SPORT

SEPTEMBER 25¢

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By ROCKY GRAZIANO

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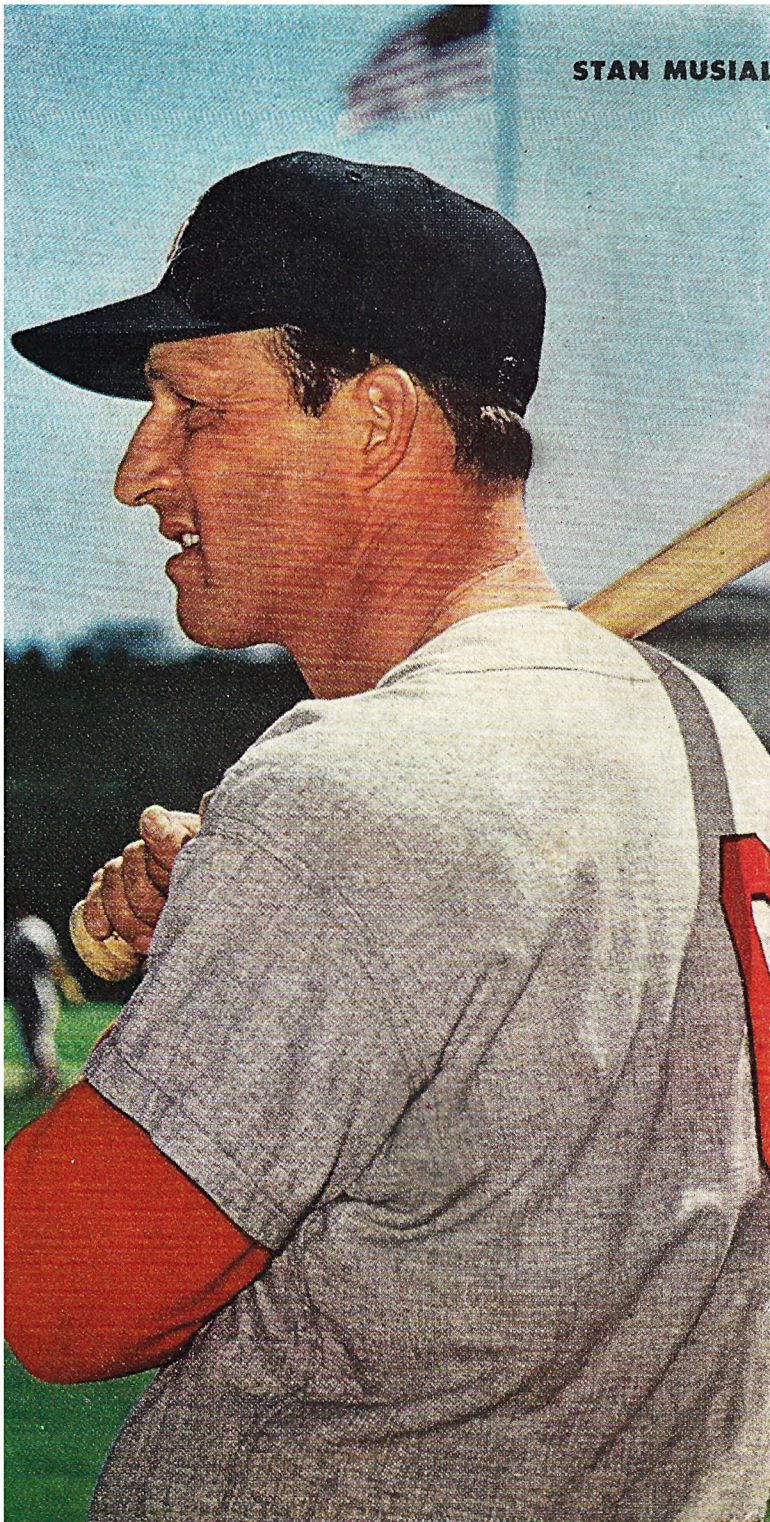
THE LAST SUMMER OF #9 AND #6



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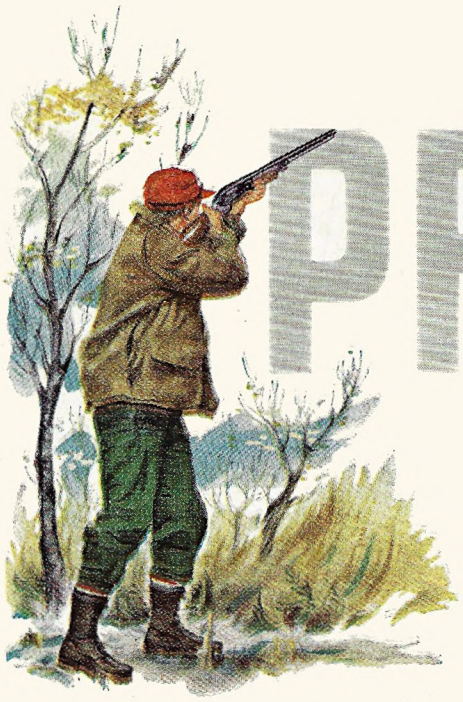

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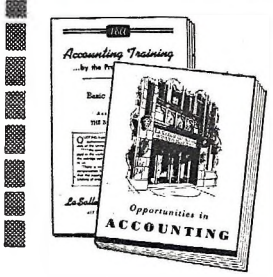

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THE LINEUP FOR SEPTEMBER:

THE SPORT SPECIAL:

COLOR PHOTOS:

SPORT SHORTS:

AND ALSO:

COVER—By Curt Gunther and Lawrence Schiller

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LETTERS TO SPORT

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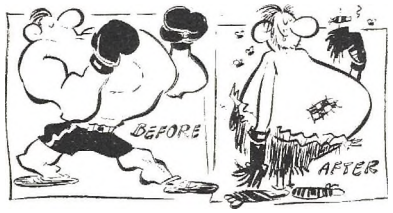
POWDER PUFF ALL-STARS

I have put together a team of eight players who accounted for a total of only 14 homers last year. The only man playing out of his normal position is Johnny Temple. I think it could beat a lot of power teams and maybe win a pennant. Here they are:

Billy Goodman, White Sox, 1b
Nellie Fox, White Sox, 2b
Dick Groat, Pirates, ss
Johnny Temple, Reds, 3b
Tony Kubek, Yankees, of
Richie Ashburn, Phillies, of
Billy Bruton, Braves, of
Jim Hegan, Giants, c

Logan, Utah — JACK DALLEY

PATTERSON'S PATSIES



I would like to congratulate Ed Linn for his magnificent story on Floyd Patterson in the June issue. I have read many stories on Patterson, and none but yours was so fair and honest. I consider Floyd's manager, Cus D'Amato, one of the most intelligent and cautious human beings alive. . .

Before every Patterson fight they expect the challenger to give Floyd all kinds of trouble. But after Floyd disposes of them, they say they're either amateurs or incompetents. I wonder what in the world they are going to say after Floyd finishes off Ingemar Johansson.

Ambridge, Pa. — RAY GEFFEL

SEC VS. BIG TEN

It seems to me the only college football articles you ever write are those on the Big Ten. I am partial to the Southeastern Conference, being an avid fan of Tennessee, but I am sure that I speak for other conferences in demanding a little recognition for teams outside the Big Ten. Two years ago when the single wing of Tennessee led them to No. 1 national ranking and they boasted an All-America tailback in Johnny Majors, I did not see articles on either subject. The Big Ten will always have teams in the top ranks, but the best Southeastern Conference team is usually ranked above the best Big Ten team.

Santa Fe, Tenn. — GARY LADD

We try to distribute our college football articles, but we have to include the best players and teams wherever they may be. We certainly have tried to be fair with the SEC. Watch for the Louisiana State story next fall.

WRIGLEY FIELD PSYCHOTICS

Bill Furlong cited many things that were "wrong" with the Cubs, but many of the charges he hurls against the Cubs can be made against other teams in both leagues as well. The real blow, though, was his reference to the 979,904 "psychotic" fans the Cubs have. There are actually many more than that, and none is a bit psychotic—unless you use that word to define being loyal to a team that isn't winning pennants.

Fort Wayne, Ind. — JIM BANNON

A TICKLISH SUBJECT

I feel that young people of today are growing up with a somewhat distorted picture of sports heroes. They seem to think the athletes are super beings. Please allow me to give a personal experience.

Last winter, while playing on a basketball team, I was receiving some ribbing after a game about wearing arch supports. All of a sudden I was on the floor, shoes and socks off, and five guys were tickling my feet. Since I'm very ticklish, I was screaming and kicking, practically going into hysterics. When they finally let me up, there stood my boy, almost nine, on the verge of tears. I found out that he thinks no athlete is ticklish. As much as I tried, I couldn't change his mind.

I am writing to you because I feel that some of your articles could say little things that would make the sports heroes look less than perfect. I was glad, for example, that in your story on Rocky Colavito, you brought out about his flat feet. If the story had mentioned, or shown a picture, of Rocky being tickled, my problem would have been solved right there.

Ann Arbor, Mich. — JAMES R. RAINES

We don't know if Rocky is ticklish or not, but we're always happy to pass along the little foibles of athletes whenever they are pertinent.

UNITAS IS A HERO . . .

I was greatly interested in your story, "Where Are Our Heroes?" but I am afraid that author Dick Schaap is a little off-base in the facts. He says that when a current star appears in public, he often shuns the spotlight and will frequently turn away an interview from a newspaper reporter in order to accept a substantial fee from a national magazine. As an example he used the Baltimore Colts' quarterback, Johnny Unitas.

I'm afraid Mr. Schaap has never visited Baltimore. Many of the Oriole and Colt players make frequent appearances at religious, charitable or cultural functions, and give outstanding talks. These stars—including Unitas—have truly become the heroes of the Baltimore fans.

Baltimore, Md. — LARRY I. SHANE

. . . BUT MANTLE ISN'T

Congratulations to Dick Schaap on his fine article. I certainly agree that today's so-called hero drains himself of individuality. I am a staunch Yankee fan, and I have not been able to pick out a real hero since Joe DiMaggio. Mickey Mantle is a terrific ballplayer, but he is not a personality. Yogi Berra is the same way. There is nothing to distinguish them from the average-Joe ballplayer.

I feel, however, that the author did overlook one fellow whom I think deserves the rating of a hero—Jim Piersall. He is a vivid personality as well as a fine player.

Waterbury, Conn. — BRUCE A. POWELL

FROM CRADLE TO SHOTGUN

I have just finished reading "The Clay Pigeon Argument" in the July issue and I feel this article could scare prospective shooters away from the grandest sport of all—shooting and hunting.

Anyone with normal eyesight and reflexes can be taught to be a good shot. Those who excel simply put more thought and study into it and burn more powder than the rest. I have never known a good shotgun pointer who denied that shooting clays would help any hunter. Why a man breaks clays and misses actual game is easy. He presses against the real thing when he should be as relaxed as when he is shooting clays. Mr. Gilligan needs some instructions from someone. Seven out of 23 is awful. I have a nine-year-old son who can double that score after one year of field shooting.

Nothing has given me more pleasure and pride than developing my son into a shooter and hunter. It is something he can do and take pride in for the rest of his life. I also have a seven-year-old girl who fired for the first time recently. In two years she should be as good at field hunting as my boy.

Shelbyville, Ky. — DR. JERRY ADAMS

TWO MORE SOPHOMORES

Please relay to Mr. Joseph of the April issue and Mr. Gillespie of the June issue that I know of a couple of sophomores that could run circles around both of their boys. They are Johnny Egan of Providence College and Chuck Chevalier of Boston College. Egan scored the winning points in both of Providence's victories in the N.I.T. last winter, and Bob Cousy says that Chevalier is better than he was as a sophomore.

Boston, Mass. — PAUL HARRIS

A NEWCOMBE FAN

I want to compliment Roger Kahn for his sympathetic and factual story on Don Newcombe in the July issue. I've been a Newcombe fan ever since that day I watched him walk out of the seventh game of the 1956 World Series. No Dodger fan could possibly have felt worse about what happened than Newk obviously felt himself.

Roy Campanella had this explanation to give in an article published in the Los Angeles *Examiner* last year: "Newk knows better than any other pitcher how you take your life in your hands by throwing the Yankees fast balls. As his catcher, I realized—and so did he—that he had to go with his best pitch. Unfortunately, his fast ball was his best. Everyone remembers how the Yanks bombed Newk. What the fans forget, though, is that Newk struck out Mantle twice in that game. He had great control that day."

Woodland Hills, Calif. MRS. BEVERLEY C. GILSON

DRYSDALE THE SLUGGER

In your article on Don Newcombe, there was one slight error. In the caption beside the picture of Newk about to pinch-hit, you said he holds the home-run record for a National League pitcher. But last season Don Drysdale of the Los Angeles Dodgers equaled the record with seven home runs.

Costa Mesa, Calif. JIM CARNETT

GANS BETTER THAN LEONARD?

I don't agree very much with what Lester Bromberg had to say about Joe Gans in his history of the lightweight division. I think a majority of those who saw both Gans and Benny Leonard fight would agree that Gans was the greatest lightweight of all time. He fought a 20-round draw in 1904 with Joe Walcott, generally selected as the greatest welterweight of all time. In contrast, Leonard lost on a foul in his fight with welterweight champion Jack Britton.

Wheelwright, Mass. JOHN J. MORGAN

RUTH COULD CATCH THE BALL, TOO

Dick Reynolds, in a letter published in your July issue, says, in defense of Maurice Richard, "The Yankees paid Ruth to hit home runs, not for his defensive play." True, Ruth's salary was based on his stupendous home-run feats, but many people forget that Ruth was also a fine rightfielder. He could chase flies with the best of them and had a deadly rifle arm that was feared by baserunners. I doubt if Ruth would have been in the lineup if he couldn't have fielded with some degree of skill. Maybe the same could be said of Rocket Richard.

Detroit, Mich. BOB KOBEL

SKOWRON IS THE GREATEST

Your article in the July issue about Bill Skowron is one of the finest I have read. He is an underrated player and more people should realize his value to the Yankees. He is constantly breaking up games with clutch hits. For instance, his three-run homer won the deciding game of the World Series last fall. The Moose, in my opinion, is one of the greatest performers in the game today.

Seattle, Wash. DOUG BURLEIGH

SPORT TALK

A SUMMER WITH ALL-AMERICAS

In the casual world of a college campus, white-bucked crowds wave pennants for all the athletes. When a fellow wins his varsity letter, he becomes a big hero. But only the very best of this glamorous breed can command nation-wide attention—and when they earn it, their glory is giant-sized. They are the All-Americas.

Soon it will be football time again, and sports fans will watch with particular interest the performances of Don Meredith, the Southern Methodist University quarterback; and Bob Anderson, West Point's halfback. Bob and Don, you see, are All-America backs, the epitome of college football class.

Later in the autumn, when basketballs start flying, the sports spotlight will fall on Cincinnati's Big O, Oscar Robertson, and the University of West Virginia's jumping jack, Jerry West. They are All-Americas, too—great athletes, great heroes.

Ever wonder what an All-America does during his summer vacation? We were curious, and after checking up on these four stars, here is the report:

Meredith and his SMU teammate, tackle David Wilemon, took off May 29, on a month-long trip to Europe. Don traded his football helmet for a beret in France, and he kept his passing arm in shape by pitching coins into the fountains of Rome. Then it was back to Dallas, Tex.—to rest up and prepare for football practice, which starts at SMU on September 1.

For Bob Anderson, the summer meant work—hard work. Bob, like other West Pointers, will be commissioned a second lieutenant in the army when he graduates, and he has got to be fully prepared for his responsibilities. So, on June 8, Anderson left the Military Academy and spent a month studying various phases of Army commands. He visited Fort Knox, Ky. (tanks), Fort Sill, Okla. (artillery), Fort Bliss, Tex. (Nike), and Fort Benning, Ga. (infantry).

During July, Bob received intensive training as a platoon leader at Fort Hood, Tex. He was taught the technique of leading men, and he applied his lessons by working with recruits. Then he had a well-earned month's leave at home in Cocoa, Fla.

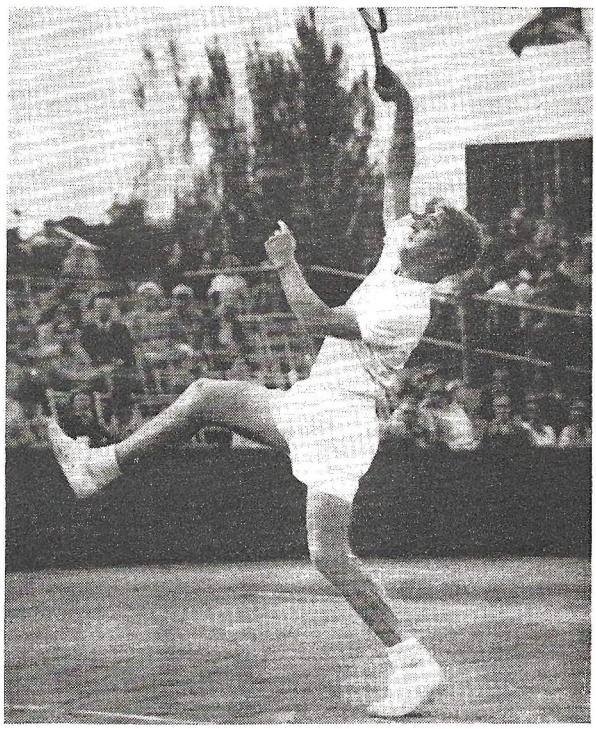
Oscar Robertson is a student in Cincinnati University's co-op program. The Big O attends classes for a part of the year, and he does correlating work in industry the rest of the year. His academic section ended on June 12, and Oscar went immediately into his co-op job at the Cincinnati Gas and Electric Company. The Big O, who is a business administration major, worked in the accounting department.

In late July, Oscar, and Jerry West, too, joined the United States all-star basketball team to practice for the upcoming Pan-American games. Before reporting to the basketball squad, Jerry worked for a dairy company in Charleston, W. Va., a neighboring town to his native Cabin Creek. West worked for the firm's public relations department, and he also broadcast a five-minute sports program for a local Charleston radio station.

ANALYZING THE ACES

It takes more than tennis skills—even when they are polished to the high gleam of Lew Hoad's graceful, hard-hitting strokes—to defeat Pancho Gonzales. Hoad, himself, testifies to this.

Not only is Gonzales a master at firing blinding services and savage cross-court smashes across the net, but Pancho is a keen tactician, too, and he plays all psychological angles to unnerve his opponent. It took Hoad a long time before he learned how to combat Pancho's mind-wrecking strategy, and now that he knows, Lew is turning in the best showing of his



Bob Anderson, *left*, Army All-America halfback, wore a striped helmet liner often in July. It's part of the uniform put on by cadre corps when they supervise recruit training. Lew Hoad, *above*, says proper mental attitude is just as important as hard overhead smashes when he plays pro tennis rival Pancho Gonzales.

professional tennis career.

"For more than two years now," Hoad said, "I've watched Pancho do things that caused me to blow my stack. If he's ahead, he'll hurry up the game. He'll rush his serve and he won't even take time to towel himself when we change sides. But when he's losing, he moves slowly. He takes his time getting the ball from the ball boy. He'll dry himself off slowly and he'll start big arguments on bad calls.

"He knows all the while I'm standing there getting mad. Everybody gets bad calls in tennis and forgets them. But not Pancho. If he's behind, he'll make a federal case out of it. Finally, you're so steamed up, you say to yourself, 'Give him the blasted point and let's get on with it.'"

Hoad still gets upset from time to time, but he tries hard to remain level-headed on the court. When he thinks clearly, he plays his best, and he is able to diagnose Pancho's game, too.

"My serve isn't as fast as Pancho's," Lew said, "so I've learned to work at placing it, rather than blasting it over. I usually hit my first serve three-quarters speed and I try to put it at Pancho's backhand. He can't hurt me with his backhand. He just gets the ball across. If I miss my first serve and have to ease up on my second, he has enough time to step around and drive it with his forehand, which can be deadly. So it's very important that my first service to his backhand be good."

LONNIE ROBINSON, University of Miami

CAMPUS QUEEN CANDIDATE NO. 1

This is the time of year when the editors of SPORT pay an en-masse visit to the local optometrist. It's Campus Queen time again, and we don't want to miss a thing. To kick off this ninth renewal of our eye-filling contest, we present Lonnie Robinson, from the University of Miami, as Campus Queen candidate number one.

Lonnie is a beautiful native of State Center, Iowa, and St. Paul, Minnesota. She lives in Miami now, and she's entering her senior year at the university. Lonnie was Miami's Homecoming Queen last football season, and this year she will be head cheerleader. Getting down to vital statistics, Lonnie measures 36-24-36.

As if you didn't have enough to drool about, fellows, brains come along with this beauty. The 21-year-old, brown-eyed blonde is a B plus student, majoring in speech and education. Last spring, Lonnie was voted into Nu Kappa Tau, the highest women's honorary society at the university.

Look for Campus Queen candidate number two next month. Your chance to vote comes at the end of the year.

FIRST DAYS OF #9 AND #6

In the twilight of their great careers, as pointed out in Ed Linn's penetrating story (see page 12), Ted Williams and Stan Musial stand apart from the crowd on the ball field, always the centers of attraction. Their fame secure, they are playing out the last act, still showing flashes of the magnificent skills that have stamped them for the Hall of Fame.

For nostalgic contrast, let's go back nineteen years, to the early days of this talented pair. What was it like for Williams, #9, and Musial, #6, before their numbers became insignias of baseball greatness?

For Williams, who has always carried the mark of a super-star, it was a happy-go-lucky time. He was Ted the Kid, up for his second season with the Boston Red Sox—a big hitter, with a big grin, set for a long career in the big time. Williams didn't mind tipping his cap in those days, and he didn't mind taking part in stunts. So, in the second game of a doubleheader on Aug. 24, 1940, with Detroit beating the Sox, 11-1, and fans pouring out of the park, Ted grinned and loped happily to the mound when manager Joe Cronin asked him to pitch.

Ted had pitched some for San Diego in the Pacific Coast League, but this was the first, and only, time he ever toed a big-league mound. A lot of the people leaving the stadium rushed back to their seats and Ted reared back and fired. Frank Croucher, the Tigers' shortstop, rapped a single off the third-baseman's glove. Tommy Bridges, the Detroit pitcher, hit back to Ted, and Williams turned the soft grounder into a force play. He retired the next two batters easily—Pete Fox on a ground ball, and Barney McCoskey on a fly.

In the ninth inning, Mike Higgins, playing third for Detroit, led off with a single. Hank Greenberg sliced a one-baser to right field. Ted threw hard and struck out Rudy York. Dutch Meyer grounded out, Higgins scoring on the play. Birdie Tebbetts ended the inning by tapping a grounder to the mound, which Williams handled easily.

That was it for Ted as major-league pitcher, It's interesting to note that there was a very distinguished cast of baseball men on the field that day. Joe Cronin is president of the American League now. Birdie Tebbetts is a vice-president of the Milwaukee Braves and Hank Greenberg holds a similar job with the Chicago White Sox. Mike Higgins is Williams' manager at Boston and Rudy York is one of the Red Sox coaches.

The year 1940 was anything but happy-go-lucky for #6. Stan Musial, a promising pitcher-outfielder for Daytona Beach in the class D Florida State League, cracked his shoulder during the post-season playoffs. His pitching days ended abruptly. The next spring, Stan reported to the St. Louis Cardinals' minor league training camp at Columbus, Ga. He hit well, but he couldn't throw at all. When Stan came up with the ball in the outfield, the first-baseman was forced to run out to help him. All Musial could manage was a weak underhand toss.

Branch Rickey, then operating the Cardinals, came to Columbus and met with his minor-league staff. Rickey was impressed with Stan's slugging and Branch tried to place him with one of St. Louis' farm clubs. But no one wanted an outfielder who threw underhand. Even Decatur of the Three-Eye League turned him down.

"Just take him for a month," Rickey pleaded with the Springfield management, his last hope. Then Branch used

one of his favorite expressions. "Please," Branch begged the class C club, "I just want to get him on a bus going north. I'll send you an outfielder before the season starts."

Springfield agreed, and Rickey—who wanted Musial to get a chance—never sent a replacement. On opening day in the Western Association, Springfield, working with the meager squads that were the lot of minor league teams in the early '40s, had a choice of starting Musial, a second-string catcher, or a pitcher, in the outfield. Stan was selected. He still flipped the ball, but his bat exploded. Stan belted two homers and two doubles on opening day.

He remained in the lineup, and his bat stayed hot. After 87 games, Musial, sporting a .379 batting average, moved up to Rochester of the International League. He hit .326 in 54 games for the Red Wings, and in September, Stan was shipped to the Cardinals, where he batted .426 in 12 games.

The fellow who couldn't be placed on a class D roster at the beginning of spring training had advanced from class C to the majors in one electric season. He's been up there ever since.

RECRUITING A FOOTBALL CAPTAIN

There was a time when a college football player, if he wasn't good enough for the pros, became a very unwanted fellow after his final game for old alma-mammy. But in these days of moon shots and sputniks, he can, if he chooses the right academic courses, still have that feeling of belonging.

"I have been recruited more in recent months by industry," said Mike Svendsen, Minnesota University's 1958 football captain, "than I was as a star player in high school. I thought people would stop beating at my door after I decided which college scholarship to pick. But the football offers were nothing compared to the bids from engineering firms."

CALORIE COACH

The Kansas City baseball team is testing a truly up-to-date formula for winning ball games. The Athletics aren't overlooking the century-old skills of batting, fielding and throwing, but they've added a new ingredient to their training regimen—proper eating habits.

It all started in spring training when a smartly-dressed woman walked into the dining room while the A's were eating breakfast. She watched, horrified, as some of the club's more ravenous chow hounds polished off T-bone steaks and topped off their morning meal with large slabs of strawberry short cake.

The pretty blonde gasped. "What kind of insane eating is this?" she said. Then she decided to put a stop to it.

The woman was Mrs. Arnold Johnson, and her husband, a renowned world traveler, happens to own, among other properties, the Kansas City Athletics. Mrs. Johnson hustled off to see Dr. Carlton Fredericks, a nationally famous nutritionist and health authority. Pretty soon, hubby, doctor and the little woman were huddling, and before you could splash the whipped cream onto that breakfast shortcake, the A's had themselves a nutritionist for a token payment of $100 a year.

"If the players follow my advice," Dr. Fredericks said before the season, "they will be helped. I haven't set a fixed menu—only a basic framework. There are 55 food chemicals that must come into the body daily, and I've made up lists showing how they can be obtained. I don't care if the chemicals are taken in food or in vitamin pill form.

"Better eating," he continued, "helps eliminate some of the ailments common to players such as charley horses and sore arms. It helps bruises heal rapidly and brings about faster reflex action."

Early in May, Russ Meyer, one of Kansas City's pitchers, issued the first verdict on the nutrition formula. "I must admit," Meyer said, "that the vitamins and stuff pep you up. I used to want that little snooze every day, but I don't now."

At mid-season, we checked with Dr. Fredericks for an up-to-date report on the up-to-date formula.

"We're doing very well, thank you," he told us. "Realize, of course, that we can't attribute higher batting averages or the team's improvement in the standings to eating habits. But we have proof that better nutrition has helped the players. Joe DeMaestri, for one, has said that he can go into games on those 90 degree days and not feel fatigued. The players say, too, that their eyesight has become sharper. These, of course, are natural physiological results that come from better eating.

"Not all the players are going along with the formula, but I'm going to try to outflank the rebels. I'm meeting with the Kansas City wives soon, to explain my theories. We want the players to keep up the diets all winter—it must be a full 12-month plan. Once we can sell the wives, we won't have to worry about the husbands."

After all, it was a woman who started the whole thing in the first place.

DRIBBLER'S TRAVELS

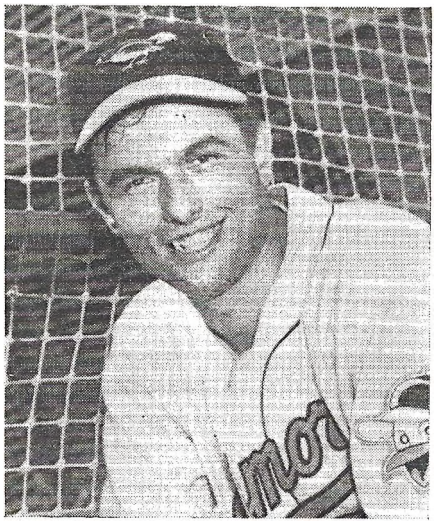
Bob Cousy, who has excited United States audiences with his basketball wizardry for more than a decade, showed his stuff to people in Europe and Africa this summer. Shortly after the Boston Celtics swept the National Basketball Association championship, Bob and his coach Red Auerbach packed their well-traveled suitcases and flew off on a month-long international good will tour.

Large crowds attended their basketball clinics in Paris, French West Africa and Morocco. Red gave lectures—interpreted by Cousy in the French-speaking countries—and Bob demonstrated his exciting basketball skills. They cut short visits to Tunisia and Belgrade when Cousy suffered a severe bone bruise on the bottom of his right foot.

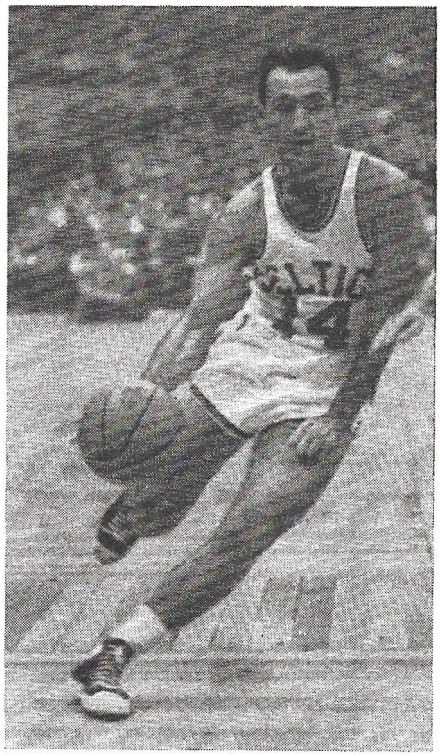
A FELLOW WHO HAPPENS TO OWN A TROTTER

Martin Blumenthal

Julie Wilsker, *right first photo*, and his brother, Abe, are restaurant proprietors who just happen to own some harness horses. "One trotter, two pacers," Julie said. "We won't buy many more. It's only our hobby." As far as their kids are concerned, the hobby is the "keenest." Their girls often go out to the barns at Yonkers Raceway, a stone's throw from Wilsker's Restaurant—where they always stop first for carrots. They play with the horses and feed them. It's a happy scene with Julie, if he is there, drivers, even the stable dog getting into the act.

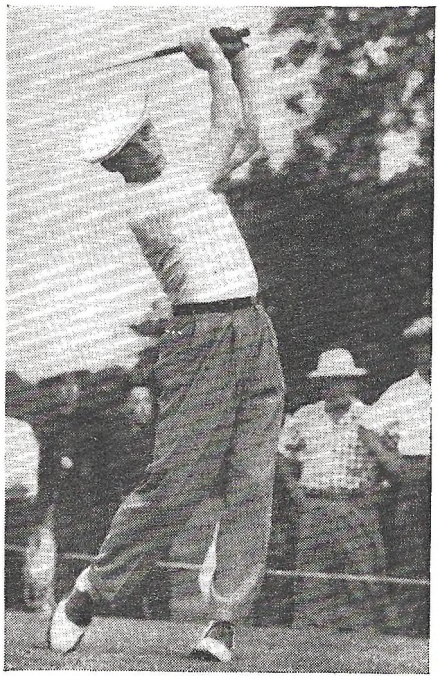


Baltimore manager Paul Richards concocted a unique formula last year to prevent promising young pitcher Milt Pappas, *above*, from straining his valuable right arm.



Marvin Newman

Bob Cousy showed off his fancy dribbling and acrobatic shooting at basketball clinics in Europe and Africa this summer. Coach Red Auerbach went with Cousy.



Wild Bill Ezinicki, noted for his rough play as a National Hockey League star, is a golf pro now. Bill joined the big tournament circuit this year.

"It's getting better now," Bob said. "I think it was playing on concrete that gave me the bruise. I played on all kinds of courts, from decent wooden floors in Paris to dirt and concrete courts in Africa.

"It was all very interesting and I saw some pretty good basketball. The French impressed me the most. I'd say that France's national team compares with an average United States college team. In fact, they might even be better than that—three of their best players weren't around when we lectured.

"The most unusual basketball is played in Africa. The teams play with a soccer ball. It's tough to shoot, although some of the men we saw were pretty accurate. It weighs about the same as a basketball, but it's not fully round and it's hard to dribble. Because of this, the players have to keep their heads down when they dribble and they play more as individuals than as a unit."

We're certain that they worked as a unit when Bob was on the court. Even if he played with an apple, Cooz could stimulate teamwork.

PITCHING BY THE NUMBERS

In his nine seasons as a major-league catcher, Paul Richards learned that a pitcher's arm can be a sometime thing if it isn't treated properly. Judging from his results as manager of the Chicago White Sox and Baltimore Orioles, Richards obviously has put his years of experience to very good use.

For each pitcher and every ailment, Paul has a separate and distinct cure. With erratic and moody Billy Loes, who has been either unable or unwilling to win for any other manager, Richards becomes a psychologist. With young Milt Pappas, Baltimore's classy righthander, Paul turned to mathematics.

Milt, who recently turned 20, had difficulty going the distance when he first came to the majors last season. Richards reasoned that the 19-year-old youth simply wasn't ready to hurl a full nine innings under big-league tensions. So inventive Paul devised the numbers system.

"Paul felt I wasn't strong enough to work as long as the older pitchers," Pappas said, "so he'd yank me after I threw 100 pitches, no matter what the situation was. I'd usually reach the 100-pitch mark about the sixth or seventh inning, and out I'd come. Once in a while, usually when I had a big lead, he'd let me stay the route. I only pitched three complete games in 21 starts last year."

Milt is a year older now, in both age and experience, and his arm is stronger. Consequently, Richards has decided to put the "100-pitch" system in mothballs, at least for a while.

"However, if Milt shows signs of tiring as the season progresses," Paul said, "we might still do it. I'd never take a chance on any young pitcher straining his arm."

WILD BILL'S TAME NOW

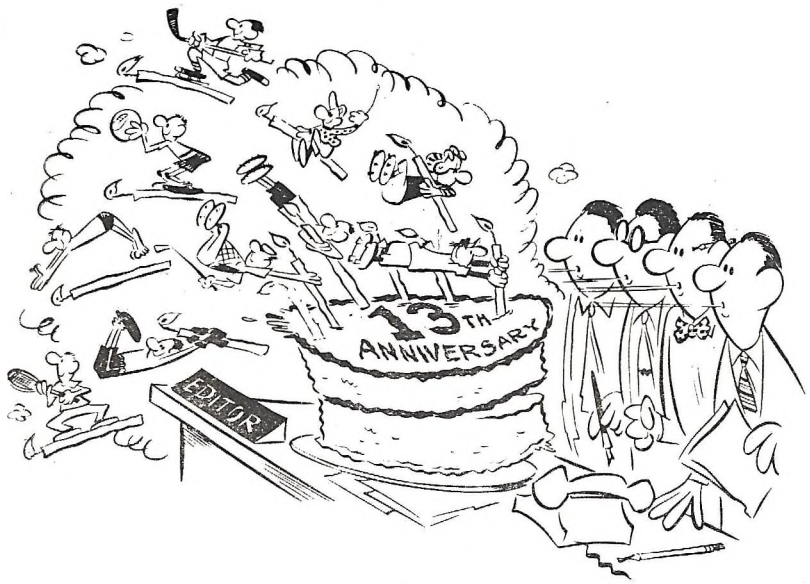
From the National Hockey League's toughest player to a refined and easy-going golf pro in five years. That's the story of Bill Ezinicki, once less than affectionately known as Wild Bill. Playing for Toronto, Boston and New York, the fiery right-winger established himself as hockey's most ferocious body-checker—and as a pretty handy and eager guy with his fists, too. With Ezzy on ice, anything could, and usually did, happen.

But Bill, currently in his first full season on the professional golfers' tour, is a new man. "Golf's much different than hockey as far as temperament," Bill told us. "It doesn't upset me as much. I get mad once in a while. All golfers do. But I'm no Tommy Bolt. I can't afford to throw my clubs around. I take things real easy, just learning the game and not getting excited. But that's today. I can't tell you what'll happen next week."

Ezinicki has been a consulting and supervising Massachusetts club pro for ten years—he started while he still was active in hockey. He has had several brief flings on the winter golf circuit, but this is his first chance to play the complete tournament schedule. His biggest payday has been $850 for eighth place in the New Orleans Open last year, and his highest finish was a sixth at Baton Rouge this season.

"I know I can eventually make a living as a touring pro," Bill said. "What I need right now is about 18 months or two years of stiff competition. I've still got a lot to learn from the old pros. But it's funny. I ask them about golf and all they want to do is talk hockey. So we trade information. Fellows like Jackie Burke and Ed Furgol are real hockey fans. They go

SPORT TALK



to the games every chance they get."

Ezinicki, now 35, looks as trim and well-conditioned as he did when he was the scourge of the hockey circuit. "Most people are surprised when I tell them I don't miss playing hockey," Bill said. "When I'm playing golf, I completely forget about body contact. It's only when I go out to see the Bruins or Detroit play that I miss the contact. Watching those guys slam each other around brings back memories. But, you know, I watch those guys killing each other—and I realize I've really got it made playing golf."

ADVICE TO PINCH HITTERS

To reimburse Philadelphia for the rights to sign Solly Hemus as manager last autumn, the St. Louis Cardinals shipped Gene Freese, a journeyman infielder, to the Phillies. Freese, who never had belted more than seven home runs in a major-league season, set off some unexpected furor in Philadelphia with his explosive, long-distance pinch hitting.

Before mid-season, Gene had walloped five pinch homers, one short of the full-season league record. Recently, he explained his success.

"The element of surprise has a lot to do with it," Gene said. "No one expects a batter to come off the bench cold and pile into that first pitch. Even a guy like Burdette figures he can get the edge on a hitter by throwing across a quick strike and then going to work on him.

"But I hit three of my first five pinch homers this year on the first pitch. They've been good pitches, as good or better than I'm likely to get later, so why shouldn't I swing?"

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY TO US

SPORT is 13 years old this month and it surprised us to find that a few of the men featured prominently in our first issue are still making large-sized headlines.

In September of 1946, SPORT reported that Ted Williams was a pretty controversial fellow who could really belt that baseball. Now, in the twilight of his great career, Ted still wallops the ball and he still speaks his mind. Ben Hogan, we told you then, was the hardest worker in golf, and the sport's best pressure player. Eddie Arcaro, we said, was a master at maneuvering a horse through a crowded pack. We'd be quite pleased now, 13 years later, to let Ben sink our crucial putts and Eddie ride our Derby pick.

In SPORT Talk then, we mentioned that Bill Veeck, who had just taken over as president of the Indians, was a sure bet to liven things up in Cleveland. The setting is different—Bill's in Chicago now. But anyone who saw those midgets tumble out of the helicopter and charge the White Sox dugout will tell you that Bill's ideas are as exciting as ever.

We can't say it in the original French, but our English translation tells the story just as well: The more things change, the more they stay the same.

HE BATS ALONE

Earl Averill stroked 2,020 hits and batted .318 in his sparkling 13-year major-league career. Now, his son, Earl Averill, Jr., is playing for the Chicago Cubs.

"Is it of any help," young Earl was asked, "being the son of a famous baseball star?"

The answer was precise.

"Not when you're up at the plate against Warren Spahn."

FAN CLUB NOTES

We were pleased to learn of the good work being done by the Ray Semproch Fan Club. Erna Israel and Carole Cohen, co-presidents, report that they recently collected ten dollars for the Heart Fund, and now expect to expand the club's charitable operations. Future plans include a visit to the Children's Hospital in Philadelphia, to present patients with autographed pictures of Ray and his Phillies' teammates. Anyone interested in joining the club, should write to Erna or Carole at 6916 Lynford Street, Philadelphia 49, Pa. We'd be delighted to hear from other Fan Clubs that help out national or local charities.

New Fan Club Dept.: Jim Perry, Cleveland Indians pitcher—Mary Ann Hall, 1800 Harrisburg Road, Canton 5, O., president—membership dues, 25 cents. The Braves Fan Club of New England—Claire H. Read, Harkney Hill Road, R.F.D. #1, Box 272, Coventry Center, R.I.—anyone living in New England now, or anyone who lived in Boston when the Braves played there, is eligible to join. Nelson Fox, Chicago White Sox second-baseman—Dennis Flannery and Bill Elliott, 21 Fairport Rd., Westport, Conn., are co-presidents. Roger Maris, Kansas City outfielder—Douglas Schulz, Box 38, Beach, N. Dak., is the boy to get in touch with for information.

Allan Wimer, 3652 Brisban St., Paxtang, Pa., has started a new club for Phillies' outfielder, Richie Ashburn. Alan asks a 25 cent initiation fee, and plans to send out membership cards, autographed pictures and a club bulletin.

A fan club for Frank Bolling, the Tigers' classy infielder, is being organized by Alberta Haesebrouck, 4686 Chalmers, Detroit 15, Mich. Debby Awland, 11 Hillcrest Rd., Port Washington, N.Y., is interested in members for her new Billy Martin club; and Peggy Conway, 2981 Lincoln Blvd., Cleveland Hts. 18, O., is forming a club for Billy's fiery Indian teammate, Jimmy Piersall.

Peter Murdza and John Perri would like members for their New York Yankee club. Write to Peter at 85 Highland St., Milton, Mass., for details.

The Sluggers, a fan club for Mickey Mantle, Willie Mays and Tony Kubek, is conducting a membership drive to celebrate its first anniversary. If you're interested in joining, send one dollar to Michael L. Larson, treasurer, Route One, St. James, Minn. All members will receive autographed photos of Mantle and Kubek, plus a monthly club bulletin.

SLIDE, SEÑOR, SLIDE

In the days before Harmon Killebrew, when Joe Hardy of "Damn Yankees" was the Senators' only authentic slugger, baseball often became a seriocomic business (oops, we meant sport) in Washington. The Senators tried hard, but they didn't have the players, and to top it all off, it seemed that some of the most unique hazards kept popping up to plague manager Charlie Dressen.

Charlie and his first-base coach, Cookie Lavagetto, who later inherited the managerial job, had, among other problems, a language barrier. They had a hard time communicating with their many Cuban players, and as a result, there were frequent tangles on the basepaths.

"Charlie," Lavagetto said one exasperating day, "maybe I ought to learn how to speak Spanish?"

And he did. Cookie met with Camilo Pascual, one of Washington's pitchers, and they worked out a signal something like, *"No da al jugador segunda basa toca retrocada."* This was to indicate to the runner on first that he must not allow the fielder to tag him on a possible double-play ball.

Promptly, in the next game, Lavagetto barked out the signal. Jose Valdivielso, the runner, nodded knowingly and then ran smack into a double play.

Cookie exploded. He ran to Julio Becquer, another native of Cuba, and he asked, "What does *'No da al jugador segunda basa toca retrocada'* mean?"

Becquer looked quizzically at Cookie. Then he smiled. Then he laughed. Obviously, something had been lost in the vocal interpretation.

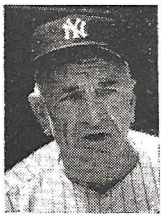
"That means," Julio said, "walk nicely to man on second base."

See you next month.

—STEVE GELMAN

AT YOUR NEWSSTAND AUGUST 27

CUS D'AMATO



CASEY STENGEL

NEXT MONTH IN SPORT

We've worked on it for months, and now it's ready—our special WORLD SERIES ISSUE. Packed with the heroes, the goats, the comedies and the tragedies of baseball's greatest spectacle, this is an issue that will be a collector's item for years to come. Read: "What The Series Feels Like," by WARREN SPAHN; "CASEY STENGEL—Master Showman," by Ed Linn; "The Four Days of DUSTY RHODES," "THE SCANDALOUS BLACK SOX," and the ALL-TIME WORLD SERIES TEAM picked by the baseball writers of the country. Plus a carload of other Series facts, figures and features! From the Warren Spahn cover to Allan Roth's special collection of important Series statistics, this is a baseball fan's feast.

There are other big features, too. in the October SPORT. MEL ALLEN gives you his annual ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL PREVIEW, chockful of the latest information on the probable stars of the new college grid season. Outstanding reporter Roger Kahn tells you what's what with the No. 1 enigma of the sports world, CUS D'AMATO, the perplexing manager of heavyweight champ FLOYD PATTERSON. Will Grimsley has all the dope on promoter JACK KRAMER'S plans for next year's pro tennis carnival—complete, maybe, with ALEX OLMEDO? There's an absorbing profile of OLLIE MATSON, the man for whom the Los Angeles Rams traded just about a whole team. And, as an extra, non-World Series baseball filip, you'll enjoy the story of HARMON "KILLER" KILLEBREW, the man who jumped right out of the story "Damn Yankees" into the Washington Senators' lineup and has been hammering homers just like Joe Hardy did in the movie. All in SPORT for October. Don't miss it!

For Williams, with his color, and Musial, with his class, this season has revealed the clear signs of decline. The end is upon the two great hitters of our age

The Last Summer Of #9 And #6

By Ed Linn

THE YEAR 1959 will be remembered by the grey-faced caretakers who keep the big book as the year in which Stan Musial, who once played through 895 consecutive games, sat out the second game of double-headers and, more depressing still, the day games immediately following night games. For those of us who enjoy digging deep, it will be remembered, too, as the year Ted Williams tried harder than he ever had before to get a fast start on the season, and ended up with no start at all.

This is the year, to put it bluntly, in which Ted Williams and Stan Musial, the premier hitters of their age, have finally shown the clear signs of decline and decay. For #9 and #6, the end is upon them.

Ted Williams, it is no secret to divulge at this stage of the game, is baseball's most colorful figure, a man who is driven to rouse the flames. Stan Musial has had to get by on being nothing more exciting than the best all-around player of his era, the nice, smiling guy you didn't really know was in the game until he broke it up. (Sure, that's an exaggeration, but it's an exaggeration that makes a point.)

If it is difficult to talk about Ted without sounding as if you're going for your Ph.D. in psychology, it is just as difficult to write about Stan without sounding as if you're delivering the nominating address at a Presidential convention. Since Freud's works are pored over far more avidly than any collection of nominating speeches, we do not have to belabor the point that Ted has made far more pungent copy than Stan has.

Before we get any further into this, we had better make it clear that neither Williams nor Musial is ready to tear up his contract and walk away from it all. Their contracts are considerably too ample for any such cavalier indiscretion. Each still has an ambition or two. For his part, Musial is outwardly determined to play at least two more years. "The record I really want now," he was saying early in the season, "is the most total hits in the National League. I'll need to average about 150 hits over the two years, and I think I can do it."

Actually, Stan—who started the season with 3,116—has to average 157 hits to catch Honus Wagner. He will probably fall short. Last year, playing in 135 games, not all full time, he had only 159 hits, and he will not be playing any 135 games from here on in.

How bad would he have to go to force him to retire before he reaches that goal? "I've always said that if I can't hit .300 and play 125 or 130 games—if I thought it was work—I'd give it up. So far I haven't felt it." And then, smiling, he says, "Everywhere I go these days, I hear how old and decrepit I'm getting. They were saying the same thing about Williams last year. Three or four good days and the talk stops."

Williams said, after his own miserable start this season, "When they begin to throw the fast ball past me and I don't know why, I think I'll know enough to quit. They're not throwing it past me yet."

Ted, who in past days liked to deny he had any particular interest in records, has been conceding over the past couple of years that he would really like to pass

TED WILLIAMS

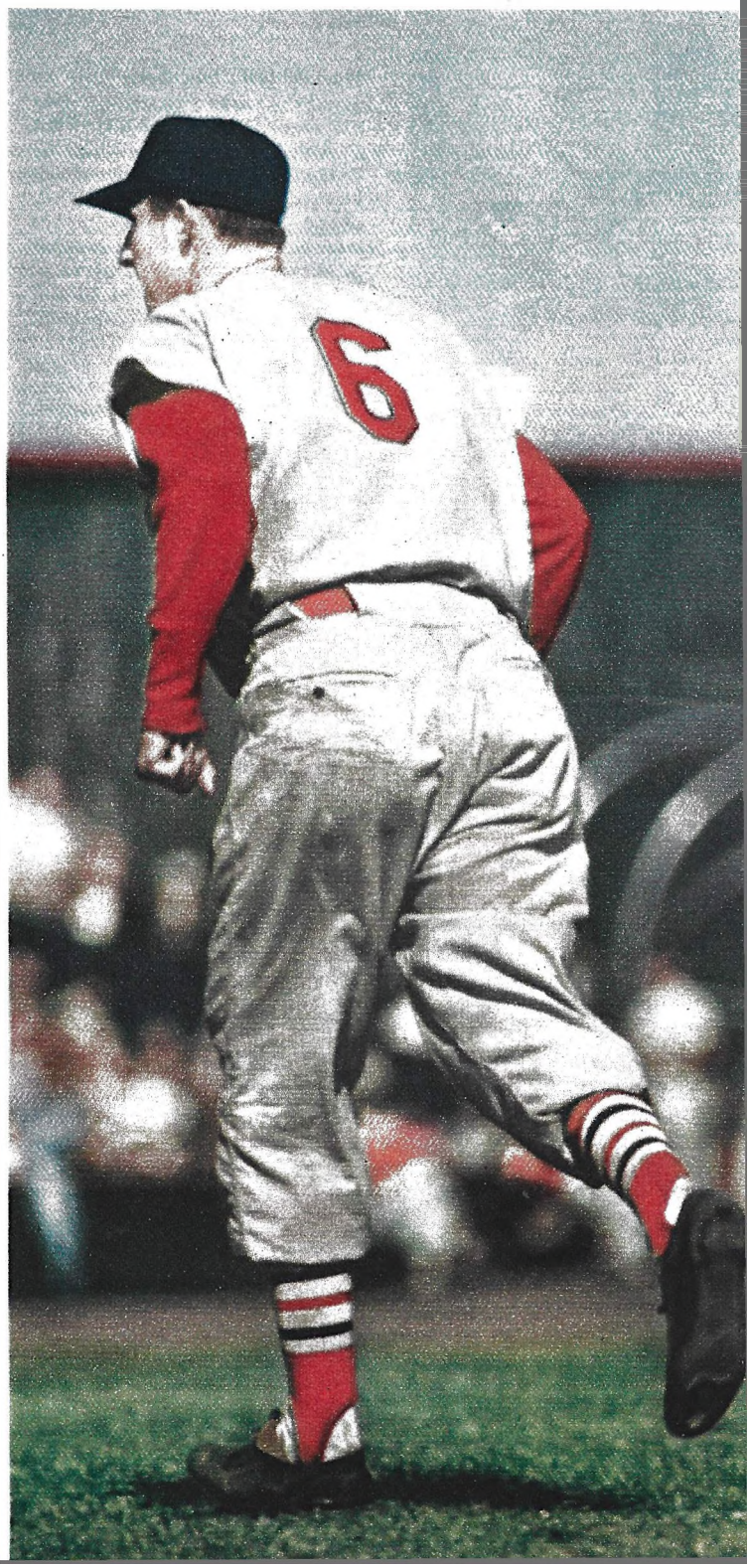
Ted will be 41 in a month, yet he seems in better physical shape than Musial. But he finds it is tough to get started, and, anyway, he has a $400,000 movie-book deal waiting for him on retirement.

Color by Mort Schreiber

STAN MUSIAL

The man who once played through 895 consecutive games now sits out the second game of double-headers and the day games that immediately follow night games. His legs are practically gone.

Color by Lawrence Schiller



Musial, *left*, has been able to avoid serious injuries. But his records of durability were a mixed blessing, draining his strength. "My reflexes don't bounce back now," he says. Ted, *above*, with his history of aches and pains, has trouble getting in shape. His pinched nerve at the start of the season slowed him up more than he expected.

Lou Gehrig (492) in the home-run totals. Since he started the season needing only 11, he'd have to go into total eclipse to fail. And when Williams' home runs are being counted, it should always be remembered that the men ahead of him—Ruth, Foxx, Ott and Gehrig—all hit in ball parks which were slanted to their power. Ted Williams did not.

The only other active player to hit as many as 400 home runs—Musial himself—points out that if Williams had not lost five seasons to military service and any number of games to illnesses and injuries, he would now be in the process of wrapping up all kinds of records. "The old-timers never missed a year," Stan says. "And I've been exceptionally lucky. I was only in the service one year and the worst injury I ever had was when I pulled my shoulder two years ago and missed 20 days."

Ted's appraisal of Musial's hitting is far more technical: "I haven't seen him play much, but I marvel that he can always get a piece of the ball with that big, sweeping swing he takes." Ted himself, of course, is the master of—and spokesman for—the short, compact swing wherein the power flows entirely from the forearms and hands.

"When it comes to hitting," Ted says, on further reflection, "I only wish that I could have run like Musial when he was younger." If Williams seems to be implying that Stan was able to pile a lot more leg hits onto his batting average than Ted himself—and that is just what he *is* implying—then he is absolutely correct. Before Musial became Stan the Man, he was really the singles-and-doubles hitter he still likes to call himself. It was six full seasons with the Cardinals before he hit as many as 20 home runs.

He was not only fast, he was one of the most naturally graceful athletes anybody has ever seen. That is why it comes as such a shock to watch Stan labor around the bases this season and realize, suddenly, that his legs are practically gone. The inability to get those leg hits any more is going to make the two-year push for Wagner's record awfully difficult.

The thinking of major-league owners is sometimes hard to follow. If you had Stan Musial on your club at this stage of his career and you found yourself with an off-day between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, you would undoubtedly send him on ahead to get some rest. And yet, when the Cards were faced with just that situation earlier in the season, they had him make the trip by way of Rochester, New York. The Cards were playing an exhibition game with Rochester and it is clearly understood, when such games are booked, that Musial is to make an appearance.

Stan played only three innings, but the playing isn't what wears him down on these exhibitions. From the moment he gets into a minor-league town, he is pestered and cajoled. Even after he played, he showered hurriedly and dashed over to a dinner party he had agreed to address. To make the night complete, he then had to wait at the airport for a couple of hours before the rest of the team arrived. With two out in the ninth and the Cards losing, 4-1, Gene Green had felt it necessary to hit a game-tying home run, a feat of sheer heroism that did not quite endear him to his teammates. If it had endeared him any less, in fact, they might have left him in Rochester. The game dragged on into a thrilling 12th inning, whereupon the Cards, for reasons best known to themselves, batted around and scored six runs.

By the time their special plane landed in Philadelphia, it was 4 a.m. By the time Stan got to bed, it was almost 5. "I was able to get eight hours' sleep," he insisted, at the ball park that night. "Eight hours' sleep, that's a *must!*"

In theory, it's a must. In fact, Stan very frequently flies into a city after a night game, gets to bed in the early hours and is up to appear at an eight o'clock communion breakfast. Stan Musial, as you may have gathered by now, is an amiable, obliging man who does not like to say no. Although his roommates try to screen the phone calls, he is easily the most approachable star in baseball.

At 5:30 p.m., he caught the players' bus alongside the Warwick Hotel, and at a little past 6 p.m., he was trooping into the visiting club's dressing room, a narrow, rickety affair which is best described not so much as a hole-in-the-wall, but as the branch office of a hole-in-the-wall.

As he got to his locker near the middle of the room, Stan was pounced upon by a Philadelphia sportswriter who wanted to know, in effect, whether his age was catching up with him. When the writer left, a couple of local agents, offering endorsement deals, moved up in line, and the words "long-term contract" and "hi-fi" floated through the air. While he was listening, Stan got into uniform. He sat on the stool for a while afterwards, smoking a cigarette, and then he meandered up and down the length of the narrow aisle, stopping off to stick his head into every conversation.

When he finally returned to his own locker, some of the other players—as if by long custom—began to gather, in groups of two and threes, (⟶ TO PAGE 70)

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FOR $50,000, I'D FIGHT

Rocky is a pretty funny fellow these days, but he means it when he says he'd fight again for a price. With the quality of competition around today, just find him an opponent

By ROCKY GRAZIANO

as told to Dick Schaap

YOU'D THINK A GUY like me who got beat by Chuck Davey would have enough sense to keep his mouth shut. I mean, getting beat by Chuck Davey's not exactly the same as getting beat by Ingemar Johansson's sister, but it's close. I guess I ought to leave well enough alone and stick to the golf course, where the only hook I've got to worry about is my own. But I watch fights on television these days and, believe me, even Davey looks good in comparison. All you've got now are bums. For $50,000, I'd fight any of these bums.

I mean it. I'm 38 years old, that's all, and I've been on a diet, so I'm not heavy. I got a soft touch now that I'm an actor. You know, the money's good, the work's a breeze and the hours are okay. For a few minutes as a guest star on television, I can collect a pretty nice fee. But $50,000 is a lot of guest appearances. For that kind of dough, the hell with being a thespian. Just find me an opponent. I'll fight again.

Before you start calling a headshrinker to take care of me, take a look at the middleweights these days. You've watched them. Who's the best? Sugar Ray Robinson, I guess. I fought him once before, in 1952, and he didn't kill me. He stopped me, sure, when I got careless, but it wasn't a one-sided slaughter. I floored him once. (I think he tripped over my body.) Besides, he was fighting pro in 1940 when I was just a kid fighting in the amateurs. Ray says he's only 39, but don't you believe it. If he's 39, so's Martha Raye. I'll bet he's 42, at least, so he's not going to dance around the ring like he's Fred Astaire. He's slowed down a lot since his real good days. Everyone used to say that, pound for pound, Ray was the best fighter in the whole world. They were right. But just remember. He's carrying more pounds and more years now.

The other top middleweights today, Carmen Basilio and Gene Fullmer, are no kids, either. They've been around a while and they've taken a lot of punches. I remember right before I got beat by Davey in my last fight, Basilio took him on. Well, I thought Carmen was pretty good, so I bet a bundle on him. What happened? Davey killed him. He knocked him all around the ring. Fullmer can get tagged, too. He's tough, but he's not as tough as Tony Zale was.

I don't want to say that I'd beat Robinson or Basilio or Fullmer. I'm not in real good shape like I used to be. Maybe one of them could stop me. But I don't think they'd have an easy time with me. I'd like to try it anyway, for the right price.

The rest of the middleweights are mostly bums. I think Joey Giardello could be good, but he's erratic. Sometimes, he looks sloppy. This kid Jose Torres might be okay, but it's hard to tell. He's only fought stiffs so far. The others are nothing. Some of them move around nice, but they punch about as hard as Debbie Reynolds. The guys who punch hard can't move. They'd get killed by a good right hand. I don't think any of them could hurt me.

You know, it's a funny thing. All the time, the fighters who've quit fighting say the new guys are bums. They said it 30 years ago and they said it 20 years ago and they said it when I was fighting. Now, I'm saying it. But, you know what? It's true *now*. It used to be that everybody just said it because they were supposed to say it and they didn't really mean it. Now, I mean it. The new fighters are bums. What do they know about fighting? They dance around a little bit and they throw a few jabs, but they don't really fight. You see a guy draw one drop of blood these days and everybody says he's a killer. Another guy bleeds a little bit and you'd think he was dying the way everybody works over him in the corner. When I fought, you expected to get messed up some. That's what the game is all about. It ain't tiddlywinks.

When I was fighting, we had some real rough brawlers. There was Zale and Tony Janiro and Freddy Cochrane and Marty Servo and Jake LaMotta. Man,

ANY OF THESE BUMS

those guys could punch. But, outside of Zale, the toughest fight I had was in 1945 against a guy named Billy Arnold. He came into that fight with something like 20 straight knockouts and I had just lost two in a row. I think I got $1,500 for fighting Arnold. I earned it. He banged at me and I banged at him. I was up and down more times than an elevator. I stopped him, finally, in the third round, but it felt more like the 30th. That fight made me. After that, I started getting $50,000 for my bouts.

Most of these new fighters don't even know what $50,000 looks like. One reason they don't get big money, I think, is that there's no real colorful characters. You don't have to be a genius to see that this fight racket needs some color or it's finished. It needs a guy like Jack Dempsey or Zale or me who looks like he's enjoying his work. These guys today look like they hate fighting. They don't want to hurt anyone and they don't want to get hurt. That's a fine attitude if you're in the Boy Scouts, but no one ever accused me of being a scoutmaster. I always tried to kill the guy I was fighting, and he tried to kill me. That was the only way to do it.

These new guys aren't just dull. They seem to enjoy being dull. They don't say much about themselves and they run away from publicity like it's going to bite them. When I was fighting, everybody knew Rocky. I'd walk down the street in New York and everybody—all the strangers—would say, "Hi, champ." I liked people knowing me and I liked reporters asking me questions. It wasn't always easy to think of new things to tell the reporters, but I tried. I wanted them to get good stories. I wanted to see my name in the papers. But these guys today, I can't figure them. Who are they? I bet if Don Jordan (he's the welterweight champ, in case you don't recognize the name) walked down Broadway at noon, nobody would know who he was.

The same thing goes for the heavyweight champion. He's no great public figure, either. People kid around and say who's Floyd Patterson, but it's no joke. He doesn't fight very often and when he does, he's got some guy who looks like he's going to fall over if you breathe hard at him. You don't excite people by hiding out in New Jersey and knocking out a lot of sparring partners, in secret sessions. People are like me. When I go to New Jersey, I go there to play golf. I don't go to see Patterson, wherever he is. What kind of guy is he? I don't really know. I hear he's friendly to little kids. Who isn't? He talks nice and soft and he says good things about the guys he fights. What's he going to do? Knock the bums?

Where are the fighters? I don't know the answer, but I hear that one reason there's no good fighters is because things are better economically. Man, I can't buy that. Look at the score you can make in boxing. Guys sometimes get a quarter of a million dollars for one fight. Things ain't that good, economically. Where else can you score like that? Not in baseball (⟶ TO PAGE 64)

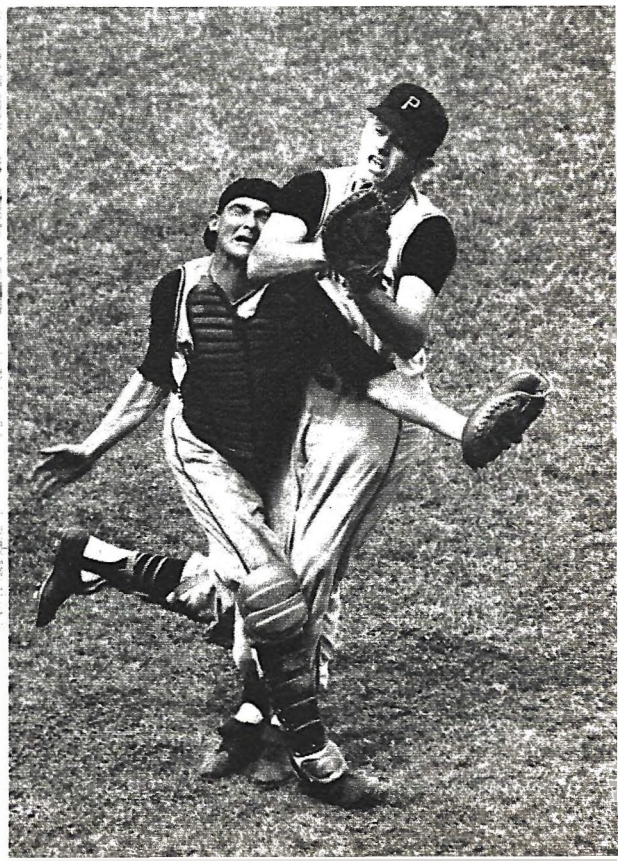
Who's the best, 38-year-old Rocky asks. *Above*, Ray Robinson? He's older and he's slowed down. *Left*, Carmen Basilio? He's no kid, and he's not as tough as Tony Zale was. *Right*, Gene Fullmer? He can get tagged. "I don't say I'd beat 'em," Rocky says, "but I don't think they'd have an easy time."

The Unabashed Dick Stuart

Stuart the hero gets set to blast one into the seats for another of his mighty all-or-nothing homers.

He wins games with his bat and loses them with his glove, but Dick is just what the Pirates (or any other club) need. And if you don't believe it, you just ask him

By Jack Orr



Stuart the goat messes up a foul pop and plants a hard elbow in catcher Bill Hall's face as well.

THREE YEARS AGO, when tall, handsome Dick Stuart hit 66 home runs for Lincoln in the class A Western Association, there was a game in which Lincoln was trailing by a run in the ninth inning, with a man on third base, when Stuart came to the plate. Before he had a chance to swing, the runner suddenly took off and stole home. The crowd cheered but Stuart only glared at his teammate. Then he walked toward the third-base coach.

"You didn't send that man home, did you?" he asked.

"Of course I did," the surprised coach answered. "Now the score is tied. Why shouldn't I?"

"With me hitting?" Stuart said, in genuine astonishment.

Why anybody should sweat for one measly run with the self-proclaimed greatest home-run hitter in baseball at the plate was absolutely incomprehensible to Stuart, a perfectly likeable young man to whom the entire game of baseball had boiled down to just one essential—hit the long ball. So dedicated is he to his mission that he once apologized to Branch Rickey, then Pittsburgh Pirate general manager, who had made a special visit to Lincoln to watch him play. All Stuart could manage that day was three singles.

Of course, that was three years ago. Today Dick Stuart is a relatively modest first-baseman for Pittsburgh, but he still continues to amaze his fellow major-leaguers with the huge minuses and pluses of his ability.

One day this spring, after the Phillies had a good day trouncing the Pirates in an exhibition game, Stuart was the chief subject of post-game discussion.

"Any of you guys ever see a worst first-baseman than that guy?" one of the Phillies asked. "He lets two hits go by him like he's waving at a couple of girls on the corner. Then he stands at attention, as if they're playing the Star Spangled Banner, when that pop fly falls two feet away. On that cut-off play, he looked as if he didn't know whether to throw to Murtaugh on the bench, the umpire at first, or stick it up his ear. Then he takes the double-play grounder and throws it all the way into center field."

"Maybe he's funny to the rest of you," said pitcher Curt Simmons, who had fallen victim to one of Stuart's rocket-like home runs. "But the ball he hit off me was the highest I ever saw. I thought it never was going to come down. It must have landed in the next county. So laugh if you want to, but I'd just as soon not pitch to him."

Similar conversations have taken place in clubhouses all over the National League. For Stuart is an intriguing enigma. He alternately delights and drives to distraction his personable, patient manager, Danny Murtaugh.

By the time June rolled around this season, Murtaugh was getting bored with the question: "Can Stuart's hitting offset his fielding?"

"I honestly don't know," Murtaugh said. "But I have to give him a try at the fences. I traded away 35 homers when I sent Frank Thomas to the Reds and I have to get them back some place. First base seems to be the most likely spot. If I can't get them from Stuart, then maybe Ted Kluszewski or Rocky Nelson can help—or a combination of the three of them. But right now, Stuart has the best chance, errors or no errors. I have to go with him."

Whether Murtaugh actually believes that he has to go along with the fielding of Stuart is a moot point. He has seen some strange things take place around first base when it was manned by the big Californian. So did baseball writer Jack Mann, who chanced to see Stuart in a Florida game with the White Sox this spring.

"Dick Stuart hit .750 (three for four) yesterday," Mann's story read, "which should have been enough to beat the White Sox. But he fielded .500 (four errors for eight chances) and the Pirates lost, 7-5."

Mann admitted that Stuart takes one of the most elegant riffles of our time. "His two singles and a double were all line drives you could hang the week's wash on. I asked Jim Landis, the White Sox centerfielder, if the balls Stuart hits take off and he said, 'They sure don't die. They seem to fly up—shift gears in flight and soar, like brassie shots.' "

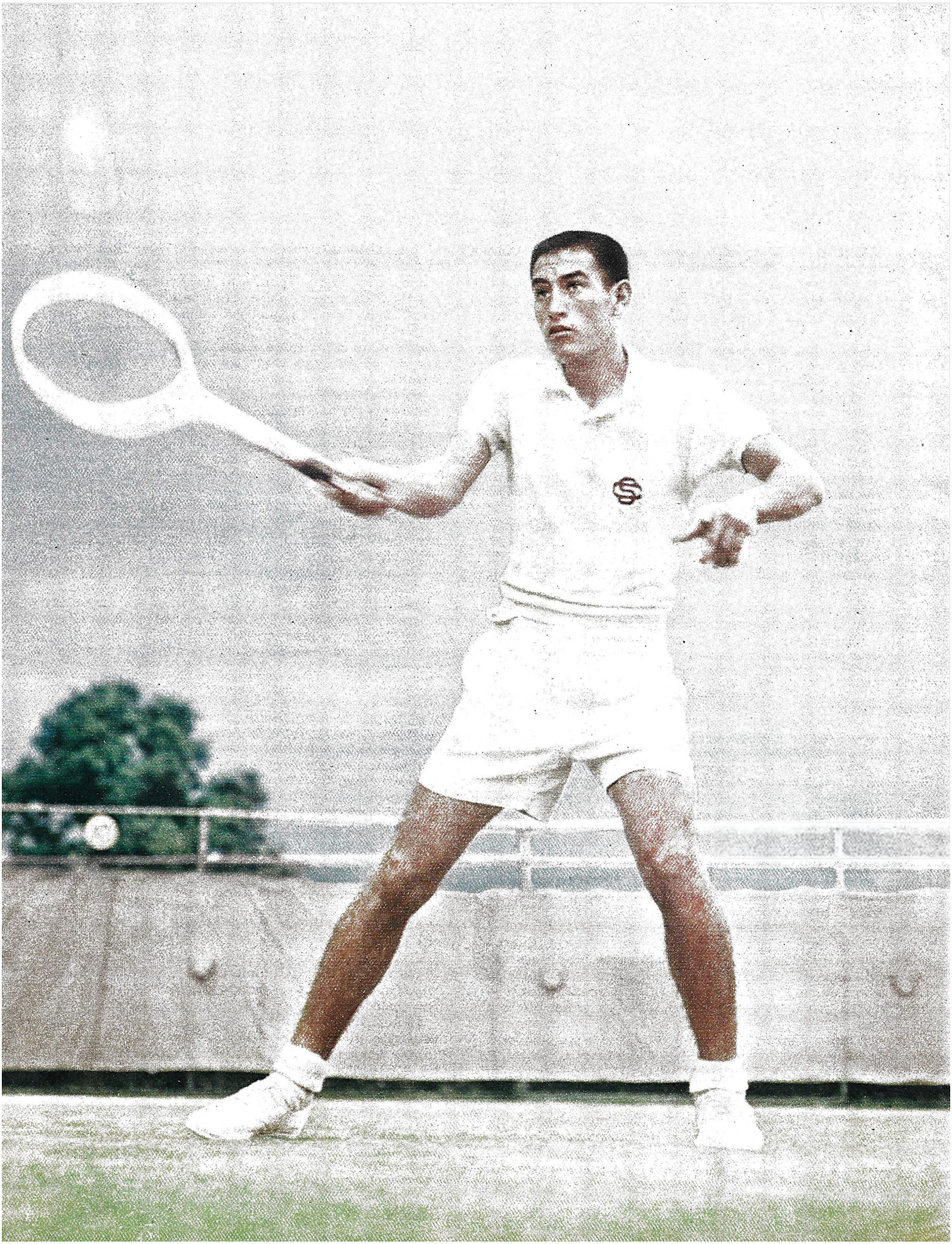
About Stuart's four errors that day, Mann said: "In the fourth he overwhelmed a ground ball and flipped it high over the head of the pitcher striving to cover. Then he stood studying his fingers as if they had betrayed him. In the fifth he dropped a throw from short and made two pointless throws past the catcher. Later in the inning, his throw pulled shortstop Dick Groat far off the bag, but the umpire spared him a fifth error by calling the 'automatic' force."

Such capers may have influenced his teammates to vote him only a half-share of their second-place money last year, despite his 16 homers in half a season. Stuart was philosophical about this. "They gave the batboy a half-share, too," he said. "But, he was a darned good batboy."

The question arises: What is Dick Stuart doing in the big league if all he can do is slug? "Well, he's not the first guy in baseball who didn't know what the glove was for," said Jimmie Dykes, then a Pittsburgh coach and now manager of the Tigers. "There's been a few lasted for years without being able to catch cold."

Dykes was referring to the likes of Zeke Bonura, a celebrated no-field first-baseman; Smead Jolley, maybe the worst fielder of them all; and Babe Herman ("I don't like rooming with a .250 hitter," he once said to Fresco Thompson. "And I resent rooming with a .250 fielder," Thompson said).

Stuart is cut from the same mold. The Pirates signed him out of high school for $10,000, and at 19, big and awkward, he broke in with Modesto (⟶ TO PAGE 63)



ALEX THE GREAT

Olmedo's big game and bubbling charm have juiced up fan interest in amateur tennis. The kid who won the Davis Cup is a swashbuckling hero

By STEVE GELMAN

Crowd-pleaser Olmedo features a cannonball service as the heavy weapon in his power game. Alex serves hard, then rushes the net, always pouring on pressure with his relentless, blistering attack.

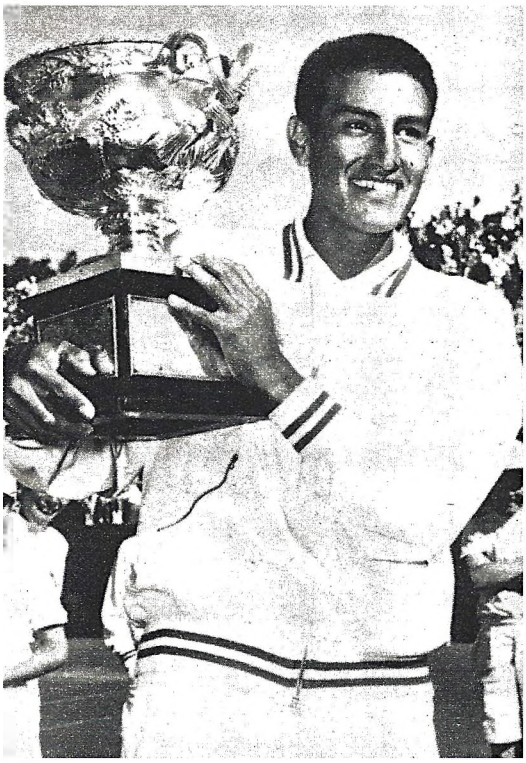
Color by Martin Blumenthal

IN THE SHINING ARENA of his boyhood dreams, Alex Olmedo stood majestically in a sandy ring, waved a red cape and gracefully side-stepped the charging bull. Vibrant choruses of "Olé" filled the arena and red roses wafted down to his feet. Alex smiled and bowed slowly. He was the victor in the sport his Spanish-speaking people loved the best.

On a more recent day, Alex Olmedo, who achieved greater world-wide fame as a tennis player than he ever could have grasped as a bullfighter, remembered his boyhood. "When I was 11 and 12," he said, "I would watch the bullfighters in Arequipa, Peru, my home. I worked at the arenas, and the matadors gave me lessons. I practiced on calves with small horns, and sometimes they brushed my leg. But I did not mind. I wanted to learn to become a famous bullfighter. I wanted to make my people proud."

To say that Alex Olmedo has made his people proud is an understatement. The kid from Peru—who seven years ago "couldn't even hold a tennis racquet properly," according to one of his early coaches—has made the world proud of him. With fierce dedication to tennis, and unstinting devotion to those who befriended him, Alex catapulted to fame amidst a scenario swathed in Hollywood bunting.

The copper-skinned 23-year-old has been honored with brass band receptions on three continents. Crowds cheered his every move in Australia, the scene of his greatest conquests. In Los Angeles, Calif., against a backdrop of clanging cymbals and blaring trumpets, Alex grinned broadly at the thousands of people who came to salute him. And in Lima, Peru, 30,000 natives swarmed the airport last March to bellow praise for their countryman when he returned home for the first time in five years.



Flashing the big grin that has become one of his trademarks, Olmedo holds up the trophy he received for winning the Australian national championship last January. The Chief was such a popular hero Down Under that fans cheered him in hotel lobbies, on the streets, and even stood up and applauded in church when Olmedo went to Ashley Cooper's wedding.

This acclaim for Olmedo was touched off more by the surprise of his victories than by the skill of his play. In less than a year, Alex bolted from obscurity to the very top in world amateur tennis. The wiry, six-foot dynamo, who never had won a major singles tournament in his life, stormed across the courts in hot, steamy Brisbane, Australia, last December and, virtually single-handed, took the Davis Cup from the heavily-favored Aussies. In his singles matches, Alex defeated Ashley Cooper and Mal Anderson, the leading amateur players in 1958, and in the doubles he teamed with Ham Richardson to win an exhausting match from Anderson and Neale Fraser. The United States won the Cup, 3-2. It was one of the most stunning upsets in tennis history.

On the strength of his brilliant play in those three days, Olmedo became, and has remained, the finest attraction in amateur tennis. At Wimbledon, the dignified mecca of European tennis, all attention was focused hungrily on Alex this summer. The spotlight will fall on him again later this month when the United States and Australia start belting white balls at each other in the Davis Cup matches at Forest Hills' West Side Stadium. All sports fans—not only diehard tennis buffs—will watch anxiously to see if Alex can reproduce his fired-up Cup performances. If Olmedo does not play in the Challenge Round—and that possibility exists—his name still will make the headlines, with explanations and arguments of why he isn't on the court.

There is a chance, you see, that the stinging criticism, heaped upon the United States Lawn Tennis Association after Olmedo's Cup victory last winter, may yet take its toll. Alex is not a U.S. citizen, and last year, he said he definitely would not become one. He was eligible to play with the United States team because he had lived here more than five years and his native Peru has no Davis Cup squad. But many people objected to the U.S. winning in international competition on a technicality, and, if the pressure mounts, the USLTA might pass up the temptation to have Alex defend what rightfully can be called *his* Cup.

For the first time since the controversy erupted, Olmedo is toying with the idea of becoming a citizen. "My mind has changed a little," he told SPORT. "I am no longer completely against it. It is a big decision and I will make up my mind when I graduate from school in February. There is a chance that I will become a citizen."

This new stand may temper some criticism and secure his Cup spot, but whether or not he plays in the Challenge Round, Olmedo's name still will command magical attention. Where does this giant-sized hero go from here?

"If I make good performance in the amateurs now," Olmedo said, "I would like to turn pro, although I can't be sure. It would be a lot of fun to go out and play with the pros. And, of course, money is a consideration. I have never had much money."

For any youngster who never has had much money, the lure of the dollar is gripping. For Olmedo, who has lived eight months now as a celebrity, without a bulging bankroll to help glean full pleasure from his glamorous role, a fat wallet seems doubly fascinating. Alex lives modestly in a small Los Angeles bachelor apartment not far from the University of Southern California where he is a senior.

Olmedo spends a good deal of time with his books. "I like to work day to day," he said. "I don't like to rush at the end for exams." He eats most of his meals alone and cooks them himself in the apartment. "My favorite is steak," he said. "I cover it with onions, garlic and spices, and cook it in the oven."

Tennis and schoolwork take up most of his hours, but Alex, who can play the role of the Gay Caballero, socializes, too. When he has earned his business administration degree in February, there will be more time for social life, and the present existence, necessarily frugal because of a limited bankroll, probably will be even less to his liking then.

Steaks cooked at home, and eaten alone, are tasty and nourishing enough. But the setting isn't quite the same (⟶ TO PAGE 77)

Everybody Cheats At Golf

Some knowingly, others unintentionally. Take a mulligan and you're in the club

CON MEN PROSPER at their shadowy trade by applying the basic concept that most people can be tempted off the straight and narrow. To springboard a swindle, they "plant a little larceny" in the mind of a victim by baiting him with visions of rewards to be gained in a slightly shady, but seemingly harmless, plot. Once he's hooked, the pigeon is cooked.

One sure-fire method of planting the seed of larceny is to give someone a set of golf clubs and a supply of pock-marked balls. Golf, by the admission of its own officials, is the most cheated-at of all sports. The game poses a giant-sized challenge, and one way of beating the challenge is to beat the rules.

The very nature of the competition touches off a great deal of cheating. When a player walks alone down the course and comes upon his ball in the rough, he is faced with a powerful temptation. A quick kick or unobtrusive underhand flip and the ball is on the fairway. If he goes on from there to score a birdie, he will be armed with ego-building ammunition for locker room conversation. An apple-bearing serpent could not confront him with greater enticement.

The most flagrant violations are tendered by golf hustlers, who spend a lot of time thinking up ways to win money in the sport. Other rules are broken by friendly agreement. Most games, you see, are played in foursomes, and the players, among themselves, often alter the rules and thereby have more fun at the game and develop better stories to tell in the clubhouse bar. Usually the only witness to the conclaved travesty is the caddy, who, if he values his tip, keeps his mouth shut.

The largest number of rules are broken, though, by casual golfers, who simply don't know the complex regulations of their sport.

On a simon-pure day recently, Joe Dey, executive secretary of the U.S. Golf Association (the sport's governing board) admitted that "no more than two per cent of the players abide by the rules, and while two per cent may be high, let's be generous. If you watch 98 out of 100 players, you can catch them in a penalty before they reach the sixth tee."

Through the years, there have been brazen violations of golf rules. A leading tournament player (who shall go unnamed) stepped out on the links with a casual acquaintance one day and blasted a strong tee shot, seemingly into the rough. The two players searched for the ball and couldn't find it. The pro wandered to the green, and, with a deft palming motion, dropped another ball into the cup. "Hey, whaddya know," he said. "Here's the ball. I shot a hole in one." Immediately, his opponent bellowed that the pro had done no such unprintable thing, that the ball was right here, lo and behold, in the rough. Subsequently, for his ruse, the pro was suspended. Now, his lesson learned, he is back on the tournament circuit and winning steadily.

There was the case, too, of another player, whose wife followed him around the course and had the husband-helping habit of kicking his ball from tight spots in the rough. Further along the lines of flagrant cheating, there are the every-day instances of the con men of the links, who travel from country club to country club, and, with false handicaps, rake in money playing against unsuspecting victims. Some of their more ingenious representatives have, in their time, devised such gimmicks as souping up a ball—by tighter winding of the inner rubber and other tricks—to add distance to their drives.

For the most part, though, infractions are subtler and often unintentional.

Leading tournament players, under the watchful eyes of the galleries, have to be pretty much meticulous in their conduct. One rule that they do break, however, concerns coaching. A player is allowed to accept advice during a tournament only from his partner or from his caddy. It is common, though, for golfers to receive help from other members of their foursomes, or from friends on the sidelines.

The rule most often broken by duffers is that, except for rare instances, a ball shall not be touched from tee to cup and throughout should be played as it lies. Unless a ball is lost, out of bounds, or so cut as to be unfit for play, it must not be changed. Many players, though, put down a new ball when the original is even slightly scarred, then switch back to an old one before playing over a water hazard. They break the rule, too, by picking up a ball to clean it.

A lot of folks insist they are playing "winter rules" when they improve the lie of the ball. Winter rules—allowed only at certain clubs during unseasonal golf weather—permit you to change the position of the ball only when it is unplayable because of the chewed-up condition of the links.

The catch-phrase "mulligan" has become a much-abused golf crutch. The mulligan is a courtesy shot, and is never legal. If a player hits a poor tee shot, then his opponent may say, "Take a mulligan," meaning, drive another one. Some people agree beforehand when they will allow each other mulligans. Other folks mulligan away at will, and, after firing a barrage of shots, simply pick out the one that went the farthest and play from there.

When a ball sinks into a sand trap, and not too many players know this, it is illegal to ground a club in the dirt. The ball must not be scooped out. It must be hit cleanly, and the sand only can be upset when the club makes impact with the ball.

The rules of golf are complicated, you see, and most people rely on hearsay rather than poring through the books. For a sampling of regulation intricacies, consider that your ball must not measure less than 1.680 inches, or you will be breaking a rule. But don't bother taking out the tape. The odds are 49-1 that you will be caught in another kind of violation before you leave the sixth hole.

—STEVE GELMAN

L.A. TO PHILA. AND BACK:

TRANSCONTINENTAL ROAD TRIP

This is what it's like to ride along on an 18-day, 6,000-mile trek across the country and back with the Dodgers, seeing and hearing what goes on in the planes, buses, hotels and dugouts

By ALLAN ROTH
Photos by George Lederer

EDITORS' NOTE: *With clubs in Los Angeles and San Francisco, the National League now has the distinction and transportation problem of having franchises on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. Because of the distances involved, air travel has become a necessity rather than a luxury. Because of airplane weight restrictions, players have been learning how to live, for weeks at a time, out of only a single suitcase. To find out what it is like on one of the new, cross-country road trips, we asked the Los Angeles Dodgers' statistician, Allan Roth to keep a journal during an 18-day, 6,000-mile trek that included stops at six of the other seven National League cities. This is what Allan saw and heard in planes, hotels and ball parks.*

Part of statistician Roth's job is to show manager Alston the team's past performance figures against that day's rival pitcher. On the plane, however, there is little to do and players like Sandy Koufax, *left*, and Wally Moon talk, read, play cards or sleep until they reach the next city.

In the lobby of the Sheraton Palace Hotel in San Francisco, coach Reese helps out the road secretary by counting the players' special bags, provided by the club, while *at right* coach Dressen, substituting for the manager, answers questions of reporters, who often wait in lobbies to get stories.

THURSDAY, APRIL 23—Our itinerary, distributed by road secretary Lee Scott about a week in advance of the trip, instructed us to be at the Los Angeles International Airport at 12:30 p.m. for a one o'clock departure. As usual, there was a handful of early birds there well ahead of time. When I drove up to the airport about noon, Scotty was stationed outside the terminal building to direct the arriving players. Bob Schenz, United Airlines' sports representative in Los Angeles, met us in the terminal lobby to assist in the checking of luggage.

The Dodgers make all their longer flights in chartered United DC-7s and DC-6s, big, four-engined planes. The Dodgers' private plane, a twin-engine Convair, is used on the shorter hops between eastern cities. The first leg of this trip was to be a 1,571-mile hop to St. Louis on a DC-7. Our passenger list numbered 48, including 27 players. Pilot Bill Horn, his co-pilot, a flight engineer and two stewardesses brought the total party to 53.

In the lobby there are the usual last minute goodbyes. A number of the players' wives are there along with the pre-school age children. Some of the wives have already said their goodbyes at the airport entrance, stopping only long enough at the terminal to let their husbands take their suitcases out of the car. They're used to being baseball widows. Outfielder Don Demeter, hero of the home stand immediately preceding the trip, is the center of attention for a group of autograph hunters, while his wife, Betty, stands in the background, holding their three-month-old son.

Most of the players stop at the newsstand to buy papers, magazines, paperback books and candy for the long trip ahead. At 12:40 we receive our first call to board, and Scott hustles the last-minute arrivals along. Coaches Charlie Dressen and Pee Wee Reese, broadcaster Jerry Doggett, and players Johnny Podres, Gil Hodges, Don Zimmer, Junior Gilliam and Stan Williams are first in line at the concourse gate, and they win squatters' rights in the rear lounge. There they will play cards for the next four and a half hours, until we land in St. Louis. At 12:50 the entire party is aboard and, after a last-minute head count to make sure no one is missing, we are on our way. The poker game in the rear lounge has been in progress for 15 minutes.

There are no seat assignments on charter flights or on the Dodger plane, but the pattern seldom varies. Nobody admits to being superstitious but invariably most of the party occupies the same seats on all flights. Manager Walter Alston always takes the third aisle seat on the right and spends his time reading and sleeping. Pitcher Don Drysdale is strapped in seat number 4-B on the left aisle. He never changes.

I sit in the first seat of the rear cabin because there is more working space and more leg room. I check on some of my charts and averages and prepare notes, for the manager and the press, for the next night's game. Vin Scully, head of the broadcasting team, is always my seat partner. Vinnie can fall asleep at the turn of a propeller, and usually does.

Among the other non-playing personnel are five baseball writers, a radio engineer, a radio producer, the four coaches, trainer Harold (Doc) Wendler, equipment manager John Griffin, and Carl Erskine's wife, Betty, returning to her Anderson, Ind., home. Wendler and Griffin both have assistants who will travel with us on later trips, when the roster is cut and the traveling party is reduced to 45. This is the capacity of the Dodgers' own plane.

After we reach our cruising altitude of 19,000 feet, we are served a roast beef luncheon. When the trays are cleared, most of the players catch up on their sleep.

Unlike home games, where players meet only at the field, a road trip keeps them close together constantly. In a hotel dining room, Duke Snider, *center*, talks with Johnny Klippstein, *right*, and Ron Fairly, while veteran pitchers Carl Erskine, *left*, and Clem Labine greet each other at the desk.

They played a heavy night game schedule the week before. Catcher Johnny Roseboro and pitcher Art Fowler sleep through most of the flight, looking up occasionally when Captain Horn announces points of interest along the way.

Pitcher Clem Labine and coach Greg Mulleavy are the book worms. Labine, a prolific reader on air flights, is absorbed in *Doctor Zhivago*. Mulleavy is reading *On The Beach*. The other non-sleepers and non-card players read the sports pages of the Los Angeles papers. It is a smooth and quiet flight and only the hammering of a few typewriters disturbs the muffled roar of the engines. After clearing off the luncheon trays, the stewardesses keep busy serving sandwiches and fruit.

A chartered bus is waiting for us at the St. Louis airport and a half-hour later we arrive at the Chase Hotel, about 8:15 p.m. St. Louis time. The reservations desk resembles a department store bargain counter as the players storm the room clerk for their keys.

After they unpack and change clothes, many players come down to see the Pearl Bailey show in the Chase Club at 9:30. By midnight the lobby's deserted. Curfew for an off-day is 12:30 a.m. but most of the players retire to their rooms much earlier. With television sets available in each room at the Chase, the players are content to spend hours viewing an endless parade of Westerns.

FRIDAY, APRIL 24—Ballplayers find little to do during an afternoon in St. Louis, particularly this early in the year. The Chase is one of the team's favorite hotels because it is the only one which has a swimming pool. However, the pool isn't open until June and there isn't a movie house in the vicinity. Most of the players pass the time by sleeping late. Then, after breakfast, they return to their rooms to watch television or play bridge. There are few confirmed lobby sitters among the current members of the Dodgers.

We take a chartered bus to the ball park at 5:30 p.m. Charlie Dressen needles Junior Gilliam, who is to be married the next morning. We pass the house of Gilliam's bride-to-be. "It must be the one with the Cadillac parked in front," Dressen says. "Is that right, Junior?" Alston asks. Junior smiles, but says nothing.

After winding through rush-hour traffic, we arrive at Busch Stadium five minutes before six. The center of clubhouse activity is the training room, where Doc Wendler begins his daily routine by filling the whirlpool bath. Don Zimmer is stretched out on one of the two tables and his left thigh is wired to the diathermy machine. At the other table, Wendler massages Duke Snider's left knee. Pitcher Johnny Klippstein follows Zimmer for a diathermy treatment of his back. The other pitchers come in for rubdowns after they finish their pre-game workout. Wendler puts some warm oil on Clem Labine's right elbow and on Art Fowler's right biceps. At 7:30, a half-hour before game time, starting pitcher Johnny Podres comes in to have his back loosened. Wendler finishes his busy pre-game schedule by rubbing some hot oil on catcher Johnny Roseboro's right arm.

Podres pitches a strong seven-hitter for nine innings and Snider wins it for him with a pinch-hit single in the tenth. Labine retires the Cardinals in order in the last half of the inning and on the bus going back to the hotel, Podres and Labine congratulate each other. "It's great to win the first one, now there are only 16 left to go on the trip," a player shouts.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25—Lee Scott has arranged for an early bus so that we can attend Junior Gilliam's wedding to Miss Edwina Fields of St. Louis. The ceremony is at 10 a.m. at the Fields' home. Charlie Neal, Gilliam's roommate on the road, is best man. Neal is the

more nervous of the two during the brief ceremony, attended by most of the Dodgers. By 10:30 we return to the hotel to pick up a few late-risers. Leo Durocher and Charlie Dressen have a large audience in the lobby as they swap old baseball yarns. Durocher is here to do the television commentary for the Dodgers-Cardinals "Game of the Week."

It begins to rain as we arrive at the park and the field is covered with a tarpaulin. Neither team is able to take batting practice. Married only two hours, Gilliam is playing bridge in the clubhouse with Reese, Hodges and Zimmer. The light shower lasts only a half-hour and the field is in good condition when the players come out for infield practice at 12:30.

Gino Cimoli, traded to the Cardinals for Wally Moon during the winter, greets some of his former Dodger teammates. "Watch me get on Furillo," Gino tells one of the writers. Cimoli was something of a practical joker during his Dodger days. Also, he used to get pretty unhappy when he didn't play as much as he thought he should. Halfway through the 1958 season, he had asked to be traded unless he was used more frequently. Furillo, the old pro and a Dodger standout for 13 seasons, had voiced a similar ultimatum early this year. "I think I'll hang a sign on Furillo's locker: 'Play me or trade me'; signed, 'Guess who?' " Cimoli says. But Gino never gets around to doing it.

Don Drysdale has a bad day and can't get through the first inning. Alston yanks him after five straight hits and the Cardinals go on to win. In the evening, some of the players and newspapermen attend a reception for Gilliam, who played the entire game at third base. Alston lifts the curfew on Junior and tells him to report in time for infield practice on Sunday.

SUNDAY, APRIL 26—Many of the players go to church early, then return to the hotel for breakfast and to pack their bags. We are to fly to Pittsburgh after the game, so we take our three-suiters down to the lobby before going to the park. The suitcases, lightweight and uniform in style, are furnished by the club, to be returned at the end of the season.

The game is a wild one, the Dodgers winning, 17-11, after twice blowing five-run leads. It lasts three hours and 29 minutes, and it takes me about that long to compile the statistics. As the players shower and dress after the game, word comes to the clubhouse that Cincinnati has defeated Milwaukee, putting the Dodgers in first place for the first time in two years. The players take the news calmly.

It is 5:30 when we board the bus to the airport. We are escorted by two lady fans, wearing white straw hats with blue Dodger ribbons. They drive alongside the bus, tooting their horns occasionally, and wave goodbye as the bus drives onto the runway where the Dodger plane is parked.

The pilot of the Dodger Convair is Bump Holman, son of Bud Holman, a member of the Dodgers' board of directors. This is Bump's fifth season of chauffeuring the Dodgers around the sky. Jim Curzon, a long-time friend of Bump's from Vero Beach, Fla., is the co-pilot. Ahead of us is the 580-mile flight to Pittsburgh. An Eastern Airlines stewardess, hitchhiking a ride to Pittsburgh, serves us chicken dinners en route.

We set our watches ahead one hour as we move into the eastern time zone and arrive in Pittsburgh shortly before 10 p.m. The players stop to buy ice cream at the airport even though it is a cool evening. Half of the party, Scott included, follows Klippstein to the wrong exit. The other half is waiting impatiently aboard the bus. Alston cautions the driver, "Be careful now, you've got the league leaders aboard." (⟶ TO PAGE 81)

Planes and buses are standard forms of baseball transportation. Here a stewardess opens a soft drink for Don Drysdale during one of the long flights. Reese and Labine pose outside the bus that takes the team from the hotel to the Milwaukee ball park. In other cities, they may take cabs or walk.

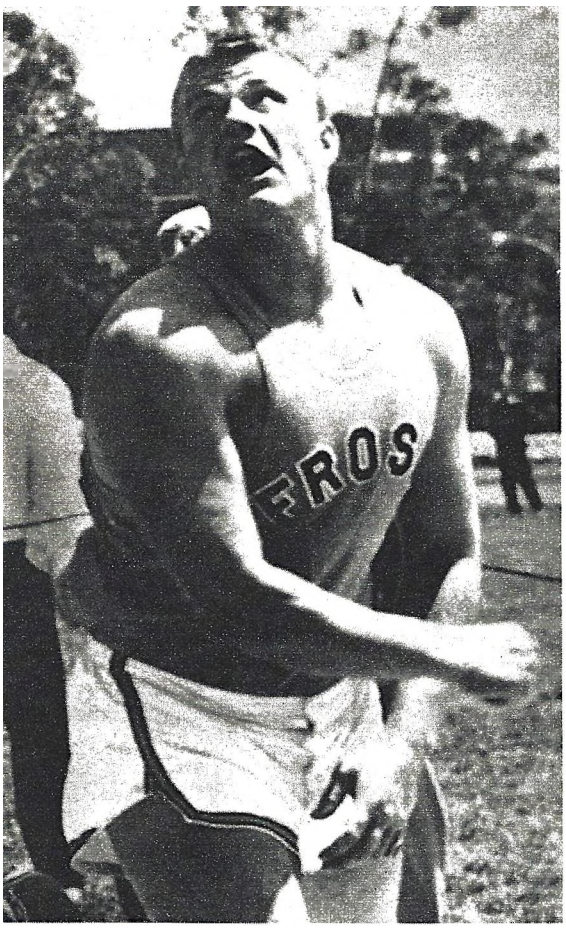
New Olympic Hopefuls

By Stan Saplin

THE WORLD OF TRACK turns on a four-year cycle. As each Olympic Games nears, young and talented athletes bounce up to take charge. It happens every time. The year before the Olympics, track coaches all over the country uncover 9.3 sprinters and 4:02 milers.

It is happening again right now, and has been since the start of the year. John Thomas, who is our best high-jumper, and Dallas Long, our best shot-putter, splashed to their record performances earlier this year. By next summer, when the Games are played at Rome, they will have been trained and coached and conditioned into the top of their form. And there will be others; there always have been.

The history of the Olympics is filled with stories of kids moving up swiftly to take over from established stars. Few people had heard of a 19-year-old junior

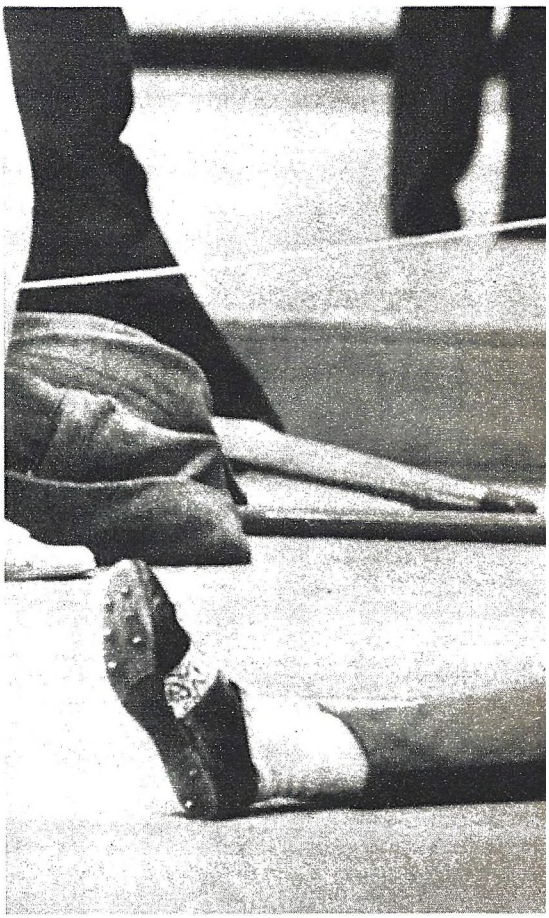


Dallas Long

By the Games Long may even be much too good for Parry O'Brien.

Dave Mills

Canada-born Mills, *left*, outruns Josh Culbreath in winter meet. Dave hopes to become U.S. citizen this summer.



It happens every time. As the date for the Olympics nears, young track heroes pop up everywhere. For the Games next summer at Rome, John Thomas, Dallas Long and Dave Mills lead a platoon of teenagers getting ready to break records

college freshman named Charlie Dumas before he cleared the high-jump bar at seven feet, one-half inch in the 1956 Olympic Trials. His was the first seven-foot high jump in history, and the next step for Dumas was to maintain his form and win the Olympic championship at Melbourne several months later.

Understandably, Dumas was immediately installed as the morning-line favorite to repeat in the 1960 Games in Rome. Who could beat him? Maybe Yuri Stepanov of Russia, who had topped Charlie's record while wearing elevator shoes. But certainly not an American. After all, in 1960, Dumas will be all of 23.

But, everybody holds a "kicker" for the big pot. In Boston in 1957 and '58, a kid at Rindge Tech High School was quietly going out every day and practicing, developing his form, correcting his mistakes, getting ready. As a senior, his best jump was 6-8¼, quite good for a high school student; it earned him a spot on a track team that toured Japan last summer. On that trip, the kid cleared 6-10⅝, and word began to spread about John Thomas.

John Thomas

Relaxing here after clearing seven feet for first time, at Millrose Games, Thomas, his foot mended, is ready for pre-Olympic tests.

In January of this year, as if his coach had an Olympic stopwatch on him, Boston University freshman Thomas jumped 6-11 and 6-11¾. Both times he tried for and failed at seven feet. But it was still early. In his next three meets on the indoor track circuit along the Eastern Seaboard, he cleared 7-0, 6-10¾, and 7-0. Then, on February 21 in Philadelphia, he went over the bar at 7-1¼, the greatest high jump of all time.

Towering and lithe at six feet, five inches, Thomas is still growing. He weighs 185 pounds at the moment, but is expected to reach 215 pounds in five years. The basis of his winning style is the powerful spring he can produce with his left heel. This push was developed by hoisting 350-pound weights with his legs. In competition, he stands quietly, almost stoically, as he studies the bar. Then, approaching from the left, he takes seven precise, progressively longer strides, and brakes down hard on his left heel. A spring off the heel, a firm kick with the right foot, a graceful belly roll, and he is over.

He runs the hurdles for fun, throws the javelin 160 feet and has put the shot 45 feet with no special practice. "If I were that boy," says BU field events coach Ed Flanagan, "I'd figure on the high jump for the '60 Olympics, the jump and the hurdles for the next one, and then the decathlon in his prime. And he'll be in his prime when he is 30."

Last March John caught his left foot in a hotel elevator and injured it severely. Luckily, there was no broken bone and John responded well to the treatments for the severe cuts on his foot. Although he skipped spring competition, he was back practicing at the start of the summer. With no apparent damage done to his foot, he is still the favorite to be in the winner's circle in Rome next summer.

For more than half a dozen years, Parry O'Brien has been the world's best shot-putter. His methods have revolutionized the gentle art of heaving the 16-pound shot. The world record was 58 feet, 10½ inches when he joined the fun. Now he counts it a bad day when he doesn't clear 62 feet. O'Brien won the Olympic crown in 1952 and 1956 and was a heavy favorite for the Rome Games.

But last February, O'Brien and the track world suddenly were faced with a new star, Dallas Long, an 18-year-old freshman at Parry's alma mater, the University of Southern California. As a high school senior in Phoenix, Ariz., last year, Long had (⟶ TO PAGE 84)

SUDDENLY,

Once a fine relief pitcher for the Giants,

By LEE GREENE

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, there once was a time when Hoyt Wilhelm pitched an entire game without throwing a knuckleball.

"It was at Mooresville, when I was first breaking into pro ball," he remembers. "The manager didn't like my knuckler and asked me not to use it. So I pitched a whole game without it and I got licked pretty good. After that I went back to the knuckler and won nine straight."

Wilhelm has been using the bent-finger technique ever since and, at the age of 36, is driving American League hitters daffy with it while running up an impressive string of victories for the Baltimore Orioles. Currently in the third phase of an amazing career that saw him switched from a successful minor-league starting pitcher to an outstanding relief pitcher, then back to a starter again, Hoyt ran up a string of nine straight victories at the start of the season while compiling a fantastic earned-run average of a fraction less than one run per game.

"I never saw anything like it," Leo Durocher marveled, while watching Wilhelm handcuff the Yankees in one of his typically effortless productions. "If I ever had any idea he could go the distance like that, I'd have used him as a starter when I had him on the Giants. Maybe I made a big mistake."

Durocher was the manager who was hailed as a genius for transforming Wilhelm, a losing pitcher with Minneapolis in 1951, into the best relief man in the National League the next season. So well did Durocher spread the gospel that Wilhelm was strictly a bullpen specialist, that the quiet North Carolinian didn't get a chance to start a game until six years later. Thus his major league record is unique. As a National Leaguer, with the Giants and Cardinals, he pitched in 359 games and never started one. As an American Leaguer, with the Indians and Orioles, he pitched in 41 games up to this season and started in 20 of them. Up to mid-

WILHELM'S A MYSTERY

he's starting a new career as a big winner for Baltimore. But that's the same old knuckleball

season of this year he had yet to be used in relief.

"There's not really much difference between starting and relieving," the six-foot, 190-pound knuckleballer says. "I'd rather start, but I had some good years as a relief man. Heck, a good relief man is more important than a good starter. I'm happy that I can do both jobs."

What keeps Wilhelm going, both as a starter and reliever, is the knuckleball, of course. Unlike the usual knuckleball specialist, who generally picks up the unorthodox pitch when his fast ball and curve start to fade, Hoyt has had it as long as he can remember. He practiced it behind his father's barn in Huntersville, N.C., and was using it extensively in high school and sandlot ball.

"I don't recall anybody ever teaching it to me," he says. "Oh, I used to read about Dutch Leonard and some of those other knuckleball pitchers, but I just picked up the pitch by myself. I needed something, because I was never real fast."

The pitch that Wilhelm throws today is merely a refinement of that old barnyard delivery. Instead of simply planting the knuckles of his right hand on top of the ball, a tried-and-true method of reducing the spin, Hoyt holds the ball loosely with fingers only partially bent. The fingernails of his index and middle fingers actually press into the outer covering. The result, as thrown from either sidearm or three-quarters motion with varying speeds, is a soft and tempting floater that comes in with so little spin that batters swear they can read the label.

But as it nears the plate on the downward course of its flight, strange things start to happen. The ball seems to change direction abruptly and jump either from side to side, or in a downward pattern. Sometimes the jump is a few inches, sometimes a few feet. Neither pitcher, catcher nor batter can ever predict which way a knuckler will go. Wilhelm doesn't try. More often than not, the pitch winds up in the strike zone. When he can get the pitch over, he only has to worry about the slim possibility of someone getting solid wood on it, or the much more likely prospect that the catcher won't be able to handle it.

Harry Brecheen, the Orioles' astute pitching coach, was analyzing the catcher's dilemma with the knuckleball recently. "It's only hard to catch when it's thrown hard," he said, "and it's not nearly as tough to catch when it's thrown overhand as it is sidearm. Then it breaks into the hitter, instead of away. But the real secret of handling a knuckleball is to knock it down and keep it in front of you."

Big Gus Triandos, who draws the chore of catching Wilhelm for Baltimore, is philosophical about the problem. "It isn't quite as bad as you think," he says. "I get hit on the bare hand a lot but there's been no damage. But it's hard work and there's plenty of tension. I'm tired after a game."

Wilhelm himself denies that his favorite pitch is that tough to handle. "I don't think there's any one catcher who does it better than another. They say Wes Westrum was real good when I was with the Giants, but I wouldn't rate him above Triandos."

Hoyt is basically a very modest gentleman, and politely ignored the fact that catchers assigned to him have almost invariably been among the league leaders in passed balls. In fact, if Triandos keeps up his present rate, he could easily break the American League record of 25, set by John Henry of Washington in 1911. Wilhelm has already put former Giants' catcher Ray Katt in the books with four passed balls in one inning—the major-league record.

It was probably the lack of adequate catchers, as much as any other factor, that was responsible for Wilhelm's rapid discard by both the Cardinals and the Indians before he wound up with the Orioles. Neither Hal Smith nor Hobie Landrith, the Cardinals' top

Wilhelm cost the Orioles only $20,000. It could be the best deal the club has made.

catchers in 1957, had much success handling Wilhelm's knuckler for the 40 games he pitched in relief that year. But compared to the disaster that struck the Cleveland catching corps when Hoyt was traded there, Smith and Landrith had nothing to complain about.

In 30 games for the Indians, 16 of them as a starter, Wilhelm won only two and lost seven. But he had an impressive ERA of 2.49 when he was suddenly sold for the $20,000 waiver price to Baltimore on August 23. The Indians' catchers just couldn't take it any more. Dick Brown had 16 passed balls, Russ Nixon had ten and J. W. Porter had nine. In one game—oddly, against Baltimore—Porter let four get past him to tie the American League record.

But if the catchers were getting fooled—Triandos picked up a dozen passed balls last season, most of them in the last month when Wilhelm was with the club—the batters were fit to be tied. Hoyt finished with a 1-3 record at Baltimore for a season total of 3-10, but his Baltimore ERA of 1.99 gave opponents a broad hint of what was to come. On September 20, Wilhelm spelled it out by pitching a no-hitter against the Yankees.

"When Cleveland put him up on waivers, I jumped at the bargain," manager Paul Richards says. "I got him for $20,000 but I wouldn't sell him now for a million. I've been sold on him ever since he drove our hitters crazy in Arizona in the spring of 1958. Why, the way he pitches, he could be a winner for three or four more years."

If Wilhelm has finally found the fame that has eluded him all these years, he's the only one unaware of it. "Shucks, I'm just like any other pitcher," he drawls. "I don't do anything different, really. I warm up the same and pitch the same. I've got other pitches besides the knuckler. I've got a slider, a sinker and a curve. I let the catcher call them."

The estimates on how many knucklers Wilhelm throws in the course of a game range from 50 to 90 per cent. Hoyt himself claims he doesn't throw as many as people think, but you can't tell that to Casey Stengel, the Yankees' manager, who admits he is absolutely at a loss to combat the knuckleball.

"My guys just can't hit it," he said earlier this season. "We've tried waiting for the base on balls, but this fella throws strikes with that thing. Why, he even had the nerve to throw one to Mantle on the three-and-nothing pitch. And he got the strike, too. He's got two or three different ways of making the ball jump."

It was Stengel who also made another shrewd observation one afternoon when Triandos was forced out of a game with an injury and second-stringer Joe Ginsberg came in to catch the knuckleball. Surprisingly, he had little difficulty as Wilhelm won easily. Many of the writers had expected a rash of passed balls, but Casey had the answer:

"Wilhelm just made the ball smaller for Ginsberg. Where he had it jumping all over the place when Triandos was in, he just slowed it down and reduced the jump. It was easy for Ginsberg—and my guys still couldn't hit it."

Early in the season, the writers cast a veil of mystery over Wilhelm and his knuckleball. There had to be something mysterious, they reasoned, when a washed-up relief pitcher could so completely baffle the American League's best hitters. The Giants' manager, Bill Rigney, who had approved the trade which sent Wilhelm to the Cardinals before the 1957 season, in exchange for Whitey Lockman, repeated his original reason. Wilhelm had been traded, he said, because the National League hitters had detected something in his pitching that made him vulnerable. What it was, he wouldn't say.

Richards went along with the guessing game. "I know what it is he used to do wrong," he told reporters, "but he doesn't do it any more."

It was Brecheen who finally spilled the beans. "It's the tipoff they're talking about," he said. "Hoyt used to hold the ball in such a way that you could tell when the knuckler was coming. Now he hides it in his glove and he can switch his grip any time he wants."

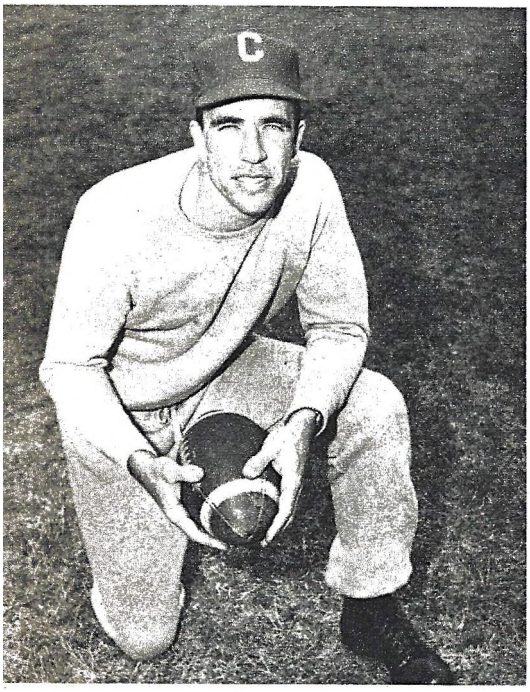
Wilhelm admits that he hides the ball better and has added a few extras to his delivery that were taught to him by another fine knuckleballer, Fred Fitzsimmons, who was a Giant coach during Hoyt's stay with the team. "But the most important thing is control," he says. "Without control, no pitcher is any good. When I have it, I can win, and when I don't have it, they hit me. The only way to keep it is to pitch regularly. Believe me, it's great to know you're going to pitch on certain days and then rest until it's your turn again."

It's been a long, hard road for James Hoyt Wilhelm, who left his first name in the minor leagues. Born on July 26, 1923, on a farm in Huntersville, not far from Charlotte, N. C., he compiled a fairly good local reputation with his knuckleball and decided to pass up a college education at Davidson College in favor of Class D baseball, with Mooresville of the North Carolina State League. He won ten and lost three there, but failed to impress anybody—including the manager, who tried to talk him out of using the knuckleball so much.

That was in 1942, and shortly thereafter he went into the service for three years. In 1946 and 1947, still with Mooresville, he was a big winner, compiling a 41-15 record for the two seasons. He struck out close to 200 men in both seasons and had ERAs of 2.47 and 3.38, but the Charlotte reporter who covered the North Carolina State League described the general attitude when he said, "Wilhelm is never going any place. He throws like a washerwoman."

It must have been jarring to major-league scouts to see a big, handsome youngster like (→ TO PAGE 74)

Diary Of A High School Coach



EDITORS' NOTE:

Harry Uthoff, 33 years old, has tasted both the bitter and the sweet of high school football coaching through 12 seasons. Dividing his time between two Texas towns—Groveton, where he started out, and Cleveland, his present job—the former Texas A&M player has won six district titles. We are running his diary just the way Harry wrote it.

For him, the football season means dreary bus rides, sleepless nights and endless work. But there is always something to make it all worthwhile

By Harry Uthoff

TO UNDERSTAND the complexities of coaching a high school football team, ignore the finished product for just a moment. Forget the well-drilled squad that charges on the field. Put aside the dry statistics that provide Monday morning quarterbacks with ammunition for their post-mortems. Come behind the scenes.

A high school coach, you see, is more than a sports technician. First of all—in addition to teaching the intricacies of cross-body blocks and spiral passes—he is entrusted with the all-important job of molding the character of young boys. He is saddled, too, because of limited finances, with time-consuming, menial chores. He is, at once, a coach, classroom teacher, trainer, psychologist and public relations man.

The following samplings from my diary point out the details and much of the thought that went into coaching the high school team last season in Cleveland, Tex. (pop. 8,000), a football hotbed.

Monday, August 25: We issued equipment today to 40 boys. McLain, a letterman end, and Glesson, a 240-pound tackle, did not show up. Sure is hard to understand some kids these days. Guess they have too many luxuries and varied interests. Both boys bought cars last week so I guess their football careers are over.

First practice session was about as good as could be expected. The usual number of boys became sick. This summer weather was not meant for football.

Wednesday, August 27: Had our first scrimmage session with Hull-Daisetta tonight. Our kids looked fair. We are going to have to grind out our touchdowns this year—a few yards at a time. Have no break-away threat, I don't believe there is a back on the squad that I couldn't outrun myself. But I don't intend to try.

Friday, August 29: Tonight we had a demonstration football clinic for our fans. Only about 100 people showed up and a majority of them were parents. However, I think everybody enjoyed

it, and we had a good practice session after the clinic. The kids always give that little extra effort when they work before their parents. Just wish we could get a few more parents to take an active interest in their boys. I hope I am never guilty of neglecting my own two children at home. I worry about it, though. Being gone from home so much makes it rough to give them enough time.

Tuesday, September 2: School opened today and I was assigned four classes—two in drivers' education and two in civics. Saddled with one more course than usual this year because all students are now required to take five subjects instead of four. I wouldn't mind the extra teaching if it wasn't for all the paper work. Just don't feel that I can do full justice to classroom work during the football season.

Thursday, September 4: Tomorrow night we open the season against A&M Consolidated. In 12 years of coaching, I don't think I have ever felt so unprepared. Our lads don't have the spark. Guess it must be their coach's fault. We have ten seniors who are solid ballplayers, but we can't find a leader among the whole group.

Tonight the high school had its first pep rally and bonfire at the football field. After so many years of making speeches at these rallies, a coach runs out of things to say. But the old thrill never disappears. I still get goose bumps when the band plays the alma mater. Things like the rallies keep me at this job. Every year I swear I am going to quit coaching. But, really, I don't believe I could be driven away.

Our kids are in good spirits, but I am still worried about A&M. We have beaten them the last two years, so my team naturally is overconfident. This opener really makes me feel my age. I went to college with the fathers of some of the Consolidated boys.

Friday, September 5: We lost, 20-8. A&M ran back two punts for touchdowns. The coaching staff is partially to blame for that because we neglected our kicking game in the two weeks of practice. You leave one stone unturned, and it kills you. You just can't get ready with only two weeks of practice.

Our sophomore quarterback, Arly Nelson, has to gain lots of confidence, but we will go along with him because he has the desire and the physical requirements. Arly worries too much about making mistakes. Being younger than the rest of the boys makes it hard for him to stand in front of them and call a play with authority. But the whole gang seems to accept his leadership better than I thought they would.

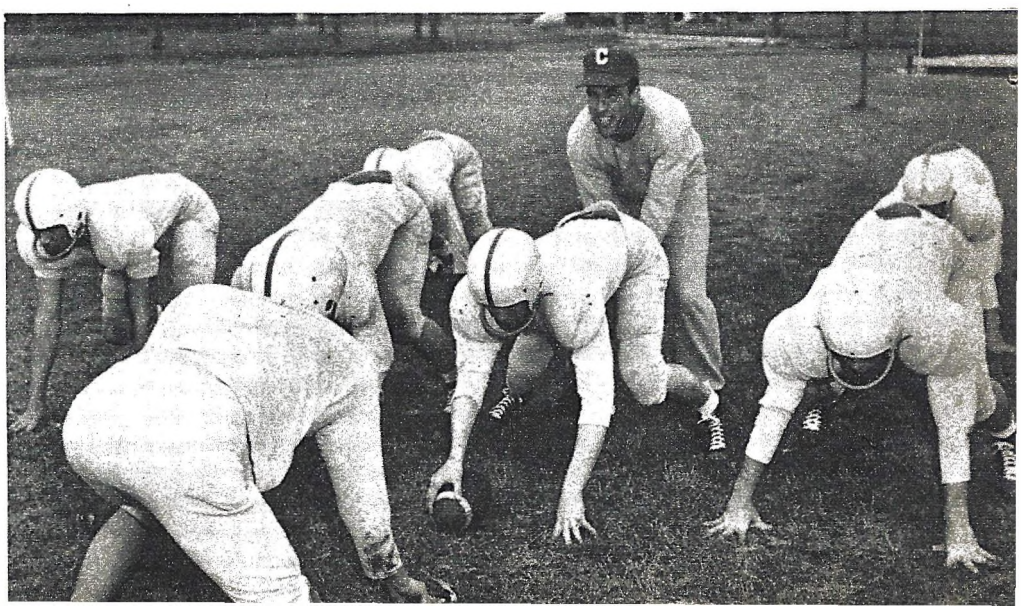
Sunday, September 14: Another week, and another loss. We're 0-2 now. The coaching staff spent all afternoon looking at the films of the Silsbee game. Two passes from the same play pattern beat us 12-0. I am afraid we're putting too much pressure on our sophomores. But when they are all you have, there is no choice. I am in favor of switching Nelson to halfback and bringing back a senior, Walter Smith, to quarterback. My assistants, Richardson and Pickett, think we should stick with Nelson. I'll try him one more week and if we don't win, I'll shake up the lineup.

Monday, September 15: McClain and Glesson both came in today and wanted to rejoin the team. I was glad to get them back, but I chewed them out.

This evening after practice, we looked at the Silsbee films and I let the players grade themselves. They grade themselves tougher than we coaches do. Got home about nine p.m. Too tired to eat supper, but have to look over my civics lesson before I go to sleep.

Tuesday, September 16: Mr. Gresham, a fan I know

Half-time strategy is flexible. Here, Uthoff calmly explains a play to his three captains, Walter Smith, *left*, Donald Belt, *center*, Carl Simmons. Other times, like in the Cypress-Fairbanks game last year, a rattling pep talk turns the tide.



Uthoff is a "do-it-yourself" football coach, and he often plays quarterback during rough scrimmages. "We have a limited manpower supply," he explains. "We can't afford to risk a possible injury to one of our regular backs."

Harry gets almost as much exercise as his players do on the night of a game. The coach paces back and forth on the sidelines, yanks up big handfuls of grass, and sometimes, at extra-tense moments, he stuffs them in his mouth.

casually, called me tonight to say we were doing a good job. He said we were improving and for me not to get downcast. I wish there were more Greshams connected with this game. You always receive praise when your boys are winning. Only the true fans come through when the going is rough. But, I guess, if people weren't interested enough to criticize and second guess there wouldn't be money to pay coaches' salaries.

Friday, September 19: Well, we finally came through. Beat Cypress-Fairbanks, 40-16, after being behind 16-8 at the half. It was the first time I completely lost my temper during a half-time speech. I really let off a head of steam. We should have been ahead by four touchdowns at the half, but all of the kids were feeling sorry for themselves. I was so angry I don't remember a thing I told them.

When we got back to Cleveland, Wayne Strahan, our senior guard, came by and said, "Coach, that speech was just what we needed. I think we are a team now." Wish I could remember what I said. Sure feels good to win one. The kids are like a different bunch. Every one loves a winner.

Monday, September 22: The Rotary Club presented us with an ultra-sonic machine for the treatment of injuries. Supposed to be the latest thing for curing sprains and strains. Joe Richardson, my line coach, was as tickled as a kid with a new toy. Joe is taking care of all the injuries and training particulars now. Certainly takes a big load off me.

With a whirlpool, heat lamp, our new machine, and a regular training room, we are better equipped than some colleges, but our guys just take it for granted. The other day I was telling a couple of the boys about my high school football career, when we played our games in a farmer's pasture and had to buy about half of our equipment ourselves. Headgears were a luxury then—not a necessity. The kids just laughed and said things like that never happened.

Friday, September 26: The kids really were strong on defense tonight. We beat Humble for the first time in three years, 14-6. I believe we finally found our leader—Carl Simmons. It was the first time this season that any of the guys took charge. You must have a leader and Carl certainly was great. I don't think I will see a linebacker all season who will play better than Simmons did tonight. You have to admire a boy like Carl. His family moved away three years ago, but he stayed here, living in a boarding house. His grades aren't too good, but he never misses school and he is one of the cleanest and neatest boys on the team. He lives strictly to play football, and how he loves it.

Thursday, October 2: We worked out in the rain this afternoon, and it doesn't look like any change in the weather for tomorrow. Tomorrow night we go to Crockett—it should be a rough trip. We have to ride more than 100 miles, all cooped up in a school bus, and then get out and play a ball game. If you lose, the trip home seems like it's a thousand miles. Hope we have a short trip home.

Friday, October 3: We made it three wins in a row tonight. Crockett gave us trouble with a spread that we weren't looking for, but we won, 22-14. I was really proud of our kids' attitude tonight. They took plenty of fists and elbows without complaining. Crockett used only three officials, and three people can't do a decent job of officiating—no matter how good they are. To top it off, the weather was lousy—rain and cold and their coach complained because we had to use two footballs in the game.

We stopped in Groveton to feed the team. I coached there for seven years and it was a pleasure to get to visit with everyone. Met Mack Stevenson at the cafe on our way back. Mack made All-State in 1952. The kid outplayed Jim Swink (the TCU All-America) the two times they faced each other in high school. But marriage curtailed Mack's college football. He wore his all-state jacket at the cafe—it is beginning to show its age.

Wednesday, October 8: Our boys looked mediocre at practice this afternoon. Instead of having the upcoming Tomball game on their minds, they were thinking about the following week's game with Liberty. That will be our first league game, and the district championship should be decided right there. I believe we both can handle all the other teams in the (⟶ TO PAGE 80)

CAL McLISH'S LONG HAUL

CALVIN COOLIDGE McLISH

Born, Anadarko, Okla., December 1, 1925

Bats Both. Throws Right. Height, 6 feet, 1 inch.. Weight, 195 pounds

YEAR	CLUB	LEAGUE	G	IP	W	L	PCT.	ERA
1944	Brooklyn	N. L.	23	84	3	10	.231	7.82
1945	Brooklyn	N. L.		*(In Military Service)*				
1946	Brooklyn	N. L.	1	⅓	0	0	.000	54.00
1947	Pittsburgh	N. L.	1	1	0	0	.000	18.00
1947	Kansas City	A. A.	16	92	6	7	.462	4.40
1948	Indianapolis	A. A.	29	172	12	9	.571	4.13
1948	Pittsburgh	N. L.	2	5	0	0	.000	9.00
1949	Chicago	N. L.	8	23	1	1	.500	5.87
1949	Los Angeles	P. C.	29	150	8	11	.421	5.76
1950	Los Angeles	P. C.	42	260	20	11	.645	3.60
1951	Chicago	N. L.	30	146	4	10	.286	4.44
1952	Los Angeles	P. C.	34	212	10	15	.400	3.78
1953	Los Angeles	P. C.	35	235	16	11	.593	3.71
1954	Los Angeles	P. C.	37	245	13	15	.464	3.53
1955	LA-San Diego	P C.	35	233	17	12	.586	3.09
1956	Cleveland	A. L.	37	62	2	4	.333	4.94
1957	Cleveland	A. L.	42	144	9	7	.563	2.75
1958	Cleveland	A. L.	39	226	16	8	.667	2.99

By IRV GOODMAN

IN THE SPRING OF 1944, millions of able-bodied American males, generally between the ages of 18 and 38, were occupied with the second World War. The home front, thus shorthanded, had to manage its affairs with a makeshift roster. Women, amply filling the gabardine slacks of the day, went to work in defense plants. Girls with glasses got on the roof and scanned the skies for the enemy. Kids planted vegetables in empty lots, mothers read newspapers, fathers conserved gasoline, and everybody knitted pea green sweaters.

And, in this company, young boys, yet to put safety razor to fuzzed cheek, played professional baseball in the major leagues. Their lot, handing them the great American dream in such a time as the spring of 1944 when the dream counted for so little, may have been the saddest plight of all in the scrambled civilian lineup.

Among the several hundred boys who cut classes that spring and put on big-league uniforms that didn't quite fit them was one Calvin Coolidge Julius Caesar Tuscahoma McLish, of the Choctaw Indian McLishes of Oklahoma. Young Calvin Coolidge knew how to throw a fast ball for a strike; he knew practically nothing else, but hardly anyone else did, either, so he was signed by the Brooklyn Dodgers, for a $1,500 bonus and $150 a month, and allowed to come right up to the majors. He took some indoor spring training with the Dodgers in the fieldhouse at Bear Mountain, N. Y., and he was as ready for the majors as he had to be in those days. He won three in a row for the Dodgers, all complete games and all in Ebbets Field, and then he did not win again. Ten times that season he lost. He was, in the words of one sportswriter who was undoubtedly exercising his own wartime rationing, "half Indian, half pitcher."

After the war was over, and the heroes had returned rapidly and anxiously, McLish still had not won again, and he was soon gone from the majors, left for dead, as were so many other of the wartime fill-ins. It could have been a brief tragedy, quickly over and slowly forgotten by the one man to whom it mattered. But Calvin Coolidge, half Indian, persevered. He bobbed up and down from the minors, he impressed no one, and he kept trying to come back to where he had never been.

Fourteen springs after that first wartime excursion, and up with his fourth major-league club, he was still

trying. It was June of 1958 now, and a new generation was playing baseball, and the silent, suffering son of Choctaw was with the Cleveland Indians. This counted for something. He had, already, held on with the Indians for better than two seasons—a personal longevity record—and he had won more games, nine, in the season before than he had won altogether in the parts of six years that he had labored in the National League. But he was still unsure of himself and unassured of a steady job. It is almost as easy to take failure for granted as success.

Then Joe Gordon took over as manager of the Indians. Cal's record was 4-5 at the time and he was as eligible as ever to be sent away. He was a spare hand in the bullpen, a worker in doubleheaders on hot afternoons. Gordon took one look at him, or so the story is told at every turn, and said, "He's my number one starter. I work him every four days."

If you now expect to hear that Gordon had, in using McLish and having him win, worked a miracle or even a rehabilitation, forget it. The new manager had no mystical reason for his decision. He had problems. His pitching staff was riddled with injuries, the youngsters on his staff were strong and anxious and getting belted. And there was McLish, healthy, experienced and available for work. So Gordon did what no other major-league manager had ever done before with Cal—he worked him, steadily and confidently. "I had always had confidence in myself," McLish says now, "but no one else did." Then along came inexperienced, energetic and open-minded Joe Gordon, and McLish had luck go his way for once.

As the chronicle of baseball is written, there is a studied strategy for every move. But it is a fact of history that we often stumble, rather than tiptoe, into our discoveries. So, because he kept his window open, Sir Victor Fleming discovered penicillin when unprescribed bacteria flitted upon his specimen plate. And so, more than everything else, it was because McLish had lost, 2-1, to the Red Sox on a ninth-inning home run by Ted Williams on the day before Gordon took over that the new manager, remembering this best because it had happened last, thereby played and discovered McLish.

Through the rest of the 1958 season, McLish won 12 and lost three. He was, from the All-Star game on, the most consistent pitcher in the AL, and, possibly, the best, too. This spring, assured of a job and thrilled by the luxury of it, he didn't worry that he looked unimpressive in training—he always does; he is one of the most easily overlooked pitchers in baseball. He simply went out and showed he was worth the job by winning his first six decisions before running into a couple of losses. Nor did the losses shake the new-found confidence that people, mostly ballplayers, had in him.

The Indians like to play behind him; the other teams hate to hit against him. He keeps the ball low, he stays on the plate with everything, he gets mad at nothing that happens behind him, he never quits, he always knows what he is doing, and he's glad to be doing it.

Where did all this come from? It came from 15 years, that's where. From 15 years of listening and learning and putting his game together one pitch at a time. "When I was 18," he says openly, "what did I know? I knew nothing. I just reared back and tried to knock off Mickey Owen's mitt."

The education of a young man, when he is a pitcher, is a difficult and necessary thing. He has to learn to be smarter than the hitters. When he was with Brooklyn, Cal would listen to general manager Branch Rickey lecture at player meetings, and he would understand. He would watch Mr. Rickey depict the manner in which a change-of-pace should be thrown, and he would comprehend. Why, then, did it take him so long?

"To understand how to do it is one thing," McLish explains. "To be able to do it is another."

When he was with Pittsburgh briefly in 1948, Cal remembers Rip Sewell, the old eephus ball pitcher, telling him, "You gotta take a little off and put a little on and then throw up Uncle Charlie." Uncle Charlie could be any good pitch you had.

"I never forgot that," Cal says. "That's really what pitching is all about. Whatever your Uncle Charlie might be, you have to work around it, build up to it, play with it, and only then throw it. I kept repeating that phrase. I'll bet I said it to myself every time I went out to pitch. I still do."

He was talking to the interviewer at breakfast after a night game in which he had beaten the Yanks, 6-5, in the poorest job of pitching he had done since Gordon took over. "I knew I was in trouble as soon as I got out there. My arm felt sluggish. There was no zip when I threw. My control is usually better. So I stood out there and kept saying to myself, 'You gotta take a little off and put a little on . . .' "

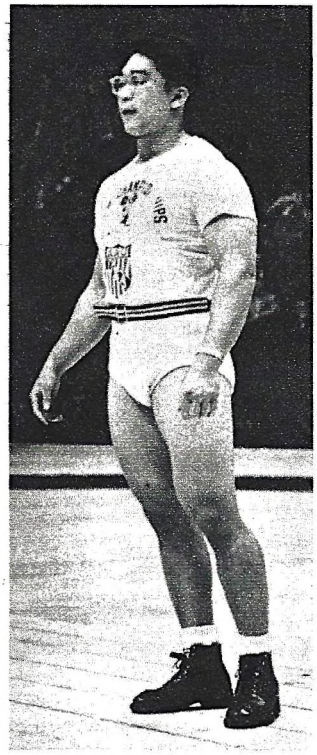
And for seven innings, that's what he did. Until Gordon took him out, at the end of the inning, not in the middle when he was in trouble and somehow managed to work his way out of it, Cal pitched with his head. His low balls were coming in too low, and he knew if he tried to come in higher, he would be belted. His sinker wasn't breaking, and he knew he was throwing too many pitches alike. So he threw his not-so-good pitches, taking a little off and putting a little on, and survived long enough to maintain victory.

How different this husky 33-year-old with the strong face is from the wartime kid still impresses McLish. It used to be that he pitched the ball just to get rid of it. "There'd be the catcher," he says, "squatting down, wanting me to throw. So I'd throw. I didn't have the faintest notion why."

Today he refuses to throw a pitch just for the sake of throwing. Now he stands broad-shouldered on the mound and holds the ball. He considers what he threw the batter the last time and how it worked. He considers the contours of the ball park and the time of day and the direction of the wind and the score and the inning and any other scrap of detail he has been able to accumulate in his mind. He thinks about what has been working good for him, and he thinks about what the batter might be thinking.

It is a very complicated business, but then it has to be. Pitching is simple only when you are young and strong and immune to pain. "I'm not a 14-strikeout-per-game man," McLish says sanely. "I don't work to pitch a shutout. But I work. And I've been lucky. I've been able to make some hellacious pitches." (Hellacious is his word for hard as hell to hit.) "I've had to do all this because I don't have one pitch good enough to do it all for me."

It is of some significance to point out here that McLish does not have "one pitch bad enough," either. It is the completeness of his game that makes him effective. He throws a fast ball that is not as fast as it was in 1944, but which moves downward, (⟶ TO PAGE 75)



Tommy Kono, the strongest little man in the world, can lift twice his own weight. He likes nothing better than to beat the Russians at their big propaganda sport

Strong Man From Hawaii

By Howard Tuckner

REMEMBER those old body-building advertisements that started with: "I was a 98-pound weakling"? The picture accompanying the words was always that of a handsome, muscular specimen wearing a pair of brief tights.

Tommy Kono can remember that ad and the picture. He never got around to subscribing to the course, but he did become interested in building up his muscles by lifting weights. As a result, he still doesn't look much more like the fellow in the ad than he did before; but nobody will ever call him a weakling. For, on a pound-for-pound basis, Tommy Kono is literally the strongest man in the world. He holds three world and four Olympic weight-lifting records and has twice equaled world marks. He is the only man in history to win gold medals in two different weight-lifting divisions of the Olympic Games, and the only man to hold national championships in four divisions, from lightweight to light-heavyweight.

"I was nine years old when I read that ad," he recalls today, "but I didn't have the money to subscribe to the course. Even 98 pounds seemed like a lot to me then."

Tommy, the son of Japanese parents who worked a small farm near Sacramento, Calif., had contracted asthma at the age of two and was a sickly child. "I had to have shots all the time," he says. "My folks tried all kinds of cures on me—burned birds, bear kidneys, powdered snakes and herbs. Nothing helped."

It took World War II and the forced relocation of the Kono family to the Tule Lake, Calif., internment center to put young Tommy on the road to health. He was a teenager weighing only a little over 100 pounds when he left the farm. The dry air at Tule Lake soon gave him relief from his asthma, and then, feeling better, the little Japanese-American found a new love.

"They had barbells at the camp and I remember how happy I was when they asked me to try weight-lifting," Tommy says. "My mother thought it was too strenuous, so I used to sneak away to a small room where I could practice by myself. The first barbell I lifted weighed 15 pounds."

By V-J Day, when the Tule Lake inhabitants were permitted to return to their homes, Tommy Kono was in good health and his body was beginning to fill out. By 1948 he was ready for his first weight-lifting competition.

Today, at 28, Tommy ranks as the world's greatest weight-lifter. Only five feet, six inches tall and with weight that fluctuates from 148 to 198 pounds, he can lift over 300 pounds.

In the three classic events of weight-lifting—the press (lifting a weight from floor to shoulder, and then over the head by arms only), the snatch (lifting from floor to overhead in one motion), and the clean-and-jerk (lifting from floor to shoulders, and then overhead, using arm and leg muscles)—Tommy holds the world light-heavyweight record total of 989 pounds.

The Russians, who consider Kono the most scientific weight-lifter in the business, have tried many times to learn his secret of weight control. Early in 1958 they even paid his way to Moscow where they alternately questioned him on his diet and challenged him

with their own champion. Tommy beat their man, answered all questions and was rewarded with gifts of classical records and art books that weighed so much that the Russians had to pay $104 in overweight charges so he could take them home.

Tommy now makes his home in Honolulu and runs a small health food shop there, but he claims special food plays only a small part in his surprising weight fluctuations. He eats normal food and finds it more difficult to gain weight than to lose it. He smokes occasionally, takes a drink now and then and supplements his diet with iron and protein vitamin pills. But he can gain 40 pounds in a month without sacrificing strength or stamina. He does it by eating six or seven meals a day. He keeps the table-sitting interesting by switching the menu around.

"For a few days I'll eat Japanese food," he says. "Then I'll switch to Chinese dishes for a couple of days. When I'm bored with Oriental meals, I change to Italian food. Then, when I can't take spaghetti any longer, I go American with steaks and mashed potatoes. After a few days of that, I'm ready for Japanese food again."

It's no trouble at all losing the weight when he no longer needs it. "The toughest part is trying to keep a wardrobe to fit," he says.

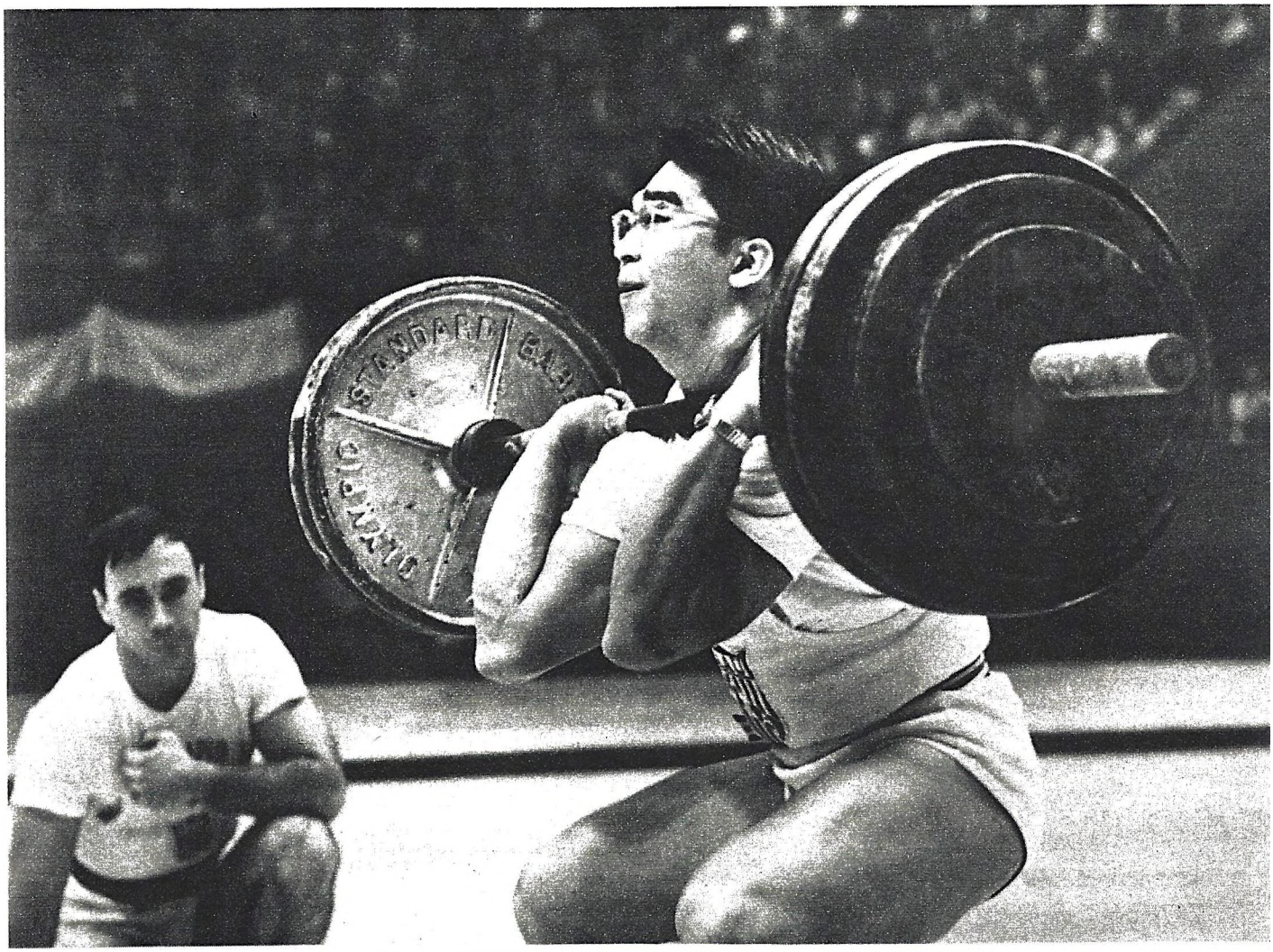
In the United States vs. Russia athletic competition, a small but important phase of the overall rivalry between the two nations, Kono's record is impressive. He has faced Russian champions nine times and has yet to lose to them. He prizes these victories even more highly than the six world titles he has won since 1952.

"Weight-lifting is a big thing in Russia," he explains. "They have five million weight-lifters. What baseball is to Americans, weight-lifting is to Russians. They are trying to prove to the world that they are stronger than anyone else. Certainly it has a propaganda value. I think it is my duty to prove them wrong."

This feeling has given Tommy extra strength more than once. When he feels he has reached his limit, he asks himself, "Do I want to do this?" Then he lifts just a little bit more.

For the young man who learned to be a champion while virtually a prisoner of the United States, this is the most sincere form of patriotism he can show. Next year, when he attempts to lift a weight virtually double his own weight over his head at the Olympic Games in Rome, a fair amount of international prestige will be riding along.

But Tommy Kono, the boy who once would have been happy to be a 98-pound weakling, has the muscles for it.



Muscles straining, but in perfect control, Tommy Kono rests a heavy weight on his shoulders before raising it over his head for the required two seconds.

EXPERIMENT AT REMINGTON FARMS

The shooting is great at the 3,000-acre outdoor laboratory, and it gets better as scientists figure how to put two targets where one used to be

By JACK DENTON SCOTT

THIS IS THE DILEMMA that Remington Farms is trying to solve: In a country where the population increased by three million people last year, the productive land area decreased by two million acres as erosion, highways, factories, housing developments, gas stations and supermarkets all did their share in cutting down so-called "open" land. Where does this leave the sportsmen who formerly made use of this land for hunting, fishing or shooting—not to mention the fish and game which once populated it?

"The number of people seeking relaxation in the out-of-doors today is growing annually," says Dr. Joseph P. Linduska of Remington Farms. "Mechanization and automation are shortening the work-week, making for much more leisure time. And today's world, being full of stress and strain, means we are living much faster. Consequently, relaxations like fishing, boating, hunting and shooting, that used to be considered luxuries, are virtually essential to the well-being of our harassed citizens today. . . ."

The man who uttered these words was formerly Chief of the Game Management Branch of the United States Fish and Wildlife Service, and is now Director of Game Management of Remington Farms in Maryland. I interviewed him between flights of geese in a blind at Glenmar Farms, which was formerly the country estate of aviation millionaire Glenn L. Martin and is now an important unit of the wildlife management experiment of Remington Arms.

The object of the experiment is to find out what can be done for the thousands of Americans now turning to the out-of-doors for hunting and fishing, when the available wildlife acreage is spiraling drastically downward.

Believing that the only effective solution lies in more intensive management of our wildlife resources, starting from the soil up, rather than the artificial stocking of fish and game in amounts unsuitable to the available resources, Remington Arms has undertaken a million-dollar experiment in Maryland. "We are developing and demonstrating . . . methods and techniques for growing two of everything where only one grew before," Dr. Linduska says.

R. H. Coleman, vice president and general manager

of the arms company, put it this way: "In approving the purchase of Glenmar Farms and staffing it with the caliber of people necessary for its successful operation, we thought of the project as an outdoor laboratory where the relationship of game crops to farming could be closely observed for the benefit of every sportsman and farmer in America."

Once the decision was made, three of the corporation's top brains went to work: Henry P. Davis, public relations manager and an old quail shooter; Paul Hickman, manager of research and development, and J. D. Mitchell, manager of the commercial sales division. They spent weeks investigating the 3,000-acre Glenmar area, totaling 15 farms located near Chestertown on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. They found that the tract of nearly five square miles offered a variety of land types and that more than half the total acreage was tillable. A feature of the area was the unusual concentration of wildfowl in residence from September through April. Upwards of 10,000 Canadian geese found sanctuary on a three-acre refuge.

The result of the trio's visit was a 26-page report that conveyed their unbridled enthusiasm for the project. The first few paragraphs of the report went something like this: "At present there are 14 fresh water ponds on the Farms in addition to a goose sanctuary area. These ponds will accommodate 19 two-man blinds. The Popular Neck area, with tidewater frontage on both West Langford Bay and Shipyard Creek, will support eight two-man blinds. Species taken on the tidewater include the diving ducks (Redhead, Canvasback and Scaup), the surface-feeding ducks (Mallard, Black Duck, Baldpate) and Canada geese which are also on the fresh-water ponds. It is estimated that these blinds will easily support a minimum of 30 guns per day with a schedule of three full shooting days per week. . . .

"The peak waterfowl census on the Farms, which occurs about December 1, follows: 20,000 geese, mainly Canadas, with occasional snow and blue geese; 10,000 mallard ducks, including the released stock that stays on or near the property; 10,000 pintails and about 5,000 other surface-feeding or puddle ducks such as blacks, widgeon, bluewing and greenwing teal. . . ."

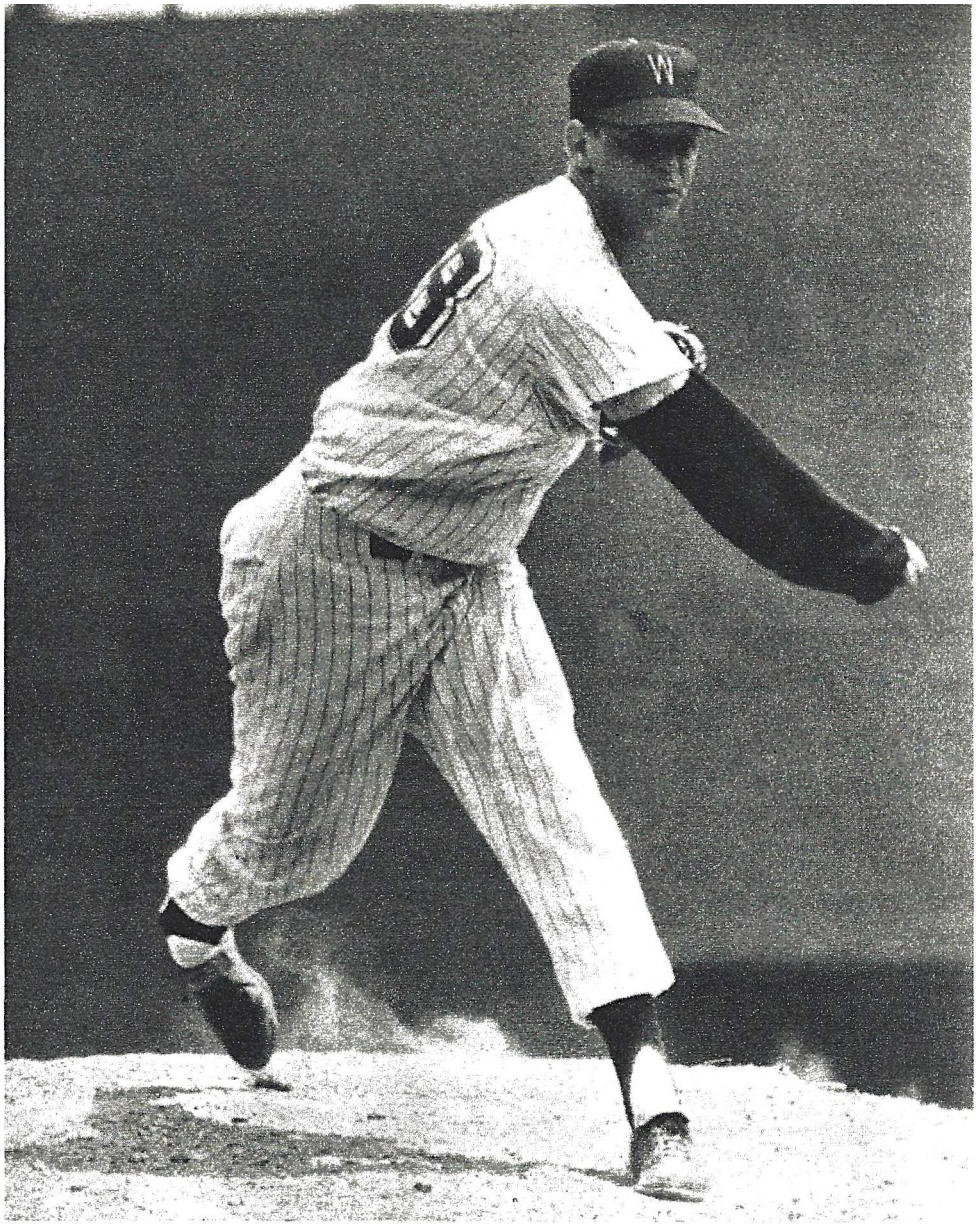
Remington was impressed and paid over a half-million dollars for Glenmar, placing Dr. Linduska in charge. The doctor hired Clark Webster, a talented biologist, and together they gathered a staff of trained people—farmers, researchers and the other necessary personnel—and one of the most interesting wildlife experiments of this generation was under way. It is an experiment covering a wide scope.

National authorities place the wildlife of our country in three categories: forest game, waterfowl, and farm or upland game. Present conditions indicate that forest game populations are healthy and improving. But the maintenance of an adequate waterfowl supply depends on sufficient areas of wetlands, now being seriously encroached by drainage and conversion into farm production.

A critical condition also exists in farm game. Growing competition for land has cut down the natural food supply and created the need for intelligent use of remaining land for both crop production and effective game management. This applies not only to the large land owner but to the small individual farmer. This particular aim is the backbone of Remington's entire program.

Although Glenmar has been using the shooting blinds in the conventional manner, much of the bagged waterfowl is being placed in Clark Webster's skilled hands. He examines the stomachs of the birds and their physical condition, and prepares reports (⟶ TO PAGE 68)

Photo by Martin Blumenthal



Pedro throws a sturdy fast ball and an effective knuckleball. He gives up quite a few homers but his sharp control keeps him out of most troubles.

EVERYBODY WANTS RAMOS

By BOB ADDIE

The young righthander of the Senators has no one great pitch, but he is coveted because he has fine control, a good head and a taste for competition

WHEN PEDRO PABLO RAMOS signed with the Washington Senators six years ago, he didn't cost them a nickel—which isn't particularly unusual for the Nats. This, after all, is the ball club that, in 1946, fielded a starting team of nine players whose original cost, totally, had been $122.05. The fact that offers in the neighborhood of $400,000 have since been made for the services of the Cuban righthanded pitcher is a bit more unusual, although not exceptional, since the Senators have a long and illustrious history of dealing in windfall profits. Ramos is a current hot property, and the bidders have barked figures at boss Cal Griffith in clear, pearl-shaped tones.

Why does everybody want Ramos? "Because I'm a good peetcher," says the jewel of San Luis Pinar Del Rio. "I love beisbowl."

He is a pretty good pitcher and he does love baseball. In fact, Cookie Lavagetto, his manager, says, "Ramos plays ball the way the kids coming up used to play it. He's a ballplayer because he loves the game. He's always pestering me to go to the bullpen, to go in as a pinch-hitter, or a pinch runner, or a pinch-pincher. I once put in a pinch-runner for a man on second, and Ramos came over to me and said, 'I can score. This other guy too slow.'

So I played a hunch and put Pete in for the pinch-runner. Sure enough, the batter singled to short center. This was against Boston when Jim Piersall was playing center for them. Piersall had a good arm then. Ramos took off and scored standing up—and on a good throw, too."

Ramos not only can pitch and run, but he can hit, too. As he explains it, "When I play amachur ball een Cooba, me puree goo' heeter. When I play D ball, me great heeter. I heet six home ron wan year."

It's true, too. Of course, D ball isn't the majors, but Ramos has been a "puree goo' heeter" in the big show, too. He outhit every pitcher on the Washington ball club last year.

To go back a little, Ramos comes from a family of six, four boys and two girls. His two sisters are older, but he's the oldest boy. His father, Ramon, had baseball ambitions, as a first-baseman, but he never had much time for more than sandlot ball because he was already married and had a family. He worked in a tobacco factory. Young Pedro worked in the tobacco fields. "I bend over all the time," he recalls. "My back hurt so much I can't stan' up. But it make me strong."

Pinar Del Rio, Pedro's home town, is about 100 miles from Havana but it's hardly a country town—although Ramos says there are miles and miles of country just outside the city limits. When young Pedro first started playing ball, he was a catcher. One day, he was hit in the eye and abandoned catching forever.

Then he became an outfielder and he learned how to run, he says, stepping on the pine cones. He played barefoot and never owned a pair of spiked shoes until he was signed to play for Morristown, Tenn., a class D club in the Mountain States League.

He was signed by Joe Cambria, the Senators' unofficial good will ambassador to Cuba who has been plucking players from the Pearl of the Antilles for 40 years.

Papa Joe, as Cambria is called, even discovered the new strong man of Cuba, Fidel Castro. Cambria scouted Castro when, then beardless, he was a pitcher for the University of Havana. Cambria wrote him off as "class B material at the most. Can't throw the curve."

Ramos doesn't have much to say about the report on Castro but is very willing to tell of his own experiences with Cambria. "I was play amachur ball when a frien' of mine say Papa Joe send him. Cambria never see me when he sign me. But he thought I was outfielder."

It seems that Ramos, in fact an outfielder, had been pressed into action as a pitcher in an emergency. Cambria's friend saw him do double duty. But it was as a pitcher that he came into organized ball. He compiled a modest 7-6 record for Morristown in 1953. The next year, the team moved up to a C classification and he won 15 games. Toward the end of the season, he was moved up to Hagerstown, Md., in the Piedmont League (class B) and he won four more games there.

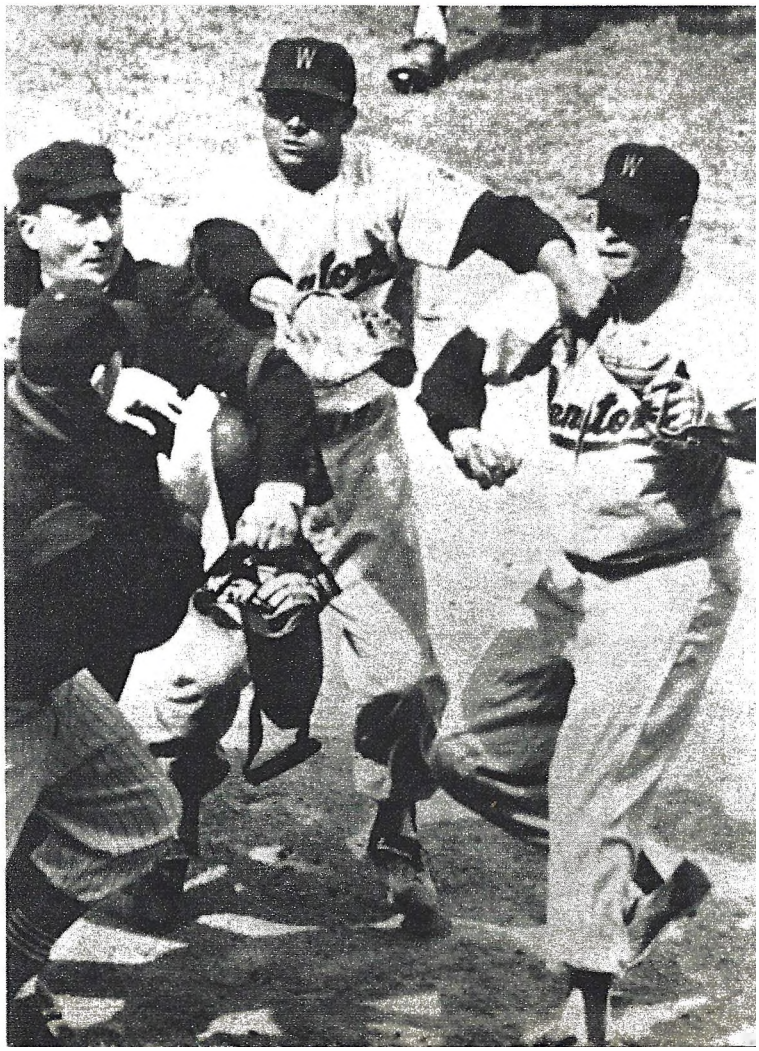
When Cambria brought Ramos to the Washington training camp in 1955, young Pedro, not yet 20, was signed to a class A contract, with Charlotte. Without any suspicion that he would stick with Washington. Ramos showed up at the rookie camp being conducted by Chuck Dressen, then the Senators' manager. He violated all the rules for Cuban ballplayers by reporting on time. He since has corrected that oversight and generally reports about the time the exhibition games begin—about three weeks late.

What impressed Dressen about this young pitcher with only two years of experience? "Cholly like me because I get bowl over," Ramos explains. "I don' know how to peetch then. I have fas' bowl, no other peetch. But he like me."

Another thing that impressed Dressen was Pedro's running speed. Dressen was a great one for races of all varieties. Pedro beat everybody in camp with such astonishing ease that Dressen had him do it again—and he did. The boy was a natural runner, who some baseball men think might have developed into a track star with proper training.

Ramos says he discovered he could run when he was about 12. He had had an argument with his brother Ramon, three years younger, and their father, fed up with the racket they were making, was ready to belt the kids.

"My daddy," Ramos says, thinking back to his youth, "catch Ramon but he no catch me. I ron too fas'. I know then I ron puree goo' because my (⟶ TO PAGE 85)



Ramos, *at right*, was in a noisy free-for-all early this year when Indians' Jim Piersall came at him with a bat and then manager Joe Gordon, *left*, joined in.

PHIL HILL
Cautious Driving Champ

Hill makes the fear that's felt by any racer who knows the dangers of his trade work for him. He drives with skill and, amazingly, with daring

By Judson Gooding

A FRONT-RUNNER in a pack of the most intensely competitive death-defying daredevils in the sports world, Grand Prix driver Phil Hill is a striking illustration of the fact that fear, which is with us all, can be overcome and even exploited. He makes his living—and courts death—as a member of the world championship Ferrari auto racing team. Over the past six years, he has seen a number of his closest rivals killed by the machines they were supposed to dominate. Asked how he feels about his hazardous occupation, he replies with startling candor, "I'm always afraid when I'm driving."

Yet he sticks to it, improving each season and winning several major Grand Prix events last year including the great Le Mans 24-hour run, which no American had ever won before. This season he continues to apply polish to his already impressive technique, and is regarded as a strong contender, with Britain's Stirling Moss, for the world driving championship.

Hill makes his living in a way that would petrify many of the most courageous athletes around, be they hockey players, mountain climbers, high-diving parachutists or boxers. He is faced, at every instant, with the possibility of being crushed, burned alive, eviscerated or torn to pieces. Any of these things can and have happened to others in races in which he has competed. Not only that, they can happen to him as the result of stupidity or miscalculation on the part of any of the several dozen other drivers in a race. He is liable, not only for his own mistakes, but for those of others. Further, he always risks being sacrificed to a bad tire, a faulty steering gear or a poor mechanical adjustment, with no more than a fraction of a second's warning of what is to come. Surrounded by all this, he himself can't let up for a moment during the long hours at the wheel.

Three of the 16 men who (⟶ TO PAGE 66)

"I'm always afraid when I'm driving," says the 32-year-old American. Still, Hill gets better every season, is a top contender for world championship.

Color by Denise McCluggage

SPORT'S HALL OF FAME #12

The Little Napoleon

By Frank Graham

This was John McGraw, who for 30 years ran the Giants with an iron hand, a nimble mind and a stubborn streak. He was the greatest of baseball managers

JOHN McGRAW WAS THE GREATEST of baseball managers. True, most of the records he set, except for the winning of ten pennants, have been equaled or broken, and give Casey Stengel enough time and he'll break that one, too. But over a 30-year span, McGraw dominated baseball as no one else ever has or, in all likelihood, ever will.

The things he learned from Ned Hanlon, manager of the legendary Baltimore Orioles in the Nineties, the plays he helped to devise there that changed the whole pattern of the game—these he applied when he reached New York in 1902 as manager of the Giants. At the Polo Grounds, he fashioned the most aggressive, the most exciting teams of his time, and from among his players he developed managers who taught his kind of baseball in the majors and minors, so that his influence was felt wherever baseball was played. In fact, the McGraw stamp is on the game even today. Stengel, one of his star pupils, has kept his memory green, and the present-day Yankees must feel sometimes almost as though they, too, knew the man whom Casey still calls "Mister McGraw."

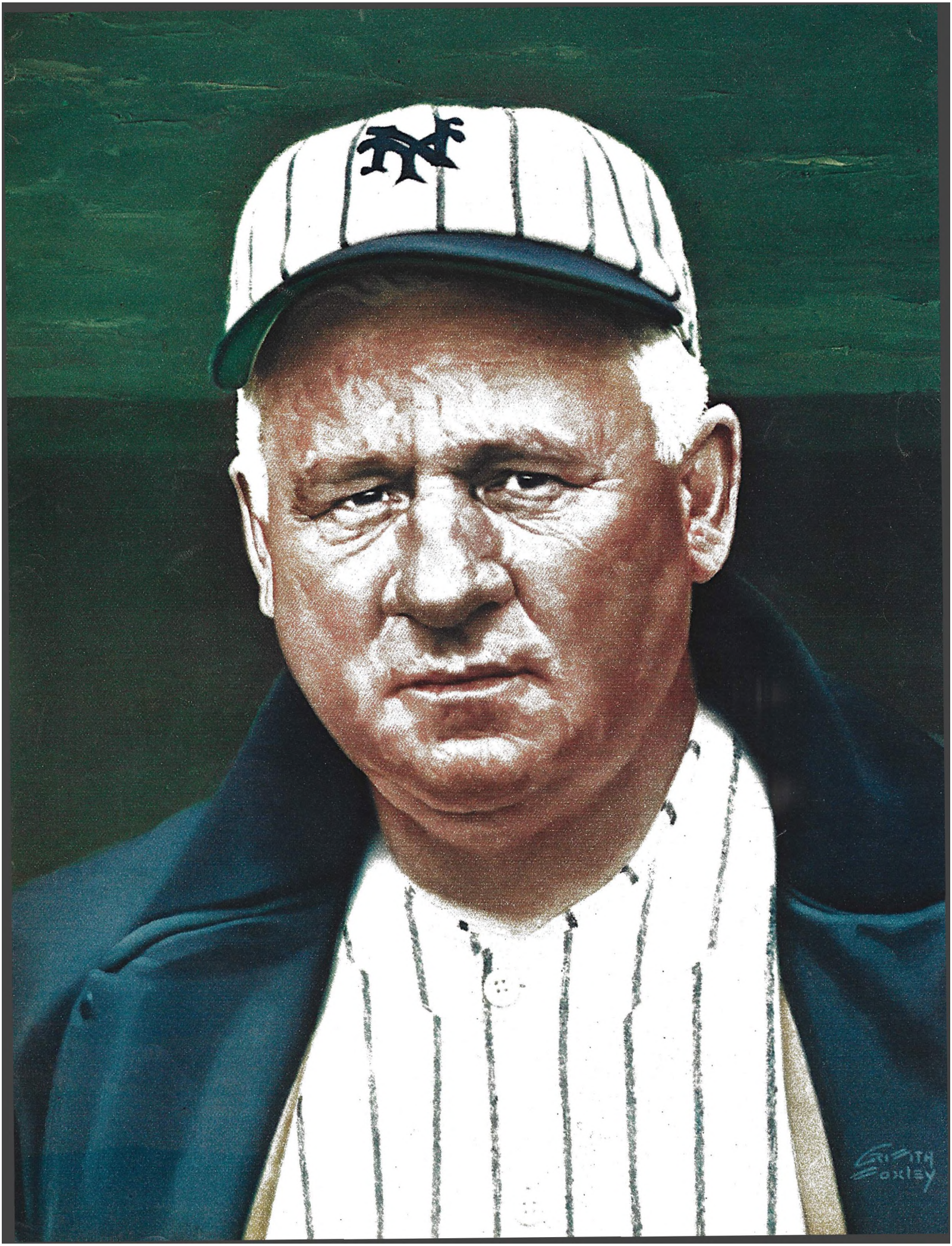
His was a strange and contradictory personality. He could be charming or offensive, forgiving or vengeful, generous to his enemies, exasperating, even hateful, to his friends. In the face of public ire, which he often courted, he was dauntless.

"McGraw's very walk across the field in a hostile town," Grantland Rice once wrote, "was a challenge to the multitude."

He fought league officials, club owners, rival managers and players, umpires and fans. By his ruthlessness in battle, he made the Giants the most hated team on the road—and the most loved team at home. He could calm a fractious member of his own team, or he could savage him. He did more for, and with, players who had shattered the patience of former owners or managers than could logically have been expected of anyone. In the end, he didn't fail his players; they failed him. But in the time he had them, it was an even thing between them. He improved their fortunes and they improved the fortunes of the Giants. When they parted, in most cases he felt worse than they did.

McGraw was a pioneer in elevating the standard of living of the professional ballplayer. Even as one of the (⟶ TO PAGE 87)

ILLUSTRATED BY GRIFFITH FOXLEY


GRIFFITH
Foxley

Dave Rizzo, Henry Lewis and Vinny Rizzo, *above*, come thundering down field during match between the Meadow Brook and Aiken, S. C., teams. Dave Ellis, *below left*, scores a goal for the home club.

RICH MAN'S STICKBALL

PHOTOS BY ART RICKERBY

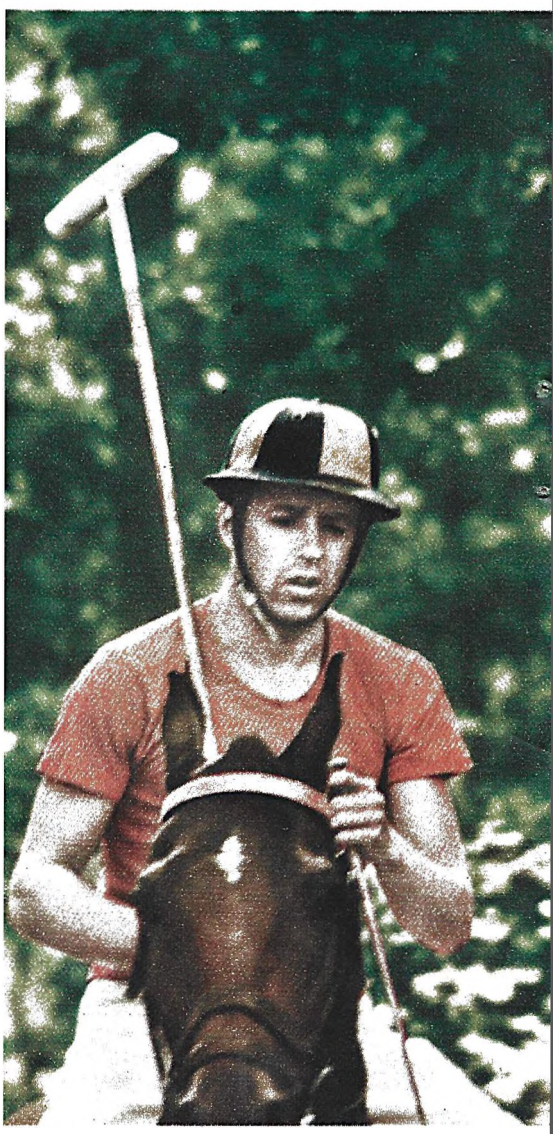
POLO, ONCE reserved as a pleasant pastime for the not-so-idle rich, is fast becoming a favorite spectator sport of thousands of Americans. Although the expensive equipment still limits the number of those able to participate, many people have discovered that polo is fun to watch. The rich man's sport can get pretty exciting.

Every summer Sunday, wage-earner joins socialite and bohemian for an afternoon of fun and sunshine at the polo matches. New Yorkers come early and stay late to watch the wealthy at play at Meadow Brook Field, just off Jericho Turnpike on Long Island—one of the traditional homesites of polo. Admission is $1, children get in free, and the atmosphere always is highly informal. Fans perch on auto hoods or sprawl on blankets, eat their lunches, sip their Cokes or martinis, and enjoy the play.

Attractive girls are plentiful at Meadow Brook. Twins Dran and Tani Seitz, *left*, Broadway actresses, are regulars at the polo matches as guests of player Dave Ellis.

A rear view of Pete Bostwick's station wagon shows why polo is a rich man's sport. Mallets cost $6.50 each, boots $25-$125. Good ponies sell for $2,000-$4,000.

Nothing breathes new life into a tired polo player quicker than a beautiful girl. Dran Seitz, *above*, offers words of encouragement to popular Dave Ellis before the start of the last chukker.



Outdoor polo is a rugged, exhausting sport. A match is divided into six chukkers of seven and a half minutes each. And most players—like Ellis, *above*—begin to get that tired look long before the afternoon is over.

Man and horse become one in a furious race for the small white wood ball and the opponent's goal. Players literally throw their caution to the winds once the match begins. All of the horsemen are given individual goal ratings and each team's potential is estimated by adding up the ratings of its players. Besides courage, a player must possess ample stamina, powerful shoulders and arms, coordination and determination.

RICH MAN'S STICKBALL

continued

The rosters of the four-man polo teams still read like pages out of the Social Register. The cost of buying and stabling the ponies is sufficient in itself to convince most people to turn to tennis or golf. As one polo player said, "If you have to ask how much it will cost to play, then you certainly can't afford it."

The action on the polo field is fast, the play is skillful. Most of the competitors are veterans at the stick-and-ball game and are superb horsemen. The teams, formerly accustomed to playing in the seclusion of their own cocktail set, now are convinced that the very recent polo boom is not a one-year freak. Crowds of 500 to 600 are coming out to the matches this summer—and for polo that's very good.

Henry Lewis, John Gayer, and Dave Ellis, *above*, move in close in a race for ball late in the final chukker. Most of the players own a string of six-ten ponies and switch off during the competition.

All overheated ponies have to be walked between the chukkers. Many a youngster attends the matches just to land the job of tending the tired horses. They also work to get the autographs of the players on polo balls. Wives of the horsemen generally watch the match and then drive home with their husbands. Mrs. Henry Lewis and friend, *at right*, appear to be fascinated by the action. Some days, pets outnumber spectators.

Hank Aaron's Success Story

The hits came easily, the words didn't, so Hank was labeled a "dumb kid." Now his whiplash swing has brought fame, and he's decided it's time to be his own man

By Roger Kahn

Aaron waits until the pitcher rears back. Then he cocks his bat, and at the last possible instant, strides forward and unleashes the power of his wrists.

Color by Niels Lauritzen

DURING one of the Milwaukee Braves' swings around the National League circuit last May, Henry Aaron arrived in Philadelphia with a .468 batting average and a curious complaint. "I ain't seen a movie all trip," Aaron remarked, with considerable longing as he stood outside the Hotel Warwick. "I'm a big movie man. I sure miss those movies."

There are all sorts of perils attached to hitting .468. A man could be mugged on any side street by a gang of pitchers. He could go hitless for a day and drop 20 points. Or he could find his path to the movies constantly blocked by brigades of sportswriters, photographers, radio interviewers, television cameramen and small boys.

"I'm telling you," Aaron said, as he walked toward a restaurant for breakfast. "I got to get me some privacy."

At 25, Hank Aaron is unquestionably a mature hitter. (The chances are he was a mature hitter at 12.) But he wasn't quite prepared last spring for the tremendous publicity demands that descended on him as he lowered the boom on the National League's pitchers.

"I mostly like to talk to writers I know," he said, between bites of toast. "That way it's better 'cause they ain't going to hurt me. This trip, they've been so many writers I don't know all asking the same questions, like I could tell 'em all something different." Aaron shook his head and it was clear that he was only partly resigned to being famous as the best hitter in baseball.

There really isn't much question about that any more. Both Ted Williams and Stan Musial are entering the twilight. For reasons not fully apparent, neither Mickey Mantle

nor Willie Mays seems capable of replacing them as men who, over weeks and months and years, will consistently pound pitchers to distraction. That leaves Aaron, young, strong and serious, as the logical choice to be baseball's best hitter for the next decade. Rogers Hornsby, a man not given to raves, believes that Aaron has a reasonable chance to hit .400 at least once before he is through. "With those wrists," Hornsby says, "he can be fooled a little and still hit the hell out of the ball."

The most remarkable thing about Hank Aaron, as an enemy of the pitchers, is that he has come this far this fast on the strength of his natural skill. If he ever acquires the professional touch of Musial and Williams, he could conceivably become the finest of modern batsmen. Of course, such a touch conceivably could just get in his way.

Musial at bat is a man with an angle. He is studying as he stands there, and with proper concentration he can tell a fast ball from a curve when the pitch is still 30 feet out. It doesn't detract from Musial's physical skills to point this out. By memorizing each pitch in every pitcher's assortment, he has taught himself to judge what the ball will do at the plate from its speed as it leaves the mound. Without this technique, Musial still would be a superb hitter, but the technique accounts for some of his greatness and some of his average.

Williams at bat is a human calculating machine. He measures each pitch, and if it is a quarter of an inch off the corner, he will not swing. (Umpires have come to trust Williams' eyesight, which helps.) Then he studies pitchers for a dozen different things, each of which will be revealed in the twelve-part article Williams is planning upon his retirement. Again, as in the case of Musial, special techniques have helped make a great hitter.

Henry Aaron's special technique is to swing at the ball and whack the daylights out of it. He tries to anticipate, as all hitters do, and those stories that he doesn't know whom he is batting against are absurd. He is, in fact, a smart hitter who thinks hardest about the pitchers who bother him most. But Hank has not yet approached the degree of batting sophistication represented by Williams and Musial. He has only approached them in results.

"How many walks has Aaron got?" Mickey Mantle asked one night in June, when talk in the Yankee dugout drifted to Aaron's implausible average. "Five, I'll bet." Actually, Aaron had walked only 13 times in his first 40 games, which is a ridiculously low total for a hot hitter. Aaron does not work pitchers for walks, which offends purists.

But, in a team sense, Aaron's natural style brings its own rewards. With the tying run at second, Williams may walk on a pitch just below the knees. Aaron may choose to swing, and if he is on a good streak, it's a reasonable bet that the score will be tied. Over a year, it's probably a good team risk, but over the same year this tendency pulls Aaron's individual batting average down. To both Musial and Williams, walks are a measure of effectiveness. Aaron accepts them with bad grace. "I'd rather hit," he says.

From this, the purists go one step farther and conclude that since Aaron doesn't work pitchers for walks, he doesn't work pitchers at all. "He doesn't swing at his pitch, he swings at their pitch," complains one veteran star, who would be embarrassed if his name were used.

Finally, there is photographic evidence that Aaron swings off his front foot. This is considered a major offense in baseball since it indicates that the batter shifts his weight before the bat meets the ball.

What would happen to Aaron's average if he tried to add Williams' science, Musial's technique, went for more walks, worked pitchers more thoroughly, and shifted his weight a split second later? No one knows, and what is more important, no one will soon find out. "A manager," says Fred Haney, "would have to be crazy to bother a hitter like that. You look at his average and you leave him alone."

As of now, Henry remains a natural man. He stands calmly between pitches, well back from the plate, slightly slouched as he swishes his bat. There is none of the tension about him that most hitters radiate. Robin Roberts once said, jokingly, "How can you fool Aaron? He falls asleep between pitches."

But as the pitcher rears back, there is a transformation. Henry cocks his bat, and at the last possible instant, he strides forward decisively. Power flows up from his hips, through his sinewy arms and down to those incredible wrists. The bat flashes, and then, when he connects, the ball rides a rising line that is curiously his own. The ball simply carries, not as high as Mantle's best drives, but straight and long, in the arc of a perfect low iron golf shot.

Two years ago during the World Series, Aaron hit a line drive into the left-field bullpen at Yankee Stadium. Hitters had reached the bullpen before, but usually with soaring wallops that gave everyone time to stop and wonder. Aaron's liner, close to 450 feet, reached a knot of relief pitchers quicker than Mel Allen can say, "There's activity in the bullpen."

Afterwards someone asked Bobby Shantz, pitcher and victim, about the drive.

"Wow!" Shantz said.

"What about it?" a reporter said.

"I'm just glad," Shantz said, "he didn't hit it through the box."

Until this season, Aaron scattered his rising liners. He had almost as much power to right field as he did to left, and sometimes it seemed that his greatest power was to right center. As this season began, he suddenly started to pull everything. "I don't think he's got more than two or three hits to right," Ed Mathews said in late May.

"I don't know why," Aaron said. "I'm still swinging like I always did. It just seems I'm getting the bat around quicker."

Since most people agree that Aaron is a natural, and let it go at that, it is extremely difficult to get expert analysis of his success or the secret behind the rising line drives.

Waiting his turn at bat, even between pitches, Aaron is loose. "He can fall asleep up there," Robin Roberts says.

Aaron appears to be loping, but he is hustling all the time. Here he upset Yanks' Skowron to beat out a grounder.

Often serious questions draw fanciful, facetious replies. "How do I pitch him?" Don Newcombe says. "I wish I could throw the ball *under* the plate." Often they draw the flat statement: "Don't give him the same pitch twice." This means that there is no pattern for Aaron; each time the pitcher must ad lib his way along.

Once Bobby Bragan, when he was managing the Pittsburgh Pirates, ordered righthander Vern Law to throw Aaron a knuckleball on the first pitch. "Let's see what he can do with that to start," Bragan said, although Law customarily tried to get ahead of a hitter before going to the knuckler.

Aaron hit the first pitch over the left-field fence. "What's the use?" Bragan said. "No matter what you throw him, that guy will hit it."

Fred Haney insists that he wasn't startled by Aaron's remarkable early pace this season. "I've seen him hit like that for stretches before," Haney says, "only not that early in the season. He does it early and everyone's amazed. He's done it in July or in August lots of times since I've been here and nobody was much surprised."

But the evidence, as the season wore on, was that Aaron had improved considerably. After all, until this year he was a .330 hitter with good power. If he finishes up under .350, his average will be, to some extent, disappointing.

The one man with a concrete theory on Aaron's improvement can speak freely since he is no longer an active player. "It's the knockdown rule that's helping him," Sal Maglie says.

During his distraught career, Maglie was an accepted master of the knockdown. Only late in his pitching life did humanitarians write the rule that makes a deliberate knockdown a $50 offense. It is questionable if any group can legislate a basic tactic out of existence. After all, the spitball, judged five times more harshly than the knockdown, survives where the men who legislated against it do not. But the knockdown rule does serve as an inhibitor. It did not notably inhibit Maglie who, first, retained his beanball reputation after the pitch became illegal, and second, had the control and the guile to make one knockdown do the work of three. But it does inhibit less skilled pitchers.

"The only way I could handle Aaron," Maglie says, "was to get his face in the dirt. Then he'd be edgy and I could work on him. Not always, but sometimes. It was the only way I could pitch to him."

I mentioned Maglie's point to Aaron one afternoon. "You starting this conversation all wrong," Henry said.

"It's a legitimate point."

"I never talks about knockdowns," Henry said.

"Well, are they throwing at you less?"

"I never talks about it," Henry repeated.

"Never?"

"Never."

Looking back on the deep silence that followed, I can only conclude that Henry was right. I did start the conversation all wrong.

But quite likely, Maglie has a point. For one thing, Sal knows more about the care and treatment of high inside fast balls than anyone this side of Early Wynn. Then, too, about twenty minutes later, when Aaron and I were talking about the weather in Milwaukee, Hank got back to the Maglie thesis in a way. "The reason I didn't talk much before," he said, "was because of the way you began. You shouldn't ever ask about knockdowns. Somebody once wrote something I didn't say about a knockdown, so I just never says nothing about them any more." The world is full of potential journalism professors and one must take them as he finds them. Aaron, as always, meant well.

But assuming that Maglie is right —which no one on the Braves will assume for publication—Aaron's chances of hitting .400 this year, or some year, are immeasurably brightened. If concentrating on Aaron's only weakness, which is his skull, is out, then most pitchers have no alternative but to work on his strength, which is the strike zone.

Will this make Hank a .400 hitter? "It could," says Rogers Hornsby, who hit .400 three times within four seasons. "Those wrists . . ."

Fred Haney played with both Ty Cobb and Harry Heilmann, each of whom batted .400 when Haney was an infielder for the Detroit Tigers. Haney is a careful analyst of baseball situations, and when we sat together talking on a bus carrying the Braves back to the hotel from the ball park, he discussed the issue in depth.

"Cobb," he said, "was everything, a superb ballplayer. Aaron is more like him than like Heilmann in that when he smells a hit he gets down the line like hell. I'm not comparing Aaron with Cobb except on this point. But no matter whether you slug like Heilmann or play every angle like Cobb, you still have to be lucky to hit .400."

"Can you go into a slump?"

"Oh, sure," Haney said, "you can slump. But you got to have some luck. First, you have to be a great hitter, and then you need breaks over a season. No matter how good he is, a man doesn't hit .400 over a year unless the hits drop in for him." No one, then, can make a sensible guess just if and when Aaron will hit .400, since no one can guess when and if the hits will drop for him over a full season.

Haney was settled comfortably

in his seat, discussing concepts of hitting, and seemingly oblivious to what went on around him. "A lot of people seem to think that night games themselves are why we haven't had a .400 hitter for so long," he said. "I don't think that has anything to do with it. You see, hitting by day or hitting by night—well, the factors seem to even out. A pitcher's stuff breaks best in damp, heavy air, the kind you get more often at night than during the day. That's a plus for the pitchers. But at night the batter has a better hitting background. You know, some days he may have to hit at a ball coming out of a background of white shirts, or in some places a ball coming out of a bright sky. Sometimes the background changes each time he comes up. He has to make constant adjustments. At night the background is always good and it's always consistent. The lights are good pretty near everywhere and that's a plus factor for the hitter. The way I see it, these two things even out over a year and a fellow hits as well at night as he does in the day."

Haney paused to light a cigarette. "But the conditions that night games bring about, that's something else. In the old days, we played at the same time every day. We ate more regularly. The trips were easier. We didn't go all the way across the country. Now a hitter who plays a long game one night and has to play the next afternoon, is going to be handicapped. You can always send the next day's pitcher home early, but you keep the hitters around. Besides, even if the pitcher sticks around, it's easier than if he was actually playing. The irregularity of the game now is what hurts hitters the most. That's part of why it's tougher to hit .400."

Aaron himself shunned questions on his chances of batting .400 as consistently as he shunned questions on the knockdown. He told one New York newspaperman that baseball could be cruel and that he hoped that his sons, unless they are enormously talented, seek careers outside of baseball.

"Don't get me wrong," Aaron said. "When you make it big, it's great, but this can be a hard life for most of the guys. Not to me, but I'm thinking of a lot of my friends. They're in the majors, then back in the minors; they worry about it. They make six, seven thousand dollars. It costs a ballplayer more than that to live."

Delighted with such candor, the newspaperman said, "Can you hit .400?"

"I don't like to talk about that," Aaron said.

To a Philadelphia columnist, Aaron, in a fresh burst of candor, confessed that he preferred seafood to steak. (To most of Aaron's colleagues, this is radical non-conformity.) "I eat seafood seven days a week, if I can," Aaron said. "Especially shrimp salad. I like to catch fish and cook 'em. I shop around Milwaukee for good fish, but it's not like it was back in Mobile."

The columnist then tried to sneak in the .400 question sideways. "What is your hitting goal?" he asked.

"I want two more hits so I'll have 1,000," Aaron said. "Then I'll only be 2,000 behind Musial."

Hank was all smiles two years ago when told that he had been selected as the National League's Most Valuable Player.

Aaron's face is solemn, his voice is soft and he uses both to work occasional drolleries. Once he arrived at Bradenton, Fla., for the first day of spring training, put on a gray road uniform, swished a borrowed bat a few times and then hit the first three batting practice pitches out of the park. "Ol' Hank," he said, stepping out of the cage, "is ready." Ol' Hank was then 22.

When he was summoned for a draft board physical in Milwaukee, he reached the induction center at dawn, as ordered, and surveyed the crowd of young men who had arrived still earlier. "With all these fellers," he said to Donald Davidson, the Braves' publicity man, "what they need me down here for?"

During a World Series game, Yogi Berra of the Yankees pointed out that Aaron wasn't holding his bat properly. "You don't have the label up," Berra said.

"I ain't up here to read," Aaron answered.

Last season when Haney gave Aaron the hit sign on a three-and-nothing pitch, he was mildly surprised when Hank let a strike go by.

"What happened?" Haney asked later in the dugout.

"He took a little off it," Aaron said. "When I swing three-and-oh, I want it all on."

This is pleasant humor, but by baseball standards it is somewhat subtle and so it is subject to misinterpretation. Both misinterpretation and overstatement of his humor account for Aaron's suspicion of strange sportswriters much more than does his fear of inflammatory misquotation.

When Hank played for Jacksonville in 1952, he liked to pretend that he was a simple country boy who didn't know the names of the opposing players, much less what opposing pitchers might throw him. Mobile, his home town, is hardly the backwoods, and Aaron's early success with the curve balls came partly from the fact that he knew when to expect a curve. But Hank, a Negro pioneer in the Sally League, was dead set on avoiding trouble. Probably he reasoned that if he had to play the role of happy-go-lucky Negro, he'd play it. Hadn't Jackie Robinson played the role of silent man in his first years?

Then, in the majors, Aaron sometimes hit upon the same sort of gag. When he went four-for-four against Robin Roberts, he later remarked that he didn't know who Roberts was. When Ford Frick fined him for reporting early one spring, an anecdote got out that Aaron had never heard of Frick. Both stories had the same minstrel-show punch line: "Who dat?"

There aren't any minstrel shows any more because our taste in humor has been refined. Happily, the integration issue has reminded us that jokes poking fun at Negroes are humorless, just as Adolf Hitler earlier demonstrated to the horror of all civilized peoples, that there was nothing funny in jokes about Jews.

When the Ford Frick story hit the newspapers, Jackie Robinson was furious. "I don't believe Aaron said it," Robinson insisted, "and if he did say it, they shouldn't have printed it. That's the worst story of the year." Jackie, a fierce, proud, educated Negro, did not elaborate. He didn't have to.

At the time, Aaron himself made no comment on the story, and when we were talking in Philadelphia this year, I asked him about it. "It never happened," he said, looking straight across the breakfast table. "Never." He paused, stumbled as he started a sentence, stopped and then started again. "What kind of

story you gonna write?" he said.

"It's hard to say until I write it."

"Listen," he said, "if you hear a lot of silly things, ask me about 'em before you write. I know what happened and what didn't."

"Well, your batting average has to be a big part of it, Hank, and that isn't silly."

"I mean," Aaron said, "a guy once wrote something about me and it wasn't much. There was a lot of, uh, dumb stuff. Like every time I said 'I,' he spelled it 'Ah.'" Aaron paused again, groping. "I mean this isn't gonna be one of those Uncle Tom stories, is it?"

"No."

"Well, I'm glad I cooperated with you then," Aaron said. "I don't like those Uncle Tom stories. They're all wrong and they never happened."

It was just a few hours later that I was sitting with Donald Davidson in the lobby of the Warwick when Fred Haney came over. "You gonna talk to John Quinn (general manager of the Phillies)?" Haney asked Davidson.

"Maybe later," Davidson said.

"One of us has to talk to him," Haney said. "We've got to get a cop in that box."

"What box?" I said.

"There's one next to our dugout," Haney said. "There were two guys there last night who were getting a little personal. A ballplayer has to take some abuse but these guys were getting personal, you know what I mean?"

I didn't know what he meant.

"What about it, Del?" Haney called to Del Crandall, who was sitting on a sofa and reading a paperback book. "Those fans a little too rough?"

Crandall looked up. "Yeah," he said. "They got on some of the boys pretty bad."

"I mean it," Haney said to Davidson. "Tell John if he doesn't put a cop there, I won't be responsible."

"What's all this about?" I said.

"These fans," Haney said, "were getting on Covington and Aaron. Calling them rotten names. They don't have to take that; they can't be expected to. If those fans are here again tonight and start in, one of the boys might just walk into the stands and begin swinging. Be a hell of a way to start a race riot."

"It's a terrible thing," Davidson said.

"And the only way to stop it," Haney said, "is with a cop. As soon as one of those fans opens his mouth, out he goes. That's all. That's the only way to handle it."

"I'll probably speak to Quinn," Davidson said.

"You or me," Haney said. "It doesn't matter. The important thing is for somebody to speak to him and get that cop."

If it weren't for fans of this nature, "Uncle Tom" stories might not bother Aaron so much. But such people exist, and now, as a premier batsman, Henry is free to set the record straight, where a few years ago, as a mere rookie, he felt he wasn't. In time, more and more will be written strictly about Aaron's batting, and more people will come to understand that his drollery is something other than racial humor. As these things happen, we can expect Aaron to become less suspicious of strangers. Ed Mathews can now charm anybody but a pitcher, yet even Eddie had a period of adjusting to the demands fame placed on his personality.

Already, Aaron seems to be developing the direct, laconic eloquence so many fine athletes acquire. Earlier this season, a stranger shoved a pad under his nose and asked him for an autograph. "I don't read the sports pages much," the man said, "but aren't you Hank Aaron?"

"I'm Aaron," Henry said, signing.

"Well, don't be modest," the man said. "After all, you're hitting four-hundred-and-something."

"If I was hitting .200," the ballplayer said, "I'd still tell you I was Aaron."

When Hank first joined the Braves in 1954, he was capable of no such sophistication, perhaps because he possessed no such confidence. But since the advance reports were bright and the stories out of Jacksonville seemed to indicate a later-day Satchel Paige, Aaron was interviewed with fair regularity right from the beginning.

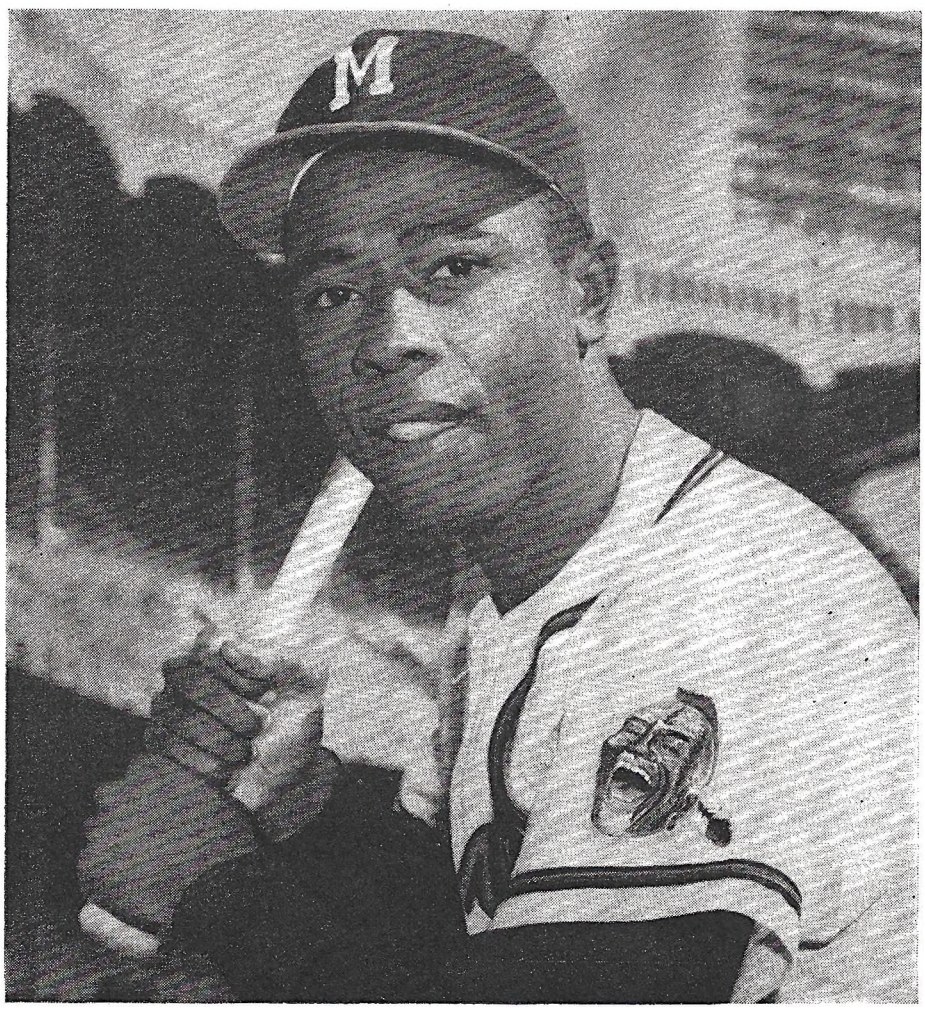
I tried once after learning that the Braves had misspelled Aaron's name above his first big-league locker. Large and clear, the letters read: A-R-O-N.

"How do you like it up here?" I asked, some time after the error had been corrected.

"Good," Aaron said.

"You look like a hitter."

"I'm swinging," Aaron said.



According to pitchers, Aaron has no weakness. "Wish I could throw the ball under the plate," Don Newcombe says.

"What's different about the pitching?"

"I ain't been around long enough to know."

"Anything funny ever happen to you in baseball?"

"Sure," Aaron said. "There's lots of funny things."

"Such as?"

"Well, I can't remember any off hand," Aaron said.

He had to be marked down then for what he was—a rookie exciting only when he had a bat in his hand.

Just three years later, Aaron had become considerably more fluent. "I guess what's coming sometimes until I get two strikes," Aaron told a reporter who asked him to talk about hitting. "After that I'm not looking for anything. I don't guess with two strikes."

"What's on your mind when you hit?"

"I try to keep my mind clear," Henry said. "I don't want to think of nothing but the baseball. Except for one thing. I try to remember not to swing too hard. I hit a homer, I wanna hit another and I start swinging too hard. My eyes fly up in the air. I stop looking at the ball. That's a big thing, telling myself not to swing too hard."

By the time he started making headlines this year, Aaron was fully capable of a long facile conversation on baseball, if he felt inclined to take the trouble.

"I try to get comfortable up there," he said, "and I figure I'll hit what they're gonna throw." This is an ideal approach. Instead of reasoning, as many batters do, I'll hit if I get my pitch, Aaron was walking up to the plate, saying to the pitchers, in effect, "Throw what you want. I'll hit *your* pitch."

"What about the bat?" I asked. There was a story once that Henry's knowledge of bats was confined to the realization that bats can be long or short and that long bats are best to hit outside pitching.

"I use something like a Crandall model," he said, "with a real thin handle. It goes 35 ounces, thick on the end and thin at the handle. I like the thin handle 'cause I can whip with it better."

"What about your wrists?"

"They're just the way they are naturally," he said. "I never did any special exercises, nothing like that. There was some story that I got 'em strong working on an ice wagon. I worked on an ice wagon a little when I was a kid, but mostly I just mowed lawns. That work won't make weak wrists strong. They just are the way they are."

"Is that where you think the power comes from?"

"Power comes from timing," Aaron said. "It's more timing than anything else. You hit a ball just right, you don't need a real wild swing. The ball will go. You don't have to be real big. Time it right and you'll hit it far enough."

In his apprentice days, Aaron played third base, second base and shortstop, but with the Braves he has tried to stay in the outfield, even though he has looked competent at second in the few major-league games he has played there. He breaks well on ground balls, the huge hands are sure and his arm, powerful from the outfield, is more than adequate for a second-baseman. He glides with surprising swiftness in the infield, and on several occasions he has loped back of second base, fielded ground balls barehanded and tossed to the shortstop to start double plays.

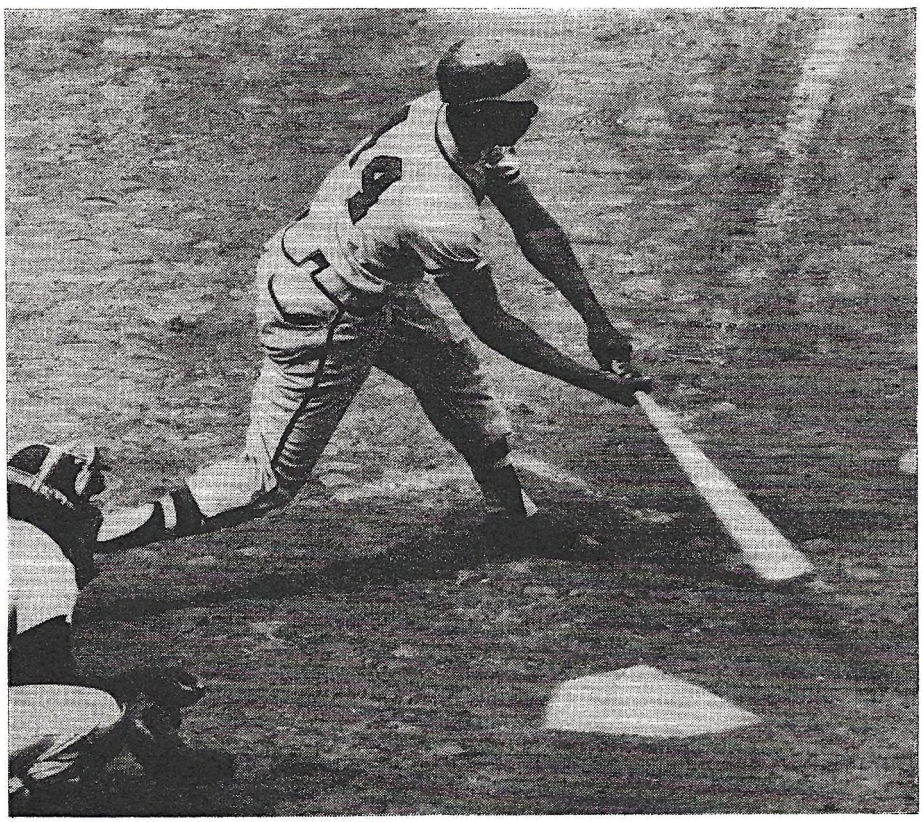
"You see me play a couple games," Aaron said, "you can't say I'm a big-league second-baseman. A whole season there, maybe I won't look so good. It wears you down. You make mistakes. I like the outfield. I guess I play it better and I figure I help the club more out there. Outfield. That's where I like it. That's where I belong."

Since Aaron's lithe form moves so smoothly, it is easy to forget that he is an excellent defensive outfielder, either in right or in center. He has caught a few liners barehanded, and once, when a drive popped out of his glove, he demonstrated the speed of his hands with a move most of the Braves remember clearly.

After a long run, Aaron speared a line drive, which then slipped from his glove and struck a knee. With Aaron running all out, the ball popped off the knee and into the air ahead of him. The right hand flashed out and Aaron had his putout. With more lenient scoring, he might also have been given an assist. "The kind of play," one of the Braves suggests, with mild malice, "that if Willie Mays had made, everybody in the country would have heard about. With Hank, you just got to see him every day to know what a good fielder he is. Nobody makes a big thing out of it."

"It's that loping gait of his," Fred Haney says. "He doesn't look like he's really hustling out there. Then you notice Hank always seems to get up to a fly ball when there's any chance in the world of making the play."

The most convincing tribute to Aaron's outfield skill was Haney's reaction when the second base problem arose in the Braves' camp last spring. Red Schoendienst was gone, Mel Roach, his logical replacement, was hobbled by a bad knee, and Felix Mantilla, the other candidate,



Henry is not a scientific batter. He is a free, natural swinger, often goes for bad pitches. He is unhappy with a walk.

was an illogical candidate since he had never shown much knack of hitting major-league pitching.

"What about second base?" a columnist said to Haney late in March.

"That's all I've heard all spring," Haney said. "I don't see why you guys are so worried about it when I'm not. We'll do all right."

The columnist, who has been writing baseball for a long time and believes he would make an excellent manager, stalked off, grumbling, "How do you like that guy, talking that way to *me?*"

But on the scene, which was the Braves' dugout, another reporter said, "Does that mean you figure you can always play Aaron there?"

"No," Haney said. "Hank is an outfielder. We'll do all right at second. Hank stays in the outfield."

If Aaron worked for Casey Stengel, he would probably have played six or seven positions by now and have been hailed as the greatest American since George Weiss. But Haney believes that the least managing possible is the best managing. Aaron remains in the outfield, his versatility unknown and he himself delighted to hold down the same spot day after day. "Moving around all the time maybe would hurt my hitting," he says. The sort of fame Tony Kubek wins, for playing the most positions in a single week in August, doesn't interest Aaron at all.

Almost every manager who ever handled Aaron has reacted in the pattern Haney now follows. The essence of all this was illustrated one day when Paul Waner, as a special Milwaukee batting coach, watched Aaron swing a few times. Waner was a master of the craft of batting. His skills were such that he occasionally gave demonstrations of hitting accuracy. A flunkey would place a hat in the outfield and Waner would aim line drives at it. He'd come close consistently. On his good days, he would crush the crown. But after watching Aaron, Waner, the batting professor, carried a simple message to the Milwaukee front office. "Don't let anybody touch that kid," he said. "Leave that swing alone."

Like the innate perfection of his swing, the baseball beginnings of Hank Aaron are hard to explain with precision. Sports editors in Mobile have pretty well given up trying to get a consistent portrait of Aaron as a young man. "Every time we start the thing," one of them says, "we find a couple of things that don't add up. No one has ever been able to put the whole thing together." What does add up most clearly is that Aaron fell in love with baseball at the age of 11 and that after that nothing else mattered much as he grew up in the midst of a poor family in the deep South.

Herbert and Esteller Aaron, Henry's parents, moved to Mobile 36 years ago from the small farming town of Camden, Ala., and their first son, Herbert, Jr., was born two years later. In all, the Aarons have seven children, four of them boys, and Hank was the second child. (His youngest brother, Edward, is now nine.)

"There was always enough money for what we needed," Hank remembers, "but it was week to week, you understand. It was always one week to the next waiting for the pay."

Herbert and Esteller Aaron insist that they are just as proud of Tom-

"Aaron has a chance to hit .400," Rogers Hornsby says. "With those wrists, he can be fooled and still belt the ball."

my, who is an 18-year-old prospect in the Milwaukee chain, as they are of Hank, but this is probably the enforced impartiality parents learn to assume. The family lived at 2012 South Wilkerson St., when Hank was born but within two years they moved to 2010 Edwards St. where they now live in a frame house which has been remodeled with financial help from Hank. Herbert Aaron works as a boilermaker's assistant at the Alabama Drydock and Shipbuilding Co.

Both the Aarons are sturdy and cheerful and, as they sit on a sectional sofa near the TV set in their home, discussing the exploits of their son Henry, their faces split in smiles of delight.

"He was a quiet boy," Esteller remembers. "He never made many friends and he just loved to play baseball. Every time there was a game anywhere and he could join in, he'd be there. He liked to play shortstop the best. He most always played there when he was here."

At the age of 11, Henry's interest in baseball changed radically. Before that he played football and basketball with about as much enthusiasm, but at 11 baseball became his game and his life. "If he wasn't playing the game," his mother says, "he was reading about it. He was reading every newspaper and magazine about baseball he could find. All the time he was around the house he was reading."

Every time a major-league team stopped off for a game in Hartwell Field, on the way north from a spring training camp, Henry sat in the stands. "He just seemed to sit there," Mrs. Aaron says, "and watch the players. He didn't talk to anyone, but he seemed to be fascinated by seeing people like Jackie Robinson go to the plate."

Sometimes, Aaron would say to his mother, "Some day, I'll be out there. Some day I'll make the big leagues." By the time he was 14, he was telling all the family and Connie Gilles, his one close friend, "I'm a good player. I know I am. I'll make it. I'll make it all the way to the top."

Henry went to Toulminville Grammar School, Central High School and Allen Institute, a private school in Mobile. "He was well-liked by his teachers," Mrs. Aaron says. "He never gave them any trouble and he studied very hard. He liked school, but I think he liked it mostly because it gave him a chance to play on a ball team."

Mrs. Virginia Hunt, who taught at Central High when Aaron was there, confirms the mother's impression. "He was quite an athlete, so all of us teachers knew who he was," she says. "We never had any trouble with Hank." Mrs. Hunt pauses before adding, in proper academic order, "He was polite, alert and outstanding in baseball."

Aaron's actual grades appear to be lost to history. "Records weren't kept very carefully then," one school official says. "We'd look for them," someone else says, mysteriously, "but they'd be too hard to find." Henry did not graduate from Central High, but he may have received a diploma from Allen Institute.

At Central High, Henry played softball; there was no baseball team. Edwin Foster, his coach, remembers him as vividly as one might expect. "Hank was with us two years, 1950 and '51," Foster says, "and he was kingpin when he was with the team. We lost only three games in the two seasons he was with us. He was a great player."

Foster used Aaron as a catcher and as a third-baseman. When he moved Hank to third, the boy he replaced, Sonny Hill, complained. "I'm good at third," he told Foster.

"Sure, you're good," the coach said, "but you're not as good as Hank." Presumably later events have soothed Sonny Hill's pride.

"Hank always seemed so unconcerned when he played," Foster says. "You wouldn't think he was as good as he was because of that. But he had wonderful eyes and he hit and made all the plays you wanted. I'm not really surprised at the way he's moved up. He could sure hit hard when he was with me and I wouldn't be surprised if his average went even higher."

L. V. Green, athletic director at Central High, remembers that Henry was active in the Mobile City Recreation League as well as at school. "It was like this," Green says. "Whenever Henry came up to bat, we were sure he'd get us a man on base and usually a home run. I know one pitcher that no one could seem to hit, but he didn't bother Henry at all. Henry would come up and lay the ball way out in the field."

Just what did Aaron bat for the Central High softball team?

No records were kept.

Just what did he bat in the Mobile City League?

No records were kept.

Settle, then, for the fact that he usually hit a home run.

At the age of 16, Henry was playing a sandlot game in Mobile when Sid Pollet offered him a contract with the Indianapolis Clowns, a Negro team. Aaron signed and became the Clowns' shortstop.

By 1952, major-league scouts were attending Negro games regularly, and before long both the Giants and the Braves were interested in Aaron's contract. The price was firm: $2,500 down and $7,500 more a month later, or no Aaron. If Aaron didn't make good in 30 days, he could be returned to the Clowns. The $2,500 was non-refundable. It was a good, safe arrangement for the Clowns.

The Braves had first crack at him, and one day when the Clowns were playing in Buffalo, N. Y., they were told either to sign Aaron by 7 p.m. that night or to forget him. At 7:01, he would be sold to the Giants.

It drizzled that day and the field at Buffalo grew more and more soggy, but scout Dewey Griggs endured the weather to watch his quarry. At 6:57, he called John Quinn, who was then the general manager of the Braves.

"What do you think?" Quinn said. "Can he play short?"

"To tell you the truth," Griggs said, "the field was so wet I couldn't figure out whether he's a shortstop or not. But he's worth $2,500 just for his swing."

At 6:59, give or take a few seconds, the Braves bought Aaron's contract, a decision which was to keep the National League balanced for years. Had the Giants been able to buy him, San Francisco would now possess the admirable entry of Aaron and Mays. Or, perhaps, New York would, for it is difficult to imagine a team built around Aaron and Mays ever having to jump its franchise.

After a .336 season at Eau Claire in the Northern League, Henry moved up to the Sally League and Jacksonville. There, in a single season, he won the attention of all baseball. He led the league in batting, runs-batted-in, hits, runs and doubles. He was 19 years old.

"The South can be kinda easier than the North," he says now. "There you know where you can go and where you can't. In the North sometimes you find out you can't go where you thought you could." Still, there was considerable pressure on Aaron that season, and he responded in the manner he has come to regret.

At mid-season, manager Ben Geraghty, who now runs the Braves' Louisville farm, decided to change the team's signs. A day later, Geraghty gave Aaron the signal to take a pitch and Henry responded by hitting a home run.

"Why didn't you take it like I signaled?" Geraghty asked mildly afterwards.

"I thought that was the hit sign you was giving me," Aaron said.

"That was the *old* hit sign," Geraghty said.

"Damn," Aaron said, "I only got around to learning *it* yesterday."

For the rest of the season, Geraghty says, he gave Aaron no more signs. Henry just went up and hit away.

On the bus trips the Jacksonville Braves made, Henry invariably went to sleep. "Nothing ever bothered him," Geraghty says. "He was the most relaxed kid I've ever seen." By sleeping and playing dumb, Henry stayed out of trouble, but the combination produced the unfortunate image that he is still trying to live down.

"I have to admit now," Geraghty concedes, "that I was never quite sure when he was pulling my leg. You know, he's got that deadpan. I guess a lot of us thought he was serious when he was kidding."

Appreciation of Aaron's sense of humor lagged considerably behind appreciation of his batting. In a spring training game five years ago, when he was still on a minor-league roster, Aaron came to bat against Curt Simmons, the Philadelphia lefthander who had one of the best fast balls in the National League.

"What did you think of Simmons?" a reporter asked him later.

"Oh, was that Simmons?" Aaron said. "He didn't show me much."

The quick conclusion—that Aaron was either an absurdly cocky rookie or a naive country boy—was too quick. Remember Aaron sitting at ball games in Hartwell Field in Mobile, watching each major-leaguer in turn, staring out at big-timers in a bush league ball park with utter concentration, feeling the longing to make it big stir strong

Hank's parents live in Mobile, Ala., his home town. They see games on television and root hard for Henry and Braves.

within him. Think of Aaron at home in the crowded frame house on Edwards Street poring through newspaper box scores, studying baseball stories in magazines. Then ask yourself if, in 1954, Hank Aaron could have failed to recognize Curt Simmons, or Robin Roberts or even a second-line major-league ballplayer. The problem in 1954 was that no one then knew the preparation Aaron had given himself for the majors. No one realized the single-mindedness and dedication that had gone into developing such advanced skills so quickly.

People know now. They are even coming to recognize that Aaron jokes as he hits, which is to say consistently. At one gathering of baseball writers in Milwaukee, Lou Perini, the New England contractor who is president of the Braves, served as a straight man while making a speech. It was mid-winter and John Quinn, then the Braves' general manager, had been working hard at the delicate job of signing ballplayers.

"Aaron," Perini said, "is a great hitter. There isn't anything that boy can't do with a bat." Quinn looked nervously at Aaron, who was sitting deadpan.

"He can hit to right or to left," Perini said. "He can hit the long ball, or get you the single. He bats in runs. It's great to watch a boy like that play ball. We're very fortunate he's playing for the Braves."

"Mr. Quinn," Aaron said softly, turning to the general manager.

"Yes, Hank?"

"Is he talking about me before or after I sign a contract?"

Quinn still laughs at the story, and he can afford to, now that he is general manager of the Philadelphia Phillies.

On another occasion, contracts were mailed and Aaron took some time before returning his. He had enjoyed a good year, but some of the other Braves, including Danny O'Connell, had not.

"Hank," Quinn said, "didn't you get a contract?"

"Yeah," Aaron said.

"Well, why haven't you signed it?"

"I got a contract all right," Aaron said, "but I think there's been a mistake."

"What do you mean?"

"I think I got the one that was supposed to go to O'Connell."

The discovery that Aaron was ready for the majors was entirely accidental. The accident was Bobby Thomson's broken leg. After a disastrous season in 1952, the Braves left Boston, to the yawns of the populace, and abruptly jumped from seventh place to third. Still, Quinn realized, the team needed further strengthening, and he dealt Johnny Antonelli, the lefthander, to the Giants for Thomson in a deal which also involved lesser talents. In Ed Mathews, the Braves had a left-handed long ball hitter, but there was no comparable righthanded batter. Thomson was acquired to balance the order and provide extra long ball strength.

That was the spring after Aaron's great year at Jacksonville, but the feeling in the Braves office was that Henry could do with a season at Toledo before being exposed to big-league pitching. Henry was invited to train with the Braves, but his name was placed on the Toledo roster.

Again Aaron, always working toward the majors, had been giving himself special grooming. He had played winter ball in Puerto Rico under Mickey Owen. He had kept his batting eye sharp and, through Owen's help, he had mastered the art of hitting to right. When Thomson snapped his ankle during an exhibition game, the Braves suddenly found themselves without Antonelli and without a righthanded power hitter. Aaron, after a hot winter in the Caribbean, was having a hot spring. At 20, Hank Aaron made the Braves.

As a rookie he hit .280, but it was a .280 with a difference. There are .280 hitters who get that way by batting .450 against the worst pitchers in the league and batting very little against anyone else. Then there are the tough .280 hitters, like Tommy Henrich and Pee Wee Reese, who in their time, got many of their most important hits against many of baseball's most important pitchers. That was how Aaron started in the big leagues.

The Dodgers, everybody reasoned, were the team to beat, and Aaron loved the Dodger pitching. The Giants were the team that won, but Henry played no favorites. He hit Giant pitching, too. It is puzzling now to recall that he failed to become rookie-of-the-year. Wally Moon won over him in a close vote. He might have caught Moon, but in a doubleheader late that season, he lashed five straight hits, and on the fifth, a triple, he slid into third base and fractured an ankle. That finished his season, but it meant only that 1955, not 1954, was to be the year in which he established his stardom.

In 1955, he batted .314 and hit 26 home runs. During the season, the Dodgers made a small trade which brought them a pitcher from another club. Carl Erskine and a few other Dodger veterans immediately surrounded the newcomer. "How are you guys pitching to Hank Aaron?" the Dodger pitchers all wanted to know.

The answer was no salvation. "Not good."

When the Braves finally got around to winning a pennant in 1957, Aaron hit 44 home runs and won the decisive game with a homer against the St. Louis Cardinals. In the clubhouse afterwards, Henry dropped his mask of lethargy, perhaps for the first time during his baseball career.

"What did you think the moment you hit the home run?" one reporter asked.

"First thing I thought about was Bobby Thomson's homer," Aaron said, referring to the preposterously dramatic wallop Thomson made in the 1951 playoff, which won the pennant for the Giants. "That's always been my idea of the most important homer. Now I got one myself. For me to get the hit myself. Am I excited!" Aaron grinned and then the solemn mask slipped back. "I'm excited for the first time in my life," he said.

But in truth Aaron had been excited about baseball for more than half his life. Like most ballplayers who are acclaimed as naturals, he became a natural through years of unnaturally hard work.

Recently, when someone asked him what he looked for when he went to hit, Aaron answered with typical brevity. "The baseball," he said.

It was a line that was pleasantly dry, like good Milwaukee beer, but there is considerably more to the story of Aaron than that. At 25 he is already living a dream that was born only ten or fifteen years before in a poor neighborhood in Mobile. "Pretty soon," Henry says, "I'd like to get me a farm. Not one of those 25 acre jobs, but something big, like the ones Warren Spahn and Joe Adcock have."

Something big goes hand in hand with being at the top, and Aaron has arrived there faster than even he could have expected. He has become the premier hitter of his day and now he asks only a little of the respect that is due a premier hitter. He likes his small jokes because they come more easily than discussions of skinned sandlots on the hot summer afternoons in Mobile, but he resents stories that show him as a joker.

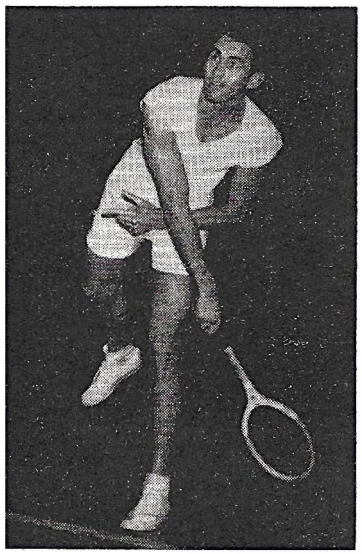
As he continues to hit, the offending stories will surely be buried in the past. Within the next few years, as Henry continues to swing, baseball fans everywhere will come to realize that beneath the surface drollery, Aaron is just about as comical as Murderers' Row.

GUEST CONDUCTOR: CHRIS CLARK

Director of sports for WPRO Radio-TV in Providence, R.I., Chris keeps New England listeners well informed about the Boston Red Sox, Brown University football and Providence College basketball

THE SPORT QUIZ

For Answers turn to page 69



1 Masters' champ Art Wall's winning score of 284 was ten strokes shy of the tournament record. Who set this record and in what year?

2 What three famous athletes answer to these nicknames?
(a) The Kitten
(b) Tarzan
(c) The Big Dipper

3 One-time Wimbledon singles champ, I played in Davis Cup matches for a country other than the one I was born in. Who am I? Name the countries.

5 Match up the following girls with their sports.

Evelyn Primm	skiing
Betsy Snite	diving
Jeanne Stunyo	trapshooting

6 Former heavyweight boxing champion Rocky Marciano lost only one fight as a pro: a knockout at the hands of Roland LaStarza. True or false?

7 With what sports are these terms associated?
(a) kip
(b) belly series
(c) ad

4 This former Dodger pitcher junked his No. 13 after giving up one of the most famous home runs in baseball history. Who is he and who hit the homer?

8 Who is the shortest player ever to win one of baseball's Rookie of the Year awards? When did he win the award and what team does he play for now?

9 When was the last time both the U.S. and Australia failed to reach the Challenge Round of the Davis Cup. Name the nations that competed that year.

10 Now the wife of a famous athlete, I was a teen-ager and one of this country's finest divers at the time this photo was taken. Who am I?

THE UNABASHED DICK STUART

(*Continued from page 19*)
of the old California State League, in 1951. The next year he started playing in earnest for Billings in the class C Pioneer League, where his 31 homers and 121 runs-batted-in made quite an impression. They jumped him to Lincoln after two years in the Army and another big season at Billings. At Lincoln in 1956, Stuart hit 66 homers, drove in 158 runs and struck out a breathtaking 171 times in 141 games.

But you couldn't laugh off those 66 home runs, only a half-dozen short of the all-time professional record. And there was nothing fluky about any of them. He once belted one out of sight in Lincoln that was later discovered in a mud puddle 610 feet from home plate. Stuart must have remembered that particular shot the next spring, when he rode one 420 feet against Cincinnati.

"What's the difference, playing ball up here?" a reporter asked afterward.

"The same as down there," the modest young slugger replied.

When he reported to the Pirate training base in Florida two years ago, he was regarded—on paper—as an outfielder. "The worst outfielder I ever saw in my life," said Bobby Bragan, then the Pirate manager. That comment didn't bother Stuart, who hit Fort Myers with a big "66" emblazoned on his suitcase. He pinned "66" signs on his motel wall, signed his autograph with a buoyant little "66" underneath and went around identifying himself to carhops, desk clerks, shoeshine boys and complete strangers by saying, "I'm the guy who hit 66."

He didn't mention that he also was the guy who struck out 171 times and played his position with the finesse of a Little League rookie. Finally, Bragan, fed up with Stuart's constant chatter and self-esteem, sent him down—first to Hollywood, then to Atlanta and then back to Lincoln. In all these places, he continued to hit historically long homers when he wasn't striking out or gumming things up in the field. In two-thirds of a season at Lincoln, he hit .264 with 31 home runs and 84 RBIs. He struck out 117 times.

The downward slide didn't seem to bother him a bit. In fact, during his brief stay in Hollywood, he became the idol of the movie colony, where his egotistical outbursts were a constant source of amusement to the equally egotistical movie stars. Stuart even considered—briefly—trying his hand at the movies.

One day he visited the 20th Century-Fox movie lot and stood near a set where Jayne Mansfield was making a movie. During a break the actress came up to him and asked, "Hey, how come you're getting your name in the papers more than me?"

"You're just not hitting the home runs," Stuart answered politely.

In the spring of 1958, after making another poor impression as a full-time first-baseman, Stuart was sent out again, this time to Salt Lake City in the Pacific Coast League. By July, he was leading the league in everything but shy remarks. He was hitting .311 with 31 home runs and 82 RBIs. His strikeouts were down to 76. The Pirates called him up just after the All-Star break, when they made their startling move from seventh to second place, just failing to catch Milwaukee. Stuart and his bride, former airline hostess Lois Morano, drove pell-mell for three straight days from Salt Lake to Chicago to join the club.

"I'd have to say Stuart had an awful lot to do with us moving up," Danny Murtaugh said. "It happened that all our young players jelled at the same time—they were getting the extra base by a step, throwing to the right one by instinct, all the little things that count in tight ball games. But it was Stuart who gave us the spark."

When Stuart arrived, general manager Joe Brown talked to him in the runway that leads from the Pirate dressing room to the dugout. "We brought you back, not for the gate, but because we feel you can help us. And we might have brought you up earlier if you had applied yourself then as you are doing now. You were always fighting the organization and fighting yourself. It's a shame to see a fellow like you waste your ability. This promotion proves we have confidence in you and we feel you're ready."

Then Sammy Taylor, a Cub catcher who once played against him in the Western League, added a few kind words on the field: "I can see a change in your attitude. In the minors, you felt you were the only big shot around and maybe you were right. But up here the field is full of big shots and you're just one of many."

Stuart himself, however, had already figured out what was wrong. In recalling the 1958 spring training season, he said: "There I was, a small-town boy, surrounded every day by big-town reporters. Maybe I gave the wrong kind of answers to the right kind of questions. The Pirates have a lot of ribbers . . . and I thought it was up to me to hold up my end. Today I don't bother. I just grin and bear it."

In his half-season, Stuart hit 16 homers, managing one in every park in the league. They were long, high-in-the-clouds drives, the kind the Babe used to hit. In his first major-league game, Stuart hit a two-run homer, and the next day he hit a grand-slammer off Moe Drabowsky which landed in the left-center field bleachers in Wrigley Field. They still talk about another that lopped off tree tops in Schenley Park, across the street from Forbes Field. He bombed the laundry beyond the left-field fence in Cincinnati and one at the Coliseum in Los Angeles cleared everything. His homers spelled the difference between victory and defeat seven times. He chased the ailing Kluszewski to the bench for the rest of the season. Players on other teams used to stop work when he came up in hitting practice, an honor usually reserved for sluggers like Aaron, Musial and Williams.

But for every homer, he made an error—more than any first-baseman in the league, even those playing a full season. At his strikeout rate (75 in 67 games), he would have breezed past Vince DiMaggio's National League record of 134 in a complete season. But he was as confident as ever, even though his teammates said they didn't mind as much as they once had. ("We called him The Donkey. He was hard to take and never quit talking about his homers," one of them recalls. "But he showed us he really could belt them, so we took it.") Once, when Bob Friend was shooting for his 20th victory, Stuart posted the number 20 on Friend's locker. "You shouldn't do that; it's bad luck," Friend said.

"Ah, don't worry. I'll get it for you with a homer," Stuart replied. He did, too.

This season the word is out that Stuart is a new man. He is "no longer the talkative, brash and cocky youngster of 1957," said the Pirates' official biographical sketch. "This Stuart is just as sure of his own ability, but lets others do most of the talking."

"Is it true, Dick?" a reporter asked him one day early this season. "Don't you pop off any longer?"

"I'm not sure I know what you mean," he said stiffly. "I don't know that I ever did pop off, as you call it. A lot of the things I said were misconstrued. Once I told a reporter in New York that the only hits I ever had off the Braves were off Spahn and Burdette. He wrote it up that the brash young rookie wanted to hit against Spahn and Burdette every day. Now you know I wouldn't be foolish enough to say anything like that.

"Yes, I think I'm different now. I am married now and we had a baby this spring. Lois is a good woman and a fine wife. Everybody needs someone to steady him down, and get his goals and aims in life in order."

"What do you think about your fielding? Will you hit enough to offset it?"

"I think so and hope so. I'm really not as bad a fielder as all that. I'll still blow a game now and then, but I'm getting better. I did a lot of work around the bag at Santiago in the Dominican Republic last winter. That has helped me. I'm still not great, but I can help more than you might think.

"All my life, since I was a little boy, I never wanted to be anything but a big-league ballplayer. It's been a long, hard road. Maybe some of it is my fault, maybe not. But I'm here and I've got my full shot at making it."

At this writing, he is still not a full-fledged starter in the majors. Both Kluszewski and Rocky Nelson carry big bats and handle a first-baseman's mitt with authority. But as Murtaugh points out, the Pirates have to have Stuart's homers to help make up the 35 they miss from Frank Thomas' bat.

About the fielding, Stuart is not worried. He has his own goals. He once read that Birdie Tebbetts, when he managed the Reds, said, "Stuart has the power to beat Babe Ruth's record." To that, Stuart added, "And the guy who does it will make a million dollars. Here's one guy who is going to try."

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FOR $50,000, I'D FIGHT ANY OF THESE BUMS

(*Continued from page 17*)

or football. The only other sport you can make so much so quick is if you run in stakes races. There's not many openings. The horses got a closed shop.

I think the whole fight racket is getting soft. Used to be we had lots of tough guys around, inside the ring and outside. It used to be when a mob guy wanted to show off and maybe make a little money, he got hold of a fighter, paid his bills and collected his share of the purses. Sometimes he bet a little on the side, and maybe all of it wasn't on his guy. The mob guy lived good, so the fighter lived good. Fancy suits, big car, all that stuff. Now, the mob guys wouldn't touch boxing. Too much trouble. They don't buy fighters any more. They buy juke boxes. Who's going to pay for new fighters? The Chamber of Commerce?

I'm not the only guy around who thinks boxing ain't what it used to be. Last year, I went out to Chicago to see Tony Zale open up a new restaurant. I'm surprised Tony ever let me get back into Chicago after what I did to him there in 1947. But Tony's a good guy. I love him as long as I'm not fighting him. Anyway, we sat down and Tony started telling me about how I rubbed my glove in his eye and I told him about the time he hit me after the bell. We talked for a long time, yelling and lying and enjoying ourselves. Then Tony said to me, "Hey, Rock, why don't you go back to fighting? Man, you could beat any of those punks. They ain't no good at all any more. You'd kill any of these bums."

So I looked at Tony and he's still got those big, tough arms of his, and I said, "What do you mean, man, *I* ought to go back to fighting? You should go back. You're the tough guy. You'd murder them." I dig Tony the most, so we kept kidding back and forth like that. But I wasn't just kidding. I actually think he could beat a lot of these new guys even if he is 46. (I bet he's still younger than Archie Moore.) But I don't really want Tony to go back because if he does and I go back, too, then sooner or later, we're going to end up fighting each other again. That's okay, I've got nothing personal against fighting Tony, but, take my word for it, it's dangerous work. I've got to think of my acting career. Suppose Tony busts me in the nose with his right hand. That'd mess up my handsome profile. Then where do you think I'd be?

So, you see, I think I'd do okay back in the ring. If the right guy puts up $50,000, he can rent the hall. I'll show up. And I wouldn't be doing it just for the money. There's another reason. I love to fight. Ever since I was a kid getting in and out of street fights, I always loved it. I just like to stand out there and slug away at another guy while he's slugging at me. Bang! Bang! Bang! That's music. I miss it now. Acting's a good dodge, but it can't compare with fighting. That's real fun.

You know, it was fighting that got me into this television business. My last fight, in 1954, was with Chuck Davey, the TV idol, and I guess I wasn't in the world's best shape. I got beat. So some TV producer's watching the fight and he sees me get beat and he turns to his flunkie and says, "We got to get that guy Graziano. Anybody who can act *that* good has got to be on television."

I don't know what he meant by that crack, but anyway, that's how I became an actor. Imagine! Me, Rocky, an actor. Of course, I'm not a real distinguished actor like Victor Mature, but I do okay in my league. I'm a comedian, they tell me. I just stand around and act natural and everybody laughs. Personally, I think they must be nuts. But they're paying for it, so I don't knock it.

Being an actor's not always so easy as it's cracked up to be. I mean, there are a lot of tough things. Like sometimes you're supposed to memorize what you're going to say. That's ridiculous, but you'd be surprised. A lot of actors actually do it. Not me. I make believe I'm learning my lines, but I don't stick to them. I can always add a few libs and get along. It's real easy.

Then, there's the fact that, for some reason or another, people don't always seem to remember that I'm an actor, not a fighter. You know, half the comedians in the world used to be fighters. At least, that's what they say. Jack E. Leonard, Bob Hope, Joey Bishop—all ex-fighters. (Come to think of it, I guess there were bums fighting then, too.) So, no matter where I am, some comedian's always got to come up to me and say, "Hey, Rocky, you wanna fight?" Steve Allen says, "You wanna fight?" Joey Bishop says, "You wanna fight?" Everybody wants a fight. I've been fighting all my life and I haven't been hurt yet. One of these days, some comedian's going to kill me. And that Jack E. Leonard! He punches for real. He bugs me. If I didn't like him so much, I would have killed him four years ago. When these guys ask me if I want to fight, I tell them what I'm telling you. Sure, for 50 grand. Allen slaps me on the back and says, "Rocky, you're a card!" Fifty g's is funny?

But, let me tell you, I really like the comedians. They're like fighters. They're good guys. They like to work with me, too, because they can say whatever they want about me and I don't care. They don't care what I say, either. When Steve Allen had the "Tonight" show, he had me on and, before the show, he took me aside. "Look, Rocky," he said. "Act natural. Say whatever you feel like saying. Just remember one thing. Don't curse."

Sometimes, between my TV appearances, I go to the Gotham Health Club, which is like a gym only Lou Stillman wouldn't think so. You don't see guys chewing cigars. They chew tranquilizers. They don't have trainers. They've got psychiatrists. They're not all like that. Paul Newman, the good-looking actor who played the hero in *Somebody Up There Likes Me,* goes to the Gotham. He works out. Once, when he was making the movie about me, he worked out with Tony Zale. For effect. It had the same effect on Paul it usually had on me. They had to postpone the shooting for the next four hours, till he recovered. Ben Gazzara goes up to the Gotham, too. So does Tony Franciosa. (I mean, you'd think it was Mafia headquarters there's so many of us Italians up there.) Anyway, I go there, not because I need a workout, but because I want to learn all about acting. I talk to these famous actors and I figure maybe I'll learn something. So what happens? I start to ask a question and some actor grabs me and says, confidentially, "Hey, Rocky, how good was Tony Janiro?" Another guy pulls me aside and says, like he's asking for the atom bomb secret, "What's the difference between a jab and a hook?" No fooling. That's the way actors talk.

I get tired of talking about fighting all the time, so once I went with some of my actor friends to the Actors Studio. I think there's a guy named Stanislavsky who runs the joint. That's where Marlon Brando learned how to be Marc Antony and now everybody else is trying to learn how to be Marlon Brando. I figure if there's any place where I'll learn about acting, this is the spot. So I walk up the stairs and I go in and I see four guys standing in a corner. "They're learning how to act," somebody tells me. I walk over and listen to what they're saying.

You know what?

They're all trying to talk like me!

They call it free association. Me, I been doing it that way natural all of

FOR $100,000, TONY ZALE WOULD FIGHT THESE BUMS, TOO!

His asking price is twice as high, but, with coaxing, Tony Zale would fight any of these bums, too. "I'm nine years older than Rocky," Zale said, "so it would have to take more money for me to consider coming back. Let's say for $100,000, I'd fight these guys. Let's face it, the middleweight picture is in pretty bad shape. If Rocky or I came back, we'd be right on top. I think I could handle Sugar Ray or Basilio or Fullmer."

The ex-middleweight champ, whose brutal fights with Graziano are now classified as boxing classics, reports he is in good shape. "I coach boxing here in Chicago," Zale said, "so I gotta stay in shape. I work out all the time, and sometimes I get in the ring with the boys—to show them how it ought to be done.

"It's no wonder boxing's in trouble. The kids get no chance to get experience. When I was fighting, here in Chicago there'd be four or five fight cards a week. Now maybe there's one a month. Boxing's been at a standstill since Rocky and I stopped fighting. We could pick up where we left off—right on top." The last we heard, Zale had applied for a license.

my life without even trying.

After that, I stopped going to the Actors Studio. I mean, it was almost like being back in Stillman's. From the way those guys grunted, you'd think they just went six rounds on the heavy bag.

Acting's a funny racket. There's all kinds of rules you'd never suspect. Take that movie, *Wind in the Everglades,* which had Tony Galento in it. I thought maybe I'd be good for that movie. But they said no. I found out why later. They didn't want any good-looking fighters.

You know, I like to try to help other fighters get into the acting business. There's lots of us in it regularly. Max Baer, Galento, Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, me. That tough guy, Jack Palance, used to be a fighter, a pretty good one, too. He once fought on the same card with me in White Plains. He fought maybe 50 pro bouts before he stopped. Then he had his face fixed. Can you imagine what it looked like before? Anyway, whenever I hear a casting guy say he needs some tough characters, I say, "Hold on, I got just the right fellows for you." Then I go up to Stillman's and round up a few fighters. They're hams and they've got tough mugs. They can use the cash, too.

This fall, I'm going to have my own television show. It's not exactly Playhouse 90 (I've been on that). It's going to be called *Miami Undercover.* Some reporter found out about it and he asked me, "Rocky, are you going to play a cop?"

I said, "Man, what are you, crazy? That'll be the day." I'm going to play a saloon keeper. At least, it's legal. Lee Bowman, the co-star with me, is like a private eye and I'm his friend. Besides tending bar, I go to night school at the Miami University and study philosophy. I say things like, "I see you don't have no feeling of euphoria or elation today." I say it. I don't know what it means. This is one time I really have to memorize the script.

I don't want you to get the idea that all I ever do is hop from one TV show to another. I relax, too, sometimes. Whenever I get a chance. I play golf. It's a great game and I'm finally beginning to play it pretty well. I broke 80 once. I shot a 79. (Yeah, I cheated. But just a little.)

Besides acting and golfing, I do a lot of public talking. I make speeches to boys' clubs and men's clubs and I even talk at prisons. I get the message across in my own way. They understand me and I think I help keep people out of trouble. The kids in the tough neighborhoods love me. I tell them things like, "There's only two things you need to stay out of trouble. A good lawyer and a good alibi." I hope I accomplish something because I really appreciate all the breaks I've had.

You can see I've got a pretty good life these days. But, even still, I'm willing to fight again. I'll take on the bums or I'll take on the old guys. It doesn't make much difference. I don't suppose Sugar Ray will start shaking now that he knows I'd fight him. But just get up the $50,000 for me, get his name on a contract and I'll be ready. If you can't get Ray and you can't get the dough, I may come back anyway. There's a few managers around I'd fight for nothing.

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PHIL HILL: CAUTIOUS DRIVING CHAMP

(*Continued from page* 44)
started the Grand Prix season last year were dead by season's end, and a fourth was so badly injured he was expected to be out of action all year.

For a man who freely admits he is constantly afraid while driving, this sounds like an awesomely frightening existence. Why does Hill keep it up?

"Because," he answers coolly, "I do it well."

This is not said boastfully, but as a modest statement of clearly demonstrable fact. Two examples of Hill's "doing it well" stand out particularly for racing observers. Both illustrate that he "does it" superbly well, and that he holds on when a man perhaps less afraid, and with less courage, might falter, and lose.

One was his great triumph as co-driver of the winning car in the 1958 Le Mans 24-hour race. Hill drove a 3-liter Ferrari with a Belgian, Olivier Gendebien, as his partner. The car covered 2,549 miles at an average speed of 106.21 mph. The race was run under the worst track conditions and in the worst weather Le Mans veterans could recall; only 20 of the 55 starting cars were able to finish. Rain was the villain, falling for 21 of the 24 hours and causing more than 12 wrecks, one of which killed French driver Jean Brousselet.

Hill and his partner bored their way around the 8½-mile course at speeds up to 150 mph, as car after car dropped out, and a torrential rainstorm swept down on the track, cutting visibility to a point where many a suburban driver might have hesitated to go down to the drugstore. A high, capricious wind threatened to buffet the careening cars out of control at any moment. Hill is known as a superb driver in rain, and he kept the lead he and his partner had taken during the long, dangerous night. His final great test at Le Mans came during the fifth rainstorm of the race, after daybreak. The rain poured down, forming pools through which the cars thundered, splashing those behind them and blinding the trailing drivers. Hill had noticed all the European drivers slowing down. "I sensed this was the time to make some time," he says, and he stepped up the pace, leaving the others behind.

At this point, Hill had a two-lap advantage on a Jaguar which was ripping down the track ahead of him. The Jag hit a fast corner, known to Le Mans fanciers as Arnage, and made a late, desperate effort to dodge an abandoned car. It spun off the road, with Hill close behind. Hill's rapid reflexes allowed him to spot and avoid the blurred shape just in time. Straining to see through the driving rain, he worked the wheel with a skill accumulated in more than 20 years of driving, skinned through the obstacle-ridden area, and went on to win the race.

In another hair-raising performance, still recalled with shudders by those who saw it, Hill showed his consummate technical mastery of driving, and the clenched-jaw determination to win that he brings to competition. It was the inaugural race in September 1955 at the then-new Road America course near Elkhart Lake, Wisc. Hill drove a white Ferrari, and was in second place, behind Sherwood Johnston's blue-and-white D-type Jaguar. The two had been battling for lap after lap in the 148-mile race, winding around the tricky four-mile course with only seconds separating them.

Johnston was in his last lap, with less than a mile to go for victory. He had lost Hill in his rear-view mirror, but he knew his challenger had to be close. Suddenly Hill's car edged alongside as Johnston rounded a slight curve. Hill was on the outside and was on the ragged edge of disaster—at that speed he was at the limit of his traction. A shred more of speed and his tires would lose their hold on the turn, he would rocket off the track and crash. But Hill gave no sign of backing out and letting Johnston keep the lead. It was his move to win the race and he was going through with it. Johnston looked over at Hill, who was staring straight ahead, and felt the determination radiating from the red-shirted, intent driver. If Johnston didn't ease off the gas a bit, his car would drift out toward the edge of the track and force Hill off and into a crash. Hill knew this, but he pressed on. The crowd of 50,000 felt the drama and came to its feet, roaring. Johnston eased off ever so slightly. Hill thundered through, beating his sportsmanlike opponent by a bare two lengths.

A track official, ashen-faced and sweating, gasped, "I never want to live through another one like that. My hair's turning grey."

Hill obviously has ample guts and drive, but race driving takes more than sheer nerve and determination, particularly if a driver is to work as a member of a team. A successful driver has to know a good deal about the theory and application of automobile engineering. He has to be able to sense how far he can push his brakes, how much speed he can handle in a tight turn, how hard to accelerate to reach a given speed on the straightaway, and exactly the right moment to shift gears. Such decisions are rarely reached by instinct alone; usually they're based on a thorough knowledge of the car's engine and running gear. And Hill, working for the top racing car firm in the world has to equal or excel all his competitors at the technical side of the business—since there are lots of drivers who would like to take his place.

He has to know, with his superlative exactness, just what he is doing, and the others on the team have to know they can count on him at all times. Hill showed his devotion to his team, and to teamwork, in last year's Grand Prix du Maroc, in which fellow Ferrari driver Mike Hawthorn sewed up the driver's world championship with Hill's help. Stirling Moss was out in front all the way in the Moroccan Grand Prix event, and Hill was in second place for most of the race. Moss and Hawthorn were the two top contenders for the world championship, and the Morocco race, last of the season, was to decide which of them would get it. Hill was well aware of this, and wanted Hawthorn to have the title. After all, he and Hawthorn were on the same team.

To get the championship, Moss needed to win the race and also record the fastest lap, at the same time holding Hawthorn to no better than third place. Hill stayed in second place right up to the finish, and skillfully held off challengers, but near the end he edged back and let his teammate Hawthorn roar past him. By this gesture, he denied himself the second-place points, but gave Hawthorn the 1958 championship by exactly one point, 42 to 41.

Experts studied this performance, climaxing as it did a tremendous year for Hill, and concluded that it justified ranking him among the top five

"He's chicken."

drivers of the world.

The man who has built this record in a viciously competitive field in a few short years, and braved death to do it, is a driving, determined muscular individual with steely sinews and electronic-computer reflexes. You can't see much of him when he's at the wheel of one of the sleek Ferraris —just a helmeted figure protruding slightly from the smooth contours of the car, with a plastic eye-shield attached to the helmet's brim, and gloved hands which grasp the wheel determinedly. If the light's right and you're close enough, you might notice the squint of his eyes, and the crow's feet in their corners.

If he got out and undid his helmet chin-strap, you would see a sandy-haired, pleasant-looking fellow who looks about 32, which happens to be his age. But you'd have to work out with him in a gym to find out what finely-tuned physical condition he maintains. Like one of the Ferrari cars he drives, he is built with a high ratio of power to weight. He weighs 163, and this modest poundage is molded muscularly over a frame five feet, ten inches tall. He works out three hours a day, three days a week, when he can, and goes at it with the same determination he applies to mastering a new track or a new car. His waist measures 25 inches and his chest 41 inches, measurements few men in their twenties ever achieve, and very few keep in their thirties.

It is clear from his performance that Phil Hill believes he has a purpose in life, and that that purpose is worth the hard work and the risk. It took him a long time to decide what his goal was to be, however. The search led him through such disparate areas as railroading and music, took him through part of a college course and drew him back at last to his first great interest—cars.

Hill grew up in Santa Monica, Calif., where his father was postmaster. He was no good at sports as a child, and recalls that when he played baseball, "the other children made fun of me every time I came to bat." He was lonely and not very happy, and spent a lot of time wandering through junk yards looking at old cars, or reading about racing in Europe. It was a great day for him when, at the age of nine, his aunt let him actually drive her new Oldsmobile. He had already studied the engines of his aunt's Pierce-Arrow and his father's Packard, and understood a good deal about automobiles.

He went to public schools and Hollywood Military Academy, and at the academy met another automobile devotee, George Hearst, whose grandfather was the famous publisher. Hill and Hearst laid out a small race track at George's place, and 12-year-old Phil roared around it in a Model T, learning quickly that Model Ts are top-heavy and tend to take corners on two wheels when pressed. At that point, he couldn't yet drive on the highway, but the moment he got a license, he got a car of his own—a Packard.

This vehicle soon lost its charm for Hill, who unloaded it and bought a TC-MG, a car he says was "the first one I ever loved." He admired it because "it had some character," which furnishes a valuable clue as to how Hill thinks and feels about cars. To him, they are much more than pieces of machinery.

Two years spent at the University

of Southern California failed to convince him that higher education was likely to offer him the elusive career, the goal in life, that he had been searching for. He quit and became a mechanic, and thus cars, which had dominated his thoughts as a little boy, resumed their sway over him. He joined a sports car club and entered hill climbs and road races, winning the first real race he ever entered. This was a foreign-car event held on a quarter-mile track near Los Angeles. Hill took fastest qualifying, trophy dash, qualifying heat and main event.

Hill served a long apprenticeship before working his way up to the big-time Grand Prix events. He tried midget racing but found that for his taste, winding around the little tracks lacked variety. He still speaks with disfavor of speedway racing. Sports car racing was something different, though. Hill liked it, and soon began to win races. He won a few in California in an XK 120 Jaguar, and in 1951 finished third in a big race at Elkhart Lake, Wisc., just behind Briggs Cunningham.

He began to understand that racing drivers aren't born, but need to be made. He met other drivers, tried different courses, learned new techniques, and experimented with various cars. After the Jaguar he drove an Alfa Romeo, and then an Aston-Martin. After the Aston-Martin came a Ferrari, the first of many cars of this great make he has driven.

Despite some early victories, Hill suffered from an inferiority complex. "I always credited the car with winning, not me," he explains. He has always been a highly nervous person, and he gave a lot of brooding thought to his occupation as a racing driver. By 1954 he worried himself into a severe case of ulcers. He actually felt ashamed of his demanding, dangerous, exciting job. He had to quit for ten months, but found that "the strain of inactivity was worse than the strain of driving."

"I was compelled to drive again," he says, and he joined the crack Ferrari team. His ulcers stopped bothering him, and so did the feelings of inferiority which had plagued him ever since he first became expert at pushing fast cars to speeds far beyond reason.

"Suddenly," he says, "I saw that here was a respectable way to make a living." In Modena, Italy, where the Ferrari factory is located, Hill and the other star Ferrari drivers are local celebrities, with standing comparable to that of Hollywood stars in this country. When they walk down the street, the citizens rush up to them to shake their hands or ask for autographs. "A racing driver," Hill says, "is highly respected in Europe. In the States, he is often considered irrational or some kind of wild man."

Hill really began to move after he accepted his vocation. He took the Grand Prix of Sweden in 1956 and the Grand Prix of Venezuela in 1957, driving in the South American race with Peter Collins of England. But 1958 was the year he really rang the bell, and became one of the world's top drivers. He won the great Le Mans race, already mentioned, plus the Sebring Twelve-Hour Grand Prix of Endurance and the 1,000-Kilometer Grand Prix of Buenos Aires (both with Peter Collins). He also came in third in the frighteningly fast Grand Prix of Italy at Monza, where he scored the fastest lap time for a new track record of 124.7 mph.

Hill played a key part in winning this year's Sebring for the Ferrari team, in a race that experts have called "probably the most nerve-jangling and exhausting session of road racing ever recorded in this country and one with few equals in the world." It was his cool nerve and his remarkable skill that got him through the rain-drenched course even though his car lacked special rain tires. The course, on a former airport, is especially difficult in rain because large puddles form on the concrete, and the skidding, splashing, cars drench those following them and blind the drivers. But Hill stepped on the gas when others were slowing down, got through and took the lead, sewing the race up for Ferrari. Asked afterward about the conditions, Hill, who is not given to extravagant statements, thought a few moments, and finally said, "It's monstrous. I've never seen anything like it before, at Le Mans or anywhere else."

This is the record thus far of the man who used to call himself an automotive engineer, out of shame at his occupation, but who now puts on his helmet proudly and answers to "racing driver."

Hill's working life is compressed into a few supremely trying weeks each year—the factory car trials at Modena, the Grand Prix trials, and the great dramatic races themselves, when he rides with corded wrists in the stink and the roar of competition, with death always threatening, and with a speed beyond the outer limit of safety.

Between these periods of incredible stress, Hill withdraws into an intellectual's life, surrounded with books and music. One of his favorite means of transportation when off the track is a bicycle. He lives in a hotel at Modena during the season, goes swimming often, and likes to ride a bike up into the hills around the city, occasionally stopping to examine old ruins —a privilege denied him on road races when he's trying to average 100 mph over mountains and through towns. When in California, he lives in a large Spanish-Moorish house in Santa Monica with his aunt, and drives a Volkswagen in a style he calls "enterprising." His parents both died in 1950.

He enjoys living in Europe, and has learned to speak Italian competently. He also speaks a little French. He is single, and with his income of some $20,000 a year, he can indulge his passion for fine high-fidelity sound equipment, and recordings of the music of Vivaldi and Beethoven. He is fascinated by antique cars, and still keeps the 1931 Pierce-Arrow, which his aunt bought years ago, in sparkling like-new condition.

Phil Hill, the driver who is afraid when driving, but is apparently even more afraid of losing, is driven himself by some inner craving to excel. He is a contradictory, complex individual: a music lover and a deep reader who can outfight and out-drive the stern, harsh demons of the Grand Prix circuit. The answer to this seeming paradox may be that he makes his fear work for him, and thus achieves that last degree of excellence which makes him triumph. This may be what he means when he sums up his career to the present, and his prospects for survival in the future, in a characteristically nonfatalistic statement.

"I don't believe in the law of averages," he says. "A driver makes his own averages."

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EXPERIMENT AT REMINGTON FARMS

(*Continued from page* 41)

that not only tell where the birds come from, and what and where they eat, but provide a complete health record on each one. Partly on the basis of this information, about 25,000 mallards are raised at Glenmar each year and placed in the hands of farmers whose land contains small ponds. Other mallards are sold to controlled shooting areas.

The practice that Dr. Linduska initiated last year of delivering two mallard ducks and a drake to any nearby farmer who owned a pond and wanted them, resulted in many of the ponds, which normally were duckless, having from 20 to 30 mallards apiece. When you magnify these figures to include over 50,000,000 farm ponds in the country, this could be an answer to duck shortages—if more large organizations like Remington are willing to support similar conservation programs financially.

But the really important work being done at Glenmar is proving the case in point: That wildlife is a product of the soil. "Whatever refinements of management we may apply for wildlife," Dr. Linduska says, "our first consideration must be for the land, the raw stuff that is the basis for all living things . . ."

He is proving his point at Glenmar by devising new methods of avoiding erosion, restoring and maintaining fertility, preserving ground moisture, building and nurturing the soil. Linduska is working closely with the "soil bank," which is the provision of Federal law that offers financial inducement to farmers to retire portions of their farms from crop production. The suggested replacements are plantings of such things as game cover, shallow-water impoundments for waterfowl and fur-bearers, the construction of farm fish-ponds, hedgerows, "living fences," field-border plantings—in short, "planned confusion." Not only does wildlife benefit, but the program has great value in saving soil, preserving moisture and simplifying maintenance for future crop planting.

In addition to the concentration on waterfowl at the Remington Farms, the welfare of quail and rabbits is also on the research agenda. There are about 20 coveys of wild quail at the farms now and additional cover and feed are being introduced under the program to increase their productivity and safety.

Always proceeding on the assumption that hunting and fishing are big business, offering healthful diversion to one or more members of every third American family, the people at Remington Farms are careful to point out that the rifle and ammunition indus-

tries are not the only ones who will benefit from their work. For example. Remington is not in the soil business, nor does the company sell fishing. rods or lures, nor does it profit from the development of a better wheat or rye. Yet all of these are on the research agenda for the Remington research team.

I saw strips of soil that probably couldn't grow a weed alternating with rows of rich, black, fertile ground, produced by the experts at Remington Farms to aid the nation's farmers and land-owners. The same groups also will benefit by experiments in crop rotation, which include grass-legume meadows, liming and fertilization, strip-cropping, use of cover crops, stubble-mulch tillage, delayed mowing of water courses and headlands until after grain harvesting, leaving small areas of grain standing next to good game cover, and spreading manure near cover areas in the winter months.

A question could be posed by the short-sighted: "How is all this in Maryland going to benefit someone, say, in Idaho?"

All the various answers to perplexing soil, game and farm problems that are being solved in this outdoor laboratory are gathered in written, documentary form and are available for county agents, farm agencies and sportsmen's groups anywhere in America. In addition, groups and even individuals are welcome to come to Glenmar, look at what is happening and ask questions of the Remington investigators.

While there, I learned that they were even working on a problem that hadn't even come up yet. Rabbits are thriving in this country—30,000,000 are taken yearly—and Dr. Linduska told me that in Pennsylvania alone more rabbits are bagged annually than all the wildfowl on the entire Atlantic Flyway. With the rabbit inhabiting every state, and probably every county, there is no doubt that it is our most popular game animal. Remington wants to keep it that way. They have instructed Dr. Linduska and his research staff to look out for the rabbit's welfare.

The doctor is using the narrow inside loops of diversion terraces for game plantings to help improve the habitat. By spotting some multiflora here, some redosier there, a bit of gray dogwood and maybe some shrub lespedeza over here, and topping the whole thing off with heavy planting of sericea on the edges, Dr. Linduska has been able to obtain some spectacular results.

I went out with Clark Webster, a farmhand named Jinx Thompson and his two beagles to try my luck with the rabbits. In ten minutes I had missed three cottontails that were so fast that all I could see was the white of their tails as they whisked out of sight. I missed twice more later, and can report that I am glad that Remington Farms is studying the rabbit and doing worthwhile things to improve its lot. As far as I'm concerned, I'll always need a lot of them to practice on.

Dove, deer, squirrel, quail and pheasant also are coming under study at Glenmar. The aim in each case is to try to find a way to concentrate them in small areas, which usually are not attractive to wildlife. For example, all farms include small bits of land that are neither profitable to the farm nor capable of being put to practical use. These odd corners, woodland borders, fence rows, field rows and field edges can be managed for the primary benefit of wildlife. Glenmar is an area where the practical combination of farming and farm-game management is being practiced under excellent conditions for the mutual benefit of each.

An elderly woman stockholder in du Pont, of which Remington Arms is a subsidiary, stood up at a recent meeting and put the whole purpose of the project in a few simple words: "I like this idea of Remington Farms," she said. "In an age where everything is aimed at the satellites, the sputniks, the race for the moon, it is encouraging to have an interest in a company that is down to earth. After all, that's where we live."

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The SPORT Quiz

Answers from page 62

1 Ben Hogan, 1953. **2** (a) Harvey Haddix; (b) Don Bragg; (c) Wilt Chamberlain. **3** Bob Falkenburg. born in U.S., played for Brazil. **4** Ralph Branca; Bobby Thomson. **5** Evelyn Primm, trapshooting; Betsy Snite, skiing; Jeanne Stunyo, diving. **6** False. Rocky was unbeaten as a pro. **7** (a) gymnastics; (b) football; (c) tennis. **8** Albie Pearson, 1958, Baltimore Orioles. **9** Great Britain vs. France, 1933. **10** Zoe Ann Olsen, wife of Jackie Jensen.

THE LAST SUMMER OF #9 AND #6

(*Continued from page 14*)
in his general vicinity. The talk was light and random, and it was interspersed with Harry Walker's falsetto singing. As a practical joker from way back, Stan normally joins in the kidding; this time, he contributed only his quick smile and ready laughter.

The session was broken up when manager Solly Hemus came down from his corner locker to announce a 6:20 meeting. Stan, who has been to a meeting or two in his lifetime, was excused so that he could go up to the training room for his daily half-hour workout on the rubbing table. This is no recent innovation. Stan has been having the Cards' trainer, Bob Bauman, work on his feet and legs for years now. As Bauman flexed and pumped and stretched his legs, Stan—face down and fully dressed—almost seemed to drop off to sleep. ("You got to relax. The main thing is you got to relax.")

He was roused, finally, by another visiting writer. The writer wanted to know, it seemed, how Musial was adapting himself to old age.

When the meeting broke up downstairs, Joe Garagiola joined the circle to tell Stan about his visit with his old friend, Yogi Berra. Reacting quickly to Garagiola, Musial began to rib him about his unwarranted concern about Yogi and the Yankees.

"I came up here to say hello, Stash, not to get abused," Garagiola said. "Go ahead, keep it up. I'll have you know I'll hire J. Norman Lewis."

Ray Katt, the Cardinal coach, appeared at this point with a baseball he wanted Stan to autograph. "Anything for you, Ray," Stan told him, as he signed. "A guy who throws batting practice like you."

Bauman gave his legs a final pump, slapped him on the knees, and stepped back. "Okay, Doc," Musial said, as he swung around to a sitting position. "You're worth more money. Joe and I are going to see you get it."

"If he can get *you* in shape . . ." Garagiola told him.

"What do you mean?" Stan said, winking at the writer. "If I was an average guy, I'd be in a hospital, right?"

"Where do you think you're going?" Garagiola said, with a sing-song inflection that brought a suspicious glint to Musial's eyes.

"Who's abusing who now? I can get J. Norman Lewis, too, you know."

"No," Joe said. "I'm trying to feed you a straight line. The way it goes—"

"*You're* playing straight?" Stan said, in obvious disbelief.

"I always play straight. You know that."

"Sure, I know it," Stan told him. "It's just that I want to know when it began."

"I'm trying to be helpful and you're giving me an argument. The way it goes, you say, 'If I was an average man, I'd be going to the hospital.' Then I feed you the straight line—it's all in the timing, see?—and I say, 'Where *are* you going, Stash?' And you say, 'Where do you think? To the hospital.' "

Musial, from the head of the stairs, turned back to Doc Bauman. "Garagiola is feeding straight lines. What an upset!"

When Stan got out onto the field, the regulars had already started to hit. From behind the dugout, a couple of kids spotted the #6 on his back and shouted out to him. Stan took a couple of steps back and called out: "Let me hit a minute and I'll be right back."

He popped up a couple, then ripped a typical Musial blast, a high line drive, off the right-field wall. Immediately, he ran back to the edge of the dugout to sign the proffered autograph books and shake the extended hands.

After he had hit for a second time, he signed some more autographs and, ducking into the dugout, sat himself down beside the visiting writer to volunteer a few more thoughts on aging ballplayers.

"The new ballplayers," the writer said. "The rookies. Do they look any younger to you?"

"Why?" Stan asked. "Do they look younger to you?"

"Every year," said the writer.

"Well, then," Stan said, turning the tables neatly. "*You* must be getting old." More seriously, he added: "I'll tell you, I honestly haven't noticed. They're ballplayers and so am I. That's all."

As soon as Stan went out to the sidelines to warm up, the fans—many of them adults by now—began to call out to him again. Musial bounced back and forth until, with only a minute to go, he had to point to the clock and tell them: "I got to warm up."

Coach Johnny Keane kept up a steady stream of chatter as he hit to the infield, and when Musial made a brilliant backhanded scoop of a throw from shortstop, Keane shouted: "Pretty good reflexes."

Musial, whirling to throw home, checked the ball for just a moment, then fired it right at Keane's head. Keane flipped over onto his rear. "Pretty good reflexes," Stan shouted, as both he and Keane roared.

There was little concern about Stan Musial's reflexes last season when he was rapping out 43 hits in his first 88 times at bat to become the seventh man in the history of baseball to get 3,000 hits.

That tremendous start hurt Stan in the long run, however, because it encouraged him to abandon his original plans to sit out an occasional game. The doubleheaders played in the first few months of the season, helped to drain the strength out of him as the season wore on. "It was the first time it ever hit me like that," he says. "The doubleheaders not only killed me for that day but for two days afterwards. You find that after you've cooled off and stiffened up between games, your reflexes don't bounce back. You can't get loose again. You can't generate energy. That's what I find now." And struck by the aptness of the phrase, he repeated: "Yes, that's it. You can't generate energy."

Williams, at the same time, was saying: "I'm going to play every game I can, doubleheaders, everything. I think I have more enthusiasm right now than I've had for years. The only real difference I notice is that the day after a game, my feet and ankles bother me."

Although he finds it harder than ever to loosen up before a game, Ted has little trouble staying loose for doubleheaders. He spends little time on the rubbing table, but he has a lot of little bottles containing vitamins and all-purpose nostrums for his health. Always extremely careful of his diet and his sleep, he will, whenever possible, go back to his hotel to get a few hours' sleep before he reports to the park. When he is feeling especially tired, he will stay in bed through an entire off-day.

The only difference in his training regimen now is that he does fewer pushups and calisthenics before a game. "But that," he said, "is only because I loosen up more slowly now and get less work into the same amount of time."

At first glance, it seems astonishing that Williams, at 41, should end up physically stronger than the 38-year-old Musial. While Stan was setting records for durability, Williams was in and out of the lineup so much that he engaged in an annual statistical thriller to see whether he could get the 400 times at bat needed to qualify for the batting championship.

And yet, upon more thoughtful examination, you can't help but wonder whether Musial's durability was really an unmixed blessing. Stan himself provides a clue when he says: "Don't tell me about football or hockey or any of those other sports that are supposed to be so tough; 154 games of baseball, day in and day out, night and day, hot or cold, that's the most grueling sport in the world. Especially on a losing club. You don't feel tired when you're winning, but when

you're losing games in August and September, it can get rough. It's not only mental weariness, either. You work harder when you're losing. A losing team is out on the field longer."

If that leaves you with any idea that Musial would do it any differently today, forget it. "You have to get your hits when you're young," he says. "When I was going for the 3,000 hits, Al Simmons, who missed by only 34, told me that his greatest regret was that he used to sit out the last couple of innings of so many games. You've got to do it while you can."

There is another reason, too, that is perhaps just as important. In comparison to Ted, Stan lives a rather sedentary life over the winter, tending to his various businesses. He has a thriving restaurant in St. Louis ("Stan and Biggie's"), which he and his business partner, Biggie Garagnani, have been running for years. They also have a 32-lane bowling establishment (Redbird Lanes) and they very well may put up another one next year with Stan's old buddy, Red Schoendienst. Like Casey Stengel and Winthrop Aldrich, Musial is the director of a bank. He is about to become a shareholder in another bank.

Ted's businesses, on the other hand, are mostly calculated to keep him out of doors. They are the natural outgrowths of his hobbies, for the most part, rather than routine business ventures. He has long been involved in two fishing companies. He is president of Ted Williams, Inc., which manufactures and sells fishing equipment, and he is a partner in Southern Tackle Distributors, which, strangely enough, distributes tackle through the South. Last year, he also became involved in the Ted Williams Camp, about 25 miles out of Boston. He tries to drive down to the camp whenever possible during home stands, to go over the program with the coaches, look over the facilities, check the diamonds and talk to the campers. "As long as my name is on it," he says, "I'm going to make sure that everything is the best." And Ted also has a piece of the Moxie Company, an old New England soft-drink company which is now putting out a beverage named after him.

There has been a movie-and-magazine deal hanging fire for more than a year, which would gross Ted $400,000. The catch is that his retirement is part of the package—he will probably portray himself in the movie—and, as long as he was hitting, Ted was not willing to retire.

But does anybody really believe that if Ted has a bad year he will not grab the $400,000?

Almost as soon as Solly Hemus became manager of the Cards last winter, he announced that he was going to make things easier on good old Musial by sending him back to the outfield—a rather startling statement when you consider that the ambition of most smart young outfielders is to live long enough to become old first-basemen.

That does not necessarily mean Solly was wrong. Williams, for one, wants no part of first base. There were rumors floating around a year ago that Higgins wanted Ted to volunteer to play first so that Gene Stephens could play regularly in the outfield. Ted, we must quickly add, denies that any such feelers were ever put out to him. "You heard that story from the Boston writers," he snaps. "If Higgins wanted me to play first, he'd have told me."

Hemus had Higgins' problem in reverse. He wanted Stan in the outfield so that he could play Joe Cunningham at first. Musial played left field exclusively during the Cards' Far East tour last winter and he was still stationed out there when the current season opened. But not for long. Both Stan and Hemus vigorously deny that Stan asked to be brought back to first base again. "Any time you ask Stan to do something," Solly says, "he's glad to. There were two balls hit in the first few games, where Stan banged himself against the wall and scraped up his knees. I figured that if I lost his bat, I'd be in trouble. That's the only reason I moved him back."

Stan himself is hardly anxious to get into any controversy about his manager's theories or motives. If he doesn't have any tough chances at either position, he says, the outfield *is* the easier on him. Given any kind of tough chances, though, first base is far the easier. "You can run short stretches all day long. Look at handball players. But long runs can take a lot out of you."

It stands to reason, then, that Musial is far better off at first. Early in 1955, when, unaccountably, he dropped below .300, he was returned to first base after seven years of almost exclusive outfielding. For some reason, he was terribly weary that season, and Doc Bauman had figured out for him that merely in running back and forth between the dugout and left field, he was covering a mile every game—or 154 miles over the season.

Stan was not even running between the dugout and first base this season. When the Cards had the first-base dugout, he was walking to and from his position.

The best indication that Musial was going to conserve his energy this year came during spring training when, for the first time in his career, he did not accompany the team on its road trips. He didn't even play all of the exhibition games at St. Petersburg.

Williams, of course, has always disliked the spring-training exhibition games, so much so that it has been his custom in recent years to duck them all under the pretext that he was suffering from some minor ailment or another. Because of this, the first stories about the pinched nerve in his shoulder (originally diagnosed as a cold) were taken with a pinch of salt.

The irony of it all is that if Ted had kept to his usual program, he would not have been injured at all. He had come to camp in unusually good shape because he had strong misgivings about his ability to work up a sweat in the thin air of Scottsdale, Ariz., the Red Sox' new training site. He quickly discovered that his information could not have been more incorrect. After a couple of weeks, he was in the best shape he had been in for years. In mid-March, the Red Sox and Indians were to play a three-game series in San Diego, Ted's home town. Since Williams had not been in San Diego for 16 years, sheer nostalgia led him to play. He arrived a day early, did some advance publicity work, and had a great time renewing acquaintances with old friends and schoolmates. Although the first two nights were cool and damp, he played five and seven innings. In the final game, on a warm Sunday afternoon, he played seven more.

Great Moments in Sport

by Howard Cosell

ABC-Radio Sports Commentator

BUDGE VS. VON CRAMM

THE YEAR WAS 1937 and a former German house-painter was buffeting the world with claims about his master race of supermen. Just 13 months earlier, Max Schmeling, one of Hitler's elite, had come to the United States and knocked out America's undefeated heavyweight, Joe Louis. Now in July 1937, Hitler once again was anxious to demonstrate Nazi invincibility.

Under direct orders from Der Fuehrer to win—that's the way things were done there—Baron Gottfried von Cramm arrived in England, ready to lead the German tennis team to victory in the Davis Cup. The United States, climaxing a ten-year struggle to win back the Cup, had won in the North American Zone eliminations and was now to provide new fodder for Hitler's propaganda mill. The winner would meet England in the final round, but it was a foregone conclusion that Britain wasn't strong enough to retain the Cup against either country.

On July 18, Germany and the United States split the first two singles matches. The next day, Don Budge and Gene Mako put America in front, 2-1, by winning the doubles. One more victory would wrap it up for the U.S. But Bitsy Grant lost his singles match to Henner Henkel—and the series was deadlocked at 2-2. The stage now was set for the finale, the battle between the aces—backhand master Budge and tireless von Cramm.

Hundreds of American tourists squeezed in among the 5,000 spectators that packed Wimbledon Stadium for the July 20 finale. Budge started slowly against von Cramm. Each held his service for the first 13 games, but then von Cramm broke through Budge's serve to win the first set, 8-6. In the second set, the German cracked Budge's service again, in the 12th game, to win, 7-5. Always a brilliant player, von Cramm never was more devastating.

Deep gloom hung over the Americans as the Wimbledon crowd grew tense and silent. Germany needed only one more set and Hitler, almost assuredly, would have his Davis Cup. There was little excitement when Budge, doggedly in pursuit, took the third set, 6-4. Even when Don won the fourth set with ease, 6-2, there was no rapid rise in the spirit of the crowd. It was obvious that von Cramm, the greatest fifth set player in the game, had been coasting, saving his strength for the last set. It was just as apparent that his uphill fight had tired Budge.

As the last set opened, the German began to turn on the steam. He raced to a 4-1 lead. Everyone—but Budge—figured the match was over. It had to be. Von Cramm needed only to hold his service. As they changed courts before the sixth game, Don passed a grim-looking Walter Pate, captain of the American team. Budge leaned over to the little captain and said quietly, "Don't worry, Cap. I'll win it if it kills me. I won't let you and the country down."

No one in the stands was aware of the promise Don had just made. But suddenly, Budge was blazing. He began to force the play, charging the net on first returns, scoring impossible shots. Von Cramm was caught off guard and Don quickly evened the set at 4-4. The German, an experienced competitor, pulled himself together, and the real struggle now began.

Both held service until the 13th game when Budge broke through. In the 14th, Don outmaneuvered the German with a backhand drop shot to make it 40-30—match point. But von Cramm rallied with a passing shot and the game was tied. The Baron then scored on a backhand, but Don battled back to deuce it again. Budge pulled to match point three more times, only to have von Cramm draw even. The flaming redhead, however, was not to be denied. He took the advantage again and then fired a bullet to the baseline which the German couldn't reach. It was all over—and America was back on top of the tennis world. Spectators poured out onto the court, mobbing their hero. Staid Wimbledon had never seen anything like it. From here, Budge and his teammates went on to whip England, 4-1, and return the Davis Cup to America.

For Don Budge, his Grand Slam and other great triumphs were still to come. But that day in 1937 when a 22-year-old American came from far behind to defeat Germany's best and send Hitler's deflated supermen back to the fatherland without the prized Davis Cup—that day was unforgettable.

Ted was given permission to remain in San Diego, but before the Indians left, Frank Lane asked him, as a special favor, to try to make one of the upcoming games in Cleveland's own training camp at Tucson. Ted, who is fond of Lane, promised that he would. Although his neck was already beginning to stiffen up on him, he drove 150 miles over the desert, suited up, came to the back of the batting cage and tried to swing a couple of bats. The neck hurt so bad that he didn't even try to step into the cage. "I'm going to have to back out on you, Frank," he told Lane. "I just can't swing."

"I know you didn't drive 150 miles to back out of anything," Lane told him. "I'm grateful to you for making the try."

Ted was not alarmed at first, because he was told that the trouble would clear up within three weeks, leaving plenty of time to make the opening game of the season. "It was when it got worse instead of better, and I realized that I was going to miss the opener again," Ted says, "that I began to feel discouraged."

Shipped up to Boston at the end of March, he was fitted with a thick collar and told that he would probably miss the opener. He missed much more than that. It was another full month before he finally got out of the collar, and another ten days before he got into a game. It was expected that he would work his way into the lineup slowly—as he always had in the past—but Ted surprised everybody by going into the starting lineup as soon as the club came back to Boston. His muscles were still sore, his hands were still blistered and he bore little resemblance to the old Ted Williams. He went 21 times at bat without a base hit, picked up a couple, then went nothing for 16.

He had foregone the slower, surer route because he felt he was in such terrible condition that only the steady, hard, competitive play could bring him around. It was a mistake. "I didn't expect to do real good," Ted says, "but I never thought I'd be that bad."

But like Musial, Ted says, "A couple of good days and they forget all about it."

It is one of the rare areas where you can find identical quotes from Williams and Musial. If Stan is the most available of players, Ted is the most unavailable. He does not have a roommate on the road, nor does he stay at the same Boston hotel as the other single players. If you phone him at his hotel, the call will be referred to the manager's office. The manager will not phone Ted, he will not take a message. He will not even take your name. He will take only one thing, a return phone number. Presumably, the number must mean something to Ted if he is to return the call.

On the road, the Red Sox check him into the same hotels as the rest of the players, but that's as far as they will take it. Ted is apparently free to stay in that room or go to another hotel. Either way, the club refuses to take any calls for him or to pass on any messages to him.

When you realize that, in addition to this blank wall, the Red Sox also have a rule barring reporters from the clubhouse for two hours before a game, you can begin to get an idea of the difficulty in getting to Williams. (The team does not even come to the

park, on the road, until after that deadline.)

The implementation of the rule is charged to clubhouse man Johnny Orlando, who does not take these duties any more seriously than Ibn Saud's harem guards. Orlando will take a message for Ted, and sometimes he will even deliver it.

When Orlando is otherwise occupied, the job of doorman is turned over to such privileged civilians as bubble gum agents and endorsement merchandisers. The good will generated for the club when a Boston sportswriter finds himself turned away at the door by a bubble gum agent is, of course, incalculable.

The Red Sox like to say that the two-hour rule was not passed at Ted Williams' suggestion but at the behest of a meeting presided over by Dom DiMaggio—which shows how long this has been going on. Ted is the reason for the rule, though, and once he is gone it will be abandoned.

There is a sign in the Fenway Park locker room—unless it has recently been removed—which reads: "No Writers Please," a perfect reflection of Williams' attitude. When Jimmy Piersall was feuding with Ted a couple of years ago, he'd get at Williams by inviting the writers to come into the locker room whenever they had anything to ask him.

Within the clubhouse, too, Ted is quite different from Musial. In place of Stan's soft, friendly humor, Ted is loud and profane and badgering. He loves to get on a teammate, in the spirit of good clean fun, but he is far too thin-skinned (as you may have surmised) to take a riding in return. The underlying reason for the friction that once existed between him and Piersall, was that Piersall, who can get louder and less subtle than even Ted, always gave better than he got.

But once again we must caution you not to take any of this as an indication that Ted is unpopular with his teammates. The players understand him and they give him a large personal discount for the advice he so willingly hands out, for his tremendous talent, and for the kind and charitable works they know he performs. Piersall left Boston on the best of possible terms with Ted, and he is one of his greatest boosters.

It is Ted's greatest boast, in fact, that he has never had any kind of argument on the field or anything like a serious argument off the field. "No player ever left here who didn't say I was a good guy and that he had enjoyed playing with me," he says. "The press kept saying that I caused dissension and I say that it was an unfair thing to print. That has been the bitterest pill of all to swallow."

He divides the writers into the "good guys" and the "bastards," but, still, the only way for even a "good guy" to get to Ted is to catch him on the bench and hope for the best. When Ted does sit down, there is no better interview in the game. He is wonderfully articulate, boyishly enthusiastic and totally honest.

On his first trip to Yankee Stadium this year, after he had got back into harness—or in his case, out of harness—he was telling the gathered hordes that hitting had become much more difficult after the war because of the universal adoption of the slider as a halfway pitch between the fast ball and the curve. "If you had two walnuts," he explained, "you'd be able to pick out the right one half the time. If you had three walnuts, your chances would drop proportionately."

It was the slider, he said, that had forced the hitters to go to lighter bats, so that they could wait on the pitch until the last possible moment and still get the bat around. Impulsively, he demonstrated the quick flashing of the hands, and almost knocked the writer sitting alongside him into right field for two bases.

It was suggested to him that since the lighter bats are supposed to be responsible for the great increase in home runs over the past few years, the batters had easily compensated, through increased power, what they had lost in batting percentage.

"Yes," Williams said, his eyes lighting up as they do when he gets to talking about hitting. "Yes, I guess we did." Ted does not have especially expressive features, and yet his feelings are always so close to the surface that it was perfectly obvious that he was delighted by that neat balancing of contending tools.

In many other ways, Williams is still unabashedly boyish at the age of 41. He still plays base hits with himself during batting practice, like any kid on any sandlot. "Men on first and third," he will say, "last of the ninth and one out. We need a long fly and Williams is at bat." And, following that easy, effortless swing of his: "And there goes a drive to deep right-center that's going to get the man in . . . and it falls in for a base hit."

This may well surprise you, but it is Williams, not Musial, who will most probably remain in the game after he hangs up his working clothes. Ted has confided to friends that he would like to become a sort of traveling good-will man and batting instructor. He will not admit even to his friends that he wants to manage, and yet when you think about it his qualifications are impressive. He approaches everything—including baseball—with the mind of a scientist. He has made a study of the prevailing winds in all the parks. He knows the height of every pitcher's mound. He can tell you which batter's boxes slope upward and which slope downward, which are packed firmly and which loosely. He still studies every little movement a pitcher makes, since he believes that man is such a creature of habit that all of us—even against our will—fall into certain observable patterns.

He is a natural teacher, with Al Kaline and Rocky Colavito ranked among his current crop of honor students. His temperament would seem to be against him, of course, and yet if you were Tom Yawkey and you were looking for a manager—as Yawkey very well may be doing at the close of the season—wouldn't you linger for a long while over the name of Ted Williams? Even as a manager, #9 would bring an awful lot of customers through the turnstiles.

For if we were forced to write an epitaph for Williams, as he comes to the end of what may well be his last summer, it would read: "He was sometimes unbearable but he was never dull."

The epitaph for Stan Musial, under the same compulsions, almost writes itself: "He may never have posssessed that indefinable thing called color, but he always had that indefinable thing called class."

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SUDDENLY, WILHELM'S A MYSTERY

(*Continued from page 32*)

Wilhelm going into his little windup and throwing the knuckleball with an almost dainty motion. None of them saw much of a future for Hoyt. But at the end of the 1947 season, Evansville of the class B Three-Eye League was interested enough to offer $2,500 for his contract. Before the deal could go through, he was drafted by Jacksonville of the Sally League, a Giant farm.

In 1948, after failing to make the grade with Jacksonville, Wilhelm went to Knoxville of the class B Tri-State League. There, as a starter, he had a 13-9 record and even tried his hand as a first-baseman briefly. That experiment ended abruptly after he made five errors in ten games.

A good 17-12 record with a mediocre Jacksonville team the next year earned Hoyt a promotion to Minneapolis, the top Giant farm club, in 1950. Starting 25 games and relieving in ten, he had a 15-11 season and had the Millers' catching staff in a frenzy. Bob Brady, Jake Early and Phil Tomkinson had 33 passed balls among them, tops of any staff in the American Association.

The next year he started 29 times, relieved 11 times and led the league with 210 innings pitched as he turned in his first losing record, 11-14. Ray Katt, who never could get the hang of catching the knuckleball, had 20 passed balls charged against him in his first of several jarring experiences with Wilhelm.

It was Leo Durocher's decision to use Wilhelm exclusively as a relief pitcher in the 1952 season, and while he has some second thoughts about it today, Hoyt isn't bitter. "Shucks, they won the pennant the year before and they had just about the best pitching staff in baseball. They had Maglie, Hearn, Koslo and Jansen. Those guys could do anything. I was happy just to have a place on the staff."

Durocher soon learned that his 29-year-old rookie was the essence of dependability. "The knuckler can fool 'em for four or five innings," he gloated, "even if Wilhelm hasn't got the hard stuff to go nine."

Pitching in 71 games, all in relief, Wilhelm's 15-3 record and 2.43 ERA were the best in the league. He was fourth in the Most Valuable Player balloting and second in the vote for Rookie of the Year, behind the Dodgers' Joe Black. The catchers still suffered, though, with Wes Westrum leading the league with 13 passed balls and Sal Yvars not far behind with eight. Toward the end of the season, however, Westrum learned to snatch at the ball rather than wait for it to reach him.

"You don't know where it's going until the last split second, but I've got confidence now that Wilhelm will be around the plate," he said. "It goes up sometimes, down other times. Other times it'll explode in your face, but the kid's got the best knuckleball I've ever seen."

In 1953 he slipped to a 7-8 record and a 3.04 ERA. But he again led the league with 68 relief appearances. During one early-season stretch, he set a record of eight straight relief jobs. But he was having some control problems: Westrum and Ray Noble compiled a comparatively modest total of 13 passed balls, but Wilhelm had nine wild pitches and, for the first time, walked more men than he struck out.

It was during spring training in 1953 that rookie catcher Sam Calderone found out first-hand what it was like to battle the knuckleball—a pitch he had never caught before. Told to warm up Wilhelm before an exhibition game, Sam missed practically every pitch as the ball caromed off his shoulder, knees, feet and wrists. One pitch even contrived to hit him in the "crazy bone" of his elbow. On another occasion, Hoyt nipped off one of Calderone's fingernails with a knuckler.

Wilhelm was a big factor in the Giants' world championship of 1954 as he ran up a 12-4 record in 57 appearances, with an excellent 2.11 ERA. He capped it off by really cutting loose in a September game with the result that poor Ray Katt let four knuckleballs get by him in a single inning for a new major-league record.

In the famous World Series in which the underdog Giants swamped the highly regarded Cleveland Indians in four straight, Wilhelm played a small but important supporting role to Willie Mays, Dusty Rhodes and Johnny Antonelli. Relieving Ruben Gomez in the eighth inning of the third game, he retired five straight Indians to preserve a 6-2 victory. In the fourth game he was called in to replace Don Liddle in the seventh inning and got Dave Pope for his sixth straight. In the eighth he was victimized by his own knuckleball when he struck out Bobby Avila, only to have the catcher drop the ball and throw wildly to first base. Larry Doby lined out, but when Al Rosen singled, Durocher called for his ace, Antonelli, who finished up as the Giants won, 7-4.

Oddly, however, Wilhelm was being used less and less each season. In 1955 he was down to 103 innings in 59 games, for a 4-1 record, and in 1956 it was 89 innings in 64 games for a 4-9 mark. Then, on February 26, 1957, the Giants announced that he had been traded to the Cardinals for Lockman.

"Sure, I was disappointed," Wilhelm says. "I'd put in five years with the Giants and I was happy there. I may have been having trouble with my control, but that was because I wasn't seeing enough action. You can't expect to do your best pitching when you're only in for an inning or two each game. When I'm wild, I'm cooked."

Wilhelm's experience in a Cardinal uniform was not a happy one. He was used in only 55 innings of relief for a 1-4 record, and his ERA soared to his personal major-league high of 4.25. He appeared to be a 34-year-old has-been when the Cardinals asked for waivers on him late in the season. None of the other seven National League clubs thought he was worth the $20,000 price tag, so he went to Cleveland on September 21.

It was Bobby Bragan, the experiment-minded Indians' manager, who decided to try Wilhelm as a starter last season. Hoyt started six games and relieved in 24 as catchers Brown, Nixon and Porter tried manfully—but usually unsuccessfully—to hang on to his fluttering specialty. But with the firing of Bragan, the experiment came to an end, and on August 23, Wilhelm went to the Orioles for the same $20,000 figure for which the Indians had obtained him.

In the month of the season that remained, manager Richards used Wilhelm four times as a starter and five times in relief, for a 1-3 record and 1.99 ERA. It was in his third start, against the Yankees in Baltimore's Municipal Stadium, that he fired his no-hitter.

It was a Saturday afternoon in Baltimore and 18,192 persons were in the park on a day that began with a slow drizzle and very little wind—the worst possible weather conditions for a knuckleballer. Millions more were looking on over television's Game of the Week show. For six and a half innings, Wilhelm pitched a scoreless duel with Don Larsen. But when Bobby Shantz relieved Larsen in the seventh, Triandos hit a long home run to break the deadlock.

Yankee Norm Siebern led off the eighth with what looked like a sure single between first and second, but second-baseman Billy Gardner made a great play to throw him out. It was the closest thing to a hit as Wilhelm struck out eight Yankees and walked only two to win, 1-0.

Off to a fabulous start this season, Wilhelm was practically untouchable as he rang up nine straight victories before losing.

"He makes this business look like the softest touch in the world," Casey Stengel grumbled as he watched the knuckleballer shut out his Yankees this spring.

Nobody has yet found an effective answer to Wilhelm and his best pitch, but maybe Chicago White Sox president Bill Veeck may have stumbled onto one as the result of a freakish attack by tiny gnats last spring while Hoyt was pitching at Comiskey Park in Chicago. The gnats descended on Wilhelm as he took the mound in the first inning and no amount of arm-waving or name-calling would disband them.

Oriole coach Al Vincent tried waving a towel at them. It didn't work. Then a batboy and an umpire tried an insecticide spray on the mound, while one of the Orioles' trainers rubbed insecticide on Wilhelm's skin. For good measure the umpire also turned his spray on Hoyt's uniform. Still the gnats kept coming. Then attendants tried burning newspapers on the mound and spraying the air above it. It was Veeck who finally solved the problem by calling in one of his fireworks experts, who set off a smoke bomb at the mound.

Gnats or no gnats, Wilhelm continues to be content but unimpressed with his sudden success. He shakes his long, sad-eyed head when asked about the future. "I just want to pitch as long as I can, and I hope to stay in baseball in some capacity when my pitching days are over."

Wilhelm, who lives with his wife Peggy in a new home in Huntersville, intends to relax next winter the same way he did last season—"shooting quail every chance I get, with Billy O'Dell." He leads a quiet life, both during and after the season, and his deepest pleasures may seem small to some men.

"Did you see me get Yogi Berra to pop up?" he asked a reporter after a Yankee game, and then added, "I got him on the three and two pitch—with my curve!"

For the best knuckleballer in baseball, it was definitely something to brag about.

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CAL McLISH'S LONG HAUL

(*Continued from page 37*)

as Bob Lemon's once did, and becomes a sinker. He throws a workable slider, a combination of curves, an effective screwball (which more often than not is his Uncle Charlie), and an excellent change of pace. (In spring training this year, at manager Gordon's request, Cal conducted a class on the change-up for the Cleveland pitching staff.) Putting all of this together into a worthwhile repertoire is Cal's exceptional control. He can put the ball where he wants to.

Coming back from nowhere, and doing it so slowly, is not McLish's recommendation on how to become a pitcher, although he is too stoic to knock it. That's just the way it worked out for him, in his time and place. As far back as he can remember, he always wanted to be a ballplayer. He had been a pitcher for only a year and a half, and an ambidextrous one, at that, when the scouts began coming down to Anadarko, the Oklahoma city that is the social headquarters for the Indians of the Southwest, to watch him. "I could out-throw any kid in town for distance," Cal says. "I couldn't do it now. Sixty feet and six inches is just about my speed. I don't know how come I started throwing with my left hand, but you know how kids are. We used to kid around, throwing stones and the like, and just for a change we'd throw left-handed, and I found I could do it. I have since fooled around a bit throwing lefty in batting practice and in

exhibition games. A few times when I went barnstorming, I'd pitch one inning righthanded and the next inning lefthanded."

He had been a shortstop before he turned to pitching, and a good switch-hitter. He is still a good hitter, but he stopped swinging from the left side this season because he found that when he took a hard cut, he would get a pinching pain in his right arm. It was Gordon's suggestion that he bat only righthanded.

But in those early days, anything went. Cal could hit and throw and run, and nothing bothered him. He signed with Tom Greenwade of the Dodgers because he was just 18 and he figured he wanted to have a major-league contract before he was drafted into the service, and, anyway, he wanted to be with Brooklyn because he considered them the coming power team of the National League. There was no major-league minimum salary in 1944, but he didn't mind the $150 a month he would be getting. After all, he was young and he was a Dodger.

The Dodger team he joined at Bear Mountain was a kindergarten manned by elderly, ballplaying nursemaids. At the camp were such non-voters as Eddie Miksis, Tommy Brown, Ralph Branca, Hal Gregg, Clyde King, Gene Mauch and Duke Snider. Young Gil Hodges was working out at third base, and violin prodigy Eddie Basinski was at second. That square-jawed hero of *Rifleman*, the television western, Chuck Connors, was at first base. And to watch over them were both Waner brothers, Johnny Cooney, Whitlow Wyatt, Dixie Walker, Curt Davis and back from his job at the cemetery, Frenchy Bordagaray. There was a swimming pool and ping pong for the youngsters, and in the evening they would be escorted to a bus and driven into the town of Highland Falls to see a movie. It was a dream life. "I remember," McLish says, "that the greatest food I ever ate was the stuff they served us at Bear Mountain."

On the club's first road trip of the season, that fearless manager, Leo Durocher, called on Cal to pitch in St. Louis, where the Cardinals played with as respectable a lineup as then could be scrambled together in the majors, and almost as impressive as those operating at Great Lakes, Norfolk Naval Air Base and Lowry Field. McLish was called in to face the likes of Danny Litwhiler, Stan Musial, Walker Cooper and Whitey Kurowski.

Today, McLish is able to remember just about every important pitch he throws. In those days, he didn't have anything to remember. He struck out Litwhiler, the first batter he ever faced in organized ball, on three pitches. What were they? "Fast balls," McLish says, smiling. "They had to be. I couldn't throw anything else."

Then they began to hit his fast ball. For four runs they hit it, and with such definiteness that Sam Breadon, the Cardinal owner and a man not known for thin skin, walked out of Sportsman's Park, shocked at what his former assistant, Branch Rickey, was doing to the youth of America.

The youth of America was not served too well that year. After his three wins, young Cal couldn't get anyone out with his fast ball. He came in one day on the road just in time to deliver a grand slam to Cincinnati's Gee Walker and supply the Dodgers with their 14th straight loss. The moment was sufficient to inspire Roscoe McGowen, then as now a sportswriter for The New York *Times*, to write a song entitled *Lose 'Em All* (to the tune of *Bless 'Em All*). To this day, 16 years after the fact, McLish can recite the lyrics by heart, at least those that were about him.

And in came a kid named McLish.
Gee Walker took one helluva swish.
But why tell the gory
Details of the story.
It was 14 straight games, lose 'em all.

At one point in the season, coach Charlie Dressen came over to Cal in front of the Hotel St. George in Brooklyn. "Leo says to tell you you're pitching tomorrow," Dressen said. "Go out and eat a steak."

"I can't," Cal told him. "I'm broke. I just paid my hotel bill."

"But you just got paid today," Dressen said, disbelieving.

"Yeah. Otherwise I couldn't have even paid my hotel bill."

"What," Dressen said, still disbelieving. "How much do you get?"

"$150 a month."

Dressen told Durocher, who told Rickey, who called McLish in and gave him a 300 per cent raise, to $600 a month.

It hadn't been too bad before, Cal says now, not as bad as some make it out. "People tell stories even now that I lived on hot dogs and hamburgers. That wasn't true. I ate okay, and I saw every movie on Times Square. But that $600 a month. Boy. I was a kid. I'd never had that much money before in my life."

Before the end of the season, that $600 a month was changed to $66 a month. Cal was drafted into the Navy, and there he tried to develop a curve ball and, instead, developed arm trouble. "I was pitching to Don Kolloway, I remember," he says, "and I tried a curve and I felt a pain in my arm. The next pitch was supposed to be a fast ball, but it came up there with nothing on it. This had never happened to me before. The arm hurt and I couldn't pitch. I played the outfield for the rest of the year."

Cal returned to the Dodgers in the 1946 season, made one appearance and recorded a 54.00 earned-run average. It was simple enough. He faced two batters. Both got on base, and both scored, and he didn't face another batter all season. That figures out to 54.00.

At the Dodger training camp at Havana the next spring, the arm still hurt, so Rickey shipped him to Pensacola, where the farmhands were working out, to become an infielder. Cal worked at third base and shortstop, and after the inter-squad games, he would set up strings to simulate the dimensions of home plate and try to throw strikes through the strings. After four or five days, he found, suddenly, that his arm had its strength back. Cal rejoined the Dodgers just after the start of the season, feeling pretty good about things. But by then, Durocher had been set down for a year by Commissioner Happy Chandler, and Burt Shotton was the interim manager. Shotton, who had been away from the game for many years before his old friend, Rickey, called him back to handle the pilot-less Dodgers, didn't know McLish or anything about him.

A hard-crusted codger of the old school, Barney saw Cal at a clubhouse meeting and snapped, "Who are you and what are you?"

He never bothered to find out. Two weeks later, McLish was traded, along with Kirby Higbe, Hank Behrman, Dixie Howell and Gene Mauch, to Pittsburgh for Al Gionfriddo and $200,000. (Or was it $200,000 and Gionfriddo?)

Cal stayed with Pittsburgh until July and then was sent to Kansas City on option. It was the beginning of his minor-league career. His arm felt better, he developed a slow curve at KC, and in September he was recalled by the Pirates. For Kansas City, he had worked 92 innings, for Pittsburgh one. His ERA this time was 18.00.

The next season, 1948, he held on with the Pirates until cutdown time, worked five innings, still hadn't won a ball game but had worked his ERA down to 9.00. This time shipped to Indianapolis, he had a 12-5 record as a starter, after first being used in relief. Al Lopez was managing at Indianapolis that year, and after watching Cal in his first game, he decided he would catch him himself. This was the last season that Lopez, a master receiver for so many years, worked behind the plate, and McLish counts it as a lucky coincidence for him. "Al helped me," Cal says. "He taught me to move the ball around. He would set his glove as a target low and away, and make me hit it. And I found I could do it. He gave me confidence."

That winter, as if by way of promotion, McLish was traded to the Cubs in a two-for-two deal. The Pirates didn't have to send along money. He stayed with Chicago for almost half a season, or just long enough to win one game. Then he was shipped out to Los Angeles, the old Los Angeles, not the new. In 1950, he won 20 games for the Angels, and was brought back to Chicago in '51 and kept a job for the entire season. Although his record was 4-10, he thought it was the best pitching that he had ever done in the majors and that he had shown enough to save his job.

But at camp the next spring, he was sent back to Los Angeles before he had had a chance to play. "I was shocked," he says. Disheartened? No. Thought about quitting? Never. "I still had confidence in myself," Cal says. "I never believed I wouldn't make it. I was just wishing someone else believed in me, too."

He remained with Los Angeles for the next three seasons, pitching over 200 innings every year and winning 39 ball games all told in a small park with a bad ball club behind him. For his efforts, he was sold to San Diego, in the same Pacific Coast League. Here he won 17 games in 1955, and received a phone call at the close of the season from Hank Greenberg in Cleveland. The Indians had just purchased his contract, and Hank was asking him to sign for $7,500. Cal said no. Greenberg sent him a contract. Cal sent it back. With what he earned at San Diego and in winter ball, he was making more money than that, Cal explained. But Greenberg wouldn't budge. "I signed finally, at $7,500," Cal says, "but only because I needed 12 days to become a five-year man and become eligible for the major-league pension plan."

He got in his 12 days with the Indians that season, but little more than that. He was still just a man on the pitching staff available for mopping up. That is, until injuries began to decimate the once mighty Cleveland pitching crew. Bob Lemon was hurt, and so were Mike Garcia and Herb Score. It wasn't until August of 1957 that McLish got his chance. Manager Kerby Farrell had had Ray Narleski scheduled to start a game, but Narleski felt a pain in his arm as he warmed up. Farrell started McLish instead, and Cal won. For the season, he had nine wins, seven losses and a good 2.75 ERA for a team that fell apart and finished sixth.

Cal thought it was reasonable to assume that he had finally won a job, but in '58 the Indians had a new general manager, Frank Lane, who immediately tried to trade him (and, in fact, was still trying just before the start of this season), and a new manager, Bobby Bragan, who watched Mac in spring training, where he was easy to overlook because he comes along slowly, and wrote him off. Bragan would use him only in spots. For some reason, the manager had decided that Cal wouldn't win against the Yankees or against Boston in Fenway Park. A couple of months later, after Bragan was out and McLish was winning, Bobby wrote him a letter, which said in part: "It's true I didn't pitch you in turn but rather picked spots. I am delighted that you are showing me and everyone else that you can beat Boston and the Yanks. I hope you pitch ten years more in the majors. I am the first to admit I was wrong about Cal McLish."

Bragan wasn't the first, though, and he wasn't the last. There was quite a crowd of disbelievers that gathered over the years. And there was only one believer.

We asked that believer, who is now making $17,500 to feed the five young McLishes at home, what the difference has been, and he talked about luck and sticking with it and learning what he could and figuring out what the game is all about. But mostly he talked about getting the chance to pitch. "That's all I ever wanted. A chance."

When he got it, his long haul was over.

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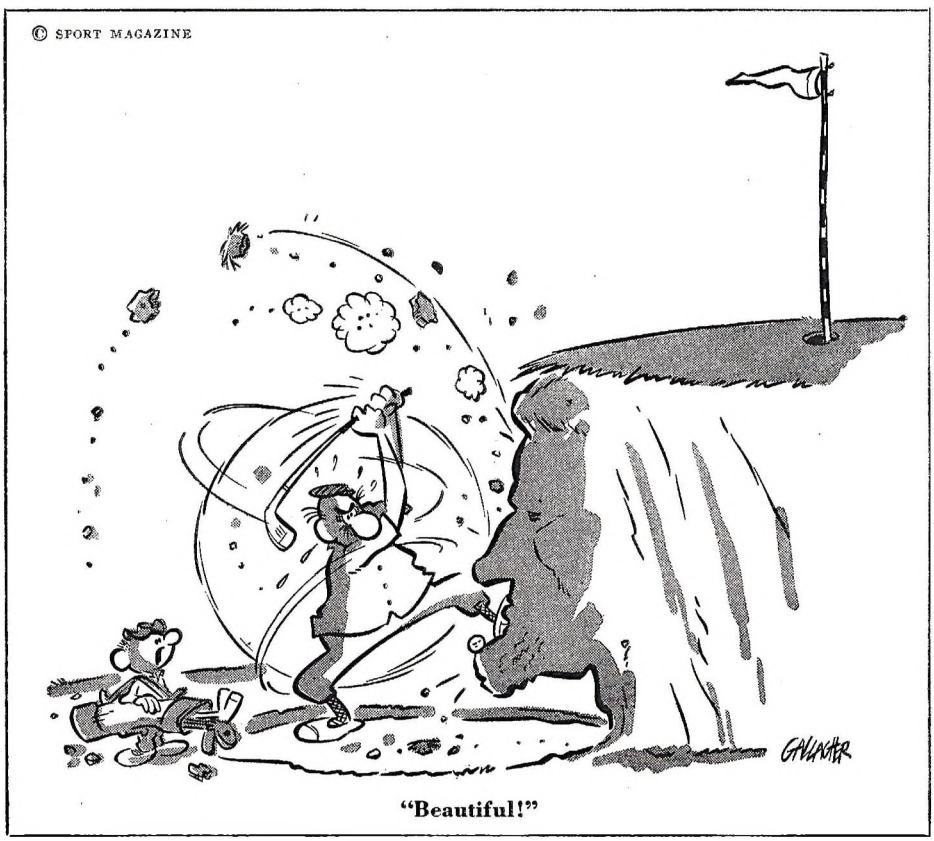

"Beautiful!"

ALEX THE GREAT

(*Continued from page* 22)

as dinner at New York's Harwyn Club or Los Angeles' Romanoff's, with a pretty girl seated across the table. Olmedo, by his admission and actions, enjoys the company of attractive young ladies. "I date lots of women," he said. "Extras in the movies, models. I take them riding in my 1953 Mercury and I take them to the movies."

Celebrities can demand plusher living, though, and Alex would like to trade the '53 Mercury for a flashy sports car and drive it to fancier places than the local movie theater.

This is not to say that he yearns to be a flippant playboy. But he wants very much to raise his standard of living, and he best qualifies for high wages as a tennis player.

Then, too, there is the consideration of Alex's friends. Olmedo whipped himself into shape for the Wimbledon tournament by practicing often with Jack Kramer's professional tennis players. Pancho Gonzales and Pancho Segura have taken a deep interest in him for years. "I play with Pancho Gonzales and my good friend Pancho Segura every chance I get," Alex said. "They are my pals and they are a big help to my tennis game."

Although The Chief, as Olmedo was nicknamed because of his part-Inca blood, is enormously popular among all tennis players, there is an extremely close bond between him and the pros—especially those who speak fluently in his native Spanish language. Olmedo, no doubt, would be happy on a professional tour with Gonzales and Segura as day-to-day companions.

It all adds up to a simple conclusion. Olmedo's ambitions are geared toward joining the pros. But it takes two to tango, so it is important to know how anxious the pros are to sign Alex.

Before the Wimbledon tournament, Kramer, the czar of pro tennis, said, "Olmedo's position is up to him, and right now I haven't been too satisfied with his attitude. Alex must realize that he has a big obligation to tennis, that it isn't a lark. All spring he played lousy. He tried to give the impression that he didn't care, but he's not fooling me. He has to get more enthused. If Olmedo gets knocked off, then he loses much of his appeal. He has to strike while his name is hot.

"As far as my signing him, we would have to work out some sort of an understanding very soon, so I could plan my tour. But he has been difficult to talk with. Fame hit Alex like a ton of bricks and the kid somehow seems to think that everyone is out to take advantage of him. But he has to realize my position, too. Even if he wins in the amateurs, it is doubtful that he will be able to do anything immediately in the pros. It's like a Golden Gloves boxer moving into the big time. Olmedo's reputation won't be enough to pull people through the turnstiles. He'd have to become a winner and that would take time. There is a chance, too, that he might never make it."

It must be considered that Kramer, of necessity, spices his statements with ammunition for the game of financial footsie he must play with Olmedo. Perhaps Alex has set a sky-high asking price, which, despite rumors to the contrary, Kramer cannot afford to pay in flat salary. The pros make the bulk of their money with their gate percentage agreements, and if Alex and Jack can work out a satisfactory percentage deal, Olmedo should be able to earn a tidy income. There is no doubt that Alex would be a valuable man on a pro tour, because he has some crowd-drawing attributes other than his tennis skills.

Consider the scene at the Davis Cup matches in Brisbane, before Alex took the court to meet Cooper in the most crucial tennis match of his brief career. Alex seemed unawed by the large task in front of him. He paraded around the dressing room, laughing and showing off a pair of undershorts decorated with gorgeous women. "This way I never run out of pretty girls," he said.

Later, with his job done, and the Davis Cup in tow, Olmedo was asked how he felt. The Chief grinned broadly and let out a war whoop that easily could have first been whooped in the Inca jungles. "I feel great, happy, fabulous," he screamed.

Arriving in Los Angeles for his hero's welcome, Alex stepped jauntily from the plane and, flashing his grin, tossed a big silver cup to a friend in the crowd. He laughed as people shuddered at such nonchalant treatment of what they thought was the Davis Cup. It wasn't *the* Cup, but it was bad enough—the Brookes Trophy, another esteemed souvenir of Australia. Then, Alex gave an impromptu speech. "You know," he told the cheering crowd, "I slept real well before my match with Cooper. Australian beer is very relaxing."

The next day, at a testimonial dinner for Perry Jones, the U.S. Davis Cup team captain, Olmedo gave another speech. "I am glad they gave me this chance and nominated me as a member of the USLTA Davis Cup team. I am honored and I want to thank everybody who had anything to do with it.

"We worked hard. At Brisbane, it was hot and humid. We had to wear light clothes and the lightest haircut you can get. In your private life, it helps to wear your hair long—but on the Davis Cup team we are not interested in girls. Our main interest is the game.

"I am glad we won. It was a great day, and a great night, too. It was New Year's Eve the day we won, and I was happy and I was drinking champagne. I passed out at 1:30. I kept saying, 'I will have one more, and one more, and one more.' Finally, they picked me up and put me in my room. I woke up on the floor."

People listen when Olmedo speaks. They are attracted by his sincerity and they laugh at his innocent, folksy humor. They are charmed by his bubbling personality. Alex Olmedo has color, a vital ingredient that professional tennis never has enough of. Pancho Gonzales, a great champion, has it mostly in negative aspects. Pancho is a loner and carries a chip on his shoulder, placed there by early-life hurts. He often is wrapped up in sullen moods. His big game and his explosion on the court make up much of his gate appeal. Lew Hoad, once temperamental, is a pleasant fellow now and very popular in his native Australia. But Lew has not completely captivated Americans.

Olmedo has the magic touch, and Kramer knows it. If Alex plays well,

stops asking for the moon and comes down to a realistic bargaining level, Jack will sign him, quickly and happily. Olmedo could provide pro tennis with the extra boost it needs to become a year-round money-maker. He certainly rejuvenated interest in amateur tennis at a time when the sport was stumbling, and Kramer, even at the height of his bargaining, has never belittled the impetus of Olmedo's Davis Cup victories. "It was a great thing for tennis," Jack says.

It was not, however, a great thing for Jack Kramer, the professional promoter. Olmedo's wins dulled the appeal of Anderson and Cooper, who had made verbal agreements before the Cup matches to join Kramer's professional troupe. Jack signed them, despite their losses. They were not exactly heroes on the tour.

Ironically, it was mostly through the efforts of Jack Kramer that Olmedo was able to negotiate his upsets. Kramer went to Australia on his own to help his long-time friend, Perry Jones, coach the Cup team. It is doubtful that Alex could have won without the general help and one vital psychological lift from Kramer.

For years, Jones had helped Alex with his personal problems as well as with his tennis. When the 70-year-old tennis statesman was named Davis Cup captain, he fought hard to have Olmedo included on his squad. Then, in Brisbane, Jones surprisingly chose Alex and Barry MacKay to play the singles matches, overlooking the veteran Ham Richardson.

When Ham was benched, people started to taunt Jones. Australian Davis Cup captain Harry Hopman issued what probably was the most stinging barb. "We are pleasantly surprised that Richardson was not named," Hopman said. "We think Richardson is the strongest man on the United States team."

Kramer and company spread the taunting newspaper clippings around the U.S. dressing room. Then, Jack pulled Alex aside. "Look at what they're doing to the old man," Kramer said. "They are making him look like a bum."

"I'll win for Mr. Jones," Olmedo said. "They cannot do this to my good friend."

Alex went out on the court and, in three days, won, for his good friend and himself, a large measure of fame.

Sudden fame often can be its own worst enemy. It can hurtle down as rapidly as it ascended, a victim of its own speed. Once in a while, though, a sudden launching to the heights is sustained, because the man on the pad finds himself, and his game, during the crucial moments of stress. This may have happened to Olmedo.

"I think Alex lifted his game and realized his potential in Australia," Perry Jones said. "Olmedo has greatness written all over him. I wouldn't place him yet in the class of Kramer, or Don Budge, but he's only starting out. His Davis Cup wins were the most amazing and thrilling athletic achievements I have had the pleasure to witness. His play was sensational. Why, in the Cooper match, between the deafening roars of the crowd, there were intermittent bits of silence in which the crack of Olmedo's fast service sounded like a cannon shot."

Alex has the big game. He serves hard and rushes the net, always forcing the play. He stretches high on his toes, whips his arm over his head in a circular motion and, with a firm forehand grip, fires his blistering service across the net. If his flat, first service misses, Alex varies his second serve, not only in spin, but in speed.

His overhead game is flawless. He flutters anxiously under a lob, and then consumes the ball, smashing it across the court with the same motion that he uses when serving. He hits an eastern forehand, either flat or with underspin, and few players can match his skill in alternating power drives and delicate drop shots. He moves quickly, with cat-like grace, and his anticipation is superb.

Furthermore, Alex is a very confident player. "I knew I would win," he said after the Cup victories. "I always pick myself. In this world, you got to be optimistic. In my first match with Anderson, Mr. Jones looked worried. I told him not to worry. I told him I would win. He was nervous. I gave him confidence."

Alex showed fierce aggressiveness in Australia, and he displayed it again when he won the National Indoor Tournament in New York City last winter. But this past spring, he looked lackadaisical. "There is a possibility," suggests Kramer, a strict tennis analyst, "that those two wins might have been flukes."

It is quite possible that Olmedo needs proper inspiration to work himself up to a fighting fury, and without it, maybe he is not indestructible. The argument stands moot at the moment, and a proper judgment cannot be offered until after the big tournaments this summer.

Olmedo is unquestionably indestructible, though, as far as physical condition is concerned. He works out daily and keeps himself at peak form. At the Indoor championships, Dick Savitt, who had won a finals' berth early in the afternoon, stood watching Olmedo and Barry MacKay battle in the other semi-final match. Alex pounced across the court, blistering shots past MacKay. Savitt, who the next day was to lose the championship to Olmedo in what Allison Danzig, the prize-winning tennis writer of the New York *Times*, called, "A match ranking with the most memorable of all time for the high level of play"—marveled at Alex's moves.

"He's amazing," Dick said. "He doesn't make mistakes. What superb condition he's in. I'll bet he can do 800 handstands on one finger. I can't stand to watch that kind of tennis." Savitt recoiled in mock terror and The Chief rolled on.

It was at the Indoors, too, that Olmedo produced evidence that fame has not made him swell-headed or surly. We were in a cab, cruising along Park Avenue, and Alex, gazing at the New York skyscrapers, said slowly, "You know, this is a tough spot. I get so many calls. So many people want to see me. If I say no, then they say, 'What kind of a stuck-up guy is this.' If I say yes to everyone, I have no time for myself."

The cab stopped in front of the Seventh Regiment Armory, and as we pushed through the crowds to the dressing room, a press photographer edged toward Olmedo. "Alex," he said, "I want to thank you for the way you treated us the other day. The boys and I think you were wonderful. We really appreciate it."

The photographer turned to us. "The kid flew in yesterday," he said, "and he hadn't slept in Lord knows how long. His plane was delayed almost a full day in Los Angeles, and he sat around on the benches, waiting. When he arrived in New York, he was ready to drop, and he had a match to play in about six hours. But he volunteered to pose for pictures, when he saw that we had been waiting for him. He gave us more than half an hour. That doesn't happen too often with celebrities."

"I try to do the right thing," Alex said. "It is all part of being popular. I love it."

In the locker room, everybody rushed over to say "Hiya Chief." Alex stopped to talk with a young boy, about eleven years old. "You must never stop trying," Alex said. "You must get out on the court and practice, even four hours a day. Then you will become a good player."

We paused to talk with Butch Buchholz, who traveled to Australia with Richardson, MacKay, Olmedo and Chris Crawford, to play for the Davis Cup team. "Ever since we won the Cup," Butch said, "people have been mobbing Alex. You know, right after the matches, Ashley Cooper got married. Well, we were all invited to the wedding and when Alex walked into the church, everybody stood up and applauded. Imagine that, they applauded in church. It happened everywhere. We'd walk out of the hotel and people would stop in the streets and applaud. They loved him."

Preparing for the Davis Cup, there was little time for anything but tennis. But later, after the Cup was won, there was time for fun, Buchholz told us. "Ham spent all his time with his wife," Butch said. "But the rest of us dated Australian girls. Usually, Barry, Chris and I would go out together. But Alex didn't date with us. When he was with a girl, he was a lone wolf. Other times, we went to the movies together, all of us. It was a standing joke that Alex walked out on the cowboy and Indian pictures while the Indians were winning.

"Everywhere in Australia, they loved us," Buchholz said. "Hardly anyone criticized us over there because Olmedo had played for the U.S. All the stink came from this country. It's a shame. Heck, we developed him here. He wasn't any kind of a tennis player when he came to the States."

The controversy, however, has been directed at the USLTA, not at Olmedo. Still, he has been surrounded by the criticism and he has seen his name bandied about. But, within the debate, Alex has gained stature with his sincerity and lack of bitterness.

"All the criticism hurts me, but I am not going to let it get me down," Alex said. "All the tennis I learned, I picked up in the United States. I have lived here for five years. I have been educated here. For the past few years, I have been listed in the United States rankings, which means they consider me one of them. I am a Peruvian by birth and citizenship, but I consider myself an American tennis player."

The only slur at Olmedo himself was fired by some people who insisted that Alex was not considering U.S. citizenship because he would then have to serve two years in the Army.

"It has nothing to do with the Army," Olmedo said. "I will have to go into the army of Peru, eventually. I just want to finish school. Then I will make my decision."

The chain of events that brought Alex from Peru to the United States started more than 25 years ago in Ber-

lin, Germany. A youngster named Jorge Harten had hitch-hiked there from Paris to see tennis great Bill Tilden play Henri Cochet. Harten arrived without enough money to buy a ticket and he stood at the entrance of the tennis stadium, a forlorn, unhappy lad. Tilden walked by, spotted Jorge, and made arrangements for him to work as a ball boy and see the matches. The tennis seed was planted. Eventually Harten immigrated to Peru, made his fortune in the country's thriving coffee industry and became president of the Peruvian Lawn Tennis Association.

Elsewhere in Peru—in Arequipa, the country's second largest city—Salvatore Olmedo doubles as caretaker and tennis pro at the town's one tennis club. There, Salvatore's son, Alejandro, dreamed about the wonders of the bullfight and learned to play tennis. When he was ten, Alejandro swiped one of the racquets from his father's shop, and with it, won a local tournament. Instead of being punished, Alex was allowed to keep the racquet and his father began to teach and encourage him.

Olmedo won three successive junior titles, and, at 15, he won the South Peruvian Men's championship. About that time, Stan Singer, a United States professional, arrived in Peru, at the invitation of Harten, to develop a junior tennis program. When Singer first saw Olmedo play, he said, "This kid can't even hold his racquet properly, but he has a world of ability. He'll go places if he gets a chance."

Singer made sure that Olmedo got his chance. In January of 1954, Stan took up a collection among tennis enthusiasts to send Olmedo to the United States. On a dark, muggy day one month later, Alex, whose English was limited to "Yes," "No," and "Coke, please," boarded a banana boat enroute to Miami, Fla.

He worked as a cabin boy during the monotonous three-week journey, and, upon arriving in Miami, he immediately hopped a trans-continental bus bound for Los Angeles. "It was very rough," Alex said. "I could not speak English and I communicated mostly by sign language. I was being stopped all the time by policemen and FBI men. They thought I was a wetback (illegal immigrant) from Mexico."

Joe Cianci, one of Singer's close friends, took care of Alex when the puzzled lad arrived in Los Angeles. Olmedo worked in Cianci's tennis shop and played on the city's public courts. He was introduced to Perry Jones shortly after his arrival and their first meeting hardly offered a glimpse of what was to come. "I could not speak English very well," Olmedo recalls, "and we couldn't say much to each other."

After seven months at night school, Alex spoke English well enough to enter Modesto Junior College. There, he developed his tennis strokes and a lasting friendship with the school's tennis coach, Fred Earle. Two years later, Jones, who had kept tabs of the youngster, helped Alex get a scholarship at USC. Olmedo practiced tennis in school and played regularly at the Los Angeles Tennis Club. His game improved rapidly. Pancho Gonzales and some of the other professionals began to notice him and, in time, to play with him. Mostly, they were impressed with his cannonball service. "That serve will make tennis history some day," Gonzales said.

In 1956, Alex won the national intercollegiate tennis championship and took his first crack at the big-league tournament circuit. He was beaten soundly at every stop. But, over the next two years, he continued to improve, and last summer he was named to the Davis Cup squad, because of his potential, not his record. Just ten months ago, you see, Olmedo failed to make even the semi-final round at the U.S. National Championships.

Alex reached his potential, suddenly, at Brisbane. When he stepped on the court to meet Anderson in the first Cup match, the 17,885 spectators, crowded around the center court of the Milton Club, were confident of an Australian victory. Odds-makers placed the Aussies as 5-1 favorites to win the Davis Cup for the eighth time in nine years.

Olmedo doggedly held on at vital moments and he won the Cup opener, 8-6, 2-6, 9-7, 8-6. People were surprised, but still certain of an Australian victory. Alex, however, did not stop. "I believe he came of champion's age in that first match," said Mike McNamara, publicist for Kramer's pro troupe. "He was dead tired during the match, even half sick from exhaustion afterward, and he won on nerve alone. I knew then he had something that makes a champion."

Cooper beat MacKay in the second singles match, and the following day, in a nerve-wracking doubles marathon, Alex and Richardson—with the help of some tide-turning strategy from Pancho Gonzales—defeated Anderson and Fraser after trailing the Aussies, two sets to none.

On December 31, Olmedo hit his peak. His cat-like anticipation and powerful serving, backed up by splendid overhead and volley play, carried him to a 6-3, 4-6, 6-4, 8-6 victory over Cooper, and gave the U.S. the Davis Cup.

Less than a month later, with Anderson and Cooper turned pro, Olmedo—hampered by a throbbing stomach muscle—switched his style from power drives to a cunning, stroking game, and won the Australian Nationals, securing his position as the world's leading amateur.

It was back to the United States for the hero, and, after a winter of studying, dating, playing tennis, and making speeches at banquets, Olmedo went off on a long-awaited trip home to Peru, to show off the Davis Cup. Peru honored its national hero lavishly. There were dinners, parades and awards galore. And, on a tennis court in Lima's athletic stadium, Manuel Prado Ugarteche, the country's president, presented a special decoration to Olmedo.

In a quieter setting, Alex had a happy reunion with his family, whom he hadn't seen in five years. He brought tennis racquets as presents for his five brothers, and other gifts for his sister. He ate heartily as plates of home-cooked, heavily-spiced Peruvian dishes were shoved in front of him. And he began dreaming new dreams. "In my dreams now," he said, "I am playing Gonzales. I always wake up at the crucial point."

It is a well-told story of ancient history that a powerful Macedonian warrior, Alexander The Great, once sat and wept because there were no worlds left for him to conquer. Alex The Great has no such problems. Pancho Gonzales and Lew Hoad and the pros' pot of gold are dead ahead.

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DIARY OF A HIGH SCHOOL COACH

(*Continued from page 35*)

district. That is going to be the big one for us.

I'm sure proud of my wife Ann. She just gets better and better as these football seasons go by. These poor coaches' wives suffer as much as their husbands do. I see Ann and the children so little that I almost feel like introducing myself when we do meet every now and then.

Friday, October 10: Beat Tomball, 22-8. Nelson called his best game and we looked sharp. After the ball game, a fan asked me if all the grass I pulled up and ate during the game gave me indigestion. "Only when we lose," I said.

After a game like the one tonight, when you know that your team did everything to perfection, it gives you a real feeling of pride and self-satisfaction. But then you lose one, your ulcers start burning.

Our spirit certainly is great now. The whole team asked permission to come out to the gym on Saturday and Sunday. The boys say this is their year to take Liberty and to win the championship.

Monday, October 13: We worked until dark and nobody seemed to be tired. I got foolish and worked out at quarterback when we ran the Liberty plays. I dove over the line on a sneak play and bruised my shoulder. I couldn't even move my arm when I got home. Doctor Barnett said it was a bruised tendon and advised me to use the ultra-sound on it. Thank goodness I am our club's only real casualty.

My mind is on the big game and I'm starting to get bogged down with academic paperwork. Coaching would be real nice if the classroom teaching could be eliminated. Trying to keep up with four classes is rough. I have 80 papers to grade tonight, and 5-4 defenses, spread offenses, pass blocking, and punt returns keep dominating my thoughts. They hire me as a coach first and as a teacher second, but they still expect miracles in the classroom. A fan told me something the other day that I had never thought of before. He said, "You coaches are the only people in the school system who display your work before the public every week." Guess that is why I put coaching first.

Tuesday, October 14: Mr. Manthey at the *Advocate,* the local newspaper, loaned me a typewriter today, so I could write my weekly column for him. He said I could keep the machine at the house as long as I needed it for the column.

Three years ago I started writing a weekly piece called "Skull Session" for the *Advocate.* Now, I am writing all kinds of sports news. It helps the paper and the high school athletic program, so I am thankful for the chance. Roy Bolin, the editor, gives us all the space we can fill if we just supply the copy.

Thursday, October 16: I never have seen a high school with as much school spirit as ours has had this week. The whole place is plastered with signs and placards. Between classes, the kids hold impromptu yell practices. It is strange how one game can key up everyone to such a high pitch. Even the teachers are on edge.

Our lads are not cocky, but they are confident of winning. We have looked good all week, and if we can get the breaks, I believe we should be able to win this one.

Friday, October 17: Liberty 16, Cleveland 6. All the boys played their hearts out. It was a tough loss. After the game, they trotted to the bus without saying anything. When I got to the bus, most of them were in tears. What can you say? I am afraid it will be tough going the next three weeks. We should win our last three games easy—but we can finish no higher then second. Playing the big one this early in the season is rough—for Liberty and for us. Liberty will have no real competition now until the playoff. They're going to find it hard to keep sharp.

Saturday, October 18: Didn't sleep a wink last night. I lay in bed and reran every play a dozen times, wondering what we could have done to win. Takes me about two days to unwind after a ball game like that one. I even jumped out of bed one time with a charley-horse in my leg.

It tears my guts out to have to shake hands with the opposing coach after a losing game and say, "Nice game Coach, you fellows just outplayed us all over the field." I was so disappointed today that I didn't even go to the bus station to pick up the films. We'll look at them Monday. I don't need any films to remember that game.

Tuesday, October 21: I called Joe Davis at Rice Institute this morning and asked him to try and get someone to take a look at Simmons and our fullback, Don Belt. This boy Simmons has turned into a defensive demon. You can just shut your eyes and listen to the contact and you can tell when Carl makes the tackle. Davis asked about Danny Roberts, our 200-pound junior tackle. Davis said he saw Danny play baseball last spring and he was real impressed with the way the big boy moved.

Friday, October 24: Beat Dayton with ease, 34-6. Everything we did was right and everything they did was wrong. In fact, things were too easy. I bet we're going to have trouble getting ready for next week. I'll have to ride hard on the boys to get them "up." Had a chance to play our second team a lot tonight. Things don't look too bad for next year, judging from what the kids showed.

Tuesday, October 28: Rain, rain, rain. I have been out in so much wet weather this season that I think I have web feet by now. All of our equipment is coming loose at the seams. But despite all the rain, we've had fewer fumbles than in any season I can remember.

Friday, October 31: Livingston gave us a fit the first half, but we finally won 20-0. After the ball game their coach, Frank Pulattie, said, "Just call me Santa Claus—we gave you all twenty points." Maybe so, but Frank's boys made only two first downs and a net total of ten yards rushing.

We had more injuries in this game than in the rest of the season put together. Nothing serious, though, just a lot of strains and bruises.

Well, just one more to go and then basketball coach Pickett can start worrying.

Tuesday, November, 4: Mr. White, the superintendent, called me into his office this morning. He said he had heard the boys were pretty disgruntled because they wouldn't get their award jackets until March or April. This year we have set up a new lettering system. An athlete must compete in two sports in order to receive a jacket. Had a team meeting before practice to talk things over, and I think everyone is in a good mood again. Hope the boys get their minds on Woodville and forget awards for just a few days.

Right now it seems like the season has really flown by. When you win most of them, it always seems that way. But when you are losing, it seems as if the ten-week season lasts ten years.

Friday, November 7: At the breakfast table this morning, Steve asked me, "Daddy have you ever been carried off the field by your team at the end of a game?" I told him yes, but it had been several years ago.

Woodville scored first against us, and all I could think of was award jackets. We fumbled the first three times we got the ball. Finally we set up a touchdown on an end-around pass play. Our second string end, Gene Wells, threw the ball. It was the prettiest play of the year. Then we settled down and played good ball. We won 44-16.

The seniors had a real ball in the last two minutes of the game. They all swapped positions—the backs played at guard and tackle, and the linemen took turns carrying the ball. It was a real comedy, but I got a kick out of them having some fun. They deserved it. When the game ended, Don Belt and Wayne Strahan led the charge toward me. When I got home, Steve was happy. They had carried his Daddy off the field.

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"Keep your eye on the guy with the bowling ball. He ordered ten beers set up."

TRANSCONTINENTAL ROAD TRIP

(*Continued from page 27*)

MONDAY, APRIL 27—It rained during most of the night and the streets are still slick. The sky is cloudy and the outlook is for more rain. By 1 p.m. the lobby of the Webster Hall Hotel is unusually crowded with Dodgers. Duke Snider and Carl Erskine decide to walk around the block. Other players are standing in front of the hotel, and they spot ex-Dodger Rocky Nelson walking across the street. Rocky, now a member of the Pirates, pretends not to hear the jockeying by some of his former teammates. It begins to drizzle again around 2 p.m. and it looks as if a postponement is due. Some of the players begin checking the movie schedules. But the rain lets up two hours later and Drysdale and Hodges lead the movement into the dining room. The players usually have a light late-afternoon supper before a night game, then eat again after the game, sometimes in their rooms and sometimes in the hotel dining room. There is no limit on the amount a player may spend for meals but there is an occasional check to prevent over-eating, usually by a rookie who never had it quite so good in the minors.

All the players walk to Forbes Field, a ten-minute stroll through the beautiful University of Pittsburgh campus. It is a cold and hazy night and the lights at Forbes Field are not turned on until eight o'clock, 15 minutes before game time, which makes it seem even colder. Drysdale has a fairly easy game and wins it, 9-3, to keep the club in the lead. The other games in the East are rained out.

TUESDAY, APRIL 28—This is a traveling day, our only off-day during the trip. We leave the hotel at 1:15 p.m. On the plane trip to Philadelphia, Don Zimmer reads the morning paper. "I see where Jackie Robinson doesn't think he'll be voted into the Hall of Fame because he's too outspoken," Zimmer says to a writer. "All I can say is he's got to make it. He's a mortal cinch."

Drysdale expresses some concern as we circle over Philadelphia for 20 minutes because of heavy fog, while Sandy Koufax tries to put some of his tense teammates at ease with a bit of comedy. "We must be flying pretty low," Sandy says so Drysdale can hear. "Look at the telephone poles whiz by." Drysdale doesn't seem to appreciate the remark. When we finally land, we find it's topcoat weather in Philadelphia; or, as Norm Larker tells Gilliam, "You better put on your blanket." The bus driver tells us that rain is predicted for the evening. Koufax, Gilliam, Joe Pignatano and Vin Scully dash off to catch another plane for New York, to visit their families and friends for the day.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29—This is the biggest lobby day of the trip. Seven of the New York baseball writers are in town. Most of them came to Philadelphia to cover the Giants-Phillies series and stayed over to see the Dodgers. The lobby is crowded during the day as writers Dick Young, Harold Rosenthal, Bill Roeder, Leonard Koppett, Jack Mann, Joe Sheehan and Barney Kremenko talk with old Dodger friends. Pignatano and Koufax return from New York early in the afternoon. Joe brings his wife and two children. Sandy brings his mother. Announcer Scully returns with his wife, Joan.

It has warmed up somewhat and the temperature is in the middle 50s when we arrive at Connie Mack Stadium. Johnny Podres loses a tough game in the ninth inning and we slip back to second place.

THURSDAY, APRIL 30—The Warwick Hotel is ideally located from a ballplayer's point of view. It is downtown, within easy walking distance of the movie theaters. With another night game scheduled, this is a big day for the matinee movie-goers. The writers, who assembled in the lobby early, find slim pickings. Most of the players sleep late, then go to the movies.

Don Demeter is among the first players to show in the lobby, putting in a noon appearance. He is waiting for his roommate, Stan Williams, the champion sleeper of the Dodgers. When Stan pitched in the minors, he once had to be awakened for a night game. Last year, in Philadelphia, he missed an early-morning bus to the airport. Norm Larker is one of the champion movie-goers and he must hold the league record for double features. He once saw six movies in one day, "when we were rained out, of course."

Danny McDevitt spends the afternoon taking his parents on an aerial sightseeing tour. McDevitt received his pilot's license during spring training at Vero Beach. He rented a single-engine Cessna, the type he hopes to be able to buy soon.

Ron Fairly returns from a shopping trip late in the afternoon and takes a seat in the lobby next to Bob Lillis. He has bought a cribbage board and is examining it closely. He looks at the instructions for a while, puts the board aside, buys a magazine and reads.

Snider's inside-the-park home run and some fine relief pitching by Klippstein, Labine and Fowler beat the Phillies, 6-4, that night. The Duke says that he ran faster from second base to home than he has ever run before, weak left knee and all. It is an encouraging bit of news for manager Alston.

FRIDAY, MAY 1—We have our luggage in the lobby at 8:15 a.m. and, because of the early departure time, many players packed the previous night. The Dodger plane resembles a sleeper during the 563-mile flight to Cincinnati as most of the players catch up on their sleep.

The Greater Cincinnati Airport is located in Kentucky, and it is a 45-minute ride through the scenic rural area to the bridge across the Ohio River, and to the Netherland Hilton Hotel in downtown Cincinnati. For once, there is no rush for room keys, because it is pay day and the pay envelopes had been forwarded from the Los Angeles office. Scott distributes them in the lobby.

On the bus to Crosley Field that evening, Fowler says, "Beat these guys four straight and I'll buy a new suit for everyone." Art is determined to prove to the Reds that they made a mistake when they released him late in the 1957 season. There are to be no new suits, however. Jerry Lynch hits two home runs, one off Fowler, and

the Dodgers lose 5-3. After the game, Cincinnati second-baseman Johnny Temple says, "Drysdale is big enough and good-looking enough to be a Western star on TV—and I wish he were." Temple's lifetime batting average against Drysdale is .095.

SATURDAY, MAY 2—It is Kentucky Derby day and Senator Griffin has a pool prepared as we enter the clubhouse. In fact, he has two pools in order to accommodate all customers, at one dollar per ticket. Don Zimmer draws Tomy Lee out of the hat and picks up a $19 jackpot.

The dugouts at Crosley Field are air-conditioned, as is the press box. A hundred or more box seats have been added since last year and the bullpens have been moved to the left- and right-field corners. The bullpens are unique, built something like dugouts. The only trouble is it is impossible to watch the game from them unless you sit outside and in front. From this position, pitching coach Joe Becker watches the game. And he has a busy afternoon, as the Reds win, 16-4.

In the clubhouse, manager Alston pays tribute to the Reds' power. "The Reds have power to burn," Alston says. "They seem to have sluggers four deep on the bench." After the game, Alston drives to his farm in Darrtown, Ohio, about 25 miles from downtown Cincinnati. McDevitt rents another plane and flies Reese to Louisville for a visit with his family.

SUNDAY, MAY 3—Manager Alston announces that second-baseman Neal will be the only Dodger to start in both games on this humid afternoon as the thermometer hits a high of 89 degrees. He fields a predominantly left-handed batting order against Brooks Lawrence in the first game and an all-righthanded lineup against Joe Nuxhall in the second game.

Before the doubleheader, pitching coach Becker sits in front of his clubhouse locker and studies his charts. The next day's starting pitcher keeps a pitch-by-pitch chart of Dodger games and Becker clips the box scores of all games and pastes them into a notebook. Becker is trying to map out a bullpen schedule for the doubleheader. He shakes his head and says, "I hope someone will be able to go nine innings." He has called in eight relief pitchers in the last three games.

Stan Williams fails in the first game and needs help. Lynch's third home run of the series wins for the Reds in the ninth inning. McDevitt comes through in the second game and pitches the distance to win, 7-1. It is the first time in his major-league career that McDevitt has pitched a complete game without issuing a base on balls. The Dodger three-game losing streak is broken and it makes the flight to Milwaukee that much more pleasant.

It is 8:45 before we are able to get off the ground, considerably behind schedule. Joe Pignatano, Dick Gray and Furillo act as stewardesses and serve chicken dinners during the 402-mile flight to Milwaukee. Shortly after dinner, we run into the outer edge of an electrical storm and take a few dips and bounces. It is the only rough flight of the entire transcontinental swing. From the rear of the plane, Furillo shouts, "More chicken, anyone?" There are no takers. We receive permission to fly around the storm and the detour takes us some 70 miles off course.

We arrive in Milwaukee at 11 p.m., almost three hours behind schedule. Despite the long doubleheader and comparatively rough flight, there is still the usual kidding and horseplay on the bus ride to the Hotel Schroeder. As usual, Larker is on the receiving end of many of the gags. Zimmer hides Larker's overnight case and the collapsible fishing pole that Norm is taking back to Los Angeles for a friend.

MONDAY, MAY 4—Tornado warnings have been posted in northern Wisconsin and thundershowers are predicted for our night game against the Braves. There are few TV sets in the hotel, but there are more than a half-dozen movie theaters within a radius of six blocks.

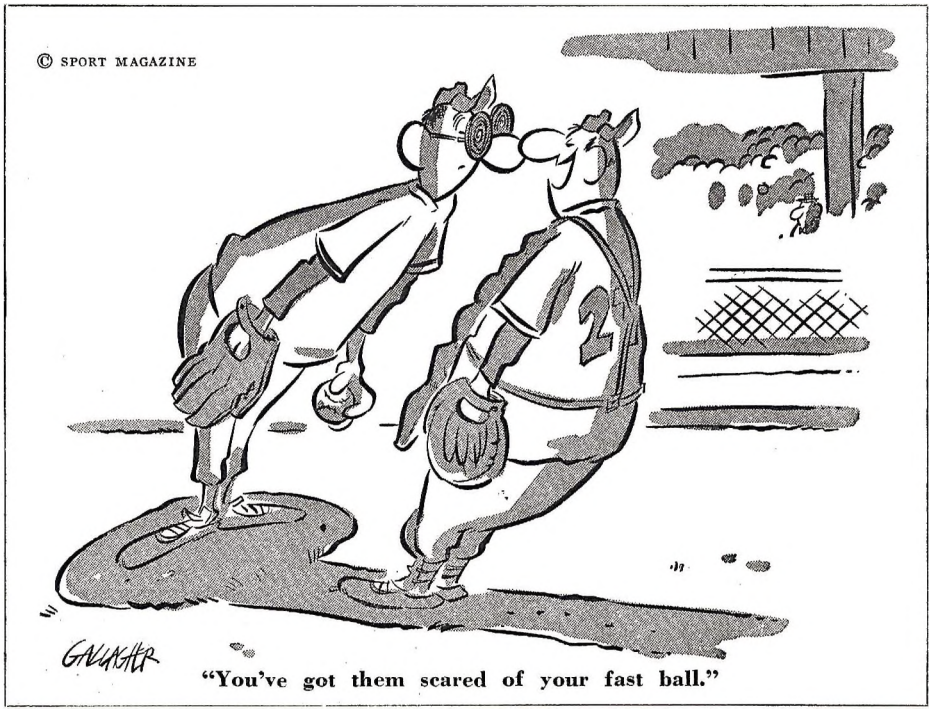
When we arrive in the clubhouse at 5:45 p.m., Senator Griffin is clad in shorts and a page boy cap. He has a collection of more than 200 hats and, in Brooklyn, used to wear the bulk of them during the course of a season. He wears the same costume in the clubhouse only as long as the Dodgers are on a winning streak. Podres, his left arm still slightly sore and discolored where Stan Williams had hit him in a pepper game a few days previously, pitches the distance and defeats Warren Spahn, 5-3. It is the first time that Podres has ever won at County Stadium.

TUESDAY, MAY 5—Only about a dozen players are aboard the bus to County Stadium when we leave the hotel at 5:30 p.m. The rest have taken cabs to the park earlier. Podres, Pignatano, Drysdale and Zimmer are playing hearts at a table in the clubhouse when we arrive. They have stripped to their shorts. At an adjoining table, Snider, Erskine, Hodges and Moon are playing bridge. They are somewhat more formal, in shorts and sweatshirts.

On a post in the corner of the clubhouse there is a notice. It is one of Senator Griffin's notes: "I knew that you'd get around to reading this little epistle. Well, boys, just a reminder that Sunday is Mother's Day. So let's not send our laundry home this week and surprise her with her favorite candy, flowers, etc."

Manager Alston skips the pre-game meeting with his players and simply reads the lineup. He adds, "No card playing a half-hour before batting practice." Senator Griffin wears the same page boy cap but covers his shorts with slacks. The change of costume may have been an omen as we lose, 3-2, in a 16-inning game which lasts four hours and 47 minutes.

It is well past 1 a.m. when we leave the ball park. Alston extends the curfew to 2 a.m. Usually, it is 1:30 after a night game and 12:30 after a day game. Bed checks are made once or twice a week by Senator Griffin. "I don't like to be a policeman," Alston says, "but we have to check often enough to let them know what we're doing."



"You've got them scared of your fast ball."

WEDNESDAY, MAY 6—It seems that day games almost always follow extra-long night games, and this time it is also a get-away day, which means packing. I have breakfast with Alston and Becker. The conversation is about the pitching rotation for the next week or so. Alston and Becker leave early to go shopping for presents to take home. We are to leave for San Francisco after the game, so there is little shopping time left.

In the clubhouse, Zimmer returns a good luck charm that Reese had given him. It is an Australian penny. "Here, take this," Don says. "It didn't do me any good." Zimmer had gone hitless in six chances during the 16-inning game the night before.

It is unusually quiet in the clubhouse after the game, since the Braves eked out a 5-4 victory. As the players board the bus, there are comparatively few autograph seekers. The bus driver asks for signatures and he does so apologetically. One slightly inebriated fan picks on Snider, who struck out as a pinch-hitter. "You could have won the game with a home run," the heckler yells. "I bet money on you guys." Snider ignores him.

On the plane, the poker and bridge groups have to get along without

Reese. He sits with his wife, Dorothy, and two-year-old son, Mark, who joined the party in Milwaukee. The bridge players, Snider, Erskine, Moon and Becker, have to improvise a table. They place a board across the aisle and cover it with a blanket. Moon uses a suitcase for a chair. After four trips in the Dodger plane, we are now back on a United Airlines DC-7. It is unanimously agreed by all Dodger personnel on the plane that the two stewardesses are an improvement over Pignatano and Furillo in both looks and efficiency. We arrive in San Francisco at 11 p.m., after covering 1,861 miles in six hours and 25 minutes.

THURSDAY, MAY 7—The squad is rather weary as it takes the field at Seals Stadium for an afternoon game against the Giants. It is the club's third game in 41 hours, but the most grueling part of the trip still is to come. Stan Williams gives the pitching staff a big lift by going nine innings and winning, 2-1.

At 5 o'clock, less than an hour after the end of the game, a police motorcycle escort leads our bus through the entrance to the San Francisco airport. We are going back to the Los Angeles Coliseum only long enough to play the New York Yankees in a benefit exhibition game honoring Roy Campanella. At 7:22 p.m., exactly three hours and 18 minutes after the end of the game in San Francisco, our bus pulls up in front of the Coliseum.

Baseball's all-time record crowd of 93,103 watches the Yanks win, 6-2. Campanella is deeply touched and the tremendous crowd is moved by his brief speech. Speaking from his wheelchair in the center of the diamond, the partially paralyzed Campy thanks the players and crowd.

It is a costly exhibition for both sides. Furillo suffers a fractured rib when hit by one of Ryne Duren's pitches. Only the previous night, Furillo had remarked, "It never fails, someone always gets hurt in an exhibition game." Furillo is placed on the 30-day disabled list, cutting the active roster to 26 players, with one more to go. Yankee first-baseman Bill Skowron is injured, too. He pulls a leg muscle and is sidelined for a week. A few days after the mishap, Furillo receives a telegram from Duren, who apologizes for the incident. "He's really a nice guy," Furillo says.

FRIDAY, MAY 8—We stayed in Los Angeles overnight and flew back to San Francisco this afternoon, going directly from the airport to the ball park. After batting practice, Zimmer, Snider, Labine, Podres and Dressen are grouped around a radio in the clubhouse, listening to a recording of the famous 1951 playoff game between the Dodgers and Giants. It was the game in which Bobby Thomson's home run in the bottom of the ninth won the pennant for the Giants.

". . . Ball three and now Snider steps out of the box and strokes his chin," the voice of Gordon McLendon reports. "Gee, I don't remember doing that," Snider says. Koufax comes in and asks, "Isn't that thing over yet?" He had listened to the start of the game before pitching batting practice. Dressen leaves the clubhouse before Thomson strokes his historic homer. "Where are you going, Charlie?" Podres asks. "I know what happened," Dressen snaps. "I was the manager, remember?"

It is a cold and extremely windy night in Seals Stadium, but a near capacity crowd turns out to watch the Giants win, 9-3. McDevitt and Fowler, the only players who stayed in San Francisco during the Campanella game, bear the brunt of the Giants' attack. On the bus to the Sheraton Palace Hotel, Fowler says, "I wish I could be born over and be an .800 hitter. Or be able to throw harder."

SATURDAY, MAY 9—It is an unusually warm spring afternoon in San Francisco. Seals Stadium is roofless and the public address announcer advises fans to cover their heads to prevent over-exposure to the sun.

Before the game, I spot Stan Williams autographing the last in a box full of baseballs. This is a daily routine for the players. They sign at least two dozen in the clubhouse before games. I pick up a ball and notice that Williams has taken a short-cut by signing it: "Stan Wms." "He's saving his pitching arm," someone cracks.

We win, 6-5, in 11 innings. It is somewhat of a duster duel between Drysdale and Sam Jones. Jones hits Larker in the top of the third inning. In the bottom half of the inning, Drysdale hits Willie Mays and draws a warning from umpire Frank Secory.

Many of the players dine out that night at some of San Francisco's famous restaurants. The dining room at the Sheraton Palace closes at 10:30 p.m. and, since we play a number of night games at San Francisco, the players are always given meal money for this part of the trip. Alston returns to the hotel after the game to await a phone call from general manager Buzzie Bavasi in Los Angeles. One player has to be cut by midnight to reach the 25-player limit. Bavasi phones at eight o'clock and, after a discussion with Alston, it is decided that third-baseman Jim Baxes will be sent to the Dodger farm club at Spokane.

SUNDAY, MAY 10—A telegram from National League President Warren Giles is waiting for Drysdale when he comes into the clubhouse. It informs him of a $50 fine for the dusting incident of the previous afternoon. Drysdale protests: "I had no intention of hitting Mays. It was the worst game I pitched all year. I was just wild."

Home runs by Rip Repulski and Neal, and the pitching of Podres and Labine, beat the Giants, 3-2, in the final game. It gives the club a 9-8 record for the trip and it is a happy group that boards the bus and then the United Airlines DC-6 for the trip home. After 18 days of living out of suitcases, everybody is anxious to get back for a long home stand.

When we land at Los Angeles International Airport at 7 p.m. we are welcomed by wives, children, friends and a large turnout of fans. Manager Alston's parting words are, "Have a nice day off, boys. You don't have to be at the park until five o'clock tomorrow afternoon." After claiming their luggage, the players disappear.

We have covered 5,944 miles, spending nearly a full day—23 hours and 25 minutes—in the air. We have also spent about that much time riding in buses, to and from ball parks and airports. Road secretary Scott estimates that the trip expenses for hotels, food and travel will be about $30,000. It has been a good trip, but it's good to be home again.

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NEW OLYMPIC HOPEFULS

(*Continued from page* 29)
come up so spectacularly that he was able to earn a berth (behind O'Brien, of course) on the U.S. team that met the Russians in Moscow.

As a USC freshman last fall, Long switched from the 12-pound ball he had used in high school to the official 16-pound weight. By February he had tossed it a prodigious 63 feet, four inches. The field sloped too much to qualify the toss for a world record, but it brought Parry O'Brien himself hustling down from the stands. Parry rushed to the dressing room, changed into a track suit and registered a toss of 63 feet, 6¾ inches. "I just had to," Parry said. "What would the people think? I just hope I can hold him off for another year or two, but it's going to take some doing."

Just one month later, in Santa Barbara, Long officially matched O'Brien's world mark of 63 feet, two inches, and then, in several unofficial exhibition appearances, he surpassed it.

Still growing at six feet, and 260 pounds, Dallas credits the use of weights for his phenomenal success. "They built up my arms and back and gave me extra strength," he said. "I should be able to hit at least 66 feet by the end of the year."

So quickly do newcomers check in at a major level that even the most ardent and knowledgeable followers become bewildered trying to keep track of the young stars.

Take the mile, for instance. This is the pet event of Americans, and yet we haven't had an Olympic champion at the equivalent 1,500-meter distance since the late Mel Sheppard won 51 years ago. In 1957 Don Bowden established himself as our principal hope when he became the first American to better four minutes. But in '58 and early this year, up popped some new hopefuls. Ed Moran of Penn State, Peter Close of St. John's and Jim Grelle of Oregon were coming close to the four-minute mark. Some enthusiasts believe that by '60, one or more of this trio will develop the sustained speed to challenge Australia's world record-holder, Herb Elliott, or Ireland's defending champ, Ron Delany.

Maybe one of these youngsters will, but then again maybe there will be an even faster American around by then. Some think so. They point to an 18-year-old University of Oregon freshman named Dyrol Burleson. Two years ago, as a Cottage Grove (Ore.) high school boy, his best mile time was 4:24.4. Last year he lowered the U.S. high school record to 4:13.2 and then, in a non-scholastic race, did 4:12.2. This spring Dyrol clicked off a 4:07.6 to shatter the national freshman record, and then he went 4:06.7 to better the Drake Relays standard as he defeated Hungary's Laszlo Tabori and Australia's Barrie Almond. From 4:24 to 4:06 in 24 months!

Some tubs are thumping for a Kansas schoolboy named Archie San Romani, Jr., whose father was one of the world's great milers two decades ago. Young Archie advanced from 4:26 in 1957 to 4:18 in '58. A few months ago, as a Wichita East High School senior, he ran a 4:08.9 in taking third in the Compton Invitation Mile. This is the fastest time ever turned in by a school boy but it will not be recognized as a scholastic record since it came in an open meet. "I hesitate to predict what he will do," his father says. "He's improving each time out and he has his sights set so high."

Another promising miler is Dale Story, an Orange (Calif.) high school boy who recently ran the distance in 4:11 flat—also faster than Burleson's national interscholastic record.

There is, for the firmly entrenched stars, a threat from youth throughout the Olympic track and field card. In the 440, Glenn Davis, the bullet from Ohio State, had a fabulous season in '58. On May 24, at Lafayette, Ind., he matched the world record of 45.8 seconds and then on June 14 he lowered it to 45.7. A week later, in the national championships, Davis returned to the 440-yard hurdles—he was the 1956 Olympic 400-meter hurdles champion—and bettered the world mark. Against the Russians in Moscow, he won both 400-meter races, on the flat and over the hurdles.

Hardly noticed on that afternoon of May 24 when Davis was at Lafayette, another record was being trimmed in Columbus, Ohio, some 200 miles away. Since it was merely the national schoolboy mark for 440 yards, it didn't merit too much space in the press. A boy from Lakewood, Ohio, Dave Mills, who was born in Galt, Ont., turned in a clocking of 46.6 seconds.

One season later, Mills, now a Purdue freshman, drummed up considerable notice at the annual Ohio Relays when he met Davis for the first time and whipped him—not once, but twice. Young Mills, 20, triumphed by four yards at 400 meters, timed in 46.5, and then by the same margin at 300 yards. His time in the latter event of 29.5 was the second best ever recorded in competition. That Davis beat him the next few times out took little away from Mills. Unknown until last year, Dave should continue to improve between now and next summer.

Six-foot, 155-pound Mills has filed for U.S. citizenship and expects to take his oath of allegiance some time this summer—in time to compete in the 1960 Olympics as an American.

Last May, John Mostyn, an 18-year-old high school boy from Oradell, N.J., startled the track world by turning in a 9.3 in the 100-yard dash to tie the world record. Track officials, however, doubted whether the record would be recognized because no record of wind velocity was kept. Mostyn plans to study for the clergy and does not appear to be interested in continuing his track career.

Among the more promising youths in the dash events are Hubie Watson of Jordan High School, Los Angeles; Stan Rhodes, Hoover High School, Glendale, Calif.; Pat Mitchell, Gainesville High School, Texas; Mel Clipper of Tenn A&I; Ralph Alspaugh of Texas; Sid Garton of East Texas State and Willie White of California.

Another athlete who seemed ready to take a gold medal in the Olympics until the kids showed up is Al Oerter, from Floral Park, N.Y. In 1954, Al added some five feet to the schoolboy discus record with his toss of 184 feet, 2¾ inches (the schoolboys throw a platter lighter in weight than the one used by the colleges).

Two years later, Oerter, then a varsity athlete at the University of Kansas, placed fourth in the NCAA championships and sixth in the AAU title meet. But a well-executed throw at the final tryouts got him on the Olympic team, and at Melbourne he won the world championship.

Oerter's schoolboy record lived on for five years, for it was an outstanding performance. But three months ago came word of a mightier feat: Karl Johnstone, a senior from North Phoenix High in Arizona—Dallas Long's alma mater—surpassed the Oerter record by more than *ten* feet. Is this to suggest that Johnstone will win the Olympic discus next year? No—but remember the name, and don't be amazed if he does.

Others to watch are pole-vaulters Jim Brewer of USC and Rolando Cruz, a Mercersburg, Pa., prep school sensation. Competing at the Millrose Games in New York this year, Cruz leaped 14 feet, six inches to finish ahead of Bob Gutowski and second to Don Bragg. Brewer, who two years ago became the first high school vaulter to clear 15 feet, has not progressed as quickly as expected since then.

Best of the young broad-jumpers are Tony Lorick of Freemont High School, Los Angeles, and Bill Toomey of Colorado University. Far behind Long but still promising in the shot put are Henry Korn of Manhattan College and Harrison Rosdahl of Ridgefield Park, N.J., high school. Jan Sikorsky, holder of the high school javelin record and now a sophomore at USC, and Glenn Willingham, a Grants Pass, Ore., high school boy, are moving up in the javelin.

Right behind Thomas and Dumas in the high jump are three young California high school boys—Paul Stuber of Bellflower, Joe Faust of Culver City and Roy Nickelberry of Oxnard. Each has cleared the bar at six feet, eight inches, and could give the United States a sweep in this event at Rome.

At this time, only Thomas and Long of the newcomers can be considered strong bets for the 1960 Olympics. The overall picture, however, is very bright. America's track and field future couldn't rest in better and younger hands.

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EVERYBODY WANTS RAMOS

(*Continued from page* 43)

daddy fas' man. Anyways, I hide een tree until long pas' chow—and I love to eat. Finally, my daddy say, 'Pedro, come down. I no care you bad boy. You ron puree goo'.' And seence that time, I ron puree goo'."

Dressen put Ramos in as a pinch-runner in several exhibition games. For a time, that was all he did.

But, as it generally does for all Washington managers, the time came when Dressen was hard pressed for pitching. Any Washington pitcher who can throw two strikes in a row automatically becomes a starter, and Ramos distinguished himself by beating Boston in his first major-league game. He has since made a career of beating the Red Sox. One-third of his lifetime victories are against them.

He had a poor 5-11 record in 1955, but he won 12 in 1956, 12 more in 1957, and 14 last year. With those totals, he has been Washington's winningest pitcher the last three seasons.

Ramos, as has been mentioned, loves to run. The Senators were traveling north with the Cincinnati Redlegs a couple of years ago when Clint Courtney, the Washington catcher, steamed up a race between Don Hoak, then the Cincinnati third-baseman, and Ramos. That was quite a night. The clubs were on the same train and Birdie Tebbetts, then the Reds' manager, was talking about his new speed champ—Bobby Henrich, a 17-year-old schoolboy who was rated Olympic sprint material.

Courtney, rising to the bait, began to talk about his boy, Ramos. One word led to another and a few wagers were made. Courtney went through the Cincinnati sleeper waking everyone up and challenging them to put their money where their snores were. Clint routed out a sleepy Ted Kluszewski and bellowed, "Elephant, how's about you gittin' some of this po' man's money I'm bettin' on Ramos."

Ted must have thought that Ramos was a gin fizz or something because he had not been present when the large debate began. He brushed Courtney aside like a fly, and since Big Klu had the muscles, Clint didn't pursue the subject.

Back in the dining car, the wagers were made and the rival camps got to insulting each other. Tebbetts observed that "even" Don Hoak could beat Ramos. Courtney wasn't quite sure about taking on Henrich, a bonus boy, and passed him off with the observation, "I'm talking about ballplayers runnin'. This li'l kid, Henrich, ain't proved he's a ballplayer yet."

Tebbetts then remarked acidly that Hoak would leave Ramos standing still.

"Iffen he do," said the Louisiana-bred Courtney, "that Hoak is gonna have to put them feet down awful regular."

The big race took place in Chattanooga. Ramos stumbled at the start while Hoak jumped off to a substantial lead. But, at the end of 100 yards, Hoak was a well-beaten favorite.

Ramos later raced and beat the highly-touted Henrich. This past spring, Pedro challenged the Philadelphia speedster, Richie Ashburn. It was no contest. Richie pulled up lame while Ramos went flying to victory.

Pedro just likes to run and he thinks that if he ever gets Mickey Mantle into a race, the legend of Mantle's invincibility afoot will be destroyed once and for all.

Pedro has been pestering Mantle about a race for a few seasons now with no results. Recently, Mantle was called to the dugout phone before a game with the Nats at Griffith Stadium. "Hello. Who's this?" asked the Yankee slugger. "Eeet's me Meekee. Pedro. How 'bout a race?" Mickey smiled, shook his head and hung up.

Mantle, however, doesn't have to race Ramos to be remembered. It may be recalled that the Senators were playing in Yankee Stadium on May 30, 1957, when Mantle blasted one of Ramos' fast balls for a home run high up on the facade of the third tier, only a few feet from being the first fair ball ever hit out of the stadium.

One later afternoon, at Griffith Stadium in Washington, the Senators were taking batting practice before a game with the Yankees. High above, a jet airliner flew by, leaving its white trail of condensation. Pedro glanced up at the jet stream, paused for a moment and then hollered in the direction of the Yankee dugout, "Hey Meekee. You heet 'nuther homer off Pedro?"

Home runs used to upset Ramos, but not any more. In 1957, he gave up 43 homers to break teammate Camilo Pascual's American League record of 34. But the next spring, Pedro discussed his problem with Robin Roberts, who holds the major-league gopher ball record of 46. The Phillies' pitcher told Ramos, "Get the ball over the plate and don't worry about the batter hitting it. Depend on your support. Don't go for strikeouts. Just think, if a man walks and the next guy homers, that's two runs. You see how those walks get you in trouble? Just worry about getting the ball over."

Pedro listened carefully and now, one year later, he is one of the leading advocates of Robin's theory. Only this spring, Ramos said, "I peetch 259 eenings las' season. Eees a lot. And I deedn't walk too many. If you keep bowl aroun' the plate, they get more home rons but you ween. I never worry 'bout home ron. Only worry 'bout walks."

This season, Pedro hasn't had too much to worry about. In his first nine games, he walked only 13.

Pedro's ambition is to be an outfielder because he would get to play every day. He says he had a nightmare recently. He was playing center field with a catcher's mitt and the batter hit a fly ball. Ramos says he was rooted to the ground and couldn't move. He woke up screaming.

A bachelor, Ramos has "diggings" with a Washington family who adore him. After one of his recent winning efforts, the family invited Pete out to dinner.

"I'm asham'," Ramos admitted. "I so hongry I eat two steak. I can' stop eating. I feel like fool because I eat two steak and lotsa potatoes. I eat like I be starve and I do."

How does Ramos feel about all those clubs bidding for him?

"I tell you trut'," he says seriously, "I like Washington. Eet's good people and they give me my chance. I theenk like theese— I like to go other club

like Yankees eef I get money Roy Seever get. I hate Yankees but I no hate them eef they get me een trade.

"I thenk eet be easy to peetch for Yankees because they have good ball club and I las' longer in beeg leagues. I no have to work so har' like I do now to ween."

Ramos' present ambition is to make $35,000—the salary that teammate Roy Sievers (or "Seever") is reportedly making. Pedro's current salary is about $12,000.

"For business," Ramos says, "I like Yankees. For fon, I like Washington."

He learned his English through the cowboy movies he goes to see regularly, and his language is sprinkled with some bizarre Western phrases. Last year, Ramos bought himself a complete cowboy outfit, all in black, and the only thing that distinguished him from the Lone Ranger was that he was unmasked.

Ramos pitches winter ball every year so he doesn't have too much time for his family. But he'll whip out a picture of his mother—a handsome, white-haired woman—with no urging at all. Ramos is a devoted son who is constantly sending her gifts. He writes her at least twice a week and it makes him sad that he sees her only about five or six times a year.

He says he was homesick right up until last season when he suddenly felt he was growing up. Most Cubans get homesick at first. The Washington club has been through all that before and has seen many a bright prospect, perhaps another Ramos, chuck it all because the rookie couldn't bear to be away from his homeland.

Pete says he has two brothers, Ramon, 21, and Cristofo, 16, who also are pitchers. Ramon presently is with Fort Walton Beach in the Alabama-Florida League. But Pete thinks the star of the family will be Cristofo, who is playing "amachur" ball. Ramos says he never taught Cristofo how to pitch. Pedro's pal and Washington teammate, Camilo Pascual, took the younger Ramos in hand this past winter and taught him the curve.

Six-foot, 175-pound Ramos has a better than average fast ball, which rises, and a knuckler. Most baseball observers agree that his greatest asset, though, is his ability to change speeds. He's always around the strike zone and has averaged slightly over two walks a game in his four full major-league seasons.

Ramos throws his knuckler in the conventional way, with his thumb alongside the ball and the fingernails of his index and middle fingers on the seams. He grips the ball as tightly as he can and throws it with a stiff wrist.

Casey Stengel of the Yankees, Al Lopez of the White Sox and Mike Higgins of the Red Sox all have gone on record as being enchanted with Pedro's "heart" and "guts."

"This boy works hard at pitching and he doesn't get discouraged when he's behind. He just tries harder," Stengel said. "He's got good baseball sense and he moves the ball around. What I like best about him is that he'll battle you every second."

Joe Gordon and Jim Piersall of the Cleveland Indians also can attest to Pedro's battling. One of baseball's better free-for-alls took place this spring when Piersall—bat in hand—rushed out to the mound to caution Ramos about brushing back the hitters. Just when Piersall had quieted, Indian manager Gordon charged out.

Within a moment, players of both teams were battling and the usually happy Ramos was right in the middle of the fighting. Peace was restored, and Ramos, Gordon and Piersall were thrown out of the game.

Pedro, who was fined $50, was anxious to tell his side of the story in the dressing room. "I don' know what he (Piersall) say. He talk so fast. But I don' try to heet heem with peetch. Eef I try, I do it. Lucky for heem, he don' touch Pedro with bat. If he deed, I throw bowl between hees eyes."

Ramos blames Gordon for starting the fight. "Nothing would have happen if Gordon keep quiet. He come to me an' call me bad name. I don' believe what I hear. I say, 'What?' An' he call me name again. I don' take that. I sweeng at heem."

A few hours later, however, Pedro once again was his friendly and easy-going self. And a few weeks later, when Gordon and Ramos met, Pedro told Joe, "I no fighter, I lover."

A handsome young man, Pedro wore lengthy sideburns and long hair when he first came up. He has since Americanized himself; he has shaved off the side whiskers and gone to the crew cut. A meticulous dresser, he looks like an Ivy Leaguer. Whatever money doesn't go for clothes and a splashy car of robin's egg blue, goes home to the family or to the nest egg that he is accumulating for himself and his señorita, a 20-year-old, dark-eyed beauty named Miriam Morales—the girl next door in Cuba.

Pete wants to settle down on a farm and get away from the city, when baseball is done with him. He hopes to do this with the fair Miriam—but there's a problem.

Pedro explains, "Before I lef' home, Miriam and I decide we get marreed een three-day vacation we get during All-Star game.

"But I tell her, 'Eef I'm peeked to play een All-Star game, marreege will have to wait. After all, All-Star game very important.'"

There is no record of what Señorita Morales had to say to the happy señor with the strong right arm.

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In SPORT for October, on sale August 27

THE LITTLE NAPOLEON

(*Continued from page* 46)

great Orioles, he had made many an overnight jump in a day coach and slept in second-, even third-rate hotels. As the manager of the Giants, he made it a rule that the club ride only first-rate trains and be put up at first-class hotels. Whenever he obtained a player in a trade during a season, he tore up the player's contract and gave him a new one calling for an extra thousand dollars. "It will cost him that much more to live in New York," McGraw would explain.

Dugout gossip being what it was then, and still is, the owners of the other clubs couldn't keep from their players the knowledge of what McGraw was doing for the Giants. As a result, the standards he set became, perforce, the standards throughout both leagues.

On the field, his teams stressed attack, sometimes to the point of apparent recklessness. When the Giants had to come from behind, McGraw played to win, never to tie. Where another manager would sacrifice, he would call for a hit-and-run. In defiance of the cut-and-dried strategy employed by his opponents, McGraw would order a steal if only to upset the pitcher. He never had a slow man on his team if he could help it. He would have his men bunting, dragging, slashing, running and sliding, exerting continuous pressure on the enemy. It was his nature to go for broke, and when he lost, he raged in the clubhouse.

John Joseph McGraw was born in Truxton, an upstate New York hamlet, on April 7, 1873. His father, John, an Irish immigrant, was a farmhand and a pick and shovel laborer, depending on the seasons of the year and the opportunities they afforded. Between his coming to this country and his settling in Truxton some years later, he had wandered far, had been married and widowed and had a small daughter named Anna. In Truxton, he met and married Ellen Comerfort, whose family had lived in that region for generations. Ellen bore him eight children. Four of them died in infancy. Ellen, herself, died when young John was 12, leaving, besides him, Margaret, Ellen and James Michael, and the step-daughter, Anna.

At her death, all the children, except for John, were scattered among her relatives. John remained with his father, by that time a section hand on the Elmira, Cortland and Northern Railroad. The father and son had nothing in common but baseball. John was enamored of the game and his father hated it, even resorting to beating his son and locking him overnight in the woodshed as punishment for his disobedience in playing it. Meanwhile, young John earned his keep as a herd boy for dairy farmers, or at other odd jobs. Once, at his father's insistence, he worked as a candy butcher on the railroad between Cortland and Elmira—but not for long. Nor could school hold his interest for more than a few days at a time, although he had a lively mind and learned easily the subjects that appealed to him.

He had to play ball, and he did. As a pitcher or infielder, he played with the town teams in Truxton and East Homer. Then, in 1890, he was hired by the Olean club of the New York and Pennsylvania League for $40 a month. It must have been a loose-leaf arrangement, for before the summer was over, John made brief stop-overs in Hornellsville and Caniesto and wound up in Wellsville. In later years, he would date his true beginning as a professional ballplayer from the engagement in Wellsville. Perhaps that was because he was paid $60 a month there, lived in a hotel and had steak for breakfast.

His decision to earn his living as a ballplayer naturally brought heated protests, even threats, from his father. But John ignored the protests and laughed at the threats. He was a man now, was he not? He was 17 years old and had moved out from under the parental roof . . . and the woodshed, too. He was making $60 a month, more, perhaps, than his father was, and he was a celebrity, pointed out to strangers in the cigar stores and pool halls or on the streets as "Johnny McGraw, the ballplayer." That fall Al Lawson, manager of the Wellsville club, recruited him for a barnstorming team that made a winter tour of Florida and Cuba. The day he went back to Truxton to pack for the journey south, he said goodbye forever to his father.

The barnstormers worked their way up and down through central Florida, then, from Tampa, took a boat to Havana. It was McGraw's first sight of a foreign land. In the years to come, he would know Havana well, and would even become an important figure in its sporting and political life. But now, eight years before the liberation of Cuba, it was a Spanish colonial city, patrolled by soldiers of the king. Yet the tourists discovered that baseball, introduced on the island only a year or two before, already was popular. The team made a little money and had a lot of fun before, in March of 1891, they returned to Florida.

They were in Gainesville when the Cleveland club arrived to train—and, unwittingly, gave McGraw an opportunity that he would use to reach the National League within a very short time.

"We played the Clevelands one day, with Leon Viau pitching for them," McGraw once said. "He was one of their best pitchers but I got to him for three doubles and a single. Funny thing, no one ever stopped to think that I was in shape, and that Viau, after the winter's layoff, wasn't. He was just lobbing the ball up to the plate. A few days later, I was getting telegrams from all over the country, offering me jobs. When I got one from the Cedar Rapids club for $125 a month, I took it."

It was a free-swinging, catch-as-catch-can time in baseball, so far as the minor leagues were concerned. In a business sense, each club stood alone against all the others. At the same time each was at the mercy of the National League and a sort of cut-rate major league called the American Association. Other minor-league clubs swore McGraw had accepted offers from them, too, but there he was in Cedar Rapids and there he would remain—although not for long. In little more than a month, the Baltimore club of the American Association lured him with a better offer. That winter, 1891-92, the National League, expanding to 12 clubs, calmly appropriated Baltimore and, as a re-

sult, McGraw found himself in the big league.

The new manager of the club was Ned Hanlon, who, within two years, put together a team that became an enduring legend. The principal players were Dan Brouthers, Heinie Reitz, Hughie Jennings and McGraw in the infield; Willie Keeler, Steve Brodie and Joe Kelly in the outfield; Wilbert Robinson and Bill (Boileryard) Clarke, the catchers; and John (Sadie) McMahon, Charles (Duke) Esper, William (Kid) Gleason; William (Chick) Hoffer, and Erasmus Arlington (Arlie) Pond, the pitchers.

Hanlon encouraged his players to use their wits along with their eyes, arms and legs. McGraw and Keeler originated the hit-and-run play. They polished their bunting and base-running. They invented so many tricks that they forced the drafting of new rules and the changing of old ones. To play for Hanlon was not only to be a member of a winning team but to be enrolled, quite literally, in a training school for major-league managers. McGraw was the most famous of the graduates, but Jennings (Tigers), Kelly (Reds), Robinson (Dodgers), and Gleason (White Sox) also earned their master's degrees.

By 1898, as the Orioles' dominance of the league was wearing thin, McGraw became involved in a situation that was scandalous. It was not of his making, however, and he walked boldly out of it. H. B. Von der Horst, the owner of the club, disturbed by a falling attendance in Baltimore, bought into the Brooklyn club, planning to shift Hanlon and most of his regulars there for the 1899 season and operate the Orioles with his irregulars and minor-league fill-ins. There were cries of "syndicate baseball!" raised in the newspapers, but without a higher power in the game to restrain him, Von der Horst had his way, save in one respect. McGraw, ordered to go to Brooklyn, refused. At a word from him, so did Wilbert Robinson.

Reluctantly, but at Hanlon's urging, Von der Horst appointed McGraw playing manager of the shattered remains of the Orioles. McGraw played well and managed well in a lost cause. That winter, the National League, by now engaged in an all-out struggle with Byron Bancroft Johnson, who was about to expand his Western League into a new major league in a direct challenge to the National, decided to cut its membership from 12 clubs to eight. Baltimore, along with Louisville, Washington and Cleveland, went into the discard.

McGraw and Robinson, sold to St. Louis, refused to go until May 1, when stipulations made by McGraw were met: He was to be paid at the rate of $100 a game and the reserve clause was to be stricken from his contract.

And Robinson? "He'll go where I go," McGraw said. And so Robbie did, at a lesser rate but minus the reserve clause, too.

At the end of the season, they were free agents, and that winter, when Johnson, carrying the fight with the National League to close quarters, slapped the American League label on his operation and put a club in Baltimore. McGraw became manager of the new Orioles.

It was an arrangement that caused dismay throughout the National League and augured well for the American, but it was short-lived. It was a fetish with Johnson that the authority of his umpires had to be upheld at all times, and McGraw was, and always would be, an umpire baiter. It was on that rock that relations between them first were severed, and early in 1902, McGraw left Baltimore to go to New York to manage the Giants. There had been other involvements: McGraw had heard Johnson was going to ditch Baltimore and move the franchise to New York. He had hoped that, if this came to pass, he would manage the New York club, and, when he learned otherwise, he made the jump to New York first. That, at least, was his story. Johnson's was that McGraw simply was a deserter. In any case, the feud between them raged until Johnson, ailing and disillusioned by what he deemed the treachery of men whom he had raised to high estate, retired from baseball in 1927.

Meanwhile, McGraw had met, in Baltimore, the comely Mary Blanche Sindall, daughter of James W. Sindall, a prominent contractor. Of their courtship, Mrs. McGraw has said: "He never missed a Sunday night at our house. Of course, he was there other nights, too. But Sundays were special. My mother and father loved to have young people in the house, and Mother was rather famous for her Sunday evenings. We would have a cold supper and afterwards we would gather around the piano in the parlor and some one would play and we would all sing."

They were married in St. Ann's Roman Catholic Church in Baltimore on January 8, 1902. This union of the often turbulent John and the always placid Blanche was ideal, a romance that ended only with John's death.

There was plenty of excitement for McGraw in his new job. Andrew Freedman, owner of the Giants, was rich, politically powerful, raffish and ruthless. He hired, abused and fired managers, and ballplayers, too. He terrorized some of the baseball writers and barred from the Polo Grounds those who defied him. From his grandstand box, he hurled obscenities at the umpires and the visiting players, and either created or encouraged riotous scenes on the field. The more respectable fans refused to attend Giant games. The less respectable did so mainly to wrangle with Freedman and taunt his hapless last-place players.

McGraw's arrival brought a swift change. Over Freedman's shrill protests, the new manager released nine of the 23 players on his roster. One he kept was a young pitcher named Christy Mathewson, whom his predecessor, Horace Fogel, had put at first base. He raided the Baltimore club and came back with catcher Roger Bresnahan, Joe McGinnity, the Iron Man who enjoyed pitching doubleheaders, Steve Brodie and Dan McGann, a young first-baseman. When Freedman tried to curb him, McGraw lashed back so savagely that for perhaps the first time in his life Freedman was cowed.

"All right," he said. "I'll let you run the team to suit yourself."

And McGraw grumbled: "You're damned right you will!"

The Giants finished last but the crowds were returning to the Polo Grounds, sensing the coming of better times. They didn't have to wait long. That winter, Freedman sold the club to John Tomlinson Brush, a wealthy Indianapolis clothier who first entered baseball when he bought the Indianapolis National League club in 1888. When that club was dropped from the

league in 1889, he had purchased the Cincinnati club and had met and battled there with Ban Johnson, then a baseball writer. Now, stubbornly opposed to the American League because of his intense dislike for Johnson, he had sold the Reds and moved into New York.

Brush was ambitious to make the Giants the greatest club in baseball and he was a solid admirer of McGraw. He gave his manager a free hand and a blank check. In 1903, strengthened by young players McGraw had rounded up, the Giants finished second to the Pirates. Brush increased the seating capacity of the Polo Grounds and, chuckling as he counted his profits at the end of the season, he said to McGraw, "We'll do even better next year."

"Sure we will," McGraw said. "We'll win the pennant."

And so they did—and they won it again in 1905. After the peaceful settlement of the war between the leagues that was provoked by the invasion of New York in 1903 by the Yankees, or Highlanders, as they then were called, there had been a World Series between the Pirates and the Red Sox. There was none in 1904, for Brush, although he had signed the peace pact, refused to permit the Giants to meet the Red Sox, who again had won in the American League. As a result, the National Commission, a new governing body consisting of the presidents of the two leagues and August Herrmann, president of the Cincinnati club, ruled that, beginning in 1905, there would be a World Series every year. It was an epochal series, this one, with the Giants defeating the Athletics in five games as the A's were shut out three times by Mathewson and once by McGinnity. In their only loss, the Giants were shut out by Chief Bender.

McGraw always believed that this was his greatest team, although there were many who, in time to come, would give that distinction to the 1922 Giants. Was McGraw's preference for his 1905 heroes colored by the circumstance that they were his first world champions? Perhaps. Yet, among them were some who unquestionably rank with the all-time great players: Matty and McGinnity and George (Hooks) Wiltse, Bresnahan, McGann, Bill Dahlen and Sandow Mertes, Arthur Devlin, Billy Gilbert, George Browne and Turkey Mike Donlin.

At any rate, the pattern had been set. New glories had been added to those won by the Giants of an earlier time, before the unhappy coming of Andrew Freedman, and these would grow and multiply as McGraw, who fashioned them, grew steadily in stature.

He had become, by 1905, a celebrated man about town. Among his friends and associates were the famous sporting, theatrical, political and financial figures of the era. He and Mrs. McGraw were seen at the race tracks as often as his duties permitted, and they were regulars at the leading dramatic and vaudeville theaters. They dined almost nightly in the finest restaurants.

Riding high in the dugout as the Giants made a stand at the Polo Grounds or surged on the road, McGraw was riding rough, too. Frequently he was embroiled not only with his enemies on the field (including the umpires) but with rival club owners and even with Harry Pulliam, the president of the league. Out of these clashes came, in 1905, an episode that, in retrospect, seems to have been more than slightly ridiculous but at the time was a *cause celebré*. It began with a letter from Barney Dreyfuss, owner of the Pirates, to Pulliam: "I desire to and herewith make formal complaint against the conduct of John J. McGraw at the Polo Grounds Friday and Saturday, May 19 and 20.

"While sitting in a box with a lady and gentleman from Pittsburgh, I was annoyed by McGraw's frequent personal references to me—sneering remarks that I personally be the umpire for the remaining games of the series.

"On Saturday, I was standing in the main entrance of the Polo Grounds, talking quietly to some friends, when McGraw, who had been put off the grounds for using foul language, appeared on the balcony of the club house and shouted: 'Hey, Barney!'

"I did not answer that too familiar greeting and did not respond to any of his several attempts to attract my attention. Then he urged me to make a wager. He also made remarks about me controlling the umpires, and other false and malicious statements. Steps should be taken to protect visitors to the Polo Grounds from insults from the said John J. McGraw."

When Pulliam released the letter for publication, without having communicated with McGraw, John blistered him with a charge that, as former secretary to Dreyfuss, he was doing his master's bidding by convicting him without a trial. "What sort of times have we fallen on," McGraw said, "when players or managers can be sandbagged by the officials of the league and held up to scorn and ridicule without the chance of telling their own side of the story? We might as well be in Russia!"

The New York baseball writers also attacked Pulliam, who referred Dreyfuss' charges to the league's board of directors and called a meeting of the board for June 1 in Boston. When McGraw heard of this, he got Pulliam on the telephone and berated him unmercifully, whereupon Pulliam suspended him for 15 days and fined him $150. However, McGraw was the ultimate victor. The board of directors exonerated him and chided Dreyfuss for "his undignified conduct in engaging in a public altercation with a manager." And when Pulliam said the fine and suspension must stand, McGraw got a court order for a permanent injunction restraining him.

This naturally led to further outbursts on the part of McGraw and although his fistic talents did not match either his temper or his courage, one day in Cincinnati he offered to fight everybody in the ball park, which prompted Mike Donlin to remark: "He's a wonder. He can start more fights—and win fewer—than anybody I ever saw."

Twelve years later, in the summer of 1917, McGraw got into another row that was a two-week sensation in the newspapers. It started on June 8 in Cincinnati, when the Giants and Reds, at the conclusion of a game, were in a passageway under the stands that led to both clubhouses. It had been a black day for Bill Byron, the plate umpire, with players on both sides nagging at him. And now, as McGraw came up behind him and Tom Clark, the Reds' catcher, still arguing, he joined in.

"You talk big," Byron said to McGraw. "I guess you didn't used to be

so tough. They say you were run out of Baltimore."

"They do, hey!" McGraw roared. "Would you say it?"

"Yes," Byron said. "I'd say it."

McGraw split Byron's upper lip with a short right and, as he reeled, John was prevented from hitting him again only by some of the players.

Unperturbed as the news that he had struck an umpire was flashed across the country, McGraw said his action could not be likened to that of a manager or a player who had struck an umpire in the course of a game. This, he explained, was purely a personal row that had taken place under the stand after a game. Byron had insulted him and he had hit Byron. It just happened that Byron was an umpire. He was sure that John K. Tener, former Governor of Pennsylvania and now president of the league, would understand.

Tener didn't, though. At least his understanding did not coincide with that of McGraw. He suspended John for 16 days and fined him $500. Now McGraw let go a blast that had a strangely familiar ring to those who remembered, or had read of, his indictment of Pulliam in the "Hey, Barney!" case. Tener had been sponsored by William F. Baker, owner of the Phillies, and was running the league from Philadelphia. When McGraw's statement appeared in the New York newspapers represented by correspondents with the Giants, he repudiated it, claiming he had been misquoted. They reiterated their original stories and were content to stand on the record, but the other members of Baseball Writers' Association demanded an official vindication of their colleagues—and got it. John Conway Toole, an eminent lawyer of the time, was appointed by Tener to take evidence from both sides, weigh it and report his findings. McGraw was represented at the hearing by John Montgomery Ward and the writers by Martin W. Littleton. At its conclusion, Toole found for the writers. McGraw, who had served his 16-day suspension and paid his $500 fine, now was fined $1,000.

"It cost Mac $500 for fighting and $1,000 for talking about it," somebody said.

But there was more to McGraw than bluster and ego and a knack for quarreling with his friends. There was, for instance, his readiness to give a break to a ballplayer who, for one reason or another, had run into a dead end with another club. The first of these was Donlin. Mike was a rough-hewn, scar-faced, rollicking guy out of Erie, Pa., who, on seeing his first game under lights many years later and being asked what he thought of night baseball, exclaimed: "Think of taking a ballplayer's nights away from him!"

When Mike was with Cincinnati in 1904, nobody was taking his nights away from him. Not that it seemed to make any difference. He was hitting around .350 when the Reds gave up on him. Maybe there simply had been too many arguments between him and the club brass. In any event, waivers were asked on him and McGraw claimed him when it seemed no one wanted him. The break McGraw gave him paid off handsomely. Mike hit .356 the next year and for several seasons after that he was the stoutest batter in the Giant lineup.

Then, in 1909, McGraw got Bugs Raymond from the Cardinals. Bugs, whose square name was Arthur, could pitch, but he liked to drink better. McGraw knew that, of course. But he thought he could handle him, and for a while, he did. Bartenders in Marlin, Tex., where the Giants trained that spring and for many springs thereafter, were warned not to sell Bugs a drink. They minded the warning admirably, so that when the club broke camp, Bugs was exceedingly thirsty. In the larger cities in Texas, he could make a few moves on his own. In Dallas, he got into the bar-service room at the Oriental Hotel and had downed six Manhattans before he was discovered and tossed out. In Beaumont he went into a saloon and saw two men standing at the bar with untouched drinks before them.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," he said and, stepping between them, gulped both drinks before they recovered from their surprise sufficiently to black his eyes. Some of his tricks worked better than that, but McGraw put up with all of them because basically Bugs was a nice fellow and, despite his capers, a winning pitcher.

He lasted until 1911. The end came on a day at the Polo Grounds with the Giants playing the Pirates. McGraw sent Bugs down to the bullpen in the fifth inning when Rube Marquard, the starting pitcher, faltered, but the Rube got out of the inning. In the seventh, Rube was through, and McGraw called in Bugs to pitch to Hans Wagner with two out and men on first and third. Bugs' first pitch soared over Wagner's head, the man on third scoring and the man on first going to third. Wagner hit the next pitch to Bugs, who, instead of throwing to first base, tried for a play at the plate and threw the ball into the grandstand. McGraw waved him out of the box, and when Bugs reached the dugout, the manager realized that the pitcher was drunk.

"I couldn't understand it," McGraw said. "Then I heard that when I gave him a new ball and told him to warm up, he didn't stop at the bullpen but kept right on out of the park to a saloon across Eighth Avenue and traded the ball for three shots of third-rail whiskey."

That was the end of Raymond, but there would be others like him. Larry McLean, a big catcher whom McGraw also got from the Reds, was a notable example. He lasted with the Giants for three years and was fired for chasing Dick Kinsella, the scout, 'round and 'round a fountain in the courtyard of a St. Louis hotel with the aim of breaking a rocking chair over his head.

The last and greatest of them all was Phil Douglas, who, because of his propensity for drinking anything, including rubbing alcohol, had bounced off the Dodgers, the Reds and the Cubs before McGraw took him on. At his best, which was when he had gone through a drying-out period, Douglas was as great a pitcher as ever stared down a hitter. Six feet four and weighing about 210, he had everything, and in 1921 he helped to win the pennant and went on to beat the Yankees twice in the World Series. But in 1922, in an alcoholic fog, his brain reeling under a terrific verbal lacing from McGraw, he wrote a letter to Leslie Mann of the Cardinals, offering to quit the Giants and go home if "the boys" would make it worth his while. When Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis dismissed Douglas from baseball, McGraw, although

pitying him, refused to talk to him. He did, however, send him home first class and with money enough to tide him over until he could get a job.

A player who cost McGraw a ball game might be roundly abused by him, but a player who needed his moral support in a crisis couldn't have asked for a sturdier prop. McGraw salvaged the careers of Fred Merkle, Rube Marquard, Fred Snodgrass and Heine Zimmerman when they were cruelly assailed by the fans and in the newspapers for spectacular errors in execution or judgment. When Jack Scott's pitching arm was so lame that he was released outright by the Reds and, a short time later, was rendered destitute by the fiery destruction of his tobacco crop in North Carolina, McGraw gave him a fresh start that added seven years of his life as a ballplayer in the major leagues.

Of all the players who came to him in his 30 years at the Polo Grounds, McGraw had four special favorites: Mathewson, Larry Doyle, Ross Youngs and Mel Ott. Matty, who was only seven years younger than he was and really grew up with him, was McGraw's closest friend. The others always would be boys to him and he always took great pride in having reared them.

The day in 1932 that Bill Terry succeeded him as manager, he promised Bill: "If you ever want any advice from me, I'll be glad to give it to you. But you'll have to come to me. I'll never set foot in your office unless at your invitation."

There was another day, a few weeks later, when Bill, returning from a western trip, stopped in to see McGraw in his office in the club's suite on Forty-second Street and laughingly said: "Well! I see that as soon as my back was turned, you broke your word."

Terry pointed to framed photographs of Matty and Youngs which had hung on a wall in the office at the Polo Grounds and now were hung back of McGraw's desk.

"I didn't, really," McGraw said. "I asked one of the clubhouse boys to get them for me. I knew you wouldn't mind."

"Of course I don't!" Bill said. "I'm glad they're where they belong."

McGraw served under four presidents of the Giants: Freedman, Brush, Harry N. Hempstead and Charles A. Stoneham. His association with Freedman was so brief it didn't matter. With Brush, he welded teams so popular that the Polo Grounds seating capacity had to be doubled to accommodate the crowds that rushed to see them, and his relations with his boss were exceedingly happy. Hempstead, who was Brush's son-in-law and took over at his death in 1912, was a fine man but he knew nothing of baseball, and McGraw often was irked by him. Stoneham was the Little Napoleon's pal

It was in 1919 that Stoneham, putting up the money but declaring McGraw and Judge Francis X. McQuade in as his partners, bought the Giants from the Brush estate. The three of them, each a positive and uninhibited character, had furious, howling disagreements at times. Finally, McQuade sued the two others for voting him out as treasurer of the club in violation of a tri-partite agreement made at the time of the purchase. He won the initial suit but then lost on his appeal.

McGraw, Stoneham and Leo Bondy, who was Stoneham's attorney and who succeeded McQuade as treasurer of the club, went around and about in those happy years, taking their fun where they found it. Mostly, they found it in Havana, where, for a time, Stoneham and McGraw owned the Oriental Park race track and Casino and, in self protection, became involved in Cuban politics to an extent that they contributed materially in time and money to the election of a president. Their eventual withdrawal from the race track was suggested by Judge Landis, but Havana remained for a long time their favorite winter playground.

McGraw's health, failing at the time of his resignation as manager in 1932, did not improve in his virtual retirement as vice-president of the Giants. On February 16, 1934, he was so ill at his home in Pelham that he was removed to the New Rochelle Hospital, where, on February 25, with Mrs. McGraw at his side, he died.

He had come a long way, this boy from Truxton. In a crowded and generally happy life, he had been all over the United States and to Europe several times. Twice, with Charles A. Comiskey of the White Sox, he had made round-the-world tours with ball clubs, so that he was well known in London, Paris, Dublin, Berlin, Cairo, Tokyo, Shanghai, Hong Kong and Melbourne, not to mention New York and Wellsville.

Once, and only once, McGraw returned to that scene of his earliest fame. It was in 1917, when the Giants, with an off-day for a jump from Pittsburgh to Boston, stopped at Wellsville for a game with the town team. McGraw was received triumphantly. He rode in the first car of a motorcade bearing the team through the streets. At one point, a mechanic in overalls rushed up to his car, shouting: "Hey, Johnny McGraw!"

The car stopped and the man, wringing McGraw's hand asked: "Remember when you stayed at the Wellsville House back in the good old days?"

"Indeed I do," McGraw said, smiling. "I paid a dollar a day."

"Remember that pretty red-haired girl who waited on you at the restaurant there?"

"I do."

"You should! She never had eyes for any of us other young fellows as long as Johnny McGraw was around. But I beat you in the long run, Johnny McGraw! I married her!"

"That's great!" McGraw said. "How is she?"

"She's fine. And we've raised a fine family. We'll all be at the ball game. But I won't let her get too near you, Johnny! She might forget she's married to me and want to run off with you! Haw! Haw!"

The car rolled on, and so did John McGraw.

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TIME OUT
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BASEBALL SURRENDERS TO GREED

TWO THINGS STRIKE us as being crystal clear about the second, or Robin Roberts, All-Star Game. The first is that the game is being played for no other reason than to rake in some extra money, and the second is that in making a money-grabbing farce out of game #2 the boys are also in a fair way of making a meaningless charade out of game #1.

An inescapable third conclusion is that the men who are in command of baseball's destiny in our time are doing a pretty poor job of it, so far as the forgotten man, the fan, is concerned. What's good for the fan doesn't matter any more; the only thing that matters is money. As a result we have floating franchises, capital gains deals, tax writeoffs, pension plans, Chavez Ravines—and now we have a second All-Star Game, which we need like we need a hole in the head.

Undoubtedly somewhat startled by the unanimous condemnation accorded the reasonable-facsimile game, Commissioner Ford Frick pointed out carefully, in announcing the new surrender to greed, that approval had been granted for this year only. We wonder why. Does that mean he's not sure it's a good idea? If that's the case, we wonder why he approved it at all. Commenting on the charges in the newspapers that the original All-Star concept had been sold out, Frick said, "In my heart I know those charges are not true. The players have a problem—they need money."

So, from the highest authority, we have it that the game is being played only for money. This is sport?

Walter O'Malley, who took his Dodgers away from Brooklyn because only a million people a year turned out to see them play, and who must be regarded as one of the authentic sportsmen in the game, added the thought that, "A second All-Star Game is a good idea as long as the players want it. If they didn't want to play, then a second game would be ridiculous." We can't help but think back to the days when a lot of the ballplayers didn't want to play even one All-Star Game, and, in fact, complained bitterly about it. Apparently the fact that they are getting sixty per cent of the receipts has changed their attitude toward the chore. But we mustn't keep thinking that the game is being played only for money.

What is it being played for, then?

"It will take some of the glamour away from the All-Star Game," said Carl Hubbell, one of the all-time heroes of the midsummer classic. (We'll have to stop using that hallowed phrase; nobody will know which midsummer classic we mean, the old one or the synthetic one, the one Arch Ward invented or the one Robin Roberts invented.) And, of course, Old Meal-ticket is right. The big game will never be the same again. From now on it will be a watered-down exhibition, a far cry from the one-shot spectacle we have enjoyed over the years. Two of the smartest promoters in baseball, Bill Veeck and Frank Lane, realized this, and opposed the move. But the rest went along with it, for various reasons. The generally accepted version is that the carbon-copy game is a gift from the grateful owners to the players (with 40% deducted) as a reward for the firing of lawyer J. Norman Lewis, long-time counsel to the player representatives, who was a thorn in the sides of the owners. That's a nice, sportsmanlike touch right there.

The fact that a jewel in baseball's crown has been tarnished doesn't seem to bother anybody in the game, just outsiders like fans and writers. "We need money," Frick said. "If there were no dollars, we wouldn't play."

Considering all the money it takes in, we expect to hear any day now that there will be two World Series next year. No sense letting all that money get away to the race tracks. And speaking of race tracks, we wonder if Churchill Downs has thought of having two Kentucky Derbies. It's an idea.

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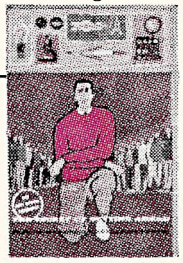

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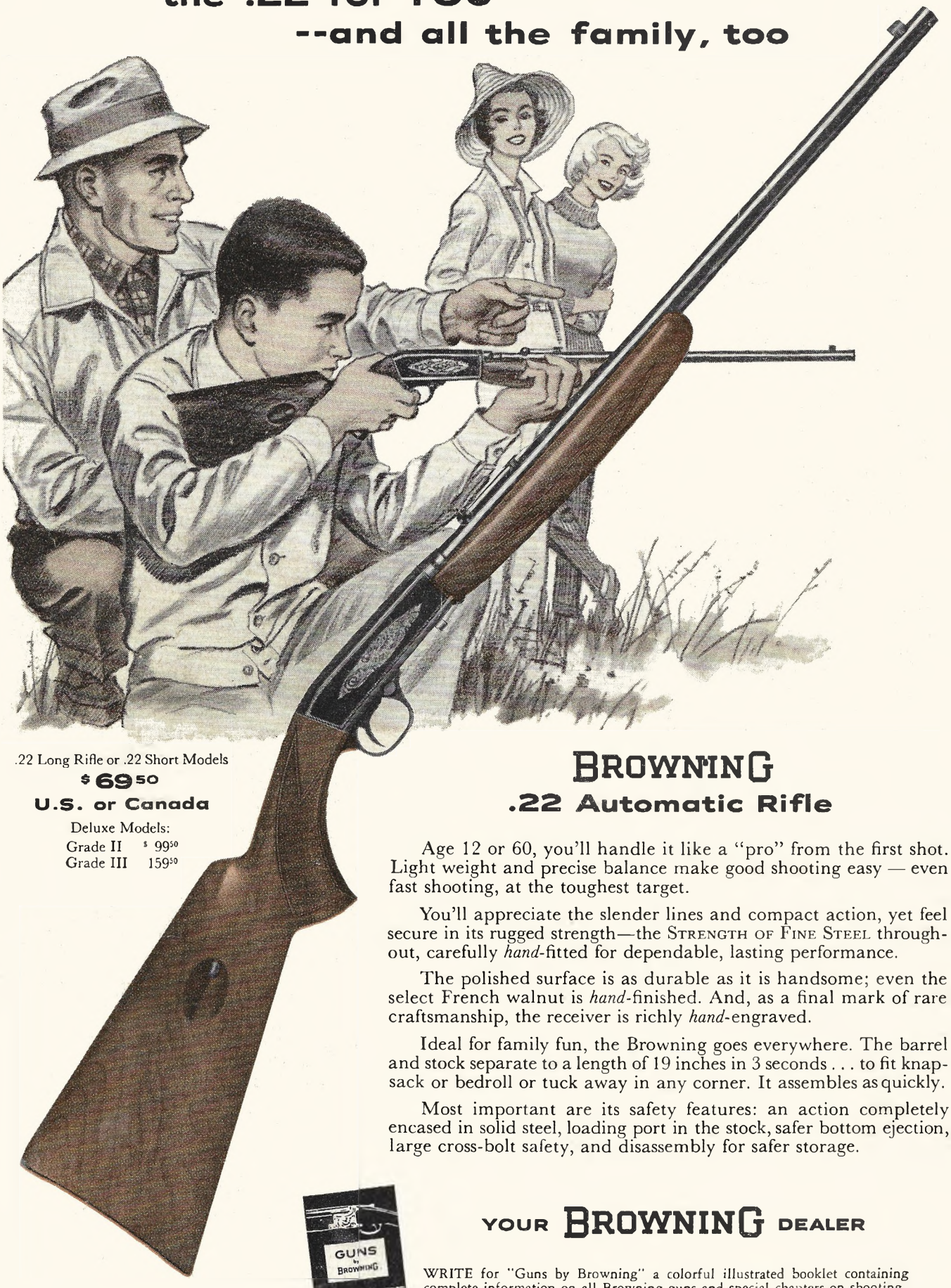

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