "not much."

In addition to owning an engaging sense of humor, Conley has the curious faculty of having things happen to him in slightly spectacular ways. His entire athletic career has attracted notice ever since he was a stringy kid at Columbia High School in Richland. Actually, he was born in Muskogee, Okla., on November 10, 1930. He still can remember, as a ten-year-old kid, being squired to the Muskogee ball park by his father, Ray Conley. Gene's dad never was an athlete himself, but he was a connoisseur of sports, especially baseball, and delighted in pointing out one Western League player to his young son. "See that fellow?" Ray Conley used to say. "Watch him close, and remember you saw him. Someday he's going to be a big-leaguer."

"Dad had a good eye," Gene recalls. "The guy he used to point out was Stan Musial."

Conley's early athletic life centered around swimming. He won a flock of medals, ribbons and pats on the head as a backstroke, free-style and breaststroke winner; he also competed successfully in boxing, football and track. The Conley family (Gene is of English descent, with a bit of Cherokee Indian blood) moved to Richland in 1944. The town of Richland, 30 miles south of the Hanford atomic energy plant, is strictly a government-built community. Gene was in the third class to enter the new Columbia High School then.

Such is the nature of Ray Conley's work in atomic energy that not even Gene knows what he does. "I've asked him a dozen times," Gene says. "He talks for about 15 minutes in the darndest double-talk you ever heard. When it's all over, you realize he's told you exactly nothing."

But if Ray Conley's work was top secret, his son's athletic life was not. During his sophomore and junior years, Gene sprouted a full five inches to a height of 6-5. By now he concentrated exclusively on basketball and baseball, winning a flock of Washington State prep honors. By his senior year, he was flipping a steady string of shutouts for his high school team and averaging upwards of 15 strikeouts a game. Even at that age, he had surprisingly good control. "I wish I could give the answer," he says. "All I know is, I could lay off all winter and pick up a baseball in the spring and throw strikes. I never worked on it, like some kids do—never threw at tires or hoops or targets. I could just naturally put the ball where I wanted it."

Conley's first statewide attention came when he pitched in the Seattle *Post Intelligencer's* regional All-Star game and won the right to represent the Northwest in the finals at the Polo Grounds in New York. Even at that age, Conley took New York in confident stride. Before a final workout, to determine the game's pitchers, coach Oscar Vitt had ordered every player on hand at 9:30 a.m. A newspaperman, Harold Torbergson, with whom Gene was traveling, forgot to leave an eight o'clock call that morning and both of them overslept. "I finally woke up and got Gene out of bed," the sportswriter remembers. "He practically dressed himself going through the lobby. Then he dashed back to the cigar counter and bought two candy bars.

"All the way out in the taxi, he kept laughing and chewing those candy bars. 'How about this?' he'd laugh. 'Eating candy for breakfast in a taxi!' They made him the starting pitcher in a squad game that morning and darned if he didn't strike out seven guys. Didn't allow a hit."

In the big game, working the middle three innings, Conley struck out six of the nine batters he faced. Scouts from almost every major-league club flocked around, but Ray Conley turned them all down. He wanted his son to attend college. A dozen schools got in on the bidding contest—they didn't care so much about his pitching, but his basketball ability had them breaking rules all down the Pacific Coast. In his own mind, Gene had decided on Washington State, at Pullman, the closest major college campus to his home in Richland.

"I really saw the sights," he says smilingly today. "They flew me all over for visits to their schools, but I kept telling them I was going to WSC. I guess they wouldn't take no for an answer."

As mentioned before, things have a way of happening to Conley in a somewhat spectacular manner. One night, after he was settled at Pullman (registration began the following day), Gene was awakened in his room at the fratenity house at 2 a.m.

"Here was this guy shaking me," he recalls. "I got scared—couldn't figure out what was up. This guy said some people outside wanted to talk to me. I guess I was just sleepy, but anyway, I went out. There were several other guys in the car and they were friendly, so I went along. Said they wanted to take me for a ride."

It was a short ride—only ten miles, to be exact—terminating on the campus of the University of Idaho at Moscow.

"There were five of them, as I remember it," says Conley. "One was Dixie Howell, who used to be football coach there. All they wanted to do was unsell me on Washington State and sell me on Idaho. We had a long talk, seemed like hours. I kept insisting that my mind was made up to stay in Pullman, but they kept on selling. They made all sorts of offers, even a promise of a percentage on some pinball machines that were run by an Idaho slum. Finally they let me go to bed—put me right between a couple of big football players. I guess the football players were supposed to guard me. Everybody was friendly enough, but I didn't like any part of it."

The following day, Conley says, he went through the same sales pitch. "They even took me in to meet the school president, and darned if he didn't give me the selling job on dear old Idaho. Later on, I asked if I could call my dad and they said, sure, go ahead."

Ray Conley got Gene out of Idaho by threatening fast action. As a result of this shameful escapade, the school was fined a reported $2,000 by Pacific Coast Conference commissioner Victor O. Schmidt. Similar reports—all of them un-

verified, since Schmidt does not reveal specific infractions when he fines PCC members—say that several other schools were fined a total of $4,000 for their eagerness to get Conley educated.

Conley stayed two years at Washington State. In his sophomore year—his last as a Cougar—Gene made one national magazine's first All-Coast basketball team, second string on the U.P.'s All-Coast and gained honorable mention on several All-Americas. During his only year as a WSC pitcher, the Cougars wound up in the NCAA finals.

In his brief time at WSC, Gene developed an active dislike for Arthur (Buck) Bailey, Cougar baseball coach, and one of the Northwest's most colorful athletic figures. Conley has since charged in print that Buck used him only five innings a game, trying to create an impression among scouts (who followed the Cougars carefully) that Gene couldn't last the distance. "He was afraid I'd sign," Gene says. Bailey later gave out an interview to a Spokane newspaperman, stating that he would be surprised if Gene ever got as high as class C ball.

Conley, as a result, gives Bailey almost no credit for his college baseball development. Instead, he credits Jack Friel, State's veteran basketball coach, with showing him how to throw a curve—which Gene later developed into one of the sharpest in the National League.

Among the most interested scouts to follow Conley was Bill Marshall of the Braves, a pleasant, soft-spoken fellow who seemed to make a good impression on the Conley family. When word got out that Gene wanted no more of WSC—that he was ready to sign—Marshall appeared in Richland as if by magic. Gene had received tentative bonus offers from Detroit and the Philadelphia Phils. The Minneapolis Lakers and the Tri-Cities Hawks wanted him for pro basketball. Marshall used persuasive arguments for the Braves. He pointed out that the Boston pitching staff was not a young one and a developing young pitcher could move up fast. Conley finally signed for slightly less than the $6,000 bonus limit then in force, with the proviso that he could train with the Braves at Bradenton in 1951.

If he hasn't hit major stardom yet, Conley left a big impact on minor-league ball. As a raw rookie with the class A Hartford club, he won 20 and lost nine and finished the season with an incredibly low 2.13 earned-run average. Fans flocked in to watch him pitch. One night, more than 1,000 waited nearly 45 minutes in a driving rain to watch Gene go after his 18th victory. He was voted the "minor-league player of the year."

At Milwaukee (before the Braves arrived), he won 11 and lost four. Again, at Toledo, in 1953, Conley won 23 and lost nine on a pennant-winning club. He walked only 57 men in 261 innings—an average of less than two walks per nine-inning game. He also became the second man in Toledo baseball history to strike out more than 200 American Association batters, getting 211, better than seven per game. He also led the American Association in earned-run average with a 2.90 and, for the second time in three years, won the "minor-league player of the year" award.

Conley's frequent rows with John Quinn, the Braves' general manager, centered mainly around Gene's ventures into pro basketball, and another highly pertinent factor, money. Against Quinn's advice, Conley joined the Celtics for the 1952-53 season, turning in a creditable year as Ed Macauley's replacement. The following year, after his successful stay in the American Association, he again joined the Celtics in Boston.

It developed that Conley and Quinn both wound up in the same hotel at Boston, but from here on versions become clouded. According to one, Quinn is said to have asked a well-known Boston sportscaster, Frank Fallon, how much he thought the Braves were paying Conley. Fallon replied, "Oh, about $10,000. Is that a good guess?" Quinn, according to Fallon, replied as follows: "Well, it ought to be worth half that much to us to keep him from taking the risk." Conley steadfastly denies—even today—that he got such a payoff. Quinn won't discuss the incident at all.

At any rate, Conley quit the Celtics just before the NBA season began. Maybe he got money from the Braves not to play, or perhaps it's true, as he stated then, that he skipped basketball on his doctor's orders. But one thing is certain about this mystery—Conley's name was in front of the public.

In 1954, Gene's troubles with Quinn began again. In mid-September, after losing a 2-1 game to the Giants, Conley returned to his hotel to find Red Auerbach, the Celtics' coach, sitting in the hotel lobby. "There it was—right on the line—a good offer," says Gene. "Almost as much money for playing about eight minutes a game with the Celtics as I got for winning 14 big-league games. I went to see Quinn in Milwaukee."

Conley and Quinn had it out in the Braves' office at County Stadium, but reached no agreement. Then, according to Gene, he caught a plane for Boston and found himself seated next to Quinn, who was on his way to the World Series. "We agreed that the Giants would win," he recalls, "but that's about all we agreed on."

Gene gives a couple of reasons why he finally quit the Celtics—for good—shortly after training began. One was a haunting fear that he might wreck his arm playing the rough pro cage game. Another was that he wanted to concentrate on one major sport. "I wanted to see how high I could go in one sport, and baseball was my best bet," he says. "It pays a lot more than basketball and you last longer at it. Basketball was a good paying proposition for me, though, and you show me a guy who likes to turn down money and I'll show you a guy who's crazy.

"And, anyway, let's face it—I was using basketball to help me get more money out of the Braves. There was one year Quinn told me that I'd tire myself out, playing two major sports. I remember telling him, 'Well, I played basketball one year and won 23 and lost nine at Toledo. I'd like to get tired out that way again.'"

Notwithstanding a young-looking, almost baby-faced exterior, there is some evidence that behind Gene's boyishness lies a talent for subtlety. His on-again, off-again connection with pro basketball has angered managements in both sports. The Celtics, for example, have claimed he agreed to appear in playoff games; Conley denies this. Gene has been quoted as saying he had no fear of getting hurt playing basketball. But one reason for quitting, he said later, was a fear of injuring himself. In any event, he got involved in another rhubarb involving basketball alone. This occurred two years ago when he accepted a job as "promotion director" for the Milwaukee Hawks. Gene's job with the Hawks caused a scream of anguish from Walter Brown, owner of the Celtics, since Gene only recently had quit his team.

Eventually, even the much-harried John Quinn was drawn into the fray. One of Conley's "promotions" was a basketball game between a pickup team of Milwaukee Braves ballplayers and local disc jockeys. "That crazy Conley," stormed Quinn. "He'll ruin half our ball club with his stunts."

Records are obscure on who won the game, but Conley was high-point man for both sides. Being a Brave, he played one half for the ballplayers. And being a disc jockey (he ran a show on Station KFOX), he played the other half for the platter-spinners.

"It's a wonder," cracked a reporter, "that some editor doesn't assign a man to cover Conley full time. Things have a way of happening around him."

Along with a certain tongue-in-cheek guile, and a pleasant gift for brightening up a story, Conley has a talent for unexpected candor. A good example of this is the constant, critical speculation about his pitching motion. As indicated before, several baseball men have predicted that Conley always will suffer arm or shoulder trouble, because of his unnatural hurling style. What about this?

"I think they might be right," he says, pleasantly. "I hate to say it, but all that they point out might be true. There's no getting away from it—I throw more with my arm and shoulder than I do with my body."

In addition to Bucky Walters, Charley Root, the Braves' coach, also has suggested that Gene ought to change his pitching style to make his baseball career last longer. Jim Wilson, a former teammate, agrees with the diagnosis.

"A number of others have said the same thing," Conley adds. "From time to time, they've suggested I could be faster, or could last longer, if I changed my pitching style. But I don't want to change. Look, I've already established myself in the majors. I know I can pitch here. If I felt I was on my way out—I mean desperate to stay up here—then I might try something different. But I'm young, only 26, and I figure I've got good years ahead. You never know, but I feel that I'm over my arm trouble and won't get it again."

Despite the fact that Gene won eight games last year and appeared effectively in relief (he wound up with a respectable 3.13 earned-run average), some big-league observers say he isn't out of the woods yet. One National League hurler expressed it this way: "I saw Conley when he was fast, and I saw him last year. He didn't have the old zest out there—seemed dubious to trying to throw hard. He's strictly an arm-thrower. He doesn't push off the mound at all. Something's got to give when you throw like that. That arm will take only so many abusive outings, and then it goes.

"And another thing," the fellow added, "you check every pitcher who threw like that, and he's had arm trouble. Look at Blackwell. Gene may be the exception, and I hope he is. But if I were in his spot, I'd change that delivery."

Bill Engeln, the National League umpire who quit the circuit this winter to return to the Coast, worked a number of Conley's games behind the plate. "I saw him before he hurt his shoulder," Engeln says, "and I tell you he was fast—one of the five fastest in the league. Last year he wasn't. It looked to me like he wasn't following through. He slowed up enough so his curve wasn't as good. And when they were looking for the curve, he wasn't quick enough to get that fast ball by 'em. Don't get me wrong, he pitched some fine ball for Milwaukee. If Gene shakes that shoulder trouble, I'm sure he'll be a good winner for the Braves."

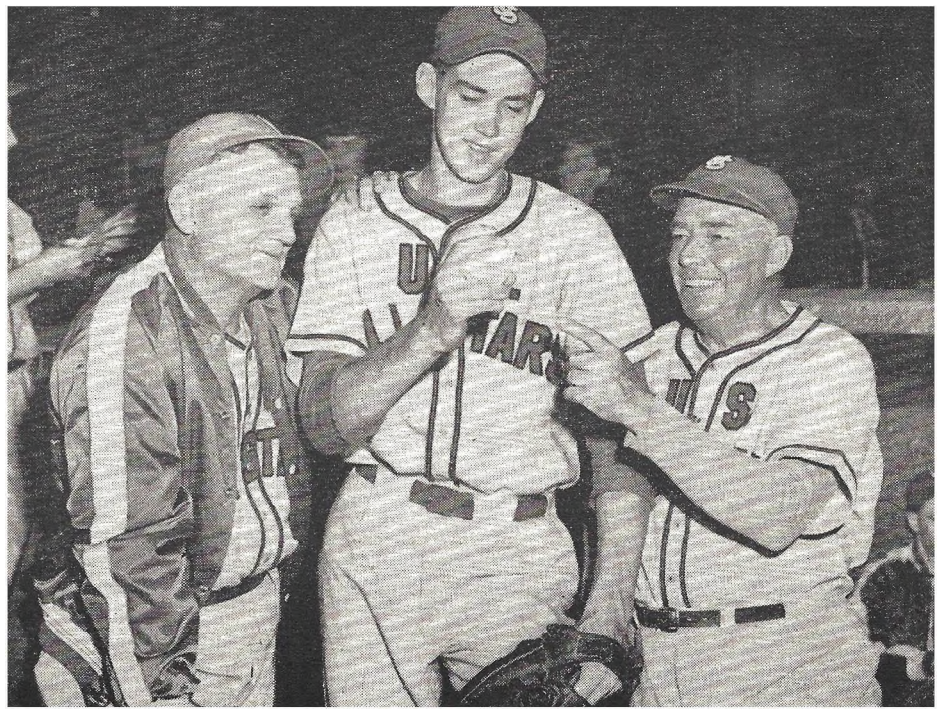
Fred Hutchinson, manager of the St. Louis Cardinals and a former pitcher who had arm trouble himself, discusses the Conley case in a somewhat theoretical manner. "All pitchers develop sore arms sometime in their lives," says Hutch, "unless they just have an exceptional arm. Some of them have to pitch over the pain. Some hurt more than others, and some are more susceptible to pain. Still others allow it to bother them mentally to a point where they have to check out.

"I saw enough of Conley last year to say I'd take him right now. He looked to me like he improved as the year went along. He's got good control and that unorthodox delivery helps him, too. He got his control early in the going so he doesn't have to learn that. I think he'll be an effective pitcher for the Braves."

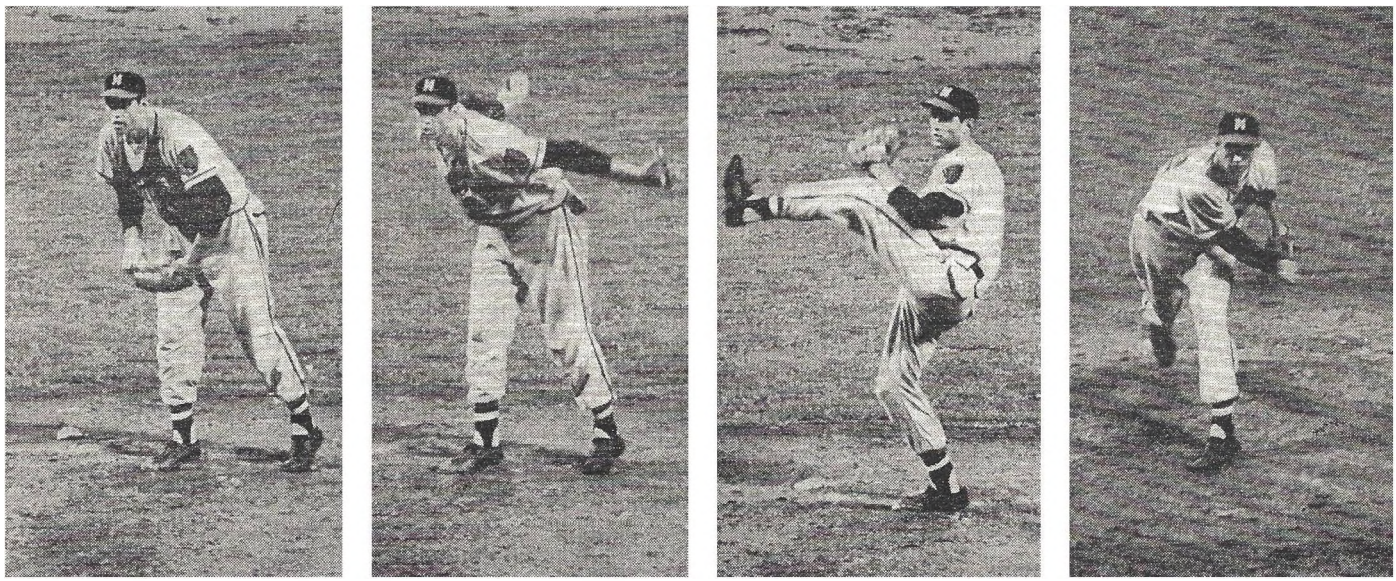
Conley's fun-loving demeanor frequently gives people the impression that he isn't a hard competitor. He doesn't have post-game tantrums. Of this part of his temperament, Conley says, "I'm no locker-kicker, but I hurt inside." Gene doesn't brood or sulk, nor has he been known to openly blame a teammate for kicking away a victory. "The only guy Conley ever blames," Bucky Walters once said, "is Conley himself."

Ken Lehman, lefthanded pitcher of the Dodgers, once was asked if he thought that Gene is a good competitor. "Take a look at him," he said. "Here's a kid who hurt his arm in the middle of a good season, with ten victories going for him. But rather than complain, he kept putting that record on the line and tried to pitch over the soreness. Then he went out and had novocain shot in his shoulder so he could pitch some more. Maybe it was a foolish thing to do. It's nothing new for pitchers to use novocain—I've seen that before. But usually it's a last resort, not something a young pitcher with a great future might do. All I can say is, Gene must really want to play ball if he'd try a thing like that."

Almost to a man, the people associated most closely with Gene consider him a good competitor. This list includes Charley Grimm, his ex-manager, and Fred Haney, his present boss. What does Conley him-



Old pros Max Carey (*left*) and Oscar Vitt (*right*) admired boyish Gene's grip when he pitched in '49 New York all-star game.



Conley's pitching trademark is his high kick. He uses it partly for its psychological effect. It makes hitters feel they're overpowered.

self think about this will to win?

"I think the very word 'competitor' is carelessly used," he says. "Sure, there's a few guys who tighten up, or give up. A few who get behind and relax too much. But those kind are damned few in the major leagues. It takes a good competitor to get there. You don't talk your way in."

To Conley's mind, the test of a competitor frequently lies in his overall record. He points for evidence to his own record. In six years of professional baseball, he's had only one losing year—his 8-9 summer of 1956. Gene adds: "The record isn't the final test, maybe, but when a guy comes up with winning years over a period of time, it's a pretty good bet he's out there battling somebody."

The man most concerned with Conley's future, except for Gene himself, is hard-bitten Fred Haney, who succeeded Grimm last summer as manager of the Braves. Haney has been through baseball's meat-grinder, having managed the talent-poor St. Louis Browns and the pitiful Pirates most of his major-league life. A good year out of Conley might very well mean Haney's (and Milwaukee's) first big-league flag. Haney has a way of looking at things through realistic eyes and saying almost exactly what he thinks. He sees encouraging signs in Conley's development—signs that mean Gene will yet live up to the many bright predictions made on his behalf.

"Last year he pitched almost a full year for us," Haney reasons. "During that time he had no trouble, no recurrence of his shoulder trouble. There were times when he was mentally saving himself, seemed to be afraid to cut loose. As a result, he couldn't get his breaking stuff over the plate. But last year meant a lot to him. He got better as the season went along. He did some good spot work for us. But the main thing is he found out he could throw hard again without hurting himself. He built up his confidence.

"Gene has all the tools to be a good winner for us," Haney concludes. "Maybe he doesn't throw as hard as he did the year before, but he deals from all directions. I think he'll be a big help to our club this season."

Gene Conley's very spirit, plus his tremendous athletic agility for a big man, is all in his favor. He enjoys playing baseball and never shirks the tiresome, pre-game tasks like running, shagging in the outfield or pitching batting practice. As a result, he's an immensely popular member of the Braves.

About his only vices are an occasional cigarette and the ballplayer's frequent habit of chewing tobacco during games. Gene adulterates his usual wad of tobacco with a couple of sticks of chewing gum. Once, early in Gene's career, his wife, Katie, came out to watch him pitch. Conley sauntered over to the stands, reached up and hauled Katie down to him, giving her an enormous big kiss.

"I forgot about that darned tobacco!" he laughs. "She almost choked to death!"

On the mound, giant Gene is an awesome, colorful sight. He leans forward to study his catcher's sign in a posture, as one writer described it, "of a studious crane." Batters say his big foot, which he sometimes raises above his head before a delivery, seems to come right down their throats. He is said to release the ball at least five or six inches closer to the plate when he delivers. "Yeah," Gene replies to this, "and I'm five or six inches closer when those line drives come back!"

One matter that Gene Conley feels strongly about is the fact that he has never pitched a full season, right from spring training to year's end, for Milwaukee. Three times he was sent out (on two of these occasions he was unhappy about it) for more experience and last year his shoulder miseries again delayed his start.

"I want to show people what I can do in a full year," he says. "My ambition, like I said, is to win 20 games. I want the full shot. It's going to be hard to win 20 games for Milwaukee, because we have good pitching depth. A lot of good pitchers on the staff deserve chances. But with a good spring training, I think I can crack the first four starters."

Gene now maintains his home in a roomy apartment in Milwaukee, only a few minutes' drive from County Stadium. At least once each winter, he packs Katie and the children, Gene Raymond, five, and Diane Kathryn, three, into his big Lincoln and heads west for a visit to Richland. His free time is spent sauntering about his streets, talking baseball and family problems with his old

neighbors. Twelve years away from Oklahoma hasn't diminished his accent; he still maintains an easy Sooner drawl.

As stated before, Conley frequently gets things done in a way that borders on the spectacular. His marriage is a kind of frightening example of the way Gene operates. Training at Myrtle Beach, S. C., with Hartford in 1951, he abruptly got lonesome for his best girl, Katie Dizney, who worked as a secretary in the Hanford atomic energy plant. He talked over his problem with Tommy Holmes, the Hartford manager, explaining he was distressed with loneliness.

"Well, we can't have you distressed," Holmes replied. "If you want to marry the girl, go ahead, call her."

Gene telephoned Katie long distance, told her to quit her job and fly down to Charleston, where they'd be married.

"But why Charleston?" she asked.

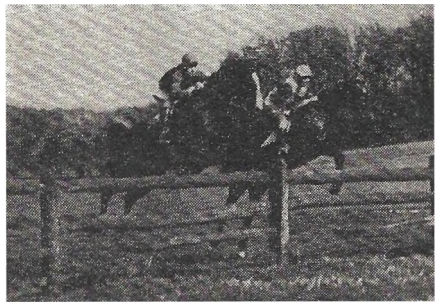
"Can you think of a better place to get married?"

Now, quitting an atomic energy plant involves something more than just walking out. Katie had to take a physical exam, check in her badges, go through security and sign dozens of release papers. Eventually—with the help of almost a dozen engineers—Katie got away, flew to Spokane to get her parents' permission, then on down to Charleston. The distance from Myrtle Beach to Charleston is roughly $25 as the cab meter ticks. Gene met his future bride and they got a license, then went to see Wallace R. Rogers, pastor of the Citadel Square Baptist Church in Charleston. He promised to marry them at 7 p.m. that evening.

Gene and Katie went to the church at seven o'clock, only to find the church jammed with 150 people attending services. Pastor Rogers had forgotten the young couple. Eventually, Gene got his attention, and Rogers told them to wait outside for about 45 minutes and he'd marry them. At the conclusion of services, he asked the entire congregation to stay. "This young man," explained Pastor Rogers, "is a baseball player. The bride and groom are far away from home, and I'd like you all to stay and attend their wedding."

Instantly a couple volunteered to stand up with Gene and Katie. "To this day," Gene says, "I don't know the name of my best man."

The ride back to Myrtle Beach was uneventful. They took a bus for three bucks.



America's toughest horse race

GENTLEMEN riders up, 15 steeplechasers faced the starter in the Maryland Hunt Cup race that bright afternoon in 1922 in the Worthington Valley. Ribbons of sunlight danced with the flashing silks. Janon Fisher, Jr., astride Rumor, led the field until the ninth fence when his mount hit the top rail and sprawled like a rag doll on the turf. As Fisher staggered to his feet, he suddenly flattened out again, heeding a cry of "Lie down, you damn fool!" The warning came from Louis Merryman on Paducah, hearing down on him. The horse flew over the prone figure; Fisher escaped injury by inches.

This incident typifies the excitement and spirit found in every running of the Maryland Hunt Cup. Again this spring, a dozen or more amateur jockeys will ride for glory without gold—ride hell-for-leather over a terrifying course of some 22 huge barriers, most of them built of nearly unbreakable post and rail fences, and several of them close to five feet high.

America's toughest horse race began in 1894, when five sportsmen offered a silver cup—value, $100—to the winner of this cross-country grind for men and horses. There were nine starters in the first race. The day was fair, but the course was a sea of mud. The red flag dropped and Morton Stewart went to the front with The Squire, only to take an early spill. Redmond Stewart on Tim Burr then grabbed the lead, while Barney, Isaac Ryson in the irons, crashed a fence, went to his knees, and yet managed to recover his stride. Later, Kildare, ridden by S. M. Nicholas, stepped in a hole and went down. Nicholas remounted, but his horse fell again, and he had several teeth knocked out. In a thrilling finish, Johnny Miller, owned and ridden by John McHenry, won that first Maryland Hunt Cup, heating Tim Burr. Five of the nine horses failed to finish.

One of the greatest of these jumping classics was held in 1926, only three horses completing the course without a spill. Each entrant carried 165 pounds. Billy Barton, with Albert Ober up, got off on top, but was caught at the thirteenth fence by Burgoright. Three jumps later, he moved to the front again. Suddenly, his forelegs struck the sturdy rail, he turned a complete somersault, and Burgoright took over the lead. Horse and rider were up quickly, however, and back in the race. Pounding hard, Billy Barton passed one horse after another, finally went into the lead and won—in a new record time.

The following spring, Billy fell in deep mud three fences from the finish. The horse had tough luck the next year, too, as he placed second in England's fabulous Grand National Steeplechase after a bad fall.

Thoroughbred courage was displayed by Brose Hover in the 1931 Cup race. Ridden by Crawford Burton, the horse hit the second fence sideways and went down. Remounted, he appeared to be out of the race. But moving fast in the slippery going, Brose closed the wide gap. He finished a close second to Soissons, despite the fact that he was staggering from a deep gash across his chest.

Speaking of spills, a jumper named Princeton battled most of the distance against Landslide in the 1905 race. Princeton won when Landslide fell into an open ditch near the end.

After winning in 1920 and 1922, Oracle II was "robbed" of a third win in '23. Well ahead near the finish, his rider, Raymond Belmont, turned his head to look behind him and then mistakenly guided his mount outside the flagged course, and Oracle II was disqualified.

In 1947, Stuart Janney, Jr., made steeplechasing history by winning the Maryland Hunt Cup for the third time on the same mount, Winton. After that victory, the 13-year-old horse was retired. Some 20,000 spectators watched that 1947 race. Janney's uncle, Jervis Spencer, Jr., won his first cup in 1901; he led the field on four other occasions for an all-time record.

A few years ago, a visiting English steeplechase jockey walked around the course, examining the barriers. "You know," he said to a companion, "this is tougher than the National course at Aintree. A horse can break through the brush there—but these posts are dangerous. I'm glad I'm a professional. Now I can't ride this course."

—Tap Goodenough

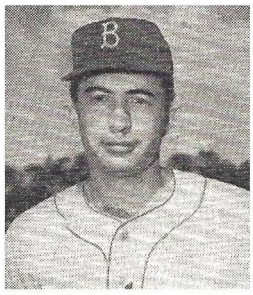
GUEST CONDUCTOR:
STAN TORGERSON

Stan covers the sports beat for Memphis (Tenn.) fans on station WMC

the sport quiz

FOR ANSWERS TURN TO PAGE 88

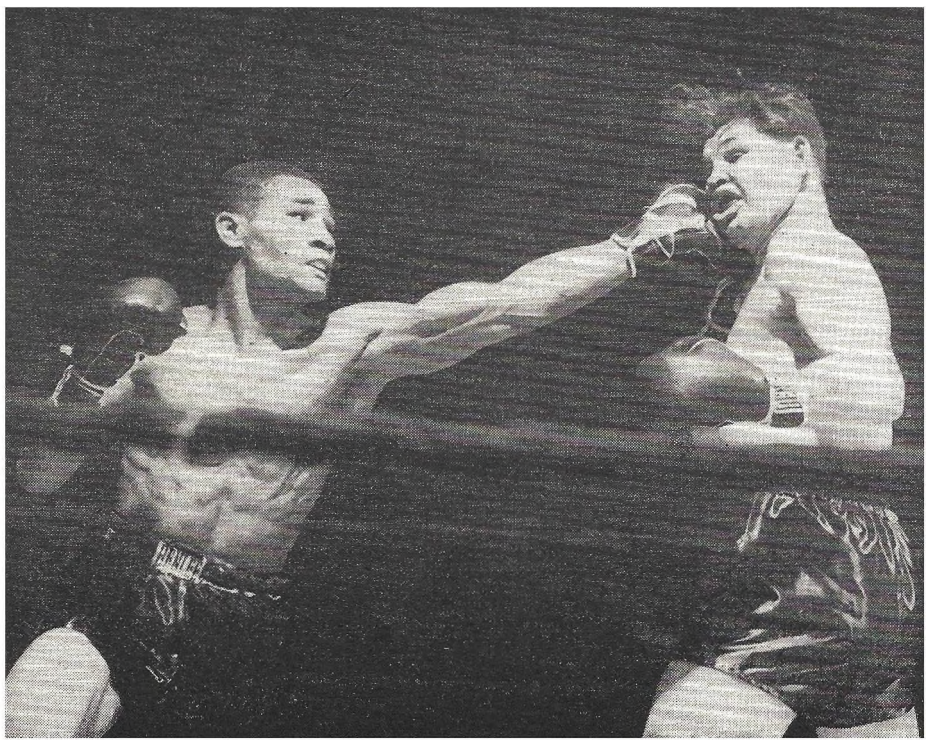
1. ***Below*** **are three famous baseball players who were college football stars. Identify them and name their schools.**



A

B

C



2. Ties in Stanley Cup games (A) have ten-minute overtime periods, (B) end in sudden-death overtime, (C) are played over.

3. Tell what country these Davis Cup stars played for: (A) Fred Perry, (B) Dinny Pails, (C) Ellsworth Vines, (D) Jack Bromwich.

4. Jim Lemon of the Washington Senators set a new AL record in '56 by striking out 138 times. Whose mark did he break?

5. Match coach and cage star:

Hank Iba	George Kaftan
Ed Hickey	Bob Kurland
Doggie Julian	Ed Macauley

6. Give the events these U. S. women Olympians won at Melbourne: (A) Mildred McDaniel, (B) Shelley Mann, (C) Pat McCormick.

7. Only two big-league outfielders ever fielded 1.000 in 100 or more games in a season. One was Willard Marshall. Name the other.

8. College and pro basketball are slowly growing further apart. Do you know how many minutes of playing time there is in each?

9. In what states are these golf courses? (A) Tam O'Shanter, (B) Pinehurst, (C) Pebble Beach, (D) Seminole.

10. In this famous brawl, Sidney Walker, *left*, won a ten-round decision from Abraham Davidoff. Give their ring names.

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SPORT

Top Performers of 1956

(*Continued from page 24*)

As long as Bob Cousy remains in action it is doubtful if any player but Cousy can dominate the National Basketball Association the way Russell took charge of the college game, but Bob Pettit of the St. Louis Hawks gave it a good try last season. Pettit scored more points than any other league player ever has except George Mikan. The former Louisiana State shotmaker accumulated a whopping 1,849 points for the Hawks and plainly was entitled to his selection as Top Performer in Pro Basketball. He reinforced his claim by leading the league in rebounding as well as in scoring, proving that he is a complete basketball player and not just a shooter. But it was his scoring that made the headlines, and with good reason. Bob's season total has been surpassed only twice, both times by Mikan, who hit for 1,865 in 1950 and a record 1,932 in 1951. Standing second to Mikan in NBA scoring records is nothing to be ashamed of.

He didn't have the vote-getting appeal of Notre Dame's fine quarterback, Paul Hornung, or the solid sectional backing of Tennessee's Johnny Majors, but Jimmy Brown of Syracuse was the most rugged ball-carrier in college football this year. He put Syracuse in the Cotton Bowl and he was a convincing winner of our Top Performer award. Brown is an all-around athlete who also has competed in track, basketball and lacrosse in college and is reputed to be so gifted a baseball prospect that big-league scouts have made eyes at him. He runs like a big tiger cat, easily and swiftly, and he packs shocking power on impact. He would just as soon run over you as around you. The credentials of both Hornung and Majors are impressive, too, but you will never make a mistake calling Jimmy Brown's signal when you want to move the ball.

One of the hardest choices to make every year is the Top Performer in Pro Football. This season was no exception. Candidates cropped up all over: Frank Gifford of the Giants, Ollie Matson of the Cardinals, Rick Casares and Harlon Hill of the Bears, Bobby Layne of the Lions in an exciting comeback surge, Tobin Rote of the Packers. With the hard-bitten approval of most pro scouts, SPORT's award goes to Ollie Matson. The men who ought to know say he is the fastest runner in the game today, the most valuable offensive back in a league that teems with ten-second sprinters and steel-springed line plungers. Matson is in the yardage business and he does his work well; now, at the peak of his career, he is a sure bet to finish 1-2-3 in yards-gained-rushing any season. His vote strength was hurt somewhat by the fact that his ball club couldn't hold up against the resurgent New York Giants in the NFL's eastern division, but this is intended to be an individual award and on that basis Matson won it, with Gifford a hairline second.

These days, with amateur tennis virtually scraping the bottom of the talent barrel, and only the two Australian boys, Lew Hoad and Ken Rosewall, able to mount any sort of truly "big game," there isn't much question about the identity of the Top Performer in Tennis. He is Richard (Pancho) Gonzales, professional, who plays out of Los Angeles, Calif., and can spot any tennis player in the world two or three games a set and still cream him. Rosewall's surprising, and convincing, victory over Hoad in the U.S. nationals, and the fine play of both Australians in the Davis Cup challenge round, earned them serious consideration, but it was impossible to pick either over Gonzales, who could come close to beating them both at once. Pancho's cannonball serve and savage net play, the blinding power that enables him to score outright winners from any part of the court, cannot be matched anywhere in tennis today.

It's still much too early to consign the old master, Maurice Richard, to the boneyard, but it is fair to conclude that the big man in hockey today is the Rocket's younger teammate, Jean Beliveau. The Rocket still is a magnet for the fans but the fans, as well as the professionals themselves, know that the Top Performer in Hockey is Beliveau. The gifted skater who had to be coaxed to leave amateur hockey to take a whirl at the National Hockey League with the Canadiens (because he was making a cool $20,000 a year as an amateur in Quebec), is today the model of hockey excellence. He does all things well, and his usefulness to his team was recognized at the end of the 1955-56 season when he was named the winner of the Hart Trophy, hockey's equivalent of major-league baseball's Most Valuable Player award. He also automatically won the Art Ross Trophy which goes to the league's leading scorer. In 70 games, Beliveau scored 47 goals and was credited with 41 assists for a grand total of 88 points. By way of climaxing a gaudily prosperous season, Jean tied the NHL record for goals scored in the Stanley Cup playoffs; he scored 12 goals in ten playoff games. He was very much the king of hockey's hill.

Two jockeys named Willie, Shoemaker and Hartack, dominated the horse racing scene in 1956, and Shoemaker's skillful riding of the California-bred Swaps gave him enough votes to win the Top Performer award. According to the records of the *Morning Telegraph*, Shoemaker rode Swaps to four world records during the year, and tied a fifth. He won well over 300 races worth more than $2,000,000 in prize money. When you consider that the jockey collects ten per cent of each stake, you are justified in concluding that Shoemaker's year was not only an artistic but also a financial success.

One of the difficult choices was in golf. Cary Middlecoff came out with the Top Performer plaque largely because of his impressive victory in the U.S. Open and his admirable consistency in major tournaments over the year. But Ted Kroll, who ran away with money-winning honors largely as a result of winning the $50,000 first prize in the Tam O'Shanter "world championship" carnival, and Jackie Burke, who won the Masters and the PGA championships, pressed him hard. Middlecoff, a stylist who is a picture-book golfer, is a deserving winner. Now that he appears to have got his famous temper under control, the former Memphis dentist is a short price to win almost any tournament he enters.

The last two of our Top Performers of 1956 didn't nail down their awards until the Olympic Games had been contested in Melbourne. Then, on the basis of their tremendous performances against the world, Bobby Morrow of Abilene Christian College in Texas and pretty Pat Keller McCormick of Lakewood, Calif., walked off with the honors in track and swimming, respectively. Morrow won three gold medals at Melbourne, running off with the 100-meter and 200-meter championships and earning a third medal by helping the American 400-meter relay team to victory. Mrs. McCormick, a housewife and mother, became the first woman in Olympic history ever to successfully defend two diving championships. First she won the springboard title and then, as the Games drew to a close, she came through with a brilliant effort to hold on to her platform diving title as well.

Mickey Mantle, Floyd Patterson, Sal Maglie, Jean Beliveau, Bobby Morrow, Don Newcombe, Don Larsen, Pat McCormick, Bill Russell—great athletes all. They made 1956 a year to remember.

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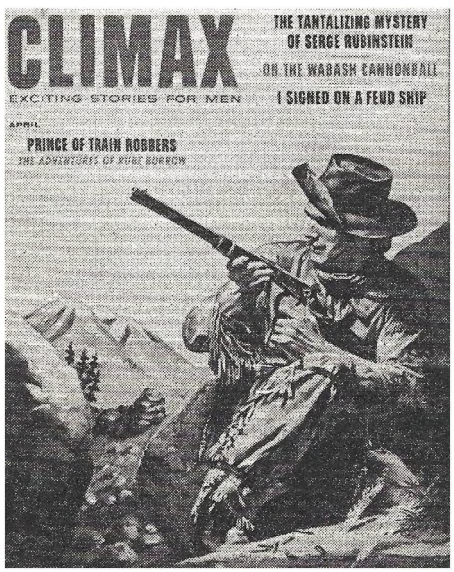

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GIANT SPORT QUIZ ANSWERS

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PART ONE

1. Michigan State; Sparty or Spartans

2. (B) 200-meter hurdles
(C) Standing broad jump
(E) Tug-of-war

3. (A) Arnie Herber (Regis)
(B) Paul (Tank) Younger (Grambling)
(C) Andy Robustelli (Arnold)

4. Eight horses won the Triple Crown—
Sir Barton, Gallant Fox, Omaha,
War Admiral, Whirlaway,
Count Fleet, Assault, Citation

5. (A) Chicago Gears—basketball (pro)
(B) Montreal Maroons—hockey (pro)
(C) Minn. Marines—football (pro)

6. (A) "Undefeated, Untied, Unscored Upon and Uninvited"—Colgate, 1932
(B) The Thundering Herd—USC, 1925-26
(C) The Seven Mules—Notre Dame line, 1924

7. Mickey Mantle and Junior Gilliam, 1953 Series

8. The race: Jim Bailey beating John Landy in Los Angeles on May 5, 1956. Bailey's time was 3:58.6, Landy's 3:58.7. It was the first under-four-minute mile run in U.S.

(To most contestants, the silhouette for (A) looked like it was of a hammer thrower. Just to show that it really was a tennis player, here is the actual photo that we shaded in with black and used as the silhouette. A tough one? Decidedly.)

9. (A) Tennis (B) Boxing (C) Track (D) Basketball

10. Milt Schmidt (the center), Woody Dumart and Bobby Bauer. They played for Boston Bruins, were known as the Kraut Line

11. (A) "Rawhide"—Lou Gehrig
(B) "Unchained"—Elroy Hirsch
(C) "The Prizefighter and the Lady"—Max Baer (Jack Dempsey, Primo Carnera had smaller parts)
(D) "Racing Romeo"—Red Grange

12. Thornton Lee (six hits)

13. (A) kickback—bowling
(B) kickboard—swimming
(C) kick save—hockey
(D) kick turn—skiing

14. The Red Sox, with 11. No-hitters for nine innings in which a hit is made in a later inning are not no-hit games

15. (A) The Brass Cannon—Lehigh, Rutgers and Lafayette
(B) The Railroad Bell—Denver, Utah
(C) The Golden Egg—Mississippi, Miss. St.
(D) The Shillelagh—Notre Dame, USC

16. Al Bridwell

17. (A) Herrerias—USF; (B) Gardner—Utah
Both won NIT championships

18. Frank Parker, 17 years

19. (A) Boyle's 30 Acres, July, 1922—Lew Tendler-Benny Leonard
(B) Sesquicentennial Stadium, Sept. 1926—Gene Tunney-Jack Dempsey
(C) Ebbets Field, July, 1926—Paul Berlenbach-Jack Delaney

20. Burt Shotton

PART TWO

1. True. Jimmy Foxx and Lou Boudreau, among others, caught some games but were not catchers when they won batting titles

2. The Army game of 1928

3. (A) Mikkelsen—Hamline
(B) Dempsey—Kings College
(C) Clifton—Xavier (New Orleans)
(D) Loscutoff—Oregon U

4. 1—Saddler, 1948 3—Saddler, 1950
2—Pep, 1949 4—Saddler, 1951

5. Masters, U.S. Open, British Open, Colonial (The Pan American was acceptable as the fourth tourney)

6. (A) Luigi Piccolo—Lou Little
(B) Joseph Hagen—Phila. Jack O'Brien
(C) Maximillian Carnarius—Max Carey
(D) Joseph Franklin Dimaria—Frank Demaree

7. (A) Pete Barry; (B) Chris Leonard

8. Frank Lane

9. Graham—Motl
Hoernschemeyer—Pihos
Sinkwich—Davis

10. Count Fleet, 1943

11. 3—Babe Ruth
5—Joe DiMaggio
33—Honus Wagner

12. Bill Swiacki, pass from Gene Rossides, Columbia-Army, 21-20

13. (A) Dick Groat
(B) Gene Conley
(C) Sammy White

14. How long? 42 inches. How short? No minimum

15. The Bard of Staten Island—Bill Shakespeare
Old Bones—Exterminator
The Jewel of the Ghetto—Ruby Goldstein
The Duke of Milwaukee—Al Simmons
The Crab—Johnny Evers

16. George Mikan

17. Ray Ewry; he won ten medals

18. John Daeg, Art Larsen, R. Lindley Murray, Robert Wrenn, Beals Wright

19. 1940..73-0..Ray Flaherty..Bill Osmanski

20. (A) Muddy Ruel. (B) Bucky Harris

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SPORT

Remember Dale Long?

(*Continued from page 40*)

He knows he was working hard to stick with the club. After 12 years of knocking around in the minors, one thing Long had learned was that he could take nothing for granted. The year before had been, actually, his first season in the majors. A rookie at 29, he figured, doesn't have many laurels to rest on.

Then it began. On Opening Day he hit two homers off Johnny Antonelli of the Giants. He was standing in there comfortably and he was seeing the ball "real good." He was pulling the ball, too. Always a strong batter, he had lacked the zip before to move the ball down the right-field line.

Then, on May 19, against lefthander Jim Davis of the Cubs, he began his home-run streak. The next day, in a doubleheader with the Braves, he hit one off Ray Crone in the first game and one off Warren Spahn in the second game. Then he connected against Herm Wehmeier and Lindy McDaniel of the Cardinals. Now it was five in a row; the record was six, held jointly by five players. "I had been feeling loose," Dale says. "Now it was getting to me. When I hit the sixth (against Curt Simmons of the Phillies), it really began to bother me."

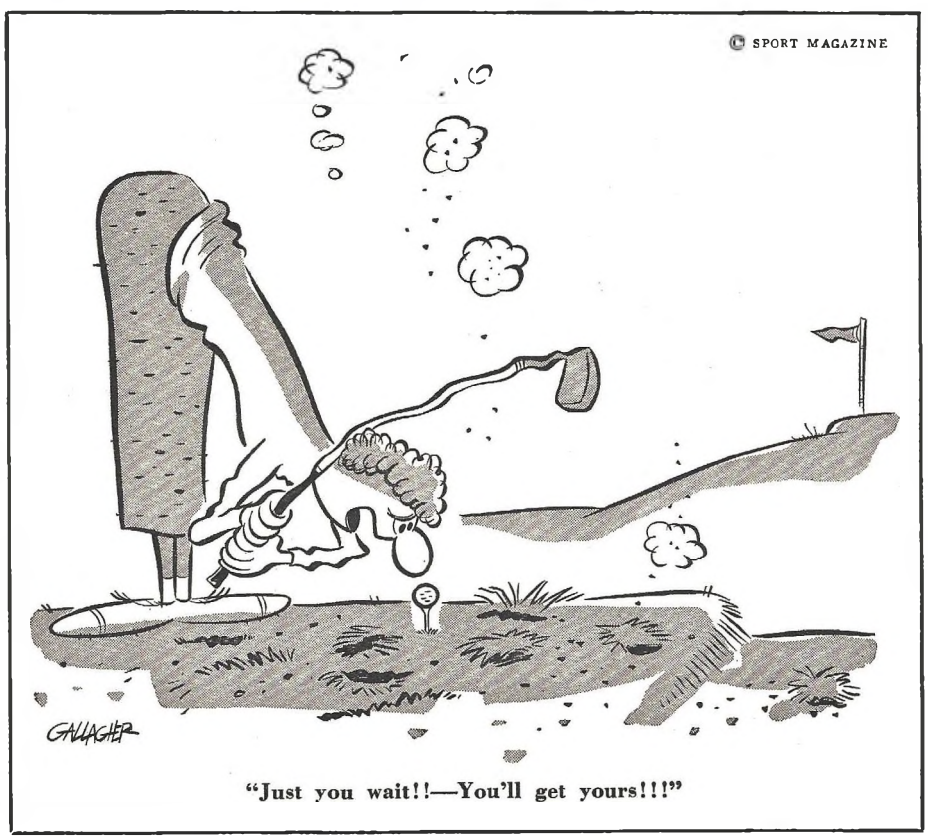
Pressure has a mechanical way of building up at such times. At the park the next day, a gang of photographers had Dale pose, during batting practice, with seven bats. "But what if I don't hit the seventh today?" he asked them, and they just smiled and mumbled something about having to be prepared for anything.

The strain showed as Long went after No. 7. Each time he came up, he would put his foot slightly in the bucket, hold his 33-ounce, 35-inch bat down at the end, and swing from the ankles. Up for his last time at bat, Long slashed at a fast ball by Ben Flowers and missed. He swung at the next pitch and missed again. He was horribly anxious. He couldn't even step out to shake off the tightness. His palms became moist. He was dead. But, somehow, the magic returned. He caught the next pitch and drove it out of the ball park. Now he had the record all to himself.

The next morning, before breakfast in the hotel, Gene Freese got one lonesome posy from the florist and had it sitting at Dale's place at the table when he came down. The card attached read: "To Mr. Dale Long—the greatest hitter in baseball." It was signed "Augie's Nine." (Freese acquired that name in Brooklyn when he first came up. Tex Rickards, the Dodger public address announcer, didn't know the new kid's first name and asked the Pirate in the on-deck circle what it was. "Augie," the fellow told him. "Now batting," Rickards announced, "Augie Freese." And Augie Freese it's been to the Pirates ever since.)

The rush, of course, was now on. Frank Scott, the players' agent, called Long from New York that night. Scott wasn't his agent—not yet—but he was showing some of the Yankee ingenuity that makes him a successful businessman. Look, he told Long in effect, when you didn't have a name, no one could do anything for you. Now you have a name and I can do something. In fact, I already have.

Scott, pushing his initiative, had sold Long to the Ed Sullivan television show for an appearance the next night. Now what Scott wanted to know was, was it okay with Dale? Sure, it was okay with Dale. ("I hadn't been getting any loot before then anyway.) And Scott was his agent now.



"Just you wait!!—You'll get yours!!!"

On Monday night, Dale hit No. 8, off Carl Erskine of the Dodgers, and it won the ball game, 3-2. "When I hit it, I didn't think it was going in," Long said. But the ball just did carry the necessary 375 feet to clear the right-field wall in Forbes Field. As he passed manager Bobby Bragan at third base, Dale smiled weakly and shook his head. Bragan shook his head back at him. Neither could understand it.

After he touched home plate, with the entire Pittsburgh team there to pound him on the back, Long trotted into the dugout. The crowd of 32,221 fans who had come out to see him do it was roaring. They refused to allow the game to continue until Dale came out for a bow. Erskine tried to throw to Frank Thomas, the next batter, but the fans screamed. Finally, Long popped his head out of the dugout, doffed his cap and waved. It may have been the first time a major-league ballplayer ever had to take a curtain call.

"The thing that moved me the most about hitting that eighth one," Long says, "was that after the game, in our dressing room, the first one in to congratulate me was Erskine. I'd always admired Carl for the fine gentleman that he is, and this just made me admire him all the more.

" 'Sorry it had to be you, Carl,' I told him. You know what he answered back? 'Don't be sorry. Get all you can.' I'm telling you, that moved me."

Dale's wife, Dotty, had gone back to their home town of North Adams, Mass., for Dale, Jr.'s first communion, and she was listening to the game on the radio. When Dale hit that No. 8, she became excited and wanted to cheer. But did you ever try cheering by yourself? It's no fun. So she woke up young Dale, and the two of them stood there in the little house in the small town in the middle of the night and cheered. Their celebrating woke up the Longs' other son, Johnny, then 13 months old, but he didn't understand what was going on and he only cried.

Dale didn't get to bed until 2:30 in the morning after the game, and at four o'clock his phone rang. It was a publicity man, asking if Long wanted to go on the Dave Garroway "Today" show that morning. Dale said he would like to, and went back to sleep. At seven, he got up, dressed, and drove out to the Pittsburgh television studio for the remote interview to New York. Then he had breakfast and drove out to the park, and several hours later his assault on Olympus was stopped by Don Newcombe of the Dodgers.

"The newspaper fellows wrote afterwards that Newk overpowered me," Dale says, "but the fact is, I was tired. I was so beat I couldn't get my bat around. I had had maybe four hours sleep the night before. You can't do that and face Newk and expect to hit a homer."

But things were still going good. That No. 8 had been Dale's 14th homer of the season, which put him something like six ahead of the Babe Ruth pace. He was leading the league in RBIs and he was hitting .420. "I remember, I'd go one-for-three, which always used to help my average, and instead I'd drop a few points. It was a funny feeling."

Dick Young of the New York *Daily News* asked him one day, "You really think you can keep this up?"

"Hell, no," Dale told him. "I'm a .290 hitter. That's good enough for me." Long, it would seem, was building a cushion in case he fell.

For a while, at least, Long stayed up, and so did the Pirates. Bobby Bragan would juggle his lineup with youthful abandon and get away with it. The sweet smell of success stirred his young men. For a while, they even invaded first place. In the clubhouse, there was excitement and determination and signs like: "You Can't Make the Club in the Tub."

The great idol of the spurt was Long. His Pirate teammates, unaccustomed to close association with a hero, called him The Big Guy. He was their Ted Williams, their Joe DiMaggio, their Mickey Mantle. He was the morning-line choice for Most Valuable Player in the National League.

On the commercial side, an area of as much concern to Long as to any normal, red-blooded professional athlete, the loot came pouring in. The day after he had hit No. 7, general manager Joe Brown called him in and gave him a raise. A Pittsburgh bread company and a milk firm paid him to endorse their products. A Philadelphia brewery signed him up to utter cheers for their brew. A cigarette company hired him to plug their brand, although not for as much money as they were paying another hireling, Mickey Mantle. There were television commercials to do, and a Dale Long T-shirt was rushed onto the market. The fine hand of agent Scott was everywhere.

This giddy pace lasted for almost a month. Then Long and the Pirates hit the skids. The rest of the team, with not so far to fall, bounced back pretty well, but for Dale, it was a season-long plunge. It must have been like the winter Napoleon spent in Russia.

"I felt it coming on," Dale says. "I was beginning to get weak. Couldn't get the bat around. Didn't feel comfortable any more." Then, as if proud of his objectivity, he continues: "I know just the day the slump started. June 16, a Saturday. We were playing the Cards. That's the day I hurt my leg. I foul-tipped a ball right on my shin. Next time up, I hit the very same spot. It hurt, but I finished the game. I took one game off, in a double-header. I couldn't run good but I thought I'd help the club by staying in. I shouldn't have done it." It was a mistake Long had made before in his career.

The good feeling never came back. He could remember exactly what he had been doing with the bat before, but he couldn't do it. The picture wouldn't hold still. He would assume the pose in batting practice, but it was oversized and exaggerated and took too much concentration. He kept sinking deeper and deeper into the slump.

At the All-Star game, where he was the NL's starting first-baseman, Long looked like an outsider. The sheen was off his heroics, he wasn't hitting a lick, and here he was taking batting practice with Stan Musial and Duke Snider and Willie Mays. He seemed to stand apart and behind them, so as not to get in anybody's way.

Bragan, a wise man, said nothing. He let Dale remain in the lineup as his batting average plummeted like the stock market on that Black Tuesday in 1929. When Dale came to him and asked for advice, Bragan sent him to George Sisler, the Pirates' ex-

DEAN AND MORE DEAN

STARTING with Cain and Abel, brothers have managed to leave a pretty fair imprint on history. There have been the Marx Brothers, the Brothers Karamazov, the DiMaggios, Joe, Dom and Vince, the brother-battery of Mort and Walker Cooper, and the seven Nesser brothers who, together with one of their sons, once comprised eight-elevenths of the 1906 Columbus professional football team.

September 21, 1934, belongs, however, to yet another brother combination, one member of which you still hear from occasionally. The image you get of him through your picture tube today, is about 50 pounds heavier than the one the customers got in Ebbets Field 23 years ago when the brother-pitching combination of Dizzy and Daffy Dean missed, by only a shade, pitching a double-no-hitter.

Daffy, whose real name was Paul, got his in the second game of a doubleheader involving the Cardinals and the Dodgers. Before that Dizzy, who gave you a choice of either Jay Hanna or Jerome Herman (his Hall of Fame plaque has him Jay Hanna but his Most Valuable Player awards are listed as Jerome H.) had shut the Dodgers out with a three-singles effort in the opener.

That 1934 season was quite a year for the Dean boys. Between them they won 49 games for St. Louis, then each beat the Tigers twice in the World Series. The funny thing about the whole business is that a $20,000 check probably would have covered the salaries of both these strong young ex-cotton choppers, with margins to spare on all sides. As a matter of fact, Dizzy had to go on a kind of a sitdown strike that year to squeeze a little extra money out of the St. Louis club for brother Paul. He felt, and a lot of people thought he had the right on his side, that a pitcher who was helping a club win the pennant deserved financial reward somewhat in excess of $2,500 for the year.

Brother Diz pitched in the first game as though he had a post-game date. He was in and out of it in less than two hours and his own Cardinal sluggers kept him from threatening the shortest-game record by dallying to rack up 13 runs off an assortment of Dodger hurlers.

The second game was even faster, but that was because the Cardinals were able to get only three runs. Brooklyn wasn't able to get any, and couldn't get any hits as well. In fact, the 19-year-old Daffy was robbed of a perfect game only by a walk he issued in the first inning with two out to Len Koenecke. The last perfect game had been pitched 12 years earlier by Charley Robertson, the next wasn't to come until 22 years later when Don Larsen fashioned it in the fifth game of the 1956 World Series.

Paul got his no-hitter, though, by retiring the next 25 batters. He fanned four men in the last three innings including the first batter who faced him in the ninth, Jimmy Bucher. The second batter in that final frame, Johnny McCarthy, flied out to Frankie Frisch at second base, then Buzz Boyle laced a hard hopper to Leo Durocher at shortstop. Durocher knocked it down, pounced on it, made a desperation throw to first and just got Boyle for Daffy's no-hitter.

Because he was the older brother, Diz ran the post-game interviews in the locker room, answering the questions the newspapermen put to his kid brother. He told how this was Paul's biggest thrill, recited the moment when Paul realized for the first time that he had a no-hitter going.

"How about you, Diz," demanded one writer, "how did you feel when they spoiled your own no-hitter in the eighth?"

"Who me?" asked Diz, taken aback slightly.

"Sure," was the response, "you had a no-hitter going until the eighth."

Diz's face contorted in a mixture of anger and remorse. "Why didn't someone tell me about it?" he demanded. "Then *both* of us could have had no-hitters."

—HAROLD ROSENTHAL

pert on batting. It didn't help.

People would call him at home. "I watched you on the television today and I know what you're doing wrong. You're dropping your left shoulder." Or, "You're standing away from the plate." Or, "You're going for homers too much. Choke up on that bat." This didn't help, either.

At times, when he hit a ball and it felt good, he thought he was coming out of it. But, as with the dream, he couldn't hold on to it, and the next time up he felt tired and tight again. After a while, he just felt helpless and foolish.

On and off during August, he was asked to sit out a game or two. But Bragan would put him back in. "We don't have any punch without The Big Guy," Bragan would say. "We need him in there." By September, though, he was benched. Young Bob Skinner took his place at first base.

When the season ended, Dale went home to North Adams, sat around in his quiet home and tried to figure it out. He and Dotty spent many a cold New England night searching for the answers. Dotty worked at it harder than Dale did. It wasn't really such a bad season, he decided. His average was down a bit, to .263 from .291 the season before, but he had led the team in homers with 27 and in RBIs with 91. "I never was an average hitter," he said. "So long as I hit the long ball, I'm doing okay." He was clutching for his comfort.

Dotty wasn't letting him off that easy. His trouble was, she felt, that he didn't know how to watch out for himself. "We sit here and talk about all sorts of things," she said, "but the real problem is that Dale always wants to do what's best for the team. There's nothing wrong in that, except you have to understand that helping yourself is helping the team."

Dale's rebuttal is that "it's just one of those things. You learn about this game, I guess," he says, "when it's too late."

Those of us who like to think we search for the pulse of the player behind the statistics and averages have to scratch our heads about Dale Long. This fellow seems to be in the classic mold of the "man on spikes," a journeyman ballplayer trying to hold on to a job, an average performer who spent 12 years knocking around, playing for 15 different clubs in 12 leagues before he got a solid chance to stay in the majors. He would work at hard jobs during the off-season to build his desire to go out again the next spring and try to make it. He carries in his wallet a list of all the jobs he has had—ditch-digger, bricklayer, coal-carrier. "Any time I got down about baseball, I'd take out the card and read down the list of jobs," he says. "Then I'd feel better about baseball."

He was almost consumed by The System, baseball's business procedures for keeping itself supplied with a grain elevator of talent. He tried to be tough, tried to make a dollar. But when baseball bounced him around, he took it. He wanted to be a major-leaguer.

Dale was born in Springfield, Mo., on February 6, 1926. Five months later, the family moved to Oshkosh, Wis., and two years after that to Fond du Lac. Three years later, they were living in Green Bay. Then his parents separated and Dale went with his father to live in North Adams. All through grade school, he played

baseball, basketball and football.

Before his senior year in high school, he returned to Green Bay to live with his mother. That summer, on August 3, 1943, he enlisted in the Navy. By the next May, he was out on a medical discharge and playing semi-pro baseball. Although he hadn't played much football, Curly Lambeau of the Green Bay Packers signed him to a contract. The Packers were short of ends, and the kid, a local hero, would do as well as any others in those wartime years. But Dale's mother refused to co-sign the contract and his football career collapsed.

The next week, for the same reasons, Casey Stengel, then managing the Milwaukee Brewers, signed Dale to a baseball contract, for $200 a month, and gave him a $50 bonus. This contract his mother sanctioned. Dale sat on the Brewers' bench all summer and got to play in exactly one game, the last one of the season. The Brewers had won the pennant by 10½ games, and Stengel decided he could afford to let the kid play.

After the season, Dale re-entered Green Bay High School and joined the football team, where he made first-string tackle. The coach, who had heard something about the Brewers looking him over that summer, asked Dale if he had signed a contract with them. (The coach, like most people, hadn't heard about the one game he got to play.) Dale said no, he hadn't. But the coach checked with the Brewers. Dale was a pro and therefore was ineligible to play. So he quit school, sold his Model A Ford for $25 and went back to North Adams. He figured no one that far away would know about him signing with Milwaukee. "So the first guy I meet when I get back to town asks me, 'How'd you do with the Brewers?' "

But in Massachusetts in those war years, a pro was ineligible only in that sport. Dale re-entered Adams High, girls made up his neglected school work and he got to play in the last football game of the season. That winter he played for the school basketball team. And in the spring he returned to Milwaukee. He was on the baseball merry-go-round for good.

He thought he would get a regular job with the Brewers, but he developed a toe infection during training and kept it to himself. For a week, he worked out on it. The foot was swollen, a thick red streak moving up his leg, before he went to Nick Cullop, the manager. It was a serious infection and he was sent to a hospital for an operation. By the time he got out, the leg healing slowly, he was sent to Middleton-Lima in the Ohio State League. Again, Dale didn't want to miss anything. He began playing immediately, on his scarred foot, and he didn't help anyone. For the next spring training, he reported to the Syracuse Chiefs, who now owned his contract. "What sort of a chance did I have with that club? They sent me out to rake the infield, with guys from the jails." After the infield was raked, Dale was sent to Columbia, S.C., in the Sally League. The day before the season started, Ted Kluszewski, just signed off the Indiana campus, showed up. "They could only keep one of us," Long said, "and I knew it wouldn't be me. They had spent money to sign Klu." Dale was right; he got to play in six games before he was

shipped to Ogden, Utah, in the Pioneer League (class C). It was his best year. He hit .330 and married Dotty in the fall.

But his luck didn't improve; it just varied. He was with Providence when that team was owned by a 27-year-old fellow, who had been given the team as a present by his father and who hired a bunch of his friends to play for the club. There was no room for Dale and he was sent to Muncie, in class D. Muncie kept him for nine days, playing him in the outfield, and then released him. Dale came home to North Adams a 21-year-old unemployed baseball player. His father took him to see George Toporcer, then connected with Lynn in the New England League. Dale worked out for Toporcer, then went with his father to sign a contract. They asked for a $5,000 bonus.

"I don't understand," Toporcer told them. "If you're so good, why were you let go?" But he signed Dale, gave him a $1,000 bonus and sent him to Oneonta in the Canadian-American League, where the team had to release a kid hitting .340 to keep him. He did well for Oneonta and for Lynn the next season. By 1949, he was up to class A (Williamsport in the Eastern League) and the next season he played for Binghamton in the same league. In 1951, he was drafted for the third year in a row, this time by Pittsburgh. And he went to his first spring training with a major-league team. The Pirates had Jack Phillips for first base, of whom Branch Rickey had once said: "He will be the greatest first-baseman since Hal Chase." That was also the year the Pirates tried to make a first-baseman out of Ralph Kiner. Now I'm bucking *him,* Dale said to himself, and got ready to pack his bags.

But Rickey, who has had many ideas, had one about Dale. It was Billy Meyer, then the Pittsburgh manager, who first mentioned the subject to Long.

"How would you like to be a catcher?" he asked Dale one day in spring training.

"Fine," Dale said—he was afraid to say no—"but I'm a lefty."

"You are!" Meyer muttered. "Mr. Rickey must've made a mistake."

Mr. Rickey had made no mistake. "I know it," he said when Meyer confronted him with the shocking news. "That's what I want. I've already ordered three lefthanded catcher's mitts for him." To Dale, Rickey declared: "Son, in three years you may be the first lefthanded catcher in 50 years."

There was a youngster on the roster who had struck out 195 times the year before. Rickey had an idea about him, too. He and Dale were assigned to work together. Every morning and afternoon, the two of them went out to one of the Iron Mike pitching machines. The kid, who was being converted from a righthanded to a lefthanded batter, was to take 200 swings at each session, to learn how to hit from the portside and to cut down his strikeouts. And Dale was to acquire catching experience by catching for him. "I almost got killed," Dale says. "I blinked when he swung. I ducked my head. I got hit by foul tips. I had bruises all over me."

He got to catch a total of nine innings during spring training. Then the experiment was dropped. "Nobody ever mentioned it. Nobody told me why. And I didn't ask. I was afraid to. I just stayed with the club, catching some batting practice and filling in at first base once in a while."

On Memorial Day, Long was told to remain in Pittsburgh; he would probably be released on waivers. Dale waited and got no call, so he went home to North Adams. "You can call me there," he told the Pirates, "when you have some news for me."

The St. Louis Browns picked him up and Bill DeWitt called. When can you get here?" he asked.

"Well," Dale answered, "I'll drive my family out as soon as . . ."

"The season ends in September, you know," DeWitt barked at him.

Dale flew to St. Louis, his family following later. When she arrived, Dotty and Dale went looking for a place to live. It took several weeks before they found a suitable house they could rent. They signed a lease and went to the house one day to clean it up. "We spent the whole day straightening up the place," Dale said. "That night at the park, Bill Veeck comes over to me and says, 'You're going to San Francisco. Lefty O'Doul will teach you how to pull the ball.'"

Hurt, confused, more than a little bitter, Dale still knew he would go to San Francisco. But what about Dotty? "Look," he said to her, "we're in the middle of the country. You can go with me or you can go home."

Dotty went with him. But Fate would have played a happier turn if she had decided to go home. One night soon after they arrived, Dotty said she would like a piece of cake. Dale cut the slice for her—and cut a slice of his hand at the same time. He was out for a while with the cut and then—now, don't jump!—he went back into the lineup too soon. Carrying a sponge in the unhealed hand, he played through the remainder of the season. He didn't learn how to pull the ball.

Sold to New Orleans in 1952, Dale was back in the Pirate chain and got to work out with them in spring training. "But nobody stuck with the team that spring. It was the year of the Youth Movement. Even Frank Thomas didn't stick." With the Pelicans, Dale hit 33 homers and knocked in 106 runs, but he also led the Texas League in strikeouts, including five in a row one night. "That ruined my chances in '53," he said. "They held those strikeouts against me."

Dale was sent to Hollywood. "It was the best thing that ever happened to me," he says. "That's where I met Bragan. He gave me confidence. I had a conditional contract (I could be dropped at any time) but he told me I'd be there in September. I believed him and I began to hit." Dale led the Pacific Coast League in homers (35) and RBIs (116), and was named the league's MVP.

His spirits were absolutely buoyant when he joined the Pirates again the next spring. The first day he reported, there was a call for players to come out for a game. Dale volunteered to handle left field. "I shouldn't have, I know," he says now, "but I wanted to do what I could. I got to play in about four exhibition games after that."

He was still with the club when it headed north. Then, one day in Montgomery, Ala., he was paged in the hotel lobby. Telegram for Mr. Dale Long, the bellboy paged. ("That's the way they do it," Dale explained. "They don't want to attract attention.") There was no telegram, but a message to go to Fred Haney's room. There the manager gave him the word: Back to Hollywood.

"We were traveling with the A's at the time," Dale said, "and I knew they wanted me. I was mad, and I told Haney so. 'No use arguing,' he said to me. 'Mr. Rickey wants you to go to Hollywood.'

"'Where is Mr. Rickey?' I asked.

"'In Texas.'

"'I can't talk to him there.'

"I went down to the lobby still mad and mumbling. I got to talking to some of the newspapermen and I said I was going to write to Ford

"Harry likes to sit on the third-base side."

Frick to find out what a fellow has to do to get a shot at the big leagues. I was just talking, but the reporters wrote about it the next day. Of course, I never wrote the letter."

Instead, Dale went home again, to collect his family and go to Hollywood. While in North Adams, he called Rickey in Texas, figuring he was entitled to more money.

"If you want me in Hollywood," he said to Rickey, "you'll have to pay me $1,000 more."

"You mean you'll quit if you don't get it?" Rickey asked.

"Right."

"Then you send me a telegram to that effect." And Rickey hung up.

For once, Dale had spoken up, and look what happened. He managed to wiggle off, even got an additional $500, and went. At Hollywood, he hurt his thumb tagging a runner too hard. Again he tried to come back too soon and he aggravated the injury. For all practical purposes, he was useless the rest of the season.

The next spring, in 1955, the Pirates again were planning to send Long to Hollywood. But they lost their first eight games, and one day Haney, looking down the bench for somebody he could use, discovered Dale and gave him a start. Long went four-for-five and gave the Pirates their first victory of the season. After that, they couldn't take him out. He played in 131 games and hit .291, with 16 homers and 79 RBIs.

Just what that season meant to Long is not clear, not even to Dale. It meant being in the big time. It meant living and eating and traveling better. "It just seemed important," he explains. "People look at you better, they make you feel more important. They make you want to stay in the big time."

It was different for him in still another way last season. For the first time in his career, Long knew that he was the fellow to beat out for a job. Not that he felt he had it secured; he knew he would have to work to win the job again. "I guess I'm the sort of player who never has a job sewed up," he says. "But I felt confident. Bragan being the manager now didn't hurt. I knew I'd get a fair shake. And I did."

What about the future? Dale doesn't know. At least, he isn't making any predictions. He doesn't expect to get as hot as he did, or turn as cold as he did. He hopes he will hit .290—and if that sounds like a dismal sort of an ambition, is hoping you will hit .350 better? Dale Long isn't sure.

One night this winter, he was speaking before a Little League gathering in Lenox, Mass., and he was asked what tips he could give the youngsters.

"None," Dale said. "There isn't that much you can teach a ballplayer. This game is mostly mental, anyway. Guys can't tell you what to do. They can't make you do it. You have to do it yourself. All by yourself."

He was speaking from experience.

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Where Does Big Newk Go From Here?

(*Continued from page 26*)

pennant only on the final day of the season. But Newk had never won a World Series game and so a few of his detractors insisted he would not really prove himself as a competitor until he defeated the Yankees. Don started the second Series game, and was knocked out in the second inning when Yogi Berra hit a home run with the bases full. After he left Ebbets Field, he allegedly punched a parking lot attendant who had asked: "What's the matter, Newcombe? Can't you take it when the going gets rough?" Meanwhile the Dodgers came back and won the game, 13-8.

In the climactic seventh game, Newk started again and Berra hit two more home runs. During the fifth inning, Elston Howard drove a slow curve over the scoreboard for a third homer, building the Yankee lead to 5-0. Newcombe was taken out and the Dodgers, who this time could not recover, lost their third World Series in five years. "Oddly enough," reports statistician Allan Roth, who charts the work of Brooklyn pitchers, "that was the first time all year anybody hit a homer off Newcombe's slow curve. It was his one sure pitch."

While the last game of the Series was still in progress, Newk violated baseball tradition and good manners by dressing and leaving the ball park, taking time only to announce that he'd be damned if he was going to go to Japan when the Dodgers left for a tour of the Orient the next morning. Then Newcombe disappeared into New Jersey and spent the night in solitary despair. Actually, he did go to Japan, but he did himself little good by charging up to several reporters at the airport as the plane was being readied, demanding, "So I don't win the big games? What the hell do you mean by that? What's a big game?"

For several years now, Newk has been charged with inability to win close games. Although he now says he was only fooling, Leo Durocher used to tell close friends and Giant players: "Stay close to Newcombe and you can beat him. He don't like the close ones." Occasionally Durocher even told it to a friend who was not especially close. Word got around. Tommy Henrich's homer had beaten Newcombe, 1-0, in a Series game in 1949; Dick Sisler's homer had beaten him in the tenth inning of a game that decided that 1950 National League pennant; Newcombe failed to finish the last playoff game in 1951 after a fierce stretch of magnificent pitching and he lost World Series games in 1955 and 1956. At best, this was a circumstantial case, but indicting a man for cowardice is an illogical thing. People talked and Newcombe listened.

"I don't know what the Brooklyn fans want," he said once after a particularly rough going over. "Some days a man gets out there, he just can't throw hard. How can you throw hard when you can't throw hard?"

Newcombe's Series failure this fall gave fresh emphasis to all the old charges and drowned out rebuttals for the time being. On the night of October 10, when the Yankees were again world champions, and lights were going out all over Brooklyn, there was very little warmth in Flatbush homes.

"It's late," insisted a wife in one gloomy living room. "Why don't you wash your feet and come to bed?"

"Bed?" echoed the husband, "Bed, shmed. We got beat. Who can go to bed?"

"It's always darkest," said the wife, "just before the . . ."

"It's all over now," the husband interrupted. "We're dead. Only thing makes me feel good is at least we got rid of *him*."

"Him? Who's him?"

"Newcombe," the husband said. "He ain't gonna be pitching for us no more. He's got no guts. He's through."

"Don't raise your voice at me," the wife said, sharply.

The position of fans who believe Newcombe is a coward contrasts directly with that of people who know him intimately. With the possible exception of Durocher, baseball men generally are convinced that questioning the pitcher's courage is absurd.

"Newcombe," says Charlie Dressen, who managed the Dodgers for three years and complained during the two in which Newcombe was in the U.S. Army, "doesn't choke up. Nobody in the big leagues chokes. He didn't win in the Series because maybe he does something a little different that's got nothing to do with choking, but I'm not sure what it is."

"Newcombe," Birdie Tebbetts, the fluent manager of the Cincinnati Redlegs, says with open admiration, "is a very illustrious pitcher. If he hasn't won any World Series games, that still leaves him in illustrious company."

"Newk," says Carl Erskine, a Brooklyn pitcher whose courage is frequently singled out for praise by sportswriters, "gets a rough deal because he's not real popular. I mean popular like Pee Wee Reese. If Pee Wee blows one, everybody tries to cover it up because they all like him. Nobody covers up for Newk."

Probably it is to be expected, but it is still a regrettable, disturbing thing that prominent in the ranks of the major-leaguers who now doubt Newcombe's courage is Newcombe himself. Ask him about the Series and this enormous man does not bluster a frightening, belligerent reply. Instead he says, as if he were talking through old anguish, "Me? I don't know what happens to me in the Series. Maybe during the season it's that you know you got a second chance. Maybe in the Series it's that you got to do it right now. Maybe. I don't know. I only wish I did."

There is little effort involved in wheeling out psychological catch words at this late date and applying them liberally to Newcombe. Certainly he is insecure and certainly he suffers from anxieties. We all do. But at the center of this curious man lies his own curious paradox. He should be one of the easiest men to like anywhere in baseball. Instead, he is one of the hardest.

Several seasons ago the love of money was spreading through the major leagues like the bubonic plague, and at this critical time one reporter reached out and struggled with the problem by accepting an assignment that involved a long, non-paying interview with a ballplayer. The player, of course, was Newcombe. It was during spring training and the writer approached with some alarm, having heard recently that most ballplayers of stature were refusing to answer questions for less than $3.50 a syllable.

Newcombe came lumbering out of the trainer's room inside the Dodger clubhouse at Miami Stadium, in a rolling shuffle that he seems to affect deliberately. His hatchet face was split by a squinting scowl.

"I'd like to interview you, Newk," the writer began, clutching his wallet fearfully. "It's for a magazine."

Newcombe scowled more fiercely. "Sure," he said. "When you wanna see me?"

"It won't take long," the reporter said, startled by his good luck.

"I didn't ask you is it gonna take long," Newcombe said, and his scowl was a towering thing. "I ask you when you wanna see me. Today? Tomorrow? When?"

"There isn't any money for you in this," the reporter said, so shocked that he was sticking to his prearranged plan of attack. "I want you to know that. I'm getting paid to write it, but it's *about* you, not *by* you, and the way things are set up . . ."

"Don't tell me what you're getting," Newcombe said, in something very close to rage. "I don't want your money and I don't care how much you're making. Tell me what time you wanna see me and I'll see you." By now Newcombe had shuffled over to his metal locker and was talking so loudly that several other players could easily overhear the somewhat delicate conversation. Then there was his glare, which might have burned through a good foot of lead. He was being gracious as gracelessly as possible. It is not important that at least 100 other major-leaguers would have demanded money where Newcombe did not. The significant point is that most of them could have sounded more amiable being selfish than Newcombe did being generous. "When Newcombe does a man a favor," I once heard someone complain, "it takes a week before you realize he's done it."

Part of Newcombe's general woe stems from his innate, dedicated seriousness. He occasionally clowns in the clubhouse, but more often he storms or broods and he is the only major-league player in years publicly to yield to rage at a pennant victory party. (When Duke Snider poured beer into Newcombe's hat in 1955, Newcombe threatened to sue for the

NEWK ON HIS MGRS.

Alston: "Walt's a fine fellow. All managers make mistakes. You can't give him hell for that. Alston knows he makes mistakes. But he tries not to make the same mistakes twice."

Dressen: "More or less in a class by himself—like Durocher. Has his own ideas. Nobody can change his mind. Nobody can second-guess him. The best manager I ever had on the baseball field."

Shotton: "Quiet man, like Alston. But make him mad, he'll really give you the business."

price of the hat and court costs.)

During games Newcombe has been a wonderfully acute bench jockey, offering a fine assortment of funny, unprintable lines that stopped such professional needlers as Durocher dead in their coaching boxes. But even bench jockeying for Newcombe is not wholly fun. "We shout choke-up at him, from the bench," Whitey Ford, the Yankee's fine lefthander, points out. "We don't believe he chokes, but we know it bothers him to hear us say it."

His seriousness makes Newcombe hypersensitive to criticism since he can never laugh something off. He wounds easily and, as I once learned to my regret, he stays wounded for a long time. During a time when I covered the Dodgers for a New York newspaper, I got along pleasantly with Newcombe until a May afternoon in 1955 when he managed to have himself suspended. Troubled by his apparent inability to readjust to his civilian job—he won only nine games in his first post-Army year—Newcombe was brooding intermittently that May. In addition, he was suffering from occasional bouts of pain behind his right shoulder, which he insisted happened every spring, but in view of his ineffectiveness, suddenly seemed more significant than they had been before. On the disastrous May day, when both the pain and a brood were upon Newcombe, Joe Becker, the Dodger pitching coach, told him that Walter Alston wondered if he'd pitch batting practice.

"No," Newcombe said, in effect.

When the dust settled, there had been one scene, two press conferences, Newcombe was playing golf and Buzzy Bavasi, the Dodger vice president, was telling nine reporters, a photographer and a waiter that Newcombe was under suspension until further notice.

I telephoned Newcombe at his home in Colonia, a suburban town in New Jersey, that night and he said that his arm felt sore.

Had he told this to Alston?

"What for?" Newcombe said. "He wouldn't believe me, anyway."

Well, this seemed hardly accurate, and in reporting the story, I was carried away by a muse and wrote, "Newcombe's head is probably sorer than his arm."

There it was. At the office in the typewriter, it had not seemed bad. Funny almost. But in the cold type of the next day's paper, it looked to me like something else: A gratuitous slap at an unhappy man. Athletes make errors. Writers occasionally swing too hard.

The next day, before a game in Philadelphia, he loomed up in front of me, blotting out the sun and several large clouds. "Hey, I read that paper of yours," he began in a tone of surprise, "and you know what I think of it? I think it's a . . ." He wrapped the paper up in a rough phrase that made my ears burn and, thus relieved, he lumbered off. I cannot recall getting more than a nod or a grunt from him for the next 17 months.

Any ballplayer possesses the inalienable right to resent a line of type. But Newcombe, it seemed to me, was going too far. After six months, it was a fierce temptation to rush up to him and shout, "All right, all right. Your arm *is* sorer than your head." But I controlled myself.

The next time Newcombe talked to me freely, the circumstances were so genuinely poignant that it was impossible not to be moved.

Out of peonage, but still searching for stories, after Don Larsen's perfect game, I walked into the Dodger dressing room which, as you may have read, was surprisingly cheerful. At one side, not far from the door, Roy Campanella, Sandy Amoros and Newcombe sat in a row on three-legged stools before their lockers. Amoros and Campanella both were smirking and, since Campanella is sometimes an ideal man with whom to discuss pitching, I walked over, planning to ask him about Larsen, who had been knocked out in his first Series start, three days earlier.

"What was different today?" I asked. "Was he different from the other time he pitched?"

"He wasn't no different," Campanella said.

"What do you mean?"

"It was that obscene sun," Campanella said. "There was this obscene glare in my eyes all the time. He pitched good, but it didn't matter who was throwing today. I couldn't see the ball with that glare."

When he is excited or upset, Campanella's voice pipes like a piccolo. As Newcombe spoke abruptly, his deep voice commanded attention, like a mighty Wurlitzer played loud. "Roomie," Newcombe thundered. "You shouldn't talk like that. He pitched wonderful, just wonderful." Then turning away from Campanella, Newcombe looked up. His face was open and showed neither guile nor bitterness. For all his size he seeemd more

like a boy than like a man. "I only wisht I could pitch that good," he said.

Next day, in discussing Newcombe's despair with Erskine, I found that the alert little pitcher was more disturbed about his teammate than about himself, although his own career certainly seemed uncertain. "There's one guy I really feel sorry for," Erskine said. "I didn't want to get beat like I did in my Series game, that's for sure, but you know I don't feel real bad about it like you might think. There's a reason for everything in this life and I believe the reason I got knocked out was so this thing would go to seven games and he could get a second chance. The big guy. Over there in the corner."

In the locker room at Ebbets Field, Don Newcombe dressed in the corner that is diagonally opposite the area in which Reese, Snider, Robinson and Gil Hodges were stationed and where the old-line Dodgers generally gather. Although Newcombe's locker assignment came by chance, it often seems to me remarkably fitting. Of all the superb stars who have peopled the Dodgers during the last decade, Newcombe has been the least part of the gang. He is the hardest to classify, probably the shyest and, certainly, the most fundamentally sensitive. As a result of his size—six feet, four and 240 pounds—Newcombe initially strikes most people as being about as sensitive as a Sherman tank. With the great quantities of attention constantly focused on themselves, ballplayers tend to be somewhat more self-centered than is normal and for every one, such as Erskine, who has the intelligence to understand Newcombe and the warmth to be friendly to him, there are dozens of others who simply refuse to bother. This may be due in part to Newcombe's color, since complete social integration of Negroes is not yet a fact of baseball life, but to a larger extent, it is due to Newcombe's inability to communicate. He is a loner. Like so many loners, when Newcombe does mix he tends to overdo it, or, as in the incident with Snider and the hat, he fumes when he should laugh.

Newcombe's roommate and closest friend is Roy Campanella, but it is Campy, himself, who was once guilty of a statement which is greatly responsible for one erroneous impression of Newk that is abroad. "This game is easy some days," the catcher remarked expansively to Roscoe McGowen of the New York *Times*. "But then there is days when you got to push yourself. Trouble with Newk is he don't push hisself."

Dutifully, McGowan reported the statement in both the *Times* and *The Sporting News*. Later declarations from Joe Becker that Newcombe is the hardest working pitcher on the Brooklyn squad and stories of Newcombe grunting and straining to get into shape under a roasting Florida sun were less immediately catchy and therefore have been less widely circulated. But Newcombe is as serious about maintaining physical condition as he is about everything else. This year he plans to reach Miami and start working out on February 1.

Just as it is difficult for some people to conceive of a big man with sensitivity, so it can be hard to imagine one with aching muscles. On the word of such eminent diagnosticians as Dr. Burt Shotton, we have it that Newcombe's sore arm is a myth which, like Zeus' thunderbolt, appears only at dramatic moments. Newk himself does not complain often, but the pain in reality is always there.

"Look," he says. "Different jobs got different things. A pitcher, his arm is always gonna hurt a little. It's got to. Don't just ask me. Ask any pitcher. But it ain't nothing to stop you from pitching. Just sometimes it gets a little worse, that's all."

Veiled charges and open ones bother Newcombe more than they would bother most men. He takes sleeping pills each night before he is to pitch. He frets about his own attitude and damns himself for his impetuosity. But if over-sensitivity is something to warrant scorn, then the year on the calendar is wrong. This is not 1957; it's 1984.

At the corner of West Orange and Market Streets in Newark, a sizable New Jersey city that has been overshadowed by New York, Newcombe owns a combination bar and package liquor store. Usually the store is the best place to talk to him for he seems more relaxed there, more willing to express himself than if he were in the thick of a baseball crowd.

A reporter who traveled to Newark not long after Newcombe had won

the most valuable player and Cy Young awards, was struck, first by two signs that hung prominently over the bar in Newcombe's place. "Try Newk's change-up," one urged, temptingly. "Pineapple juice and Seagram's VO." The other made a more dangerous proposition: "Try Newk's Fast One—Orange Juice, Vodka, and Old Granddad."

In the bar, a beer salesman was shouting at Newcombe's brother, Harold. "Hey. Where's Mr. MVP?"

"He'll be here," Harold said. "Real soon."

"Harold," the beer salesman said. "When you gonna put that letter from Ike up on the wall? That letter oughta be up so's people can see it."

In a few minutes, Don appeared in the doorway to the bar. He was wearing a tweed topcoat and dark glasses, the glasses presumably so that he could wander about Newark anonymously. Don walked in, flipped off the glasses, carefully hung his huge coat and then settled himself on a bar stool. "Howya," he said.

"There's a man here to see you," Harold said, pointing to the reporter.

"Oh," Newcombe said. "Yeah. You wanna see me. Come on in the lounge and we can talk more comfortable there."

The reporter followed Newcombe through an archway that led into a spacious room, dimly lit. The two men sat at a table and the reporter took out a pad and pencil. "You gonna write?" Newcombe said. "Lemme make the place bright so you can see." He got to his feet and turned up the lights. Then he sat down, looking a little big for the chair. To start a conversation, the reporter asked about the Dodgers' trip to Japan.

"Well, it wasn't a real good trip for us," Newcombe said. "First off, we had to do a lot of flying and if there's one thing I don't like to do it's fly. We must have spent 75 hours in the air. Then my wife was sick. She couldn't take the Japanese food. She had to stay in the hotel the first three weeks we was there. There was a lot of parties for the players and their wives, but we couldn't go. I could have, but it wouldn't have looked right without Freddie. I had to stay with her in the hotel."

More than disappointment at the World Series, Newcombe's dislike of flying was behind his wish to skip the trip to Japan. No one can make much sense questioning his courage on this count, though one Dodger who refused to make the trip because he dislikes flying was Sal Maglie, and every batter in baseball knows what a choke-up guy old Sal is.

Remembering Newcombe, the reluctant traveler, the reporter then asked, "Would you have been better off missing the plane, the way you threatened?"

"No, sir," Newcombe said, without hesitation. "It was an experience we really didn't want to miss, 'cept for the flying. We met a lot of nice people over there."

In Japan Newcombe, bothered by an unsound elbow, pitched only once. "I couldn't snap my curve off real good," he said, "but it'll be okay in the spring. Joe Becker thinks so. And Campy."

Newcombe relies quite heavily on Campanella's words. The two men met first in a Negro league 12 years ago, broke into organized baseball together as a superlative battery at Nashua, N. H., two years later, and have been close friends throughout the last decade.

When they are together, Campanella almost always takes the lead and Newcombe, aware of this, both enjoys and feels guilty about the pattern of the friendship. "I don't know if I ever helped him," Newcombe said, "but he sure been great for me. You learn a lot just being associated with a man like Camp. Like this here liquor business. He was in it a couple years ahead of me, so when I started I asked Camp. He told me."

It is quite clear to anyone who knows the Dodgers that no Negro player was likely to be equally friendly with Campanella and with Jackie Robinson, who will be missed at Brooklyn on more than one count. Campanella is the consoler, the pacifier, the gradualist. Robinson was the fiery, impatient perfectionist. Even if he had not known Campanella from the Negro National League, Newcombe, unsure of himself, would probably have gravitated toward the paternal catcher, instead of toward the fierce, demanding leadership of Robinson.

"You know," Newcombe said, "someone like Campy is real experienced. He can see a situation quicker than me. He's more even-tempered.

Guys like him and Reese and Hodges, their actions seem to grow on fellows like me. I watch them—how they dress for dinner, how they act on trains, how they act waiting in lobbies and stations. You got to grab something from them." At 31, Newcombe earns $30,000 a year and his contract is so valuable that the Dodgers turned down a $300,000 offer for it from the Cincinnati Redlegs last fall. Yet he is still uncertain about fundamentals of behavior and he still looks to lesser players for guidance. Inevitably, this attitude shows itself in little ways; inevitably people conclude that Newcombe is not really as uncertain as he seems. Not everybody, in short, likes him.

Thinking of this, the reporter asked directly, as he and Newcombe sat in the bar in Newark, "Aside from Campanella, would you say you have any other close friends on the Dodgers?"

"I sort of like to figure all of them's my friends," Newcombe said.

"I mean close buddies."

"When you're home," Newcombe said, "you only see the guys at the park. On the road it's different, but most of the guys stick with their roomies, like me and Campy. We go to the movies together a lot. I like a western and good gangster pictures."

Actually, when the Dodgers are at home there is some socializing among the players. With travel, there is a great deal more, and not, as Newcombe believes or would like to believe, just between roommates. There are few cliques in the club, but there are talking sessions and bridge games. Newk stays out of most things.

"Here my wife and I don't socialize at all," he said, almost defiantly. "We stay by ourselves. The house is out in the country and we have enough socializing with just my family. Her mother and my folks and my brothers."

Newcombe and his wife have adopted one boy and one girl. Both are still infants. "They're wonderful," Newcombe said. "You know how many I'm hoping we can adopt? Six." Newcombe sat back for a moment and breathed deeply. The walls of the lounge were covered with photographs of other Dodgers. "Do you get along with them?" the reporter asked, pointing. "Do you figure you're popular with the other players?"

Newcombe sat up and laughed. "If they took a popularity poll, I sure as hell wouldn't win," he said. "Lots of fellows don't like my attitude. Can't blame 'em. I don't like it myself."

"How so?"

"I say things I shouldn't say. Amoros dropped a fly and I said something stupid about his guts. Then I was sorry. A little while later I was sorry. I had to say I was wrong and that hurts me more than anything, being wrong. You got to admit when you're wrong. That's the big thing. You got to admit it."

Newcombe was drifting away from the reporter now. He clenched his fingers and unclenched them. He struck at the small table with one fist. "I've lost four Series games," he said. "I been knocked out in five. You know why? I don't know why. But I get beat and then everybody gets on me." The big hands hammered. "Brooklyn fans got plenty of pennants," Newcombe said. "They want a winner all the time, but you can't win all the time. You just can't do it. You get knocked out. And these guys in the stands who don't do nothing, they're depending on you to win and make it easy for them to go stick out their chests. You get beat, they're gonna boo you." Newcombe's hands had stopped hammering. They were shaking.

"There is a limit to booing," Don Newcombe said. "When they start making names about your character, that's hard to take. You gotta draw the line. Lookit Jackie. He's been booed more than any man alive. A lot more than me. But nobody calls him 'choke' and 'gutless.' That's a tough thing for a man to take. First one guys says it and it gets like a bad apple in a barrel. Two guys say it. Four guys say it. It starts to spread like wildfire. You begin to wonder yourself. You gotta draw the line. Sure I'm nervous before a game. Who isn't nervous? But nervous isn't scared. I ain't scared. Once I start warming up I'm even confident. I try. I know I do. I know I try.

"Why did the whole thing start? How did it start? I talk about it. Too much, maybe. I ask other players. They don't know. It was Durocher, I used to think, that started it. Then one guy who played for Durocher came to me and told me that Durocher used to say, 'Let's get this big guy out of here. He's too good.' I believe that no matter what anyone says and I'm glad it wasn't Leo."

Newk reached for his tie and carefully loosened the knot. "Ain't gonna bother me next year," he said. "I got the MVP award and the letter from the President and people like me. Know what Dizzy Dean told me? He told me 'You're the closest thing to me I ever seen.' That's the best Dizzy could say."

To look on Don Newcombe's World Series tragedy without blinding emotion is to see a perfectly logical baseball situation. Worked almost to the limit of endurance during an intensely demanding year, Newcombe strained ligaments in his right elbow throwing a curve ball on the last day of the season. This is a classic sort of baseball injury; a curve-ball sore arm which has little effect on a pitcher's fast one.

So Newcombe went into the Series with all his speed, but without the ability to snap off a sharp curve. He is blazingly fast, of course, but the Yankees in general and Berra in particular are fast-ball hitters. It was hardly an arrangement calculated to cover Newcombe with glory and, with his recurrent knack of mixing bad luck and bad timing, the pitcher succeeded in making a sorry situation worse.

"If I had to pick a single man in the major leagues to win 20 games next year," says Buzzy Bavasi, "it would be Newcombe. I'm not saying that to build his confidence. We've already done that. He's getting the highest salary of any pitcher in Brooklyn history."

Recalcitrants who doubt Bavasi and who question the application of logic to Newcombe are only bringing the issue squarely back to courage. Let's go back to the Bartlett book. "Courage," suggests one definition, "is to feel the daily daggers of relentless steel and keep on living."

Don Newcombe has faced uncommonly relentless daggers every fourth day and kept on pitching. That may be as good a definition of courage as any.

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On the Road with the Red Wings

(*Continued from page* 31)
work—no trunks, no game. The Red Wings have had some close calls. One time all their gear was unloaded at South Bend, Ind., under the mistaken impression that it belonged to the Notre Dame football team. Fortunately, the trunks were retrieved just in time to make the game. Probably the most embarrassing incident of the kind was the one that befell the Detroit sportswriter travelling with the team, who opened up what he thought was his bag and was stupefied when out tumbled a complete set of feminine lingerie. It seems that the writer had inadvertently swapped his gear with that of a travelling salesman.

The only player left in the dressing room with the trainers was the wounded Alex Delvecchio, who was riding the bicycle in a small chamber off the main room. Delvecchio broke his leg early in the season and this was his first day on the stationary bike. He rode ten miles before calling it quits. He and Billy Dineen, another early-season casualty, would not be making the trip to Montreal. Normally, the Red Wings carry a party of 22, 18 players, two trainers, the coach and the general manager, Jack Adams. But for this trip it would be 16 players, and no Adams; the boss had business to attend to in Detroit.

THIS overnight jaunt to Montreal—leaving Friday afternoon, arriving in Montreal Saturday morning, playing Saturday night, catching the train back to Detroit after the game, a home game Sunday night—was only one in a long stretch of such trips that have to be negotiated during the tough 70-game schedule. Most of the Red Wings' road schedule consists of the short overnight hop. There are only two real long road trips each year, when an ice show is playing the Olympia. In their first such trip last November, the Wings played in Montreal on a Thursday and Toronto on a Saturday, and then returned to Detroit to practice at nearby Ann Arbor (using the facilities of the University of Michigan). The second half of the trip took them to New York, Boston and Chicago. But most of the time it's the short hop, which has its advantages (never being away from home for too great a length of time) and disadvantages (boredom and a certain wear and tear on everyday clothing). As Ted Lindsay puts it, "We dress and undress more than a strip-teaser."

At 3:40 p.m. in the Michigan Central station, third pillar on the left going toward the train (the customary Red Wing meeting spot) trainer Mattson was the first member of the party to make an appearance. He had with him two handbags, one which held his personal belongings and a black bag which contained the medical supplies he might need to treat the sick and maimed, depending on how rough a game it was. Outside of Jack Adams, Mattson has seniority on the club. He has been with the Wings 22 years, assistant trainer for ten years and head trainer for 12. And before that, when the Olympia had just opened for business, he was stick boy for the club. He got his nickname, "Bronc," from an old Red Wing player, Joe Carveth, in 1936. "I only weighed 127 at the time," Mattson said, "and one day Carveth saw me in the shower and hollered, 'Hey, Bronc!' That was the time Bronko Nagurski was playing with the Bears. The name didn't stick right away because Carveth got traded. But a couple of years later he was traded back to the Wings and the first thing he said when he saw me was, 'There's old Bronc.' It's been Bronc ever since."

The second Red Wing to arrive at the station was Marcel Pronovost, the only French Canadian on the club. Pronovost bought himself a newspaper and magazine and went over with Mattson to have some coffee before departing. Pronovost is recognized as the champion coffee drinker on the club.

Lefty Wilson parked his bag beside the third pillar and swapped small talk with a wizened, toothless old railroad man. "What sort of a game did they have in New York?" the old man asked, referring to a game played between the Rangers and Canadiens the night before. Wilson gritted his teeth and made a fist.

"Yeh, I seen the pictures in the paper."

"He's deaf," Wilson explained later, "but he reads lips."

Marty Pavelich came in with his wife, a tall, slim young woman who was wearing dark glasses and looked pretty enough to be a movie actress. The Pavelichs chatted with Wilson about Sault Ste. Marie (Marty's home) and their respective dogs. The Pavelichs have a huge Labrador retriever and Wilson has a dachshund, and the two dogs hit it off very well together.

Marty and his wife went out to sit in the car before train-time and Marcel Pronovost came back from coffee and showed color photos he had taken of his son, Michel, at his second birthday party.

Then Bucky Hollingsworth came in carrying a large suitcase.

"Where in the world are you going?" Wilson asked. "How many games on this trip?"

Hollingsworth feigned amazement. "Aren't we going to Toronto and Boston?" he said, smiling. "I'm going to do a little Santa Clausing."

"I hear you're going to that lingerie place."

"I don't know if it'll be open. The next trip will be good, though. It'll be open all day Friday."

One of the players spotted Red Storey, the referee who had officiated at the Toronto game the night before. He hollered to Storey. "Oh, you blind son of a ———." Storey grinned happily. Most of the players on the club feel that he is one of the most competent referees in the league.

By 4 p.m., all of the players were in the station, and together they scurried for their train. Only coach Skinner and goal-tender Glenn Hall were missing. They boarded the train at Windsor, Ontario, the first stop out of Detroit. The Red Wings have their own Pullman car. On all road trips the car is marked the same: RW1. The players sleep in uppers or lowers, depending on their seniority on the club (except that goal-tenders always get a lower). Skinner and Mattson share a compartment.

As soon as the players settled in their car, several of them called for the porter to come in and set up tables for cards. Card-playing, as it is for most athletes, is one of the major recreations on a road trip. Fred Huber, the walking hockey encyclopedia of the Red Wings, who has been their publicity director for 17 years, says that the type of game played varies from era to era, except that Red Wing officials allow no poker or dice games—ever. "It's the natural leaders on the club who seem to point the way for the games that are played," Huber says. "I remember from 1940 to 1946 we had a number of bridge players on our club. Then the bridge players were traded, and cribbage became the game. The Boston club, they tell me, had a run on portable travelling scrabble sets a while back.

"Flash Hollett, who was captain of the Red Wings some years ago, was one of the best bridge-playing athletes I've ever met. He was also one of the most ferocious. I was travelling with the team one time when Hollett was playing bridge and a bid went wrong. He got up, ripped every one of those cards in little pieces and went out and threw them off the train. Jack Adams always used to tell me, 'Play well, if you're playing with Hollett. But don't play too well if you're playing against him.'"

The current craze among the Red Wings is a game with an odd name but which bore an unmistakable similarity to rummy. The players called it *bungai*. When I asked Gordie Howe how you spelled it, he replied laconically, "In dollars and cents."

At one table, playing pinochle, not bungai, was Gordie Howe, Metro Prystai (who is known as "Meatball" to his buddies), Norm Ullman and Johnny Bucyk. Bucyk looked at Howe and said, "You got the signal right today?" Bucyk and Howe were partners. "We always let them win the first game, or they won't play any more."

Soon after the train pulled out of Windsor, Jimmy Skinner called to the boys that their diner was ready. Skinner handles all the money on the road trip. He pays all the bills in cash, except the train fare, which is taken care of in advance by Jack Adams.

In the diner, three people sat at Skinner's table. There was one empty seat. "Nobody wants to eat with me because I called a practice this morning," Jimmy said cheerfully. Skinner is a roly-poly, outgoing individual, very much unlike what you would expect of a hockey veteran. He blends a curiously effective mixture of softness and toughness that he can turn off and on as the occasion demands. The players treat him casually but they respect him. "Athletes are funny," Skinner was saying over his coffee. "You start treating them too rough and you're in trouble. You can be a nice guy and a tough guy, too. I always try to stay away from being too sarcastic."

THIS is Skinner's third year as coach of the Wings. Before that he coached the Detroit farm club at Windsor; many of the present-day Wings played under him there. And even before that, in 1945, he played with Gordie Howe at Omaha, when Howe was a 16-year-old kid just breaking into hockey. "The girls used to love him," Jimmy said. "They'd wait for him outside there, and he'd be so shy that he'd climb out the rear window into the snow so he wouldn't

have to walk out there and face them."

While the players were eating their eggs or fish (it was Friday and most of the boys are Catholics) the train passed Tilbury, Ontario, a small town whose chief claim to fame is that it houses a dedicated Red Wing fan who happens to live by the railroad tracks. It has been an unfailing habit of the family over the years to come out and wave to the team as the train passes the house. Last year, at Christmas time, in appreciation of their loyalty, Mattson threw out a Red Wing sweater and an autographed stick as the train passed the house.

"There's the house, fellas!" Skinner cried.

"What house is that, Jim?" Warren Godfrey asked innocently.

Another one said, "Look at them jackasses." It was said in affection, though. As the train swept by, you could see a man waving a flashlight and a woman holding up the Red Wing sweater. The boys all waved back.

Back in RW1 after the meal, the players settled in comfortably. Some loosened their ties (it is compulsory for the Red Wing players to wear ties in public on road trips; if they're caught without a tie on, it means a $50 fine), then some took off their jackets and shirts and went around in T-shirts and pants. A couple of them put on pajamas. Card games resumed at the same tables with the same casts—Bucyk, Howe, Ullman, Prystai at pinochle; Godfrey, Hollingsworth, McNeil and Larry Hillman playing bungai. Billy Dea and Marcel Pronovost were working on crossword puzzles. Glenn Hall was already sacked in, reading a paperback book, *No Time for Sergeants*, and Dutch Reibel was reading *The Harder They Fall.* A couple of the fellows just stared out the window. Some puffed on cigarettes and cigars.

There are 11 non-smokers on the Red Wings and two years ago a major crisis was precipitated between the two factions. The non-smokers got together and presented a resolution for a vote that would bar cigar smoking in RW1. Jimmy Skinner, a non-smoker, admits he was lobbying for its enactment. "It looked like we were in, too, when Red Kelly got up to speak. He doesn't smoke and I thought for sure we had a vote," Skinner said. "But he got up and said, 'Owing to the business I'm in, I'm against it.' Red's a tobacco farmer. So we lost, but I still think we got a bad count."

Red Kelly sat in his pajamas reading *Time.* "I used to play cards," Red said, "but I got tired of it. I try to read a little now."

He was asked if, in his nine years as a travelling Red Wing, there had been any unusual occurrences on road trips.

"One day," he said, "we were going to Chicago and we had a fire box. We were all sleeping but had to get up and go in another car and sit up all night. Another time, going to Montreal, a heat pipe broke. We froze that night. I should get a haircut in Montreal," Red said, "but the last time I got one we lost. I guess I'll wait until we get back to Detroit."

Billy Dea, who is a rookie with the Red Wings, sat in the washroom and said he enjoyed the road trips. Billy is a bachelor who lives in Detroit with two other unmarried Wings, Bucyk and Reibel, in a boarding house near the Olympia. "I like Montreal very much," he said. "Last trip, I went to Tony the Tailor's to get measured for a suit. This trip I'll be fitted and the next trip the suit should be ready." Tony the Tailor's is a popular way station for the boys in Montreal, where they can get custom-tailored clothing at a premium rate. In every city on the road they have favorite places like that to shop at.

By 9:30 the two card games had broken up and most of the players were sacked in for the night, some reading in bed, others already sleeping. Ted Lindsay was the first one in. He is a sound sleeper. Soon, a deep quiet settled over RW1. One last voice rang out clearly from behind the green curtains of an upper berth.

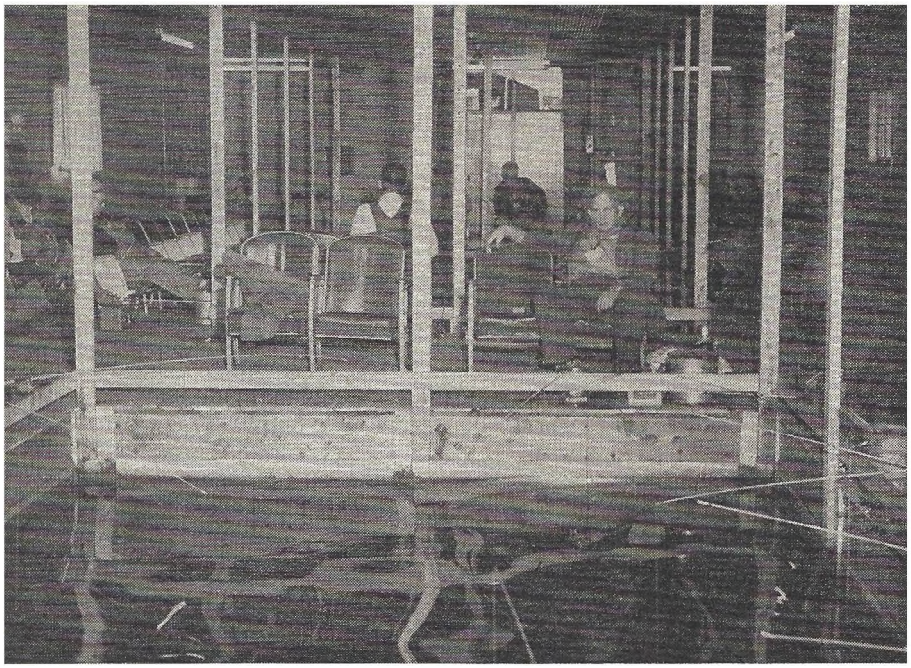
"If any girls ask for me, wake me up."

AT 7:05 on Saturday morning, the squad was roused when the porter rang a bell in the car. The players dressed quickly and quietly; most of them were too groggy with sleep to talk much. Billy Dea was the first one up. Bucky Hollingsworth, who got off at a Montreal suburb (where his family lives) was the first one dressed. Most of the players had their coats on and their bags ready when the train was still ten minutes from the station. Ted Lindsay sat on the edge of a lower berth and talked about his wife, Pat, and his two children, and how they take to his constant comings and goings. "They don't mind me leaving. It's all in the job. The kids look out the window and watch me go and say, 'Daddy's going choo choo.'"

As each player stepped off the train, he gave the porter a tip. The Red Wings are instructed carefully in such worldly arts as tipping. They must leave a certain amount to porters, waiters and others who attend to them on the road. It is part of their upbringing, so to speak. Red Wing officials stress character in their boys. "We screen most of our young kids," Skinner said. "If we get a belligerent, stubborn kid, we try to teach him. If we can't teach him, we get rid of him.

"The sleeping car conductor came by just last night and said he used to be a fan of another hockey club but since he's traveled with the Red Wings he's switched to them. He said he's never met a nicer bunch of fellows."

At the Montreal station, the players split into groups of fours, each quartet led by a taxi captain, who had been given money to handle the cab fare. The team rode to the Mount Royal Hotel, one of Montreal's finest, where they usually stay. When the players got to the hotel, some of them went right in to breakfast, others went upstairs to put away their luggage, and still others were trapped in the lobby by a local character named Jocko Fleming, a hawk-nosed, bespectacled old gaffer in seedy clothes who works the hotels informally as a ticket broker, specializing in providing hard to get tickets to athletic events. Fleming is also a self-styled comedian and he attacked the boys with his jokes (which were almost as seedy as his clothes), grabbing one by the arm, then swerving over to grab another. Jocko likes an audience. "Hey," he said to Godfrey and Metro Prystai, "a fellow comes rushing down the corridor of the hotel. 'My



Floating Fishing Dock

HANG onto your fishing creels, men. The state of Oklahoma has come up with one of the biggest sports phenomena in years, the all-weather fishing dock. 24 hours a day, seven days a week, rain or shine, 12 above zero or 102 in the shade, these new-fangled docks are jammed with cash customers, lured by the chance to fish and still be as comfortable as if they were in their own living room.

Comfortable? The Oklahoma all-weather fishing dock is the "ole fishing-hole" glamorized by every modern convenience. You sit in a rocking chair and dunk your minnows in an open well where crappie, bass, perch and channel-cat lurk in 70-foot waters. The dock is enclosed, keeping out wind, snow and rain. Air-conditioning units cool the dock in the summer. Propane heaters hold winter temperatures to 80 degrees. Waiting for a nibble, you watch your favorite television show. Fluorescent lights keep the fishing area cheerful all night. Coffee and soft-drink dispensers are at your elbow. Hungry? Just park your rod in the handy holder and have a T-bone steak in the restaurant.

By pampering the fisherman, Oklahoma resort owners are making year-round angling a fantastically lucrative business. Last year Oklahoma spent $15,000,000 on fishing with the weather-proof fishing dock getting the biggest chunk of revenue. Out-of-state fishermen are deserting their own local resorts because they enjoy the new "take-it-easy" Oklahoma style of fishing.

Back in 1953 everyone thought Floyd Long was crazy when he built the first fishing dock at Grand Lake, 80 miles northeast of Tulsa. It was a crude affair with wooden benches around an open well. A pot-bellied stove furnished the heat. Although primitive, the dock immediately drew customers. Today Long's Fish Haven seats 47 persons in luxurious surroundings.

Other operators copied Long's ingenious idea. Now Grand Lake boasts 50 such docks, while others are being constructed at a feverish pace. Typical of the offspring from Long's original fishing dock is Snug Harbor, located at Lake Gibson, only 50 miles from Tulsa. It is a converted railroad bridge, seating 35 fishermen inside. Another 65 haul in the fish outside.

Snug Harbor plays host to anybody who can hold a rod or pole. Women who never fished before stay up all night, often outlasting their husbands. They rock, knit, chat with other anglers and keep an eye out for a bobbing cork.

The Oklahoma fishing dock boom doesn't end there. Last year one Grand Lake operator built fishing-cabins for the person who likes dock angling plus privacy. The cabins sleep six, are equipped with tiny kitchens. You open a trap door in the floor to fish. Soon these cabins will be motorized so they can be moved anywhere on the lake, providing magnificent indoor fishing. Carrying the cabin idea a step farther, a Tulsa manufacturer is building a fishing motel on Grand Lake. You rent a cabin on the floating dock, fish in your own living room while dinner is cooking in the kitchen.

—MARIAN ROGERS

mother-in-law wants to jump out the window,' he hollers, 'what am I going to do?' 'So?' said a bystander. 'I can't open the window.'"

Jimmy Skinner shook hands gingerly with Jocko and introduced him to the rookie, Billy McNeil. "He's from western Canada," Jimmy said. "His Dad owns oil wells."

"He's a good-looking kid," Jocko said. "Did you win him in a crap game?"

At breakfast in the hotel, Marty Pavelich and Red Kelly ate together. The roommates talked on a variety of subjects—the pro football playoff game that afternoon in Montreal, the art of public speaking (Detroit players have a lot of that to do), about the restaurant, "The Chicken Coop," where they have their afternoon steak.

"We've been eating there for a year," Red said. "Before that, we ate here. Some say the steaks are better there but I liked them here. I guess the fellows got tired of eating here."

After breakfast, there was Jocko Fleming, still regaling some of the players in the lobby. "How come you never heard of me? I'm known from coast to coast, like buttered toast . . . This is a nice hotel. The steaks are 40 cents. With meat, $11 . . . I was the idol of Scotland. I was idle for 40 years . . . Got a wire from a girl in trouble. She wanted ten fish. I sent her a can of sardines . . ."

Lorne Ferguson and Godfrey stole away from Fleming. "Come on over to Tony's," Godfrey said. "You need to." He took hold of Ferguson's suit and sniffed disdainfully.

Lindsay, Howe and Prystai were all set to go to Tony the Tailor's, but they were waiting for Billy Dea, who was talking to a couple of girls in the lobby. "Come on, Mickey Rooney," Lindsay called.

Looking at the Red Wing players, you would never think they needed anything from Tony. In their navy blue jackets with the Red Wing insignia, and the light gray flannel pants (the outfit was presented to them last year), they looked more like college fraternity boys than professional hockey players. There have been players in the past, though, who were content to wear just anything. Marty Pavelich tells of the time three years ago when a misfit among the Red Wings (when it came to fashions) got his come-uppance from his teammates.

"It seemed that he had worn the same checkered suit for 15 years. We were going bad at the time and this fellow hadn't brought this suit on the road trip so we wired his wife to send it on to Boston, our next stop, thinking it might bring us luck. She did. After the game, which we lost anyway, he went to get into his pants—rip. He went to get into his jacket—rip. We had sewn up the insides. He looked at us and said, 'I'll get all 17 of you crumbs.' Then we pulled out a package and presented him a brand new suit, probably the best one he ever had."

From 12:30 to eating time, the boys scattered over the city. Some of them stayed in their rooms to watch the football game on television, others went to the movies and then to church, some went shopping.

At 3 p.m., as if by magic, everybody turned up at the Chicken Coop for the big pre-game meal. All of the players but Metro Prystai had steaks. Metro prefers eggs on the

day of the game, steak the following day. The boys are careful about the food they eat. Soup or juice, steak, a baked potato, jello or a dish of ice cream for dessert, and milk. Bronc Mattson paid the check, which came to over $100, and he ordered salmon and chicken sandwiches to be put on the train that night.

After the dinner, most of the players went to their rooms to rest. Ted Lindsay had to be roused out of a deep sleep at 6:45. Reibel and Dea waited in the lobby for Lindsay and Howe, their cab mates, to come down. Dutch was kidding Dea about the letters he gets from his girl back in Edmonton, his home town. "He gets letters 20 pages long," Dutch said. "He's henpecked. She tells him to sit, he'll sit."

"Oh, yeah, you get them, too."

"But mine are only two or three pages. Yours are 20 or 30."

Finally, Lindsay and Howe put in an appearance and the four hopped a cab for the Forum. When they got out, a swarm of kids buzzed around the cab for autographs. The players signed them as they made their way into their dressing room at the Forum.

Inside, the players took their time dressing, putting on one bit of equipment at a time, then sitting back silently or passing small talk. Pavelich was talking about the Grey Cup football game scheduled for the following Saturday, eastern Canada against western Canada. "I bet you a nickel the west doesn't win," Pav said.

"That's 25 dollars in Saint Marie money," said Godfrey. "I know you, you're a gambler."

The conversation continued for awhile until Jimmy Skinner came in. "Five minutes, fellas," he cried. That was the signal for spectators to take their leave of the dressing room. In the five minutes before the Red Wings take the ice, Skinner goes over game strategy and gives last-minute instructions.

Exactly at 8 p.m., the Wings trooped out of their dressing room, goalie Glenn Hall leading the way. A number of spectators milled about the entrance but the players looked straight ahead as they made their way to the ice.

In the first period the Canadiens took a 1-0 lead when the third lines were on the ice. Both teams seemed a little lackadaisical. In the second period the Canadiens broke it wide open. The second goal was scored unassisted by Doug Harvey, a 35-footer that Glenn Hall thought he had stopped but which slid through him. From then on, it was a rout. At the end of the period it was 5-1. The final score was 6-2. The Wings' two goals were scored by Howe.

In the dressing room after the game, there was little talk. The players hurried into their showers and dressed quickly. Jimmy Skinner came in looking angry but he said nothing about the game to the players. Instead, he told them to hurry dressing. The bus was waiting for them outside, to take them to the train that might have to be held for them anyway. Skinner says the Wings hold the record for making the train in Montreal after a game, 17 minutes flat from the closing whistle to the station. "Hurry up, gang, let's go!" he cried.

He got on the bus first and paid the driver $12 in cash. The driver's son was on the bus and Skinner gave him permission to get autographs en route to the station. "Will you turn the heat on and close the door?" Skinner asked the driver. "It was kind of warm in there."

As the players boarded the bus, Skinner counted heads. He wanted to make sure nobody was left behind. In ten years of traveling, only one Red Wing player ever missed connections. That was in 1942 when the Wings bought a minor-league player, Les Douglas, from Indianapolis. The team was in Chicago at the time and Douglas was told to stay close to Cully Simon, one of the Wings' defensemen, who happened to be a stutterer. In Chicago in those days, the Wings took a street car from the arena to the depot. Simon and Douglas got on a very crowded car and as they went along it got even more crowded until, suddenly, Simon found himself shoved through the door and out into the street. He claims he ran alongside the car shouting directions to Douglas, but because he was stuttering he couldn't make himself understood. Douglas remained on the street car and he missed the train. The train that took the team home got into Detroit two hours late and when the boys checked in the hotel, there was Douglas sitting in the lobby, laughing at them. He had caught another train on another line and beaten them in.

The bus got to the station in plenty of time, after all. The train hadn't come in yet. The driver said goodbye to the team and told Skinner, "Don't forget tomorrow, 'eh? You beat 'em." Skinner said they would.

Some of the players went to a nearby store for milk or soft drinks, others just sat quietly in the waiting room. A couple of the players leafed through magazines at the newsstand until the proprietor, a crusty old man who was obviously anti-Red Wing, told them either to buy the magazines or put them away. One of the Wings got mad and talked back. "That's pea soup," he said to the man. "Pea soup."

Then the Montreal players came in. They were taking the same train to Detroit for the game Sunday night. Hardly a flicker of recognition passed between the two teams as the Canadiens pushed through the waiting room out to the platform. It was cold outside but not cold enough for them to stay inside with a roomful of the enemy.

There is no love lost between hockey clubs in the National Hockey League, especially such bitter rivals as the Canadiens and the Red Wings. Last year, when Bob Goldham was with the Wings, and when the Canadiens and Wings rode together on the same train, he wouldn't go to eat in the diner if he had to pass through the Canadiens' car.

Very few of the Wings went right to bed when they got into RW1. They ate their sandwiches and drank their milk and began to loosen up and work off the tensions left by the game. A group of them sat in the washroom and talked hockey, told hunting and fish stories and how it was on road trips in the old days. "We used to have beer fights all the time. One night we had a pip, cans squirting all over the car. The car smelled something awful the next morning. A few years ago, this guy was traded to us and on his first trip we had a case of beer in the middle of the floor.

"'Hey, you better put that away,' one of the fellows said.

"'What's the matter?' he asked. 'Can't you drink on this club?'"

The old breed of hockey player—the water pistols and horsing around in hotel lobbies—apparently died out some time ago. "In those days," Skinner said, "they only played about 30 games a year. They had lots of time to lay around. Today, you have a long, tough schedule and better educated kids coming into the game. And the older fellows are more level-headed. They set standards for the kids to follow."

By 1 a.m. the stories had been told and the players began to feel sleepy and they slipped off to bed. The last two players up were Norm Ullman and Larry Hillman, both self-confessed insomniacs on trains.

Most of the players didn't get up until 9:30 the next morning, although Bucyk and Pronovost had rolled out when the train stopped in Toronto, at 7:30. At breakfast, Pavelich, Bucyk and Pronovost discussed the unusually high scores of the early-season games. When the train stopped at Galt, Ontario, Pavelich looked out the window and shook his head wistfully.

"I spent three of the happiest years of my life in Galt. I loved that town. That's where I crossed the bridge to go see my girl. She lived up on the hill." As the train pulled out of Galt, Pavelich went to the back of the train and looked out to see if he could see anyone he knew.

Later that morning the same groups began playing cards again; the others read or just lounged around.

"You got my book," Lindsay said to Godfrey.

"No, sir," Godfrey said. "As of now, it's my book."

"I bet you two bits," Howe said, "you can't bloody his nose."

From time to time, Canadien players would pass through the Red Wings' car on the way to the diner. There was an occasional muffled hello, or a nod of the head when they passed, but that was all. Once, when a Canadien passed, a Detroit player said, "I wouldn't say hello to that ------ if it was the last thing I ever did." The only time the Red Wings really became animated was when a young lady would pass through the car. Then all eyes would automatically follow her as she passed by and you could see a slip of a smile form on the woman's face until, by the time she got through the door, she was grinning from ear to ear.

At 1:40 in the afternoon the train went through Tilbury. There was *the* fan and his wife waving to the boys, the Red Wing sweater hung on a stick in front of the porch.

At Windsor, Skinner and Hall took leave of the train, Pavelich and Lindsay stepped out for a breath of fresh air and a trainman came up and asked for autographs for his boy. The two players obliged.

At 2:30, the train pulled into Detroit, right on time. Gordie Howe was greeted by his wife and two children and some of the other players by their wives and everyone scattered to the four winds in a rush. Since there was a game that night, they wouldn't have much time to spend at home.

The road trip was over but that night, on friendly home ice, the Red Wings righted the wrong that had been dealt them in Montreal by whipping the Canadiens, 8-3. That was the game in which Ted Lindsay became the fourth player in NHL history to score over 300 goals. He got three that night, his 299th, 300th and 301st. And the Red Wings were still in there punching.

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The All-American Everybody Boos

(*Continued from page* 51)

game supported McGuire's appraisal of his star. Rosenbluth threw in a twisting jump shot and two free throws in the closing seconds and the Tar Heels staggered off with an 81-77 victory. Lennie wound up with 35 points for the game. Next day, as Carolina was eliminated by Wake Forest, he bagged 28 more for a season's total of 614 and a game average of 26.7, sixth best among major-college scorers.

Of the electrifying finish against Virginia, McGuire said laconically, "It was just a matter of getting the ball to Lennie. I knew he'd put it in the hole."

Losing coach Bus Male of Virginia shrugged in futility. "Our defense was designed strictly to stop Rosenbluth," he said, "and you saw what he did to it."

The verbal attacks on Rosenbluth, which sometimes cross the bounds of decency, are something this 23-year-old athlete has taken in stride and continues to ignore this season as he leads a strong Tar Heel team. One explanation of the treatment Lennie received in the Virginia game is that he was playing in Reynolds Coliseum, basketball home of arch-rival North Carolina State. But that's superficial. It is the same story wherever he plays. On court after court, the boo-birds tee off on him.

Lennie's reaction is that of an old pro. "They pay their money and they can do what they want to," the quiet, personable product of New York City roughhouse basketball says. "They don't boo bad players; they feel sorry for them. When they boo, I just play that much harder." Lennie is no braggart, but he knows his ability and he doesn't hide behind false modesty.

"Whatever they holler at me," he said, "is nothing compared to what happened one time when I was playing in New York. They started throwing chairs off the balcony at us. We were just a few points ahead of the home team and the timekeeper wouldn't let time run out. We must have played three hours, and all that time here were those kids on the sidelines picking their finger nails with switchblades and glaring at us. When the game finally ended, they took after us. We ran out the door and headed for the subway station. To get away, we jumped down onto the subway track and ran to the next station.

"They invited us back for a return game," Lennie said, grinning, "but we passed that one up."

Few people around Carolina would argue that Rosenbluth can't take it, but that doesn't stop them from dishing it out. One ACC coach thinks he knows why. "He gets booed," says the coach, "because he wants to show-

boat and doesn't quite know how. He gives you that look of great pain after he makes a basket. He looks close to dying of fatigue when he hasn't run a lick on defense. And it's his mannerisms, his way of apparently getting relaxed. Some players shake their hands at their sides before shooting fouls but Rosy holds his out straight and shakes. It was hardly noticeable at the beginning, but since then he has done it more and more until now . . . why, at half-time at games at Duke, the student body stands up and gives him what I call the eagle shake. He wants to be appreciated and I think this is his way of appealing to the crowd."

The same coach adds, however, "I think he takes the booing well. He never says anything. He never seems to resent the crowd being against him."

Easy to talk to for the most part, Rosenbluth freezes up when this showboating charge is mentioned. "I'm not conscious of any gestures," he answers, and waits for the next question.

As one digs deeper into the mystery of the booing, two reasons show up—one valid (his appearance), the other debatable (his defensive play).

Rosenbluth starts a season at 184 pounds and wears down to 173. With his long, hairy legs, he resembles an animated pipestem. And always there is that deadpan, somewhat menacing countenance. His size-13 feet toe out and there is in his stride nothing of the customary athletic bounce. During warmups he looks very much the part of the tall, clumsy kid who didn't really want to come out for the team. Once in action, however, there is a sudden, complete transformation. Rosenbluth is quick and graceful and has every shot in the book, all remarkably "soft." He has the golden touch from almost any spot on the floor, sending the ball up to the hoop soft and lazy—even with a couple of guards hanging on his neck.

To a man, his critics concede that Lennie is unstoppable on offense. "We always go into a game figuring he's going to get a bundle," says one coach. "There's just no way to stop him. If you collapse around him in the pivot, he goes outside and kills you. He can jump shoot from beyond the range of the zone. I've never seen a shooter of his ability around here unless it was Dick Groat." (The Duke All-America now playing shortstop for the Pittsburgh Pirates.)

Then the same coach adds: "But he's terrible on defense. We always pass the ball to whoever Rosy is guarding. He sets our offense for us."

And a basketball man at North Carolina State says, "You may not believe this, but the reason we boo Rosenbluth is that he doesn't do a thing on defense. Our little men drive around him and all he does is wave at them."

Mention this to McGuire and his Irish temper flares. "Who plays defense?" he snorts. "Nobody plays defense today. I say Lennie does at least an average job on defense. Besides, I can't have Lennie fouling out. The minute he's out of there, we're licked."

This has been eminently true. As a sensational sophomore, Rosenbluth averaged 25.5 points to rank 12th in the nation and was the "gunner" of McGuire's Flaming Five. Game after game the Tar Heels did the iron-man trick, playing without a substitution. One game they gave State an 84-80 beating; it was only the second time Carolina had ever beaten an Everett Case-coached team. That victory was particularly sweet to Rosenbluth because he had once wanted to attend State and was turned down by Case.

Rosenbluth doesn't hesitate to admit he has defensive shortcomings. He doesn't even bother to cite the contradictory evidence that he has been his team's top rebounder two years running despite having taller teammates. He attributes any defensive shortcomings to the way he learned to play the game, mostly in public parks where there were no referees, no fouls and no coaches. "It was murder for anyone to drive in those park games," he recalls. "If somebody tried to go by you, he got a knee or an elbow. Lots of times we had to quit because somebody slammed into the pipes under the backboard and got knocked cold."

While this roughhouse background did nothing for his defensive play, it helped make Rosenbluth close to the most versatile player in college ball today. The articulate McGuire calls Lennie a freak. Not in a derogatory sense, of course, since Frank is ready to square off with anyone who pokes fun at his ace. "I mean he's a freak because he can play any place," McGuire says. "Put him in the pivot and you've got a great pivot man. Put him on the side and he's great there. Put him in backcourt and he quarterbacks the club for you."

Bones McKinney, who played professionally for the old Washington Caps and Boston Celtics before becoming assistant coach at Wake Forest, has this to say: "You find a lot of good inside shooters or outside shooters, but not many who can do both."

Discussing his versatility, Rosenbluth goes back again to his days in the Bronx parks. "You changed positions according to who was playing," he says. "One day I'd be the biggest kid, so I'd play the pivot. Next day there would be someone bigger than me, so I'd have to play outside."

From any position, he is deadly accurate; he sank 46 per cent of his shots last season. That average didn't put him at the top nationally but it should be noted that few of his tosses were the dunkers with which some players boost their percentages. Of Rosenbluth's shooting, Bones McKinney says, "He's the type who hits on four or five in a row. If his team is out of the game, he puts them back in, and if they're close, he puts them out of range. Every game they've won the last two years you can credit to Lennie Rosenbluth."

Jack Null, who coached Lennie at Staunton Military Academy and is now at VMI, recalls Rosenbluth's marksmanship. "While we were playing in the Eastern State Prep School tournament at Glens Falls, N. Y.," Null says, "Lennie put on a shooting demonstration I've never seen matched. He took ten shots in the third quarter, made the first seven, missed his eighth, and then made the next two. He had 21 points in the third period alone and we came from behind to beat Cathedral Prep of Erie, Pa., in the finals."

Echoing this is Buck Freeman, assistant to McGuire and once head coach in his own right at St. John's. Silver-haired Buck has been coaching basketball for 27 years. "I've

coached some great players," he says, "but never a shooter like Lennie." Freeman also has some thoughts on Rosenbluth's defensive play. "Listen," he says, "this fellow is much better than they give him credit for being. I'll tell you why some people think he's weak guarding. It's because he gambles a lot. He intercepts a lot of passes that way, but when he guesses wrong, he looks real bad. That's what the crowd sees and remembers."

Leonard Robert Rosenbluth, raised in the Bronx but for the last two years a resident of Greenville, Tenn., where his father is an executive for a television manufacturing company, almost didn't become a basketball player. "My big sport at first was stickball," Lennie says. "We'd close off a block and, if the cops didn't come, have a big money game—five bucks a man with lots of side bets."

Then one night when Lennie was 14, his father, Jack Rosenbluth, a former minor-league first-baseman, took him to Madison Square Garden to watch NYU play Bowling Green in what was an exciting game. Lennie decided it was basketball for him and started playing in gym classes at Herman Ridder Junior High. The next year he went out for basketball at James Monroe High School but says he was cut from the squad. As his coach, the veteran Irwin Dickstein, remembers that year, however, Lennie was scholastically ineligible the first semester. "Lennie came to me," Dickstein says, "as a raw kid who knew very little about basketball. But he was tall and had beautiful basketball hands, strong and well-coordinated."

Dickstein worked with Lennie on a one-handed jump shot which today is his best weapon. In Lennie's junior year, Dickstein recalls, he again was ineligible the first semester but developed into a star in the second half.

That spring Harry Gotkin, a basketball fanatic, asked Lennie to play in a Catskill Mountain summer league—the then powerful Borscht Circuit in New York. Gotkin's idea was to line up Rosenbluth for North Carolina State, where his nephew, Davey Gotkin, was headed. Lennie played in the summer league, and one day his club defeated a team coached by Red Auerbach of the Boston Celtics. Lennie threw in, as he recalls, "about 30 points." Auerbach was so impressed he asked Lennie to try out with them.

Rosenbluth, a not-so-callow youth of 18, figured he had nothing to lose, especially since New York City high school coaches were striking for more money and interscholastic sports were temporarily dead. In September he took a train for Boston and spent a week practicing alongside fellows like Bob Cousy and Easy Ed Macauley. "I just went to see what I could pick up," he says. "I didn't have any real hope of making the club although I did have some good days. Then Auerbach said, 'Well, thanks a lot,' and back I went to New York.

"Pretty soon Harry Gotkin calls up and says his nephew, Hy Gotkin (former St. John's All-America), is coaching the Carlton YMCA team in Brooklyn which had won the national YMCA championship the year before. He wanted me to play." Carlton YMCA was loaded. Its roster included Sihugo Green; Sherman White, the LIU star named in the gambling scandals; and Ray Felix, now with the Knicks. The team won about 60 games in a row before it broke up. The top scorer in that illustrious company was high school senior Rosenbluth.

"College scouts began coming around," Lennie says, "but everytime someone approached me I told him it was no use—that I was going to N.C. State. My buddy Dave Gotkin was down there and he had me sold."

During Easter vacation Rosenbluth drove to Raleigh, "to see Davey Gotkin." He saw Davey all right, but he also worked out under the critical eye of Everett Case. "It was about 90 degrees in the old Thompson gym," Lennie says. "I wasn't in good shape since the Carlton Y team had about broken up. We'd been playing on a small court, too. I ran up that long court once and almost collapsed. I couldn't do a thing. I was so pooped my shots were way off. Case decided he wasn't interested."

"I had chased most of the scouts away," Len says. "The others backed off when a story broke that I was on the Celtics' negotiation list. The first time I heard of it was in the papers. There was no rule against the pros contacting high school players but Maurice Podoloff (president of the National Basketball Association) put one in. He fined Auerbach and said I couldn't play for the Celtics ever."

His high school coach, Irwin Dickstein, feels that Lennie's poor scholastic work, since greatly improved, probably chased most of the scouts away. "I interested Mr. McGuire in him," Dickstein says, "and I am glad my faith in Lennie was rewarded."

McGuire was interested. He told Lennie to sit tight, as he was leaving St. John's for either Alabama or North Carolina and wanted him in either case. It turned out to be North Carolina. But the director of admissions balked: Lennie had no math or foreign language. "I was stuck again," Lennie says, "and here it was September. But they got me into Staunton on a third scholarship."

After a tremendous year at Staunton, where he concentrated scholastically on math and Spanish, Rosenbluth stepped into college ball with ease, and began his scoring splurge right away. He has set new school records every year. "I don't know what records he'll break this year," McGuire says.

To prove his point, McGuire likes to recall the Clemson game last season, which Carolina won in double-overtime. "Lennie scored 45 points," Frank says, "with the entire team guarding him. It was the greatest thing I ever saw. Clemson should have beaten us, but Lennie just wouldn't let them."

Lennie hardly ever "lets them." Basketball is serious business to him. "You're out there to win," he says, "not to fool around. That's why I don't notice the booing. I'm too busy. I guess maybe I'm so serious because of the playground training. In the parks, we played half-court, three-on-three. If your team lost, you went to the end of the line and it was an hour before you got to play again. If you didn't take the game seriously, you spent most of the day watching instead of playing. And I like to play. I wish we played every night."

McGuire certifies Lennie's attitude. "Of course, he's serious," he says. "That's because he's a basketball player and not a clown. If he ever smiles out there, I'll kill him."

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The Shot Nobody Can Stop

(*Continued from page* 33)

the jump shot is the most revolutionary force to hit the game of basketball in the last decade. It has added some 20 points to the over-all scoring in games played today, it has improved shooting percentages, it has changed the defenses, and as a fellow-broadcaster, Bud Palmer, pointed out in an article in SPORT last season, almost 75 per cent of the shots now taken by the pros are jump shots. The percentage might run even higher in the colleges and high schools. Everybody, it seems, has joined the club.

Why have so many players adopted the shot? Why is it virtually impossible to defend against? None of it happened overnight. As a former college player at the University of Wyoming and a one-handed shooter myself (the one-hand shot is actually the forerunner of the jump shot), and as a working basketball broadcaster, I have watched the jump shot grow up. For one thing, when a player springs off the floor for a jump shot, there is little danger of it being blocked. For another, once he is up there, the shooter has an unobstructed view of the basket; no hands are reaching into his eyes to block his vision. The stop-and-jump pattern of making a jump shot produces defensive fouls, too, and this makes the defense even more wary. And, as I indicated before, the shooter has the advantage of being the only one who knows when he is going to take the shot. All he needs is to be in range (the prescribed distance for best accuracy is 20 feet or closer). Outside, a shooter has more room to work with the ball, so he doesn't need the jump shot. It's only when they clog the lane on you when you're driving that you need it.

Although the jump shot has created a greater need for the big man than ever before, inadvertently it has helped the so-called little man (i.e. 6-0 to 6-4) make a place for himself in the pro game. A jump shot depends not so much on height as it does on the spring in a player's legs. Look at Arizin (6-4) and Bill Sharman (6-2), the two best jump shooters in the National Basketball Association. They are both just average-sized, as the pros run today. You couldn't expect either one of them to muscle his way around the basket for points the way big guys like Bob Pettit and Clyde Lovellette do. The jump shot, though, has made Arizin and Sharman two of the deadliest scorers the game has ever seen.

There were some fears early this season that the gifted Arizin had lost some of his spring in getting off his jump shot. Neither he nor the defending champion Philadelphia Warriors had got off to a good start. (Remember, Tom Gola was drafted by the Army before the start of the season.) Still, Arizin wasn't scoring the way he did in his previous four seasons as a 1,000-point-a-year man. The suspicion grew that his spring was gone—and with it, his vaunted jump shot. Then, in a game on November 17, at Camden, N. J., he hit with his first ten shots as he scored 26 points and spearheaded the Warriors to a 109-96 decision over the Syracuse Nats. He was off on another scoring spree after that.

Evidence that the jump shot has taken over can be seen everywhere. Go out and watch any high school team play and you'll see a raft of kids jumping around as if they were on pogo sticks. Adolph Rupp, the coach at Kentucky, told me that most of the boys who come to him now have a pretty good jump shot, in addition to their other basketball wares. And you will find this is pretty much the case in almost every other college in the country. The kids nowadays enter college with pretty fair jump shots and polish them up during their varsity careers so that by the time the very good ones reach the pros they have achieved close to the ultimate in perfection in jump shooting. Where do they pick it up in the first place? They see it whenever they attend a pro game, or whenever they watch one on television, like the NBA Game of the Week, which I broadcast with Lindsay Nelson on NBC every Saturday afternoon. The next thing you know, the kids are out in the backyard practicing the shot themselves.

"The jump shot is absolutely taking over," says Hank Iba, the long-time coach at Oklahoma A&M. "It is the only shot we have left today. I saw it really come into vogue about seven or eight years ago, but the first jump shooter we had in the Southwest was Johnny Adams of Arkansas, back in 1940 and 1941.

"The jump shot has also changed the defenses," Iba says. "It is usually taken from the free-throw circle on in, so we have been forced to mass around the foul lane to stop the shot. That is why you see so many sagging defenses today. And you don't see many set-ups in basketball any more. That's because the defense is laying back and clogging up from under the basket out to the top of the foul circle."

It is the opinion of Adolph Rupp that the defense has yet to be invented that can effectively stop the jump shot. "The shot is nearly impossible to guard against," he says, "and I would conservatively say it has added 20 points to the total score of a basketball game as it is played today."

Red Auerbach, whose Boston Celtics are perennially the highest-scoring team in the NBA, also attributed the increased point production to the advent of the jump shot. "Yes, I would say that the jump shot has added around 15 to 20 points to the totals of our games in the National Basketball Association," Red says. "The jump shot is the evolution of the one-handed shot. The players have discovered they can get real good control by holding the ball with two hands as they jump in the air, then releasing the ball one-handed at the top of their jump. Some players rely on out-jumping their opponent to get the shot away. Others are successful with the shot because they know in advance when they are going to jump, and that gives them the edge."

Red credits Joe Fulks, who played for Philadelphia, with being the first great jump shooter in the pro game, but he says the shot has come a long way since then. "A flood of good jump shooters have hit the courts since, but I would rate Paul Arizin and our own Bill Sharman as the

finest jump shooters in the world."

Although the NBA rosters are dotted with jump-shooting specialists, Arizin and Sharman are naturally everybody's favorites. Arizin, of course, has the moves. He shoots in a flat trajectory. Just give him a little room and he will take off toward the basket, stop on a dime and jump. He's simply great to watch. But Sharman is just about the best shot in basketball. He may not score as many points as Arizin will over a season, and he's smaller, but when it comes to accuracy, Bill is uncanny. In addition to his great natural eye for the basket and the delicate touch he gives all of his shots, he has developed his own tricks in making the jump shot his most effective scoring weapon. When Sharman goes up for a jump shot, he has a way of bending backward. This makes him even tougher to guard and increases his chances of drawing a foul. Bill has told me that the jump shot is a great psychological weapon for him, too. He says it gives him an alternative shot. Since the man guarding him knows by now that Bill can be expected at any time to take a pass and suddenly spring up and take a jump shot, Sharman has found that often a player will leap up instinctively to block it even before Bill has committed himself. In such cases, Bill dribbles around his man for an easy layup shot.

Although he is a strong advocate of the jump shot, Hank Iba is not blind to some of its weaknesses. "The shot has also brought more big men into basketball than any other single phase of the game," he says. "But when a man shoots a jump shot, he is up in the air and he becomes a weak rebounder. Thus, the coaches want all the big men possible to rebound on the boards and compensate for the jump shooter. Also, any time a taller man finds a player a few inches shorter guarding him, he will immediately move in close to the basket, receive a pass and take a jump shot that the smaller man cannot stop.

"I think we coaches perhaps have been remiss in not working on our jump shooters by moving them three steps farther out from the 25-foot area and seeing if we can't develop them into better long shooters. The jump shot seems to be very limited in its range. It has been a kind of disease with the kids. They don't practice the long or outside shots any more."

Red Auerbach also puts in a dissenting word about the shot. "As much as I like the jump shot," he says, "I know it has its drawbacks. For one thing, when a player is hanging up in the air, he has already committed himself and he has nowhere to go on the court. The shooter is out of position to rebound and I would say that the shot is limited from the head of the foul circle in for accuracy. I don't think a coach should concentrate entirely on the jump shot, but I would hate to be without some good jump shots in the game as it is played today."

"Maybe it doesn't help a team's over-all rebounding to have a jump shooter," says Bill Sharman, "but I've found in my own case that, because a defensive man goes up at least a split second after the jump shooter does, I'm down on the floor while he's still up there, so I am able to go around him and help out on the rebounding."

Many people seem to think Sharman learned the jump shot after he came into the NBA. Actually, he first discovered it in his junior year at the University of Southern California. "I wasn't the first in the Coast Conference to use it, but I know the shot was a rarity back in that 1948-49 season," he says. "I used to play the corner a lot, and sometimes they would double-team me and stop me from driving out of the corner. By accident, I let go a couple of shots out of the corner by jumping high in the air and flipping the ball one-handed at the top of my jump. I was surprised at how comfortable the shot felt to me and I discovered the defense couldn't stop it. My coach, Sam Barry, told me it looked like an awkward desperation shot, but I kept working on it because it felt so natural to me. I guess that's because my whole body went into the shot and I had proper balance when I let it go."

There is still another advantage the jump shot has over the standard basketball shots. A change in the court does not affect the accuracy of a jump shooter as it does with, say, a set shooter. Arizin will score his 23 points in Syracuse or in Boston just as easily as he will in Philadelphia. He won't have a 31-point game one night and score just ten the next. Sharman will score well on the road, too. They're consistent everywhere they go, as most jump shooters are. But set shooters, who naturally fire from further out, are more easily affected by the different conditions confronting them in the various arenas. Many coaches have told me that they dread road games because of what they do to their set shooters. The changes in lighting and background tend to hamper their accuracy. Carl Braun of the New York Knickerbockers, for instance, is a great set shooter. But I think his accuracy falls off once he gets away from his home court. In addition to the greater distance they have to shoot, the set shooters usually have favorite spots on the floor from which they like to set. But the jump shooters work from closer in and their accuracy remains consistent. In fact, it has been proved that the jump shot has improved shooting averages up and down the line, from the high schools right through to the pro league.

And, while the jump shot is supposed to have been a boon to the big man, you still don't find too many of them developing into really first-rate jump shooters. Bob Pettit of the St. Louis Hawks has one, along with everything else, but he shoots his while falling away from the basket. Seven-foot Wilt Chamberlain, the sensational Kansas sophomore, banks his jump shot in off the backboard, the first of that kind I've ever heard of.

No matter how you throw it, though, it's the shot nobody can stop.

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Crashing The Pro Golf Circuit

(*Continued from page* 35)

nation. He was married, but there were no children. He had to begin with a fairly large bank account, stuffed by years of calculated economy while in the service and at home. He had his passion for the game and his record of being able to hold his own with good men on his own home course.

He also had the necessary sponsors. A young golfer needs money before he can pull up stakes and take off on the winding golf trail. Sometimes, some benevolent, well-heeled friend or a club group, for friendship or profit, will give the fledgling pro a helping hand. There can be considerable financial and prestige returns to them, of course. Claude Harmon, a cherubic Westchesterite who has won most of golf's major prizes, points out such help is vital: "It's hard to win on a shoestring, worrying all the time," he says. "It's wonderful, almost necessary, to be financed and loose." He noted that Gene Littler, the talented young pro, was, for example, staked to $15,000 at the beginning by the Thunderbird Club in Palm Springs.

The financial help given Mike Fetchick was somewhat less than staggering. At his Quaker Ridge Country Club, members chipped in $1,800 for him in 1953, which was to be a part-time first crack at the circuit, and $1,200 in 1954. By PGA rules the beginner must play the circuit for six months before he can share in a pay-off. An average of 250 golfers compete for the 150-or-so starting berths in each winter tourney, and those not certified by past success must scrap with one another in a rugged qualifying round which dashes the hopes of most. Aside from this, newcomers rarely manage to win much of the loot. It is something golfers can't readily explain, but it seems to take considerable time and experience—and consequent pain—for the tournament rookie to shoot as well as he did at home when he was merely building his dreams.

In that first year, Mike came back without a dime. "Not a dime," he said recently, looking back on it reluctantly. He is a hefty, lively, dark individual, and his athletic body was hunched over in a chair as he thought back on his early trials. "Not a dime," Marie, his wife, a slender brunette, who was always with him, echoed, smiling at the bitter-sweet pleasantness of sad things at last past.

His second year, he made the full swing and garnered the grand total of $843.34. It is important to remember that all this time he was a fine golfer, frequently a sub-par shooter, one capable of beating many of his circuit opponents in lesser meets at home. On tour he was a good golfer, but not a winner, and the consolation prizes are so small as to be hardly worth the trouble of extending yourself.

You do not always have to play poorly to do poorly. Once, at San Diego, he shot a six-under-par for 72 holes, and wound up with a $178 share of last-place money. Mike feels that to break even in the PGA-minimum $5,000 tourney a golfer must be among the first 14 finishers. He was not doing this. His funds were shrinking. "We never starved," he said, soberly. "But, I saw more than one fellow round up his family and borrow money to get home on."

The Fetchicks got their first lift in January of 1955, when he earned $1,000 by placing third in Brawley, Calif., in one of the smaller, unsanctioned affairs along the route. "That felt wonderful," he admits, making clear how little encouragement he asked. "I felt I was getting somewhere." That year he made $4,009.58 on the peculiarly checkered pattern of the rugged route—almost a third of what he spent.

In March of 1956, he won his first major tournament, at St. Petersburg, Fla., celebrating a $2,000 first-place check that night at dinner. Back home the local newspaper was flooded with happy comments and clippings on the local boy who had made good. His neighbors took pride in talking about him. In October, Fetchick struck it rich, when he won San Francisco's famed Western Open in a four-way first-place playoff. His winner's share was worth $5,000. And in December he took the Sanford Open, worth another $5,000 to him. The two prizes sent his year's earnings soaring up to the $20,000 mark.

His life's savings long gone by then, he had, at least, for the first time passed his personal break-even line of $13,000. He had achieved a degree of fame. His future looked more secure.

However, each year Fetchick puts on the pro circuit from now on—and he plans many—is likely to be as rugged as any other. At its sweetest, the golf circuit is studded with obstacles, and at all times demands great and unusual sacrifices from the individual performer.

Mike's 1956 tour began in Los Angeles. The names of his one-a-week homes included Caliente, Pebble Beach, Phoenix, Tucson, San Antonio, Houston, Baton Rouge, Pensacola, St. Petersburg, Miami, Wilmington, Greenbrier and Las Vegas. For faraway brief tourney stops, Mike sometimes has to fly. His wife usually doesn't go with him, to cut expenses, but she did make the Las Vegas jaunt. ("Anyone would want to go there," she laughs.) From there they went to Fort Worth, Dallas, Boston, Chicago, Milwaukee, Philadelphia, Hartford, Montreal, Quebec, St. Paul, Detroit, Akron, Fort Wayne, San Diego, San Francisco and Havana.

Almost all golfers, Mike included, drive from one tournament to another. Their expenses run to the normal repairs, tires, gas and oil. The current chariot, a 1956 Buick, replaced the old one which reached the end of its two-year limit after logging 48,000 miles. Marie doesn't drive. "Each time I get home I take a couple more lessons," she says hopefully. So, Mike does all of the monotonous, muscle-bending labor behind the wheel.

The Fetchicks prefer motels to hotels and average $8 a room a night, though winter tourist rates often skyrocket the fee to $13 or more. They had to handle all of their own accommodations—the PGA and its tourney manager do not help out with such items—and Marie, who worked at various times in the beginning to help out, now does his vast amount of secretarial work. She has folders

mounting with tournament schedules, money lists, entry blanks, advance plans, receipts and so forth. And they have to consult her collection to find out where they'll be next week or next month.

They figure it costs $15 a day for food, about $9 of which big Mike, who burns up a lot of energy, consumes. "We always try to live nice, too," Mike says. "I never figured it right not to eat too decent or not to stay at a nice clean place." He recalled what one golfer once said about the situation: "If you have a little room, you have a little swing."

You need a big swing to get along, of course. The money seems to flow through their fingers and some they send home. An accepted item like laundry can be expensive and trying. "The first thing you do when you get in is to rush to the laundry," Marie says. "That's my job. We spend about a week in each place and we always have to get our clothes sent right out so we'll have them back in time. And I do a lot myself, so we always carry our trusty little steam iron." One gets the impression that Mike's break-even struggle on the circuit brings them much closer together than couples in more normal, settled routines. They carry a great deal of luggage with them. "Each year you keep saying you won't take much," Marie said, "but you do."

What it amounts to is that to live on the tour 11 months of the year you cannot stretch two shirts and an extra pair of socks to last. Marie is, by now, an expert packer, but she has "a system" that helps. "I don't know if it's the accepted way," she said, somewhat shyly, "but most of the time I just don't unpack. I open up our suitcases and spread them around and we just live out of them." She thought about it awhile. "I feel sorry for people with children," she said. "They have so many big things—strollers and carriages and things like that."

Although their number seems to be dwindling, many golf families travel in trailers, which cuts out a lot of expenses. Doug Ford, for example, has taken his lovely red-haired wife, Marilyn, and his two small sons, now 11 and five, on the rounds with him in a trailer in recent summers. "They love it," Doug said, his ruggedly-handsome, moon-face creasing in a smile. "It's a lot of fun," his wife added.

Among other things, it is the loneliness a golfer strives to beat. Leaving his family home would save little money, at that. The Fetchicks spent only four weeks of 1956 at home, but they paid rent on their neat little house the year 'round. "You have to know you have some place to get back to," Mike explained, "someplace to relax."

"Rushing in, rushing out," Marie says of the tour, "you get used to it, but it's not really a home life. You can't really entertain. You don't have a home."

The Fetchicks have made close friends in the vast golfing family, including the Mike Souchaks, Bob Toskis and Ed Furgols. The married couples get together frequently, as might be expected. The single golfers, who usually pair off to cut expenses, stick together and can be a little more carefree. Golfers and their families feel set apart and this unites them closely in many ways.

The Fetchicks always look for a television set in their room. Their recreation varies according to the town. It includes movies ("cowboy movies," Marie emphasized), playing cards, and occasionally going fishing or swimming. "And the men sit around and talk," Marie added. "They sit and talk golf." The 19th hole, the motel yard, the hotel lobby, are gathering-places. The wives have it worse for they are by themselves while their husbands are caught up in the competition. Many attend the tournaments, but are usually too nervous to watch their own husbands. They play cards, too, and go to movies and shop. "Mostly window shop, "Marie said, "depending on how well your husband is doing and how crowded the car is."

There are a great many cities along the way they dread. "You'd be surprised," Mike comments, matter-of-factly, "the number of cities where you can't wait to get out, where you can't get a nice clean place to sleep or a decent meal to eat." Sometimes they leave swearing they'll never return, but if the stakes are high they come back. "The thing I always worry about," Marie says, "is finding a nice motel. One that's nice and doesn't charge too much. That's something, anyway. You have to make the most of it."

Within the golfing family all is not sweetness and light, of course. The pros are vieing with one another for food on the table and eventually mink on mama's back. There are small and large tensions and squabbles over everything from rules to speed of play. At such close quarters, harmony is desirable but frequently difficult. Fetchick himself was caught up in a rhubarb this year with the rapid-firing, impatient, outspoken Doug Ford, and the Yonkers background they share did not settle things. Doug wanted Mike to speed up his play. It passed, in time.

Of all the things one golfer needs to surpass another—strong hands, sharp eyes, an alert mind—the actual playing equipment is secondary, for most of the golfers use similar materials. For his roughly 2,500 holes of golf a year, Mike carries two complete sets of 34 clubs, plus two extra putters. "It's important," he comments, "to stick with the same clubs and know what you can and can't do with them and to have their feel, but some times you just want to change off." Marie, too, carries a set, though she seldom plays.

the sport quiz

Answers from page 62

1 (A) Randy Jackson, U. of Texas; (B) Jackie Jensen, U. of California; (C) Bill Skowron, Purdue. 2 (B) End in sudden-death overtime. 3 Perry (Great Britain); Pails (Australia); Vines (United States); Bromwich (Australia). 4 Larry Doby's. 5 Julian-Kaftan; Iba-Kurland; Hickey-Macauley. 6 McDaniel (high jump); Mann (100-meter butterfly); McCormick (3-meter and platform dives). 7 Danny Litwhiler. 8 College (40 minutes); Pro (48 minutes). 9 Tam O'Shanter (Illinois); Pinehurst (North Carolina); Pebble Beach (California); Seminole (Florida). 10 Beau Jack and Al (Bummy) Davis.

Mike is connected with Ben Hogan's new line of clubs and his play helps advertise it, so costs him nothing. Sports firms regularly supply golfers, depending on the individual importance of each, with clubs and balls, and even the slacks and shirts and shoes and socks and, occasionally, even with underwear, all of which contribute to the sporty and well-dressed appearance most famous golfers make. Usually they repay the golfer for his purchases, so the country clubs do not lose the regular retail business.

Mike pays $65 yearly PGA dues and $1 for every $100 in each tourney purse as an entry fee. He pays $50 to enter a $5,000 affair and last money, usually $100, is often split several ways because of ties. It is painful sometimes to get an $8 check as Mike did in the $25,000 Tam "All-American," or to get $293.75 the next week, as Mike did, when a better performance might have been worth $100,000.

Caddy fees run to about $10 a day, if you do any practicing at all, and pros have to practice. It is not enough just to play. for a tournament is no time to experiment with a phase of the game which may be proving troublesome. If you lose out early in a tournament, you set a solo course for the next stop and practice on the next course right away.

A money-winner must shoot an average of 71 or better. Slumps are frequent and hard to shake. You can't explain the ups and downs of even a good golfer's game. "When things are going right for you," Fetchick said, "you can hit it any way and it falls right in. When you're going bad you can knock it right to the cup and it'll find a way to stay out. You can't explain golf slumps. No one has the secret and if anyone does he's not going to tell."

The playing problems are enormous. Courses are altered to make them tougher for a big tournament. Golfers have their hands full with sponsors, club members and fans, who are always at their elbows, asking for autographs, stepping on their feet, asking, as they prepare to make a crucial shot, why they're using a particular club. Sometimes, the worst you have to take is a member complaining because you're using his locker. It can be worse.

Golf is a game of concentration which demands great self-control and discipline, a situation which perhaps helps explain the normally slow getaway of the rookie.

It can degenerate into a battle of nerves. A moment of carelessness, a single bad shot can cost thousands of dollars. The golfer is playing without contract or a guaranteed paycheck. They try to forget near-misses. "It only hurts," Fetchick says sadly, "for a little while. You can't play a shot over. You have to get used to it and forget the bad ones. The next shot is new. Each day is new."

The next day always promises a lot. Ford, who has been one of the most consistently successful, takes pride in his continuing rank in the first eight money winners ever since 1949, when he was launched with $4,000 in earnings. He boasts of two and one-half years without missing a payoff. No man plays more tourneys. "In six years I haven't missed three tourneys," he said. "You have to be crazy to miss many. Too much money at stake. These next three tournaments," he said, counting on his substantial fingers, "there's two fifty-thousands, two twenty-five thousands, two twenty-thousands. A lot of money. I can't miss those."

It is always the golfer's hope that the next tourney will represent the gold strike which the last one didn't, and the fear of missing the big one drives him on, particularly the young, hungry one. From the beginning it is their own decision. They are not, like young baseball talent, sought out. They are on their own to make out; they are not nursed along and they may starve part of the time.

In the end there is usually becoming a pro, averaging 1,000 lessons a year, and perhaps still playing part of the time. An assistant pro makes $3,500 to $5,500, Doug Turnesa reveals. The "name pro," who has settled, may average anywhere from $8,500 to $12,500 or more. With luck they may still be permitted to play the major tournaments.

Some club pros, of course, rarely see their home base. They are booked out of a home club and repaid for the publicity value. After he won the PGA tourney, Doug Ford ("of Kiamesha Lake, N.Y.") recognized the resentment of his home-towners. "I may not represent Yonkers in the newspapers," he told a welcoming crowd," "but my heart is always in Yonkers. I'm Yonkers through and through. It just happens the pay is better elsewhere."

Covering the full circuit is the only way to succeed as a pro. It is the only route to fame and fortune in golf. "Oh, I might have given it up several times," Fetchick says today. "I was discouraged a lot of times. I never wanted to give up the game—not golf. I love it and I'll always stick with it in some way. But more than once I was ready to quit that circuit."

"The tour is like a college education," Claude Harmon comments. "You can be an A and B student in high school, but when you get to college you find it doesn't mean much. It takes you four years at least on tour, to get sharp, even if you really have it, and it's the only way you'll learn."

Fetchick recognizes the value of his experience. "Maybe one of the reasons you start so slowly is you don't really know the game. I don't think I've improved as much physically as I have mentally. I can play a shot not just one way, but five or six ways now. It makes a difference—the difference between making a buck and not."

Fred Corcoran, who guided the pros as tourney manager from 1936 to 1948, can talk at length and with clear sadness, about the tough assignment facing the beginning pro. He feels that what golf desperately needs is a "minor league" in which youngsters may develop their game and that without one there will never be a cure for the problems of these struggling and starving kids.

He thinks too many go out too soon, before they are ready, grow discouraged and quit. He recognizes the heavy toll the demands of tournament apprenticeship takes, thinning the ranks of potential stars.

"It's only," Fred Corcoran says, summing up a sad tale, "a race for the very swift."

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Second Chance For Roland La Starza

(*Continued from page* 37)

sent me to Jimmy and he's the only manager I ever had or ever wanted.

"I was undefeated in 37 fights the first time I fought Marciano—and I still believe, and always will, that when the fight was over I was still undefeated. One judge voted for me and one for Rocky on rounds. The referee called the fight even on rounds and gave the decision to Rocky on points. What outraged me was that the referee and the judge who voted against me gave the last two rounds to Rocky when they were my best rounds. I was a little slow getting started but in the last two rounds I had him backing up all over the ring. Is that right, Jimmy?"

"That's right," Jimmy D'Angelo said.

"I was very bitter about the decision," Roland said. "I wanted to fight Rocky again right away to prove I could lick him again but Al Weill kept putting me off and I was bitter about that, too. But I never felt any bitterness toward Rocky. Why should I? He didn't rob me of the decision. We were good friends then and we are good friends now. I always said that if I couldn't become champion, I wanted to see him make it. Well, I got my wish, didn't I?

"I was over-trained for the second fight. I've never been half-hearted about the things I've done and I wasn't going to miss out on this chance at the title for any lack of condition. I'd waited too long for it and having it would mean so much to me, not only in money but in just being champion, all it stands for. But without taking anything away from Rocky, I blew it because I worked too hard for it.

"First I went to Mays Landing (N.J.) for a couple of weeks and from there I went to Greenwood Lake. Jimmy was sick with a heart attack and could spend very little time with me. The result was I had things my own way. I was the boss of the camp—and I didn't know what I was doing. I was too eager. I was on the road for four and five miles every morning, where before that I'd never run more than two or three. I boxed too many rounds and overdid my bag punching and my calisthenics. Near the end, I was tired every day—and then I'd work harder, trying to pull myself out of it. I would have been better off if I had fought Rocky three or even four weeks earlier."

La Starza made a good showing in the early rounds of the fight but along about the sixth round it was plain that he had to be worn down by the champion and knocked out, and he was, the end coming in the eleventh round. Up to now, nothing good has happened to him as a fighter since that night of September 24, 1953.

"I took a good rest after that," Roland said. "I was tired out and sore from the punches Rocky had landed—and even more from the punches I'd blocked up to the last couple of rounds, when my arms were so heavy and so badly bruised I could hardly keep them up. But in the early spring of 1954, I felt good again and Jimmy and I went to London to fight Don Cockell in March. He got the decision—it was a ten-round bout—and people still ask me every once in a while: 'How on earth did you ever lose to Cockell?'

"My answer is that I didn't lose, any more than I lost the first fight with Marciano. Only in this case I won more easily. Ask Bill Heinz about that—or Barney Nagler."

(W. C. Heinz, magazine writer, author and boxing authority, says, "I scored the fight seven rounds to three in favor of La Starza. Barney had it six and four, in favor of La Starza. We were the only Americans in the press row. None of the English writers agreed with us but there was one other who did. When the decision was announced, a Swedish writer tapped me on the shoulder and said, 'This is dreadful.'

"La Starza had been warned that if he landed only one low blow it would cost him the fight, and he was very careful to keep his punches up. Cockell hit him low four times—and drew three warnings from the referee. Apparently the rule applied only to the foreigner and not to the home boy. I asked to see the referee's score card—in England the referee is the sole judge of a fight—but the officials refused to permit me to do so. It was this that caused Jimmy D'Angelo and me to blow our tops in an argument in the dressing room.")

There wasn't, of course, anything anyone could do to bring about a change of decision but La Starza and D'Angelo were seething when they left England and their flight across the Atlantic did nothing to cool them off.

"It was about that time," Roland said, "that my elbows began to trouble me. Although we had made no matches, so that I wasn't in active training, it seemed that every move I made, even if it was only to pick up the salt cellar at the dinner table, there was a twinge in my right elbow. I thought the rest I was taking would do the elbows some good but it didn't. If anything, the condition was aggravated."

"What did you think? I mean, could you trace the soreness back to a cause?"

"I tried to," Roland said. "First I thought it might be a kind of inflammatory rheumatism. The first time I remembered having any elbow trouble was right after my fight with Rex Layne, the last one I had before I fought Rocky the second time. That time the soreness passed away. Then I got to thinking about when I played football on the sandlots, when I was going to high school and City College. I was always either a guard or a fullback and spent a lot of time on the ground, tackling somebody or being tackled myself.

"I mentioned before how sore my arms were after the second Marciano fight from blocking Rocky's punches. In the fifth round, I think it was, he hit me a terrible punch on my left arm and bent it back so far I thought for a moment it was broken. Maybe, I figured, all those falls I'd taken in football and all the punches I'd blocked in boxing had torn something in my elbows.

"I went to a doctor, finally. I had put it off as long as possible because I thought a doctor would tell me I had to have an operation. This one did. He said there were bone chips in both elbows. Then he said he could take them out but he couldn't promise that I could box afterward. I got out of his office in a hurry. I didn't

want an operation anyway, and I certainly wasn't going to have one if it might mean the end of my career. And I didn't want to see any more doctors right then.

"It was April when I came back from England and I laid off until November. Then we took a match with Charley Norkus for December 1 in Cleveland and I went back into training. By now my elbows were really raising the devil with me.

"Outside of that," he said, grinning, "I was in great shape. Anyway, I looked all right from the outside. But I wasn't. Every time I blocked a punch or missed one, the pain was bad. A couple of times I thought of asking Jimmy to call the fight off. I knew he would do it in a minute if I asked him. But I didn't. I was determined to go through with it. Then I began to take nerve blocks."

"Nerve blocks? What are they?"

"Coke," he said, unhappily. "I had both arms coked when I was going to box in the gym and when I boxed Norkus. Why does a fellow do a thing like that to himself? It's a good question. It's hard for me to think up a good answer now. All I can say is that I wanted to get moving again and I was sure I could beat Norkus without much trouble. But I didn't. I made a miserable showing. I should never have been in the ring and I've regretted ever since that I took the fight.

"And then came Mederos?"

"Then," Roland said, nodding, "came Mederos. That was the worst of all. It was three months after the Norkus fight. Meanwhile, I'd been making the rounds of the doctors. They all knew what was wrong with me. Some said an operation wouldn't do me any good. Some said it might but I was shocked when they told me what an operation would cost. I decided to postpone the operation, if I was going to have one at all. I figured that even with two bum elbows I could lick Mederos. And, of course, I'd have my arms coked."

Julio Mederos is a nondescript Cuban heavyweight who had done all his fighting in and about Havana until, the year before, he had shifted his base to Miami Beach, where he achieved only indifferent results, beating stumble bums and losing to every name fighter he met. The fight with La Starza was held at Miami on March 2, 1955.

"It was a horrible experience," Roland said. "When my arms were coked, some of the stuff must have got into my bloodstream and affected my sight, because, going into the ring, I could hardly see out of my left eye. Mederos is not much of a fighter but he's strong and he can punch and, half blind as I was, I knew I was in for a rough night. I couldn't get started. I couldn't do anything right. I managed to hold him off for a while but he was belting me. I never got hit with so many clean right-hand shots to the head, even by Marciano, as I did in this fight. In the fifth round I was really knocked out. I saw the punch coming, but dimly, and I couldn't block it or get away from it or even roll with it. It hit me on the chin and when I fell my head struck the floor.

"My brother was in the back of the arena. He rushed down to the ring and when I came to in my corner, he was bending over me. I think he was crying. I remember him saying; 'My God! My God! I thought you were killed! When your head hit the floor it sounded like a pistol shot!'

"Then he said, 'Roland, you got to quit!'

"Groggy as I was, I agreed with him. And later, when he and Jimmy talked to me about it, I didn't argue with them. Two years before I was in a spot where I might have become heavyweight champion. Now I had been licked by a fellow who never had licked a good fighter in his life. Even if I wanted to go on fighting, which I didn't, who was going to offer me more than peanuts to fight again?

"That's the way I felt then. It took me a while to think different. When that happened, I started to make the rounds of the doctors again because I knew unless my elbow trouble was cleared up, it would be useless for me to try to fight again—and I wasn't going to have my arms coked any more. At first I got the same answers from the doctors that I had got before.

"Finally, I found the one I had been looking for. Dr. Albert Rogliano, of Mt. Vernon, not only said he would operate but gave me real hope that the operation would be successful. He removed a spur and bone chips from each elbow and cleared up the bursas, those little fluid sacs. My elbows are all right again. You just saw me boxing and punching the heavy bag. I couldn't have done that six months ago. I know it isn't going to be easy, getting in fighting shape again, but I'm pacing myself right and I never was afraid of hard work."

"Jimmy has said he didn't urge you to come back but that when you decided to do so he said whatever you wanted was all right with him. How does Jerry feel about it?"

"He's in favor of it."

"Are you married?"

"No, but I'm going to be."

"How does your fiancee feel about it?"

"It's all right with her," he said, smiling. "She thinks everything I do is just great."

"Roland, when Marciano retired, Billy Soose wrote him a letter in which he said, in effect, 'Retirement is not going to be easy for you in the beginning. I know, because it wasn't easy for me. Just remember this: It took you a long time to learn to fight. Now you have to learn to stop and the best way to do that is to cultivate a new interest, as I did when I went to work organizing and building a summer camp for boys. Did you read that, by any chance?"

Roland, getting up from the bench and starting for the showers, laughed and said, "No. I'm not the kind of fellow who reads other fellow's letters."

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THE SHAME OF THE COLLEGES

A Scholarship for Jackie Moreland

Watch for it next month

In SPORT for April

RAISE YOUR BOY TO BE A LEFTY

The southpaws are getting better all the time. They had more 20-game winners and a better ERA last season than the righty pitchers

By ALLAN ROTH

LEFTHANDED pitchers had a good year in 1956. In fact, as a group they did much better than righthanders in most respects, surpassing them (in both leagues) in won-lost percentage, earned-run average and complete games pitched. Although there are about two and a half times as many righties as there are southpaws (172 to 69), five of the nine 20-game winners in the majors were southpaws. Seven pitchers who worked at least 154 innings had earned-run averages below 3.00, and four of them were lefties. Lefthanded pitchers, as a group, won 20 more games than they lost (335-315), had a 3.90 ERA and completed 33.2 per cent of their starts. Righthanders had a 20-game deficit (897-917), a 3.99 ERA and 29.6 per cent completions.

In the AL, individual honors were split among lefties and righties. Whitey Ford (L) had the low ERA, 2.47, and the best winning percentage, .760, with a 19-6 record. Herb Score (L) led in strikeouts (263) and shutouts (5). Frank Lary (R) led in wins (21), innings pitched (294), starts (38), and George Zuverink (R) in games (62). In the NL, righties held most honors, but lefties had a better overall record. Don Newcombe (R) led in wins (27) and percentage (.794), Lew Burdette in ERA (2.71) and shutouts (6), Bob Friend (R) in innings pitched (314) and starts (42).

1956 TOTALS	Games Started	Complete Games	CG Pct.	Won	Lost	Pct.	Innings Pitched	Earned Runs	ERA	20-Game Winners	Below 3.00 ERA (154 IP)
American League											
LEFTHANDERS	400	135	33.8	191	185	.508	3363	1508	4.04	3	2
RIGHTHANDERS	836	263	31.5	425	431	.496	7668	3590	4.21	3	1
National League											
LEFTHANDERS	292	95	32.5	144	130	.526	2475	1025	3.73	2	2
RIGHTHANDERS	950	265	27.9	479	486	.493	8586	3611	3.79	1	2

INDIVIDUAL LEAGUE-LEADERS

	American League				National League			
	LEFTHANDERS		RIGHTHANDERS		LEFTHANDERS		RIGHTHANDERS	
Games	Mossi	48	Zuverink	62*	Davis, McCall	46	Face	68*
Games started	Hoeft	34	Lary	38*	Antonelli	36	Friend	42*
Complete games	Pierce	21*	Lemon	21*	Spahn	20	Roberts	22*
Innings pitched	Pierce	276	Lary	294*	Spahn	281	Friend	314*
Bases on balls	Score	129	Foytack	142*	Mizell	92	Jones	115*
Strikeouts	Score	263*	Foytack	184	Haddix	170	Jones	176*
Shutouts	Score	5*	Brewer Garcia, Wynn	4	Antonelli	5	Burdette	6*
Won	Hoeft Pierce, Score	20	Lary	21*	Antonelli, Spahn	20	Newcombe	27*
Lost	Stobbs	15	Ditmar	22*	Mizell	14	Kline, Roberts	18*
Percentage	Ford (19-6)	.760*	Wynn (20-9)	.690	Spahn (20-11)	.645	Newcombe (27-7)	.794*
ERA	Ford	2.47*	Wynn	2.72	Spahn	2.79	Burdette	2.71*

*Indicates led League.

Workhorse of the Lakers

(*Continued from page 44*)

to Askov, as a seventh-grader, I'd never seen a basketball, let alone a game. There were these kids playing on boards with a big, round ball. Gee, I thought, I'd like to try that, too. So I grabbed the ball and started running down the court with it. The whistles blew furiously. 'You're travelling!' all the other kids yelled together.

"I've been travelling ever since."

Mikkelsen went to a high school numbering 60 students. Askov had a stage gymnasium, with the school band in the "pit" below playing level. After the two teams had warmed up, at 7:55 p.m., Vern would jump into the pit, the cymbals would clang, he would hoist up the drums and thump through the national anthem with the band, then drop the drums, jump up on the stage floor, and the game would start!

Vern first played center his senior year after starring at guard and forward. Still, no one had ever heard of him. When it came time for him to go to college, he drifted quietly down to the University of Minnesota and enrolled. But right away he lost his confidence. The big rage of the upper Midwest was a hometown Minneapolis boy, Jim McIntyre, a 6-11 hunk of basketball prospect. Vern, fully aware of his own limitations, could just see himself sitting on the bench for four years.

Meanwhile, at nearby Hamline, where coach Joe Hutton was turning out a string of championship teams, Howie Schultz had just been graduated and was playing first base for the Brooklyn Dodgers. The Pipers needed a big man. So Mik packed his one bag and took a trolley over the Minneapolis city line to the St. Paul school. "I had never seen nor heard of him until he enrolled," confesses Hutton. "He was a fine bass singer, however, and played the drums in the band. Because he was in our Hamline choir and was a B average student, he got financial help."

On the basketball court, he needed plenty of schooling. "I'd had practically no instruction," says Mik, "back home. We had no coach. The superintendent of the faculty simply threw out the ball to us and said, 'Here now, boys, have a go at it.'"

Hutton turned Mik over to Schultz, an assistant coach his freshman year, and Howie began the polishing job. He showed him for the first time how to get off a hook shot and the other intricacies of pivot play. "As a gangling 6-5, 16-year-old freshman," Hutton says, "he became our varsity center, scared but willing. His first trip was to a four-team tournament in the Chicago Stadium, where he was thrown against seven-foot Don Otten of Bowling Green, 6-11 George Mikan of DePaul, and 7-1 Bob Kurland of Oklahoma A&M. Oh yes, we lost.

"Four years later we played the Phillips 66 Oilers, who had All-America Kurland at center against Vern, a senior. Mik outscored him personally in two games, 34 to 24, and outplayed him all the way."

That senior year of 1949, Hamline, sparked by Mik, forward Hal Haskins and Joe Hutton, Jr., won the NAIB tournament in Kansas City. In an East-West all-star game at Madison Square Garden, Vern hit 17 points for high-scoring honors ahead of Kentucky's Alex Groza. Haskell Cohen, publicity director of the NBA, was in Kansas City for Mik's farewell NAIB showing, and while he was there he spotted three men he felt had the potential to play pro ball—Harry Gallatin of Northeast Missouri Teachers, Jack Coleman of Louisville, and Mik. They are, coincidentally, the three solid pros mentioned previously.

Before Mikkelsen could become a Laker, his father had to travel from Des Moines, Iowa, to Minneapolis to sign his contract, because Vern was still a minor. In his Danish accent, the Rev. Mikkelsen said at the time, "Well, I am not concerned about how much money he will get. We just want him to be happy in what he does, and the money is not so important."

After he began playing professional basketball, Vern utilized his offseasons for graduate study at the University of Minnesota, and after five summers he earned his master's degree in educational psychology in the fall of 1954. His thesis was "The Educational System of Norway," and to make it authentic he went there in 1952 and spent the summer at the University of Oslo, took in the Olympic Games in Finland, and looked up relatives in Denmark. It was at the Olympic Games that he first established contact with his current sidekick, Clyde Lovellette. Mik hopped a ride aboard the bus carrying the members of the American basketball team from their quarters to the Games. All the players were grim, except one. He sat alone in the back of the bus twanging a guitar and singing cowboy songs. That was Lovellette.

When the ship carrying him to Europe landed in Oslo, Mikkelsen was met at the docks by a petite Norwegian reporter who had been forewarned of the great athletic personage aboard. The shapely miss, all a-twitter before the spectacle of this giant invader, got her sports terminology mixed up and the newspaper story about him was headlined, "Baseball Master Here to Learn Norwegian." How could a Norwegian writer know that in the summer all baseball heroes were occupied with a red-hot pennant race back in the States?

Big Mik also toured the Scandinavian countryside on a small motorcycle he acquired over there, and the natives won't soon forget the spectacle of a blond Viking sweeping into town aboard a put-put, trailing a cloud of country road dust, screeching to a stop, then hoisting a leg over the handlebars and coming erect before the amazed stares of the moderate-sized populace. He had a cycling companion, and frequently they would get separated, but it was no trouble for his buddy to pick up the trail. Everybody remembered having seen Mikkelsen.

"What really killed my relatives," Mikkelsen remembers, "was that I spoke the language so well. Heck, I couldn't speak a word of English until I went to public school. I had to feel sorry for one of my uncles, though. He was about 6-4 and over the years he had built up a reputation as the athletic giant among the whole Mikkelsen tribe. Then I come around,

this foreign intruder, three inches taller. He never got over it.

"I had some illusions dispelled, too. One was how gracious and polite all Scandinavians were. This was my father's homeland, where courtly continentals lived. So I remember on my first day in Denmark, I pulled up to the curb in my motorcycle to ask directions of a kindly old man smoking a curved pipe. Before I could get out a word, he looked down at my feet, let his eyes go all the way up to the top of my head, and asked, 'Hey, you, is it snowing up there?' I might just as well have been back in the States. That's the kind of stuff we get all the time, except they're not so original. It's usually confined to, 'How's the weather up there? "

Vern had planned to spend the summer of 1955 abroad, too, on a sociological project tied in with the State Department, but personal affairs intervened. He got married. So instead he worked as a substitute teacher in Minneapolis junior high schools and saw enough of his friends get out of teaching after a couple of years to sour him on a future in education. Right now he is having a fling at selling insurance.

Not too long ago Vern would have been his own best client. When the injuries began to pile up, he thought seriously of quitting basketball. With mediocre seasons back to back, his confidence wavered. Rumors began to seep out that he was through.

"I never said anything official," Mik says. "The people who said I was thinking of quitting were only reading my mind. The shoulder operation kept me in basketball. I didn't want to quit with two bad seasons behind me."

Meanwhile, there is plenty of basketball to be played. Mik is serving an unprecedented third straight term as the captain of the Lakers. Even-tempered, never involved in a hassle on the floor, he has, however, changed considerably from the silent, uncomplaining, almost meek novice of a few years ago. He has been known to jump on an official—verbally, of course—with all the zeal of a Leo Durocher. "I'm the captain," he says with a wink. "The guys expect it of me. Somebody's got to talk up for them." Then he grins. "The only reason they make you captain—the only man on the floor eligible to talk to the referee—is because they think you can afford it most. There are fines, you know. Or maybe they don't like you."

The weakness in Mikkelsen's game has been a tendency to excessive fouling, particularly the foolish backcourt violations caused by over-aggressiveness or tiredness when his coordination eludes him and he slaps at an opponent with the ball. "I figure," Mik says, "I've averaged two fouls a game that way. If I could cut down on them, I'd increase my effectiveness by being more available to the team when it needs me. The way the game is today, a club needs all the help it can get. One man no longer can be the kingpin, especially with the 12-foot lane and the 24-second rule. You've got to fit in with the rest of the crowd. You're not much help sitting them out.

"As great as he was, even George Mikan couldn't dominate basketball under the present rules the way he did before. And I want you to know that my greatest thrill in all the years I've been in the game was the privilege of playing with George and Jim Pollard, two men who will undoubtedly rank as the greatest. What most impressed me was their willingness to help. They never regarded me as an intruder or a threat, but as an integral part of their combination, and George especially worked hard with me to smooth over the rough spots and make the adjustment.

"I bet George hasn't yet got over one play my rookie year in a game against the old St. Louis Bombers. I was outside with the ball, and he was wide open for an easy basket. I threw the pass to him, all right, except that the ball was a little high. It went into the basket. He still claims an assist for that one."

A steady scorer, Mik never has gone below 11 points per game for a season's average since he came into the league. The best he ever did was 32 in a single game, and he did that twice—once in a playoff game against the New York Knicks on April 20, 1952, and again in a regular season game against the Milwaukee Hawks on January 20, 1955.

The two players in the NBA who have given Vern the hardest time are Gallatin and Mel Hutchins of the Fort Wayne Zollners, who point up a contrast in styles. "Harry is as tough a night's work as anyone can ask for," Vern winces. "He's about the same size and bulk as I am, and he keeps the pressure on you all the time. Arnie Johnson, who used to be with the Rochester Royals, would wear you down, too. Hutchins is different. He bothers you with his speed and his different assortment of shots. I high-jumped six feet in college, and he goes higher. But Mel can be handled because he doesn't keep the pressure on you all the time and he gives you a chance to catch your breath. I'd hate to say what would happen if he went all out for the whole game."

The way basketball is played today, Vern figures, a man can average only 30 minutes tops per game and maintain his effectiveness and his weight. Mik loses only about ten pounds over the grueling season. His temperament remains the same, calm but not serene, because he doesn't like losing better than the next guy. There isn't a better liked personality in the game.

His old college coach, Joe Hutton, sums it up: "We're tremendously proud of Vern. He's the same modest young man he was ten years ago, but with tailor-made clothes, a new Pontiac convertible, a master's degree, a beautiful wife and a nice nest egg from eight years of pro basketball, there's quite a difference from those lean, struggling undergraduate days."

Mik, you see, worked his way through college in the kitchen, cleaning out the trash barrels—because he had such a long reach!

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They Fish When It Freezes

(*Continued from page 39*)

At 9:45 with the thermometer at eight degrees above zero, Dick went to work the spud—ice chisel—chipping out the first hole, and I got busy collecting firewood. When I had the fire started on shore, I went out on the slick ice of the bay we had chosen, and chipped more holes while he began placing sets. Before 10:30 we had eight or nine tip-ups in place and a coffee kettle of water slung over the flames.

Byram Lake is about a mile long, bordered by rolling wooded hills, and excellent for bass and pickerel fishing during the spring and early summer. It felt strange sitting at the shore of that familiar lake now, holding a steaming cup of coffee, looking out over the sun-glinted ice where you had not long before rowed your skiff.

The nicest pickerel we had ever caught in Byram ran not much over three pounds. Not too bad for the species, but not big. Mostly we had fished bass, which may not be ice-fished legally. Dick put on his ice skates and worked on his coffee while I laced my skates. After a second cup of the hot brew, we were ready.

But the pickerel were not. Patiently we skated (it is better than walking on ice) and waited, cutting circles in and out among our ice holes, stopping occasionally to skim glassy new ice from the water to keep the lines free. We had baited with killies, a brand of salt-water minnow known further up the coast as mummy-chaugs or simply as mummies. Very plentiful in winter, when they are caught in cylindrical, funnel-type wire traps on a bait of cut fish or bread.

Passing a hole and seeing the line hanging slack, Dick would screech to a stop and jerk the line to stir the minnow on the end of it. Game fish prefer their prey panicky.

The ice that day was milky. We seldom get clear ice thick enough to move on, for the cold is not that sudden in our latitude. On clear ice our skating might have bothered the pickerel, for fish under clear ice pay heed to goings-on above their heads. They have a game in southern Canada, of Indian origin, which proves the fact. Big northern pike cruise the shallows in cold weather, forsaking the depths they prefer during warmer times. With the first flash of Arctic cold, men are on the bays of the big lakes scouting pike through the glassy ice. Forming a line, the hunters swing toward the shallows. The pike watch them come and flee toward shore rather than swim beneath the feet of the stalkers. Finally they become bunched in a few inches of water. A crashing blow of an ax from above ends the chase, for the concussion transmitted through the ice will stun the fish long enough for it to be chopped out.

Waiting for action on our poor pickerel pond, we reflect on the possibility of someday fishing one of those spectacular northern-pike hangouts like Minnesota's Red Lake where 15-pounders are small, or Rainey Lake or Lake of the Woods, up on the Canadian border. All through the north country, northern pike are top winter game in terms of numbers, size and savagery.

Throughout its range, this fine fish is caught bigger and more easily through the ice than it is on rod and reel. The same is true of the pickerel. There is less caution in the fish. Rested from the onslaught of the summer anglers, and stimulated by the cold which the pike family craves, the heftier specimens usually move without much caution toward anything visible nearby. Or so we hoped.

Along toward 11 a.m., I began to wonder if all these propositions were, indeed, sound. We had chopped holes further and further out in the bay, and even placed a few sets along the west shore. There were other parties, too, working other areas, but no great concentration of ice anglers. This is not true ice-fishing country, but even here more and more men are learning the satisfaction of getting out-of-doors during the winter.

In the areas of truly thick ice, though, there are nearly more ice fishermen than there are fish. It is the big thing on the Maine lakes, like Sebago. There pickerel are taken up to a yard or so in length; eels, too. Fresh-water shiners are the bait inland. Any large number of shiners in a bucket will require aerating even in cold weather, but the salt-water minnows can be kept in a wet gunny sack or in wet cloth in an outer coat pocket.

In New England, smelt fishing is a popular pastime on the ice. The little herring-size fish, famous for their flavor, run up tidal waters from the sea, getting as far inland as they can, and stay there to spawn until spring. Beyond the tidal waters, fresh-water smelt are taken. Most of this fishing is done at night in fairly well-equipped ice shacks that are skidded onto the lake or inlet on runners. Each shack is complete with benches, table, stove, frying pan, etc.

On the Great Lakes, smelt are taken, too, although more serious attention is given the larger species. On Wisconsin's Lake Winnebago, sturgeon and pike are speared through ice usually thick enough to support the cars of the anglers. The spearers set up lightproof shacks over the spearing holes, so there will be no glare to obscure the shape of the pike or sturgeon cruising below. But the back of the fish will be illuminated, the light filtering through the translucent ice surrounding the shack.

Old broken china or anything white may be dropped below the hole to help outline a passing fish. The spear cord is attached to the roof of the shack for safety's sake. The shaft of the spear is detachable, and the trident head rides with the victim until it succumbs or is hoisted, flopping, into the shack.

While one member of the party watches the hole, his spear poised, the others play poker, tend the fire, fry fish or blow on their hands. Thus winter passes into spring.

Shack fishing may also involve handlining for pike with live bait, or jigging a metal lure up and down to draw the strike. Some stick to yellow perch, and surely these are plentifully caught by ice fishing. As we moved our rigs toward deeper water that day on Byram, we began to find them. First I saw Dick slice toward a hole, throw shavings as he swerved to a stop beside it. The flag was up and half the 30 feet of line gone. He watched while further footage went

out, then jerking the line to set the hook, he skated off with short jabbing strokes that took him rapidly away from the hole. The perch popped from it and flopped on the ice.

We caught another soon, nearby. Watching the line go, you could judge the catch by the speed and distance of the run. Even little perch dart savagely away before they stop to turn the minnow and swallow. But a pickerel or perch of size will often make a longer, slower run. Generally, the heftier the fish, the less panic it is apt to show when it has the bait in its mouth.

We kept the perch, three or four of them, since they are tasty fish. We were preparing a meal of them, larding the pan with bacon, when the first pickerel laced into one of our sets. There was not much to landing him, since he wasn't much more than 14 inches (12 being legal minimum). We tossed him back, rebaited the hook and went back to our cooking.

There is a way to fillet big perch, and our's were not small. With a sharp blade you lift the white meat from the rib cage and the backbone. Then you separate this strip from the skin with a single stroke. The best part of ice fishing is outdoor cooking in the dead of winter. The fillets were floured and laid in hot bacon grease while we ate the bacon, keeping one eye on the pan, the other on the tip-ups.

Not an ideal time for the flags to hop, but hop they did. I saw one spring and headed for it. I heard Dick going for another behind me. The line was leaping down the hole at an alarming rate. Would it go slack while the fish swallowed, or would he take it all? With a couple of feet remaining, I set the hook, sensing there was size to him and that the peg frozen fast in the ice might not hold. I pulled up against the floundering resistance of a fish that turned out to weigh near four pounds. Dick got his, a pickerel almost the same weight.

We ate our well-done perch, then hamburgers and a few franks, brought along as insurance, more coffee and most of a large box of doughnuts. So the day went, with eating—we roasted part of a pickerel later, which produces a dry, flaky, smoked delicacy—fishing, more skating, then walking the lakes when the ankles grew tired and the feet cold from the tightness of the laces.

Dick was flabbergasted when he caught a three-pound largemouth bass in the afternoon. Many anglers don't realize that even though the popular bass grow dormant during winter, they do occasionally feed. But in New York, as in most northern states, the law protects them until summer—so we returned the fish.

Ice fishing usually ends in the grey of late afternoon, and the anglers pack up early. On the big waters, this is often more difficult than it was for us. The ice shack of the Midwest must be tightened up, the gear stowed, then the contraption tied to the car or towed ashore by hand.

Great Lakes ice fans have started homeward only to be confounded by stretches of open water signalling that the spring break-up had arrived. Every year, dozens of marooned anglers are rescued from their rafts of ice. Sometimes they get caught by blizzards or fogs, and, unable to find their way through the unmarked ice, are in serious trouble.

Generally, normal caution will protect the ice angler; the presence of danger adds spice to the sport for some. The worst accident I've seen in the past few years was a waist-deep dunking, suffered near shore where most of the bad ice is usually found at the start of a thaw.

We started home dry at the end of our day on Byram. Driving south, soft snow spattered the windshield, signalling that a warm front had arrived and that in a day or so the ice would be unsafe. I began thinking of the pure, persistent cold of the St. Lawrence River in the north, where men, women and children live on the ice all winter, it seems, fishing, and travelling over it on sleds or in iceboats driven by airplane propellers. And I thought of 80-pound sturgeon that can be taken in this sport that is as old as the Indians—a sport growing so rapidly in popularity that in many places you may now rent an ice shack, fully equipped! And to do so, you must place a reservation several days in advance.

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Can Lopez Stay Calm In Chicago?

(*Continued from page* 21)

"I'd rather have you coming back next year, Al," Lebovitz said simply.

His treatment of the writers is not just the shrewd behavior of a man who is looking for a "good press." He treats everybody that way. There was a time when Al was being sued for accidentally tossing some sand on a woman spectator at a ball game. A process server tracked him down and cautiously approached his door. Al opened it, realized who the man was, and greeted him as though he were a neighbor dropping by to while away an afternoon. "Come on in," Al told the astonished process server, as he took the paper from him. "You don't have to apologize. After all, this is your job."

When Al was named manager of the Indians, he received a telegram signed by 18,000 of his fellow townsmen in Tampa. When he quit, a Cleveland newspaper ran a poll to determine whom the fans wanted to succeed him. And what happened? Lopez was picked by the fans to succeed himself, with Leo Durocher and Kerby Farrell finishing behind him.

But that's the way it has always been with Al Lopez. Born in Tampa 48 years ago of Spanish parents who had emigrated there from Madrid, Al grew up with a catcher's mitt on his left hand and soon became one of the better high school players in the area. He was certainly one of the best liked, too. When he left high school at the age of 16 to play pro ball with Tampa in the Florida State League, the home folks followed his career closely. At the end of his first season, which was 1925, Walter Johnson came to town to pitch against a group of major- and minor-league players and, because of Lopez' popularity, the promoters of the game arranged to have him catch the Senators' immortal fireballer. Al handled Johnson like a veteran, and after the game "The Big Train" came over to him and said, "Son, you're going to be a great catcher some day."

Two years later, Al was catching for Jacksonville when the Dodgers stopped there for an exhibition game on their way north. This time Lopez met up with another great right-handed fireballer, Dazzy Vance, but now he was hitting against him. Al, a confident young man, looked on it as a chance to make a name for himself, and he did, swatting a triple off the Dazzler his first time up. He followed that with a double a couple of innings later. Uncle Wilbert Robinson, who was managing Brooklyn then, promptly arranged to buy the brash young man, and at the end of that season Lopez became the property of the Dodgers for the rather steep sum of $10,000.

It was to be a couple of years before Al would win a job at Ebbets Field. Uncle Robbie was enamored of large-sized ballplayers, and when he got his second look at Al, he wasn't quite so impressed by his five feet, ten inches. Lopez was farmed out for the next two years, but in 1930 he convinced Robbie he was a big-leaguer. He won the first-string catching berth, hit .309 and batted in 57 runs. As it turned out, he was never again to equal either of those figures, and he settled down to become a big-league star on the strength of his work behind the plate. His lifetime batting mark was only .261.

Lopez' career spanned 18 years in the majors, in 12 of which he caught over 100 games, and he holds the all-time record for games caught in the big leagues, 1,918. He played in Flatbush through most of the era of the Daffiness Boys and was traded to the Braves in December, 1935. During the 1940 season he went to Pittsburgh and played there through World War II.

It was in 1946 that Lopez became the center of what was for him an unfortunate and uncharacteristic tempest. This was the time when a lawyer named Robert Murphy was trying to form a union among the players and the Pirates were very much interested. The resulting furor brought Al some unfavorable publicity and it was said that his activities probably cost him the job of managing the Pirates the following year.

Al denies this. "Here's what happened," he said recently. "When Murphy made his pitch, some of the younger players on the club called me in to ask my advice on whether or not they should go along with Murphy's union. To tell you the truth, I wasn't involved one way or another because I was just about at the end of my career and I knew I wouldn't be around much longer. But it came out in the papers that I was a ringleader of the union movement."

Frank Frisch was managing the Pirates then, but it was obvious that 1946 was destined to be his last year in Pittsburgh. Late in the season, a newspaper took a poll of the fans to get their opinions on a successor to Frisch and the poll was won by—you guessed it—Al Lopez. When the season ended, however, Billy Herman was named the Pirate manager and on December 7 (a day already marked black) Lopez was railroaded out of the league. He was sent to Cleveland in exchange for a young outfielder named Gene Woodling.

Bill Veeck was head man at Cleveland then, and when he brought in Lopez, he did so with the nibbling notion that Al might do to succeed Lou Boudreau as manager at the end of the season. Al had always been considered a good managerial bet. He was one of the smartest catchers of his time, and he was aggressive. His ability to pounce on bunts and back up first and third bases won him the nickname of "the fifth infielder."

He didn't play very often in Cleveland; he got into only 61 games. But he spent most of his spare time helping the young pitchers on the ball club. "He helped me a lot," Bob Lemon says. "I was just making the switch from the outfield to pitching in earnest then and I was trying to throw every pitch in the book. Naturally, my control was lousy. Al took me aside and told me to forget about those other pitches—especially the knuckler I'd been fooling around with. He told me I had enough stuff to get by on my fast ball and curve, and that if I just concentrated on them, my control would get better. That's the way it worked out."

At the end of the season, Veeck tried to make a deal for Boudreau, but it didn't come off. Fortunately, he was stuck with the brilliant shortstop-manager for a while longer, because Lou led the Indians to a world

championship the following year. Lopez had already received offers to manage Indianapolis and Minneapolis in the American Association. "When the season ended," Lopez says, "I went to Veeck and asked for my release. I told him I couldn't really stay in shape unless I caught every day and as long as I'd had these offers, I thought this was the time to quit playing and start managing. He told me to wait a while, but when he found he couldn't deal Boudreau, he told me to go ahead and take one of the offers. I took the one in Indianapolis."

Lopez was back in the Pittsburgh organization. The storm kicked up over the "union" incident had died down by this time, and Frank McKinney, who then was part owner of the Pirates, was impressed with Al's knowledge of the game. Al won one pennant at Indianapolis and finished second the two other seasons he was there. It was generally believed that he was being groomed to take over the job in Pittsburgh.

Meanwhile, Hank Greenberg had definitely decided on a change in Cleveland, and Lopez was the man he wanted. If Al's departure from Cleveland last fall was a surprise, it was a minor one compared to the bombshell touched off by his arrival there on November 10, 1950. It had been taken for granted that Boudreau, one of the all-time heroes in Cleveland, would be back in 1951, but on November 9, Greenberg began to move. He called Lopez in Tampa and asked him (a) if he wanted the job and (b) if he could get a release from Indianapolis. "I told Hank that if he had really decided to get rid of Boudreau, I would take the job. I knew I could get my release from the Pirate organization because Branch Rickey had just left Brooklyn to take over in Pittsburgh and he had already told me that it wouldn't be fair for him to get rid of Billy Meyer, the manager there, before he gave him every chance to see what he could do with the club."

The Cleveland writers were called to Municipal Stadium for what they thought would be a routine announcement of the extension of Boudreau's contract. At the critical moment, Greenberg, with all the showmanship of Cecil B. DeMille, summoned Lopez from the sanctuary of the men's room, where he had been hidden away until the moment of his unveiling. Introducing Lopez, Hank said that, in his opinion, the Indians were getting "the best manager in baseball." Time was to wither some of Al's charms in the eyes of his general manager.

And so began six frustrating years in which Al proved only that nice guys don't finish last, but do very often finish second. His club was runner-up to the Yankees in 1951-52-53-55-56. In the one year, 1954, that he did beat the Yanks, he also collected his biggest disappointment—the crushing four-straight whipping of his team by the Giants in the World Series. Once he overcame the fans' prejudice against him as the successor to the beloved Boudreau, he was still faced with two raps. One, which he shared with Greenberg, who was responsible for supplying him with the players, was that the Indians were a dull ball club.

"I used to hear that a lot," Al says, "and it just wasn't true. Nobody in the league was involved in any more exciting games than we were. I know! All those close ones, whether we won or lost, damn near killed me. Don't forget, the fans used to come out to see us all around the league. They knew they would get a good game when we came to town. We were in every game right down to the last out because our pitchers just wouldn't let the other club get a big lead. And don't forget, even the pre-war Indians and the club that won the World Series in '48 were never known for their speed. They were built around pitching and defense, same as my teams were."

The second rap was a personal attack on Lopez for what the fans considered his neglect of certain old Cleveland heroes, notably Bob Feller and Dale Mitchell. Here is where Al's innate consideration for the feelings of his players hurt him in the eyes of the fans. He refused to humiliate the players by telling the press just why he wouldn't play Feller and Mitchell. He knew that Feller was over the hill and would only interfere with the rotation of Cleveland's younger, more effective pitchers if he were to take a regular turn on the mound. Mitchell, while he was a .300 hitter, was conspicuous even with the Indians for his lack of speed, and his run production at the plate would never equal the damage he did in the outfield.

Lopez had a number of disappointments with his players in Cleveland. He believes the biggest was his first-base problem. Luke Easter, Suitcase Simpson, Bill Glynn, Rocky Nelson and others were tried there and failed. In desperation, he experimented with Al Rosen at the bag, and Rosen came out of it with a broken finger that helped shorten his career. Only Vic Wertz did a reasonably good job there, and that, for one reason and another, was only in spurts. The attempts by the Indians to equal the Yankees' success with castoff players usually ended dismally. Ralph Kiner, Wally Westlake and, of course, even Sal Maglie, were of little help in the Indians' futile pursuit of the Yanks.

Lopez never struck back at his critics. His only outburst came when a group of fans booed Al Rosen last year as he was being carried off the field with a badly injured knee.

That Lopez was justifiably tagged a conservative manager must—at present, anyway—be attributed to the physical qualities of his players, rather than to his basic baseball strategy. In Chicago he will have the chance to play a more daring offensive game than he did with the much slower Indians. That he admires daring baseball is indicated by his admiration for Frank Frisch, his manager in Pittsburgh, whom he calls "the best offensive manager I ever played for."

An observant and gracious man, Al credits two of his other managers, Wilbert Robinson and Bill McKechnie, with teaching him the art of handling pitchers. "They used to laugh at Uncle Robbie sometimes," Al says, "but he could spot a pitcher. He always liked them big, and I guess I picked that up from him because I'm always looking for big guys who can throw, too." This probably accounts for Al's willingness to go along with Mike "Big Bear" Garcia so many times when Mike was enduring one of his ineffective spells. Al certainly picked up much from the shrewd McKechnie, too, and the fact that

Lopez had the best pitching staff in baseball was no accident. He spotted Don Mossi and made a fine reliever out of him. He took Herb Score in hand and, as he had done with Lemon, told him to discard the extra pitches that were hurting his control. He gives his good pitchers the chance to pitch their way out of jams, rather than pull them at the first sign of trouble.

Al doesn't believe in berating his players or in trying to inspire them to greater deeds through frequent clubhouse meetings. "What's the sense of lecturing or fining the players?" he will tell you. "They're adults. If they won't play our way, let them play their own way—some place else. Pep talks are okay in football when you get a club 'up' for only a handful of games, but you can't get a club 'up' for 154 games. Ballplayers are better if they're relaxed over the long run. Most of the players don't listen to what you say in a clubhouse meeting, anyway."

Lopez' attitude doesn't mean that he shrugs off defeat. He doesn't throw things in the clubhouse after a losing game, but the defeats bother him. "I seldom make dinner dates during the season," he says. "If we lose, I'd be lousy company. On the road I go to movies—mostly shoot-'em-ups—and at home I just sit around and watch television. At least, I stare at it. Usually I'm just playing the game over in my mind."

Finishing second best year after year finally began to wear away both Al's optimism and Greenberg's enthusiasm for Al. Last season the Indians not only were second again, but the home attendance was 865,467, a drop of 30 per cent from 1955. Greenberg never once went to Al and told him he was doing a good job, and as the season drew to a close, Lopez had not yet been offered a contract for 1957. On the Friday before the season ended, he and Greenberg had a meeting. When it was over, Al had decided to resign. He might have got another contract if he had pressed for it but, as he said later, "I have to live with myself."

Al was appointed manager of the White Sox on October 29, and he is looking forward to his job there with as much curiosity as confidence. Never having managed a club that finished lower than second, his confidence is understandable. So is his curiosity, because he watched the White Sox beat his Indians 15 times last year while the Yankees could do it only 12 times. "One guy I'm really curious about," Al says, "is Jack Harshman. He always looked like a great pitcher against us. I want to find out why he can't beat the Yankees. If he can beat them, we've got a chance."

When Lopez leads his White Sox onto the field for the first time during spring training, he will feel a warm glow of pride. The field on which the Sox train in Tampa was re-named Al Lopez Field several years ago, another indication of the esteem in which his friends hold him. What lies ahead for the even-tempered senor? It's a good bet, at least, that the man who moved unruffled through the horrors of the Daffiness Days in Brooklyn, the frustrating years of chasing the Yankees and the humiliation inflicted on his team by Dusty Rhodes and the Giants in 1954 will remain calm even if the Sox sink under him. Time will tell.

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time out
with the editors

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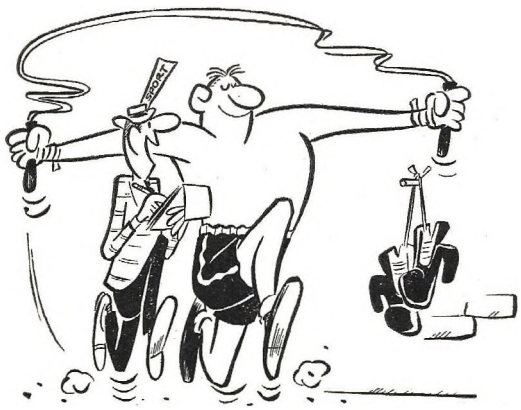

LET'S LET ROCKY MAKE UP HIS OWN MIND

THEY barely had time to cut the gloves off Floyd Patterson's sweaty fists after his fifth-round knockout of Archie Moore in Chicago Stadium last November 30 before the drums began beating for a match between the new and old champions, Patterson and Rocky Marciano.

At the same time, several million sentimental words were spilled in the newspapers with the expressed intention of urging Marciano to stay in retirement. Don't spoil your record, these stories implored Rocky—don't come back and get punched around for no good reason except a lot of money the government will take from you, anyway.

It seems to us that we would all do the retired undefeated heavyweight champion a favor if we would leave him alone and let him make up his own mind whether he wants to fight again or not. To go a step further, we think it's downright presumptuous for anyone outside Rocky's immediate circle of family and friends to offer him advice on such an important matter. He doesn't need our help.

Anybody who knows Rocky knows that at the center of his problem is his quiet pride in what he was able to accomplish in the ring. He fought 49 professional bouts and he won every one of them; he is the only heavyweight champion ever to go through his entire professional career undefeated. Understandably, he wants to think twice before jeopardizing that distinction. On the other hand, his pride also compels him to consider carefully the fact that a brief return to action, and a win over Patterson, whom he never has fought, would cement for all time his claim to the most illustrious record ever compiled by a heavyweight champion.

The dilemma is a very real one, and, to a humble, thoughtful man like Rocky Marciano, a painfully difficult one to resolve.

Rocky, along with everybody else, knows, of course, that it isn't his fault he didn't meet Patterson before he retired. Rocky always was ready to fight any challenger and not even his shrewd manager, Al Weill, ever was guilty of the charge of running away and hiding from a qualified challenger. Everybody who wanted Rocky got him. Patterson, or at least Patterson's manager, Custer D'Amato, didn't want him. It was the very sensible strategy of Patterson's board of directors to let the young Olympic champion mature slowly while Marciano was running out his string. There was no clamor on D'Amato's part for a match with Marciano. Even when Rocky made it clear that he was thinking of retiring, Patterson's manager remained quiet. Plainly D'Amato thought it was smarter to wait for Rocky to quit and then challenge for the right to succeed him. So Rocky need never condemn himself for having avoided Patterson. If they never meet in the ring, the historians of the game will record that they were of different generations, which is certainly true. Nobody will say Rocky ran out on Floyd, any more than they will say that Floyd was afraid to fight Rocky.

What it will come down to, then, is this. Rocky will be pulled in opposite directions by conflicting temptations. He will be torn between a desire to protect his great achievements, to prevent the public from remembering him not as an undefeated champion but as another old-timer beaten in an ill-advised comeback by a stronger and younger man, and a desire to make a pile of money and add further luster to his incredible career by beating the fighter who succeeded him as champion.

There would, obviously, be a great deal of money in a Marciano-Patterson match. It doesn't seem extravagant to foresee a total gate, including television money, of at least $1,250,000. The chances are Rocky and Floyd would each draw 30 per cent, and even our uncertain arithmetic makes that look like a sure $400,000 for Rocky. In case you think it's any easier for Rocky Marciano, the son of a Brockton, Mass., shoemaker, to turn down that kind of money than it would be for you, you don't know Rocky. When you've spent as many hours as Rocky has swinging a sledge hammer for a day's pay, you know a lot about the value of a dollar.

Money vs. pride . . . We don't envy Rocky his dilemma. As we were saying, let's at least do him the courtesy of letting him make up his own mind.

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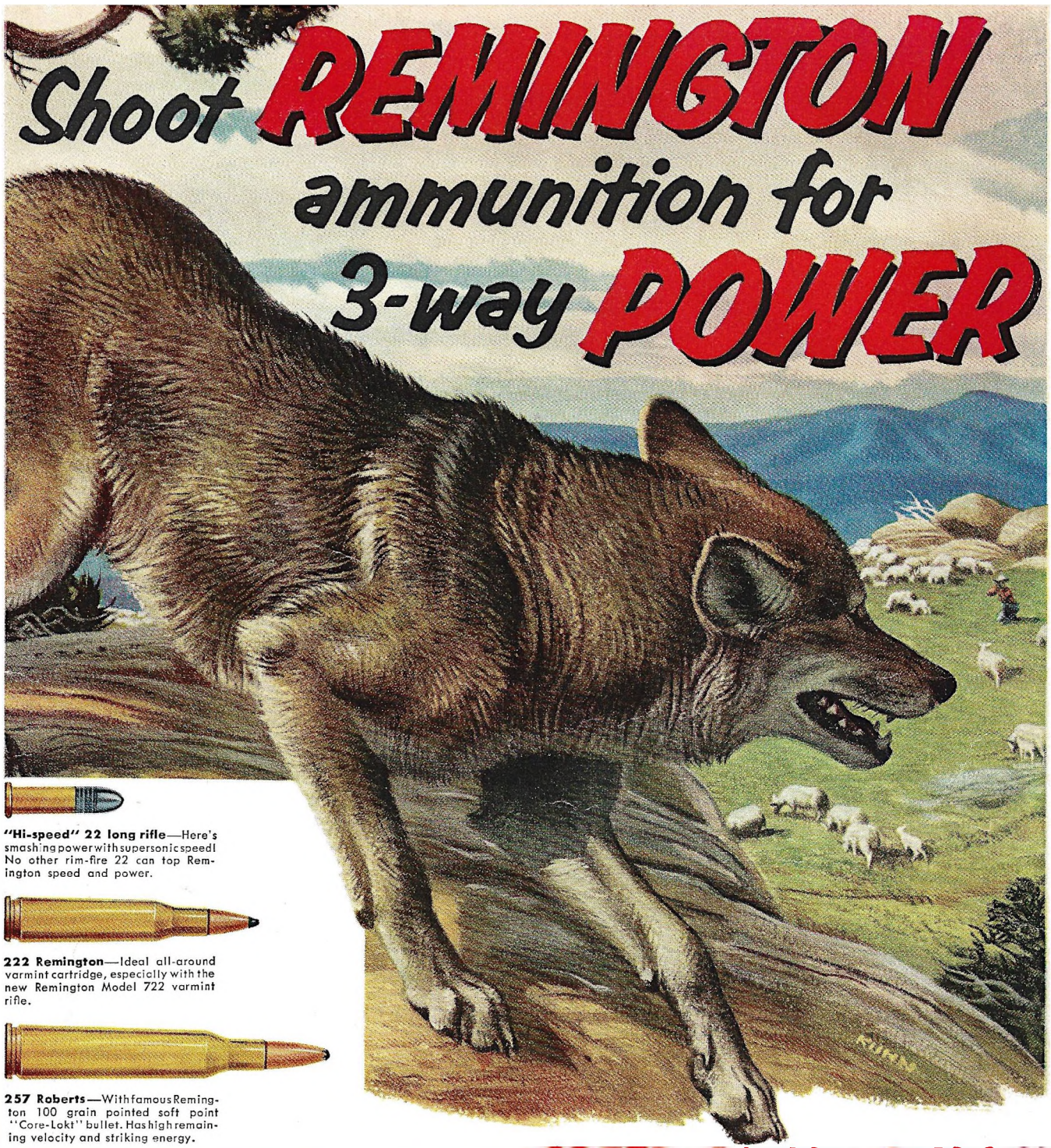

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