SPECIAL 15TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

SPORT

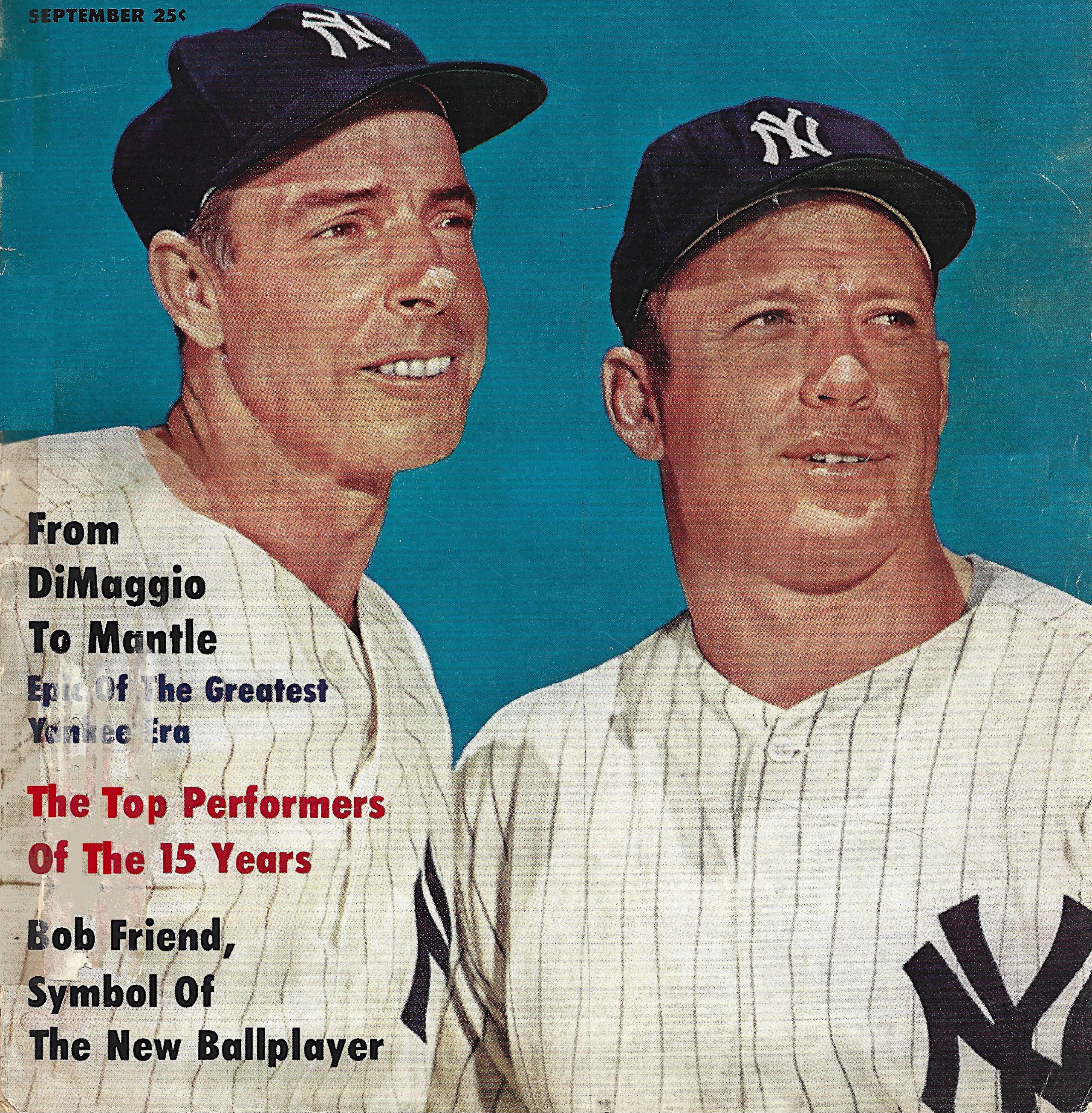
SEPTEMBER 25¢

EXCLUSIVE!

National Board Of Experts' Pro Football Predictions

STAN MUSIAL

Man Of The 15 Years



From DiMaggio To Mantle

Epic Of The Greatest Yankee Era

The Top Performers Of The 15 Years

Bob Friend, Symbol Of The New Ballplayer

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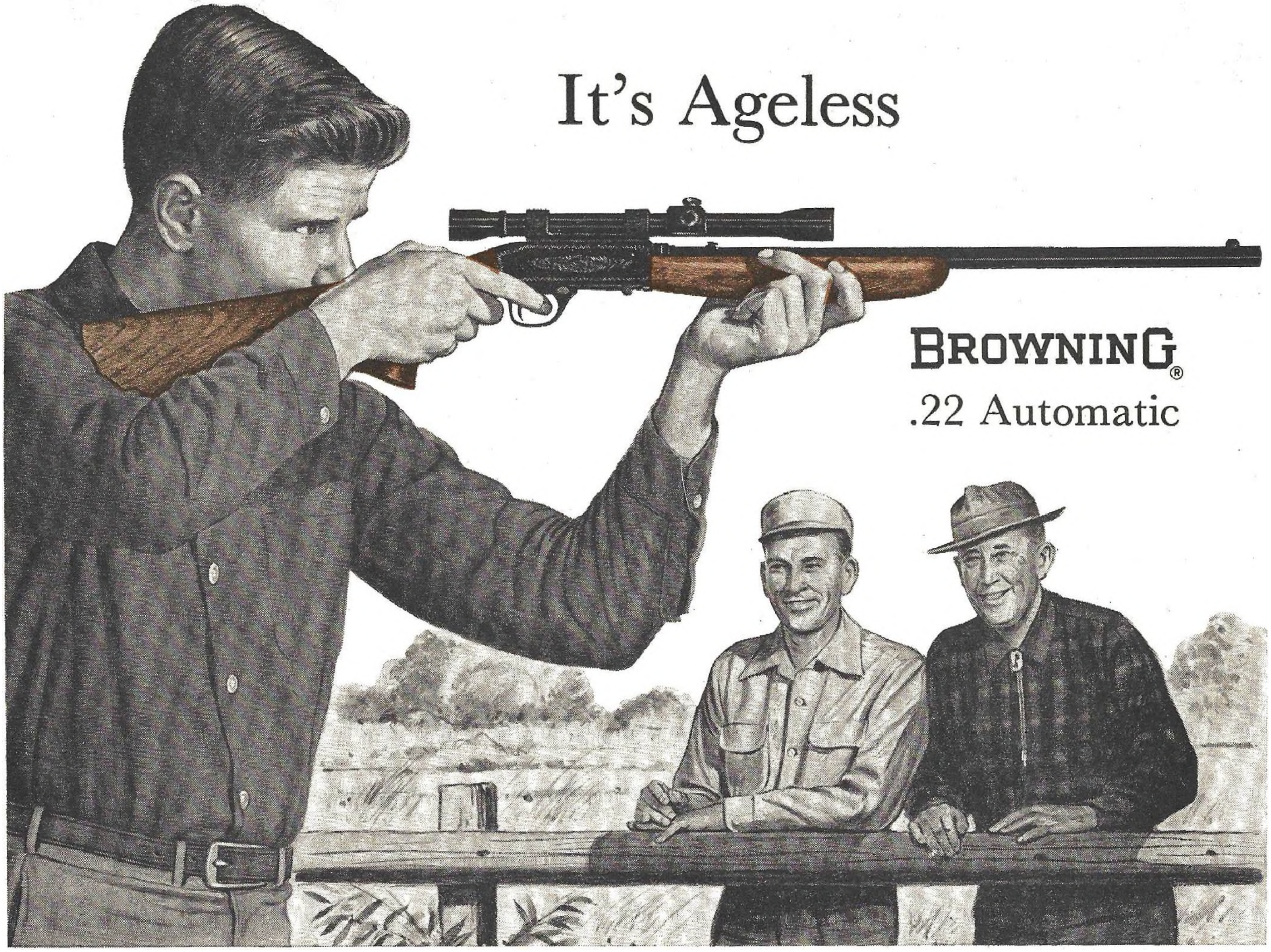

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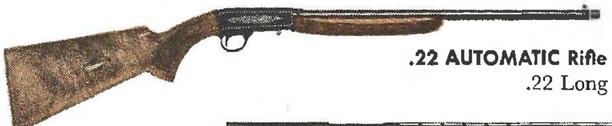

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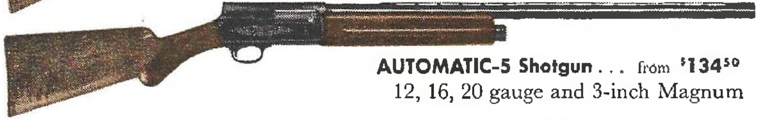

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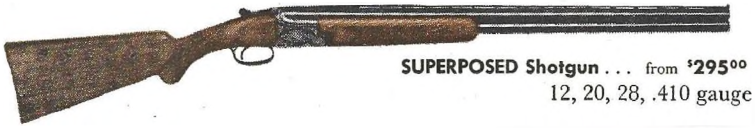

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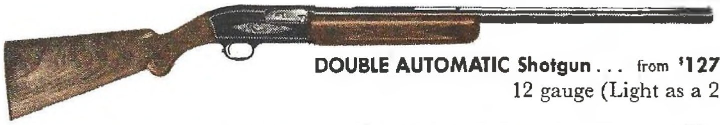

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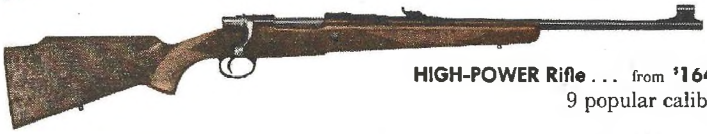

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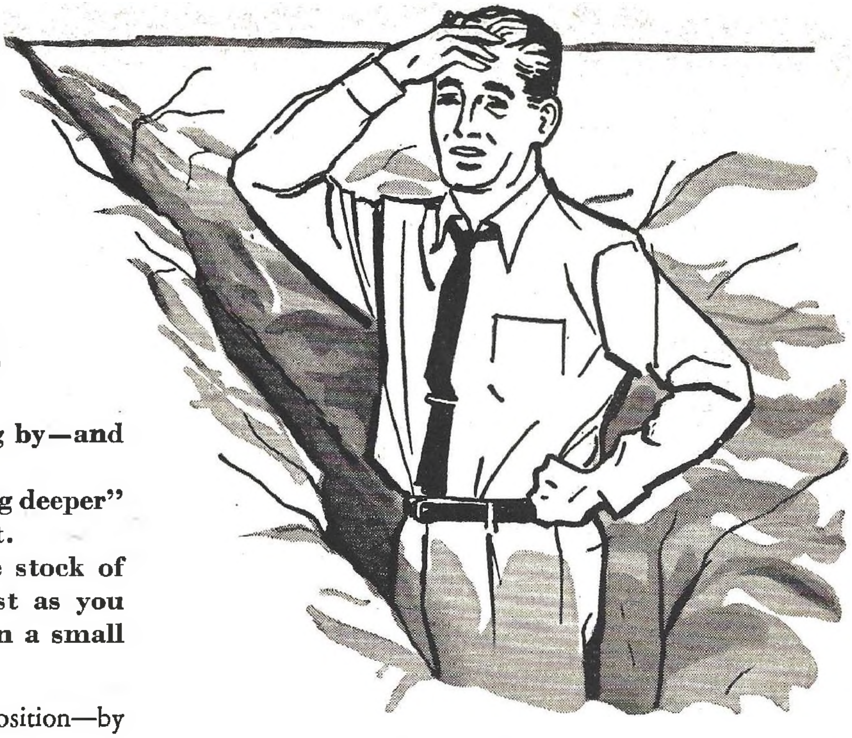

YES—you may be in a rut—just getting by—and not fully realizing it.

Every day you stay in that rut you "dig deeper"—make it harder and harder to get out.

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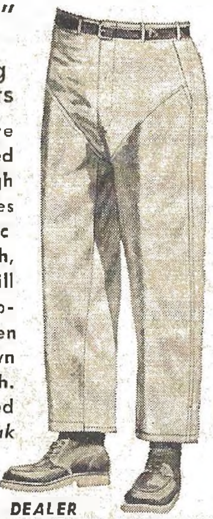

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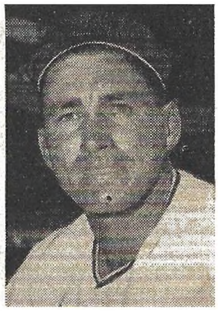
Johnny Romano



Al Dark

FOR SHEER PUNCH triggered by timely behind-the-scenes information, our October issue shapes up as one of the strongest magazines in SPORT'S history. From beginning to end, next month's SPORT brims with controversy backed up by revealing documentation.

First off, we examine one of baseball's hottest subjects. We have the revealing story of "Why Ball Clubs Fold In The Stretch." Angry reaction will come pouring in from fellows who may be offended by some of the facts we present, but no punches are pulled. This is an honest, hard-hitting story. . . . Also from the top of the baseball scene we present "Four Penetrating Looks At Ed Mathews." Find out what the managers, players and fans really think about Milwaukee's slugging third-baseman. Find out, too, what Eddie has to say about himself. This is a story no fan will want to miss—direct from the dugouts and grandstands into October SPORT.

Our cover boy for October is Wally Moon and in an incisive SPORT SPECIAL, writer Arnold Hano probes the courage and dedication that has turned Wally into one of baseball's top stars. "Wally Moon, The Dodgers' Dynamic Pro," is the story of a true sports professional and the part he is playing in his team's success. . . . The big story in the American League this season is the surprise element. Suddenly players who never were expected to do well are working vital impact upon the heart-thumping pennant race. In October, we go behind the scenes to bring you three of the startling success stories. We have the lowdown on the rises of young stars Norm Cash and Johnny Romano and old miracle man Hoyt Wilhelm.

Before the season began everybody said that the San Francisco Giants were a team of individuals who never could work together as a pennant-challenging ball club. Well, the Giants have fooled everybody and according to the insiders, it's all because of their manager, Al Dark. The big question now is: "How Does Al Dark Handle The Giants?" and we have the answer in an exclusive on-the-scene report in October SPORT.

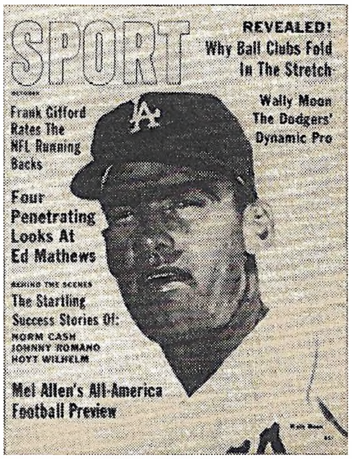
Football, fighting into the national spotlight these days, gets a heavy share of coverage in next month's SPORT, too. And again we have revealing information to pass along. You won't want to miss our two feature stories—both packed with inside analysis. They are "Frank Gifford Rates The NFL Running Backs" and "Mel Allen's All-America College Football Preview." Also, a full-length portrait of the most amazing man in pro football today, Butch Songin, quarterback of the Boston Patriots. Why is Songin so amazing? Our October story tells all.

The big new name in heavyweight boxing is Tom McNeeley and we haven't been caught short on him. For two years now, Tom has been writing letters to one of SPORT'S correspondents and we present them in October. For a real insight into a young fighter's world, don't miss the Tom McNeeley letters.

In October, too, we have a fact-filled report on Johnny Sain, the New York Yankees' pitching coach. It tells exactly how Johnny has molded baseball's surprise pitching staff of 1961.

Who were the winners of SPORT'S $3000 contest to pick the top performers of the past 15 years? We're sifting the thousands of entries now and next month we publish the complete list of the lucky prize winners.

Also in October SPORT, exclusive pictures of jockey Johnny Sellers and his horse, Carry Back, and a special report in Sport Talk that should hit the pro football world with startling impact. There's more, too, in next month's SPORT. Don't miss it!



SPORT

REVEALED!
Why Ball Clubs Fold In The Stretch

Wally Moon
The Dodgers' Dynamic Pro

Frank Gifford Rates The NFL Running Backs

Four Penetrating Looks At Ed Mathews

BEHIND THE SCENES
The Startling Success Stories Of:
NORM CASH
JOHNNY ROMANO
HOYT WILHELM

Mel Allen's All-America Football Preview

AT YOUR NEWSSTAND AUGUST 29

they called him the Donora Greyhound

The swift, young Cardinal outfielder from Donora, Pennsylvania, impressed in many ways. His batting eye was incredible—his speed and grace, thrilling. They called him the "Donora Greyhound." Stan Musial has long since become "The Man". He built his legend with the bat. But the things that made him the "Donora Greyhound" made him one of baseball's fine fielders, too. For over a decade Musial has contributed his fielding knowledge to the making of Rawlings gloves. Probably more youngsters have trod the baseball path with Musial gloves than any other glove in history... a tribute to the greatness of Stan Musial, SPORT Magazine's outstanding baseball player of the last fifteen years.

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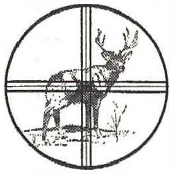
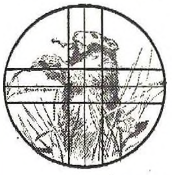


2½ power



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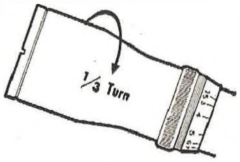

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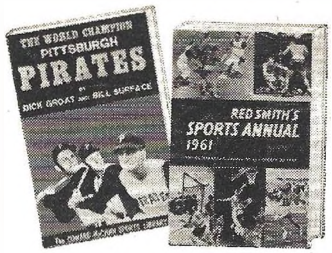

THE WORLD CHAMPION PITTSBURGH PIRATES
DICK GROAT and BILL SURFACE
RED SMITH'S SPORTS ANNUAL 1961

THE SPORT BOOKSHELF

THE WORLD CHAMPION PITTSBURGH PIRATES

By Dick Groat and Bill Surface

Coward McCann, Inc. $3.95

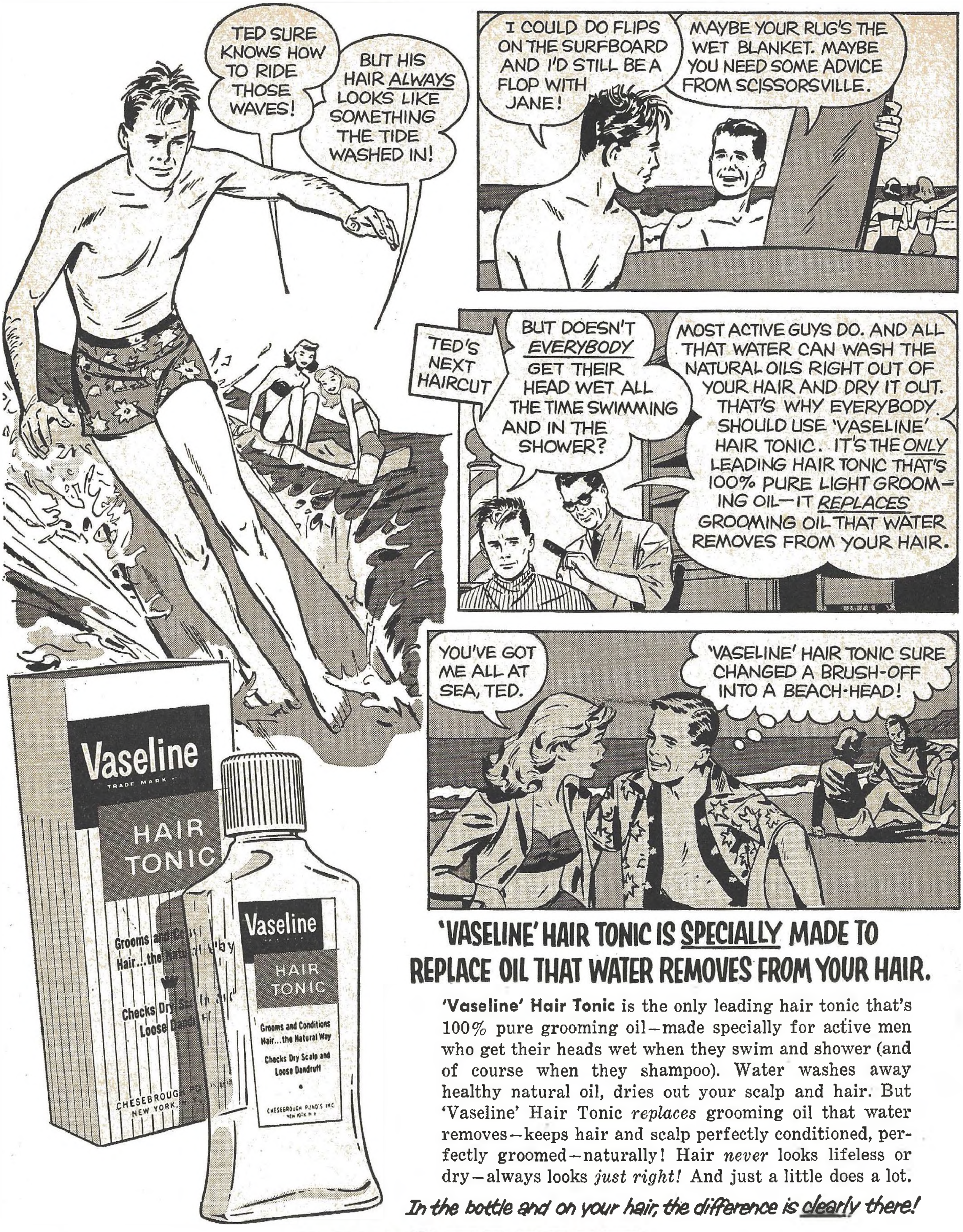
This is the inside story of one of the most incredible success sagas in modern sports history—the 1960 world championship drive of the Pittsburgh Pirates. Written by Bill Surface with the information supplied to him by Dick Groat, captain of the Pirates, the book brims with the kind of material that only a man who was living the story could reveal. The heartaches that the Pirates and Groat experienced in the Fifties are brought to life in the book and all of the fulfilling moments of the 1960 success come flying home in a happy climax. You meet all the Pirate players, manager Danny Murtaugh and general manager Joe Brown, and you find out exactly what happened on the field and in the dugouts on each crucial play of the World Series and at the most exciting moments of the 1960 season. Baseball fans will enjoy this book.

RED SMITH'S SPORTS ANNUAL 1961

Crown Publishers, Inc. $3.50

Day in, day out, the copy that Red Smith turns out for his syndicated column is judged as the best example of sportswriting anywhere in the world. Whether he covers a world championship fight or a wandering sportsman's bout with a trout (it is usually a personal Red Smith bout), his column comes alive with a crisp, original account of the day's doings. In SPORTS ANNUAL, we have a collection of the best Red Smith columns of 1961. Each in its way is a classic job of reporting and writing. Together the columns in the book can be presented as an anthology of writing in general and sportswriting in particular at its very best.

I was no stiff on a board but she was bored stiff with me!


TED SURE KNOWS HOW TO RIDE THOSE WAVES!
BUT HIS HAIR ALWAYS LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING THE TIDE WASHED IN!
I COULD DO FLIPS ON THE SURFBOARD AND I'D STILL BE A FLOP WITH JANE!
MAYBE YOUR RUG'S THE WET BLANKET. MAYBE YOU NEED SOME ADVICE FROM SCISSORSVILLE.
TED'S NEXT HAIRCUT
BUT DOESN'T EVERYBODY GET THEIR HEAD WET ALL THE TIME SWIMMING AND IN THE SHOWER?
MOST ACTIVE GUYS DO. AND ALL THAT WATER CAN WASH THE NATURAL OILS RIGHT OUT OF YOUR HAIR AND DRY IT OUT. THAT'S WHY EVERYBODY SHOULD USE 'VASELINE' HAIR TONIC. IT'S THE ONLY LEADING HAIR TONIC THAT'S 100% PURE LIGHT GROOMING OIL—IT REPLACES GROOMING OIL THAT WATER REMOVES FROM YOUR HAIR.
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SPORT TALK

QUOTES FROM BASEBALL'S MOST COLORFUL CHARACTER

When baseball people mourn the loss of the game's colorful characters, as they frequently do (*see page 73*), they sometimes sound like a broken record. "Dizzy Dean . . . Pepper Martin . . . Lefty Gomez . . . The only one of today's ballplayers who can compare with guys like that is Jimmy Piersall." To measure Piersall's bizarre behavior against the warped yardsticks of the Deans, Martins and Gomezes would be unfair to all concerned. Suffice it to say that Jimmy has been clearly the most colorful character of baseball's last 15 years.

On the field, even omitting his hitting and fielding skills, Piersall's actions have amused fans and interested psychiatrists since he made his major-league debut with the Boston Red Sox in 1950. He has abused and been abused often in the past decade.

Off the field, he is much the same. With people he likes, he is effervescent and cooperative; with people he dislikes, he is surly and condemning. All this, of course, makes Piersall a sportswriter's delight—full of the joy and bitterness that an athlete's flesh is heir to, and much of it quotable.

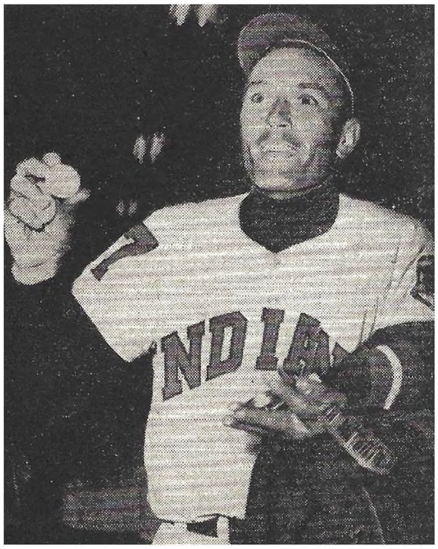
One day in early June, we decided that the time was ideal to interview Jimmy again. Thanks to a month-long hot streak, he had the highest batting average (.370) in the major leagues; thanks to a similar month-long hot streak, his Cleveland Indians had the highest won-lost percentage (.653) in the major leagues.

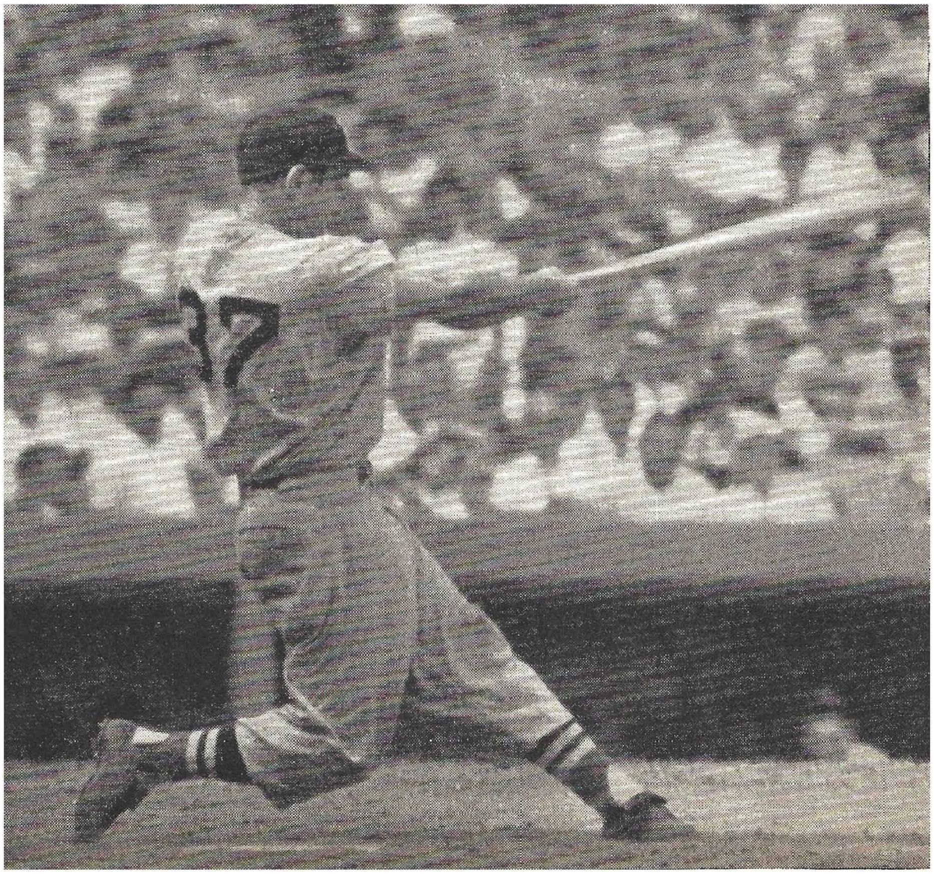
"Hope I didn't wake you," we said, when Jimmy finally answered the telephone in his Washington hotel room.

"Well, you did," Jimmy said, half-asleep. He sighed, then said, "Never mind that. What can I do for you?"

"Tell us what's behind your big batting streak and the Indians' big winning streak," we said, "and how long both will last."

Piersall laughed. "If I knew that, I wouldn't have to worry about playing ball to support my wife and eight kids," he said. "I'd just take all my money, and I've got plenty, and bet it on the pennant race." He paused. "Seriously, though, one of the biggest reasons why we're winning is Jimmy Dykes, who is one helluva manager. He's the big difference. We have almost the same club as last year, but Dykes is capable of managing a ball club the way it should be managed. He doesn't claim to be a mastermind. He doesn't go around looking for newspaper publicity. He just plays eight guys, his best eight, and gives them a chance day in and day out. He knows that baseball isn't a cross-





Armed, *above,* with some of the missiles—golf balls, a tape measure, a hairbrush—launched at him during a game by fans in Detroit, Jimmy Piersall said the barrage was caused by the skill in his swing, *right.* "I beat the Tigers' brains out," Jimmy said.

word puzzle, that there aren't enough players around to keep shifting them from position to position."

"How has Dykes helped you?" we said.

Jimmy didn't hesitate. "Dykes *wants* me," he said. "That makes all the difference in the world. He talks to me about my troubles and what he says make sense. Joe Sewell, our batting coach during spring training, also helped my hitting. He gave me some tips—I can't tell you what—that have proved very beneficial. I know I'm not a home-run hitter, but I've worked hard and so far things are going great."

"Have you set any personal goals this season?" we said. "Do you think you can stay up around .370?"

"No, I'm not a .370 hitter," Jimmy said. "I hit like this once in Birmingham (.346 in 1951), but I have only one goal. I just want to play in a World Series. Mantle can have that centerfield spot on the All-Star team. I just want to win a pennant." Piersall paused, then started seething. "I would never get voted onto the All-Star team and neither would Vic Power, even if we both hit 9,000. Hey, that's an idea. Want to write something? Write about Vic Power. He's the greatest first-baseman in the majors. He's a great leader, hits .300, plays every day and what a defensive genius he is. You can quote me on this: Vic Power saves more runs in a week with his glove than Skowron bats in in a month. Don't get me wrong. I think Skowron's a helluva ballplayer, but Power is the greatest at first. Yet Skowron would make the All-Star team if he sat on the bench half the season. Power and Piersall just aren't the players' big favorites."

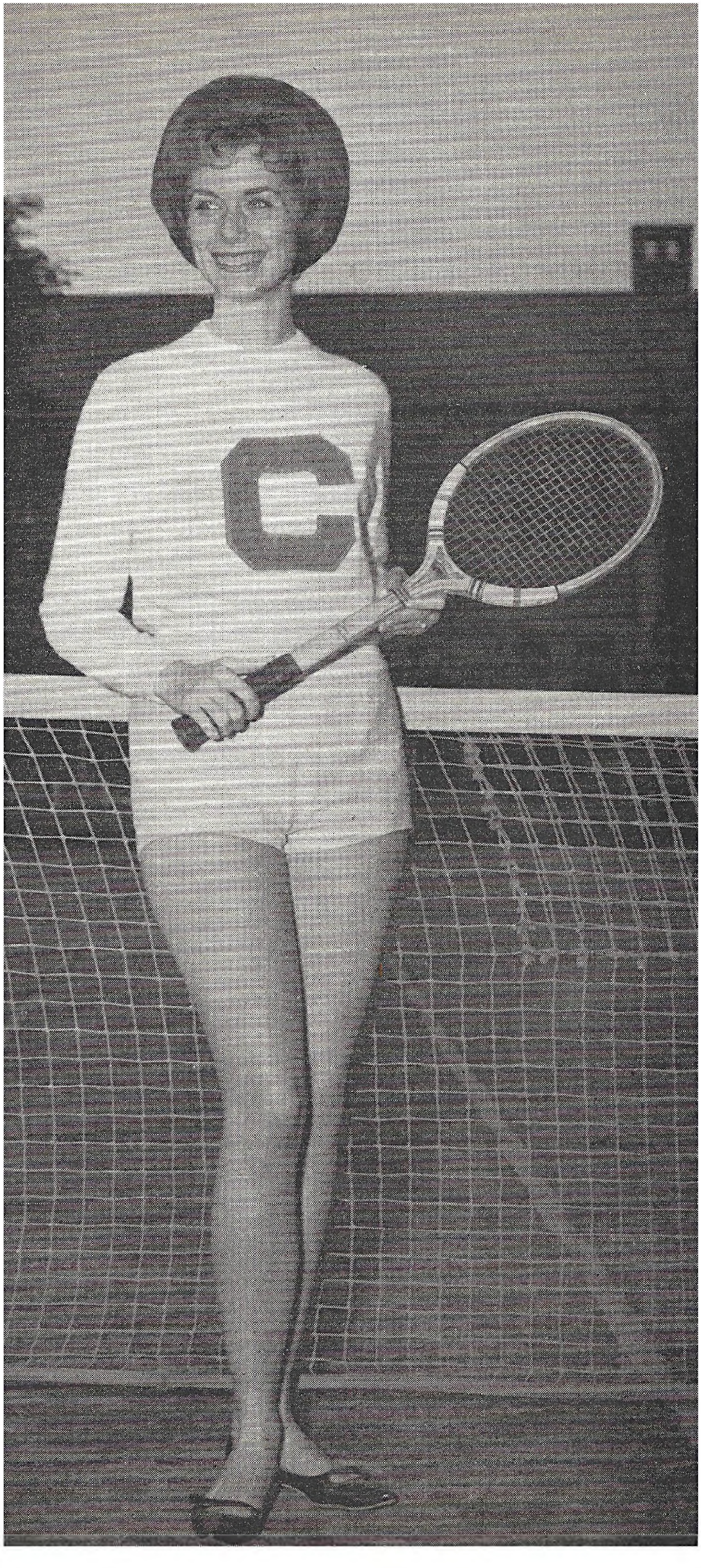
"Speaking of injuries," we said, knowing that no one was, but realizing that we were getting off the Jimmy Piersall track, "how is your bad foot?"

Piersall grunted. "Pretty sore," he said. "It's all right when I run on my toes, but it's pretty painful when I put pressure on my heel. I banged into the base of the fence jumping and making a catch off Norm Siebern. I've had the flu for about six weeks too, but the way I've been hitting, I hope I never get well."

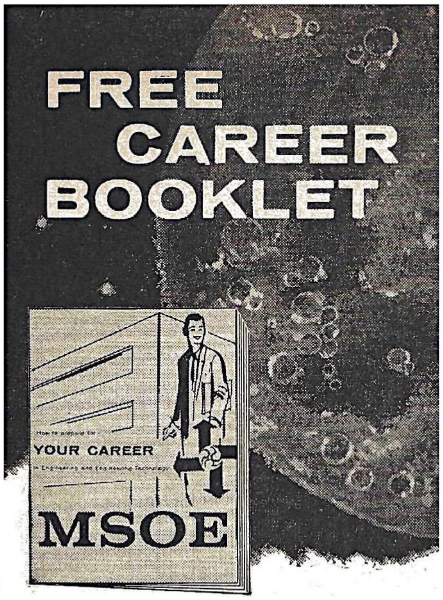
We asked Jimmy if his hitting had stopped fans from throwing things at him in center field. On opening day in Detroit, he had been bombarded by, among other things, oranges, apples, tomatoes, golf balls, a metal tape measure and a hairbrush with a rock tied to it. ("And they say *I'm* nuts," Piersall said.)

"I don't know," Jimmy said. "Better call me in two days. We play in De-

George Kupfner



Judy Van Deventer, University of Colorado



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troit tomorrow night."

"Did you know that the Tigers were planning to put more policemen, plainclothesmen and stadium ushers in the center-field stands to protect you?"

"My, isn't that wonderful," Jimmy said cynically. "The last time I was there, it looked like they had two cops out there. Those Detroit fans are the worst, most uncouth fans I've ever seen. But I've got to give them credit—they come out to the ball park. It's not like that in Cleveland. Here we are, fighting for first place, and how many people are we drawing? About 9,000 . . . 11,000 . . . I can't understand it."

"Why do you think the Detroit fans dislike you?" we said.

"Because I beat their brains out," Jimmy said. In the season opener, which Cleveland won, he came to bat six times, reached base five times and got four hits.

Piersall thought a moment, then decided he hadn't said enough about the Detroit fans. "You know, I love to sign autographs everywhere the time allows," he said. "But I never sign autographs in Detroit. Those people can call me whatever they want; I don't mind names. But if I catch hold of anybody who hits me with something, it's going to be 'Katy, bar the door.'"

"Is it true that you wore the same pants every day of your last home stand?" we said.

"It sure is," Jimmy said. "They got to be pretty dirty too. I'm not superstitious, but what would you do if you got 17 hits in five days? Those same pants, dirty as they were, seemed to fit better every day. Of course, I had to take them off when we went on the road and had to switch to our gray flannel travelling uniforms."

"At least the dirty whites will get a good cleaning while you're away," we said.

"Cleaning nothing," Jimmy said. "They're in Cleveland now, hanging right in my locker, as dirty as I left them. And I can't wait to get them back on."

CAMPUS QUEEN CANDIDATE NO. 1

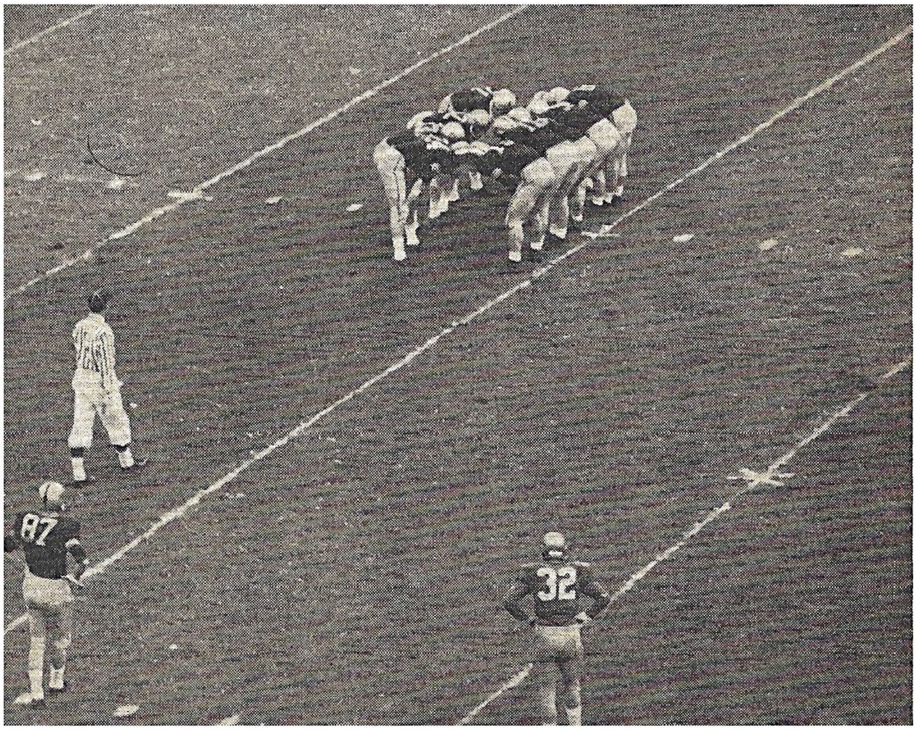
It's that pleasant time again as you can tell by looking at the doll dressing up the previous page. She's Judy Van Deventer, a comely junior at the University of Colorado and she is candidate No. 1 in SPORT's 11th annual Campus Queen contest.

Judy is 20 years old, five feet, six inches and 120 pounds, and she measures in at 35-22-35. An elementary education major, she has a B average at Colorado and she plans to teach in her home town of Whittier, California, when she graduates. An all-round girl, Judy swims frequently, plays tennis ("I'm only a novice, really," she says) and she turns out talented tunes on the piano. She was Rose Queen for the city of Whittier in the 1959 Tournament of Roses parade and she was Queen of the Colorado Relays in 1961.

In the following five issues we will present our other Campus Queen candidates. Your chance to vote for a winner comes at the end of the year.

THE LONELY END LOOKS BACK

Our man in motion, who has done many odd things to get a story during the last 15 years, hesitated when it came to jumping out of an airplane flying at 1,200 feet. But the subject—Lieutenant Bill Carpenter, once the lonely end on the Army football team—didn't hesitate at all. A platoon



The most unusual football strategy of the past 15 years was Army's lonely-end formation, stationing Bill Carpenter, No. 87, yards away from the huddle. The big question—which Bill recently discussed with a Sport Talk reporter—was: How did he find out the signals?

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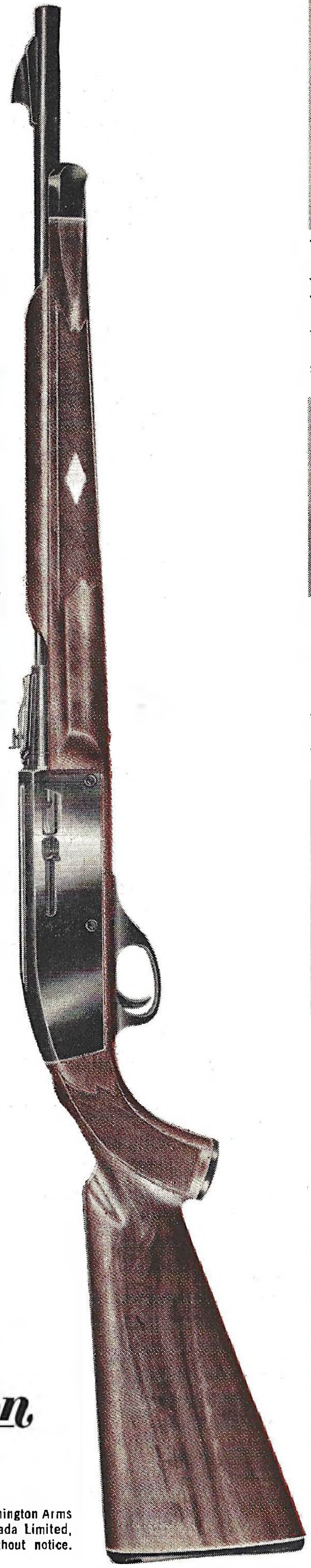
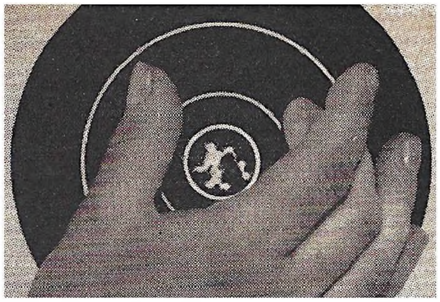
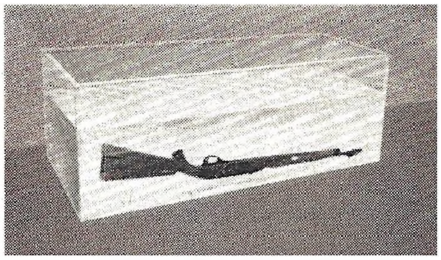
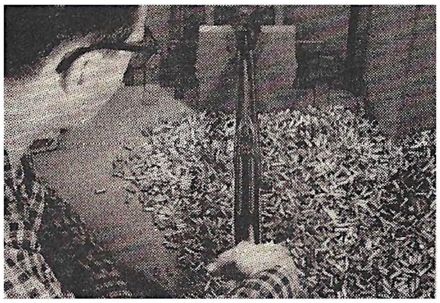




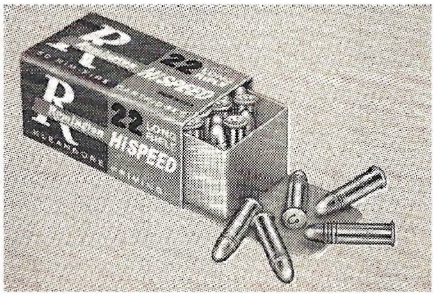
THE ACCURACY SECRET of the Remington Nylon 66 lies in its structural-nylon stock and fore-end. This super-strong material allows the same 3-point barrel bedding principle used on the most expensive target rifles. To fully utilize this pinpoint precision, the Nylon 66 receiver is grooved for 'scope sights. Rear sight is fully adjustable with thumb screws.



EVEN SOAKING CAN'T HURT THE STOCK. Stable structural-nylon is made to stay handsome. The stock in Mohawk Brown or Seneca Green with inlays and spacers will look as good as the day you bought the gun even after years of use. The grip and fore-end feature sharp checkering . . . attractive and important for sure holding. Convenient top-of-grip thumb-type safety.



REVOLUTIONARY DESIGN. Receiver parts, stock and barrel are a strong interlocking of steel and structural-nylon. Friction-free parts glide on "greaseless bearings" of nylon, no lubrication needed. This creates the most trouble-free autoloading action known: The test engineer above put the gun through 5 hours of rapid fire without a jam. Weighing only four pounds, Nylon 66 has a capacity of fifteen long rifle cartridges.



NEW "HI-SPEED" 22's with "golden" bullets and "Kleanbore" priming feature pile-driving power and amazing accuracy. At 50 yards out the bright, extra-clean bullet packs more punch than a standard 22 does at the muzzle. Bullets come in solid and hollow-point types.

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leader in the 101st Airborne Division, Carpenter stood in the door of the four-engine C-130 cruising over Veghel Drop Zone at Fort Campbell, Kentucky. "It takes less than a minute to get down," Carpenter said. "Want to join me?"

"No, thanks," our man said.

"Okay," Carpenter said. "See you on the ground." He jumped out the door, shivered as the prop blast hit him, shuddered as his parachute popped open and floated calmly to the ground.

A few hours later, when Carpenter's platoon was safely positioned on the ground (after reclaiming three members who landed, unintentionally, among trees), our man joined the ex-lonely end and, amid fox holes and machine-gun entrenchments, talked about football.

"When Colonel Blaik first proposed the lonely end," Carpenter recalled, "I thought he was kidding. Then, when we began practicing it, I thought he'd have me come into the huddle. I never believed I'd stay out on the flank by myself for a full season.

"The lonely end plays worked like this. As a lot of people know, Joe Caldwell, our quarterback, used foot signals to tell me whether the play was a run or a pass. If it were a pass, the halfbacks—Pete Dawkins and Bob Anderson—would use baseball signals—skin to skin, cloth to cloth, skin to cloth—to let me know the specific play. It worked fine when Pete was giving the signals. He had them down pat. But Bob sometimes got mixed up, especially in practice. He'd signal me for a button-hook, and I'd go down the field and swing around short. Caldwell's pass would go 20 yards over my head. Then Bob would signal a long pass, and I'd get halfway down the field when the ball would suddenly hit me in the back of the neck. Bob was supposed to signal a button-hook." Carpenter laughed. "I'm glad I flanked mostly to Dawkins' side. Anderson was the better football player, but Dawkins had the better memory."

"Were there any other problems connected with being Army's first lonely end?" our man asked.

Carpenter smiled. "Well, I used to take a lot of kidding," he said. "My teammates used to pretend that they didn't know me, that I hadn't been around the huddle long enough to be introduced. And all the newspapers were always looking for new angles. Like the time in 1958 that we went to play Notre Dame. The whole team arrived in South Bend aboard a big, chartered commercial plane. When we landed, the photographers wanted to take a picture of all the boys getting off the big plane and me getting out of a little Piper Cub. But Coach Blaik wouldn't allow them to do it."

"Overall, though," our man said, "how did you like the lonely end bit?"

"I enjoyed it very much," Carpenter said. "And it certainly made me better known than I would have been otherwise. The only thing I regretted was not getting a chance to try pro ball."

While Dawkins was completing his Rhodes Scholarship studies at Oxford University, Carpenter and Anderson, both of whom had completed rugged Airborne and Ranger training, were stationed at Fort Campbell. When our man spoke with Carpenter a while ago, Bill explained that Anderson had undergone a knee operation and hoped to join Carpenter on the Fort Campbell football team this fall. Their coach will be Dave Bourland, an Army quarterback in 1957. But Carpenter will play from a straight-end position. The original lonely end will be lonely no longer.

TWO WHO PASSED AWAY

Tragedy struck in the past 15 years, too, with many great stars reaching the end of the lifeline. Two of the greatest who died were Jim Thorpe, *left*, and Babe Didrikson Zaharias, *right*. They are recognized still as the top male and female athletes of all time.

A BIG BASEBALL QUESTION

Year in, year out, young men all around the country are confronted with a pressing problem. They are the young men who have done well enough in high-school sports to draw recruiting response from professional baseball scouts *and* college coaches. The long-range dreams of the young men generally project them into big-league ballparks, but first, they wonder, shouldn't they get a college education?

The solution sometimes seems simple enough. Go to college, then play baseball—a neat package on paper, but often complicated by fact. Many young men have seen their baseball value disintegrate by the time they finish college.

The pros and cons of the baseball versus college issue came up for discussion in the lobby of Philadelphia's Warwick Hotel a while ago. Talking about them were some Los Angeles Dodgers and Bobby Bragan, who has been roving the country this year as the scout for Houston's baseball team, ready for National League entry in 1962. One of our men was on hand, too, taking it all in.

"Tell me," said Don Drysdale, the Dodger pitcher, "does a baseball player who goes to college ever amount to anything?"

Don was sitting on a backless couch, facing Bragan. Bobby looked up and smiled. "I'll tell you," Bobby said. "As a major-leaguer, the college kid may not amount to much."

"That's what I thought," said Drysdale.

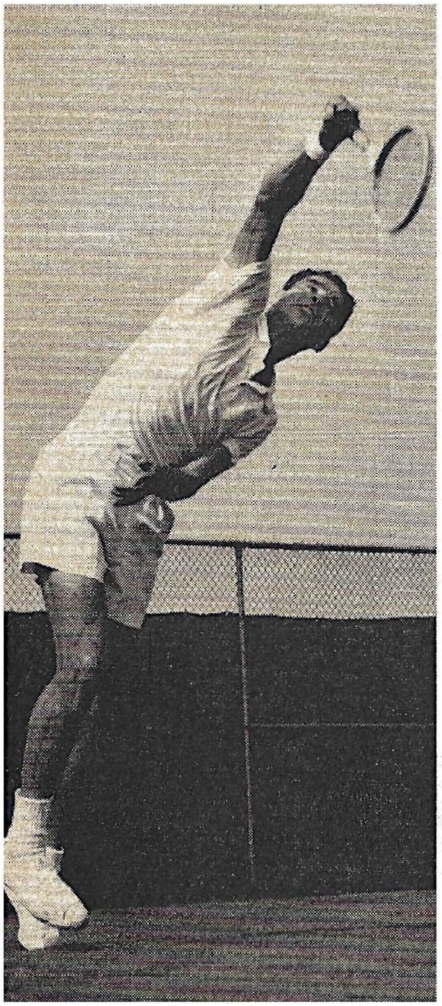
But Bragan wasn't through. He was setting one up. Letting Drysdale pause for a second with a small triumph, Bobby suddenly slapped the big pitcher's back. "But overall," said Bobby, "I'd say that guys with college educations have done pretty all right for themselves."

With the point scored and the laughter subsided, Bobby went into a serious dissertation. "Frequently," he said, "a good young ballplayer loses his chance at a big bonus by going to college. A fellow may look real good when he gets out of high school, he may look like he has tons of potential. But actually, he may not have much capacity for improvement. He may stay pretty much the same the

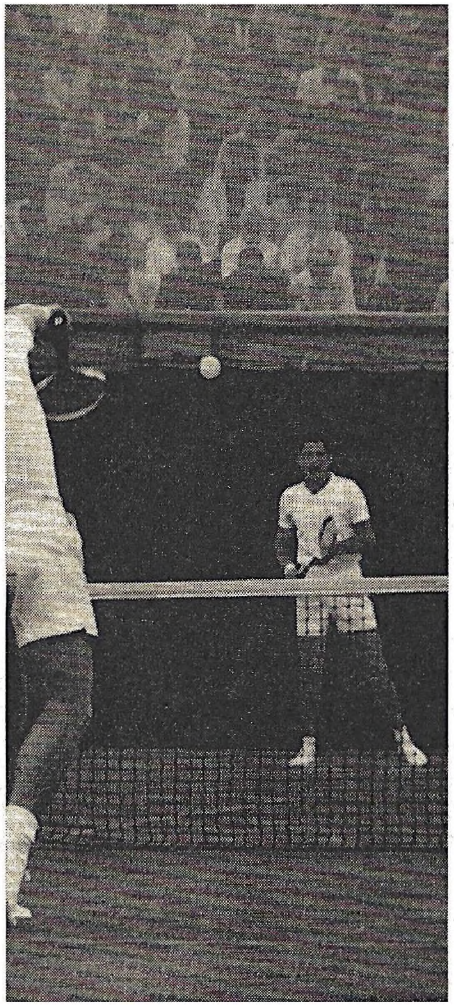
Tips from another Spalding star . . .

Pancho Gonzales!

"Game, set and match—Gonzales." Would-be tennis champions have been hearing these words since 1948, when Pancho won his first National Championship as an amateur. And his success as a professional has never been equalled, perhaps never will be. Since 1951 top amateurs have hopefully turned pro, only to fall before Pancho's explosive serve and all around court savvy. Over the years he's picked up a lot of the tricks that come only with experience. Here are three that might help your game:



On the serve, check your feet first. You'd be surprised how many foot faults there are, even in the pro game. Don't toss the ball as high as you can—toss it only as high as you can comfortably reach. Otherwise, you'll have to strain and ruin the rhythm of your swing.



When your opponent serves, the most important thing is to get it back over the net, so play it safe. That way, you can get yourself set to return his volley the way you want to. But be on the lookout to cash in on a careless serve. Even the best players slip up now and then.

The lob is a great defensive shot—it gives you time to recover when you're out of position. Your stroke is a slice or chop, with the racket tilted to give the ball a high trajectory. Don't try to score with the lob—use it for time to get position or to rattle your opponent.

In his years at the top, Pancho Gonzales has learned the importance of using only the very finest equipment. That's why, like so many sports stars, he's a user of Spalding equipment. And, as a member of Spalding's advisory staff, he helps design that equipment. Spalding's Pancho Gonzales Autograph model tennis tacket, for example. It's the finest racket crafted—available at all good sporting goods stores everywhere.

SPALDING

sets the pace in sports

next four years. If he's already signed his professional baseball contract, he has his bonus money in the bank. But if he's been in college, he is simply another fellow on the open market. And believe me, a kid who looked good to you at 17, doesn't look so good—with the same skills—when he's 21 or 22.

"There was one kid, I remember, who had a tryout with the Baltimore Orioles when he was 17. Paul Richards offered him $20,000, but the kid said no. 'If I can get $20,000 now,' the kid said, 'I'll be able to get a lot more in a few years.' But it didn't work that way. The kid came back the next spring and he was offered $10,000. He turned that down and by the time he graduated, he couldn't get a penny bonus."

Bragan looked around the lobby. "How many college graduates are in the majors right now?" he said.

"Jackie Jensen," Drysdale said.

"Harvey Kuenn," another said.

"Wally Moon," our man said.

A few more names were mentioned, but not very many. "How about the fellows in college today," Drysdale said. "Any good ones?"

"I'll tell you one right at the top," Bragan said. "He's Jake Gibbs, the kid who played quarterback for Mississippi. He's an infielder and he's a good one. Jake's going to make it."

"Is he going to make it?" a fellow said. "I heard that the scouts have been dropping off him."

"Maybe they have," Bragan said, "but if that's so, then there must have been 50 watching him at the beginning. I saw him play last Saturday and there were 27 scouts in the stands."

But Jake Gibbs (who subsequently signed with the Yankees for $100,000), Bragan was quick to add, is one of the few ballplayers who ever increased his baseball value by going to college.

RALLY 'ROUND THE RANGERS, BOYS

In its course of creating daily entertainment, the business world of sports is filled with quirk, comedy and coincidence. A touch of all three was provided late last spring when the New York Rangers announced that they had signed Montreal defenseman Doug Harvey to a three-year contract as player-coach. Thus the two men least likely to play on the same team—Harvey and Ranger captain Red Sullivan—were united.

The move could be, said some National Hockey League followers, like peering into a gas tank with a lighted match. The two men have been bitter enemies since the November night in 1956 when Harvey nearly killed Sullivan.

Halfway through a Ranger-Canadien game in Madison Square Garden that night, Sullivan skated across the red line toward Montreal ice. He glanced down, and before he could look up again, Harvey's stick shot out and dug into Sullivan's stomach like a bayonet. Red crumpled to the ice and moments later was rushed to the hospital with a ruptured spleen. A priest administered last rites, but an emergency operation saved Sullivan's life.

Red was fortunate but unforgiving. "I'd have overlooked an accident," he said when he recuperated two months later, "but Harvey's spear was deliberate. I didn't like him and I knew he didn't like me, but I never thought he'd go that far and be that dirty. I'll retire happy from this game when I flatten Harvey so hard he'll never forget it. I'm serving him warning to watch out. I'll get him the first time I see the chance."

"I admit I speared him," All-Star defenseman Harvey said. "But it was only in retaliation. For years he's been kicking skates and running into Jacques Plante, our goalie."

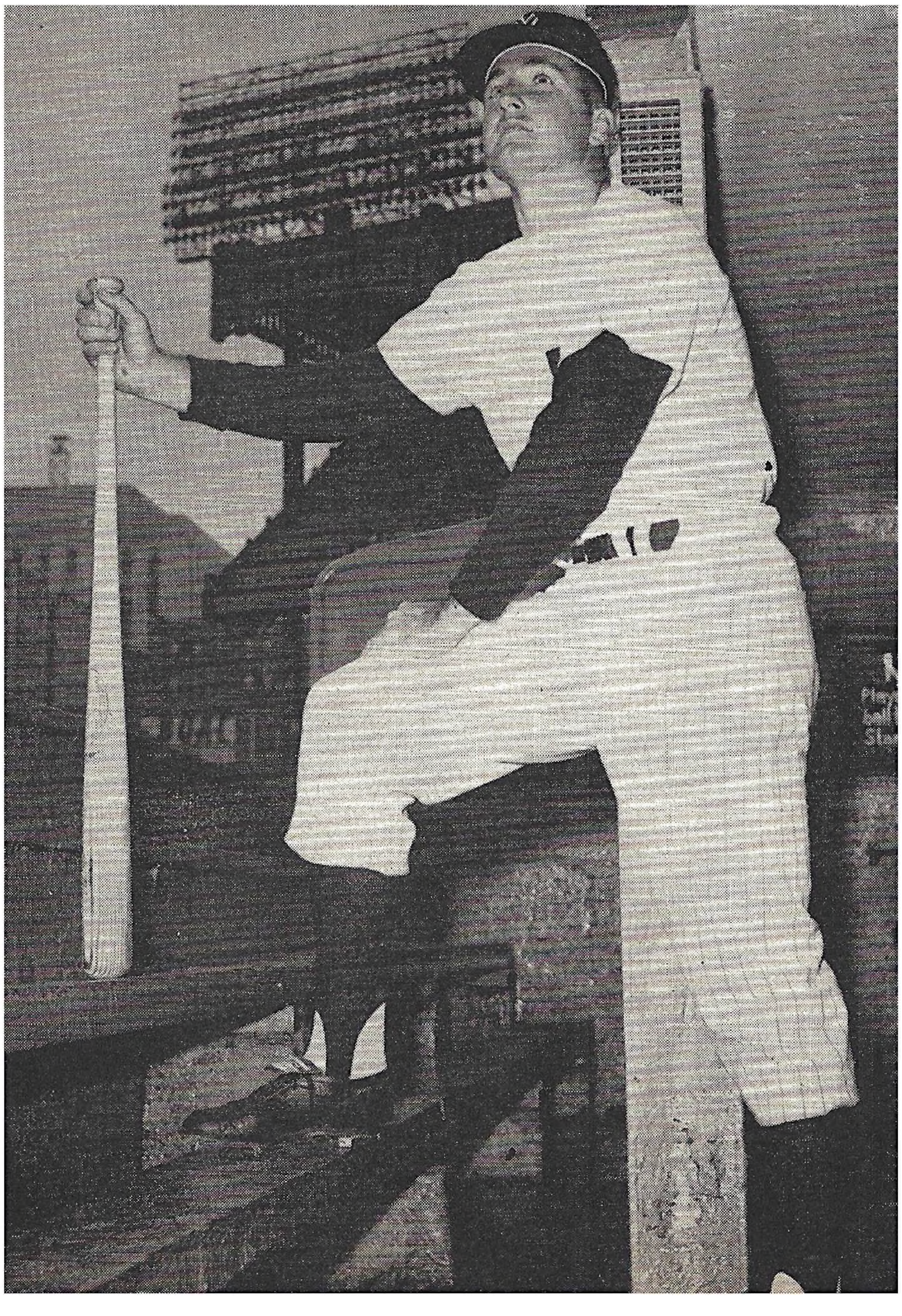
Though the pair had a few minor runs-ins during the following seasons, alert linesmen always managed to break them up before any major damage was done. Time passed but the scar, long, red and ugly, remained, crossing Sullivan's stomach like the route map of a transcontinental railroad.

Then, after 14 seasons with Montreal, 36-year-old Harvey took the Ranger job. Immediately Hatfield and McCoy became Damon and Pythias. "I'll put out for Doug 100 percent," Sullivan said. "I'm glad Red's with us," Harvey said.

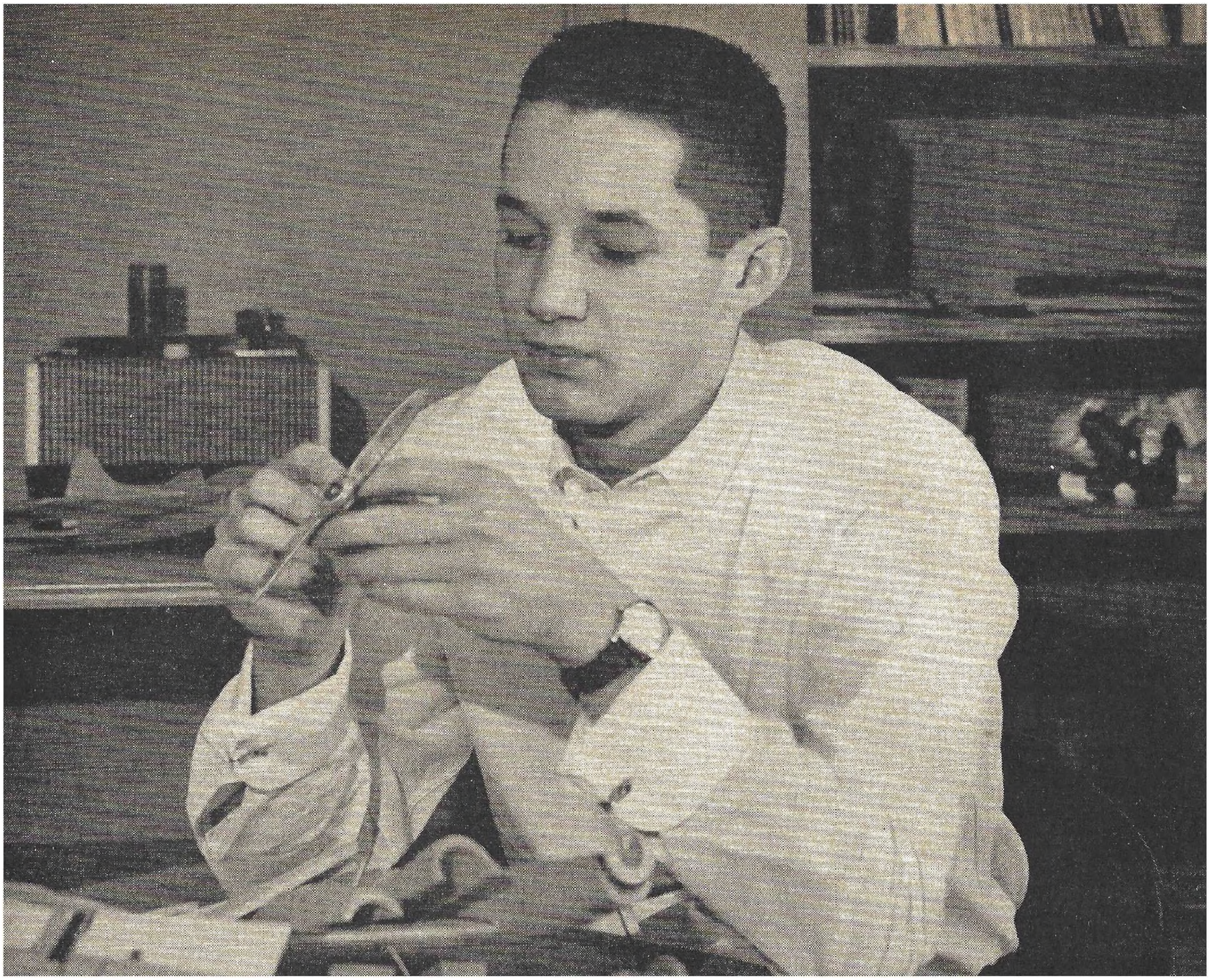
Slightly surprised, we wanted to hear more. In his new office at the Garden, the day after his appointment, Harvey said, smiling: "Red was a lousy sonofagun to play against, but I always figured he'd be a great guy to have on your side."

"What about the name-calling?" we said.

"That's all past," Harvey said. "Sure we had a feud. Lots of players have feuds. But what counts in the end is what jersey you wear, what side you're on. Red's on my side now. I think he can help us and I'm happy with him."



Jake Gibbs, taking his first look at New York's Yankee Stadium, *at left*, is billed by most baseball experts as a bonus baby who won't bust. An All-America for the University of Mississippi in football in 1960, he had a choice of pro sports, and with the help of a giant-sized bonus, he decided to play baseball with the Yankees.



Career-minded Jay C. Douglass of Elizabethtown, Pa., asked...

"How should I get started?"

This year some 100,000 ambitious young people will answer this question the same way Jay Douglass did—they will become members of the Air Force. The road they will start upon leads straight into the Aerospace Age. And the organization of which they will become a part is the most important one in our world. For it is our country's first line of defense.

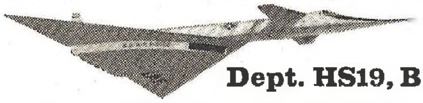
In time to come many of these young men will advance to the role of skilled technicians in such fields as airplane and missile maintenance, communications equipment, computers, radar. A number of these young men will enter the vital support specialties—administration, supply, air police...to name a few. Any one of these career fields holds the promise of a bright and rewarding future —a future *you* should know about in detail right now.

Extensive aptitude testing... your own personal preference...the needs of the Air Force...all these factors help determine which field can make best use of your capabilities. This helps assure that each person will be trained in a job he has the natural ability to do well, that he likes doing, and that is needed. Of course, there are many other benefits that go with an Air Force career. Why not ask your local Air Force Recruiter to spell them out for you?

Getting started in the right job, one with a future, is important to any young man...or any young woman. To find out if your start might best be made in Air Force blue, clip and mail this coupon.

U.S. Air Force
There's a place for tomorrow's leaders
on the Aerospace Team

Airman 2C Douglass is presently working as an electronics specialist at Duluth Air Base, Minn. As Air Force aptitude tests indicated, he finds he can handle his job well. He feels *he has made a good start.*



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SPORT TALK

In his Peterborough, Ontario, home, Sullivan sounded equally pleased. "I take my hat off to the Rangers for getting him," Red said. "Frankly I can't see how he can miss as player-coach. If anyone can do both jobs, he's the man."

"What about spearing?" we said.

"I haven't talked to Harvey since it happened," Sullivan said. "Of course it's been on my mind all the time, but now that he's joined our team it's a forgotten incident."

We mentioned the rumors that had Sullivan (1) quitting, (2) being fired, (3) being drafted by other NHL teams and (4) being assigned to coach one of the Rangers' minor-league teams. "Are any of them true?" we said.

"Not that I know of," Sullivan said. "If I had a choice, I'd prefer to remain with the Rangers. With Doug coaching and playing, I kind of feel we'll be on the way up. I'd like to stick around and be part of the upsurge. I think I've got at least two more good years left in me, and remember, my first love is playing with the Rangers in New York."

Continuance of the case of captain Sullivan, then, was clearly up to the Rangers and coach Harvey.

A TALE OF TWO KNOCKS

On the heels of Herb Elliott's blast—condemning Americans for soft living and, subsequently, below-par sports performances—there came a while ago another knock at us from another athlete from abroad. The second verbal spanking was delivered by a Danish tennis star, Claus Storm-Pallesen, in the U.S. this year on a lend-lease literary program. Claus is working in a New York City book shop and playing tennis in Eastern tournaments.

The first tournament Claus played in was the Adirondack Invitational Tournament at Scaroon Manor, a resort in Schroon Lake, New York. As happens at such resorts, Scaroon set a lavish table and the tennis players—some of the East's best among them—ate heartily. This amounted to a plus for the hotel's cuisine, but a knock, as far as Claus was concerned, for the tennis players. "There must have been five courses at breakfast alone," Claus said, "of everything to make you fat. And the players ate everything. The players stayed up late, too, in the cocktail lounge. It's that kind of soft living that's ruining American athletes. Here in America you have so many more people and so much more money than the other countries. You should be the best. Yet, you lost the Davis Cup and you'll lose more."

Did Claus Storm-Pallesen, the critic, go out and run his soft-living opponents off the tennis court? He did not. He lost in the semi-finals of the Scaroon tournament. A reason? "I wasn't in such good shape," he said. "I had been feeling ill all week."

And how about Elliott, who began a wave of American-aimed criticism with the knock in his autobiography? What's happened to Herb? Well, in his very first competition against Americans since delivering his critique, Herb was beaten in a half-mile run by Yale's Jim Stack. A reason? Herb hadn't been working out. As he admitted, he was out of shape.

FAN CLUB NOTES

A Triple-R Fan Club, honoring Richie Ashburn, Ron Santo and Robin Roberts, has been organized by Douglas Pearson of Cambridge, Nebraska. Membership and a monthly bulletin may be obtained for 50 cents, but Douglas specifies that only fans with an "r" in their name can join . . . Stephen Nash, 211 University Avenue, Syracuse 10, New York, has started a Minnesota Twins Fan Club. Membership, club bulletin and players' pictures cost 25 cents . . . Boston Red Sox rookie Chuck Schilling already has a fan club. Information can be had from president Peter Gammons, Groton School, Groton, Massachusetts.

Lifetime membership in the Jim Bunning Fan Club, plus a photo and the club bulletin, is available for 25 cents. Write to president Margaret Bolash, 8086 Fulton, Detroit 9, Michigan . . . To join a Luis Aparicio Fan Club and receive a photo and bulletin, send one dollar to president Donna Morgan, 7753 South Honore Street, Chicago 20, Illinois . . . Information about a Rocky Colavito Fan Club may be obtained from Karen Williams, 22901 Lake Road, Bay Village 40, Ohio.

Jeff Randall, 114-20 Queens Boulevard, Forest Hills 75, New York, has organized a Mickey Mantle Fan Club. Twenty-five cents will bring an autographed picture and a monthly bulletin . . . To join a Ken Boyer fan club, send 25 cents to Ky Holt, 216 Ladue Road, Belleville, Illinois . . . Dues in the Albie Pearson Fan Club are 50 cents a year and should be sent to Kathy Kale, 618 University, Burbank, California. Members will get a picture of Albie and club bulletins.

WHAT MAKES ERGAS RUN?

Ergas Leps—that's no typographical error—is the University of Michigan's outstanding distance man who has been running, for both political and athletic reasons, at the bidding of others for many of his 21 years. Thus, it somewhat surprised us to find him standing still one day last April at the Penn Relays in Philadelphia.

Leps had an excuse, of course. He had just completed his weekend's work on Franklin Field's soggy cinderpath, and a profitable weekend it had been. Michigan had collected its 29th and 30th relay victories in the 67-year history of the baton-passing carnival. The Wolverines' successes were due in large measure to the strong finishing kicks of Leps, who anchored both the two- and four-mile events.

For most trackmen, it would have been an afternoon of unconcealed joy. Leps's teammates and coach Don Canham did not try to hide their exhilaration. They laughed, joked and congratulated each other enthusiastically. But whatever celebrating Leps did, he did silently, behind a nearly expressionless face. His reasons were personal and probably traced quite a way back.

Ergas, a native Estonian who gets disturbed when newspapermen mistakenly call him a Lithuanian, was only five years old when he and his parents fled to Sweden in 1945 to escape Communist domination. Five years later, they moved again, settling in Canada with many other European families.

As a junior in a Toronto high school, Ergas ran a competitive mile for the first time. He did it in a physical education class and broke the school record with a clocking of five minutes and two seconds. That was fast enough to set track coach Bill Eckersley after him. "I wasn't very interested in track," Leps told us. "Running a mile was hard work, but Mr. Eckersley finally talked me into it."

Besides being persuasive, Eckersley obviously was a talented coach. He worked and he made Leps work. Together, in less than two years, they trimmed Ergas' time to 4:13.6. Then came a deluge of college scholarship offers. Another decision had to be made. Again Ergas was reluctant—he wanted to stay in Toronto and learn a trade—but again Eckersley was insistent. "He convinced me that going to college was too good an opportunity to turn down. I guess he was right," said Leps, whose speech is a curious blend of European accent, Canadian idiosyncrasy and American slang.

Leps proved to be a Michigan scholarship well spent. Running both the half-mile, which he prefers, and the mile, he already had won four Big Ten championships before the Penn Relays and claimed two more a month later.

His victories and his coaches have stimulated Ergas' competitive instinct. Now he admits that he has another major goal: to improve his Olympic record. As a member of the 1960 Canadian Olympic team, he was eliminated in the 800-meter quarter-finals in Rome. By the 1964 Games in Tokyo, he hopes to have lowered his best time of 1:49.3 far enough to win a gold medal in the 800 meters. No one in the Big Ten, or Canada, for that matter, is betting against it. They know that Leps, at five feet, 11 and a half inches, is almost perfectly proportioned to combine the speed and endurance needed in distance running.

"Ergas has more potential than any man I have ever coached," said coach Canham, a man whose teams consistently rank among the nation's best. "I feel reasonably confident that Ergas some day will do the mile under four minutes."

Leps looked surprised when he heard that prediction. "Come now, Coach, you don't mean that," he said.

"Yes, I do," Canham said. And the determined way he looked at his prize pupil made us think that some day Ergas Leps might run that four-minute mile.

THE BIG RAISE

One of our favorite stories involves Branch Rickey and Dizzy Dean, going back to when Rickey was general manager of the Cardinals and Dean, fresh off the Texas plains, was his rip-roaring young pitching star. Diz spent his money too freely for Rickey's taste, so Branch put him on a dollar-a-day allowance for his own good. Dean grumbled about it incessantly and finally he blew up in the clubhouse one day and told the boys he had had it, he was going right into the office and tell the old man that this dollar-a-day business had to stop, he was a big boy now and he had to have some real money to spend. He stomped off to beard Rickey in his office. A few minutes later he was back, grinning widely.

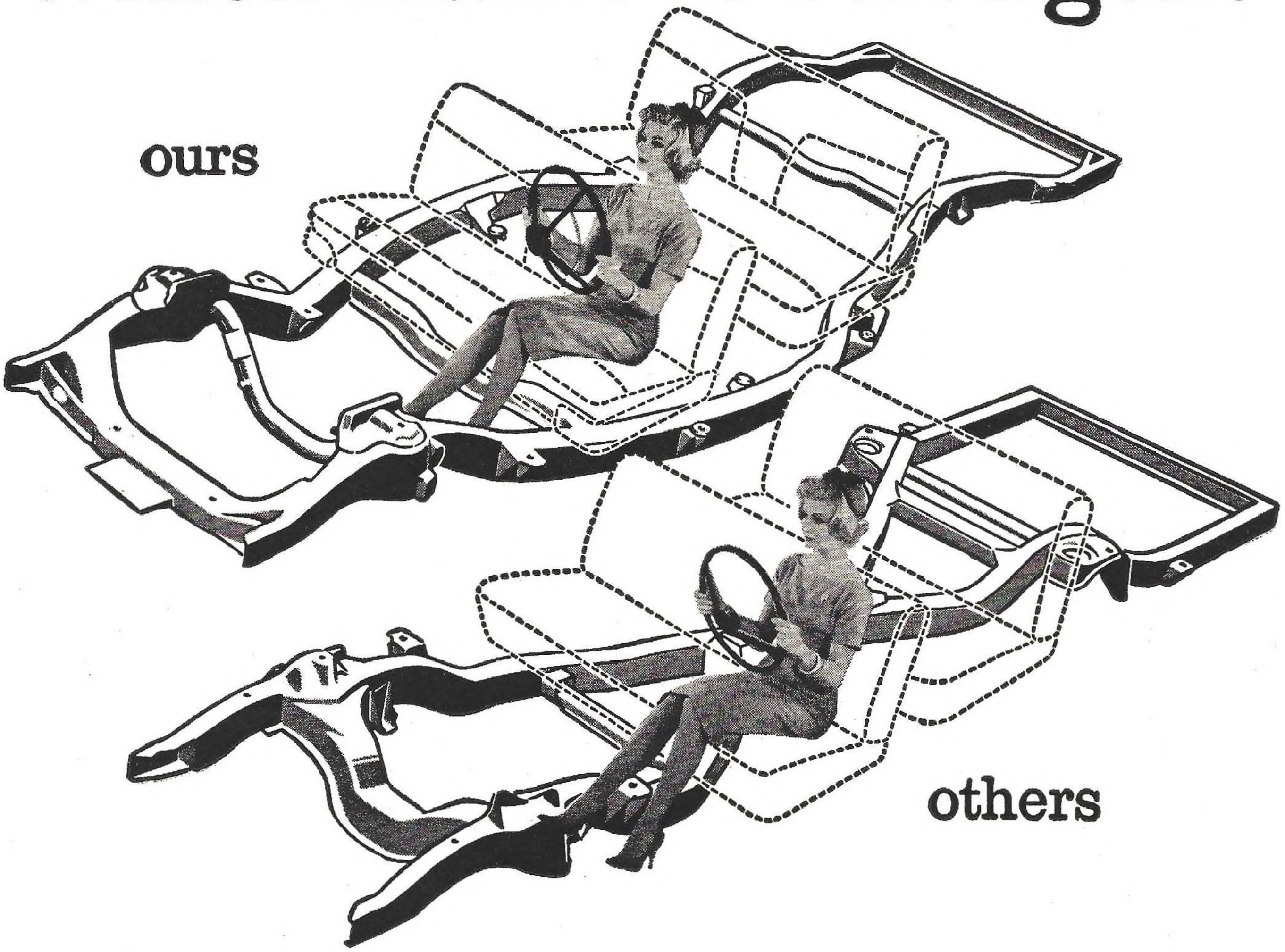
"How'd you make out, Diz?" Pepper Martin asked him.

"Great," Dean said, waving a couple of greenbacks. "I made him raise me to two dollars a day."

See you next month.

—LARRY KLEIN

Which frame is stronger?



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* * *

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* * *

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LETTERS TO SPORT

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THE MIGHTY DOLLAR WOULD RULE

Alex Haley's article, "Baseball In A Segregated Town," was excellent. Types of articles such as these distinguish your publication.

Segregation in baseball can be eradicated by the front office, if they so wish, not in a year or a day, but in the time it takes to make a telephone call. Baseball owners, by following the example of Branch Rickey, can eliminate this disgrace simply by threatening to move their training camps. The South will quickly forget their "traditional customs" in favor of the mighty dollar.

Indianapolis, Ind. — Gregor Preston

NO DASH BUT LOTS OF COLOR

Why does everybody insist in sniping at Dick Stuart? He may not win any Rawlings Gold Glove trophies for being the top fielder at his position, and it's certain that he won't win any Olympic 100-yard dashes. But he can hit and he is terrifically colorful.

So what if he brags? What would baseball be like if all the players were the modest Gil Hodges type? A pretty dull game as I see it.

Kingston, Tenn. — Jimmy Ball

REAL GASHOUSE!
PIR
GAS
ATES

BIFF BUFFS FOR ORLANDO

I truly enjoyed your article on Orlando Cepeda in the July issue of Sport. He is better than any other Giant, and rates high among the baseball greats. He is vastly underrated.

Oakland, Calif. — Biff Gudmundsen

ANSWER TO A PROFOUND ANALYSIS

"What is football good for?" a letter writer asked in the July issue. I'll tell you what it's good for. It helps build men. It helps to develop the body. It keeps high school kids off street corners and out of trouble to some extent.

As for the professionals, it is a job just like any other job. You don't have to like football, but you're walking backwards when you knock it.

Sour Lake, Texas — Jerry Richardson

JOHNNY DISCOVERS SPORT

On the way to visiting John Kontra, a friend who is a patient at the Veterans' Hospital in the Bronx, I stopped at a newsstand for a magazine and picked up Sport.

Johnny had never read it and he said that it tops all others. He should know for he is especially interested in sports as he plays wheelchair basketball with the New Jersey Wheelers.

Thanks for publishing Sport which is helping to pass away some shut-in days for Johnny.

Roselle Park, N. J. — Emily Pelusio

REGARDING JOHN THOMAS

Your editorial in the June issue, "In Defense of John Thomas," sounded like an obituary.

New York, N. Y. — A/2C Jacques Lebel

I think "In Defense of John Thomas" was a great tribute to a youngster who deserved it. Few people realize the tensions that mount up in a super-star like Thomas. For this reason they think him to be an inadequate athlete. Well thanks to your editorial, a few people will be set straight.

Tampa, Fla. — Fred Gasbarro

WHO DOES SAM ROOT FOR?

I enjoyed your issue with the article "Jim Perry's Will To Win." A story each month on a Cleveland player and you'd have the top magazine in the country.

Clinton, S. C. — Sam Brown

A PRICELESS PITCH

I have been a Sport reader for several years, and in that time your writers have produced many outstanding articles. In the July issue of Sport, Charles Price wrote one of the finest stories ever to appear in your magazine. "Arnold Palmer Plays Without Fear" was terrific. I suggest you give Mr. Price a bonus.

Milwaukee, Wis. — Dennis Hendley

A PITCH AT ANY PRICE

I want to commend Arnold Hano on the great job he did on the June Sport Special, "The Willie Mays Decade." I agree wholeheartedly, as I'm sure thousands of other fans do, with the all-round greatness of Mays on the diamond. The part about his private life and personality was really enjoyable. Keep up the good work!

Willmar, Minn. — Ron Watkins

SETTLING AN ISSUE

In "The Willie Mays Decade" you state that Willie earns $85,000 a year and is the highest paid player in the history of the game. I'm afraid you're wrong. Ted Williams was receiving $100,000 per season at one time.

Rushville, Ind. — Jim Tyler

Our story did not list Willie as the highest paid player. It said that Willie receives the highest salary. This is true. Ted's higher earnings were based on a lower salary, bonus clauses and other fringe benefits.

MOTHER'S LOST HER HEAD

I just read your story in July Sport called "How Television Tampers With Sports." I admit television does some harm but it also does some good. Now more people are seeing games than ever before. My mother was never interested in baseball until my father and I began watching games on TV. Now she's a rabid fan.

Bedford, Ind. — Davis Edwards

ON THE LINE

I have just read Dick Young's piece on television and sports. "Bravo" for a job well done. I think Mr. Young has laid the problem squarely on the line.

I am convinced television is the big cause of sagging attendance, especially in baseball. Fans are getting saturated with the sport without leaving their favorite chair.

Kansas City, Mo. — P. K. Petree

YOUNG GOES OVER THE LINE

I think that television has helped a lot of sports, especially bowling. More people bowl now than engage in any other sport. I think televised bowling has been the impetus.

Toronto, Canada — Michael Freud

THE MILDEST INFIELDER

Although your magazine is outstanding, I wish to inform Mr. Ron Hansen that Luis Aparicio is still "the" shortstop of the American League. Mr. Hansen couldn't touch him in any department other than home runs. Aparicio is comparable to none of the present day shortstops. Put that in your pipe and smoke it.

New York City — John Alexander

The last time we smoked a shortstop, we ruined our pipe.

SHE'S IN A LATHER

Since I'm a woman, I don't know much about football and can't tell one player from another. But I watch bits of it on TV and I'd like to know who was that living doll who did the shaving commercials just before the Philadephia Eagles' games last year. Whoever he is, he ought to be on TV instead of getting his handsome kisser stuck in the mud. Or maybe he wasn't a player at all. Can you tell me.

Paoli, Pa. — Eleanor Sims

Sorry, we can't tell the shavers without a scorecard. Actually, he was Paul Hornung.

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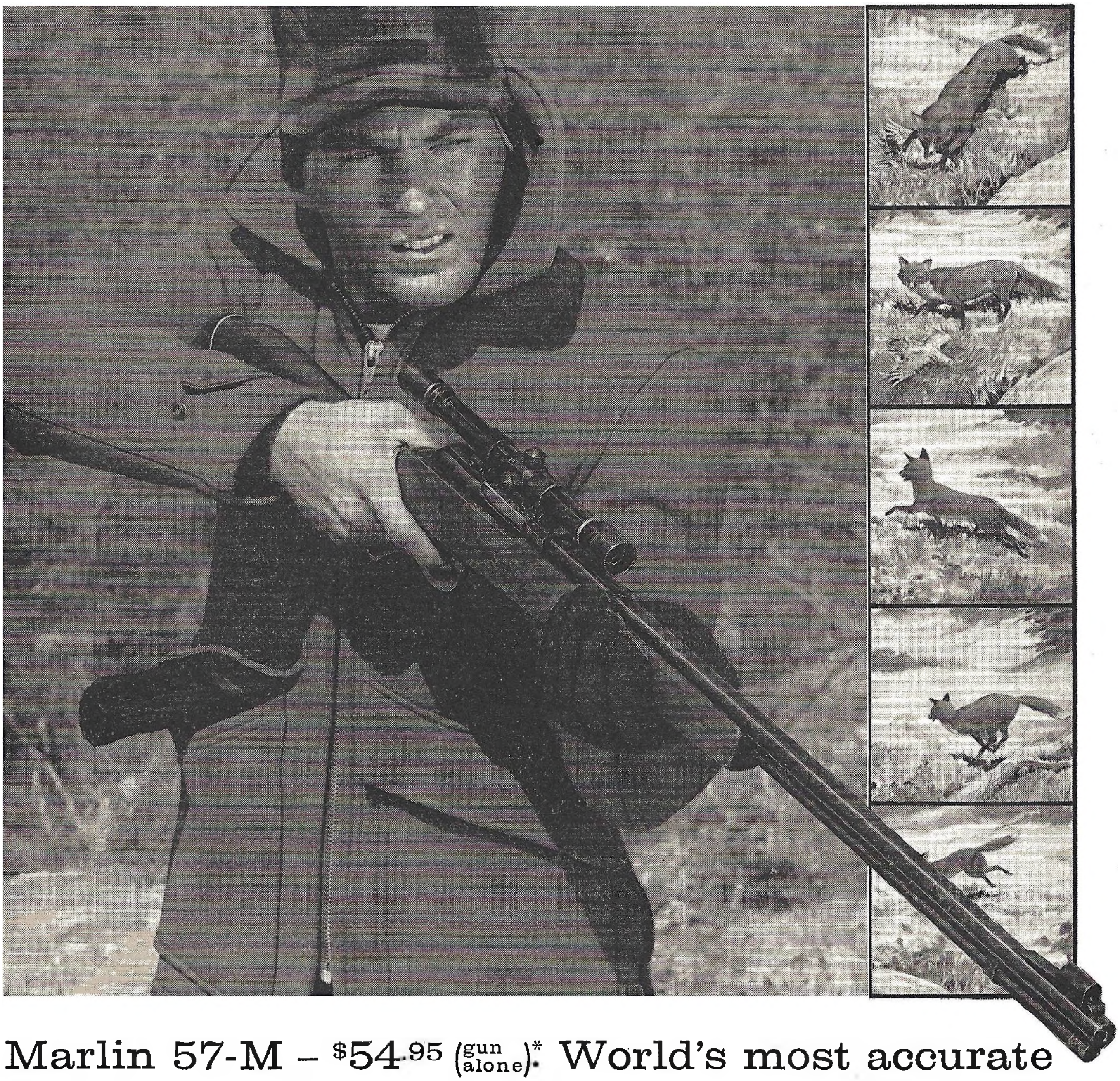

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LETTERS TO SPORT

(Continued)

GIRL LIKE FIRST TARZAN PLENTY MUCH

I don't quite agree with some of the article called "The Last Hurrah of Don Bragg."

Bragg may think he's the best Tarzan, but in my opinion the best and only Tarzan will always be Johnny Weissmuller.

Ypsilanti, Mich. **Mrs. J. Rollinger**

P.S. I thought the story by Rocky Colavito was great.

You right. Jane, Boy and Cheeta like Colavito too.

WILD WITH RETALIATION

Hooray for Tom Tripodi and his open criticism of the Chicago White Sox! Obviously he is a White Sox hater like myself.

When our Dodgers beat the daylights out of the Sox in the 1959 World Series, the Sox—instead of accepting the defeat like good sportsmen—did nothing but invent excuses. They criticized the play of the Dodgers and the Dodger ball park, among other things. Let's be glad there aren't more unsportsmanlike teams like the Chicago White Sox.

Please, *please*, PLEASE print this letter. It is my only way of getting back at the Sox.

Glendale, Calif. **Jack Cooper**

You could always stick pins in an Al Lopez doll.

ANOTHER HAND FOR THE MAGICIAN

I would like to congratulate Hugh Brown for his very fine article on the Philadelphia Eagles' star pass-catcher, Tommy McDonald. It is a tribute to a great all-round athlete who is very much underrated in the National Football League. The article gave a true picture of the great ability which McDonald possesses and of the very fine qualities which mark him as a gentleman and a credit to the sport.

Durham, N. H. **Jim Allison**

A SOONER RECOLLECTION OF TOMMY

In the June letters to SPORT, Jim Murphy wrote "A Pitch For McDonald" of the champion Philadelphia Eagles. He said that Tommy made Van Brocklin an outstanding quarterback. Is Jim crazy? Whoever heard of McDonald before the Dutchman came to the Eagles?

Green Bay, Wis. **Jim Schaefer**

Only the 10,000 students who attended the University of Oklahoma and the fans around the country who cheered his All-America play in 1955 and '56.

THEY'RE REALLY MIDGETS

The Giants won't win the pennant. They will perform their annual collapse late in the season. Their only consistent player is Willie Mays (the best in baseball). But Cepeda is a crybaby, McCovey is a fluke, Loes is a bad copy of Jimmy Piersall, and the rest of the team is like a gas tank that usually runs out in August or September.

The Dodgers are to be heard from.

Los Angeles, Cal. **Jon Munro**

JUST WILD

My hat is off to writer Bill Surface for a wonderful story on Minnie Minoso's true secret of success at his age. I have been a big fan of Minnie's for a long time, and it is a mystery to me how he is still going. I am sure all the Chicago White Sox fans hope it will be forever.

Merrick, N. Y. **Jack Kuttin**

THE SPORT OF KINGS AND QUEENS

With due respect to the vast number of Americans who amuse themselves with the *game* of bowling, it doesn't belong in SPORT. If you continue to give your valuable space to such games, then your coverage of real sports will have to be reduced.

When old men can beat young men and women can compete against men, it's just not a real sport.

Bay Shore, N. Y. **Robert O'Pezio**

ON THE OTHER HAND

In the June issue you asked for reader comment—you wanted to know what we thought about bowling stories in SPORT. I'm sure that more articles about bowling and its champs will be appreciated by all. At this house, we are all looking forward to seeing the future articles on our favorite sport.

Bronx, N. Y. **Michael Becker**

TONGUE TWISTERS FOR OLD DIZ

I enjoy hearing Dizzy Dean broadcast a game more than anyone else. But he seems to have a little trouble pronouncing the players' names. Here's a team just for Old Diz:

Ted Kluszewski (L.A. Angels)—1B
Julian Javier (St. Louis)—2B
Jose Valdivielso (Minn.)—SS
Joe Amalfitano (San Fran.)—3B
Orestes Minoso (White Sox)—LF
Carl Yastrzemski (Boston)—CF
Felipe Alou (San Fran.)—RF
Jim Pagliaroni (Boston)—C
Joe Schaffernoth (Cubs)—RHP
Johnny Antonelli (Indians)—LHP
Cookie Lavagetto (Minn.)—MGR

Anyone want to challenge my team?

Collinsville, Ala. **Sammy Porter**

You forgot Eli Grba. Old Diz couldn't even foul off this one.

A CANADIAN KICKS

Unless one lives in a border town, it is unlikely that many NFL fans know much of Canadian professional football. Of all the differences I have seen, one of the most exciting brought to my attention happened in the Detroit-Cleveland Runnerup Bowl game.

The Lions' Yale Lary punted 60 or 70 yards into the Cleveland end zone, a tremendous kick which brought gasps from the crowd. The Browns? They got a 20-yard punt return without even touching the ball. In Canada the Browns' failure to get the ball out of the end zone would cost them one point—many times an important point. I also have the same opinion regarding kickoffs.

Under the present NFL setup, it seems to me that the foot has been taken out of football.

Ontario, Canada **Donald Dease**

IS IT SAFE TO BE HIT?

In a recent game of baseball, I hit the ball and rounded second to try for a triple. When I started my slide, the ball was thrown by an outfielder and hit me before my foot touched the base. Was I safe or out?

Dallas, Tex. **Robert Morehead**

If a baseball thrown by an outfielder hits you, you're safe. But if it hits you in the head, you may also be out, too.

HOW HIGH THE FORD

I have two different Whitey Ford baseball cards. One says he's five feet, and another says he's five feet, ten. Which is right?

Indianapolis, Ind. **Dennis Houchens**

Whitey is five-ten, all pitcher.

ONE JOE'S OPINION

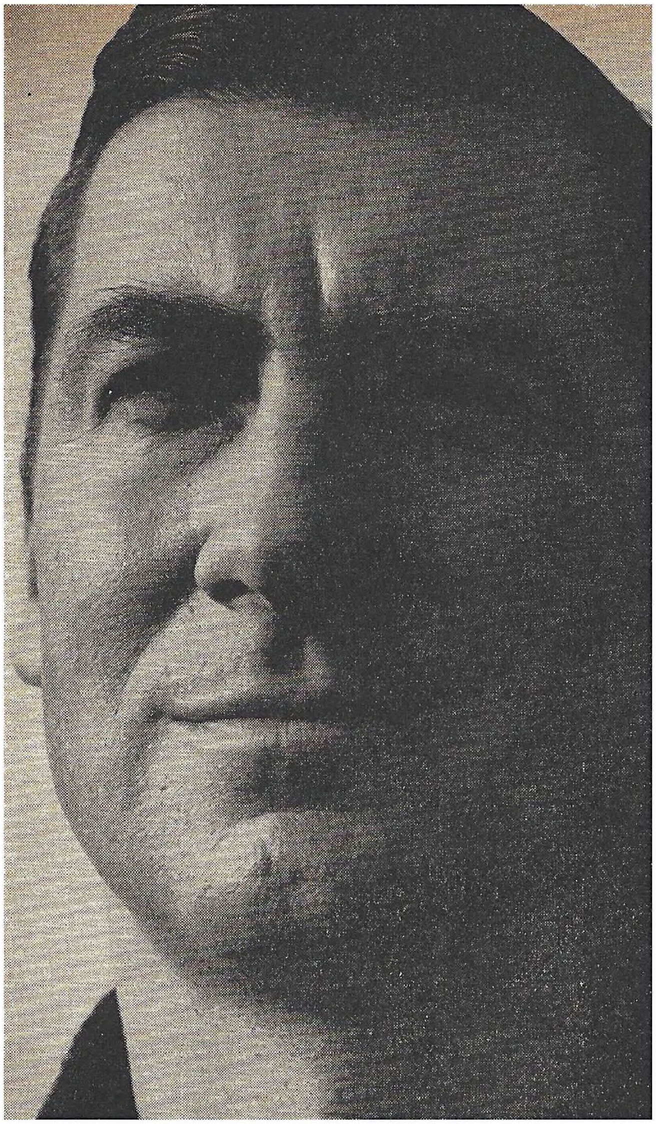
I think John Benson's unsung hero, Bill Virdon, is nothing but a run-of-the-mill player. Just because he made a couple of sloppy catches in the World Series, every Pirate fan thinks he's Ty Cobb. You've heard of underrated players—Virdon's one of the overrated ones!

Piqua, Ohio **Joe Thomas**

TAKE HIM OUT TO THE BALLPARK

In the June issue of SPORT, reader Tim Bray said, "Compared to Luis Aparicio, Roger Maris couldn't catch a bear in a telephone booth." I advise Mr. Bray to see a baseball game before he says something else as stupid like Mickey Mantle can't swing Nellie Fox's bat.

Columbus, Ohio **Roger Beatty**



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THE SPORT QUIZ

For Answers Turn to Page 88

Joe Croghan, popular sportscaster for WBAL in Maryland, is behind the mike for the Baltimore Colts and the Orioles

1 The defunct All-America Football Conference was founded in 1946 with eight teams: Brooklyn, Los Angeles, Cleveland, Chicago, San Francisco, New York, Buffalo and ———.

2 An all-time Dodger hero, this reliever pitched in six of the seven 1947 Series games and won one with one pitch, a double-play ball. The bullpen star's name?

3 This southern gent snubbed football in favor of a baseball career. He was the NL's top rookie in 1948 and now is a manager in the same league. Who is he?

4 In 1949 Notre Dame went unbeaten for the fourth straight year. One of the reasons was a giant of an end who went on to star for the Detroit Lions. Name him.

Les Keiter, sports director for New York's WINS who is heard five times daily, is also the voice of the AFL over ABC-TV

5 Only one college basketball team has ever won both the NIT and the NCAA. This was Nat Holman's 1950 CCNY squad. But do you know City College's nickname?

6 This St. Louis Cardinal set a record in 1951 which still stands. He became the first and only player to hit two homers in his first two big-league at-bats. His name?

7 The 1952 indoor track season was especially exciting because of the scorching duels of two great milers. Don Gehrmann was one of the runners. Who was the other?

8 I won the National Amateur golf championship in 1953 at the age of 23. I turned pro the next year and was the second-leading money-winner in 1959. Who am I?

Tom Harmon, the former Michigan football hero, directs sports in Los Angeles on KNX radio, does specials for the CBS network

9 This 32-year-old Brave pitched 1954's only big-league no-hitter:
- a. Bob Buhl
- b. Jim Wilson
- c. Dave Koslo

10 The largest crowd in National Football League playoff history, 85,693, witnessed the championship game in 1955. Where was the game played?

11 This lean Texas sprinter won two gold medals in the '56 Olympics:
- a. Dave Sime
- b. Bobby Morrow
- c. Eddie Southern

12 This present NHL coach won the Norris Memorial Trophy in the 1957-58 season for the fourth straight time. Who is he and what does the trophy represent?

Bob Elson, the dean of active major-league baseball announcers (28 years at it), covers the White Sox over WCFL in Chicago

13 He won his second straight Sebring, Florida, Grand Prix in 1958:
- a. Phil Hill
- b. Stirling Moss
- c. Jim Kimberly

14 Called "The Little Saber" in her native Sao Paulo, Brazil, this female tennis star won both the U. S. National and Wimbledon Tournaments in 1959. Her name?

15 Now a full-fledged big-league star, he was minors' top man in 1960:
- a. Tony Gonzalez
- b. Jake Wood
- c. Willie Davis

16 Elgin Baylor of the Los Angeles Lakers set the NBA's single-game scoring record the past winter. How many points did he score and against what team did he set the record?

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78
CELTICS
14

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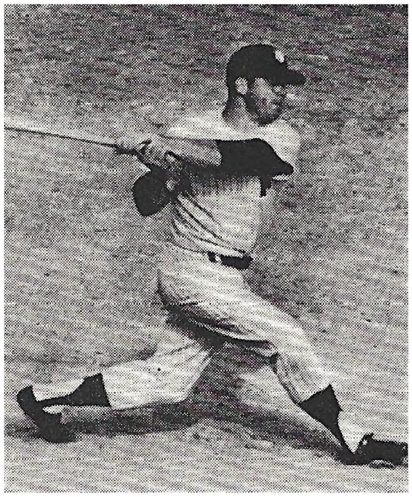
From DiMaggio—To Mantle



Epic Of The Greatest Yankee Era

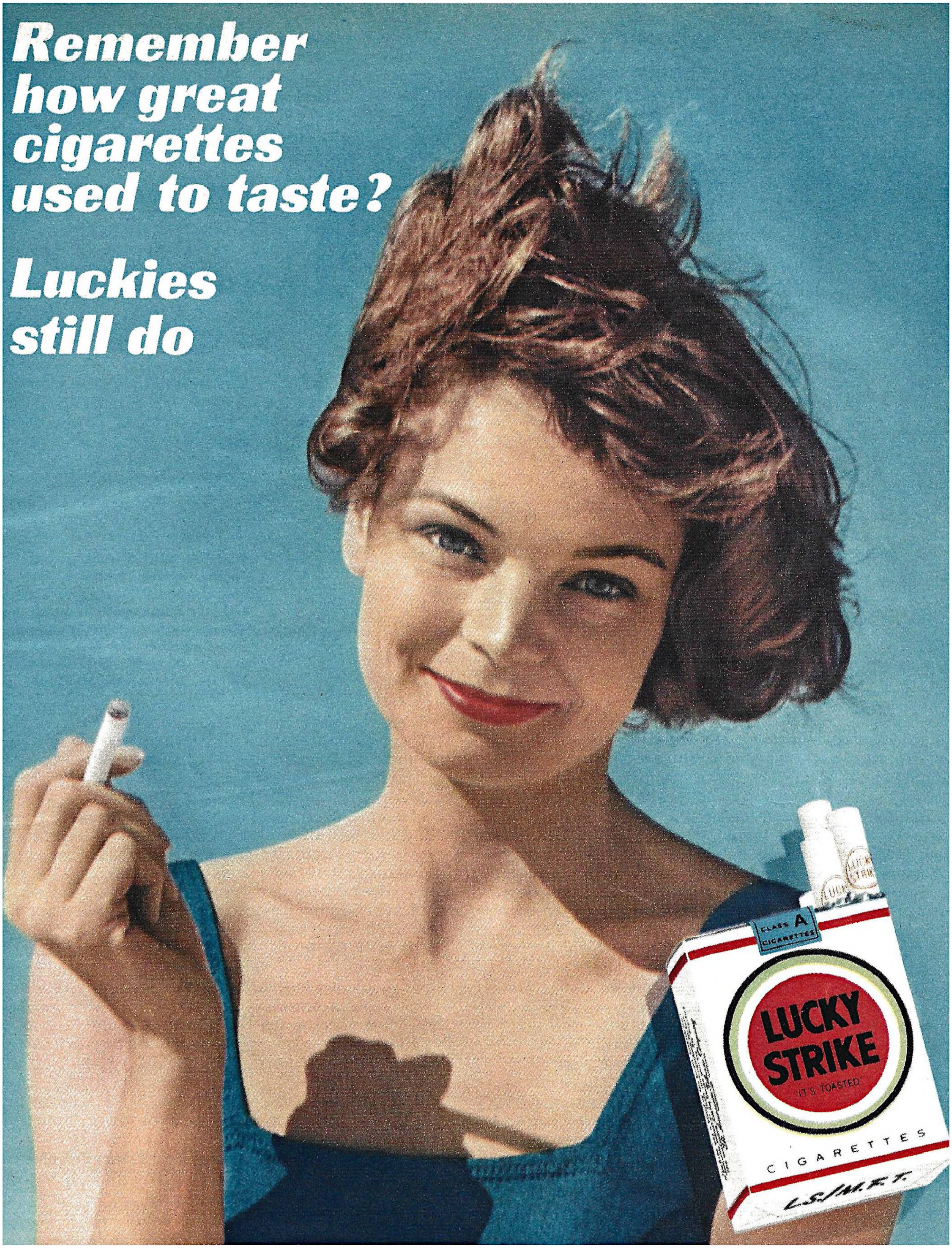
The heroic skills of two men contributed most to the No. 1 success story of SPORT's lifetime. But the glory didn't come easily for either

By Tom Meany

A VIVID COLOR picture of Joe DiMaggio and his son, Little Joe, decorated the cover of the very first issue of SPORT Magazine. This was in 1946, DiMag's first year out of the Army. He was separated from his first wife, his financial affairs were snarled and he was having trouble adjusting to civilian life, to his new boss, Larry MacPhail, and to the absence of Joe McCarthy, who had resigned as Yankee manager shortly after the season's opener.

The same issue of SPORT carried an article about Ted Williams of the Boston Red Sox, who were to win the pennant that season. The late Bill Cunningham wrote the Williams story, and he followed it up by commenting in his newspaper column that the editors of SPORT would have been more sagacious had they used Williams' picture on the cover of their initial issue. After all, Bill reasoned, Ted was in the World Series that season while DiMaggio had a "bad" year.

The "bad" year Cunningham mentioned really is a true measure of DiMaggio. This was Joe's "bad" year: a .290 batting average (seven addi-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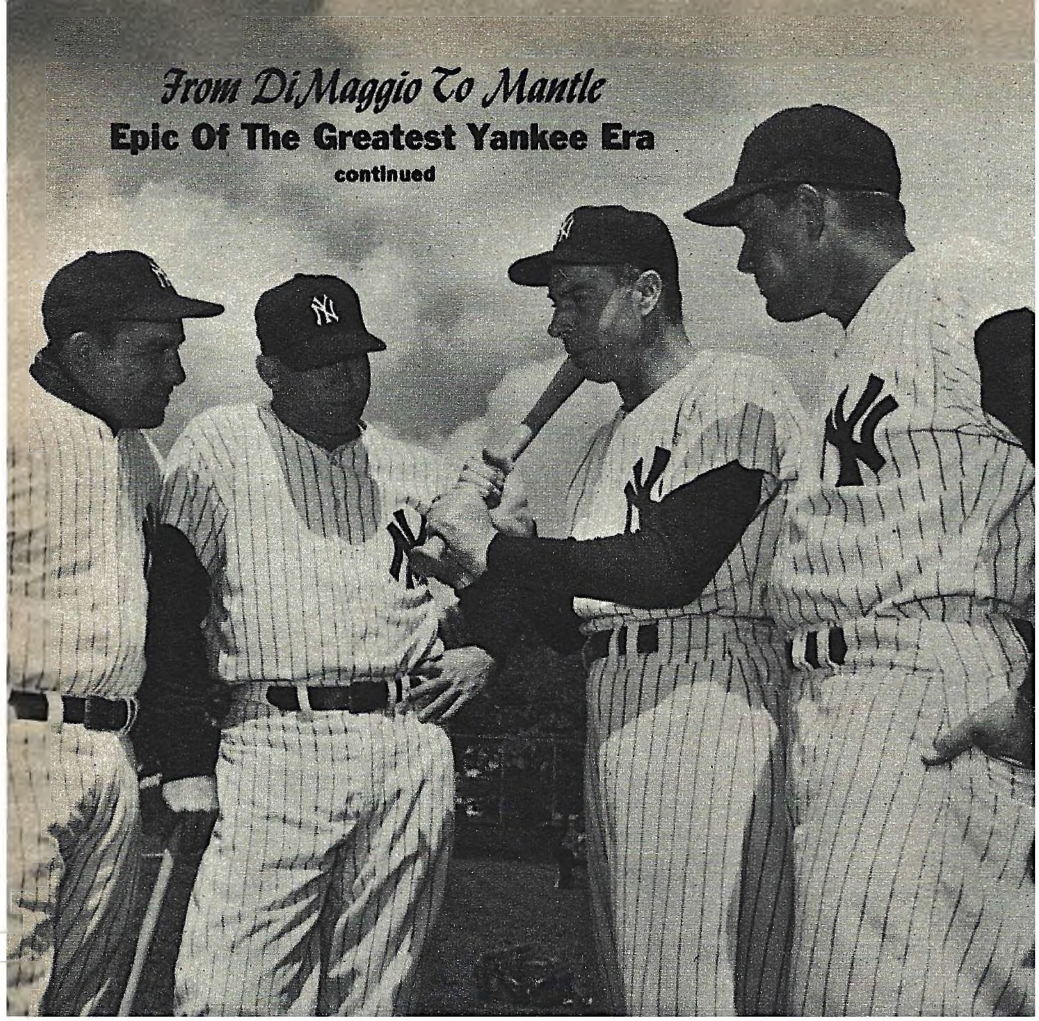
From DiMaggio To Mantle

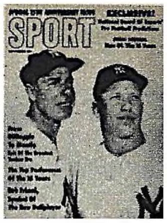
Epic Of The Greatest Yankee Era

continued



Herb Scharfman

1946



1961

Many memories were revived during spring training this season when DiMaggio worked with the Yankees as a coach. The old and the new Yankees came together for this photo of, *left to right,* Yogi Berra, Mantle, Joe and Ralph Houk.

tional hits would have moved him to .304), 25 home runs, 95 runs batted in and a slugging percentage of .511. What percentage of major-leaguers active today wouldn't settle for such a "bad" year?

DiMaggio himself considered it a "bad" year but Joe was always the perfectionist. "After all," he told me when I was ghosting his autobiography, *Lucky To Be A Yankee,* "I have to consider it a 'bad' year because the Yankees didn't win the pennant." It wasn't his own average that bothered him as much as it was the fact that the Yankees didn't win the pennant. The Yankee Clipper always thought in terms of the team, not of himself as an individual. It was the first time in his professional career he failed to hit better than .300. The next time he failed (1951), he quit.

DiMaggio had been on six pennant winners in the first seven seasons he played with the Yankees, and he was on four more in the five seasons following 1946. In 1951 he handed the baton to Mickey Mantle, who has carried on in center field for the Yankees ever since, his value to the team emphasized in much the same telling manner in which DiMaggio's was—American League championships. The Yankees have won eight pennants in the decade Mantle has been with them.

The opening day of the one season DiMaggio and Mantle played together presented a strange array in the Yankee outfield. Joe was in his accustomed place in center, Jackie Jensen was in left and Mickey was in right. "The Yankee outfield," observed Red Smith of the New York *Herald Tribune,* "represents a combined experience of 1,685 games in the American League, 1,640 of them by DiMaggio." And it was true, of course. Jensen had played 45 games in 1950, Mantle none.

After this game, Mantle, who had piled up praise all through spring training, was asked how he felt about his first big-league game. "All right, I guess," was the hesitant reply of the 19-year-old, "but Joe had to yell at me a lot." Quickly DiMaggio explained it was only because of the crowd of 45,000 that he yelled to Mantle. "The kid was all right," said the Clipper, practically a rave notice coming from him. "I appreciate what he is going through. I had played before large crowds in the Pacific Coast League before I came to the Yankees, but Yankee Stadium is something special and don't ever let anybody tell you different."

Actually the 45,000 fans who watched Mantle in his debut against the Red Sox in that opening game in 1951 were more people than had seen him play in his entire first season in pro baseball (1949) with Independence, Kansas, in the Kansas-Oklahoma-Missouri League.

DiMaggio was quite a prop to Mickey in that first season. By shouted directions Joe moved him into position for the hitters, and when Mantle started after a ball the Clipper "talked" him into the catch, much in the fashion of a man in the control tower "talking" a pilot into a landing.

On high flies hit to right-center, DiMaggio frequently allowed Mantle to make the catch, although he could have taken the ball himself without any extraordinary effort. Joe believed this enabled the rookie to build up self-confidence.

DiMaggio himself never doubted Mickey's potential and never begrudged Mickey the headlines. "The kid has power to either side and great speed," Joe said. "The longer he plays, the less pressure will be on him. I don't see how he can miss."

In that first year, Mantle and DiMaggio were separated for a while when Mickey was sent to the Kansas City Blues in the American Association. In his brief stay there, Mickey got all the evidence needed to show him he was capable of big-league success. He played 40 games with the Blues, driving in 50 runs, with 11 homers and a .361 batting average. He left the Yankees on July 15 and was recalled August 8, to finish out the season and play in the World Series against the New York Giants.

DiMaggio had a further chance to observe Mantle in 1952, Joe's first year out of baseball. DiMaggio had a pre- and post-game television show during Yankee home stands then, and he was on hand as Mickey took over his old position in center field. Joe saw him hit 23 home runs and tie for the lead in double plays by American League outfielders. He was convinced the young man was going to be around for a while.

There were no regrets on Joe's part when he left baseball. Dan Topping and Del Webb, the Yankee co-owners, would gladly have signed him again for $100,000—the first authentic six-figure salary for a ballplayer (no matter what you may have read elsewhere), but DiMag's mind was made up.

"I told some of the writers in the training camp at Phoenix in 1951 that it might be my last season, but they thought I was just kidding," Joe said. "My right knee had been giving me trouble for a couple of years and both shoulders were bothering me. My swing was hampered and I couldn't get around on the ball.

"Where I was fooled, though, was that I really thought I could make my last year a good one. I had the crazy notion of bowing out in a blaze of glory. Instead I had a bad one (.263). I guess the reflexes just weren't there any more."

It must be mentioned, though, that DiMaggio bowed out fittingly—as a member of another world champion Yankee team. He left behind him a record that Master Mantle will have to do some hustling to equal—ten pennants and nine world championships in 13 active seasons.

When I was assigned to write this story, I spoke with Mantle in the Yankee locker room. I asked Mickey if DiMaggio had given him any advice since 1951.

"No," said Mantle, no word-waster he.

"Did you ever ask him for any advice?" I said.

"No," said Mantle, sticking to the script.

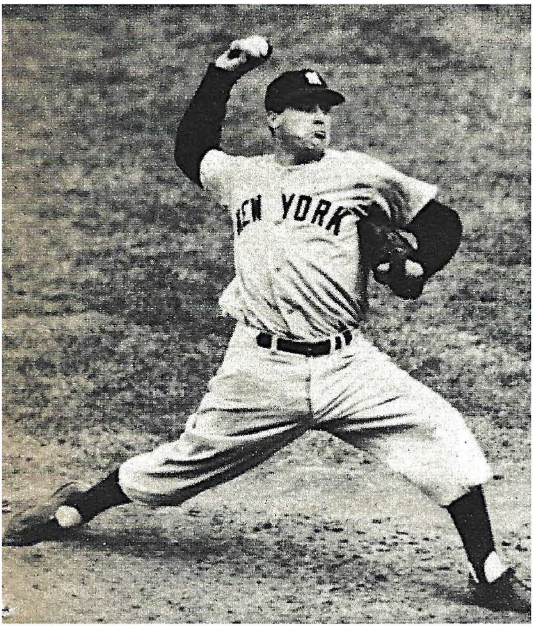
Coincidentally, I met DiMaggio as I was leaving the clubhouse. Joe had been invited to the game that day by Topping. I told Joe of the two quick "nos" I had just received from Mantle.

"Well, that would seem to take care of that, wouldn't it?" Joe said, grinning. "Actually I never volunteered any advice to Mickey or any other ballplayer. Sure, when he came up as a green kid, I tried to help him in the outfield, but that's different from presuming to give unasked advice to a recognized star."

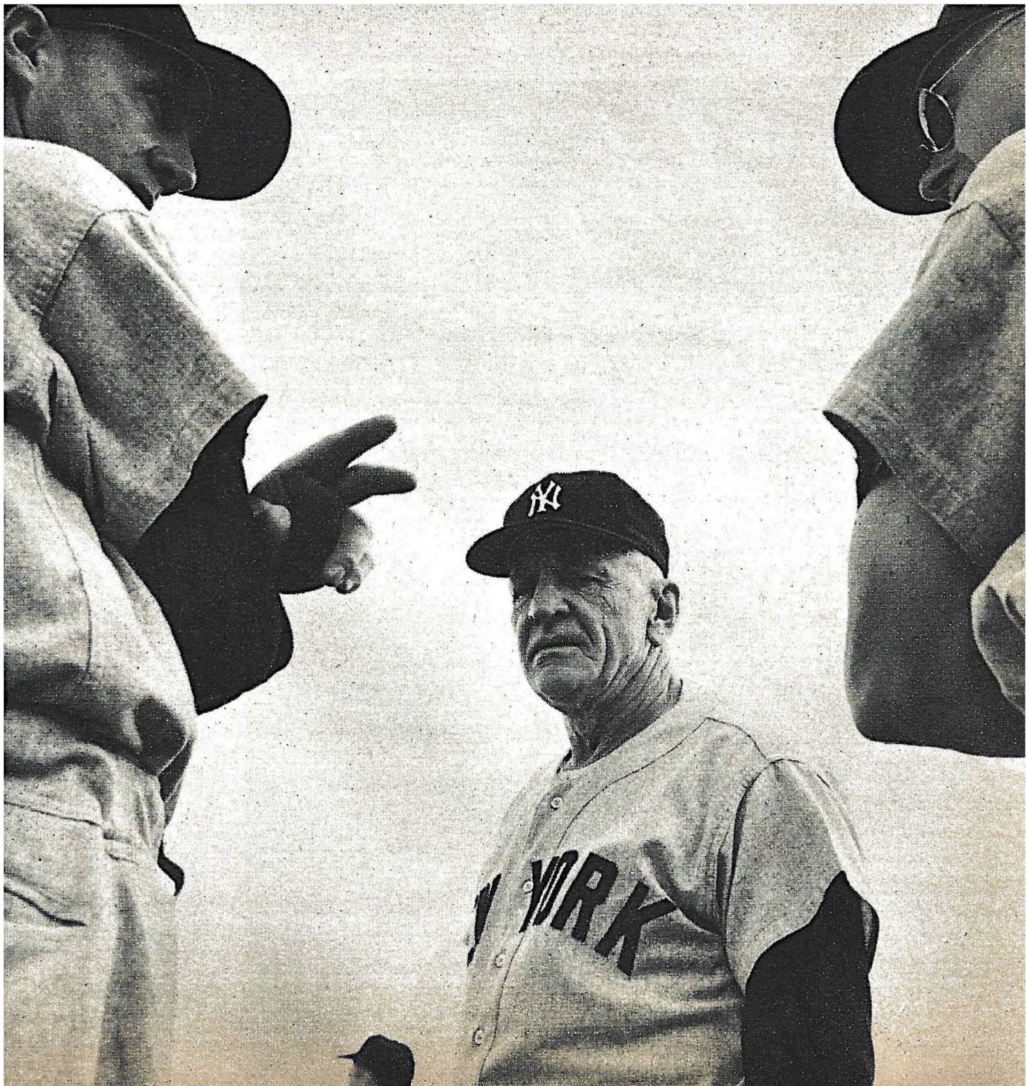
As a matter of fact, DiMaggio himself never sought advice from anybody once he reached the major leagues. In 1947, when Charlie Dressen was coaching at third for the Yankees, he was considered a master at "reading" the pitchers. Charlie would use whistle signals to relay his information to the hitters, but he was coolly rebuffed when he tried to pass along his tips to DiMaggio.

"I prefer to rely on my own eyes," Joe said.

DiMaggio and Mantle were involved in one of the strangest of all World Series plays in their one year together. It was at Yankee Stadium in the fifth inning of the second game against the Giants. (⟶ TO PAGE 97)



Ozzie Sweet



Most of the Yankees' success from 1946 through today was carved during the 12-season reign of sharp manager Casey Stengel, *right*. Casey's teams won seven world championships and ten pennants. When they won five straight World Series, setting a record, one of their big stars was husky righthander Vic Raschi, *top*.

1946

1961

THE TOP PERFORMERS OF THE 15 YEARS

BY AL SILVERMAN

STAN MUSIAL, Baseball

OTTO GRAHAM, Pro Football

In an era that bulges with sports heroes, these 12 get the votes as the best

FIFTEEN YEARS. An era. A generation. Young boys grown into manhood. Young parents taken to the rim of middle age. Fifteen years, one clean segment of the life cycle.

So it is with sports too, except that 15 years usually represents the complete life cycle for the athlete. If he is lucky, he can begin his career in sports, build on it and then try to hold off the erosion of age. All in 15 years. If he is real lucky, and uncommonly gifted, his sports life cycle might last 20 years. If he is just average, or maybe a little unlucky, he gets ten years or less before the flame burns out.

So it is with life, so it is with sports and so is it with these athletes named the best in their professions over the last turbulent but wonderful 15 years. Some of the heroes here span or come near to spanning the entire 15-year era. The others earned their glory by the quality of performance over a relatively short period of time. All 12 athletes, we respectfully submit, are deserving of the title—top performer of the 15 years.

Arguments? Of course we expect arguments. The decisions made here were the decisions of a group of men who profess to a certain breadth and depth and knowledge of sports, but who are also flawed, like all human beings, by personal quirks of character. Our votes could never be bought, but they may have been influenced in the subconscious through reasons of heredity, environment or other unscientific attitudes. However, the consensus by the editors of SPORT was arrived at through long, stormy sessions and, in the end, we hope that reason prevailed.

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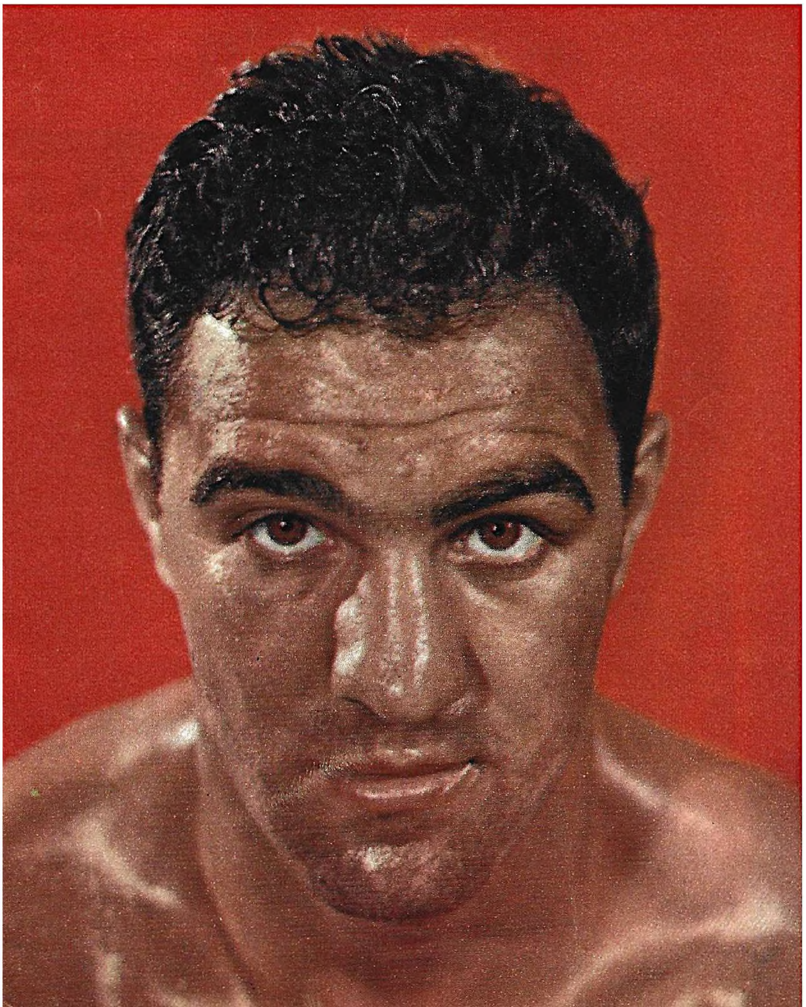
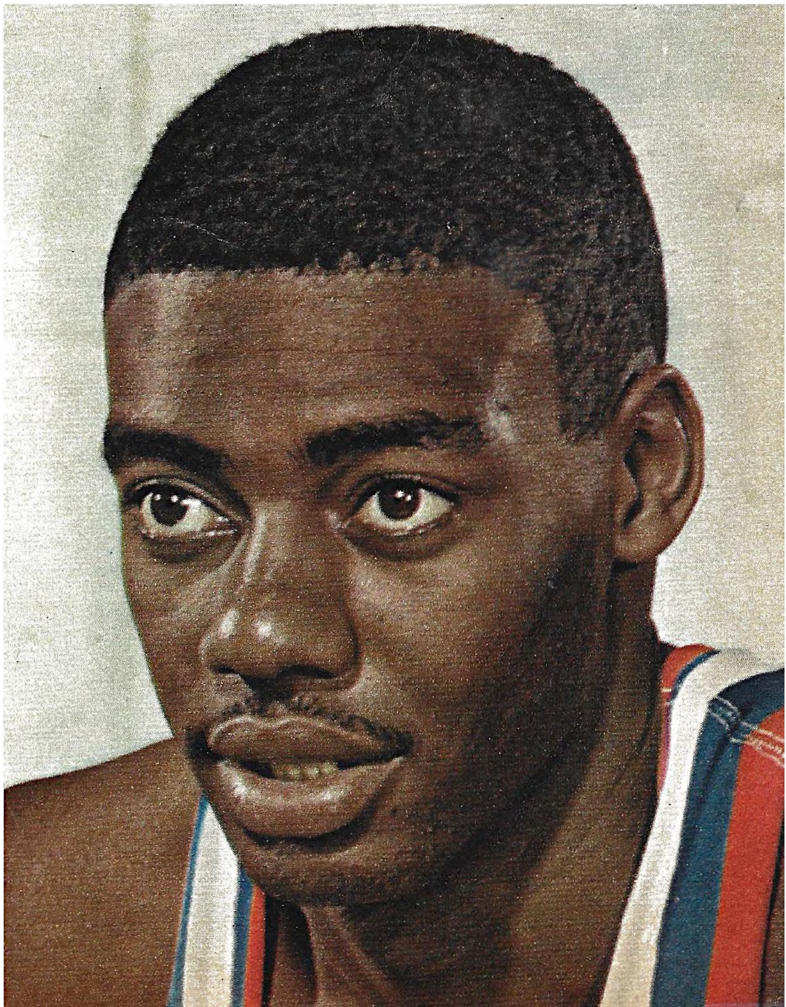
ROCKY MARCIANO, Boxing



OSCAR ROBERTSON, College Basketball



1946

SPORT
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1961

THE TOP PERFORMERS OF THE 15 YEARS

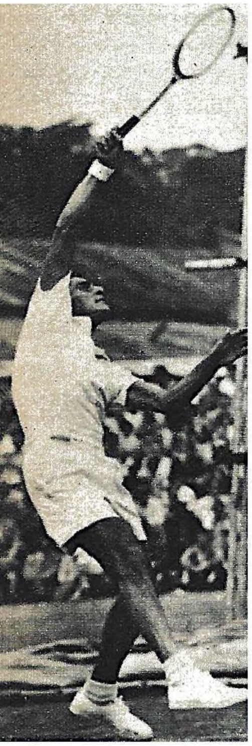
continued

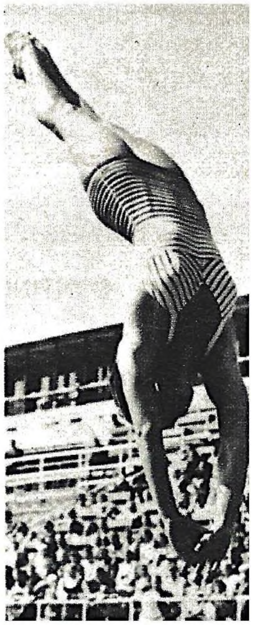
The debate could rage on and on in baseball. Do you select Stan Musial, who came out of the Navy in 1946 at age 25, and plays on today at age 41, with some 16 records? Or do you go for Ted Williams, who was the greatest hitter of our time—barring not even Musial—and played just one year less, with time out for Korean War service and other injuries. And what about Warren Spahn, a pitcher who won all his 300 games from 1946 to 1961?

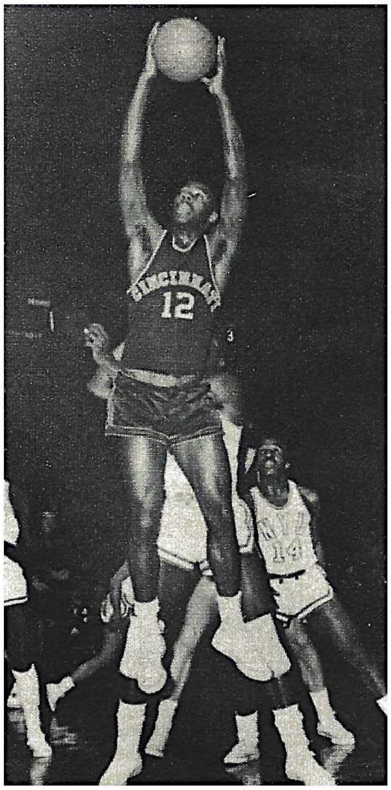
Nor can you forget the Bob Fellers, the Joe DiMaggios, the Jackie Robinsons, the Mickey Mantles, the Willie Mayses and the others who lent such enchantment to the era.

So we picked Musial. Why? The argument for Stan the Man is plainly stated in the story adjoining this one. Most of the rest is in the record books, but it is also in the testimonial of another ballplayer, Ty Cobb, who some people believe to be the greatest of them all.

"No man has ever been a perfect ballplayer," Cobb once said. "Stan Musial, however, is the closest to being perfect in the







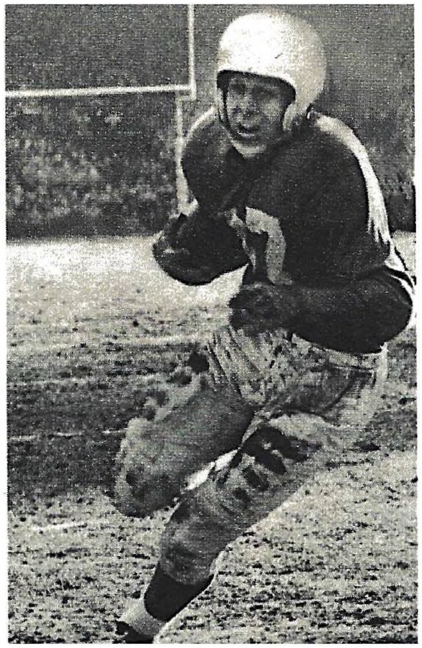
game today. I've seen great hitters and great runners and great fielders, but he puts them together like no one else . . . Musial," Cobb went on, "will score from first on a single. You don't see much of that kind of running today. He plays as hard when his club is away out in front in a game, as he does when they're just a run or two behind. He'll go after a ball, even diving for a shoestring catch in an exhibition game as if the World Series depended on it.

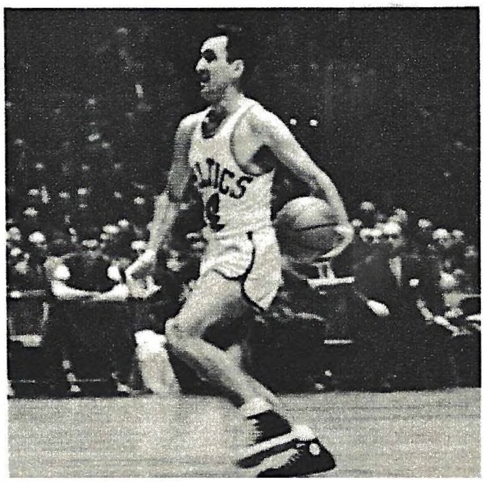
"Musial has the power of Nap Lajoie," said Cobb. "He has the stamina of Eddie Collins. He is as steady as old Honus Wagner."

Cobb on Musial. What can you add to that except one small item: Stan Musial is also an uncommon human being. He has never made an enemy, and everybody has been his friend. He has played the game with a joy and richness and a flavor all his own that can be summed up in one word, inspirational. He, of them all, has set an unexcelled example.

These are the reasons why Stan Musial edges out Ted Williams as the top performer in baseball in the last 15 years. These are the reasons also why Stan Musial becomes the best of them all, Man of the 15 Years in sports.

The great debate simmers down a bit when it comes to choosing the top performer in pro football over the last 15 years. Indisputably, Otto Graham was the big man in professional football. Through the post-war days in the All-America Conference, to the 1955 football season when, in his last hurrah, he guided the Cleveland Browns to a National Football League





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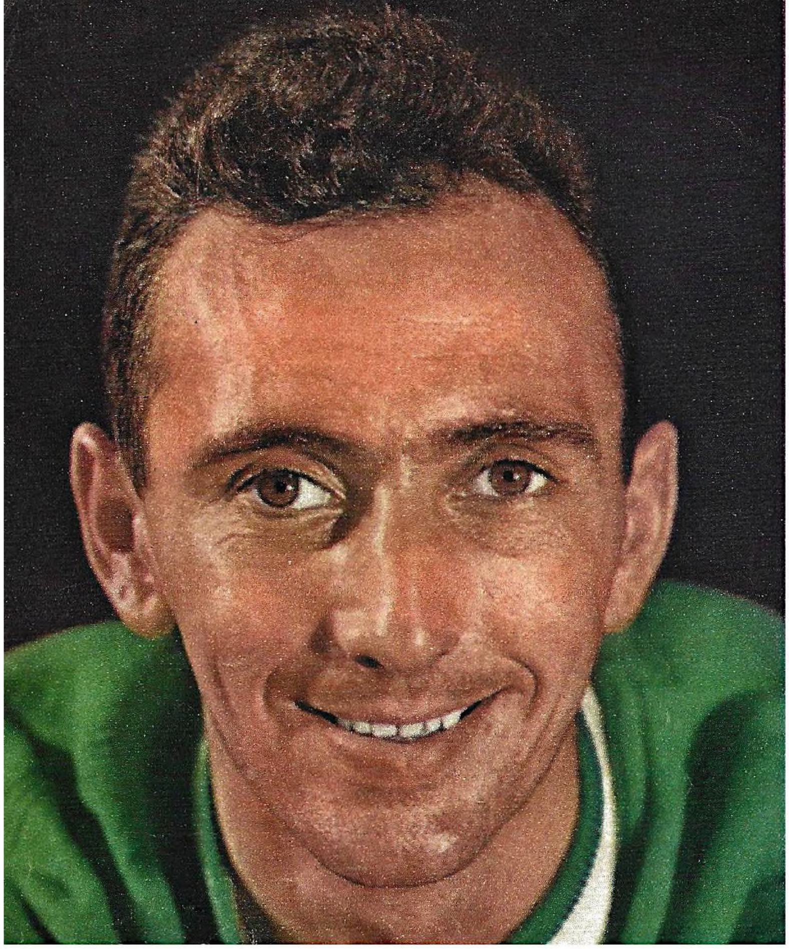
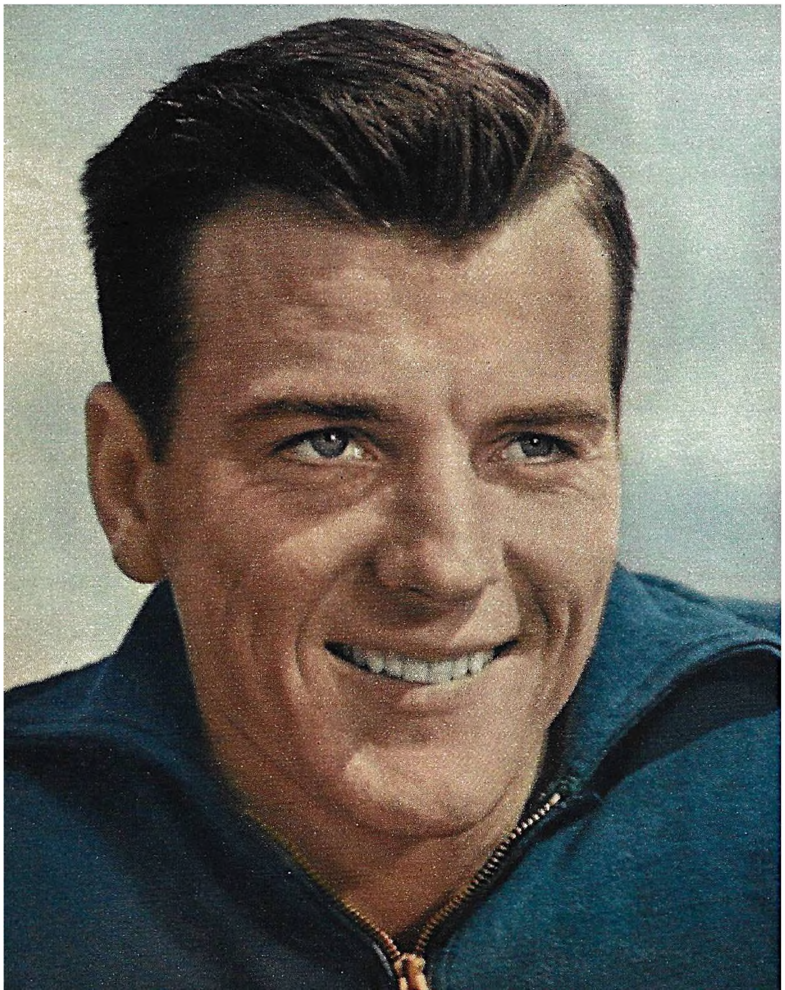


BOB COUSY, Pro Basketball

EDDIE ARCARO, Horse Racing

BOB MATHIAS, Track and Field



THE TOP PERFORMERS OF THE 15 YEARS

continued

BEN HOGAN
Golf

PAT McCORMICK
Swimming and Diving

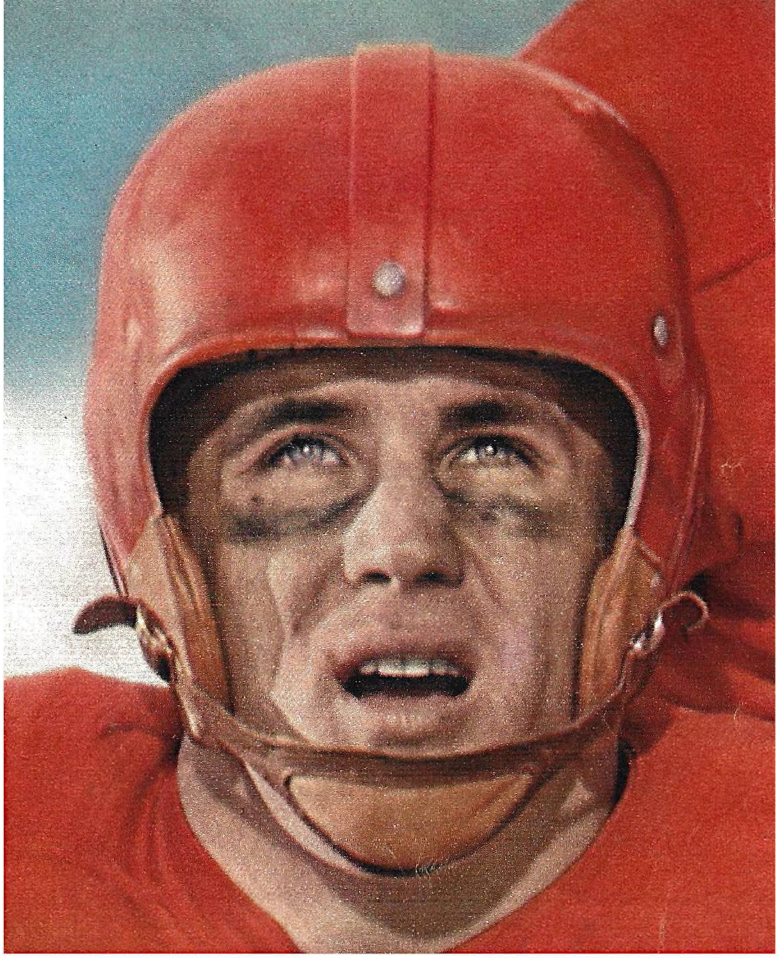
1946

1961

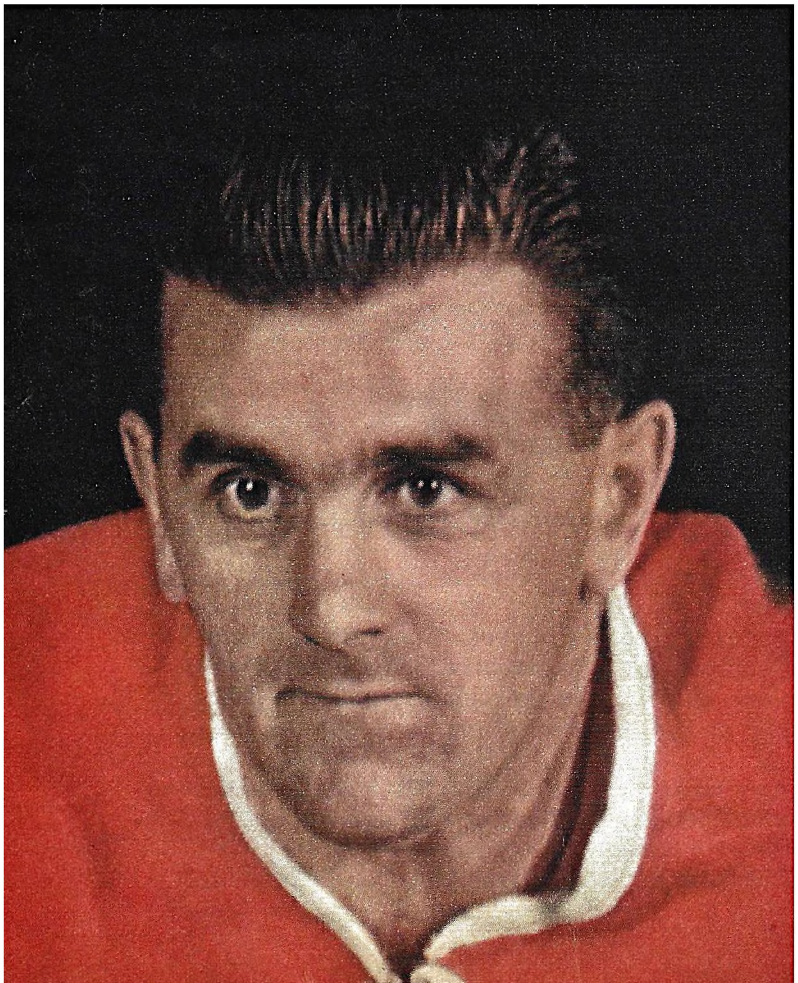
championship, Otto Graham was the artist. The best passer since Sammy Baugh, Graham was also a thinker and an inspirational leader, and there was simply no one like him.

In the All-America Conference's first four years, Otto led the Browns to 47 wins in 50 games and four league championships. In the next six years, in the National Football League, the Browns won six division and three world championships. Some day Johnny Unitas may put Graham's records in eclipse. Some day Jimmy Brown may be known as the most devastating runner of all time. But that is for the future. The last 15 years belong, still, to Otto Graham.

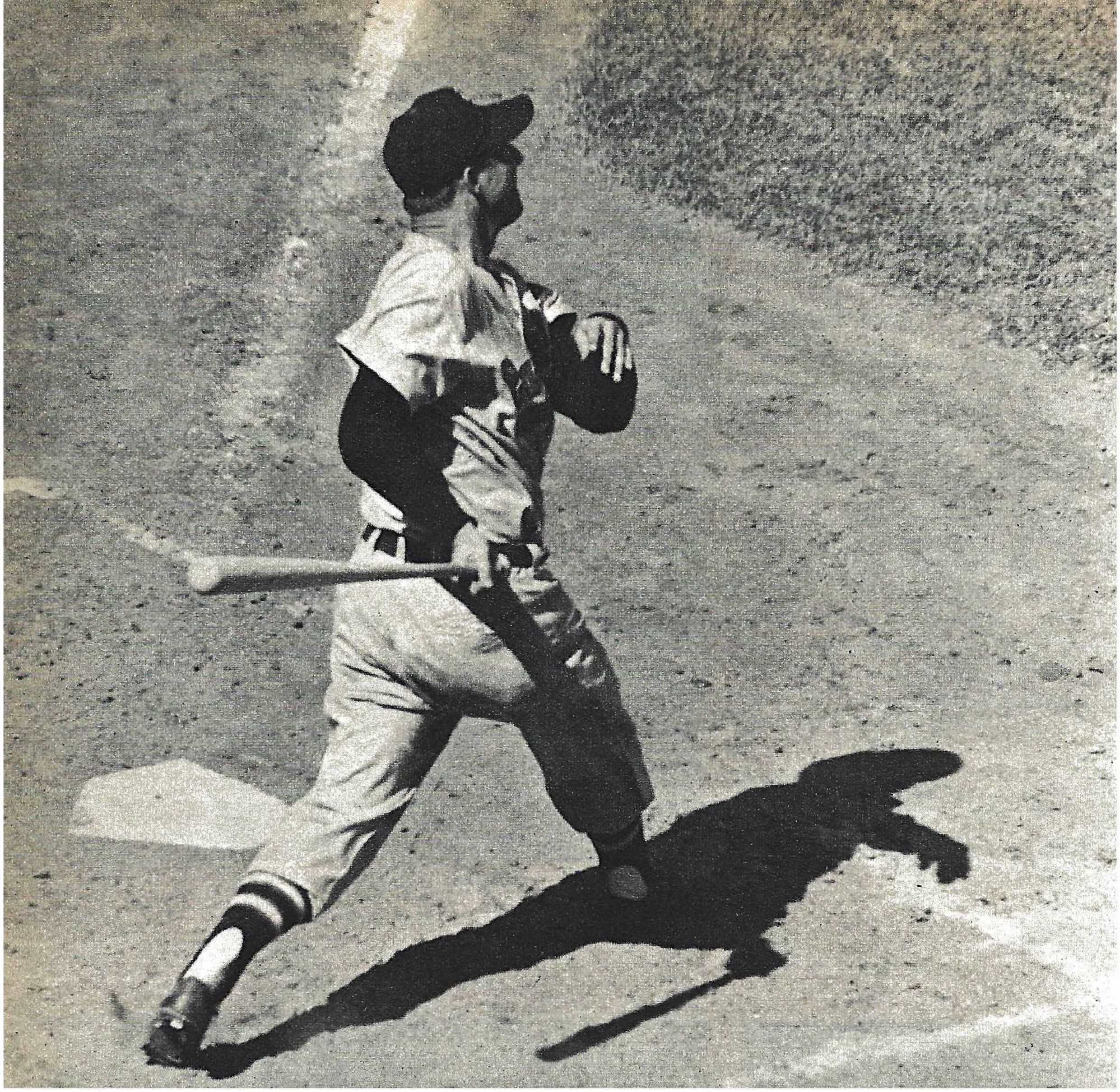
In college football, Joe Bellino last year was the most exciting performer to come along since . . . well, since Doak Walker. But Bellino's tremendous running ability, his spectacular (⟶ TO PAGE 89)


DOAK WALKER, College Football

MAURICE RICHARD, Hockey



PANCHO GONZALES, Tennis



STAN MUSIAL

MAN OF THE 15 YEARS

Why Stan? Because he has blended every quality a super-star should possess

BY ED LINN

I ONCE OBSERVED in this little magazine that it is difficult to write about Stan Musial without sounding as if you were delivering the nominating address at a Presidential convention, always an embarrassment to us new-style writers who pride ourselves on mining the study-in-depth; that is, presenting the human being behind the public image—the mortal man with all the weaknesses, conceits and absurdities that man is heir to.

In this article, I'm getting the chance not to nominate him for President, but to present him as the winner of an election. Stan has been selected by the editors of this magazine as the Man of the 15 Years, a handy gimmick to coincide with SPORT's 15th Anniversary.

At this stage of his career, Stan is not only The Man, he is The Man Who. . . . He is, fellow delegates, the man who entered this season holding the major-league record for home runs

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1946

1961

National Board Of Experts Exclusive NFL Predictions

Our poll picks the Browns to play the Packers for the 1961 championship, the Colts and the Cardinals to meet in the Runnerup Bowl. Paul Hornung heads a list of top stars that includes Jim Brown, Johnny Unitas, Joe Schmidt and Jim Patton

THE 1961 CHAMPIONSHIP game, says the National Football League, will be played on December 31. The opposing teams, says SPORT's national board of experts, will be the Cleveland Browns and the Green Bay Packers. Our panel of 14 leading sportswriters, one from each NFL city, also predicts that the St. Louis Cardinals will play the Baltimore Colts in the Runnerup Bowl.

For individual honors, the writers overwhelmingly selected Jim Brown and Johnny Unitas to lead the league in rushing and passing, respectively, while they narrowly favored Paul Hornung over Unitas as the league's most valuable player. Voting in the two other offensive categories ended in ties: Raymond Berry and Sonny Randle for the leading pass-catcher, Roosevelt Brown and Jim Parker for the best lineman. Linebacker Joe Schmidt and safety man Jim Patton won the wide-open scrambles for best defensive players. (⟶ TO PAGE 90)

TEAM FORECAST

EASTERN DIVISION	WESTERN DIVISION
CLEVELAND BROWNS	GREEN BAY PACKERS
ST. LOUIS CARDINALS	BALTIMORE COLTS
PITTSBURGH STEELERS (tie)	DETROIT LIONS
NEW YORK GIANTS (tie)	SAN FRANCISCO '49ERS
PHILADELPHIA EAGLES	CHICAGO BEARS
WASHINGTON REDSKINS	LOS ANGELES RAMS
DALLAS COWBOYS	MINNESOTA VIKINGS

PREDICTED TOP PLAYERS

Most Valuable Player . . . PAUL HORNUNG, Green Bay Packers
Rushing . . . JIM BROWN, Cleveland Browns
Passing . . . JOHNNY UNITAS, Baltimore Colts
Pass-Catching . . . RAYMOND BERRY, Baltimore Colts;
SONNY RANDLE, St. Louis Cardinals (tie)
Offensive Linemen . . . ROOSEVELT BROWN, New York Giants;
JIM PARKER, Baltimore Colts (tie)
Defensive Lineman . . . JOE SCHMIDT, Detroit Lions
Defensive Back . . . JIM PATTON, New York Giants

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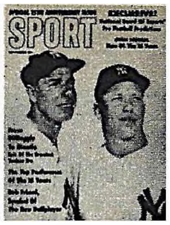
Art Daley, Green Bay Gazette
Bill Gleason, Chicago American
Doc Greene, Detroit News
Bob Oates, Los Angeles Examiner
Art Rosenbaum, San Francisco Chronicle
John Steadman, Baltimore News-Post

Every time Brown drives up the middle or darts around end, he comes closer to the NFL career rushing record, Joe Perry's 7,246 yards in 11 years. Brown has gained 5,055 yards in four years.

Color by Marvin Newman

1946



1961

Four Classic Stories

Day in, day out over the past 15 years, the sports world has been a whirl of drama, humor and human interest. Masterfully written, the following four stories capture each element

Jim Crow's Playmates

By Red Smith

A CURIOUS sort of hullabaloo has been aroused by Branch Rickey's disclosure that when he went into the ring against Jim Crow, he found 15 major-league club owners working in Jim's corner. It is strange that the news should stir excitement, for surely it couldn't have come as a surprise to anyone.

At the time Rickey signed Jackie Robinson for Montreal, anybody who knew anything about baseball was aware that a Jim Crow law did exist in the game, although baseball men never had the courage to put it in writing. And after Robinson was signed, open opposition to his presence continued until publication of the news stories which killed the projected player strike against him last summer.

Well, no matter. A year ago Rickey was weaving and ducking and bobbing in an effort to elude people who wanted to have him stuffed and mounted as a prime specimen of tolerance. He insisted he was not interested in Robinson as a black man or as a member of an underprivileged race and that his purpose in signing Jackie was not, as described in Authur Mann's song, to "triumph over prejudice and the excess profits tax."

"I want ballplayers," he said. "I don't care if they're purple or green and have hair all over them and arms that reach down to their ankles, just so they can beat the whey out of the Cardinals and win a World Series."

That was his story, and it was as good as any except for the technicality that it wasn't true. Here is the truth.

In 1903, when Rickey was baseball coach at Michigan, he had a Negro named Charley Thomas on the squad. The first trip the boy made was to South Bend, Indiana, where the hotel management declined to let him register. Rickey blamed himself later for not having had the foresight to brief the kid in advance, preparing him for such experiences.

Rickey and the team captain were sharing a suite. When Branch learned of Thomas' difficulties, he hurried down and asked whether the management would let Thomas move into the suite. This was agreed, provided Thomas didn't register, and all three retired to their quarters.

Upstairs Rickey and the captain got to talking. Thomas sat on the edge of Rickey's bed with his head low, so that his face was concealed. When Branch tried to draw him into the conversation, the boy lifted his head. He was crying. He was wringing his hands between his knees, twisting the fingers as though trying to pull the skin off.

"It's these," the kid said, lifting his hands.

Rickey didn't understand.

"They're black," the kid said. "It's my skin," the kid said. "If it wasn't for my skin, I wouldn't be any different from anybody." He continued to twist his fingers.

"My hands," the kid said. "They're black. If they were only white!"

Rickey said: "Tommy, the day will come when they won't have to be white."

That was 45 years ago. It was 43 years before Rickey found the right time and the right place and the right guy in Jackie Robinson. In those years Rickey has gone a lot of places and done a lot of things and been pictured in many lights. He may be all the things they have called him—a rush of wind in an empty room, a glib horse-trader, a specious orator, a shouting revivalist. He had been described, in purest Brooklynese and with faithful accuracy, as a "man of many facets—all turned on."

It remains a simple matter of fact that he has not forgotten Charley Thomas. He has kept up with Charley Thomas, knows where he is today and what he is doing and how he is doing. Charley's doing all right, by the way.

In the circumstances, it was not hard to believe Rickey yesterday when he described his feelings at the major-league meeting where 15 club owners approved a report stating that the employment of a Negro in professional baseball was jeopardizing their investment.

"I was," he said, "deeply disturbed."

Reprinted from the New York Herald-Tribune, 1948.

Who Invented Pfftbol?

By John Lardner

THIS DEPARTMENT has learned on inscrutable authority that the Soviet youth magazine *Smena*, having recently curdled its readers with an account of how the American game, beizbol, was stolen from the old Russian village sport of lapta, is about to extend the series with revelations concerning the origin of another, equally barbarous American game, pfftbol—that is the roogbi type of pfftbol, in which the ball is abused with the hands, and not only with the feet and head, as in soccer.

It does not surprise us that *Smena* is exposing pfftbol. At all times in history, editors, once they have got hold of a good, lurid theme, have been inclined to stretch it out through as many installments as possible. In this case, it will be hard to match the scandals of the biezbol expose, but those who have seen the galley proofs of the new piece tell me it will be fairly hot stuff.

A high point in *Smena's* biezbol chapter, you remember, was the scene where the promoters seized the veteran chattel, Tai Kopb, who is covered from head to foot with scars, stuffed a packet of Coca-Cola stock down his throat, and flung him into the street, where his chauffeur picked him up and drove him off to California. There was also the case of Beibs Rut, who was sold against his will from Boston to New York. *Smena* omitted to give the reason for Rut's disgruntlement, which was that he had to wait 20 minutes for a train to take him away from Boston.

In ripping the mask from pfftbol, *Smena* will doubtless make capital of the theory that the game induces a strain of cruelty in its players. The case of Gus Sonnenberg is often brought up in this connection. Unfortunately, the details, as supplied by Mrs. Sonnenberg in her suit for divorce from the ex-pfftbol star, speak for themselves. Mrs. Sonnenberg charged that whenever her husband came home late at night and found her asleep, he would take off his shoes, hold them high above his head, and drop them one by one on the floor. This, as anyone could guess who was familiar with the size of Sonnenberg's feet, created a frightful racket, and invariably woke the lovely plaintiff up.

Where *Smena* really gets rolling, I am told, is in its analysis of how the game of pfftbol began, and who invented it. The birth occured in Russia. This reasoning is based on a set of recent photographs in which members of the Notre Dame pfftbol squad were shown with their mouths open. Most of them seemed to have very few front teeth.

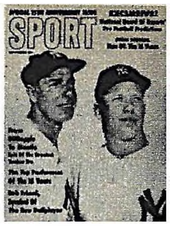
Working from there, the Soviet editors present the hypothesis that pfftbol is derived almost directly from an old Russian village sport called dentistry, which is played at times of the year when the weather is too cold for lapta, or beizbol. In this game, player A goes to the office of player B, by appointment, and sits in a chair, where player B, sometimes assisted by a third player, gives him an anesthetic and removes all the teeth he can, in a given time—which is usually an hour, divided into four 15-minute quarters.

It's true that Notre Dame officials have pointed out, with just annoyance, that the people who displayed the pictures of their pfftbol players carefully selected boys who had lost some teeth, and that these boys were scrubs, rather than regular players. You know what *Smena* will say to that. She will say that scrub pfftbol was taken from Russian dentistry; that regular pfftbol was stolen from British roogbi, and that the latter was stolen from an old Russian village sport called pigklaba, in which the children skin a shoat, generally by stealth, and pass the hide from hand to hand until summer returns. The bacon and spareribs are sent to the Kremlin.

We are not privy to *Smena's* further plans in its series of sport scandals, except that our scout, who has missed very few leads to date, reports that poker—or pwkr—is sure to come up sooner or later. If there is one game that America has always been absolutely sure it invented, it is poker. Our history is rich in poker traditions. Yet the word is that *Smena* will shortly claim discovery of a manuscript dated 1760, by Back-to-Back-Ivanovich, called "Forty Years a Gambler on the Dnieper River."

Reprinted from Newsweek, 1952.

1946



1961

You're Billy Graham

By Jimmy Cannon

YOU'RE BILLY GRAHAM who was a champion but it isn't in the book. Inside, where a man keeps the trophies of his life, you know you were a champion. But you never held a title and you never took down the champion's end of a touch.

You're through with the fight racket. The guys who run it should grieve. You were an ornament of the filthiest game men work at in this country. The ugly business has to have more like you if it intends to survive. You fought 126 fights for money and not one of them was disfigured by larceny. No champion ever had more pride or dignity. But you depart, not as a champion, but as a respected main event pug.

You weren't a great fighter. But you walked down a street or entered a gymnasium as though you were a champion. Champions don't always hold titles. But you can't hock an attitude. Honor doesn't draw interest in any bank.

It might console you because you know this. It isn't enough though. Guys fight for money. You're no exception. You're not wealthy but you are not busted, either. But you should have made more. The championship meant a lot to you. It guaranteed you a life without economic fear. Now, after picking up, you haven't much time for leisure. You haven't a fortune to invest. You put more into the fight racket than you took out.

You beat Kid Gavilan in February of '50. You lost to him in December of that year. But the big one happened in August of '51. You won that one. You took it but they gave the decision to Gavilan. You needed that one. That was the one that would have put you in the boxing guides as the welterweight champion.

You never could punch. But no one ever knocked you down. Not a second was ever counted over you. You were a formal boxer who knew all the subtle moves. You schemed to set them up, hit and move. You weren't flashy or exceptionally fast. You had a conservative style. It was formed by your knowledge of your business.

You had another shot at Gavilan in Cuba in '52. You weren't feeling well. He beat you that night. But you carry a memory from that fight. You always had to step and block and punch sneakily to get a decision. You didn't take guys out with a rap. You made your fight, a sedate and careful boxer, the only way your talent allowed.

In Havana you hit Gavilan with a right hand. You felt him going. You saw him sag. This was a tough guy who took a punch as well as you did. But the last time with Gavilan you stunned him. This pleased you.

You, who were bitterly humorous about your inability to hurt people, nailed Gavilan that night. It didn't work. You weren't a puncher and he slipped away. It astonished you and flattered you. Maybe, you thought, if you had to do it again, you might study balance. Perhaps, you could punch. But it was too late then. Your style was shaped. You were a steady boxer. You didn't thrill them. But anyone who understood the fight racket admired you.

You beat Ray Robinson in the amateurs. You took a lot of good fighters but never again beat a truly great one. It was your honesty that impressed people most. You were game by the standards of your fierce trade. You fought as well as you could every night you were paid to perform. But you never held a title. And you would like to be in the book.

You lived the way you fought. Of course, you took the old lady to dinner at Shor's once in a while. You dropped by the Copa when an act appealed to you. But you didn't use yourself up on the night shift. You were a neighborhood guy. Your old man owned a saloon on the East Side. Hardly a night passed by without a guy singing "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling." It was that kind of a joint.

You liked a glass of beer and side street barrooms where men remembered the old country in songs when they were drinking. You trained well. You had to. You didn't have the big gifts. Condition was one of your assets. After losing to Chico Vejar, you decided the fight racket belonged to the kids. You were right.

The likes of Vejar shouldn't beat you. You could always handle club fighters. Kids who piled in on you didn't bother you. But your legs were good then. The jab was accurate. The wind lasted then. Guys such as Vejar used to be marks. But you were seized by the sluggishness of middle age that attacks athletes in their youth.

You were turned out of your style in your last fight. Tavern oracles, taking it on the television, were excited by the way you lost to Vejar. They enjoyed your desperation. You were behind. So you tried to bust him out with a right hand. It is the way a good fighter goes. But here was proof you couldn't go ten rounds with an awkward kid if he pressed you. Panic turned you into a slugger.

When fatigue caused you to stand and punch with Vejar, then you conceded you no longer were a pug. The fight racket shills do a lot of bragging at stags and beefsteaks and boys' club fetes. They generally list the men who were better than their rotten sport. They should include you every time they mention guys the fight racket couldn't ruin. You're Billy Graham who was a champion but it isn't in the book.

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Game Called

By Grantland Rice

THE GREATEST FIGURE the world of sport has ever known has passed from the field. Game called on account of darkness. Babe Ruth is dead.

There have been mighty champions in their day and time from John L. Sullivan to Jack Dempsey—such stars as Bobby Jones, Ty Cobb, Walter Johnson, on and on, who walked along the pathway of fame.

But there has been only one Babe Ruth—one Bambino, who caught and held the love and admiration of countless millions around the world.

Game called by darkness—let the curtain fall,
No more remembered thunder sweeps the field.
No more the ancient echoes hear the call
To one who wore so well both sword and shield.
The Big Guy's left us with the night to face,
And there is no one who can take his place.

Game called—and silence settles on the plain.
Where is the crash of ash against the sphere?
Where is the mighty music, the refrain
That once brought joy to every waiting ear?
The Big Guy's left us, lonely in the dark,
Forever waiting for the flaming spark.

Game called—what more is there for one to say?
How dull and drab the field looks to the eye.
For one who ruled it in a golden day
Has waved his cap to bid us all good-bye.
The Big Guy's gone—by land or sky or foam
May the Great Umpire call him "safe at home."

From the time he appeared on the big-league scene with the Boston Red Sox in 1914, to the day his playing career ended more than 20 years later, Ruth was the greatest all-round ballplayer in the history of the game. He was a brilliant left-handed pitcher, the top power hitter of all time, a star defensive outfielder who could be rated with the best.

He was the one ballplayer who was a master of offense and defense—the nonpareil in both.

But Ruth was something more than a great ballplayer. He was an emblem, a symbol. No other athlete ever approached his color, not even the colorful Jack Dempsey, who had more than his share.

Babe Ruth's appeal to the kids of this nation was something beyond belief. He loved them and the kids knew it. There was nothing phony about his act. The kids knew the Babe was the greatest home run hitter of all time—that he was one of the greatest pitchers of all time—that he was an able place-hitter—that he could do more with a bat and a baseball than any player who ever lived. And the Babe could. But they also knew he was their pal.

I was present when he drove 60 miles one night before a World Series game in Chicago to see a sick boy. "And if you write anything about it," he said, "I'll knock your brains out." He meant it.

Oddly enough, the Babe and Walter Johnson, the two stars on offense and defense, the mighty hitter and the whirlwind pitcher, died from the same cause—a tumor attached to the brain.

And once again, oddly enough, it was Babe Ruth who was Johnson's nemesis in the box and at the bat. He told me once that he had beaten Johnson six times by the scores of 1-0. And even the great Johnson was none too keen about facing him from the firing hill.

I was a close friend of Babe's since 1919, nearly 30 years ago when the Red Sox and Giants traveled north from spring training together.

The true story of Babe's life will never be written—the story of wrecked cars he left along the highway, the story of the night he came near dropping Miller Huggins off a train, the story of the $100,000 or more he lost in Cuba one racing winter. (The Babe told me it was $200,000.)

The story of the ribald, carefree Babe who ignored all traffic signals. I was riding home with Ruth one night after a game of golf. The Babe was late. He ignored red lights and everything else in a big car. I begged Babe to let me get out and take a taxi. The Babe only laughed.

"These cops are my pals," he said. "A funny thing happened yesterday. Maybe I'd had a shot or so too much. Anyway, my car stalled. A big cop came up and asked what the matter was.

" 'It won't run,' I said.

" 'You're drunk,' the cop said, and I hit him in the nose."

" 'Now I know you're drunk, you so-and-so,' the cop said, and he shoved me out of the way and drove me home."

One day the Babe was going the wrong way on a road to some golf club.

"Hey, this is a one-way street," some traffic cop hollered.

"I'm only driving one way, you dumb . . ." the Babe said.

The cop, enraged, came rushing up, "Oh, hello Babe," he said. "I didn't know it was you. Drive anyway you want to."

I sat one day with Babe at St. Albans, his golf club. The Babe took out a .22 rifle, and he and a pal began shooting away the door knob at a $1 a shot. The Babe missed some guy who had just opened the door by two inches. "He should have knocked," the Babe said.

Just one day with the Babe was a big adventure. There was the time he planted a small explosive bomb in some pal's car and almost blew up the place. "I didn't know it was that strong," was all he said.

He was a rough, rowdy, swaggering figure, more profane than anyone I ever hope to meet again, with a strong sense of decency and justice and fair play. He was a sportsman, if I ever saw one. He wanted no advantage at any start.

There was the day Miller Huggins was going to fine Ruth $5,000. Babe had been absent two days. The fine was to be plastered after the game. All baseball writers were notified. The Babe appeared before the game, red-eyed and dazed looking. He was in terrible shape. He hit two home runs and a triple. Huggins forgot the fine.

These are among the true stories of Babe Ruth, who had no regard for the conventions of the common or normal man, whether this included actions or words. But, beyond all this, he was openhearted, friendly, always cheerful, a great guy to be with.

I can still hear the roar of voices wherever he was. There was nothing quiet and sedate about the Babe.

He could recall few names. "I caught back of him for ten years," Mickey Cochrane once told me. "But he never knew my name. It was 'Hello kid.' "

Driving around, Babe always responded to those who called out, "Hey, Babe." His reply was "Hello, Mom," or "Hello, Pop."

"They can't forget my funny-looking pan," he said once. They won't forget his funny-looking pan soon. His records were terrific, but they meant little when compared to the man who was so far above all the records he ever set. I never saw him turn a mean trick.

No game will ever see his like, his equal again. He was one in many, many lifetimes. One all alone.

Released by the Bell Syndicate, copyright by Grantland Rice, 1948

JACKIE BRANDT

The Easy-Does-It Oriole

By Jimmy Breslin

THE GIRL PUT down her glass of beer because she had a very good idea and she wanted to talk about it. She was sitting at a table in a place called Danny's, a bar in Detroit with steps leading down to it. The steps are not so important when you are coming in, but they can be like the West Wall when you are going out at three o'clock, which is when bars in Detroit close. The girl was sitting at a table with some of the baseball players from the Baltimore Orioles and a couple of newspaper guys and she got this good idea while she was listening to them tell one player, Jackie Brandt, that he could play better than he had been showing.

"You know," she said, "maybe you try too hard. That could be the reason."

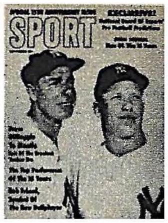
She broke the joint up.

Brandt just shook his head. "No," he said, "that's not my trouble."

A lot of people have agreed with this over the last couple of years. Brandt is 27 years old, stands 5-11 and weighs 170, a solid well put

A hustler on the bases, Brandt tends to let up in the field, angering his manager and disturbing the fans.

1946


1961

Suddenly this season Jackie has been hitting with the skill and consistency of an All-Star. What was it really that held him down until now?

together 170, too, and he could be any kind of a ballplayer. When he goes from first to third on a single he shows you a real lick of speed, the kind the good ones always have. In center field, the big outfield position, he can as a rule go and get them and throw with anybody. And back in June, when he was hitting .360, nobody was really shocked. Since 1956, when he first came to the majors with the St. Louis Cardinals, they've been saying he could hit something like this. But he never did and baseball people were having trouble figuring out why. A lot of them thought he just wasn't excited about playing the game. He wasn't anything like a faker. He just didn't seem to go 100 percent.

And he would also do things that would make people wonder. Not big things, like running into a telephone pole with a car, the way Don Larsen did, or throwing a punch and breaking his hand in a saloon fight, the way Earl Torgeson did. Brandt isn't like this at all. He's quiet. But he would do little things and they had people wondering. Like biting himself.

In 1956, when Brandt was traded to the old New York Giants, they put him in left field and after a game, one night, Bill Rigney, who was managing the team, sat at his desk in the clubhouse and shook his head.

"What would a guy want to do that for?" he said.

"Do what?"

"Brandt, he chews on the heel of his hand. I mean he gnaws on it. He got a hole bit into it. Big hole. He's bit right through the callous. I wanted him to move over toward the line one time there tonight and I started to wave to him. But he was too busy to see me the first time I waved. He had that hand in his mouth. Chewing away on it. Finally, I whistled and yelled a couple of times. So he looks up and moves over. Then he gets set. And puts the hand right back into the mouth. Then he took a real good bite out of it."

"Why would a guy want to bite his hand?" somebody asked.

"Because he's already chewed his fingernails down to nothing. So he bites his hand," Doc Bowman, the trainer said.

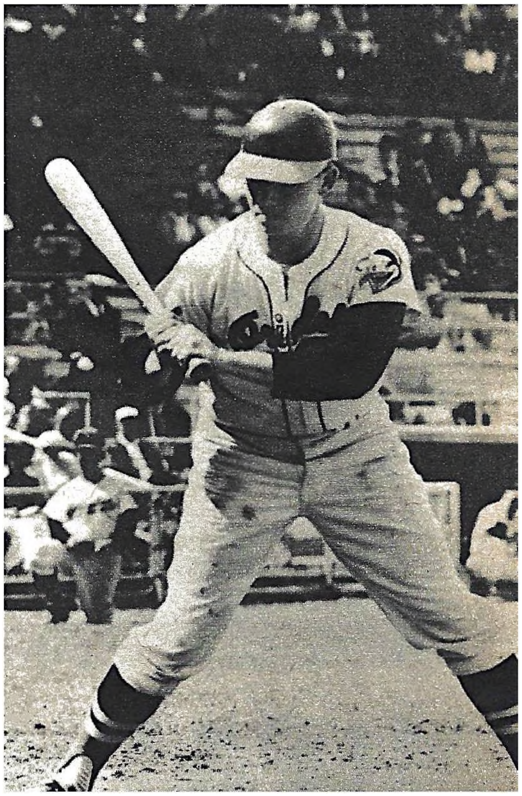
"Well, that's a good reason," Rigney said.

In the spring of 1960, the start of his first year with Baltimore, Brandt was playing third base in an intrasquad game, which doesn't mean much when you talk about it now when they're playing games for money. But it meant something then because baseball is a serious business with Paul Richards, the Orioles' manager. Even if you are just getting dressed to play baseball it is no joke to him.

Brandt was at third base for this game and he felt good. All of a sudden between pitches Brandt took a couple of quick steps down the line and did a wonderful somersault. Then he got up and went back to third. Nobody said anything about it, but they were wondering.

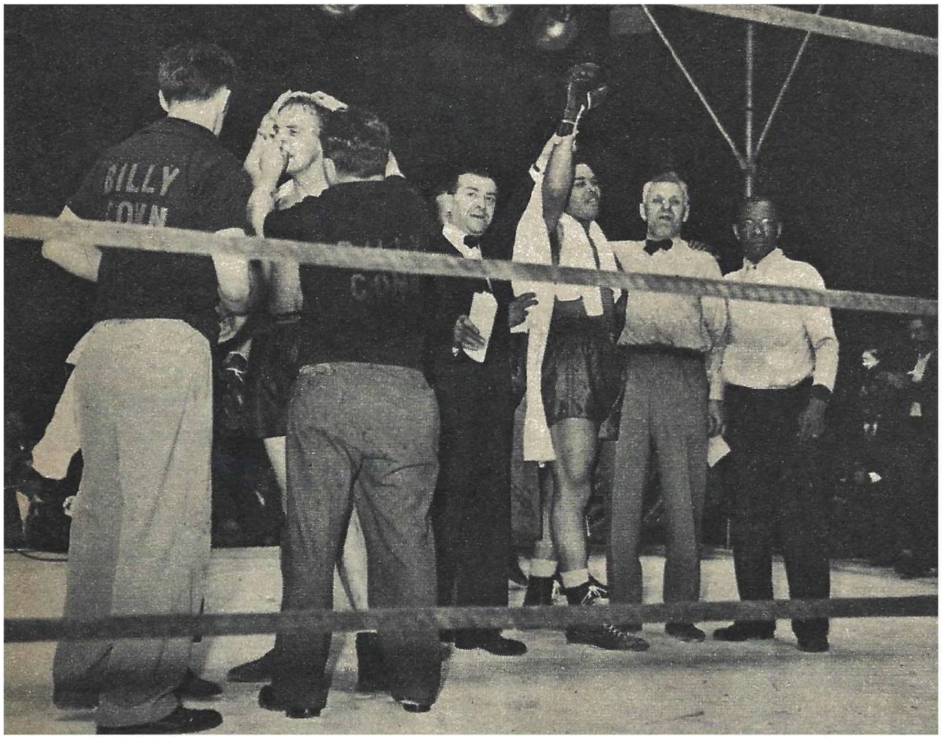
They've always called Brandt "Flakey," and he never minded it at all. "I don't like Jackie," he says. "Call me Jack or Flakey when we're talking. You can use Jackie for the papers."

"Flakey" means, of course, that a guy is (⟶ TO PAGE 95)



Up at bat Jack is loose and confident. "I got off good this year," he says, "because I didn't waste up my hits in training like I used to do."

'46 A cold, gray autumn day in Yankee Stadium was the setting when more than 70,000 football fans saw Army's victory streak snapped at 25 by a fired up Notre Dame team, with the ball *left*. The teams fought to a scoreless tie. Joe Louis came out of the Army to knock out Billy Conn in eight rounds, Joe's first heavyweight title defense since 1942. Enos Slaughter scored the run that won the World Series for the Cardinals by racing in from first base on a single to beat the Red Sox.



GREAT MOMENTS FROM

From the whistling knockout punches of Joe Louis to the booming home runs of Willie Mays, the 15-year era of everlasting thrills rocked with walloping power

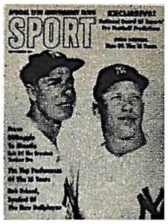
By HOWARD COSELL

FROM DECEMBER, 1941, until August, 1945, while the United States waged war to save the world, bona fide sports skills remained pretty much bottled in deference to the demands of the battlefields. Then in 1946, with the world restored to reasonable order and the top athletes returned from the war, an era of sports excellence was ushered in with the explosive and overflowing suddenness that a popping champagne cork triggers.

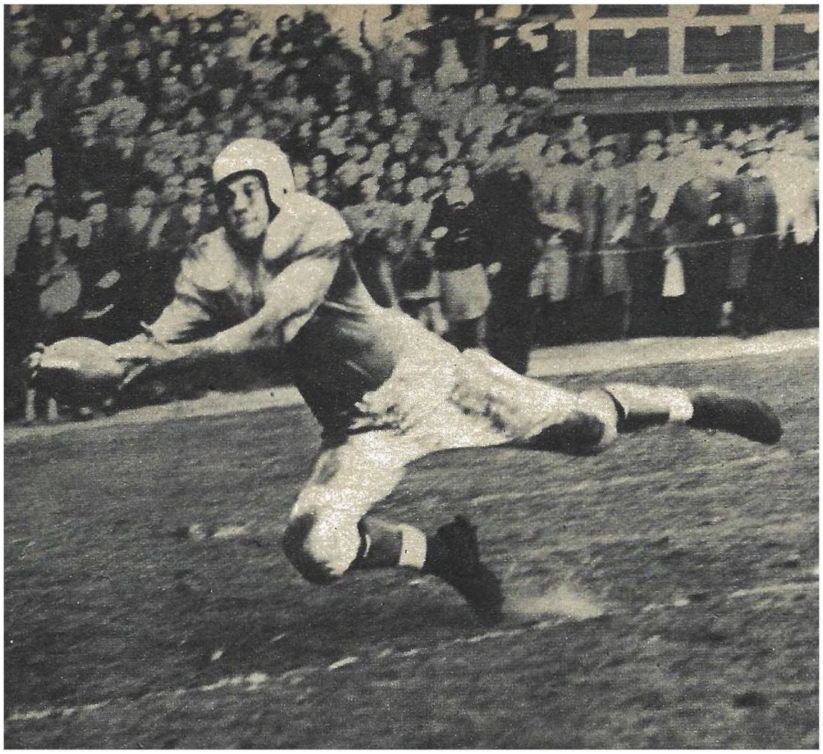
Joe Louis, the heavyweight champion, was back, beating out Billy Conn's brains. Johnny Lujack was home, too, helping Notre Dame stifle Army, the greatest college football team of the war-time era. And on the baseball field, such stars as Joe DiMaggio and Ted Williams were providing thrills as fast as the fans could cheer for them.

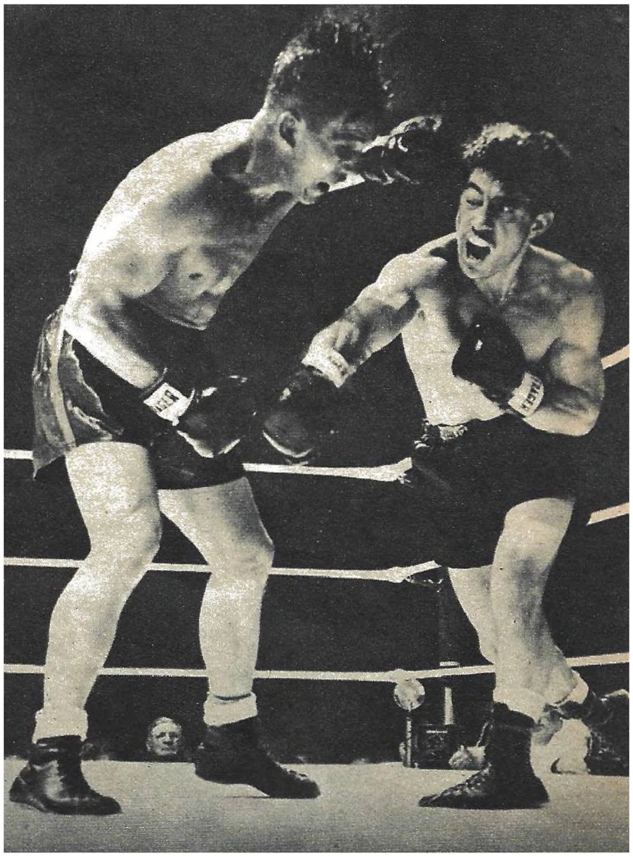
It began with a bang, the great sports era of the past 15 years, and it hasn't whimpered yet. From the day Joe Louis came back in 1946 to the day Willie Mays walloped four home runs in 1961 the great moments have been many.

1946



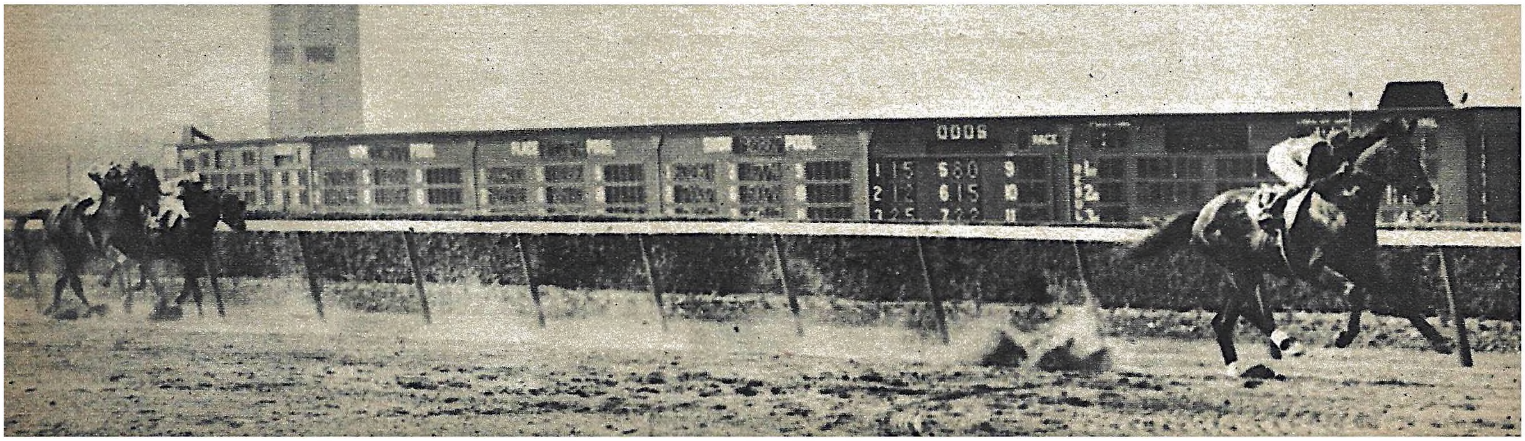
1961





'47 His body stretched tautly, Bill Swiacki made a fingertip catch of the pass that set up Columbia's final touchdown in a dramatic upset over Army, 21-20. Swiacki displayed a brilliance at end that afternoon that won him a lasting measure of fame. His right eye swollen and closed, Rocky Graziano showed the grim tenacity of a champion in the fight that gave him the middleweight championship. He stopped Tony Zale in six rounds with a furious comeback after absorbing an ugly beating which included a knockdown.

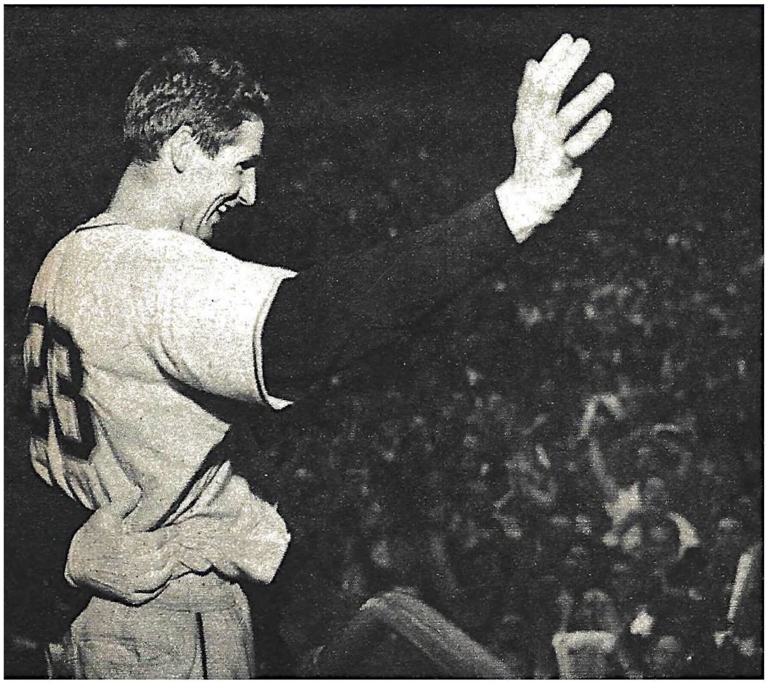
1946 THROUGH 1961



'48 All alone, with no horse near him, was how Citation won the final leg of his triple crown, the Belmont Stakes.

’49 The saga of Kyle Rote had its first compelling moments when the SMU halfback spun his magic throughout a narrow loss, 27-20, to heavily-favored Notre Dame.

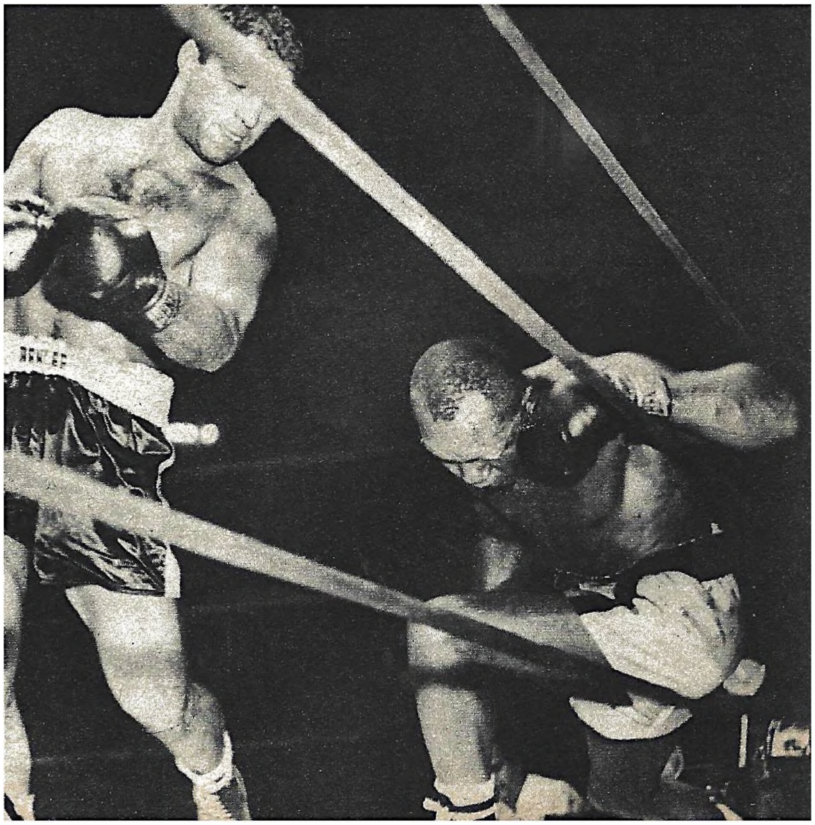
’50 The glow of a pennant won was on the faces of the Phillies as they closed in on Dick Sisler after his tenth-inning homer beat Brooklyn on the season’s last day.



GREAT MOMENTS FROM 1946 THROUGH 1961

continued

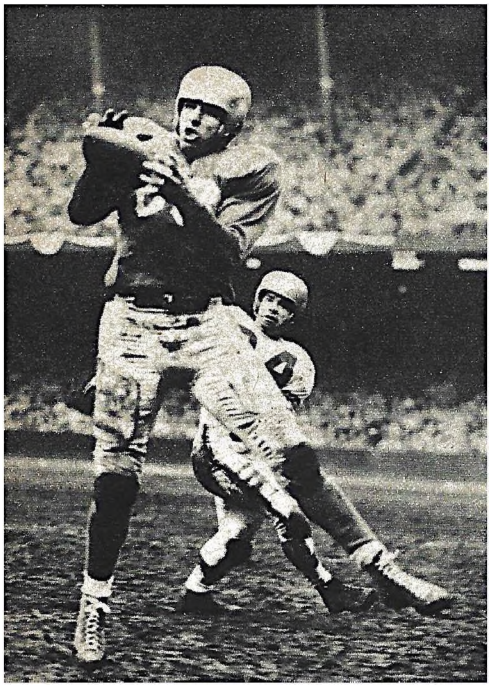
’51 Moments after he hit the most historic homer in baseball history—to bring the Giants from defeat to a pennant—big Bobby Thomson was everybody’s hero.



’52 Undefeated Rocky Marciano became heavyweight champion in a bruising brawl with old Joe Walcott. Marciano fashioned a walloping 13th round knockout.

1946

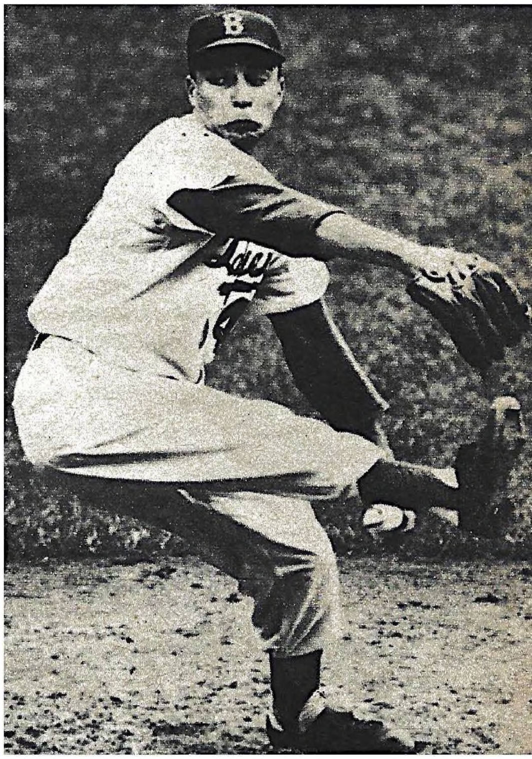
1961



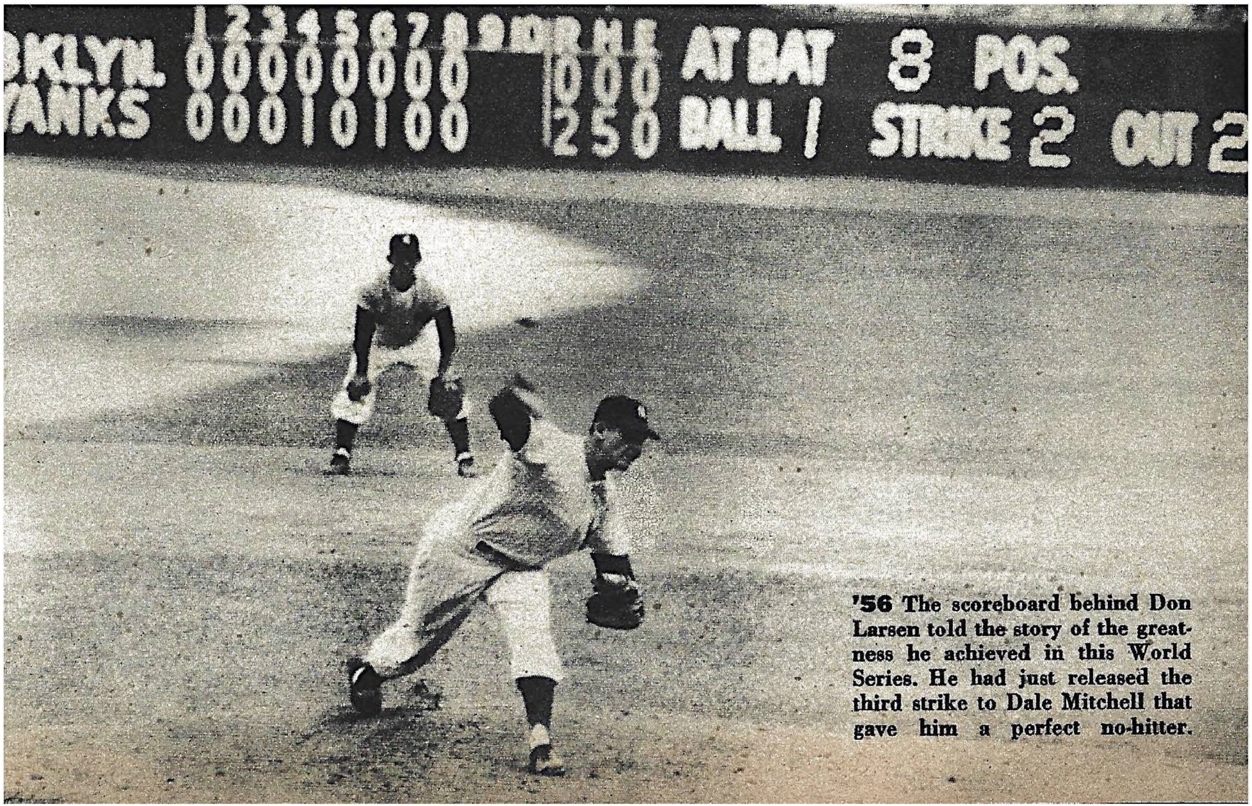
'53 Bobby Layne's hurried but accurate passes to end Jim Doran late in the NFL championship game gave the Lions a win over Cleveland.

'54 With this final step, Roger Bannister became the first human to run a mile in less than four minutes. The strain of a 3:59.4 mile is grimly etched in his face.

They have come at varied speeds, too. There was the whistling, sudden impact provided by Bobby Thomson's 1951 home run, one swing of the bat solid enough to win a pennant. There was the slow, building drama of Don Larsen's perfect game in 1956, the first no-hitter in World Series history. There were memorable moments of other types, too, like the breaking of baseball's color line by Branch Rickey and Jackie Robinson and the breaking of baseball's half-century *status-quo* by Lou Perini, who moved the Braves from Boston to Milwaukee.



'55 "Next year" in Brooklyn arrived when Johnny Podres threw his last pitch in the seventh game of the World Series against the Yankees. It brought the Dodgers their first world championship.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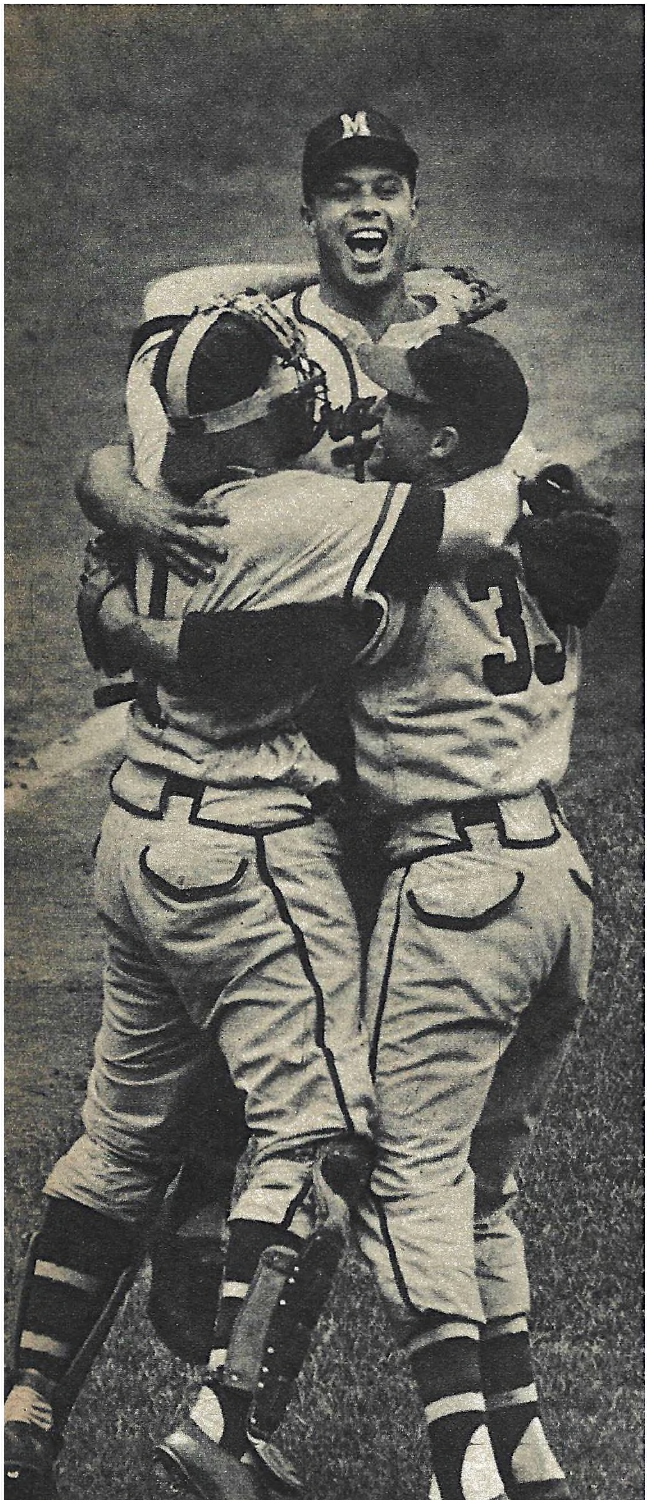
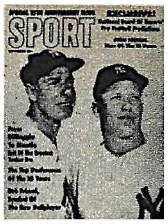
BALL 1 STRIKE 2 OUT 2

'56 The scoreboard behind Don Larsen told the story of the greatness he achieved in this World Series. He had just released the third strike to Dale Mitchell that gave him a perfect no-hitter.



'57 Eddie Mathews grinned wildly as he joined the embrace of catcher Del Crandall and pitcher Lew Burdette after the Milwaukee Braves defeated New York in the World Series. Burdette was the hero, stifling the Yankees' big bats with his three route-going wins.

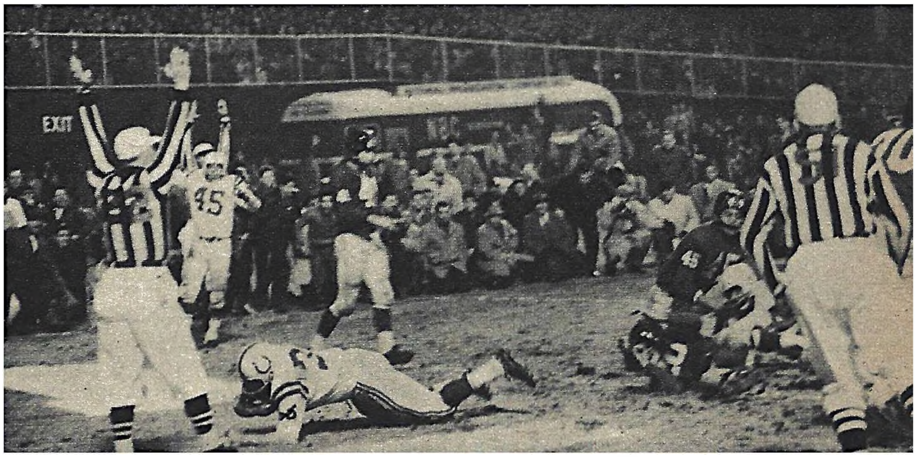
1946



1961

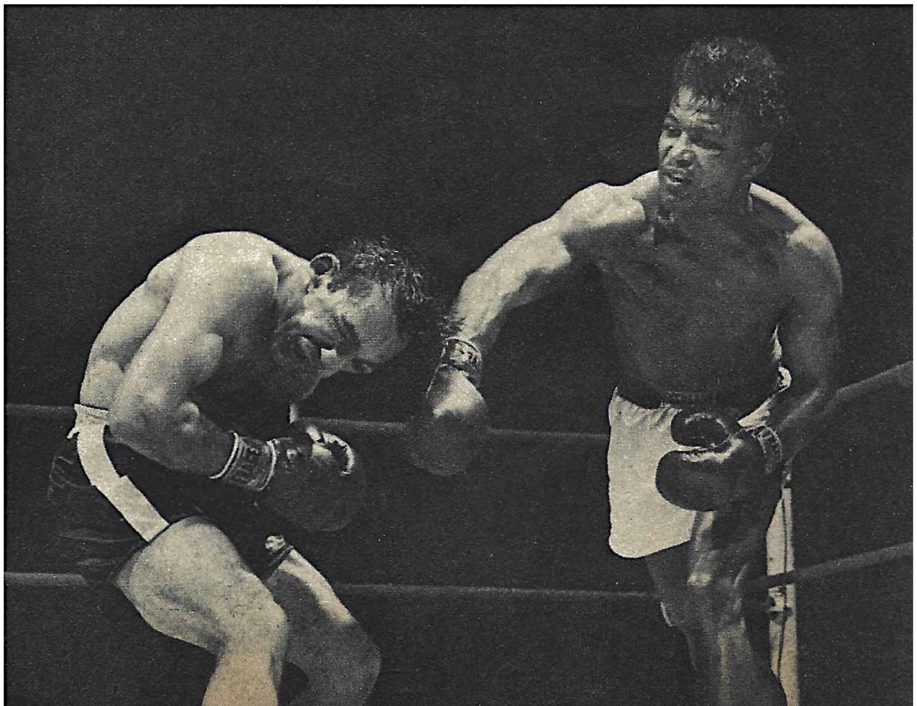
GREAT MOMENTS FROM 1946 THROUGH 1961

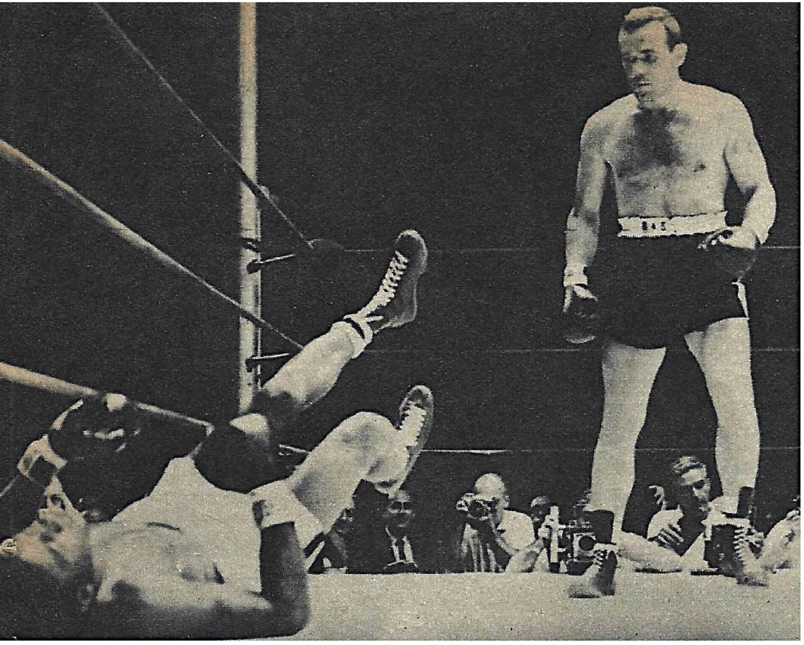
continued

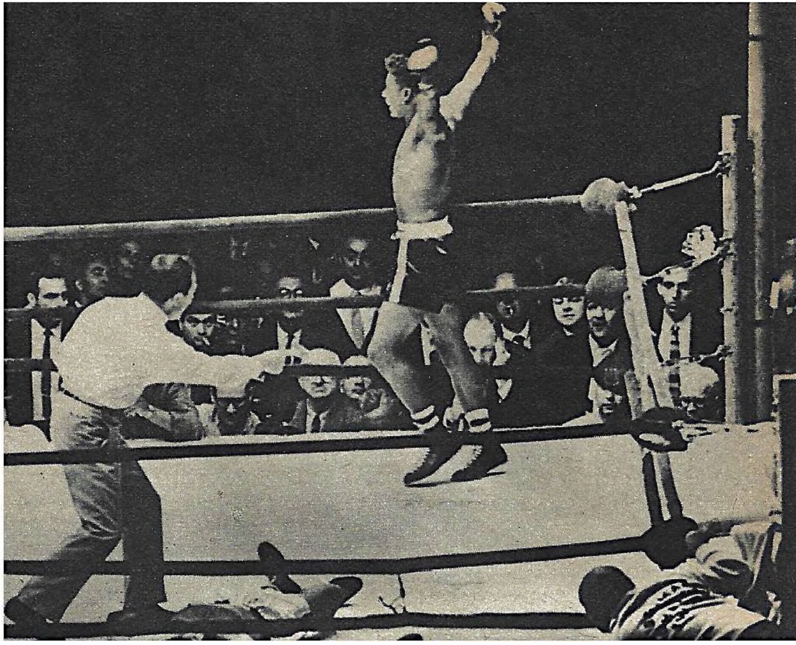


Marvin Newman

'58 Baltimore fullback Alan Ameche lay in the end zone, the winning touchdown scored at long last as the Colts edged the New York Giants in pro football's first sudden-death championship game. Ray Robinson scored on Carmen Basilio's head often as for the fifth and last time, Robinson won the middleweight title.







'59 In a stunning upset, Ingemar Johansson had Floyd Patterson down six times to win the heavyweight championship.

'60 It was 360 nights later when Ingo fell flat on his back as Floyd became the first to regain the heavyweight crown.

They came quickly, like Citation down the stretch at Belmont Park in 1948 to win racing's last triple crown. They came with fury, as shown by the savage effort with which Rocky Graziano knocked out Tony Zale in the sixth round to win the middleweight championship in 1947.

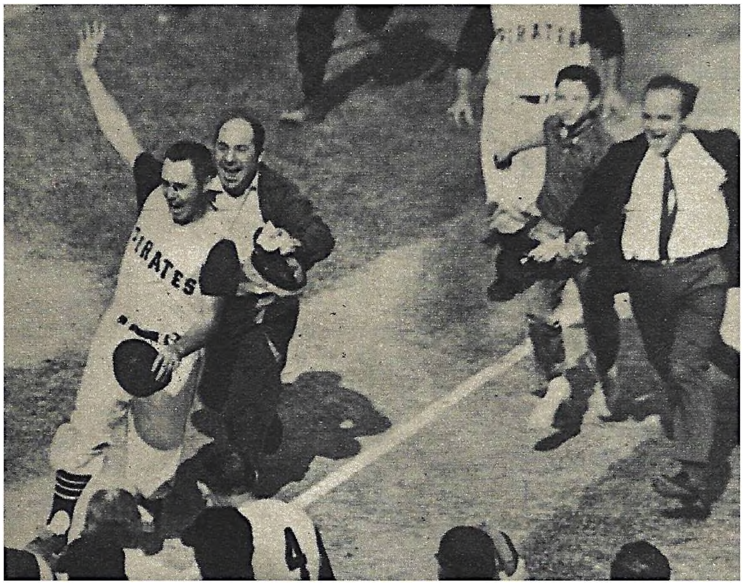
They came almost unbelievably, like the afternoon in 1947 when Columbia beat Army because Bill Swiacki made impossible pass catches.

They came in defeat as well as in victory, like in the 1949 Notre Dame-SMU football game. Kyle Rote plays end now, but in 1949, before knee operations anchored his cutting ability, Kyle, then unheralded playing in Doak Walker's shadow, almost sprang the upset of the year from an SMU halfback position.

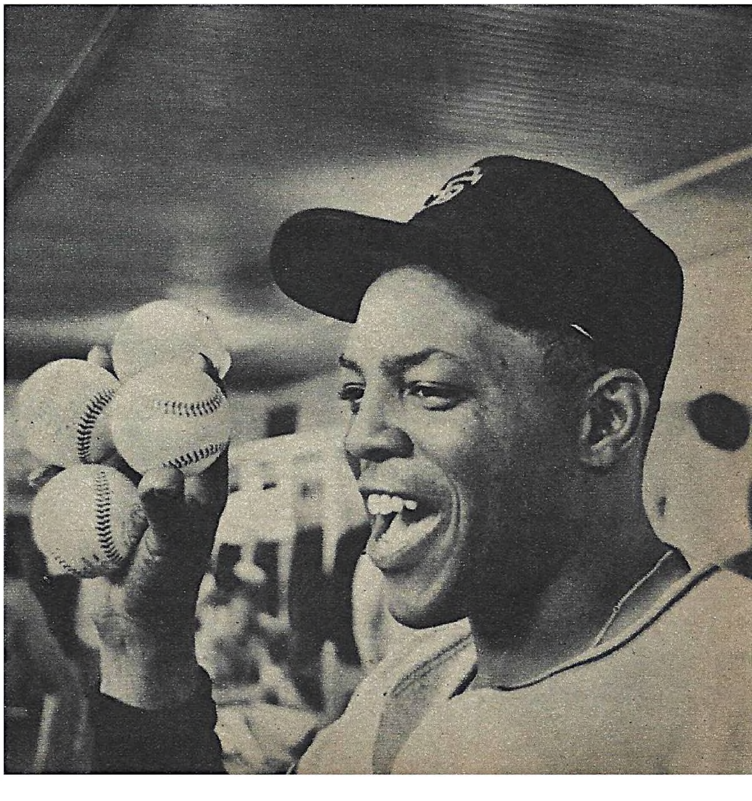
The Fifties brought us great moments beginning with the Philadelphia Phillies' Whiz Kids and concluding with Ingemar Johansson.

The Sixties have seen Floyd Patterson reap his revenge on Ingo, Bill Mazeroski hit a home run to bring the first World Series championship to Pittsburgh in 35 years and finally the story of Willie and four baseballs—Great Moments all.

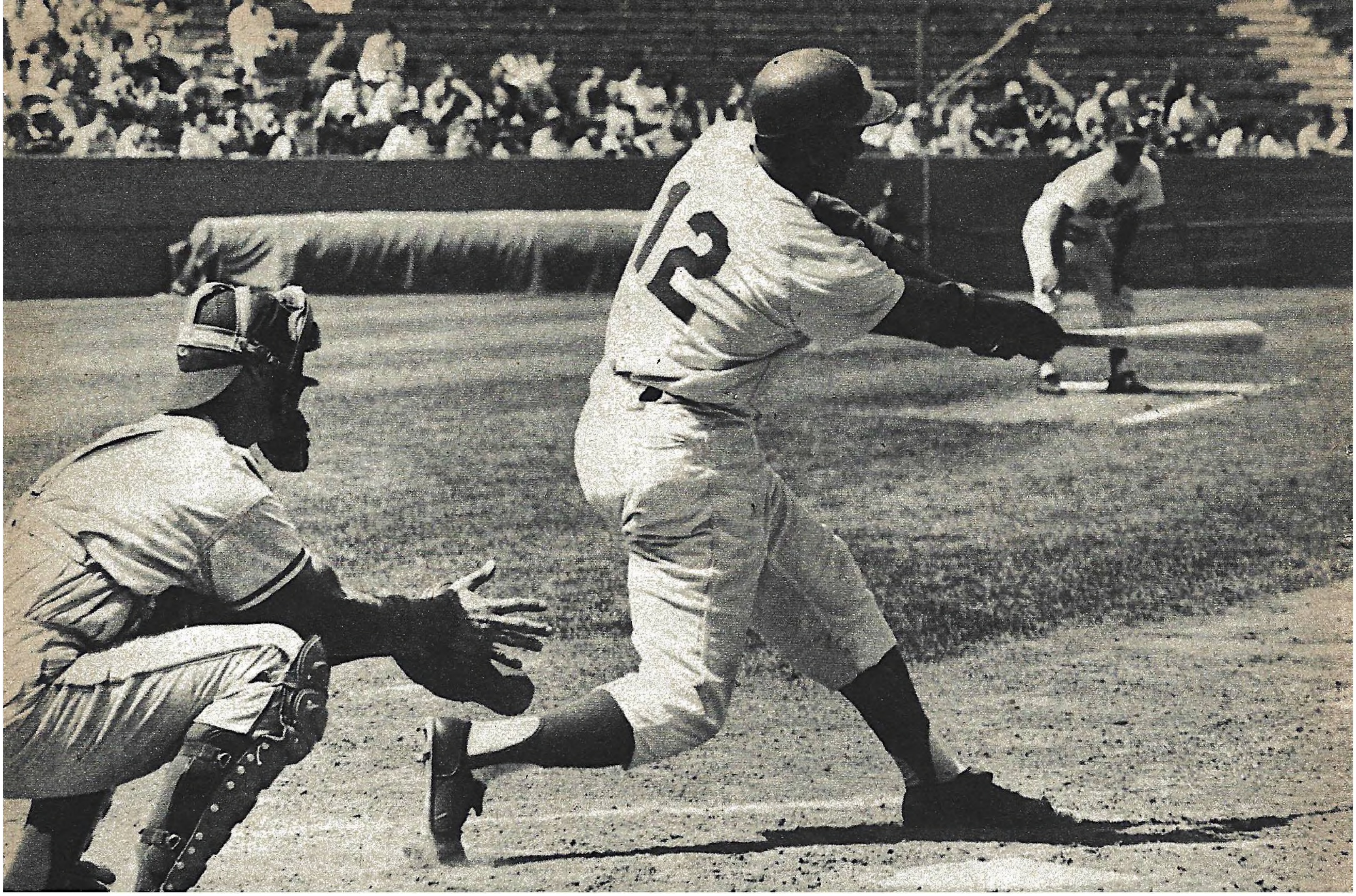
Listen to Howard Cosell's "Speaking of Sports" on ABC-Radio Monday through Friday, 6:55-7 PM, EDST, and weekends around the clock



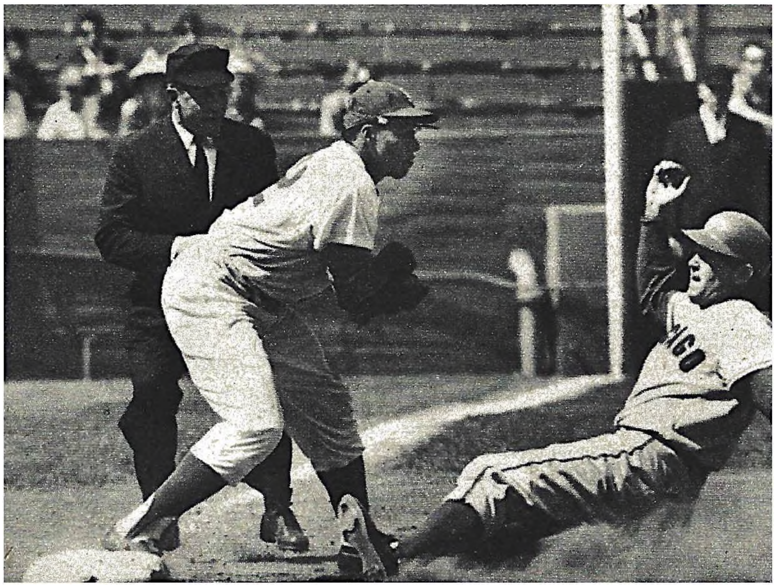
'60 Fans, teammates and an usher all swamped Bill Mazeroski after his ninth-inning home run off Yankee pitcher Ralph Terry brought a world championship to Pittsburgh.



'61 For Willie Mays it was the beginning of his second decade in a Giant uniform. He celebrated it by hitting four home runs in one game in the season's first month.



Dave Sutton



Switched from his old outfield position to third base in 1961, Davis did a good job, but still had his troubles. "I've got an awful lot to learn," he admitted.

TOMMY DAVIS

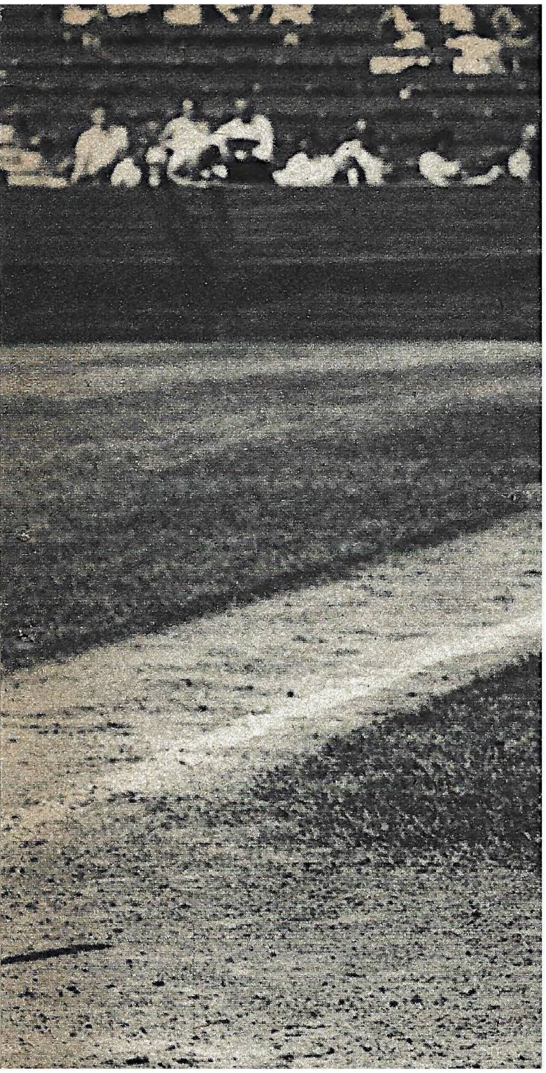
From boyhood Tommy longed to

By Steve Gelman

IN THE BEGINNING baseball was a game of galling paradox, billed as "The Great American Pastime," but limited at its top level to Americans with white skin. It existed that way until a long-due day 15 years ago when Jackie Robinson joined a Brooklyn Dodger farm club, breaking the color barrier. For Tommy Davis, then seven years old, and for millions of other young Negroes, a boyhood dream that could never before belong to them became an obsession.

The dream of Tommy Davis was first, to play big-league baseball and second, to follow in Jackie Robinson's spike steps—to play baseball for the Brooklyn Dodgers in Ebbets Field, only a 20-minute drive from Tommy's home.

Davis developed his dream on the pavement playgrounds of Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant section. The better he became at baseball and its many city-molded vari-



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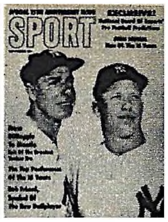
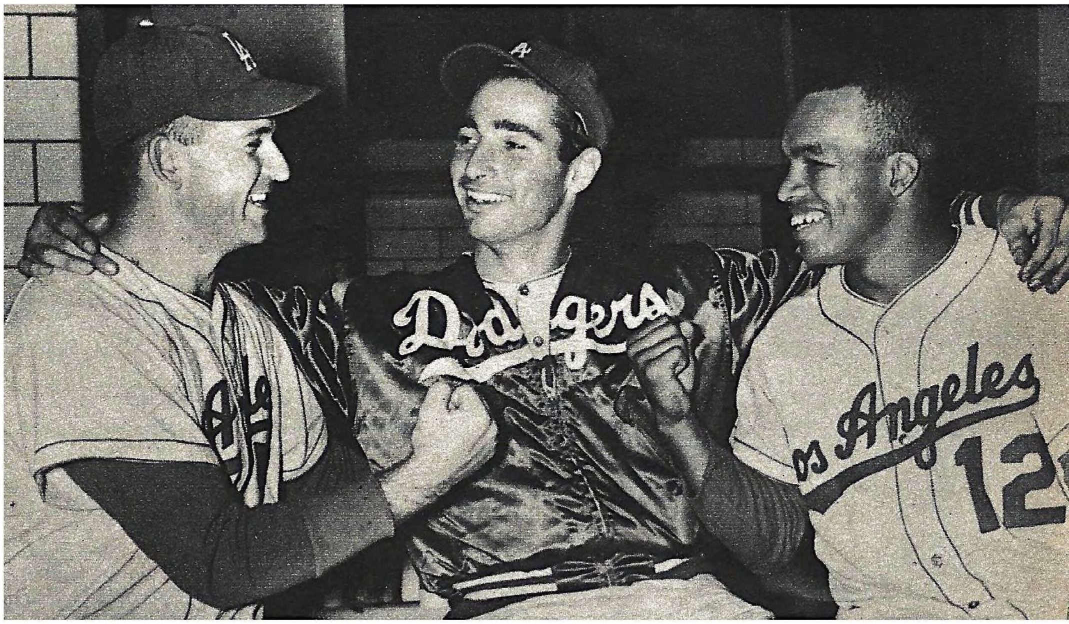


1961

Tommy's slashing line drives have produced many game-winning hits, including the one that triggered his celebration, *below,* with Norm Larker, *at left,* and Sandy Koufax.



The Los Angeles Dodger From Brooklyn

be a big-league ballplayer. Now that he's made it, he has only one regret—but it's a big one

ations, the more he began to believe that someday he actually would play with the Dodgers. On warm summer nights he sat on the stone stoops of the stately, but time-worn Bedford-Stuyvesant buildings, articulating his ambition. Portable radios blared, reciting the abundant success of the Dodgers—the victories of Duke Snider, Pee Wee Reese, Gil Hodges and Jackie Robinson—and Tommy talked about the time in the far-off future when his friends would sit in the Ebbets Field stands, watching him win Dodger ball games.

Today Tommy Davis is a big-league ballplayer, one of baseball's brightest young stars. Up among the top ten batters in the National League for much of this season, his slashing hits drive in runs daily for the Dodgers, the way he always dreamed they would. But he is not living his major-league life exactly as he had planned. The Dodgers are no longer the Brooklyn Dodgers; they are the Los Angeles Dodgers. And therein lies the difference between Tommy's dream and reality.

"I wanted to play with Brooklyn so very much," Tommy said early this season. "When I was a real young boy, that's all I could think about. But in high school my mind began to change. I began to think that maybe I'd have a better opportunity to play big-league ball with another team. I began to shy away from the Dodgers because of their tremendous farm system."

That, say the thinkers, is a mark of maturity; eternally and universally boyhood dreams that have become misted over in reality. In his maturity, Davis relinquished the dream, but it came back, roaring toward reality, when he graduated from high school in 1956. It came on a contract carried by Al Campanis, the head scout of the Brooklyn Dodgers.

Aware that Tommy had flashed big-league potential as a high-school and sandlot player, Campanis waged a sentiment-shored campaign to sign him for the Dodgers. On a warm Tuesday night in 1956, Tommy remembers, he was sitting in his Bedford-Stuyvesant home, talking with his parents about accepting a contract offered that day by the New York Yankees. The bell rang and Campanis walked in, presenting a sales pitch for the Brooklyn Dodgers. The point that Al pressed was that Tommy would reap extra-curricular advantages playing in his home borough. He also asked the Davises to remember that the Dodgers had been the team to sign Jackie

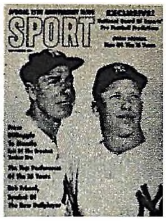
(⟶ TO PAGE 99)

The many target-shooting ranges that have sprung up all over the country have helped gun sport in two major ways—by stirring interest in target-shooting tournaments and by providing people with accessible places to practice their marksmanship year-round.

Remington Farms, *at right,* is one of the 1,600 hunting preserves that are available to people who want to bag game but can't get out to the woodlands. There are at least two preserves within easy driving distance of most of the large cities in the U.S.

Remington Farms
WILDLIFE MANAGEMENT
DEMONSTRATION AREA
REMINGTON ARMS CO. INC.
DUPONT

1946



1961

THE 15-YEAR BOOM IN GUN SPORT

A series of long-range programs, aimed in large part at youngsters, triggered the rapid-fire growth of gun sport. But before the farsighted plans won approval, countless battles raged

BY JACK DENTON SCOTT

THEY HELD A celebration in Niagara Falls, New York, a while ago which had no connection with tourists, honeymoons or the great tumble of white water. Amid the thunder of clapping hands and the uncapping of soda-pop, 20-year-old Samuel Cicero was honored as the 1,000,000th student to graduate from the National Rifle Association's Hunter Safety Course. Appropriately, credit for the 1,000,000 graduates went to the state which in 1949 first introduced hunter training for juveniles.

The idea of preparing a young hunter or gun handler for a safe future afield or on the ranges was discussed as early as 1946. Controversial, it was fought by groups without much common sense or vision, and it took three more years and much involved debate before it was launched as an experimental project.

Much has happened to the gun world in these intervening 15 years. The entire sport has boomed, guns have changed face startlingly, firearm fatalities have dropped 22 percent and gun sport is sensibly returning to the hands of youth where it belongs. Thereby hangs a story.

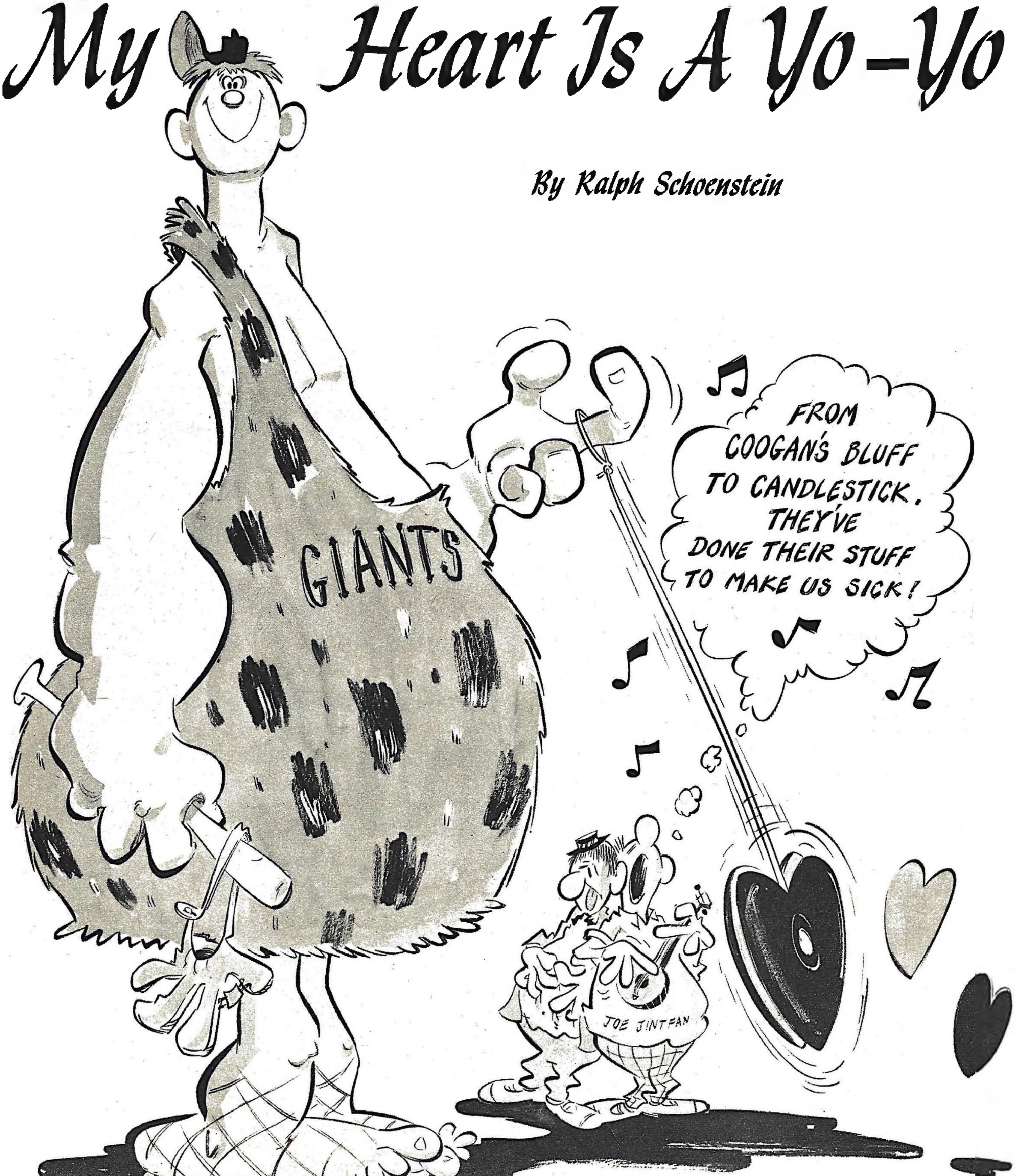
Several factors are responsible for the phenomenal upsweep in gun sport. The United States itself is probably the prime reason. The steady and continual rise in the standard of living for the average American has increased interest (⟶ TO PAGE 80)

The ranks of authorized hunters in the United States have almost doubled over the past 15 years. In 1946 there were 9,800,000 licensed hunters in the U.S. The next census is expected to reveal more than 16,000,000 licensed hunters, an increase of 6,200,000.

A Giant Fan's Lament

My Heart Is A Yo-Yo

By Ralph Schoenstein


GIANTS
FROM COOGAN'S BLUFF TO CANDLESTICK. THEY'VE DONE THEIR STUFF TO MAKE US SICK!
JOE JINTFAN

In first place for an early-season day, then down in the standings for a long-term stay. That's how it's generally gone for the Giants—but in a most unusual way

1946

1961

EVERY TIME I pass the Polo Grounds, I want to cry. Of course, I often felt this way when baseball was there, for I am the Job of sports. I am a Giant fan. Although my heroes now torture San Francisco, I can't drop them with the disgust of a normal man. It's surprising how sentimental you can be about 16 years of bleeding.

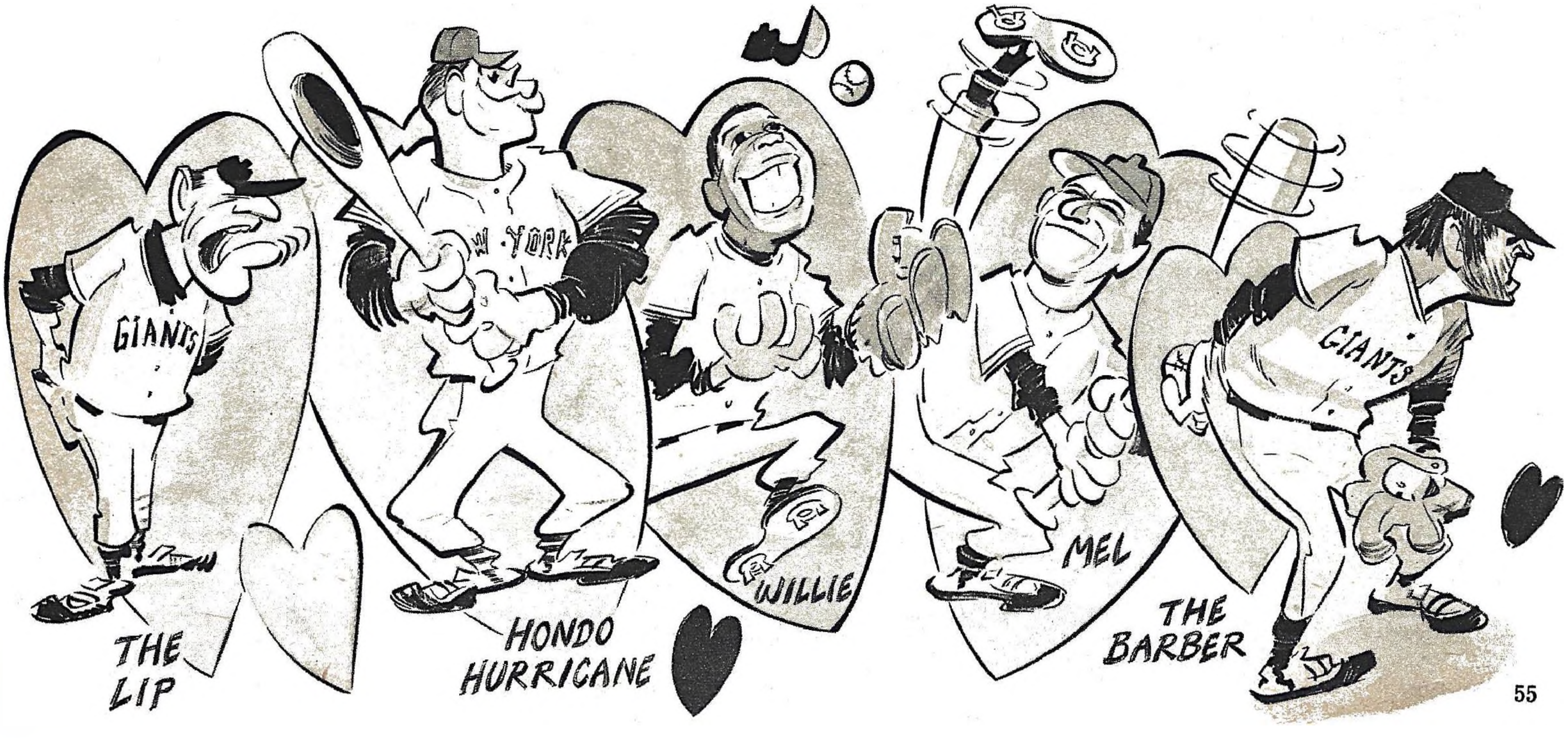
I became involved in the pathos at Coogan's Bluff on a spring day in 1945, when my grandfather took me to a game that was won by a huge catcher who had the grace of a drugged elephant, a nose that covered the strike zone and a uniform that should have sheltered sleeping Arabs. "That's The Schnozz," said Gramp, who had been laughing and crying at the Giants even before Merkle forgot to touch second. Gramp could remember back to the almost ancient days. He frequently told me about the day the strong-armed pitcher, Iron Man McGinnity, won both ends of a doubleheader. Gramp was a greater Giant fan than even Mrs. John McGraw. Pitifully, I inherited his compulsive dedication.

Of course, no matter who your grandfather was, it wasn't hard to love The Schnozz, Ernie Lombardi, an inert giant of a Giant, whose bat lay glued to his shoulder as he stood paralyzed at the plate waiting for a pitch. The Schnozz looked like a man with a fishing pole waiting for a streetcar. But suddenly his wrists—his only moving parts—would whip the bat into a ball and send it flying so fast it could have killed shortstop Marty Marion, even though Marty was playing left field, as most shortstops did against The Schnozz, a slow, slow runner. The first time I saw The Schnozz walk up to swing, my grandfather said, "If it isn't a triple, he won't make first." The Schnozz was able to circle the bases in just over four minutes—if the wind was right. Gramp and I had the luck to see his first four-minute home run, which made up for his having been thrown out at first on a double. The next day, The Schnozz electrified baseball by beating out a bunt, a moment of glory that made me a Giant fan forever.

The immortal bunter wasn't the only appeal on that team. Another giant of a Giant was the first-baseman, "Big Jawn" Mize, whose cheeks bulged tobacco as he stood poised to pounce on anything hit directly at him. I liked the massive muscles Big Jawn rippled at the plate, just as I liked to watch Mel Ott, the little rightfielder, kick his foot in the air before he swung for the wall. I knew why Mel Ott was our leader the first time I saw him grab a carom off this wall like a handball player to hold Dixie Walker to a long single. I didn't know it then, but I was seeing manager Mel make his last kicks and caroms at his favorite fence.

That day both he and Big Jawn pulled soft flies down the line. On each the Dodger first-baseman backed up hopefully, but they eluded him for home runs. "That's China," said Gramp, pointing at the 257-foot sign. "And that's Siberia." He pointed at the 483-foot sign beneath the center-field clubhouse. This ball park was as much fun as the Giants themselves. Lefthanded hitters would intentionally foul off a pitch only to find that they'd dropped a homer into Shanghai, while righthanders would drive a fastball 400 feet only to find the centerfielder waiting for it. "To hit well here," Gramp told me, "your timing has to be off." "Doesn't Ott have the

Illustrations by John Gallagher



1946

1961

best timing of all?" I asked. "Oh, he's the King of China," said Gramp, "but I'm afraid some of his shots wouldn't be homers in real ball parks."

If the right-field stands were China, those in left were Korea. Although 22 feet deeper, they were sufficiently accessible to make poke-hitting Buddy Kerr feel like slugger Hank Greenberg. They had a thick, jutting scoreboard that made homers of high flies which fell to the leftfielder after a minor deflection. "Damn! Another brusher!" said Gramp after an equally disgusted Giant had waited for a lazy fly that brushed the scoreboard while dropping to him. At the Polo Grounds, you always knew the score because you had to keep watching this board. You never knew when a soft fly would nick it to break up the game in a thrilling climax. I remember a year when Richie Ashburn had no homers until he came to the Polo Grounds for a crucial game. (Sixth place was at stake.) He hit two: a 257-foot clout to right and a lofty brusher to left on a pitch he was trying to take.

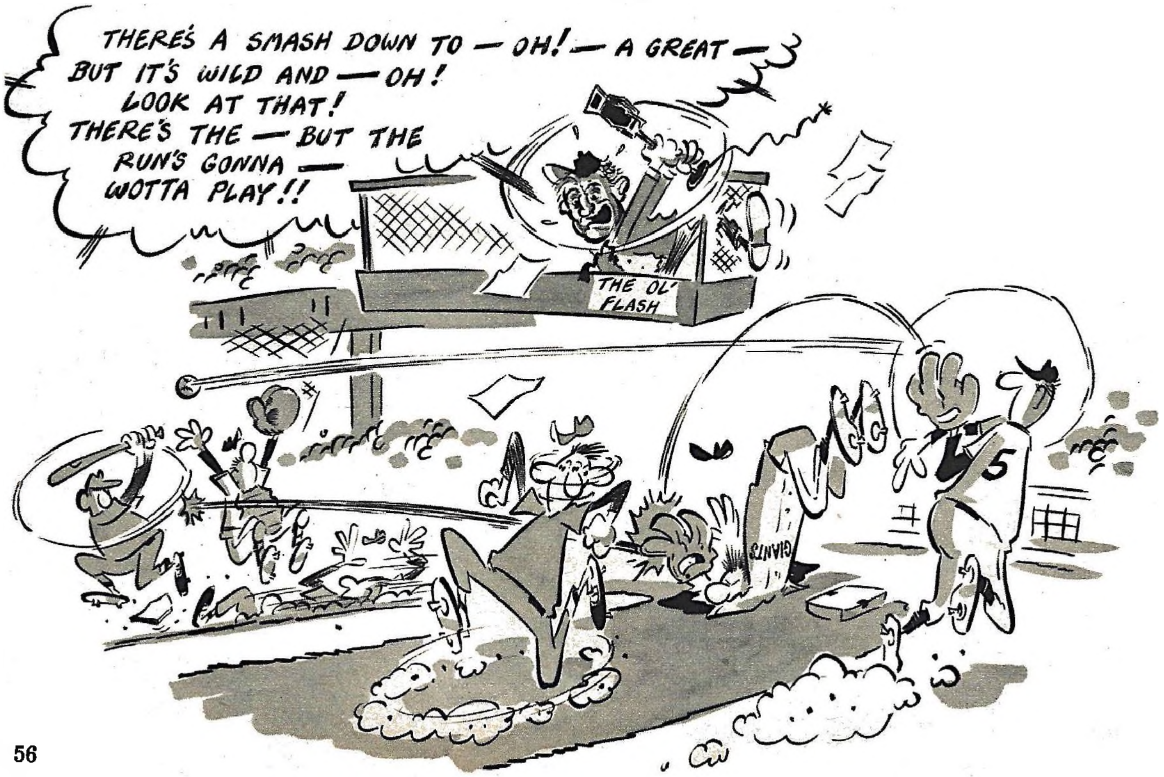
After that spring day when I became their fan, the Giants went on to win 25 of their first 32 games. Late in May, they were in first by six and a half games. "I sure picked the right team!" I told Gramp. "We'll bag the pennant by July Fourth!" "Be careful," he said; "you still don't know what it means to be a Giant fan." His pessimism confused me. I was even more confused a few weeks later. When our team collapsed, he seemed relieved. "That's more like it," he said as the Giants fell to fifth, where they finished. "I knew they had it in 'em."

"But Gramp," I said, "if you love the Giants, why haven't you been rooting for 'em to stay on top?"

He smiled sadly. "You can love a sick cat and still not expect him to catch any mice. *Now* you know what it means to be a Giant fan. Never forget: No matter how big our lead, we can always find a way to blow it." They were words I'd hear often through the years that the Giants kept my hopes on a yo-yo.

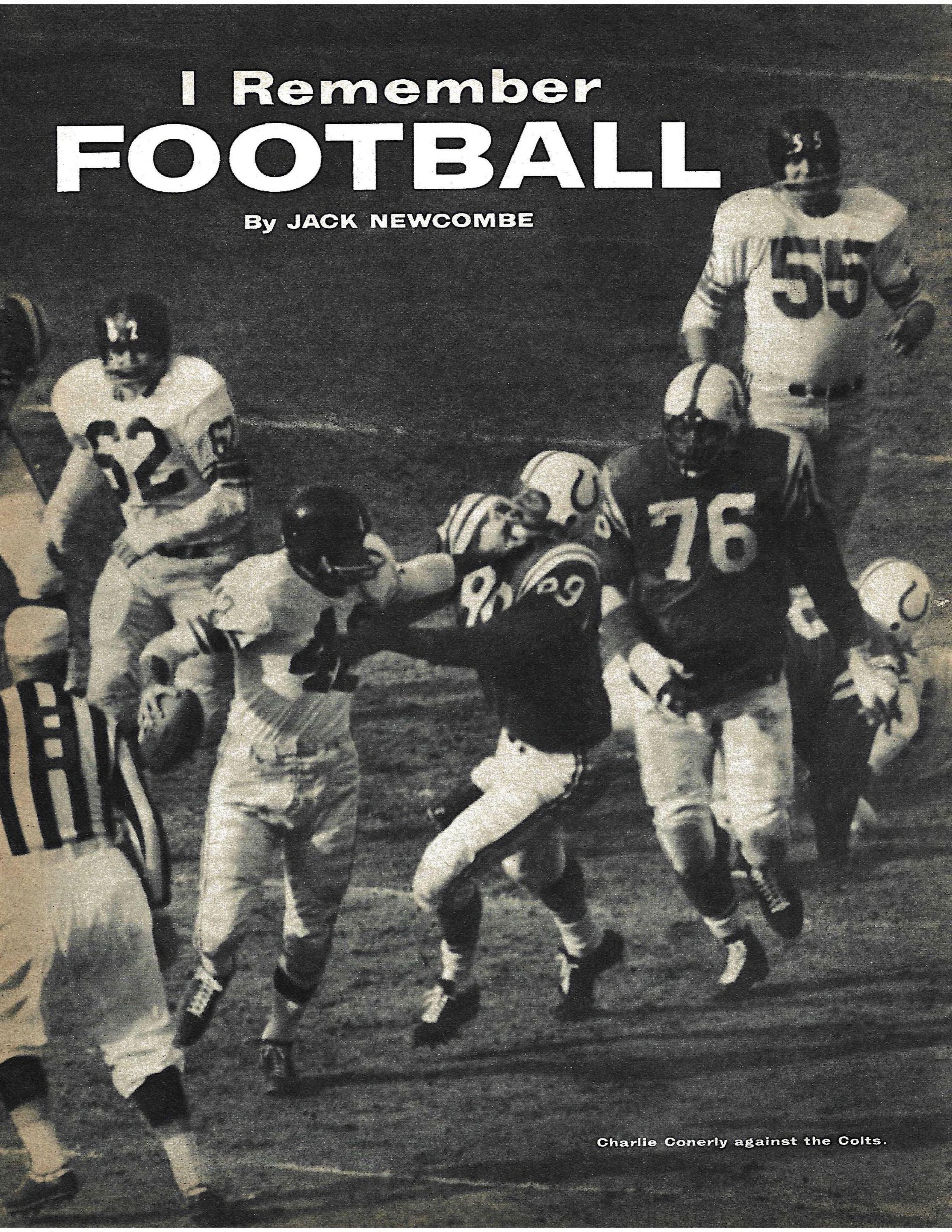
"What's wrong with us?" I muttered one Sunday as the Giants teased me by losing two games in extra innings. Gramp snapped the answer: "We forgot to replace Hubbell and Schumacher." I soon understood his point. A few days later, in the bottom of the ninth at St. Louis, Johnny Hopp, the Cardinal outfielder, faced our pitcher, Bill Voiselle, with the winning run on base. Ahead 0-and-2, Voiselle tried for the third strike. He would have had it if Hopp hadn't hit the ball to the wall. This gift to the Cards cost him $500. "That's Ott's basic rule for pitchers," Gramp told me. "Never throw three straight strikes. Of course, the boys don't have much trouble obeying it these days. But once in a while, someone accidentally gets to 0-and-2. Then he has to waste one." Voiselle's gift was ironic, for most Giant pitchers had been throwing a considerable amount of waste.

The following year, the Giants hit their nadir when seven of them not only left the team but the country. Sal Maglie and six others fled to the Mexican League, where they knew they'd play for a better team. The Giants had the distinction of sending more men to Mexico than any team north of Tijuana. This mass breakout brought shame to Coogan's Bluff, where those who hadn't escaped spent the rest of the season hiding in eighth place. "Don't worry," said Gramp, no stranger to the cellar, "they could have (⟶ TO PAGE 84)


THERE'S A SMASH DOWN TO — OH! — A GREAT — BUT IT'S WILD AND — OH! LOOK AT THAT! THERE'S THE — BUT THE RUN'S GONNA — WOTTA PLAY!!
THE OL' FLASH
5
GIANTS
CW

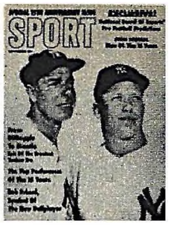
I Remember FOOTBALL

By JACK NEWCOMBE



Charlie Conerly against the Colts.

1946



1961

Doak Walker . . . Johnny Unitas . . . Paul Brown. The thrills came from the colleges and pros alike

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO this fall I elbowed my way into an overloaded stadium, sat in an overpriced seat behind the goal posts, watched a game in which no one scored and very little happened and realized that I, too, had become a DFOF (Dogged Follower of Football). Only a Dogged Follower or a girl with a handsome date would have endured the frustration of seeing little or nothing of a nothing-nothing game and gone away enthusing about the occasion. It was a game of historic promise: unbeaten Army vs. unbeaten Notre Dame, November 9, 1946, at Yankee Stadium for the post-war championship of football. Depending upon the viewer's disposition, it was either the most thunderous meeting ever between two college football teams or it was the biggest letdown since the return of legalized burlesque. I remember it as an exciting spectacle that without touchdowns had the racking tension of the discovery and disarming of an unexploded bomb.

Just to keep the record straight: a Dogged Follower is not to be confused with the other busy patrons of football, the SSOF (Sure Student) or the BBOF (Boorish Booster). The Sure Student regards each game as a test of strategies and formations. He reviews Saturday's (or Sunday's) action much as the Civil War buff combs the details of old battles. He is always *sure* why his team won or lost. He talks about football in clinical terms, peppering his conversation with references to red-dogging, looping, stunting, flaring, sets, splits, automatics. The Boorish Booster furnishes the noise on Friday nights before the game and on Saturday nights after the game. On Saturday afternoons he is busy complaining about the coach, refilling his thermos and checking the acknowledgments in the program. He is a football do-gooder. He

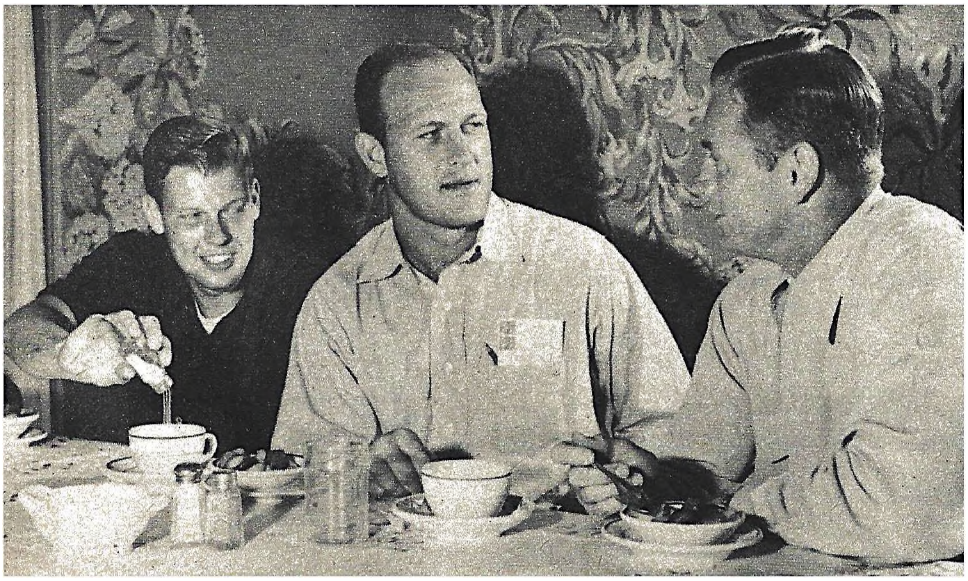
Bobby Layne, pounding over for a touchdown *below*, showed how pros can have college-boy fun and win championships, too.

helps the college get players who come above the straight room-board-tuition; he recommends the hiring of new coaches and the firing of old ones. In order to enjoy the game, the Dogged Follower must often block his ears to what the Sure Student says and shut his eyes to what the Boorish Booster does.

Like any Dogged Follower, I am inclined to take and enjoy my football wherever I find it. The game does not have to be Army-Notre Dame before 75,000. The players do not have to be Doc Blanchard and Glenn Davis on one side and Johnny Lujack and Terry Brennan on the other—as they were in that famous scoreless tie of 15 years ago. Last fall I steered off my vacation course in New England one perfect Saturday in search of a game and found Williams College playing Middlebury College. The scene was as pastoral and relaxed as a Sunday picnic. Small boys wandered throughout the ancient concrete stands (built in 1875, the sign said) with half-gallon jugs of cider. The public address system wheezed and whistled with a wind that came off the nearby Berkshires. During each time out a middle-aged Williams alumnus, wearing a tattersall vest, stretched full-length on the row in front of me and dozed in the sun. And on the field the players dug into each other with as much vigor (if not finesse) as the boys were giving it the same afternoon at Ann Arbor, Michigan, or Norman, Oklahoma, or Houston, Texas, or Athens, Georgia. The Middlebury quarterback ran his options with the nerve of a bandit. A Williams lineman—I remember the name over the P.A. system as Choppy Reinfrank—pulled and blocked like a professional on occasion. When Middlebury's cheerleaders—pretty girls in pleated skirts, white socks and saddle shoes, just as they wore them 15 years ago—let go with their yell: "Two bits, four bits, six bits, a dollar. Everyone for Middlebury stand up and holler!" it was hard not to stand up and holler.

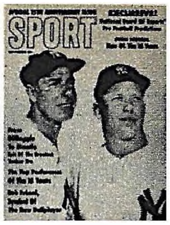
Williams-Middlebury added nothing to my knowledge of a game that has developed more than any other major U.S. sport in the last 15 years. But it added much to my enjoyment of it. Football has a romantic appeal that is never completely rubbed away by professionalism or commercialism or Boorish Boosters. It has tugged at some lively imaginations. Robert (⟶ TO PAGE 79)

The last of the glamor-boy All-Americas was Doak Walker, with his pretty wife, Norma, *above*.



The writer remembers well the Cleveland Browns of the '50s, mostly because of stern coach Paul Brown, *top*, and practical joker George Ratterman, *at left*.

1946



1961

I Remember BOXING

By W. C. HEINZ

The confidence of Joe Louis . . . the courage of old Archie Moore . . . the color of Rocky Graziano. All are recalled in this expert's tribute to boxing's last roaring era

THERE WAS MONEY and there were fighters around in 1946. The money was a product of the war, and the fighters were the products of the poverty and prejudice of the Thirties. Joe Louis and Billy Conn pulled $1,925,564 in their Yankee Stadium fight, and only Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney, in Chicago 19 years before, ever drew more. It used to be that as the heavyweight championship went so went boxing, and in Madison Square Garden in 1946, 33 fight shows grossed $2,062,046—and it hasn't been as good since.

I remember the way it used to be, though, on Friday nights at the Garden. From eight o'clock on, the crowd would be streaming west off Broadway along 49th and 50th Streets. The mounted cops would be riding the curb lines and the taxi drivers would be swearing and, a block away, you could begin to feel the tension that overlay it all.

I remember the long lines outside the balcony entrances, standing almost in silence. Fight crowds talk less than baseball crowds and have none of the gaiety, of course, of football crowds, and each man seemed, in those days, to be living within the shell of his own thoughts.

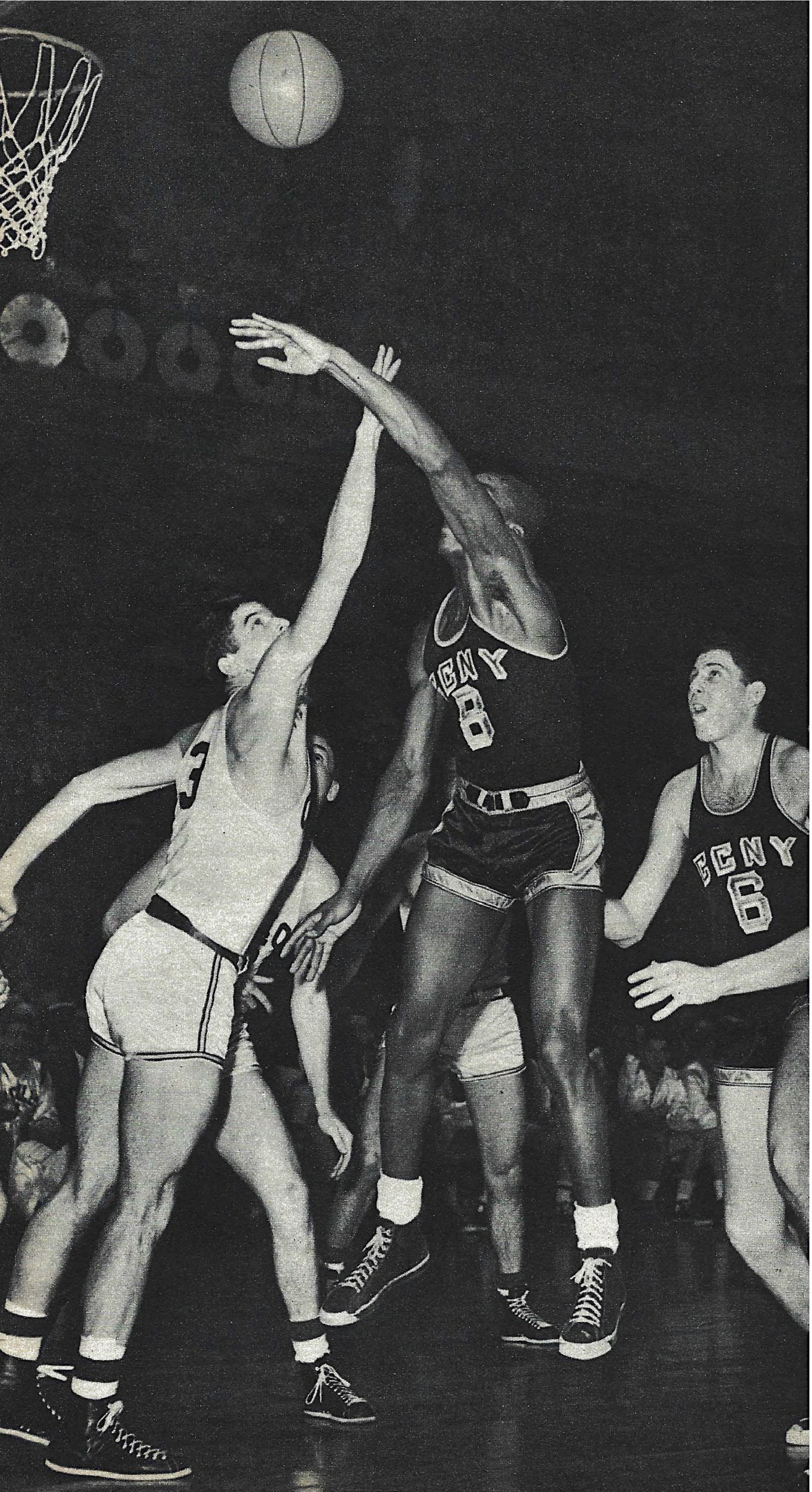
It was always as if trouble were in the air. It hung there, ominous, over those almost silent lines and, in the lobby, above the shuffle-sound of the feet and the subdued sound of the voices. Around the ring it was everywhere, holding everyone until, finally, the bell sounded and they would turn in their corners and walk out—good fighters and dedicated—and it would break, suddenly, like a thunderstorm with the first exchange of punches in that ring.

Let's face it. It isn't that way any more, and the opinion of those who should know is that it will never be again. The reasons are economic, sociologic and electronic.

The ring has always been the refuge of the underprivileged. Poverty and social persecution produced first the Irish, then Jewish, Italian and Negro fighters who graced the sport. Now unparalleled prosperity and legislation covering minimum wages, decent working conditions and fair employment practices—in (⟶ TO PAGE 101)

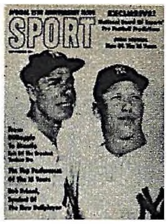
Rarely is Floyd Patterson able to fight with the fury stamped on his face *at right.* Patterson is a man, says the writer, "who is instinctively repelled by the hurt he must impose upon others."

Color by Lawrence Schiller



The writer was shocked when CCNY's Cinderella Kids, including star Ed Warner, hooking *at left*, were implicated in the 1951 scandals. The two scandals, he says, may very well kill the game.

1946



1961

I Remember BASKETBALL

By IRV GOODMAN

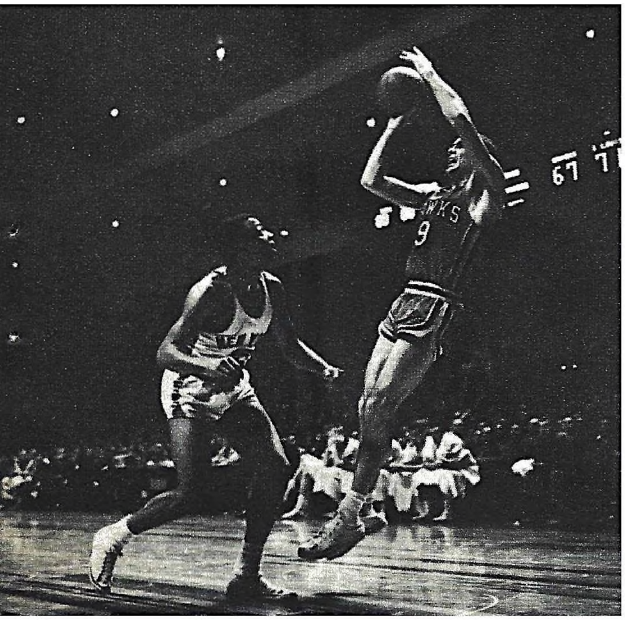
A tale of two scandals . . . the skills of Mikan, Cousy and Chamberlain . . . the bitter and the sweet

OF ALL THE major sports in America, basketball is the only one clearly native to this country. Baseball's origins are diffused and disputed, but its basic antecedents at least are British. Football took root from rugby and soccer and a game I once saw played in Florence, Italy, in which a soccer ball was used but where the adversaries wore armor and clubbed each other's head. Boxing was born in ancient Rome and foot-racing in ancient Greece. Golf and tennis are imports too.

I have always been intrigued by basketball's American ancestry, and by the bits of irony this has produced. For one thing, we have never been conspicuously chauvinistic about this native sport. It has always been the least major of our major sports —unless you include hockey, and then you are in for a heck of an argument with hockey fans, who are nuts. Basketball had its start as a pastime for YMCA members, but it was nurtured and developed on the asphalt playgrounds of New York City by Jewish kids and Italian kids and Irish kids and Negro kids.

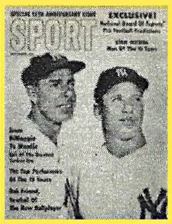
Sports authorities have always been of two minds about the game. Veteran sportswriters—the old school, as we call them—have most often regarded basketball as no sport at all. To them, there is baseball and boxing and horse racing. On a quiet Thursday, they might write about football. But basketball? Never. I have always suspected that their prejudice grew, in part, from laziness. Baseball was played—at least in those days before, during and just after World War II—on sunny afternoons in pleasant surroundings. Boxing was a joy to attend because the sportswriters got the best seats in the house. Race tracks always have had colorful characters, much free food and drink and accessible betting windows.

But it was a job to cover a (⟶ TO PAGE 104)



Two of the writer's favorite stars are Bob Cousy, accepting a trophy from NBA president Maurice Podoloff, *right*, and Bob Pettit, shooting *top*.

1946


SPORT
EXCLUSIVE!

1961

I Remember BASEBALL

By ED FITZGERALD

Color by George Heyer

Feller . . . Berra . . . the first Milwaukee Braves and the last Brooklyn Dodgers. The passions remain

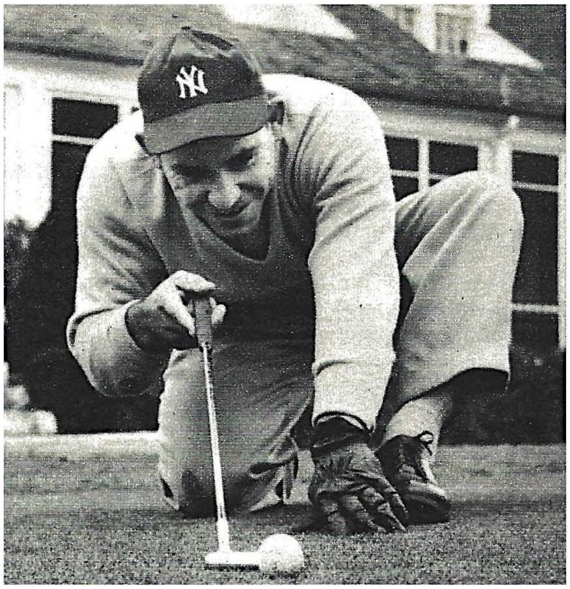
I'VE BEEN IN LOVE five times, once with a girl and four times with big-league ball clubs. That sets no record for either course but it does raise a question. Constancy would seem to be as excellent a virtue in a man's relationship with his ball club as with his lady, and indeed there are cynics around who would claim it is more readily found there. Why, then, so fickle me? It's a long story, and it goes back 15 years to when this magazine was young and, comparatively speaking, so was I.

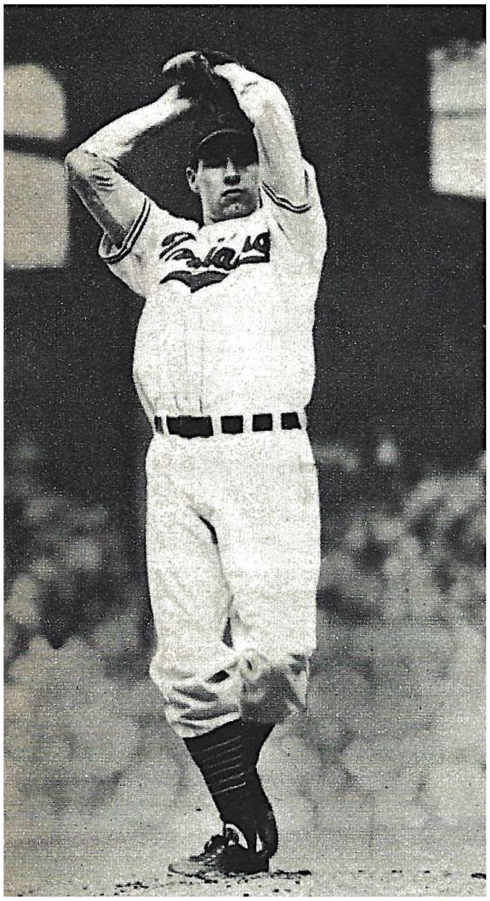
Two things make the baseball season of 1946 seem far away to me. One is the picture that appeared on the cover of the first issue of SPORT in September that year, showing a lean, dark-haired Joe DiMaggio, in his prime, sitting in uniform on top of the Yankees' dugout, his arm around a pink-cheeked four-year-old boy with a Yankee cap perched on his thick black curls. The boy was Joe DiMaggio Jr., who is 19 now and a football player at Yale, where a number of his classmates decorate the walls of their rooms with

A memory certain to linger long is that of Roy Campanella, *below*, walloping a ball into the left-field seats at Ebbets Field.

1946

1961





Of Yogi Berra, *above*, the writer says: "He's a promising golfer. He's been promising to break 80 for years." Of Bob Feller, *left*, the writer says: "To meet him for the first time, I had to go from New York to Los Angeles. It meant getting on an airplane for the first time in my life. The trip took 14 hours one way and it seemed like a week. But it was worth it to meet Feller. I liked him more and more."

Lou Boudreau, *left*, and his boss at Cleveland, stunt-loving Bill Veeck, provided many interesting moments in the time they spent together.

pictures of Miss Marilyn Monroe, who was married to big Joe two husbands ago and who never even met him until after he had retired from the game. The other is the recorded fact that Joe Garagiola, one of the best-known .257 hitters in the history of baseball, actually hit .316 for the St. Louis Cardinals that year in the World Series against the Boston Red Sox and made headlines without telling a single joke or writing a single best-selling book. You know it was a long time ago.

It doesn't seem quite so long ago that the Kentucky Songbird, Happy Chandler, momentarily the Lord High Commissioner of Baseball, threw Leo Durocher out of the game for a year for some vague reason that seemed to boil down to that he didn't like him. When the big news broke, SPORT was on the stands with two stories that a lot of baseball people thought might have triggered the whole explosion. One, by Tom Meany, was called "Durocher—Always on the Spot," and it mentioned quite a few of Leo's mischievous little escapades. The other, by Dan Parker, was an open letter to Chandler which undoubtedly provoked the Kentucky nightingale into angry action by its stinging charge: "It's true that we've never had a more photogenic commissioner than you, Happy . . . At tossing out the first ball, not even the late Jimmy Walker could hold a catcher's mitt to you . . . You can autograph rings around the man you succeeded, and probably no one loves baseball more than you . . . But, Happy, two years after your appointment as baseball commissioner, you are still swinging late and fouling them off. Why don't you either stand up there and hit the ball on the nose or get away from the plate and let someone bat who knows how?" Happy decided to swing away, and Leo was out on his ear.

It seems even less long ago that I plunged into the first of my four passionate love affairs with ball clubs. Ernie Heyn, the first editor of SPORT, sent me out to Los Angeles to pick up the Cleveland Indians on their spring barnstorming tour and do a piece on Robert William Andrew Feller. I had seen Feller pitch many times before the war and once in 1946, but I had never met him and I was eager to go, even though it meant I had to get on an airplane for the first time in my life. It took 14 hours one way, and it only seemed like a week. But it was worth it to get to know Feller.

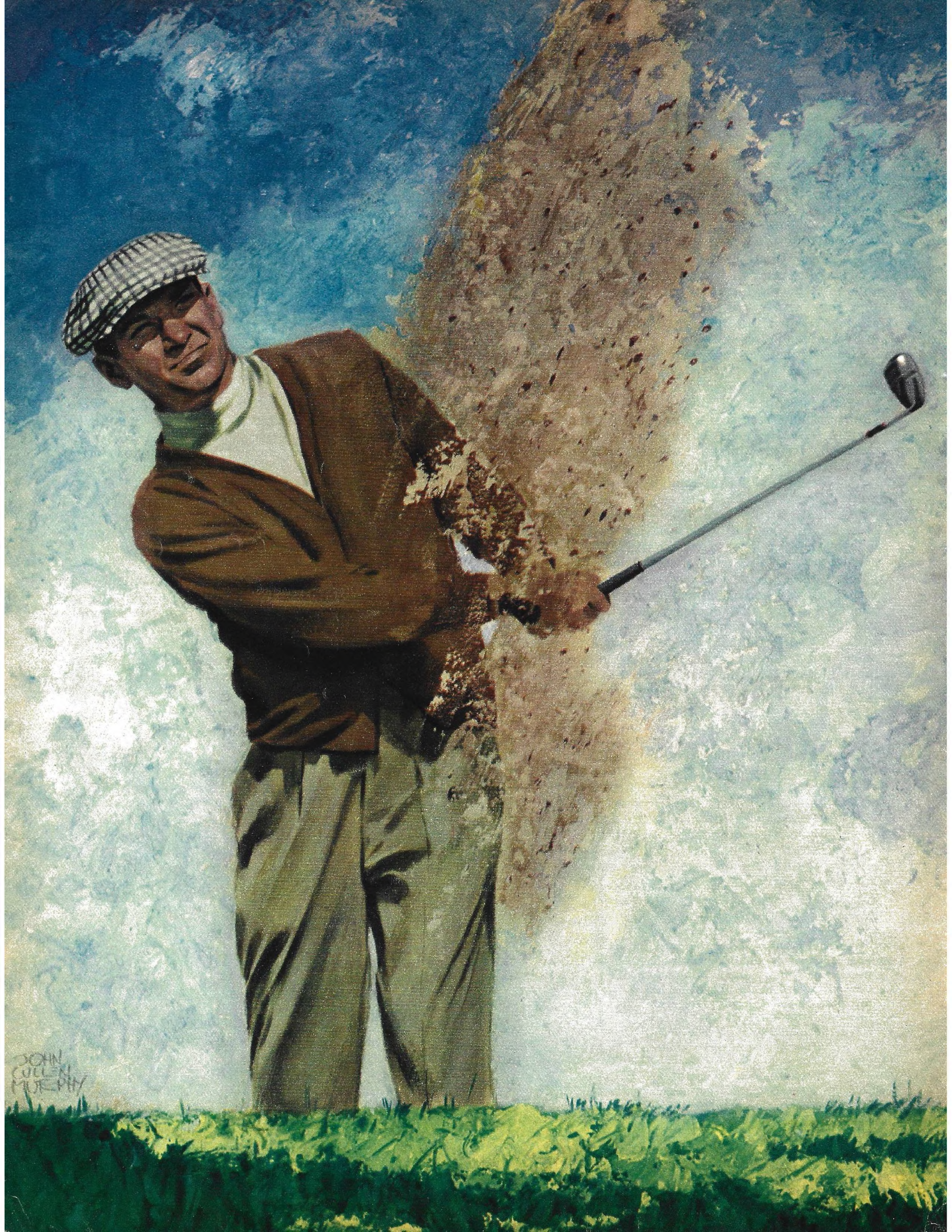
"Come on up to the room," he said when we met in the hotel lobby. "I've got a bottle of scotch up there." He did too. And he broke me up with my all-time favorite Bob Feller story about the time Lefty Gomez of the Yankees got into an argument with an umpire when Lefty was batting against Feller. "I never even *saw* the first pitch," Bob quoted Gomez. "It just went *Bzzzz* into the catcher's mitt and the umpire hollered, 'Strike one!' I dug in and waited for the next one. Same thing. *Bzzzz,* and I never even saw it. The ump just yelled, 'Strike two!' Then I really got sore and dug in. But the ball was still just a blur when he let it go and all I heard was that damn *Bzzzz* and the umpire hollering, 'Strike three!' That made me mad. I didn't think he saw it any more than I did, and I turned around and let him have it. 'Hey, Mac,' I said, 'don't you think that one sounded a little low?' "

I spent a lot of time in Feller's company after that week in California and grew to like him more and more. But I don't think I ever liked him better than the night of July 22, 1948, when he walked out on the field at Yankee Stadium to warm up for his first appearance in New York since he had withdrawn from the All-Star game in St. Louis on July 13. The 68,258 fans, inflamed by newspaper stories that had pictured Feller as an ungrateful, selfish, swell-headed hot shot with the soul of a cash register, poured their disapproval down on his head in wave after wave of angry booing. The big New York ball park was alive with ugly noise as Bob picked up a new baseball and began throwing it easily to catcher Jim Hegan. The boos, deep-throated and mean, seemed to start way back in the upper deck and roll down on the field in a single shattering crescendo. It was an unforgettable experience and the worst part of it was that any reporter who had taken the trouble to ask could have found out that Feller had asked out of the All-Star game not because he wanted to, but because Bill Veeck, who owned the ball club, and Lou Boudreau, who managed it, had told him to. Bob hadn't been going well and they thought he needed the rest. They wanted to win the pennant and they knew they weren't going to win it without him. They reasoned that he had already pitched in four All-Star games but had never been on a pennant-winner. Unfortunately, all the fans knew was what they read in the newspapers, and they really let Bob have it. It was bad enough when he was warming up, and worse when they announced him as the starting pitcher, but when the Yankees knocked him out of the box it was bedlam. Bob walked off the field, though, as if he had just pitched another no-hitter—head high, shoulders back, not a hint of emotion on his face and not a sign of discouragement in his familiar plowboy's stride. You had to be a Bob Feller admirer that night.

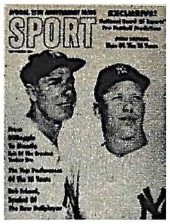
My fondness for the Cleveland ball club was strengthened when I drew an assignment to do a story on the player-manager, Boudreau. I got a chance then to take a close look at the strange situation that developed after Bill Veeck let it be known that he thought Boudreau was a $150,000 shortstop but a ten-cent manager and that he would like nothing better than to get rid of him. The fans loved Louie in Cleveland as if he were one of the family,

(⟶ TO PAGE 92)

The writer contributed to the drama and color of baseball by annually presenting the SPORT Chevrolet Corvette award to the World Series' top performer. *At right*, Fitzgerald turns over the Corvette keys to Lew Burdette, seated in the car awarded in '57, after Lew won three games.


JOHN CULLEN MURPHY

1946



1961

SPORT'S HALL OF FAME

Bantam Ben Hogan

No athlete has ever rebounded from disaster with Ben's world-inspiring impact. His courage and drive brought him from the brink of death to the golfing heights

By Will Grimsley

ON FEBRUARY 2, 1949, Ben Hogan and his wife Valerie were driving from Phoenix, Arizona, to their Fort Worth, Texas, home. Suddenly, out of a haze on a lonely Texas highway, their automobile came face-to-face with a lumbering, skidding transcontinental bus. Hogan, seeing a collision was inevitable, flung himself in front of his wife to try to shield her from injury. The heroic and instinctive gesture probably saved both their lives.

A fraction of a second later, the countryside near Van Horn, Texas, resounded with shrieking brakes and a sickening crash. The Hogan automobile was converted into a mass of twisted metal. The impact drove the steering wheel through the driver's seat, like a javelin from an angry hand. Thanks to Ben's quick-thinking, Valerie escaped with only minor injuries. Hogan was not so fortunate. He suffered a double fracture of the pelvis, a broken collarbone, a fractured left ankle and a smashed right rib.

Hogan was taken to a hospital in El Paso where—with the entire sports world watching anxiously—he began the long and agonizing battle, first for his life and then for recovery of the physical endowments which had made him the top professional golfer in the United States. The nation kept an eye on the fever charts as doctors operated again and again on his scarred, battered legs.

Just when it appeared the game little golfer had weathered the crisis, thrombosis developed. In order to halt the clotting of blood, doctors performed a two-hour abdominal operation and tied off the principal veins in his legs, saving Hogan's life, but from all indications at the time, also spelling the end of his golfing career. Many feared he might never walk normally again.

"That's all for Hogan," they said sadly. "He can never come back from this." Even medical men agreed.

They didn't know Hogan. They didn't reckon with the grim fighting qualities and flaming determination of the blacksmith's son to whom the word "can't" always had been like a red flag waved before the nostrils of a Brahma bull.

Hogan not only walked again, he played golf again. Furthermore, he won again—and again and again. He became the fairway Goliath of the Fifties, the one man able to awe and consistently overpower the tough precisionists who plied their trade on the professional circuit. Golf historians placed him on a pedestal alongside Harry Vardon, the great English stylist of the early 1900s, and the incomparable Bob Jones of the Golden Twenties.

Hogan became a symbol—not only as a man of fortitude who fashioned an almost unbelievable comeback, but as one of the great all-time champions of the game. Golf's post-war era bore his indelible mark. It was "The Hogan Age."

To the National Open championship he won in 1948 before the accident, Ben added three others—in 1950, 1951 and 1953. Half a dozen times he came within a shot or two of a fifth U. S. Open title, which would have projected him into a class by himself—beyond Willie Anderson and Jones, the other four-time winners. He captured two Masters, setting the tournament low-scoring record in 1953, and he won the British Open in 1953 in his first and only try at this aged championship.

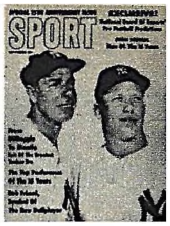
His triple sweep in 1953—the Masters, U. S. Open and British Open—was an unparalleled achievement which many golf authorities rate equal, if not superior, to Jones's historic Grand Slam of 1930 when Bobby won the British Amateur and Open and the U. S. Amateur and Open in a single year.

Hogan was a fine golfer before his highway smashup in 1949. He became a greater one afterward. It was as if new inspiration and a stronger psychological approach to the game had been sewn into his system with the same stitches that patched his withered legs.

It is quite true that the tight-lipped Texan—always a cold, detached and at times mysterious "loner" on the tour—came out of the accident a mellower man. But

Illustrated by John Cullen Murphy

1946



1961

the softening was only relative. The iron rod of self-discipline and suspicion of outside influences, forged by years of adversity, did not bend easily. The hard crust the man had built around himself remained.

Quite obviously, Ben made a strong effort to relax socially and defrost himself with occasional warmth. Still newspapermen, including many friends of long standing, continued to find him a hard fellow to interview. Hogan was as stingy with words and opinions as with golf strokes, and he gave the impression—even in locker-room gab sessions—that he felt a fellow conversationalist might have been trying to get something out of him for nothing. His closest golf companions—Jimmy Demaret and Claude Harmon probably were foremost of these—never managed to get really close to him.

"Those steel gray eyes of his," one friend once remarked with a slight shudder. "He looks at you like a landlord asking for next month's rent."

Demaret facetiously said that he couldn't understand why people thought Hogan was so taciturn.

Doctors doubted that Ben would walk again following his auto accident, but he always kept his faith, worked cheerfully toward his recuperation, then astounded the world with his golf comeback. A milestone of the comeback for Ben and his wife Valerie, *right*, was his one-sided victory in the British Open Tournament in 1953.

Selected by SPORT in 1951 as "The Most Courageous Athlete," Ben received the trophy from then-managing editor Al Perkins, *left*. "People have always been telling me what I can't do," Ben said. "I guess I have wanted to show them."

"When I play with him, he talks to me on every green," Jimmy said. "He turns to me and says, 'You're away.' "

Adoring Scots at Carnoustie christened Hogan "The Wee Ice Mon." Tournament rivals on the circuit dubbed him "The Hawk." Demaret's personal term of endearment for Ben was "Blue Blades." With golf galleries that trudged in his wake by the tens of thousands over the years, Hogan built up the reputation of sphinx, robot and mechanical man.

The near-tragedy outside Van Horn, Texas, 12 years ago destroyed the legend that Ben, the unemotional shotmaster, was a collection of nuts and bolts. But it did nothing to douse the fierce competitive fire that raged inside him.

To Hogan, when he was at the height of his career, every competitor was an enemy—something of a potential thief with designs on his gold and glory—and every golf course was a monster. He fought them both—par and pro alike—with a relentless and merciless vigor.

Typical of the little battler's attitude was a remark he made after winning the National Open at Oakland Hills in Birmingham, Michigan, in 1951. For the occasion, the course had been tricked up and converted into a nightmare with new fairway traps and fanged rough. The course was so tough that through the first three rounds none of the 162 starters was able to break par. None was more frustrated than Hogan himself.

Finally, in the last round and with a display of superb golf, Hogan fashioned a three-under-par 67 which brought him the championship.

In receiving the trophy, the grim champion could not restrain himself from a most un-Hogan-like comment. "I'm happy," he said, "I brought the beast to her knees." It was almost like a victory chant from the throat of a modern Tarzan.

Hogan never denied that he liked to win. "People have always been telling me what I can't do," he once said. "I guess I have wanted to show them."

When he was a young pro, just starting on the tour, Ben was plagued with such an atrocious hook that well-wishers advised him to get into another trade. "Son, you can never make a living at golf with a hook like that," they said. Hogan corrected the fault. Today the world can't remember the names of the men who offered the counsel. Then of course, after the automobile accident, everybody said Hogan hadn't a chance of regaining his old skills. As he came back and piled one major championship upon another, the experts gaped in wonder and after each Hogan victory there always came the old refrain: "That's the last one—he can't do it again."

After he had won the National Open in 1950 at Merion, his first post-hospital Open, Ben happened to overhear a national sports columnist sound the knell of the Hogan career. They were in the men's washroom of the club where the tournament was played.

Not realizing the champion was within earshot, the columnist expounded something like this to a small coterie of cohorts: "Well, the Little Man has done it, and he might as well enjoy it. Now he has proved himself. He's been given a big settlement by the bus company because of the accident. He's rich and contented. He'll never win another big tournament—mark my words."

The super-sensitive Hogan, flushed and angry, could not resist the chance to confront his critic. "You wouldn't want to bet on that, would you?" he demanded.

Flustered at first, the writer recovered sufficiently to say: "Certainly, let's make it a dozen ten-dollar ties."

Less than ten months later, Hogan had won the wager by taking the Masters, although he confided to intimates that the washroom philosopher never paid off. Judging by subsequent triumphs

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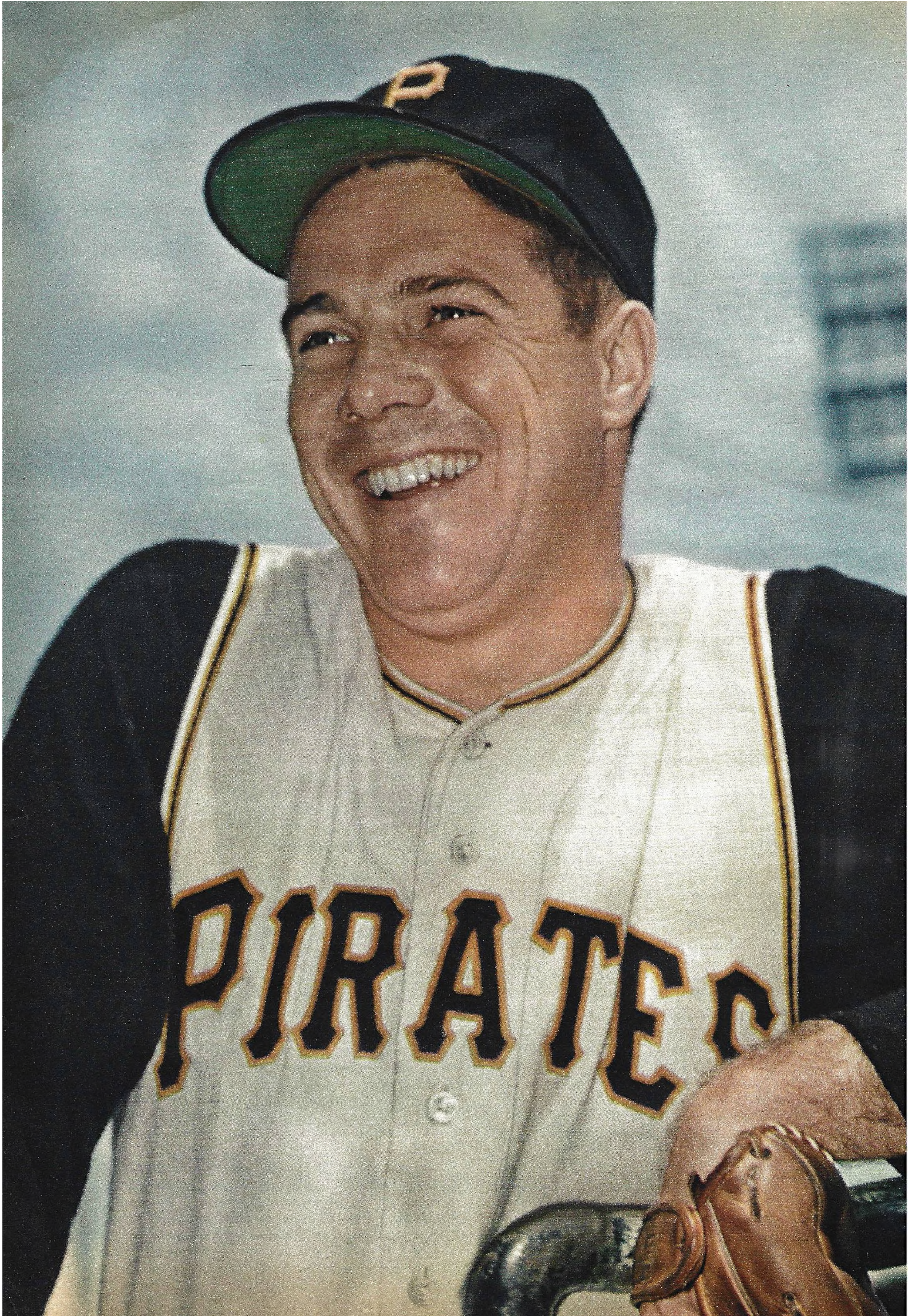
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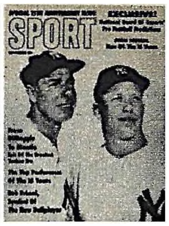
PIRATES

1946


1961

BOB FRIEND

Symbol Of The New Ballplayer

Baseball has become too much a cold business, say some critics, and a reason is men like Friend, in every way a model of an Ivy-League executive. But beneath Bob's Madison-Avenue appearance there burns a surprising fury

By Myron Cope

THE SPORT SPECIAL

Behold Robert Bartmess Friend of the Pittsburgh Pirates. He wears a lightweight business suit of solid blue; a striped necktie, moderately colored; a white, button - down shirt, custom tailored. He stands straight-backed with broad shoulders and clean, handsome features. If the evening is nippy he carries on his arm a gray herringbone topcoat or a beige trenchcoat.

Stylishly, a cigar projects from the corner of his mouth. It is not of the green-leaved variety favored by men of excessive tastes, but rather, a rich-brown blunt—the cigar smoked by men who know their tobacco best. (By appointment of the Cigar Institute of America, R.B. Friend is, incidentally, the Cigar Man of the Year, apparently having beaten out both Groucho Marx and Sir Winston Churchill; certainly there are more noteworthy honors to be won, but what the heck—the Cy Young Award, for example, does not carry with it a year's supply of free smokes.)

All told, 30-year-old Bob Friend looks as though he has just stepped out of an advertisement in the New York *Times Sunday Magazine*. Place in his arms his infant daughter Mary Ellen and place at his side his tall, blonde, beautiful wife, Pat, and you can change that to *Better Homes and Gardens*. Now—take this attractive picture of modern domesticity and *savoir-vivre* and unfurl it before an audience of selected sportswriters and baseball men, whom for want of identity we shall call the Rumpled Nostalgics, and they immediately will chorus:

"!#&!!%#!! This is what's going to kill baseball!"

With that, they will shuffle away morosely to the nearest bar, order Scotch on the rocks or manhattans (you see, even the Rumpled Nostalgics are guilty these days of refinement), and bemoan the fact that the Casey Stengels, Dizzy Deans, Pepper Martins and Rabbit Maranvilles are gone forever, replaced by pallid models of propriety who spend their idle hours mentally calculating their pension equity and mulling over their business holdings.

Today, on SPORT's 15th anniversary, baseball is enhanced—or infested, if that is your preference—by a type of man who was not too much in the limelight when this magazine first began mirroring the world of sports. In the 11 years that Bob Friend has been pitching major-league baseball, a wave of athletes bearing college degrees and clean fingernails has swept upon the scene. Is baseball losing its color? "That could be," says Friend himself. "The real big color guy seems to be a thing of the past, doesn't he? Players don't pull the capers that the Dizzy Deans did."

Dean, dressed in overalls, once crashed a plumbers' convention and raised Cain by going through the hotel corridors banging on pipes. Taking note of the disappearance of such playful eccentricities, Friend says, "We didn't have a real colorful player in the National League last year. And yet the league drew better crowds than ever. The answer is that a real sound league will outdraw colorful players anytime."

The closest Bob Friend ever came to emulating Dizzy Dean was last year when he visited a tiger's cage at the St. Louis zoo and, feeling ex-

Color by Lawrence Schiller

An exciting, strong pitcher, Bob throws a sinking fastball that comes in "heavy," forcing batters to mostly hit it on the ground.

ceptionally sociable, struck up a conversation with the tiger. The tiger was not feeling sociable. He reached through the bars and clawed the pocket off Friend's coat. But for a matter of inches, he might have made spaghetti out of Friend's pitching arm. Obviously, the Pirate management preferred that Bob quit prattling to tigers and go on being a very proper young man.

It is, of course, an utter fallacy to assume that most of today's players are drab, homogenous men who appear to have been cast from a single unimaginative mold, for the fact is that there are a thousand types in baseball. Certainly it cannot be said that Bob Friend is a model of all modern ballplayers, but it can be said that he is the most finished example of a new breed that Pirate general manager Joe Brown calls "the gentleman-businessman ballplayer."

In addition to the fact that Friend *looks* the part, he is the real McCoy. A lot of ballplayers, capitalizing on their names, operate bowling alleys and restaurants. Many play the stock market and invest in real estate on the advice of well-heeled businessmen who inhabit box seats and entertain athletes at their country clubs. Friend, however, operates his own investment house—a franchise-type arrangement with a financial institute knows as Federated Investors, Inc. He runs his own office in Pittsburgh, dealing in mutual funds. He is a 32nd Degree Mason, is entering the Shriners, and, according to one Pirate coach, "would be a successful businessman even if he'd never been a ballplayer."

Equipped with a B.S. degree in economics which he obtained by attending Purdue University in the off-season for eight years, Friend relies on his own know-how to turn an off-the-field buck. Recently an acquaintance inquired whether Bob owned a piece of Financial Planning Company, a Chicago real estate venture that is managed by a Chicago businessman but whose shares are otherwise held exclusively by ballplayers. Several score players around the majors hold stock in Financial Planning and have been pleased with their dividends. Friend, it turned out, is not interested in the company.

"That's no way to make money," he said. "Too many people are in on it." Friend prefers the one-man real estate venture with personal management. And in addition to being an active capitalist, he is, by the way, a labor leader of sorts, acting as the Pirates' elected player representative.

In the old days, before the emergence of Friend's breed, ballplayers rode sleepers and read comic books and pulp magazines. Today they ride jets and read best-sellers. Pirate relief pitcher Clem Labine, an off-season fashion designer, recently was seen whiling away travel time with *The Agony and the Ecstasy,* Irving Stone's $5.95, 664-page biography of Michaelangelo. Friend not long ago ploughed through *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich,* William L. Shirer's $10, 1,245-page documentary.

To carry the point further, Friend and wife Pat, a doting mate whose large, almond-shaped eyes sparkle vivaciously, last spring moved into an apartment—complete with piano—in Pittsburgh's Shadyside district, which is characteristic. Shadyside is a chic hodge-podge inhabited by junior management men, artists, university students, professors and occasional disciples of beat literature; its narrow streets are dotted with art salons and toney cocktail lounges where three-piece combos play cool jazz and pianists wearing garter bands on their sleeves pound out honky-tonk tunes amid Gay Nineties decor. Clearly, Bob Friend does not covet a ten-acre plot in the country where he can go huntin' and fishin'.

In his Shadyside apartment, Friend relaxes at the piano, playing light classics, though he seldom plays the piano during baseball season because it has an adverse effect on the pitching muscles in his right hand. Bob's late father was a milk broker in West Lafayette, Indiana, but also was an orchestra leader, conducting Sunday concerts in the park. He started his son on the piano at age five. Bob evidenced considerable talent and continued to study piano for 11 years until, at the age of 16, his musical career blew up in a humiliating catastrophe.

Dressed in his Sunday suit, his hair plastered down slick as a colt at the country fair, Bob Friend, the elegant boy pianist, appeared in a recital. He flung himself into Chopin's Polonaise in A-Flat. Relatives, friends and neighbors listened attentively while he deftly fingered his way through the soothing, melodic strains of the Polonaise. Then, as the music built to a dramatic, crashing fortissimo, he lifted his hands and brought them down hard on the keyboard for the ultimate, triumphant effort. A string snapped inside the piano, and all that came out was a discordant, ear-jarring twang-g-g.

"No more piano recitals for me," vowed Bob, who then turned his concentration to sports.

From the foregoing surface sketch, there emerges a ballplayer who is (a) educated (b) business-minded (c) well read (d) artistically inclined, and (e) a baseball tragedy so far as the Rumpled Nostalgics are concerned.

So far as Danny Murtaugh, Bob Friend's manager, is concerned, the Rumpled Nostalgics can take their nostalgia and bury it six feet deep in center field. Murtaugh, a one-time character who rode fire engines and double-talked pullman porters, says, "How many people did those characters draw to the ball park in the old days? How many do today's clubs draw? If there's been any change, it's been for the better.

"People want to see good baseball today. They know baseball better because they have more mediums to learn about the game. They used to have just the newspapers. Now they have the newspapers, the radio and the television."

Pittsburgh general manager Joe Brown sat in the Pirate dugout during batting practice recently and spoke of the changes that baseball has seen. "Today," Brown said, "the emphasis is on security. There's a lot of competition for jobs, and a guy isn't going to jeopardize his by carrying on and getting out of condition. Players are thinking about pensions and about meal money on the road and about prolonging their careers. But I don't agree that baseball has lost its spectator appeal. *More* people are interested in it, if anything."

If baseball has indeed lost some of its color, Brown blames it less on the emergence of the Bob Friend type than on the evolution of the acutely sensitive umpire. Bob Friend, of course, is not the type to be an umpire-baiter, in this age or any other, but an incident that occurred when he was pitching at Los Angeles early this season demonstrates how fanatical umpires have become in asserting their dignity. Ken Burkhart was umpiring at third when Junior Gilliam of the Dodgers slid into the base. Don Hoak had the ball in his glove and was waiting for Gilliam, but Burkhart called Junior safe. Hoak, who had had a run-in with Burkhart only a few days previously in San Francisco, went wild—not simply because Burkhart had called Gilliam safe but because, Hoak felt, the umpire was out of position to make the call.

Furious as Hoak was, he suddenly found himself relegated to No. 2 Madman by Bob Friend, who had crowded him out in order to give Burkhart a piece of his own mind. "Don grabbed me and pushed me away," Friend recalls. "Then he got up front. Then I grabbed *him* and pushed *him* away." So ruffled was Burkhart by the flareup, which was solely a grabbing-and-pushing contest between Hoak and Friend for the right to tell off the umpire, that Burkhart turned in a report asserting that Hoak had bumped him. Commissioner Warren Giles accordingly fined Hoak $75 and suspended him for three days.

"Hoak never bumped him," says Friend.

In any case, regardless of whether it is the umpires or the Bob Friends who have caused baseball to lose some of its color—or regardless of whether baseball has indeed lost any color at all—the fact remains that Friend himself puts a lot more into baseball than does the average player. To say only that Friend is a polished gentleman-businessman ballplayer is to describe him insufficiently, for he is an exciting pitcher. He is husky, strong and powerfully fast—one of those pitchers whose presence on the mound is compelling. Friend stands a shade under six feet and at his leanest weighs a thick-muscled 194 pounds.

Friend is not the fastest pitcher in the National League by any means, but his fastball is fearsome because of its behavior. It dips crazily as it nears the plate. It is "heavy" and devilishly tough to follow, and when hitters do connect they usually hit grounders. The remainder of Friend's pitching repertoire typifies the changes in major-league technique that have accompanied the changes in personalities during Bob's decade with the Pirates.

Aside from his swooping curve, he relies heavily on a slider, which has become a common pitch only in recent years. "When I broke into the league," says Bob, "pitchers were using sliders, true, but in the last five or six years the slider really caught on. Today every pitcher has a slider. For one thing, it's an easy pitch to throw. It's easy to get over the plate and it doesn't tax the arm."

In 1958, when Friend won 22 games, he mastered a curious delivery known as the slip pitch, at that time still a novelty. The slip pitch slips off the tips of the fingers and behaves like a combination of a screwball and changeup. It has not yet become a common pitch but it is seen increasingly.

In addition to having an impressive repertoire, which he hurls with excellent control, Bob Friend is generated by a competitive drive that borders on anger. He burns to do well. Polished and educated he may be, but a storm brews beneath the calm. To Friend, defeat is intolerable. During his first four years as a major leaguer he labored for hapless Pirate teams that were the laughing-stocks of the National League. They could not hit, nor could they field, and in each of those four years Friend lost more games than he won. "After he'd lose a game," says Forbes Field concessionaire Myron O'Brisky, "he'd say, 'I'm gonna quit. That's what I'm gonna do, I'm gonna quit.' "

Don Hoak, who regards Friend as a brilliant pitcher, delights in Bob's fire and seems dedicated to keeping it blazing to the tune of five alarms. Hoak marches back and forth from third base to the mound, bellowing at Bob in a tone of voice that is not heard in investment houses. One night last year, after Friend had served up a fat pitch to Pancho Herrera of the Phillies and had seen it cracked for a double, Hoak sat in the dugout between innings and raved about "those lousy, stinking two-oh pitches down the middle."

"Why don't you shut up, Hoak?" snapped Friend.

Boiling, Friend went on to pitch a seven-hit victory. After the game Hoak apologized to Friend for his behavior, then walked off smiling. Mission accomplished.

It is said that as Friend left the mound after having been knocked out of the seventh game of last year's World Series, tears welled in his eyes. Little wonder. Though the Pirates went on to beat the Yankees, enriching Friend by $8,417.94, the Series was a fortnight of frustration for Bob. Like so many other proven stars before him, he gave the Series his best—and in his case, his best was good enough to have won 18

PIRATE
PIRATE
PIRATES

A Pirate 11 years, Bob, *center*, has seen most early teammates traded, including Jerry Lynch, *left*, and George Freese.

games during the regular season—yet failed. Yankee hitters called him the best pitcher on the Pirate staff, yet he came out of the Series with a mortifying earned run average of 13.50. His failure gnawed at him throughout the ensuing winter, for when a pitcher appearing in his first World Series is sent to the showers three times, fans are quick to say he choked up.

One night during the winter, Friend drove to the Pitt Field House to see his alma mater, Purdue, play the University of Pittsburgh's basketball team. Purdue blew a 22-point lead and lost the game in the final seconds, 81-80. As the teams left the floor, a self-styled comedian two rows behind Bob stood up and in a loud, deliberate voice declared:

"Well, that's Purdue for you. All Purdue guys choke up."

When people sneer at you like that, it makes for a long, cold winter, even if your team *has* won the World Series. Bob Friend reacted like a man who is doing time up the river on a frameup and can't wait to get out to clear his name. He out-trained the seven Astronauts and, when the Pirate squad convened for spring training, was as hard, straight and grim as a fence post. The way he pitched in Florida, he might have been mistaken for a rookie trying to win a job. Once the season got under way, he won four games before anyone was able to beat him. He then lost four straight but in those four games the Pirate hitters got him a grand total of only two runs.

Actually, the World Series failure that Friend set out to live down was not a case of sloppy, weak or nervous pitching—not at all.

Friend started the second game of the Series. The box score says the Yankees won by a score of 16-3—the second fattest margin in World Series history—and that Friend lasted only four innings, gave up six hits and three runs (one of them unearned). In actual fact, however, the game was a classic demonstration of the thin line that in baseball distinguishes success from failure.

For one thing, most of the hits off Friend were grounders that simply skittered between infielders. He had his stuff—he had to have it, else why were the Yankees hitting into the dirt? Furthermore, in the brief time he pitched he struck out six men. Only one of the six hits he gave up went for extra bases, and that one was a bouncing double by Gil McDougald which, according to the Pirates, was really a foul ball.

As most critics saw it, a mere two plays made a bum of Bob Friend and left his name attached to a monstrous Series "laugher" for all time. The first was McDougald's slapped double over third base in the third inning. Umpire Dusty Boggess called it a fair ball, and a run scored on the play. Later, catcher Smoky Burgess of the Pirates and Don Hoak said that they were sure McDougald's double had been foul, and they labeled it the key play of the game—the one that changed the course of the entire contest.

The run that scored on McDougald's double made all the difference in the world to Friend, because had it not scored he undoubtedly would not have been lifted for a pinch-hitter in the bottom half of the fourth inning. At the time he was lifted, the score was 3-1; had it been 2-1, he almost certainly would have gone to bat.

The second play that deprived Friend of the opportunity to stay in the game with his impressive stuff occurred seconds before he was lifted. The Pirates had runners on second and third with one out and Bill Mazeroski at bat. Mazeroski hit a wicked line drive which shot straight into the glove of McDougald at third. Had Mazeroski's liner traveled two feet to the right or left, the game would have been tied up, and Friend, the next man due to bat, would have stayed in the lineup. Instead Gene Baker batted for him and popped up. "Sure, Friend would have stayed in there," said manager Murtaugh. "And I guarantee you, they wouldn't have gotten 16 runs off him."

After the game sportswriters found Friend sitting in front of his locker, puffing calmly on a cigar. At least he *seemed* calm. (Despite his intensity, Friend has indeed developed a rock-like composure. "I'm damned tired of reading that they used to call me Nervous-Nervous Friend," he says. "Hell, this is my 12th year in professional baseball, my 11th in the major leagues. After pitching about 2,500 innings I'm no more nervous than anyone else. When it's my turn to pitch I'm keyed up—yes. But I'm not nervous.") After the World Series game, talking to the sportswriters, he started out quietly. "I felt good. I had good stuff." Then he spat out his next words.

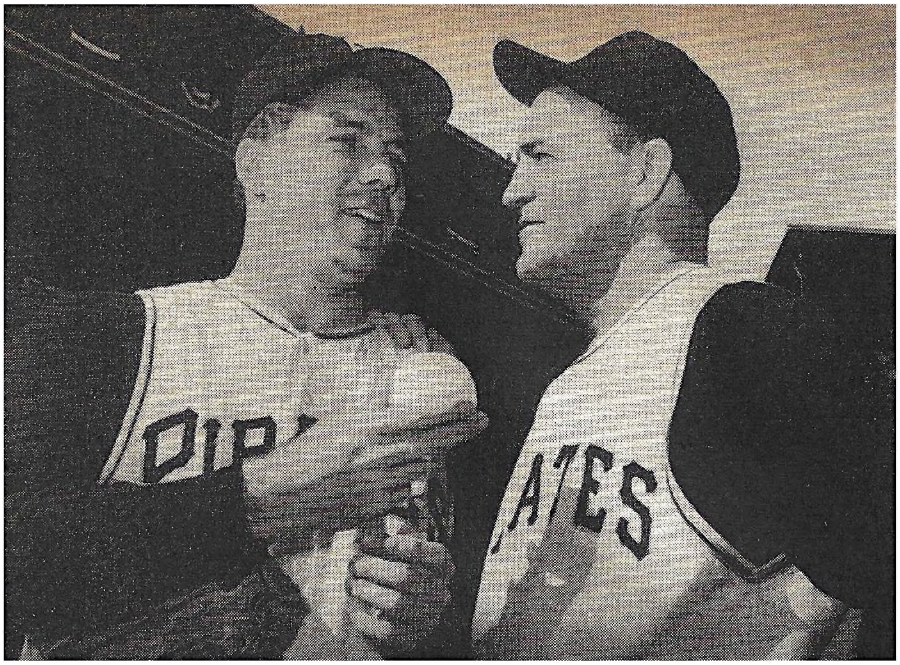
"They weren't hitting anything! What kind of hits were they getting? I threw one bad pitch to Turley, a high curve." The bad pitch had come after a passed ball that allowed a Yankee runner to take second, and Turley smacked the bad pitch for a run-scoring single. Friend's voice trailed off. "I was just getting warmed up," he said, shaking his head.

Well, there would doubtless be another chance for Bob Friend to rack up a victory in the Series. There was—in the sixth game—but this time the final score was 12-0, Yankees, and Friend did not even finish the third inning. Of the five hits he gave up, again only one went for extra bases—a double by Roger Maris—and again, Friend had the Yankees hitting into the dirt. Still, he had given up five runs and he had hit two batters with pitches and walked one. What could one say for him?

What Danny Murtaugh said for him was that he had, unfortunately, terrific stuff on the ball. "I think it might have been moving *too* much," said Murtaugh. "I never seen Friend hit two batters in one game before. Then, too, they were hitting his good pitches and when they're hitting your good pitches there's not much you can do. A lot of times you make good pitches and they hit them and a lot of times you make

Bob and his pretty wife, Pat, holding up their honeymoon travel tickets here, were introduced by the Pirates' doctor.

Pirate manager Danny Murtaugh, *right*, never lost faith in Friend, even in 1959, when Bob slumped to an 8-19 record.



bad pitches and pitch a shutout." As if to confirm Murtaugh's thesis, both Maris and Mickey Mantle insisted after the game that Friend showed them better pitching than any other Pirate.

One sportswriter was more impressed that day by Friend, the man, than by Friend, the pitcher. "When we got to the clubhouse after the game," says Roy McHugh of the Pittsburgh *Press*, "he was all dressed and waiting in front of his locker for the writers. He could have ducked out but he had the class to wait and face the embarrassing questions. He's a pretty civilized guy." Friend made no excuses for his second Series defeat and he succeeded in maintaining perfect calm.

In the seventh game he got a chance to salvage mild acclaim from the Series. With the Pirates leading, 9-7, he entered in relief at the start of the ninth inning. All he had to do was finish the job. But Bobby Richardson and Dale Long—the first two batters to face him—got rid of him with two singles on four pitches. "Oh, gee," says Bill Burwell, the wizened Kansan who coaches Pirate pitchers, "that Richardson got a real bloopy hit off him—just a bleeder, a squib over the infield."

No doubt it may seem that the Pirate staff has dedicated itself to making World Series excuses for Bob Friend, but the fact remains that he was given a substantial raise in pay and told to pay no mind to so brief an experience as a Series.

Actually, nobody among the Pirates really feared that Bob Friend's World Series nightmare would have a lasting effect on him, for he has a strong quality of self-assurance. "The past few years," says Bill Burwell, "he's become, well, just more of a pitcher. Know what I mean? I mean, he's always had pretty good control and good stuff but now he's learned to use it better. He can hold runners on better and do the things a pitcher ought to know how to do. Oh, he's a pretty serious boy when he's pitchin'. But off the field he relaxes."

Burwell obviously was not with Friend the night of last May 12 in a crowded restaurant in the Shadyside neighborhood. A few hours earlier Bob had suffered his first defeat of the season. In the fourth inning of a game with the Dodgers, Willie Davis had clouted a two-run triple off him and he had failed to last the inning. Bob showered, then joined his wife Pat, a man from SPORT, and a newspaperman. The four went to a fancy restaurant to eat a snack and hear some piano music that would take Bob's mind off the defeat.

He was amiable, completely philosophical about the loss. After all, it was only his first, and he already had won four games. "I just wasn't sharp tonight," he shrugged. "That pitch I gave Willie Davis was a bad one."

Thoroughly relaxed, Friend soon was enjoying himself. He told his party hilarious yarns. He smiled cordially when others stopped by the table to offer their condolences on his defeat. He was unannoyed by eavesdroppers at a nearby table and was delighted to see a few people he knew. Then, suddenly, about two hours after he had sat down, he started staring off into space. He was oblivious to his wife and the two writers—no longer with them in mind. Finally, the newspaperman said, "What the devil's the matter with you? Don't tell me you're still thinking about the pitch you threw to Willie Davis?"

"As a matter of fact, I was," said Bob. "You know, this was the seventh time I've pitched against that kid since he came up, and he never got a hit off me before." Friend seemed perplexed that Willie could have done so. "Come on, Pat," he said. "Time to go home."

That Bob Friend should be unable to accept defeat casually is entirely logical, for since boyhood he has operated on the theory that a man who supplements his talents with hard work will make his way. As a small boy in West Lafayette, across the Wabash from Lafayette, Indiana, he operated a thriving lawn-mowing business, having negotiated the rights to 16 neighborhood lawns. By the time he was a sophomore in high school he had taken on an annual summer job at the Ralston Purina mills in Lafayette. Twelve hours a day—from 5:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.—he threw sacks of feed and performed other vigorous chores. From fall till spring he studied hard and made excellent grades at West Lafayette High where he was the finest all-round athlete—baseball, football, basketball and golf—in the school's history. He was known, believe it or not, as the Valiant Warrior.

Pitching for the West Lafayette High baseball team, Bob, in one game, faced 22 batters and struck out 21. But Martin Stamm, the baseball coach, had a problem. He couldn't find a catcher capable of holding Bob's pitches. Frequently the pitches flew past the catchers and had to be chased to the backstop.

College football scouts and professional baseball scouts alike bid hotly for Friend, and finally Stan Feezle, a Pirate scout, landed him for a $15,000 bonus, which in 1950 was a sizable sum. The Brooklyn Dodgers had offered $20,000 but Bob figured he could move up faster in the Pirate organization. So off he went to a Pirate farm at Waco, Texas, where the most important lessons he learned were fielding lessons. (He still is not a polished fielder and this hurts him.)

At Waco, Bob won 11 games by July and was notified he was being promoted to the triple-A team at Indianapolis. The night before leaving, he pitched a no-hitter. He then finished the season at Indianapolis and the next season, with only one year of minor-league experience, he became a major-league pitcher at Pittsburgh. Six years later, after Bob had ploughed doggedly through five losing seasons and then, in 1955, won 14 games and posted a league-leading ERA of 2.84, he was called "the best pitcher in the National League" by Birdie Tebbetts, then Cincinnati's manager.

At 24, Bob Friend had become an established major-league star, but little did he suspect that the worst of his career lay four years ahead.

The year 1959 was to be a period of blackness such as few topflight pitchers encounter in their prime. After having registered a 22-14 record in '58 and making the winter banquet rounds, Bob reported for spring training weighing more than 200 pounds—about ten pounds over his best playing weight. The Pirate players took one look at the round-faced and round-waisted Friend and dubbed him Jonathan Winters. Once the season began, he lost seven games before he picked up his first victory. At season's end he not only had an 8-19 record but enough criticism from Pittsburgh's vigorous fans to last him a lifetime.

Bob's wife vividly recalls 1959 as a year she could barely endure. Before marrying Bob, Pat Friend had been a receptionist in the office of Dr. Joseph Finegold, the Pirates' team physician. As a matter of fact, Doc Finegold, a bald, pink-faced little man, plotted the doom of Bob Friend's bachelorhood. He ordered Bob, who once had been branded "a matrimonial coward" by Branch Rickey, to report to his office for a checkup, but shortly before the appointed hour, Doc Finegold absented himself from his office, leaving the matrimonial coward alone with his lovely receptionist.

Even after Bob and Pat began dating regularly, Doc Finegold decided to speed up the romance by having her work weekends in the first-aid room at Forbes Field. When word got around that Bob Friend's girl was working in the first-aid room, an epidemic of fictitious ailments broke out among female fans. (Bob, you see, had been named by a newspaper as one of Pittsburgh's two most eligible bachelors.) "Girls began streaming to my little clinic," Pat recalls, "to have a look at that anemic-looking thing in a starched, white uniform and flat-heeled clodhoppers who was stealing Bob. One girl came in time and again, first with a headache, then with an upset stomach, then with a twisted ankle. Jackie Kennedy never got such a going-over as I did."

In any case, after marrying Bob and falling in love with the life of a ballplayer's wife, Pat Friend suddenly learned, in 1959, that happiness was only as secure as her husband's ability to get the side out. "Every time he lost another game," she says, "my heart broke into small pieces. I couldn't walk down the street without being stopped, often by utter strangers, and asked, 'What's wrong with Bob? What's the matter?'

"Whenever I went out to Forbes Field to see a game," says Pat, "men would walk up to me and say the most horrible, filthy things you can imagine. I'd just sit there and keep my mouth shut—and believe me, that's not easy for me—and give them a terrible withering look."

As a result of Bob's 1959 season—or rather, as a result of a contest held by an association of automobile dealers—Pat and Bob Friend are forever indebted to a girl named Rita Pierno, whom they had never met. Rita Pierno, a Pirate fan, entered the dealers' contest, in which contestants were asked to predict the date on which the Pirates would hit their 25th home run and to state, in 25 words of less, why the particular make of car sold by the auto dealers was admirable.

Rita Pierno won the contest. The dealers gave her a new auto and asked her to name her favorite Pirate, who would, along with his wife, receive an expense-paid tour of Europe. Rita named Bob Friend. "God bless that girl," says Pat. "We really needed a trip to Europe, or to Africa or Labrador or Tibet—any place where the people wouldn't recognize us."

Off to France, and Italy, and Switzerland, and Russia went the Bob Friends, for eight weeks. Pat has kept a notebook—not exactly a diary but merely a collection of impressions—and in it is the following paragraph:

"Zermatt, Switzerland. The room in our chalet is lovely. Red shutters. At all hours we stand on our veranda and gaze at the Matterhorn. Sometimes it is white, sometimes blue, sometimes silver. In the evening it turns black and gives me an eerie feeling. It is so awfully big, one feels a slave to it. We are drawn to it, and we gaze at it endlessly. We cannot see a single baseball fan up there."

Bob and Pat arrived in Moscow during the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the Chinese People's Republic. Scores of Chinese in military uniforms were at the airport when the Friends landed. The Chinese turned and stared at the Friends. Bob and Pat were puzzled, for they were dressed not much differently than the other American and European tourists. Pat wore a tweed walking suit and Bob, an Italian raincoat over a navy-blue suit. The Chinese, nevertheless, continued to stare, and finally Pat thought:

"Oh, no! I'll bet they're about to come over and say, 'So solly, but must ask what hoppen? Why have bad season?' "

The Chinese, however, kept the source of their puzzlement to themselves, and thus the Friends' tour of Europe remained free of cross-examination. They returned home refreshed, and Bob plunged into the task of redeeming himself. In 1960 he won his first three starts in April. In July he started the All-Star game at Kansas City—the third in his career—and pitched shutout ball. On July 25 he lifted the Pirates into first place, where they were to remain the rest of the season, as he beat the Cardinals. At season's end his 18-12 won-lost record was the fifth best in the league. The guy whom they called Jonathan Winters a year earlier had worked 276 innings. Among all major league pitchers, only the Cardinals' Larry Jackson, who worked 282, had put in more labor than Friend. Baseball had become, once again, the good life for Bob and Pat Friend.

Actually, during Bob's miserable 1959 season he had received thousands of kind, generous messages from Pirate fans—registered letters, telegrams and special deliveries—and appreciatively had written a personal reply to every message. But the loudmouths rankled him. "A lot of people threw cold sponges on me in 1959," he said early this season. "It really does a guy good to have a comeback. When you bounce back you really feel good."

Still only in the prime of his career, Bob Friend will, of course, suffer the disappointment of dozens of defeats before he is done with baseball, and each time he is beaten the three days that lie between pitching turns will seem endless for him. At such times (and they have come frequently this season), he reads and listens to his hi-fi and tries to be cheerful, and his wife does not mention baseball unless Bob does first.

"I've read in the newspapers that Bob is a nervous person," says Pat, "but nothing could be further from the truth. He is the calmest man I've ever known, a real mainstay. Frankly, he dominates me, and that's the way I want it. He's the boss and he makes all the big decisions. His temper is perfectly even."

Only once has Bob exploded at Pat. He had been bombed in a spring exhibition game, and when he came out of the clubhouse Pat was waiting for him with the car. Though the exhibition game had been meaningless, Bob was furious—his face was beet-red. As he sat down in the car, Pat said, "Oh, honey, I'm glad it happened now in an exhibition."

"You're glad it happened now?" Bob roared. "What do you mean, you're glad it happened now?"

Even an exhibition walloping was intolerable to him. Says Pat, "I made a mental note never to make *that* mistake again."

The fact is that although Robert Bartmess Friend may represent the new breed of gentlemen-businessmen ballplayers, he is by no means a wax figure poured uniformly from a mold. Nor, probably, are many of his brethren in the breed. For baseball is a dog-eat-dog contest in which the successful fight tenaciously to remain successful, and the Bob Friends—the polished gentlemen who *win*—are men who boil to win.

Their actions, on the field or off, may be lacking in flamboyance and hilarity, and it may well be that they are reducing baseball to the mere playing of the game; if so, this is sad. But until club owners learn to encourage a revival of showmanship, and until prissy umpires learn to again tolerate it, no blame can be placed on the Bob Friends. They are men of the times.

(*Continued from page* 59)

Lowell turned to writing poetry at Harvard to help overcome his bitter disappointment at not making the football varsity. F. Scott Fitzgerald, in the torture and melancholy of insomnia, tried to lull himself to sleep with an old dream: "Once upon a time they needed a quarterback at Princeton and they had nobody and were in despair. The head coach noticed me kicking and passing on the side of the field and cried, 'Who is *that* man—why haven't we noticed *him* before?' We go to the day of the Yale game . . ."

Football has changed a lot since F. Scott Fitzgerald's dream—and since SPORT Magazine was first published. It has become the No. 1 sport in America—first in growth, first in entertainment. (Basketball has stretched to the point where the tall players have conquered the game. Baseball has grown geographically and slipped in popularity. The game, of course, is as square or round as it always was.) The attendance figures, particularly in the professional leagues, indicate the tremendous appeal football has as a spectator sport. But for a better gauge of how football has taken over as No. 1 look at the ads in the next magazine you buy. A few years ago baseball players smoked all the cigarettes, ate all the dry cereals and wore all the sport shirts. The advertisers now sell their hero-image with football stars. Even knee-deep in June you can see Charlie Conerly stretched heavily across two pages of a magazine, puffing on a cigarette.

HOW and where has football changed? To begin with a prominent but not altogether appropriate example, take the Attorney General of the United States. In 1946, I sat with 57,000 other wind-bitten people in Harvard Stadium and unconsciously watched history made. Into the Harvard lineup for the first time against Yale went Harvard player No. 86. A glance at the program gave the unimpressive details: "Kennedy, Robert F., Position—End, Age 22, Weight 165, Height 5.10, Prep School—Milton Academy, Home—Hyannis Port, Mass." I don't recall what if anything he did in his short appearance, whether he blocked a Yale tackle, caught a pass or even smudged his crimson jersey. But Robert Kennedy of 1946, who was a hard-nosed hard-working end until he broke a leg the next fall, is an example of the football size college teams seldom bother with any more, not even Harvard. Players are bigger, better coordinated, faster on their feet, better trained. My authority for this is Rip Engle, whose Penn State teams meet and usually beat the best from all sections of the country.

Rip had one of the outstanding players of the last 15 years in quarterback Milt Plum, who now runs the Cleveland Browns' offense. "Milt was one of those kids who had everything we hope to find in a football player," he said. "He was clean-living and tremendously dedicated to being a good athlete. When we went to Ohio State in '56 we were no match for them physically but Plum was up to it. He completed 14 passes and we beat them, 7-6."

Engle has sent many players to the pros but Plum, Don Colo and Lenny Moore have given him something particular to remember them by. Colo, all-pro tackle and captain of the Cleveland Browns before he retired, had never played football when he went out for the team at Brown. (That's only supposed to happen at places like Middlebury and in dreams of glory such as F. Scott Fitzgerald had.) Colo was big and he was eager to learn. I remember that Rip's line coach Gus Zitrides used to keep Don after practice nights to teach him the ABCs of the game. Don didn't even know how to get into a three-point stance. Long after we had taken the trolley back to the campus Colo would work alone with Gus under the lights, going through the first frustrating steps of becoming a football player.

Lenny Moore was a different case. He was bursting with speed and eagerness to run the ball. When Rip had him at Penn State in the mid-1950s he was the slickest, hardest-to-catch-up-with-and-hang-on-to runner in college football. Lenny was not always influenced by the knowledge that every little play has a pattern all its own. Like a modern jazz musician, Moore preferred to improvise. Sometimes his original efforts brought startling results. Once against Rutgers, Moore and Penn State were enjoying the start of what turned into a romping good afternoon. Rip sent in a play early in the game and Moore ran it his way, taking a lonesome, uncharted course that somehow covered 65 yards into the Rutgers end zone. After the score Lenny jogged happily back to the bench. Rip patted him on the seat of the pants and said, "Lenny, that wasn't the play I sent in. We don't even have a play like that."

"I know we don't, Coach," Moore replied. "But we ought to. It's a dandy." (As a professional Moore has had to stay closer to the Baltimore Colts' scripts and within sighting and shooting distance of quarterback John Unitas.)

Plum and Colo are good examples of college players whose basic abilities were recognized by pro scouts and were mostly ignored by pickers of "All-This, All-That" teams. Plum received a few calls on the all-star squads. Colo got none. In recent years the pro draft lists have come to be regarded as the most accurate measure of the college boys' merits. The glamour has worn off the words "All-America." The selections may cause a momentary business frenzy in college publicity offices and a round of backslapping at the fraternity. But they don't mean much anymore. The player still reaps a few fringe benefits—invitations to television shows and an all-star game, with small courtesy fee, an extra $2,000 or maybe a no-cut clause when he goes to the pro leagues.

The last of the real glamour-boy All-America players was a special favorite of mine. He went into the pros with more advance publicity, more magazine cover stories, more outlandish gifts and praise than anyone before him. (I limit the field to the post-Red Grange era.) He was Doak Walker, the most famous college player to come out of Texas (how can you top that?) and a good pro who twice led the National Football League in scoring. In college Doak was such an athletic paragon it was embarrassing to talk about him. He was small (160 pounds after his last college game), shy, modest—everything you're not supposed to find in a Texan. He also had a good sense of humor. He needed it. After his last performance for Southern Methodist, his impatient admirers in the wealthy Mustang Club could contain themselves no longer. He had had little need for extra benefits in college since he lived in Dallas in a comfortable middle-class home. Just before Christmas 1949, the Mustangs deluged him with $500 worth of clothes, a television set and a new yellow convertible. When asked how he felt about it, Doak drawled that he was mighty pleased. "I'm tired of being poor," he said. (Doak, incidentally, had a sound business head as his contract and bonus arrangements with the Lions revealed. He was smart enough to retire when he was well ahead.)

WALKER took more of a beating as a college player than he did as a pro, refuting the old canard that pro football is dirty football. It was common in locker rooms around the Southwest to take up a pot for the player who first knocked Walker out of the game. Rice gave it the old college try one year. Walker was tackled out of bounds and hurled into a wheelchair. It knocked him out. In the interest of keeping happy athletic relations between the two schools, Walker went into the Rice locker room afterward and congratulated the Owls on their victory. But a year later, when he ran into Rice center Joe Watson in the NFL, he said: "Tell me, what kind of a pot did you fellows get up? I always wondered how much I was worth?"

Dick Kazmaier, the Doak Walker of the Ivy set, was given the works by Dartmouth in his final game and suffered a broken nose and other discomforts. In 1951, Kazmaier had what must have been the most successful day a marked man has had against a "crucial" opponent in many seasons. Cornell was laying for Kazmaier—and Princeton—when he cavalierly threw 17 passes and completed 15 (for 236 yards and three touchdowns) and ran the ball 18 times (for 126 yards and two touchdowns). I had to look up the figures but the memory of Kazmaier at tailback, his No. 42 big and white against the black jersey, in Princeton's classically-developed single-wing is a vivid one.

Another of the romantic heroes of this period was a bantam (no bigger than Bobby Kennedy or F. Scott Fitzgerald) named Eddie LeBaron. The first time I saw LeBaron he was a member of the 1950 college All-Star squad training at Delafield, Wisconsin, for the Chicago game with the world champion Philadelphia Eagles. No one quite knew what to make of Eddie. He was too small to play against the pros, but he was too good not to play. In a practice scrimmage one morning (against linemen such as Oklahoma's Stan West and Jim Owens, the present U. of Washington coach) LeBaron ran the perfect quarterback keeper play. In fact, it was the neatest hidden ball trick I had seen since the one in an old Buster Keaton movie when he deflated the ball and stuffed it up the back of his shirt. Eddie didn't even have to let the air out. He faked, as only he can, stuck the ball on his hip and while everyone either forgot about him or lost sight of him in the pile of beef near the goal line he skipped quickly into the end zone. All-Star coaches blew whistles, players untangled whacking their pads into position. But there was no football at the bottom. When they turned around Eddie was standing in a corner of the end zone holding the football and wearing a small grin that said: Is this what you fellows are looking for? LeBaron of course made the team. And he and Charley (Choo Choo) Justice made the Eagles look like college kids a week or two later.

Walker, Justice and LeBaron teamed up with each other on the golf course and at the local ice cream emporium. As three of the most publicized and lionized players of the period they had simple college boy tastes. They played golf barefooted, ate ice cream sundaes before dinner and joked about their fame.

"You know I never had shoes until I went to S.M.U.," Doak said.

"And then they gave you three oil wells and a gas station," Justice said.

"Well, what about those tobacco plantations you got at North Carolina?" Doak replied.

"Least I'll be able to rotate my crops in the future," Justice said.

Despite the vanity of some football players and dullness of others, I have found them quicker to laugh at themselves and their surroundings than most athletes. Maybe it is because they devote only six months of the year to the sport and are able to gain a better perspective or maybe, for all of their size and muscle, they are a more humorous breed. When he was at Notre Dame, Paul Hornung had a reputation of being a golden boy who believed his number was the best one to call in most situations (he was right, too). I once asked Hornung about the flock of Hollywood starlets that were rumored to be chasing him across the country. The press agent of one, a Pat Mowry who was Miss New Hampshire or Miss White Mountains, tipped Hollywood gossip columnists that Hornung had sent her an engagement ring inside a football. "I wonder if she ever found out *how* I got it in there," Paul said.

One of pro football's most humorous players served under the game's most serious coach on a no-nonsense team. He would be George Ratterman when he quarterbacked the Browns for Paul Brown. If you lived with the Browns for a few days, as I did one summer at their Hiram (Ohio) College training camp, you would appreciate the impact Ratterman's jokes had on his teammates. Once when Paul Brown's shuttle guard came into the huddle with the coach's play, Ratterman eyed him coldly and barked: "I don't like it. Go get another." Ratterman was smart and he was a perfectionist. Brown appreciated having him around.

My first interview with Paul Brown, in the boiler room of one of the college buildings, turned into a flop because Paul asked all the questions. I did get in one that turned him cold with disgust. "What do you do," I asked, "to train a player's mind for a game?"

"We make no effort to train a player's mind," he snapped. "The use of psychology—slogans, pep talks, all that sort of thing is false and dishonest. You can't teach a player with untruths. Psychology comes from the public, from newspapers and magazines. Why, when we went to Philadelphia last year—after we had won the title—they came out with tears in their eyes ready to beat us." Paul made it sound disgusting. Later when I asked him why he assembled the players on Saturday nights and herded them into a movie Paul said: "It helps make for a happy team. And we have a happy team." Happy or not, Brown's teams are always good.

The contrast between the businesslike climate around the Browns and the college fraternity atmosphere of the Detroit Lions' camp proved to me that the job can be done—and championships won—either way. When he was with the Lions, Bobby Layne set a high jocular key. He led a rookie hazing program that included the indignity of singing one's college alma mater in a crowded dining hall. I remember the first and only time I heard the Texas A&M alma mater sung off key (I think) by a 220-pound lineman standing on a table top, his right hand placed reverently on his massive breast.

In recent years, the pros have offered an increasing amount of pleasure and excitement on Sunday afternoons as the struggle between offense and defense draws tighter and tighter. Surely the greatest game I saw in the last 15 years was the 1958 NFL playoff between the New York Giants and Baltimore Colts. The game itself was a masterpiece of stagecraft and football drama. Remember, the Giants got into the game through a weird and wonderful (if you were a Giant fan) set of circumstances. On December 8, a week before the season's end, the Giants were apparently out of it. Detroit was nursing a five-point lead in the last quarter when the Lions pulled an incredible boner. Yale Lary went into deep punt formation, fourth down and 22 yards to go in Detroit territory. But Coach George Wilson had sent in a fake punt and Lary was run out of bounds short of a first down by Cliff Livingston. The Giants scored and took the lead. Yet they won the game by a flick of the wrist. With 90 seconds left Detroit tried a field goal from the New York 25—an easy shot for the pros. Andy Robustelli, Harland Svare and Carl Karilivacz made up a play at the line of scrimmage, which they argued about right up until the ball was snapped. Svare rushed in from his linebacker position and deflected the kick with his left wrist.

The Giants then had to meet the Browns twice to get at the Colts. I remember most the unbelievable precision and perfection with which Johnny Unitas ran the Colts to victory in the overtime period. There never seemed to be much doubt that he could do what was necessary to win. After the game he was being congratulated for his grace under fire and his willingness to gamble. He said: "You gamble or die in this league. I don't know if you can call something controlled gambling but that's how I look at my play calling." With Unitas throwing and Raymond Berry catching, the gambling risks were small that afternoon.

An obscure piece of football drama, far removed from the main arena of the Colts and Giants, gave me as much delight as I have had at a game. The outcome meant little to anyone except the players, coaches and few thousand people who had sat and stood through a violent rainstorm that threatened to fill the Yale Bowl with water 14 years ago. Yale led Brown, 14-13, late in the game. The only surprise was the narrowness of the margin. Brown finally managed to shove the ball into Yale territory and went through the motions of preparing for a field goal. Despite the rain and sinking visibility, I could see the arrangements for the fake-placement-and-pass play, a favorite of Rip Engle's. Howie Odell, the Yale coach, knew what was up and tried to inform his players. Every surviving spectator must have recognized the outlines of a hoax. But the Yales fell for it. Quarterback Eddie Finn, the ball holder, straightened up and arched a long, true pass to halfback Chuck Nelson running alone past the last Yale defender. Chuck was so full of glee he could hardly wait for the ball to drop into his arms. As he circled through the watery end zone he wore the wettest, broadest victory grin I ever saw. I glanced back to the Yale bench to see how Howie Odell was taking it. He was taking it flat on his back in a large puddle, apparently bowled over by disbelief.

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THE 15-YEAR BOOM IN GUN SPORT

(*Continued from page* 53)

in all participant sports. Shorter work weeks, higher pay and salaried vacations have given everyone more leisure time and more money to spend. Gun sport has benefited. In the last ten years, for example, there has been a 29 percent rise in hunting.

Military experience during World War II, Korea, and even our present peace-time armed forces service developed an initial interest in guns that many young men wanted to continue as a sport. And the firearms industries themselves have kept pace with an impressive parade of new models and calibers and new production concepts that represent a major breakthrough in sporting firearms design and manufacture.

There are 6,000,000 more licensed hunters now than in 1946, and uncounted millions who are not required to buy licenses, who plink and shoot at inanimate targets and are skeet and trap devotees. Fifteen years ago there were 9,800,000 licensed hunters; in 1959, the last year figures were available, there were 14,400,000. Experts believe the next census will show over 16,000,000 licensed hunters. The arms companies place the figure of people who do all kinds of shooting at around 20,000,000, declaring "gun sport is still on the rise."

The Hunter's Safety Course is one of the integral reasons for the steady rise. If youngsters can prove to parents that there are experts in almost every locality (and there are 35,000 instructors nationally) who are willing and qualified to show them how to handle firearms safely, and if there are civic programs that continue this education, then few parents can arbitrarily veto a sport that has already proved itself to be among the safest of all participant sports.

Hempstead, New York (and dozens of other communities), with the support of the mayor, the police department and local business, has a "Teen Hunters Club," where youngsters are taught the rudiments of handling guns. Then the education is continued by the regional recreational director. The Sporting Arms and Ammunition Manufacturers' Institute, created and maintained by the arms industry, is sponsoring a nationwide shooting development program, offering free technical assistance. The gun companies themselves help the Boy Scouts of America, and PAL and YMCA organizations organize sensible shooting programs. The senior shooting service, however, is the National Rifle Association. With 400,000 devoted members, it is undoubtedly the most active in shooting promotion with a junior program, hunter safety training and senior competitions. NRA spurs interest everywhere, especially now among the younger set. The National Skeet Shooting Association and the Amateur Trapshooting Association also beat the drum for the merits of their exercise. Interest is growing fast in these sports that kill nothing except clay birds and offer fun and games a few miles from home.

IN recent years, other groups have begun helping gun sport. While the Wildlife Management Institute, National Wildlife Federation and Ducks Unlimited do not promote shooting as such, they are doing constructive things in conservation, which amounts to assistance.

And all over the country, groups like the Junior Deputy Sheriff League of Jefferson County, Colorado, are forming to have fun with guns. This is an energetic gathering of youngsters from 12 to 17 years of age, who are building their own indoor rifle range after school and during vacation hours. Sponsored by the Sheriff's Department of Jefferson County, they take serious pride in their lessons on first aid, law, safety, rifle and shotgun shooting. At last count, there were at least five groups of this kind in each of 32 states.

Shooting preserves are also important in the gun sport spiral. Fifteen years ago, there was an average of less than one shooting preserve for each state. Today there are 1,600 in 41 states. These preserves operate on a fee basis, releasing birds that are hunted by skilled dogs and shot by sportsmen who do not have the time, the money or both to travel to the places where wild birds are available. In a recent tabulation of preserve locations, it was discovered that there were at least two within easy driving distance of most metropolitan centers of the United States. What this has done is obvious: The harried executive can whip out and shoot a brace of pheasants as easily as he can get in a few holes of golf. In some cases more easily, because the shooting centers don't permit lineups and waiting. They work on a reservation system and never permit too many shooters in the same area. The father who wants to teach his son or daughter the shotgun sport, or pass on the thrill of wing shooting, no longer has to wait until a certain season, then drive hundreds of miles to find game. Most preserves are open several months and few require licenses.

John Olin, top man in Olin Chemical Corporation, which numbers Winchester among its divisions, was undoubtedly the man who started the preserve idea rolling, gave it power and impetus. About ten years ago, he took four submarginal farms near East Alton, Illinois, an area consisting of scrubby clay hills and eroded gullies—sad, sick land—and converted it into 700 acres of fertile green hills and fields that produced record crops of hay and corn. He did all this as an experiment to prove that it could be done. Calling the operation "Nilo," he installed Labrador retriever kennels and a model game-bird farm, proving by actual practice that a game preserve could be a paying proposition, that retrieving dogs aid conservation by finding crippled birds, that a farmer could make submarginal land a profitable investment.

But more than this, John Olin's Nilo Shooting Preserve became the model in motion that taught interested farmers and prospective shooting-preserve owners how to go about the complicated business simply.

Remington Arms, a division of DuPont, is also making great strides in the field of projecting shooting into the future, spurring it with experimentation and imagination in the present. They purchased the vast Glenn Martin estate near Chesterton, Maryland, and placed a team of top biologists and conservationists in charge, dedicated to the task of setting it up as a wildlife demonstration area. Essentially their aim is to show farmers what they can do to enhance wildlife supplies without harming—in fact improving—their commercial farming operations.

REMINGTON also built and opened for the public what is probably the country's most modern and beautifully situated skeet and trap range, in Lordship, Connecticut, on a vast green stretch of land by the sea. There the public gathers twice a week to shoot skeet and trap at reasonable rates and get free expert instruction.

The Lyman Gunsight Corporation of Middlefield, Connecticut, built an extremely fine indoor rifle range not far from its factories. There the doors are always open to the public, and free instruction is available. Not content with making one of the finest telescopic sights in the world, Lyman felt that it should offer a safe and modern place for shooters to use day or night, snow or rain, thereby adding a big push to gun sport in the East.

In terms of dollars, Remington reports that its volume in 1946 was $30,900,000 against $70,900,000 in 1960, but it feels that present-day quality and safety, rather than sales, are the important facets. Starting with the introduction of two new high power rifles in 1948, Remington has gone on to design and produce a complete new "family of guns" that has captured the imagination and support of the shooting public.

Before designing the guns, Remington interviewed thousands of shooters to find out what they really wanted in new models. Then it designed the "family of guns" with a high degree of interchangeability of parts, but also created guns in various classes and calibers with the same look and feel. Throughout these gun types the parts can be replaced, with no factory fitting, in guns of the same model or class, thus making repairs easy and inexpensive—a modern appeal.

Remington's product climax, though, was the "Nylon 66" autoloading .22 rifle. Made of structural nylon, the gun cannot rust or warp, is impervious to changes in weather, retains a permanent color, is feather-light and inexpensive and has met the highest and toughest performance tests ever designed for a firearm.

Winchester met the gun sport challenge by designing a gun of fiberglass, a shotgun that I personally tested on ducks in India last year. It took a remarkable pounding, was not affected by heat and rain, didn't rust and was so light to carry that I hardly knew it was on my shoulder. Winchester also has put fabulous new rifle calibers on the market—the .308, .458, .338—and it has led the way in the designing of new ammunition. It has put three-inch, 20-gauge shotgun shells on the market that convert this gun instantly into one as powerful as a 12-gauge and now has come out with a 28-gauge shot shell that makes this small gun a giant-killer.

The Marlin Firearms Company pioneered "button" rifling, a process that has helped improve shooting accuracy. Most gun manufacturers use four or six grooves in the barrels. Marlin, calling its system "Micro-Groove," began using 16 to 24 very shallow grooves. The idea was that multi-grooves would displace less bullet metal, would grip the bullet better with less distortion and assure that the bullet would be located in the center of the bore even if the jacket was thicker on one side than the other.

Marlin's "Micro-Groove" rifling equalized bullet imperfection and, according to the company, it has increased accuracy 25 percent. And what increases enthusiasm in a sport more than perfection? "Putting shooters in the groove," Marlin calls it, and most experts think it really has something.

BROWNING ARMS of Ogden, Utah, inventors of more gun models and designs than all the rest of the arms companies combined, probably has done as much for gun sport through the inventive genius of John Browning as anyone else. By 1925, his 128 different gun patents comprised a total of at least 70 complete and distinct firearm models covering the entire field. They included every caliber from the .22 short cartridge through 37 mm projectiles—guns with automatic actions, slide and lever actions. Browning created guns operating automatically and semi-automatically by gas pressure, using both the short and long recoil and blowback principle. Then he came up with guns with sliding locks, rotating and vertical locks.

Practically every gun company in business has at one time or another "borrowed" or leased Browning patents, and even some of the leading handguns now produced were taken from original Browning ideas, designs and patents.

So gun sport has been helped by many. By thoughtful planning, with imagination and foresight, industry and the sportsmen's organizations have placed it in the enviable position of being beyond even the "boom" category. It is a safe, exciting, relaxing participant sport firmly established with our past and infinitely necessary to our future.

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BANTAM BEN HOGAN

(*Continued from page* 71)

the columnist was lucky Ben hadn't made it a parlay.

The seemingly insatiable—almost fanatical—urge to keep proving something to the world, and to himself, has been the one distinguishing feature of Ben Hogan's golf success.

He was a gallery favorite—the Babe Ruth and Jack Dempsey of his trade and day. Fans by the thousands stampeded the fairways to marvel at his cold and calculating wizardry. The Hawk didn't have to carry on a running sideshow. To watch him come to grips with a heavyweight golf course—and finally bend the monster to his will—was treat enough for the most ardent divot devotee.

MUCH to Hogan's chagrin, sportswriters christened him "Bantam Ben." "Where do they get that bantam stuff?" Ben frequently complained. If he had been a fighter, he would have had to challenge Sugar Ray Robinson or Archie Moore. At top playing trim, he stood five feet, nine inches (he always maintained he gained a full half-inch in his later tournament years) and weighed 162 pounds.

It must be conceded, however, that on the course Hogan gave the impression of being a much smaller man. Despite this "bantam image," he presented a majestic picture as he moved resolutely from tee to green, shoulders slightly hunched and looking neither to the left nor right of him.

After the accident, Hogan walked with a labored, stiff-legged step—not unlike the motion of a man on stilts. He never hurried. The visor of his familiar white cap always was pulled low over his leathery, nut-brown face. His square jaws were set like a vise. A cigarette dangled from tight, unsmiling lips. If his steely eyes wandered in the direction of the crowd, they looked without seeing.

There was deliberation and purpose in every move. Every shot was studied meticulously. As he measured each assignment in that grim, deliberate fashion that became a trademark, one could almost see the gears grinding and the wheels spinning underneath the Hogan cap. On the course, Hogan was a sullen tailor methodically stitching a dark cloak of defeat for his rivals.

Yet in most instances, it was the golf course—and not the various competitors—which was the main target of these carefully laid schemes. Hogan's winning formula was: Play the course and let your rivals play themselves. He was the paragon of conservatism. He became pirate-bold only when extreme measures were dictated.

During his hungry drive in the early Fifties, Hogan practiced for months getting ready for a big championship. He made a habit of getting on the tournament scene sometimes as much as two weeks in advance. During this preliminary period, he subjected the course to microscopic study. He memorized the best placement positions for drives on every fairway and learned the best approaches to every green.

This accomplished, Hogan then appraised the field and determined what score he thought would be needed over the 72-hole route to take the championship. If the score was, say, 280, Ben set some sort of imaginary gadget and then went out to hit 280, oblivious of other scores—hot or cold—being shot around him. It was amazing how often this strategy paid off. "Management," Ben said, "is 80 percent of winning golf."

"Management" was a problem for Hogan almost as far back as he could remember. He was born August 13, 1912, in the little town of Dublin, Texas, son of the village blacksmith. He was ten years old when his father died, and his mother gathered up her family and moved to Fort Worth. At first, Ben sold papers on the street corners to help keep food on the table, then later—at the age of 12—he became a caddie at the Glen Garden Country Club, where he received 65 cents a round. This was his introduction to golf.

Ben was 15 when he achieved his first tournament success. He tied for first place in the club's Christmas Day caddie competition.

Despite his wild hook and warnings from well-wishers that he would never make the grade, Hogan turned pro at 19 and with $100 in his pockets set out for Los Angeles and the winter pro tour. In a month, he was broke. He worked, saved his earnings and took another stab at the tour in 1933. Again the going proved too rough. Disappointed but not discouraged, Ben returned home and for the next four years worked like a slave refining his game.

THIS "cramming" paid off. Hogan managed to qualify for the National Open in 1936 at the Baltusrol Country Club in Springfield, New Jersey, but he didn't survive the 36-hole cut.

Hogan, who had taken on new responsibilities by marrying dark-haired Valerie Fox, attacked the tour with new vigor but not much greater success in 1937. His best showing was a third-place finish at Lake Placid. He tied for tenth in the Canadian Open with 295.

When the winter tour of 1938 started, both Ben and Valerie were near the breaking point. They had saved $1,400 for the tour but had decided between themselves that if this one was a failure it probably would be wise for Ben to get into another business.

The cash reserve gradually dwindled as Hogan moved from Pasadena, Los Angeles and Sacramento and on to Oakland where examination showed he had exactly $85 in his wallet. To add to the misery, a thief jacked up the Hogan car one night and made off with the two rear wheels and tires.

"I knew that unless I could win enough to give us a new start, I would have to sell the car and go back to Texas," Ben recalled later. "The night before the first round, I didn't sleep at all. I knew how desperate our circumstances were. I don't think I have ever gone into a tournament with more determination. Instead of tightening up and pressing, I forced myself to play every shot with the utmost concentration."

Hogan led the first round with a 66, finally finished the tournament in third place, collecting a check for $385. "Really, the money I won in Oakland was the turning point in my golf life," Ben said.

Hogan earned only $4,150 in 1938 and only $5,600 in 1939, hardly enough for bare expenses. In 1939 he qualified for his second National Open and finished in a tie for 62nd place.

By the end of 1939 and the beginning of 1940, Hogan was making more frequent and more lucrative visits to the pay window, and his golf career seemed assured. In the spring of 1940, he won his first tournament, the North and South Open at Pinehurst, North Carolina, and before the year was out had added three others.

Hogan definitely was on the move. He repeated as leading money-winner in 1941 ($18,358) and 1942 ($13,143). In the 1941 Open at Colonial in Fort Worth, he tied for third behind the winner, Craig Wood. In the 1942 Masters, he shot 280 to tie Byron Nelson for the title only to lose the playoff to Nelson's blazing 69.

With the United States involved in World War II, Ben entered the Army Air Corps as a lieutenant midway in 1942 and, while he was able to continue playing golf, he had to limit his tournament competition.

After the war, Hogan returned to the circuit where he found his chief rivals were the same as before—principally Nelson and Snead. By this time people had started wondering when the little ironmaster from Fort Worth would win his first major championship.

The question was answered August 25, 1946 at Portland, Oregon, when Hogan defeated Ed (Porky) Oliver, six and four, in the 36-hole final of the match play PGA championship. That year Ben again led the money list with fantastic earnings of $42,556. Two years later he captured the first of his National Open crowns at the Riviera Country Club in Los Angeles—"Hogan's Alley," they came to call it—with four superlative rounds of 67-72-68-69. The 276 total remains the National Open scoring record.

The 1949 winter tour didn't start auspiciously for Hogan—he was disappointed with his play both at Los Angeles and Phoenix—and he was on his way home to do a little refurbishing on his game when the highway accident occurred.

Others may have despaired of his chances of ever walking a fairway again, but Ben never did. He lay flat on his back for 58 days. After he was transferred to his home in Fort Worth, Hogan began a series of laps around the room—increasing them each day—to rebuild the strength in his legs. It was three months before he got outdoors and it was mid-summer—in late August—before he was able to pick up a golf club. In December, ten months after the accident, he finally dared to play his first round of golf since the tragedy. His legs covered from ankles to thighs with bandages, he was able to go 18 holes with occasional aid from an electric cart. There still appeared to be grave doubt he could ever play topflight golf again.

IN mid-January 1950, the sports world was electrified by the report that Hogan had entered the Los Angeles Open at Riviera. It was the comeback test. Could he do it? Only through a miracle, everyone agreed. Such a feat seemed impossible.

On faltering legs, Hogan trudged to a first-round 73. Then he added a

69. On the third day, in the rain, he fired another 69. "The Little Man is coming," Sam Snead said apprehensively with a look over his shoulder. Hogan showed signs of extreme weariness on the final day but battered out another 69 and tied Snead for first place with a score of 280. It was immaterial that Hogan lost the anti-climactic playoff. He had written one of the most dramatic stories in sports and had proved a point to himself—he could play golf again.

It is one thing to win a tournament such as the one at Los Angeles and another to win a rugged test such as the National Open, where pressure is at its fiercest and the traditional 36-hole final day presents one of the most rigorous physical demands in the athletic world. There was still some doubt of the stability of Hogan's legs when he went into his first post-accident Open at the famed Merion Club, outside Philadelphia, in June, 1950.

Ben opened with a creditable 72, although this was eight strokes back of leader Lee Mackey's record 64. Ben followed with a 69 which put him two shots out of the lead. On the double-round Saturday, Hogan's battered legs stood up like stanchions of steel as he carved out a finishing 72-74 for 287 which placed him in a tie with Lloyd Mangrum and George Fazio. Ben's brilliant, tournament-winning 69 in the playoff dispelled all questions of whether he would be able to reclaim his old throne.

IN the ensuing major championships, the dark shadow of The Hawk lengthened. Hogan won his first Masters in 1951, finishing with a 68, and two months later captured the Open again at souped-up Oakland Hills where he termed his closing 67 "the finest round of golf of my career." The Hogan dynasty was shaken in 1952, when Julius Boros won the Open at Dallas, but Ben stormed back in 1953 with a performance that never will be forgotten.

First of all, Ben won the Masters with successive rounds of 70-69-66-69 for a 274 tournament record that may prevail for years. In the National Open at Oakmont, Pennsylvania, he won with a comfortable 283, six shots better than runnerup Sam Snead. Then he turned to the British Open at Carnoustie.

Hogan had won every major championship in the United States. He needed Britain's venerable championship to establish his position firmly at the pinnacle of all golf. In the old days, such golf masters as Walter Hagen, Bob Jones and Gene Sarazen had made regular forays to Old World birthsites of their sport. Hogan and his contemporaries of the later era never found time to get away. For one thing, the American pro tour was too rich. For another, the modern pros never felt the British campaign was worth the trouble and sacrifice. Their consciences were not smitten by their debt to the game. So this was Hogan's first try.

Ben Hogan, the comeback marvel from Fort Worth, had captured the imagination of Britain's devoted golf followers, but not even the most romantic of them conceded him a chance at Carnoustie. There Ben not only faced some of the world's greatest golfers but also conditions far different than he had ever known. The course itself was hard, craggy and

KAY ROGERS, popular teenager from Harding High School, Oklahoma City, Okla

A girl tells frankly...

what girls think about boys who have pimples

"FIRST of all, let me say that the girls I know are sympathetic to boys who have this problem, because don't forget—girls have it too. The difference is, girls do something about it while so many boys just do nothing, hoping their pimples will clear up by themselves.

"I don't think any boy should go along trying to ignore pimples. Pimples are unattractive and, if you don't take care of them, they can get worse.

Another Side to the Problem

"On the other hand, some boys are overly sensitive about this problem. They get self-conscious, to a point where they won't have dates, really suffer when they find themselves in mixed groups. They seem to think girls don't want them around . . . which is wrong! We understand; we'd like to help.

"Of course, I can't tell a boy he should do something about his pimples. That's why I welcome this opportunity to write this—to tell many boys that not only *should* they do something but that they *can do something*, thanks to a new type medication called CLEARASIL. It really does the job! I know because I used to be embarrassed by pimples and CLEARASIL cleared up my skin fast!"

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pock-marked. The greens, to use a Hogan term, were "like putty." The British ball was different—smaller in circumference. The weather was foul—windy, rainy and cold.

Draped in layers of sweaters and rain gear and feverish with a deep cold, Hogan shot an opening-round 73, three shots back of the leader, Frank Stranahan. Ben's second-round 71 put him two back of a pair of British Ryder Cuppers, Dai Rees and Eric Brown. A third-round 70 put him in a tie with Roberto De Vicenzo for first place at 214. Worshipful Scots poured out on the old course for the kill and the Wee Ice Mon obliged with a brilliant 68 for 282, which won him the championship by four strokes.

The victory not only endeared the rugged Texan to his Scottish hosts, but made his name a household word back in America. Hogan came home to a ticker-tape reception up Broadway in New York and received the city's tribute on the steps of City Hall. "You just want to cry," the man of steel told the crowd chokingly. "I owe it to God, and my wife, Valerie."

Now there was only one golf honor left which Ben coveted. That was a fifth National Open, which would set him apart even from the immortal Jones.

He played badly in the 1954 Open at Baltusrol, getting a tie for sixth place, but the following year at the Olympic Club in San Francisco, he apparently had his fifth title clinched until he saw it snatched away by a freak series of events.

With Hogan in the dressing room and his victory already conceded by a national television network, an unknown named Jack Fleck came charging home on a wave of birdies to tie Ben for the lead with 287. Watching Fleck try on the final hole for the birdie three needed to tie, Hogan said, "I hope he gets a two or a four." Ben dreaded the playoff, which he lost the next day by three strokes to Fleck's 69.

"I will never work this hard again to try to win a tournament," Hogan announced afterward in a declaration of semi-retirement. "From now on, I'll play merely for pleasure." Actually this seemed to be a sane resolution. He was 43. There were no more golf worlds to conquer. He was rich and successful, owner of a golf equipment company bearing his name. But if he quit trying for his fifth Open, it wasn't noticeable.

In the 1956 Open at Rochester, New York, he needed only two pars on the last two holes to tie Cary Middlecoff for the championship. On the 71st hole, he froze on a 30-inch putt, backed off from it and then missed. He blew his chance.

"My nerves are shot," he confessed. "It's not the legs that go first—it's the nerves."

In a philosophical mood later, Ben complained that putting actually should not be a part of golf. "One game is played in the air and the other on the ground," he said. "If I had my way, all greens would be big funnels, so that the ball would drop and roll on over to the next tee."

Hogan made another good charge at the Open at Winged Foot in 1959, finishing five strokes back of Bill Casper after being in the title running most of the way. Last year, at Denver, he was breathing down Arnold Palmer's neck until a necessary gambling shot on the 71st hole missed a corner of the green by inches and bounded into the water. A couple of inches more and Ben might have have had No. 5.

Hogan now is approaching 50. He has sold his golf club business to the American Machine and Foundry Company for a figure reported to be in the millions. He lives in a $200,000 home in Fort Worth. He seems to have few worries and he seems to hunger for nothing. Under such circumstances, they say, it is utterly inconceivable that he could ever win another National Open championship.

Anybody wanna bet?

—■—

A GIANT FAN'S LAMENT: MY HEART IS A YO-YO

(*Continued from page* 56)

finished last even if those guys hadn't gone to Mexico." He was right. The Giants could have made it even *with* Maglie, Danny Gardella, Nap Reyes, George Hausman, Adrian Zabala, Roy Zimmerman and Ace Adams, the men who went to Mexico. In spite of such logic, I was disgusted. In my second year as a fan, the part of my team above the Rio Grande had sunk to the cellar.

Early the next year, a new hero came to our rescue. During spring training, Gramp and I read thrilling tales of a magnificent Texan whose power hitting, people said, would overshadow Babe Ruth's. His name was Clint Hartung, but the awe-struck writers called him "The Hondo Hurricane." Suddenly all the Giant fans—that small, pathetic cult—were savoring the fact that Hartung would be in the Hall of Fame by the All-Star game. He not only could hit a ball 500 feet, but he could also pitch. "That's the one thing we've needed," said Gramp. "A pitcher who can hit 500 feet."

When The Hondo Hurricane finally blew into the Polo Grounds, Ott was so anxious to make the best use of Hondo's marvelous talents that he didn't know where to put him. But it soon didn't matter. Hartung was equally rotten at several positions. At bat The Hondo Hurricane made a big wind as he zealously pursued the National League strikeout record. He *could* produce 500-foot drives, but only if you let him pitch.

But our mortal hitters made up for Hondo's silent bat. Big Jawn, Sid Gordon, Walker Cooper, Willard Marshall and Bobby Thomson zeroed in on the Orient for 221 homers, a major-league record. Even more impressive was the fact that the team that set this record rejected the pennant, a splendid example of the Giants' genius for perversity that makes their fans both mental and cardiac cases. It was a remarkable achievement to hit 221 homers and still finish fourth.

What did the Giants need? The answer was obvious: a song. Since they couldn't win with 221 homers, their missing ingredient had to be spirit. So mine became the only team in the majors to have an anthem. How proudly I sang:

We're calling all fans.
All you Giant ball fans.
Come see the home team
Going places 'round the bases.
Cheer for your fav'rites
Out at Coogan's Bluff.
You'll see those Polo Grounders do
their stuff.

Spurred by this canned spirit, the Giants continued to do their stuff. It was soon clear that they'd need more than Chinese homers and an alma mater if they ever wanted to leave the second division. They needed a sparkplug. So in July of 1948, the Giants played a joke on Mel Ott. They left him in Pittsburgh while they returned to New York to put their circus under the direction of Leo Durocher. To add extra punch, Horace Stoneham took radio broadcaster Frankie Frisch from behind the microphone and put him in the third-base coaching box. There Frankie's rooting for the Giants no longer offended those listeners who occasionally wanted to know what the visiting team was doing. Frisch's broadcasts of Giant games had been lively blends of nostalgia and hysteria as he alternated between reminiscing ("Ah, the Old Flash remembers the day . . .") and panic ("There's a smash down to—oh!—a great—but it's wild and—oh, look at that! There's the—but the run's gonna—what a play! Just like the Series of '34—but let's recap it first.") While the Old Flash reminisced about the recent action, adding such color as the names of players, the Giant rivals scored five more runs, which made him moan, "Oh, those bases on balls kill you every time."

As a coach, he was officially on our team, where pitchers would have given more bases on balls if they hadn't been hit so often. Because of such pitchers, even the Old Flash and Leo the Lip couldn't ignite us out of fifth place. The following year, we remained there, but with so much spirit that Leo was suspended from baseball for hitting a fan.

After this humiliation of our manager, I felt things couldn't get worse; but for the Giants, things always can. Leo was pardoned, but just before Christmas, Sid Gordon, Willard Marshall and Buddy Kerr were traded to the Braves for Alvin Dark and Eddie Stanky. It was my blackest day, for I loved Gordon and Marshall. "Don't forget," said Gramp, "that Stanky walks a lot. We need a walker. And both of them can pull to China. In fact, we're getting some real Polo Grounds power."

Suddenly our Messiah came. After one look at Willie Mays, Giant fans took the razor blades off their wrists. We knew he could be the greatest player in baseball. Now our work was cut out. It would take skill not to win with this happy genius who made the spectacular a routine. "I'm afraid it looks good," said Gramp as Willie stole home an inning after spearing a drive with his back to the plate. "I wonder if we can still blow it." With Willie doing everything, we couldn't. Instead the Dodgers stole our style. Thirteen games behind them in August, we made a miraculous dash to that playoff where Thomson's homer became the most dramatic hit since Lombardi's bunt. This incredible return from the brink of defeat showed that the Giants don't *always* lose; but even in victory, their torture can crack the strongest heart. Needless to say, once Thomson's ball had landed in Korea, we knew we'd have little trouble losing the World Series.

The Giants didn't win the next two years, probably because they never recovered from the Jim Hearn fastball that Joe Adcock lost in the left-centerfield bleachers. Thus we had to bear the humiliation of seeing a Brave become the first man to hit a ball into the bleachers of the Polo Grounds. We also missed Willie who was in the Army. I decided I could take no more. Leaving Gramp to bleed alone, I replaced Willie in khaki, a sacrifice I deemed necessary, and was sent to Japan.

But a Giant fan can never leave his team, no matter how far he or it goes. The following year, at 5:30 one morning in a barracks at Camp Zama, I put on fatigues before a short wave radio in which an inconstant voice described Willie's blind catch of a blow by Vic Wertz. On a dead run toward the clubhouse, Willie one-handedly collapsed Cleveland with the most spectacular catch since Mize fielded a bunt at Cincinnati. Willie's throw to hold the runners was equally incredible. As I double-timed from my barracks into the cold, dark morning, I was the only soldier smiling. Could this be *my* team sweeping four straight to win its first World Series since the year I was born?

Of course not. The sweep was a silly accident, a fluke that happened because a pinch-hitter named Dusty Rhodes got hot after Willie's catch had deflated the Indians. I returned from Japan to find the same old Giants playing the same quasi-baseball before crowds that were private audiences.

Now the Great Decline began as the Giants tumbled. Even Willie's 51 homers couldn't keep his mates from eventually sinking to third. As Bill Rigney replaced Durocher as manager, ugly rumors began. "The Giants are gonna leave us!" New Yorkers wailed before televised views of the cliques of mourners that were paying their respects to Coogan's Bluff. Suddenly it was true. The Giants were going to San Francisco. Mexico wouldn't take them.

On September 29, 1957, my fallen idols presented their last farce at the Polo Grounds. No Giant fan will ever forget that final ignominious nightmare. We played a typical game, losing 9-1 to a minor league team from Pittsburgh. Even Willie couldn't reach Korea to sweeten the funeral. When it was over, the mourners approached the body. The Giants had to run for their lives as nostalgic friends tried to maul them goodbye. Not fast enough to tear up the players, these sentimentalists had to settle for tearing up the Polo Grounds, a renovation long overdue. They ripped up home plate, the pitcher's rubber, two of the bases, patches of outfield grass, the bullpen sun shelter and the foam rubber from the wall. It was a touching display of affection. Thus the Giants went west, amidst cries from scores of fans who wanted them to stay and fight like men.

Come see the home team
Going places 'round the bases.

The next year at San Francisco, the team moved into a park as fit for baseball as the Polo Grounds. Seals Stadium, where a fly once fell on Joe DiMaggio's head, was the ideal place to hide the Giants. There they would finally be able to see the fog in which they'd always played. Lost in this shroud were many new faces. But very soon the brand-new Giants became the major-league masters at losing by one run in the ninth.

They were ready for 1959.

With two weeks to go in 1959, we were in first by two games as overjoyed San Franciscans rushed to finish Candlestick Park for their first World Series. "The fools don't know what it means to be Giant fans," I told Gramp with the sad smile I'd learned from him. "My boy," he said, "you've come a long way. We know what will happen. They won't disappoint us." Gramp and I never lost faith. "There's still time for us to blow it," we kept muttering as those last eight games dropped us to third. No matter where they were, we could still count on the Giants.

The reason we got the chance to blow that pennant so dramatically was a tall rookie named Willie McCovey, who'd come from Phoenix to hit .400 in the stretch. "McCovey really packs us with power," I told Gramp after the season. "With Mays, Kirkland and Cepeda, that gives us four long ball men. I don't see how we can lose next year."

"I'm surprised at you," said Gramp. "Have you forgotten The Hondo Hurricane?" As always, Gramp was right. McCovey was no Hartung, but he did find himself as a solid .250 hitter, revealing the form Gramp sensed but never saw; his heart failed soon after the Giants had broken it for the last time.

I was almost glad that Gramp didn't see the debacle that was 1960. The Giants again set their sights on fifth, where they always had felt so comfortable. It was no easy goal to achieve with so much talent, but I knew they could do it. Early in the season, they lost nine games, an impressive record for 11 days. Four were gifts to the Phillies, who'd always tried not to beat anybody. We might have relieved the Phillies in the cellar were it not for Willie Mays and a pitcher named Sad Sam Jones, who worked so well that Rigney gave him every other day off. All baseball watched this fascinating experiment: Was it possible to make a pitcher's arm fall off? This arm nicely summed up the 1960 Giants: it was crooked, too short, arthritic and chipped. But even Sad Sam and Willie couldn't keep the Giants from realizing their potential. The team soon gained the distinction of being the first in history to be left on its own. When Rigney was fired, no one really replaced him. However, like the Symphony of the Air, the Giants played the same without a leader. Near the season's end, it seemed that they'd also have to play without a team. "Every man on this club wants to be traded," said Johnny Antonelli, the Giants' pitching press agent. Giant fans felt the same way.

In 1962, when the National League has ten teams, it will be an achievement for the Giants to finish eighth. Until then it will be easy. Oh, of course, when you read this, they may be in first place. But can't you hear Gramp?

—■—

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PRINCE ALBERT

STAN MUSIAL, MAN OF THE 15 YEARS

(*Continued from page* 35)

Through the years, base hits have come in bunches off Musial's bat. He has reached a goal—3,000 hits—that has eluded all but eight of the 10,000 or so ballplayers who have played in the major leagues since 1900. The day he made his 3,000th big-league hit, the ceremonial surroundings were appropriately flamboyant. It was a milestone day in baseball history, one of the many Musial has provided.

It happened on May 13, 1958, a Tuesday. Two days earlier, when Stan was one hit away from his 3,000th, photographers had snapped hundreds of pictures in preparation for the big event. But that day—Sunday—Stan didn't make it. On Monday, with the historic scene shifting from St. Louis to Chicago, photographers had taken dozens more pictures of Stan. Again the milestone wasn't reached. On May 13, Wrigley Field was flooded with more photographers and newspapermen, and the ritual was repeated. "I hope we win," Stan said to Terry Moore, then a Cardinal coach, "but I'd like to walk four times so I can save the big one for St. Louis tomorrow."

Fred Hutchinson, the Cardinal manager, decided that he, too, would like to see Stan get No. 3,000 before the hometown St. Louis fans. So he benched Musial. But Stan stayed on the bench for only a portion of the game. With the Cards losing, 3-1, and a man on second base, Hutchinson waved to the bullpen where Stan was sunning himself. Musial ran in, picked up a bat, and pinch-hit a double to bring in a run and trigger the game-winning rally.

They stopped the game and brought Stan the history-making baseball. The cheers of the Chicago crowd rocked Wrigley Field. That night, on the Cardinals' trip to St. Louis, crowds came to the en route railroad stations to congratulate Musial. In St. Louis some 800 people were waiting for the train. Floodlights shined on Stan, reporters interviewed him and autograph books were thrust in front of him. Typically, he signed them all. Even more typically, at a subsequent special ceremony honoring him for his 3,000 hits, he emphasized the word "lucky" in his thank-you speech.

STAN Musial has had many great days and many great years. There seems to be an unwritten law in baseball that a great star does not win the Most Valuable Player Award in his greatest year. Stan's greatest year was 1948, when he led the National League in almost every category conceived by the statisticians, and lost the MVP Award to Boston's Bob Elliott, who didn't even hit .300 and was just adequate at third base (but who was, to give him his due, one hell of a hitter in the clutch).

Musial led the league in batting average, runs scored, base hits, doubles, triples and runs batted in. In the only other offensive category—home runs—he missed by only one. Stan had 39 home runs—more than twice his best previous total and still his career high—but Ralph Kiner and Johnny Mize had 40 each. Stan also posted his career highs for batting average (.376), runs scored (135), base hits (230) and runs batted in (131) in 1948.

To make his season complete, he tied an old Ty Cobb record by getting five hits in a single game four times during the season, and he came very close to winning the pennant for a Cardinal team that was coming apart at the seams.

Stan has had a lot of big days under a lot of circumstances. Frank Lane, who was once Stan's general manager at St. Louis, told us a couple of years ago: "What I admired most about Musial was that he was never satisfied. I could name a lot of hitters who get two hits and then lean back, satisfied that they've had a good day. With Stan, when he had two hits, you knew he was gunning for the third. And when he got that third hit, you knew damn well that he was hungrier than ever for the fourth."

A few years ago, Musial told writer Roger Kahn that by concentrating entirely upon the *speed* with which a pitch had been thrown, he could figure out what kind of a pitch was coming by the time the ball was halfway to the plate. "I'm always set for a fastball," Musial says. "I know the pitcher's best fastball and I know how much he takes off on his other pitches. When I'm concentrating real good, I can tell by the way the ball jumps out there about 30, 40 feet whether it is the fastball. If it doesn't come up there that quick, then it's going to be a change or a curve."

In those days, Kahn was doing the Musial articles for Sport and I was specializing in Ted Williams assignments, which kept us both pretty active through the warm summer months. When I passed Musial's words on to Williams to find out whether he had a similar formula to impart, Ted looked at me, amazed. "Halfway?" he said. "That would be about 30 feet." Then he shook his head. "I know what the pitch is going to be when it's out in front of the plate, maybe ten or 15 feet. Even when I'm fooled, I know what it is while I'm swinging. But 30 feet?"

And then, in either admiration or skepticism, he said: "If a man knows what the pitch is going to be when it's halfway to the plate, he should never be called out on strikes, should he?"

Musial's technique, undoubtedly, is based on the same extraordinary coordination and/or reflexes that make him a great hitter to begin with. In other words, there aren't many hitters who could judge the speed of a ball that quickly or that accurately. But, when you think about it, this technique—whatever its validity—does something else for Stan. The pitcher is trying, after all, to "put a little on and take a little off"—to change the speed of his pitches and upset the batter's timing by slim fractions of a second. When Musial concentrates so ferociously upon the speed of the pitch—for whatever reason—he is frustrating the pitcher's efforts to throw him off balance, whether he picks up the *kind* of pitch it is as early as he says, or not.

Musial himself concedes this, by indirection, when he says, "Now that I'm older, I find it hard to concentrate real good on every pitch." This may be a way of saying that his reflexes aren't as good as they used to be.

During his great years, Stan had two bad slumps. The first came in 1947, and was purely physical. Stan got off to a terrible start that year, and after the first month his batting average was down to .140. It was obvious to everybody that he was pale and thin and listless, and there sprung up the wholly false rumor that his teammate, Enos Slaughter, had beaten him up.

Actually Stan was suffering bad stomach-aches which, characteristically, he did not report until he found himself rolling in pain on the floor of his hotel room. Flown back to St. Louis, Stan had his trouble quickly diagnosed as acute appendicitis. Dr. Robert Hyland told him that it would be possible to freeze the side so that he could play out the season. The choice was entirely Musial's. Stan, who felt that he had been letting his team down, instructed Dr. Hyland to freeze it.

IF there had ever been any doubt about what Musial meant to the Cardinals, it was dispelled that year. In mid-June, when Stan began to hit, the Cards, the defending world champions, were in the cellar. By July his average was up to .250 and the Cards were up to fifth place. By the end of July, Stan was hitting .282 and the Cards were in second place. Through August he hit .480 and moved the club into first place alongside the Dodgers. On the first of September, he went four-for-four against Pittsburgh and the next day he was five-for-six against the Cubs, pulling himself up to .300 for the first time that season.

As so frequently happens when a man achieves a goal after a long, hard struggle, there is a curious slackening off, which may be psychological or may be nothing more than the law of averages making its presence felt. At any rate, Stan fell into a mild slump and the Cardinals lost five of seven games, falling back off the pace.

He finally finished the season with a respectable .312, but the record book is carved in granite and there is no asterisk to explain **played with bad appendix.* The following spring, everybody seemed to be wondering whether Musial could make a comeback after his "bad season." Stan, frankly puzzled, asked columnist Red Smith of the New York *Herald-Tribune* how a man who had finished fifth in batting percentage, seventh in runs batted in and tenth in home runs could be said to have had such a horrible year. Smith discussed the matter with his press colleagues and finally brought back the obvious consensus that what might have been a spectacular year for most players had to be considered a poor year for Musial, because Stan Musial was not measured against anybody but himself. The fact that he had played through the entire season with a bum appendix had already been forgotten.

The second slump came two years later, following that great season in 1948. Stan had come to the conclusion that the money was in the home run, and when a man hits 39 homers in a season, as Stan had just done, he is entitled to look upon himself as a long-ball hitter. Besides, his salary had been moved up to $50,000 by the Cards' owner, Steve Hannegan, and Stan knew that the long ball was expected of him. But he straightened out quickly and came on with his customary closing rush to finish at .336.

Whenever Stan sets a new hitting

record, he is careful to say, "Hey, that's pretty good for a singles-and-doubles hitter like me."

In part there is a conscious and self-ennobling modesty there. Stan is hardly unaware that he is one of the six men to ever hit as many as 400 home runs. (*There.* We've finally probed deeply and struck a defect of character.) But in part, too, he is conscientiously reminding himself that he must continue to think of himself as a line-drive hitter. He learned the hard way that to think of himself as a home-run hitter is disastrous.

Still, when you pick out Musial's greatest day over these past 15 years, you have to go to May 2, 1954, when he became the first player in major-league history to hit five home runs in one day. Three of them came in the first game of a doubleheader against the Giants, the only time in his big-league career he has ever had three home runs in one game.

When he hit another home run in the second game, the public-address announcer told the crowd that Stan had tied a record. Stan wasn't quite sure what record the announcer was talking about, but when he came to bat the next time he was determined, as he said later, "to shoot for the moon." Hoyt Wilhelm was pitching for the Giants, and everybody knows that it is fatal to try to hit Wilhelm's knuckler out of the park. This time Musial caught Wilhelm's knuckler as solidly as he had ever caught a ball in his life, and the ball disappeared over the fence in right-center.

It is part of Musial's personality that he always seems surprised when he has accomplished some slugging feat. After the game, he said, in genuine amazement: "You mean none of the big hitters—Ruth, Gehrig, Kiner and the rest—none of them ever hit five homers in one day?"

And the next day, he told the St. Louis writers, with his usual high-pitched giggle, that when he returned home after the game, his 14-year-old son, Dickie, had said, quite seriously: "They must have been throwing you fat pitches today, huh, Dad?"

At the age of 40, Stan does not seem to be getting the fat pitches any more. The past two seasons have found Musial benched for non-hitting. When manager Solly Hemus first assigned Musial to the bench, word spread that a great and angry rift had developed between them. "Stan and I understand each other," Hemus said, denying that any hard feelings existed. "We talked it over at the beginning of the year and decided that the best way was to go along with him for two or three weeks and then rest him for a few days, depending upon how the player who replaced him was going and what the weather was. Early in the year, when the weather was cold, I had to make the decision sometimes day by day.

"Stan is a super-star of baseball, but whatever the manager does is okay with him. If Stan had chosen to be difficult, he could have made my position tough. But he knows the manager's problems and he goes along with it. He has never questioned me or second-guessed me. Musial has always been a team player. I've seen him have a real big day and come back to the locker room even more upset than me because we have lost."

Over the past two seasons, Musial's lifetime batting average has dropped from .340 to .335. Why does he hang on? It's easy to join the Gee-Whiz school of sportswriting and say, "It's pride," and it's just as easy to be a cynic and say, "Yeah, he's sure proud of that $75,000 salary."

The Cardinal front office is frank to say that it never doubted that Stan would be back this season, even though his announcement came as something of a surprise—and perhaps disappointment—to almost everybody else. Actually the Cardinals wanted him back this year. When they were a second-division club two years ago, Musial was an embarrassment. But when a team feels it has a chance for a pennant, there is a complete re-shuffling of the deck. Musial would be a valuable hole-card to any pennant contender if he did nothing except come off the bench to pinch-hit.

As for Musial himself, there is a very real disbelief that he has fallen off as badly as the records seem to indicate. This was shown most clearly when he came to New York last year, for the second of the two All-Star games, his first visit to the city since the Dodgers and the Giants had picked up their baseballs and left.

Earlier in the season, he had been benched for the second straight year and had been returned to the lineup only because Bob Nieman had pulled a leg muscle and none of Bob's replacements had been able to do a thing. Stan had not only hit, he had delivered the big hit in game after game. Over one 15-game stretch, he had hit an even .500.

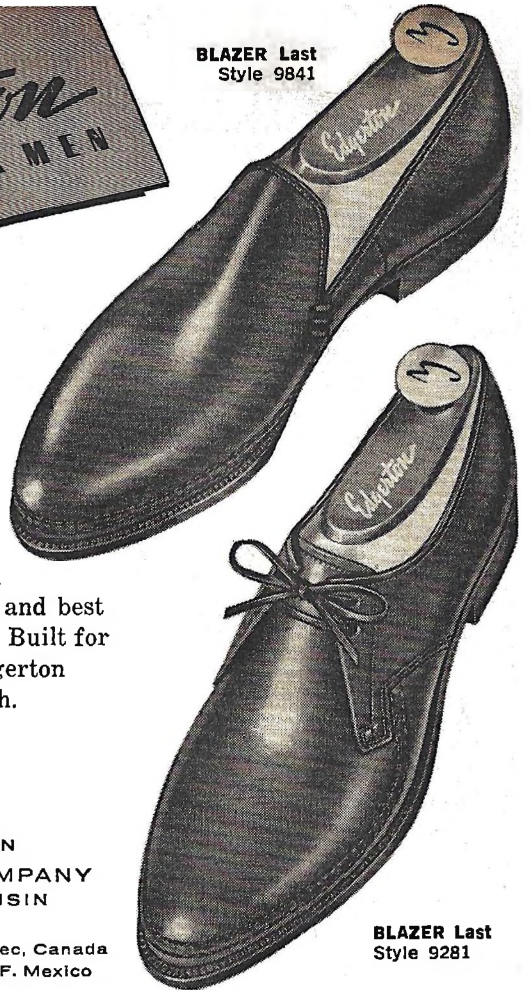
The night before the All-Star game, he was sitting in one of his favorite New York restaurants, sipping beer while a couple of writers were ribbing him about his decline. All at once the smile left Musial's face, and the pride—the very real and sustaining pride of the man—came through. "I may not be able to run any more," he said, "and I may not be able to cover the ground in the field. But I can hit! Just remember that, I can still hit!"

The next day, he came into the game in the seventh inning as a pinch-hitter and belted a home run into the upper deck in right field for his sixth All-Star homer, another record to emblazon on the Musial coat-of-arms.

"I was very seriously considering quitting when I was benched early last year," Musial says now. "I wasn't playing, I wasn't helping the team. I have to admit it, I came very, very close to quitting."

But if all the obvious reasons—pride, money, and love of the limelight—were argued aside in Stan's mind, one great goal remained strong enough to keep him in baseball. The goal was and is to pass Honus Wagner's record of 3,430 base hits and even though Stan denies that it is keeping him in the game, he admits thinking about it constantly. "I need 136 hits this year to make it," he says. "and I think I have a fair chance of getting them. If I play next year, there's no question—I don't think—that I'll pass Wagner."

Barring a serious injury, it seems likely that Stan will achieve his goal, and to date, he has been the most fortunate of players as far as injuries go, a fact he very quickly calls to your attention in any discussion of his trophy-case full of records. The only time in his big-league career he was seriously injured (not counting the appendicitis attack) was when he pulled a shoulder muscle in 1957 and



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missed 20 games. ("Pulled" is Stan's word. Actually he snapped his left shoulder completely out of the socket, fracturing the bones around the socket and ripping the whole nexus of shoulder muscles.)

It is ironic then that Musial's career really began as the result of an injury. In 1940—21 long years ago—Stan Musial was a promising lefthanded pitcher for Daytona Beach in the class D Florida League. Since Stan was always a hitter, his manager, Dickie Kerr, also used him in the outfield. In August, with a pitching record of 17-4 behind him, Stan dove for a line drive in the outfield and dislocated his left shoulder. He pitched twice more that season, winning one and losing one, but his arm was never strong again. Kerr, who was personally fond of Musial, began to tout him to Branch Rickey—the absolute sovereign of the Cardinals' system—as an outfielder.

In those days, the Cardinals brought all their minor-league players who had not been assigned to class-A franchises or higher to a special camp in Columbia, Georgia. Stan couldn't throw at all, but he soon showed Rickey that he could hit. When it came time to parcel out players to the class B clubs, Rickey offered Stan to Decatur, Asheville and Columbus (Georgia). None of the managers was interested in an outfielder who couldn't throw.

Mel Jones, a long-time Rickey executive says, "I can remember clearly that when Springfield in the class C Western League was ready to leave, manager Ollie Vanek didn't want him either. But Mr. Rickey said—and this was his favorite expression when he was breaking camp: 'I just want to get him on a bus heading north. I'll send you an outfielder who can throw before your season starts.'

"I don't really know whether Mr. Rickey wanted to force Vanek to play Musial, or whether he just forgot about it, but he never mentioned getting an outfielder to Vanek again. The way the class C rosters were staffed, the spare outfielder was either a pitcher who could hit a little or the second-string catcher. So Vanek decided he'd be just as well off if he started Musial in right field and let his second-baseman run out to right field to relay everything hit out there. On opening day, Stan had two home runs and two doubles. At the end of the first month, he was hitting close to .500. 'Well,' Mr. Rickey said, 'I don't hear Ollie screaming for another outfielder.' "

If Vanek did scream, it was only because the Cards moved Musial up to Rochester, their top farm club, after 87 games. By then Stan had 26 home runs, 94 runs batted in and a .379 batting average, the league's best.

After 54 games at Rochester, Stan was leading the International League with an average of .326 when the Cardinals, who were battling the Dodgers for the pennant, suddenly found themselves badly in need of a healthy outfielder. And so Stanley Musial, who had opened the 1941 season as a sore-armed ex-pitcher, unknown and unwanted, ended it as a key figure in the pennant race. In 47 times at bat with St. Louis, he hit .426 to lead his third league of the year.

As a rookie the next year, he helped the Cardinals to their first pennant since the Gas House days of 1934. "To be a rookie and play in the World Series," says Stanley Musial at 40, "is a thrill that can only come once. Of all the thrills I've had in baseball since, that's still the biggest one."

When he left his teammates at Grand Central Station in New York, after they had defeated the Yankees in the 1942 World Series, tears filled his eyes.

When this little magazine came into being 15 years ago—unaided by any broken shoulders or even broken deadlines—Musial was rejoining the Cardinals after a year in the Navy. Stan was then 25 years old and he had already placed a lot of asterisks (*led league) alongside his statistics in the record books. In three years, he had been on three pennant winners and two world champions. In his sophomore year, 1943, he had shot right to the top, winning the first of his seven batting titles and the first of his three MVP Awards. In 1944 he had battled Brooklyn's Dixie Walker for the batting title but he had lost out, .357 to .347.

Still, Musial had to prove on his return that he was really a super player. His two great years, after all, had been compiled against the culls and rejects of wartime baseball. This was 1946, when big-league baseball was again big-league baseball.

He proceeded to lay those fears to rest by hitting .365 to lead the league again, win the MVP again and carry the Cardinals to another pennant in a driving race which ended in a photo finish with the Dodgers, a dead heat bringing about the first playoff series in the history of major-league baseball.

The SPORT Quiz

Answers from page 22

1 Miami. 2 Hugh Casey. 3 Al Dark. 4 Leon Hart. 5 Beavers. 6 Bob Nieman. 7 Fred Wilt. 8 Gene Littler. 9 (b). 10 L. A. Coliseum. 11 (b). 12 Doug Harvey; top defenseman. 13 (a). 14 Maria Bueno. 15 (c). 16 71; New York.

He also made his first appearance at first base that year, a position he would play frequently afterward, proving that versatility belonged in his column of skills. Ray Sanders had been traded to Boston, and Eddie Dyer, the St. Louis manager, asked Stan to take a crack at first base if he felt he could move to a new position without hurting his batting average. "I'll try it if you want me to," Musial told him. "And I can guarantee that it won't hurt my hitting." Immediately Musial became a picture first-baseman—lean, wiry, graceful and endowed with the sort of rhythmic, swooping movements which only the lefthanded first-basemen ever seem to have.

And 1946 was the year, too, that Stan began to think about the problem of age, a gnawing thought that imbeds deep concern in a ballplayer's mind. "I would talk about it to Terry Moore, who was just about to turn 35," Stan said early this season. "I would ask him how baseball was when you get older; you know, how much tougher it was. And he'd say it was much harder to get in shape than when you were a young kid. As a matter of fact, Terry played only a year or two after that. But he was a big man, and I've noticed that the big men go faster than, well, the lean type like me."

Stan was sitting on the bench in Philadelphia's Connie Mack Stadium during batting practice, and he had to jump up at this point to run to the cage and take his swings. When he came back, he said: "A lot of this business about age is psychological. In the old days when a guy got to be 35, he was ready to retire. If you say to yourself, 'Well, here I am, I'm 35, I've just about had it,' then you *have* had it. But you see a lot of athletes going on into their 40s these days. More than ever before. Look at Joe Walcott and Archie Moore. And people are *hitting* them. The last couple of years everybody has kept asking about my age, and I finally had to tell some of the St. Louis writers, 'Hey, stop telling me how old I am or I'll begin to believe it.' "

The mistake most athletes make when they pass the mid-30s, Stan believes, is in feeling that they have to conserve their strength during training instead of working harder than ever. "That was the mistake I made in 1959," he said. "This year, I worked hard during the winter, and before I went to spring training Doc Bauman told me, 'Nothing is going to happen for three weeks, but don't get discouraged. It's going to be tough, but keep working and all of a sudden you'll come.' And that's just what happened. I worked and worked and nothing happened, and then all of a sudden I did."

Stan likes the life of a ballplayer. He likes the camaraderie of the locker room and the ballfield, he likes meeting people on the road, he likes being a celebrity. "I know a lot of players dislike the life, the traveling," he said. "I like it. I enjoy being a big-league ballplayer. Heck, everybody wanted to be a big-league player once, didn't they? I like it all, every part of it. You know what I'm trying to say. I enjoy!"

The changes he accepts. The slowness on the base paths where once he was a whippet, the runner coming in for him late in the game, the periodic rests. Even his famous stance has changed. He still seems to fling his body into the pitch as he swings, but the cockscrew stance—imitated at some time by almost every kid in the country—is now only a pale carbon of what it once was. Stan's reflexes have slowed just enough so that he no longer has that split second to uncoil himself.

When he leaves, as leave he soon must, will he have any regrets? "There'll be a wrench when I have to go," he said. "I know there will. But I know you can't go on forever. It's tough for a ballplayer to get old. It's tough for anybody to get old, but a ballplayer has to grow old twice, if you know what I mean. But regrets because of anything I haven't been able to do? No. If I'd left while I still thought I could help the team, while I still had my enthusiasm, while I still felt I could play ball, then I think I would have had regrets. This way, I know I won't. I've had my years and I've had my hits and I've had my thrills. I was a rookie in the World Series. When I go," said Stan Musial, summing himself up better than any writer possibly could, "I'll know that I always did my best. If a man gives his best for as long as he can give it, why should he have any regrets?"

—■—

THE TOP PERFORMERS OF THE 15 YEARS

(*Continued from page* 33)

flair in the open field, was simply not enough to edge the all-round brilliance of the Doaker from Southern Methodist. In four years of college competition, Doak Walker scored 303 points on 40 touchdowns, 60 points after touchdowns and one field goal. In 1948 he won the Heisman Trophy as the country's finest college football player. He was an All-America three straight seasons.

But what was Doak Walker really like in college? Let's look at one game, against Texas Christian in 1948. SMU only tied Texas Christian in that one, 19-19, but it wasn't Walker's fault. He broke away on twisting, weaving runs of 80, 61 and 56 yards. He completed ten of 14 passes for 136 yards. He averaged 54 yards on three kickoff returns. He scored two touchdowns. The Doaker was for real all right, as the pros found out two years later when he joined the Detroit Lions, led the NFL in scoring as a rookie and went on to a brilliant professional football career.

Boxing, of all the sports in the last 15 years, failed to grow and thrive. There were reasons, of course—the televison glut and thievery among the ranks, two pretty good ones—but the names, as always, were there. You had Joe Louis, though his greatest glory came before 1946, and Willie Pep and Tony Zale and Marcel Cerdan and Rocky Graziano. But really, it narrowed down to only two—Sugar Ray Robinson and Rocky Marciano. Pound for pound, the boxing experts say, there has never been a fighter like Sugar Ray. This is quite possibly the truth, but the last few years have not been kind ones to the Sugar Man. As he has tried to dance away from time, his reputation has tarnished. It is enough for a man to lose, then regain his title. But to lose, regain, lose, regain, lose again, then fight on, futilely seeking to regain, mars the image.

The image of Rocky Marciano, who fought for only a few of the past 15 years, burns true and clear today. As an amateur, Marciano fought 27 fights. He lost two. As a professional, he fought 49 fights. He lost none. Forty-three of his victories were by knockouts. He won the heavyweight title on September 23, 1953, beating Jersey Joe Walcott in a bloody but magnificent performance. He fought his last fight on September 21, 1955, knocking out Archie Moore in the ninth round. Three years he was heavyweight champion of the world. It was enough. He was what fighters are supposed to be. He lacked grace, but in a way, he had a grace of his own. He did not lack ferocity, nor power, nor the rock-like stamina to take a punch (and he took more than his share). In the ring he was a brute, which is what the fight game is all about. And as the years pass, the memory of Rocky Marciano is etched even clearer and brighter. Time, we think, will be good to Marciano.

Oscar Robertson in college basketball, and can there be an argument here? In 1958 Oscar was a sophomore for the University of Cincinnati. He scored 984 points, a 35.1 average, and led the country in scoring. In 1959, as a junior, he scored 978 points, a 32.6 average, and led the country in scoring. In 1960, a senior, he scored 1,011 points, a 33.7 average, and led the country in scoring. He is the only college player ever to win three straight national scoring championships. Cincinnati's record while Oscar was in college: 79 wins, nine losses. If you need a summing up about Oscar Robertson, you Jerry Lucas or Bob Cousy or Wilt Chamberlain or Jerry West fans, hear this from Lou Rossini, New York University coach whose team once had to face Robertson. "The only way to stop him," Rossini said, "is to put four men on him and have your fifth man guard the other Cincinnati players. Maybe even that won't work."

In 1956, celebrating its tenth anniversary, the editors of SPORT picked the top performers of the decade. George Mikan won it then in pro basketball. But Bob Cousy hadn't been in the league quite long enough. He now has been in it long enough to prove himself as the greatest all-round player of them all. Another thing about Mikan versus Cousy. George was six-feet-11; Cousy is six-feet-two. Bob showed the people what a small man could do in a big man's game. He has shown them so much in his 11 National Basketball Association seasons—so much as a scorer, a ball handler, an inspirational leader—what is there left? His old teammate Bill Sharman said it all of Cousy: "If there's a way to win, Cooz will find it. He lifts us up, he gets us to play better, he shows us the basic simplicity of the game."

The last 15 years in hockey begin and end with Maurice Richard. Richard achieved fame before 1946 but he played on until the spring of 1960, his talents, at the end, muffled by age, but his flaming spirit unquenchable as ever. In his National Hockey League career, the Rocket played 1,978 games and scored 544 goals and made 421 assists for 965 total points. In 133 playoff games, he scored another 82 goals, another 44 assists. He won the Hart Trophy in the 1946-47 season as the game's most valuable player. But he was more than the greatest goal-producer of all time. He offered "presence." He was a colorful, swashbuckling performer, who swooped in on the goal, his jet black hair streaming in the backwash of his hurtling assault. He was 36 years old in a Stanley Cup playoff game against Boston in 1958. The score was tied, 2-2, at the final whistle. During the intermission before the sudden-death overtime, Frank Selke, the managing director of the Canadiens, appeared on a television interview. The announcer asked if Frank was nervous about the game.

"I'm not worried," Selke said. "We have Maurice Richard to decide this for us."

Richard did decide it, scoring the winning goal. That was Maurice Richard.

In 1956, when SPORT picked its Top Performers of the Decade, Ben Hogan not only won the honors in golf, he was also voted Man of the Decade. Nothing has happened in the past five years to remove Hogan from his golfing mantle, even though his best golfing days are over and Arnold Palmer and Gary Player and other young golfers are on the move. The Ben Hogan story is one of the most in-

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spiring epics of the era (as our Hall of Fame story on page 68 points out).

Ben Hogan won the U.S. Open four times—1948, 1950, 1951 and 1953. He won the Masters and PGA twice and the British Open the first time he ever tried it. But he was more than the winningest golfer of the age. He was also a symbol of how high an athlete can rise on desire. Hogan desired only one thing—to be the world's best golfer. This craving for perfection drove him on. He worked unceasingly to become the best. Not even a near-fatal automobile accident in 1949 could deter him from his goal. He came back a year later and won the U.S. Open and became a legend in his time, a legend that is not likely to be dimmed in the years ahead.

The legend in track and field over the past 15 years has been one of legendary performances. Of records broken that no one, in his right mind, would have dared predict 20 years earlier. Of Roger Bannister, the first to run the four-minute mile, and then of John Landy and Herb Elliott, who ran the mile even faster. Of Charlie Dumas and John Thomas and Valeri Brumel, high-jumping seven feet with effortless grace. Of Emil Zatopek, a human machine in the endurance races, winning three incredible gold medals in a single Olympics. Of Ralph Boston, first man to broad jump 27 feet. Of Fanny Blankers-Koen, the Dutch housewife, winning four gold medals in the 1948 Olympics, and Wilma Rudolph, the American girl, winning three in 1960.

How can one person be picked out of that fantastic group of young supermen and superwomen? One can be. In 1948, a tall 17-year-old boy from Tulare, California, journeyed to London to engage in the ten-event decathlon, one of the most physically grueling, most exhausting, cruelest sports events there is. It was only the third decathlon competition of his career, but young Bob Mathias prevailed. He scored 7,139 points, won the gold medal, astounded the world and was welcomed home by the President of the United States. Four years later, in 1952, Mathias repeated and became the first man ever to win two Olympic decathlon championships. He was, this strong, handsome young man, the nearest one in our era to Jack Armstrong, All-America boy.

In tennis it comes down to Jack Kramer and Pancho Gonzales. Kramer won the National singles championship in 1946 and '47 and then turned pro and nobody could beat him, until Jack developed back trouble. Gonzales has been the big figure in tennis ever since. He won the National singles title in 1948 and '49, and helped the U.S. defeat Australia in the 1949 Davis Cup when he won his two singles matches. Then he turned pro. With Kramer's demise, Gonzales became the finest professional tennis player in the game. It seems that every year one of the leading amateurs turns pro and then meets Gonzales, and then you learn how great Pancho really is.

It is exciting to see Gonzales whip in that tremendous serve, the ball traveling at 112 miles an hour, then rushing cat-like to the net to return service if his opponent somehow happens to handle the serve. And if the ball does come back to Pancho, look for him to flare up and deliver that crushing overhand that, placed accurately, just cannot be handled. Gonzales plays tennis like Rocky Marciano used to fight, with crushing, relentless force.

Gonzales plays tennis, in fact, the way Eddie Arcaro whips a race horse down the stretch. The one thing that sets off Arcaro from the other top performers is that he has defied the ravages of time. He is 45 years old, still a major rider in America. He has been riding and winning on horses for 30 years. Through 1960 he had won 4,652 races, $28,432,836 in total purses. He has won five Kentucky Derbies; twice he won the Triple Crown, with Whirlaway in 1941, Citation in 1948. Today he remains the money jockey, the man the owners hope will ride their big horses in the big races. "Give me Arcaro," the owners say, and Eddie is always ready.

In the past 15 years, Amerca's superiority in swimming and diving has been challenged, first by Japan, then by Australia. One who defied all challenges was Mrs. Patricia McCormick Keller. Pat McCormick became the only diver ever to win a pair of gold medals in two successive Olympics. In 1952 and 1956 she won double gold medals, a pair of grand slams in the springboard and the high-platform championships. In 1956 she won the Sullivan Award as the nation's outstanding amateur athlete, only the second woman ever to win the annual award. In 1955 she swept everything in the United States. She was the first diver ever to score a grand slam, holding all five indoor and outdoor diving championships at the same time. There was no one like Pat.

So we present to you the Top Performers of the past 15 years. Thanks to them it was a joyous era that will not be forgotten.

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NATIONAL BOARD OF EXPERTS' EXCLUSIVE NFL PREDICTIONS

(*Continued from page* 37)

The Browns were a solid choice in the Eastern Division. Of the 14 ballots, they received 11 votes for first place and three for second. On the basis of seven points for first, six for second and so on down to one for seventh place, the Browns received 95 points. The Cardinals finished second with 78 points and two first-place picks. The Steelers won the only other first-place vote, while the 1960 champion Eagles, getting only one vote to finish as high as second, wound up fifth.

In the Western Division, the Packers polled 87 points on six firsts, five seconds and three thirds. The Colts, with 76 points, proved to be the most unpredictable team. They had five firsts, two seconds, three thirds, two fourths and two fifths. There was no mystery surrounding the yet-untested Minnesota Vikings. They drew a unanimous 14 votes to finish last.

Cleveland coach Paul Brown's crash rebuilding project, our poll shows, is expected to reach full fruition this season. In 1960 the Browns had their youngest team in history—the 38 players averaged slightly more than 25 years in age and two years in pro football experience—and came in second with an 8-3-1 record. They also had three brilliant backs, Bobby Mitchell, Jim Brown and Milt Plum. Speedy halfback Mitchell, "Mr. Outside," gained 506 yards rushing and 612 yards pass-catching. Mighty fullback Brown, "Mr. Inside," carried 215 times for 1,257 yards and led the league in rushing. Accurate quarterback Plum, "Mr. Overhead," completed 151 throws for 2,297 yards and led the league in passing. Together they accounted for 4,050 of the team's 4,281 yards gained and made the Browns the league's highest-scoring squad.

Plum's further ripening as a passer and field leader conceivably could key the rebirth of a dynasty that pro football hasn't seen since quarterback Otto Graham led Cleveland to ten straight division championships between 1946 and 1955. The Browns blend youth and experience skillfully on both platoons. Offensive tackles Dick Schafrath, 25, and captain Mike McCormack, 32, provide protection for Plum's passing, while rookies Bob Crespino of Mississippi and Taz Anderson of Georgia Tech should strengthen an aging catching corps that includes Ray Renfro, Gern Nagler, Leon Clarke and Rich Kreitling. Ends such as sophomores Jim Houston and Jim Marshall and backs such as Bernie Parrish, Don Fleming and Bobby Franklin contribute defensive youth to the linebacking experience of Galen Fiss, Vince Costello and Walt Michaels.

The Browns' biggest opposition in the East, the experts say, will come from the St. Louis Cardinals, also young, talented and tough. Despite a 28-27 loss to and a 17-17 tie with the Browns last year, the Cardinals, in their first year away from Chicago, finished fourth with 6-5-1, their best record since 1956. They gained more rushing yards and gave up less total yards than any other NFL team. Though the 1960 Cardinals had the second worst passing attack, they had the second best pass-receiver—Sonny Randle. End Randle, playing only his second season, caught 62 passes for 893 yards and a league-leading 15 touchdowns. Halfback John Crow, playing only his third season, set a team rushing record with 1,071 yards and led the league with a 5.9-yard average.

Our poll predicts a tie for third place between the New York Giants and the Pittsburgh Steelers. Both collected 63 points.

After winning three Eastern Division titles in four years, the Giants (6-4-2) slipped to third in 1960. This year they have a new coach, a few promising newcomers and many oldtimers. The retirement of all-round halfback Frank Gifford may compel coach Allie Sherman to rely more heavily on the passing combination of 40-year-old quarterback Charlie Conerly and 34-year-old end Kyle Rote. Last year's leading Giant ground-gainer, fullback Mel Triplett, is 29 years old, and the team's famed front-line defense includes Cliff Livingston and Dick Modzelewski, both 30, and Andy Robustelli, 33.

The Steelers, with fiery quarterback Bobby Layne, end Buddy Dial and backs Tom Tracy and John Henry Johnson, still have a reasonably potent offense, but they lack the defense to challenge for the title.

Apparently the 1960 league championship was Philadelphia's last hurrah for a while. With quarterback Norm Van Brocklin and coach Buck Shaw gone (into coaching and retirement, respectively), the Eagles drew only 49 points, putting them a predicted fifth. New coach Nick Skorich says: "We'll miss Van Brocklin, that's for sure. But we're not going to be the patsies some people think. I have great confidence in last year's No. 2 quarterback, Sonny Jurgensen." The Eagles also have two-way Chuck Bednarik, who is expected to play only one way (offense) in 1961, and three outstanding receivers in Tommy McDonald, Pete Retzlaff and Bobby Walston. But our experts seem to agree with the Giants' Charlie Conerly, who said last fall, "Without Van Brocklin, the Eagles are nothing."

Thirteen of the 14 forecasters gave their sixth- and seventh-place votes to the Washington Redskins and the Dallas Cowboys; one picked Dallas for fifth, but it didn't help much. The Redskins received 22 points, the Cowboys 21.

Green Bay looks ready to win its second straight Western Division championship and continue its dramatic rise to power under the guiding genius of coach Vince Lombardi. The Packers spent three successive seasons in the cellar before Lombardi took over in 1959. That year they finished third; last year they climbed to first but lost the title game, 17-13, when a pinched nerve prevented high-scoring halfback Paul Hornung from playing nearly all the second half.

Hornung (671 yards) and workhorse fullback Jim Taylor (1,101 yards) gave Green Bay the NFL's most powerful 1-2 running punch in 1960, and the poll accurately mirrored the Packers' line strength. Of the 12 league linemen who earned at least one vote as best on offense, four were Packers. Of the nine nominated for best defensive lineman, four were Packers.

For the first time in three years, the Baltimore Colts failed to win under pressure—they lost their final four games—and finished fourth with a 6-6 record. This makes them 1961's preseason puzzle. Will they bounce back or will they slip farther? They still have four relatively young superstars in quarterback Johnny Unitas, halfback Lenny Moore, end Raymond Berry and tackle Jim Parker, but they also have a once-mighty defense that includes Big Daddy Lipscomb, 30; Gino Marchetti and Bill Pellington, both 34; and Art Donovan, 36. Age and injuries to one-time key performers like fullback Alan Ameche and end Ray Mutscheller put the burden of proof on Baltimore.

The Detroit Lions, with 70 points and one first-place vote, are picked for third. The Lions did 1960's snappiest about-face, losing four of their first games, then winning six of their last seven and the Runnerup Bowl. Bruising fullback Nick Pietrosante provided the ground power by gaining 872 yards and breaking a Detroit rushing record, while alternate quarterbacks Jim Ninowski and Earl Morrall threw to sure-handed ends Jim Gibbons and NFL Rookie of the Year Gail Cogdill. Detroit's defense, anchored by All-Pro linebacker Joe Schmidt, is good, but the offensive line needs strengthening.

Though the 1960 San Francisco '49ers won four of their last five games and earned a second-place tie, they are expected to drop to fourth. They received two first-place votes but only 58 points over-all. San Francisco has defensive power—its 205 points allowed was last year's league low—and halfback J.D. Smith is a fine runner, but the '49ers lack offensive solidity. In coach Red Hickey's "shotgun" formation, where the quarterback stands about seven yards behind center, passer John Brodie may face stiff competition from rookie Bill Kilmer, who led the country in total offense last year as a UCLA tailback.

The Chicago Bears hope that Bill Wade can give them what they desperately lacked last season—a passing quarterback. Wade, with the 1960 Los Angeles Rams, completed 106 of 182 passes, but our experts do not think that he and All-America end Mike Ditka, combined with veterans like Rick Casares, Doug Atkins and Bill George, will be able to raise the Bears higher than fifth. They received 45 points.

Two of the Rams' most notable achievements last year were snapping Unitas' streak of touchdown passes at 47 games and limiting the powerful Packers to 58 rushing yards. Still the Rams won only four games and finished sixth. With 42 poll points, they are expected to do about the same in 1961.

"Rome wasn't built in a day," says one Minnesota Viking spokesman, "and neither will be the Vikings." Our forecasters agree. All 14 voted Min-

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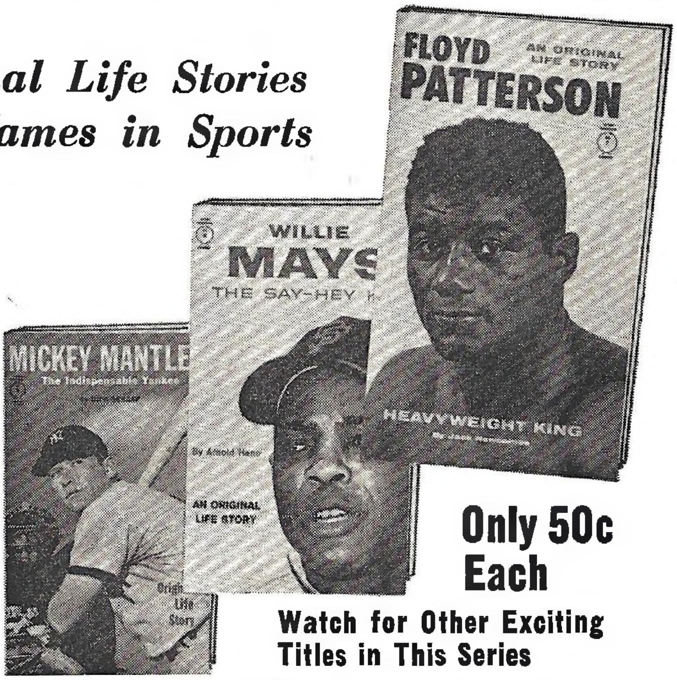

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nesota last. Coach Van Brocklin has experienced hands in halfback Hugh McElhenny and defensive end Don Joyce and promise-filled rookies in halfback Tommy Mason and linebacker Rip Hawkins, but his major question mark is quarterback George Shaw. Shaw's success should determine how close the Vikings can come to sixth place.

In the most-valuable-player voting, Hornung edged Unitas, four votes to three. Bobby Layne received two votes, while Chuck Bednarik, Jim Brown, John Crow, Kyle Rote and Sonny Randle got one vote each.

Hornung, Green Bay's Golden Boy and former Notre Dame All-America, last year parlayed his multiple skills into a second straight scoring championship and a record 176 points. He ran for 13 touchdowns, caught two touchdown passes, kicked 15 of 28 field goals and converted 41 consecutive extra points. Besides his kicking exploits, quadruple-threat Hornung completed six passes for 118 yards, caught 28 passes for 257 yards and carried 160 times for 671 yards. As coach Lombardi says: "Hornung smells touchdowns. Give him the ball inside the ten-yard line and he'll take it in for you."

Though he missed the MVP honor, Unitas won the passing poll easily and the other landslide winner was Jim Brown. Ten forecasters picked him to be the rushing leader.

Among the pass-catchers, Berry and Randle drew all the votes—seven each. This was understandable, since they finished 1-2 last year.

Voting for the best offensive lineman was widely scattered. The 14 ballots contained 12 different names. Only the Giants' Roosevelt Brown and the Colts' Jim Parker earned two votes each.

Lion linebacker Joe Schmidt won the best defensive lineman election with three votes.

Giant safety man Jim Patton beat out the Browns' Bernie Parrish, three votes to two, for top defensive back.

These are the individual and team choices. As in all polls, we cannot guarantee 100 percent accuracy. Our experts know the sport thoroughly, but, as the old cliché-maker said, "Anything can happen in pro football." The writers know it too. After filling out his ballot, Bill Gleason of the Chicago *American* said: "Thank you for the 'expert' designation. But our readers might give you an argument. They can't forget that I picked the Bears to win the Western Division title in 1960."

On the other hand, Hugh Brown of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* picked them right last year—Eagles in the East, Packers in the West. Asked to explain his success, Brown said, "It was sheer, dumb luck."

■

I REMEMBER BASEBALL

(*Continued from page 67*)

and they did everything but ride Veeck out of town on a rail. Then they proceeded to fight their way into Municipal Stadium in such numbers that the Indians set a new season's attendance record, thereby making Veeck very unhappy indeed. Then they rooted their boy manager into a flat-footed tie with the Red Sox for the American League pennant and a chance to win it all or blow it all in a one-game sudden-death playoff at Boston. In the big game Lou hit two home runs and two singles in four times at bat and the Indians won, 8-3. As sports columnist Red Smith asked in print the next day, did Connie Mack or John McGraw ever manage any better?

Lou's Indians had beaten the Boston Braves in six games for the world championship before I sat down with him in his hometown, Harvey, Illinois, just outside Chicago on the old Illinois Central line, to work on his life story, which we decided to call "Player-Manager." Lou was the Golden Boy of sport that winter. If they had been giving out the Hickok $10,000 Diamond Belt in those days, he would have walked off with it hands down. What a year he'd had; he had shoved the ten-cent manager charge down Veeck's throat by almost single-handedly dragging his team to the championship; he was the best shortstop in the American League; and his .355 batting average was second only to Ted Williams' league-leading .369. His picture was on every magazine cover in the land. The ladies' knees turned to jelly when he walked past. The world was his oyster. Fulfilling success had come to the man who a decade before had amazingly lifted himself in four years—1938-1941—from a rookie at Cedar Rapids in the Three-Eye League to player-manager of the Cleveland Indians.

"How did you get to be the manager when you were only 24?" I asked him one day when he was sitting in his office taping his notoriously weak ankles before a ball game.

"I asked for it," he said seriously.

He had, too. The Indians had promoted Roger Peckinpaugh from field manager to general manager and were looking for somebody to succeed Peck in the dugout. Lou, who was working as assistant basketball coach at Illinois that winter, called up Alva Bradley, the club president, and applied for the job. Lou's wife, Della, was amazed when he was appointed. Lou was surprised himself, but he was ready. That's the story of his life; he has always been ready.

There was a ball game at Yankee Stadium in 1948. A ball was hit deep into the hole between short and third, a clean hit. Lou, bad ankles and all, chased the ball incredibly far, grabbed it falling on his face, and threw it underhanded to his third-baseman, Ken Keltner, who pegged it on a line to first just in time to catch the astonished hitter. Nobody in the press box could remember having seen the play before, but nobody was surprised that Lou Boudreau had tried it . . . Then there was the first game of a crucial doubleheader with the Yankees at Municipal Stadium on August 8, with the Indians losing, 6-1, as they came to bat in the last of the seventh. Boudreau had been hurt three days before in a collision at second base, and he was on the bench. He began to fidget as his club made it 6-4, and when Jim Hegan singled, Allie Clark walked and Dale Mitchell singled to load the bases, he couldn't stand it any longer. Thurman Tucker was supposed to hit but Lou picked up a bat and hurried out to the plate. "Batting for Tucker," the public-address announcer said, "Number five, Lou—" and that was as far as he got. The 73,000 people in the stands shouted their heads off as Lou looked out at Joe Page, the Yankees' relief pitcher, and dug in. He let the first pitch go by, and the second. Then he lashed a base-hit into left field good for two runs and a tie ball game. The Indians went on to win the game, 8-6, and take the second half of the doubleheader, 2-1 . . . and the pennant. That was the kind of ballplayer Lou Boudreau was.

I suppose the reasons why my affairs with ball clubs haven't lasted is that you become attached to certain players, and when they go, you turn somewhere else. I worked up a pretty strong feeling for the Brooklyn Dodgers in 1947 when they took the Yankees to seven games before they lost the World Series, and when they lost to the Yankees again in 1949 I began to root for them the way you can root only for an underdog.

There's a picture on my wall that once appeared in SPORT. It shows the eight old men of the Dodgers, the day-in, day-out stalwarts who made the ball club what it was from 1947 to 1956—ten whole seasons: Jackie Robinson, Roy Campanella, Gil Hodges, Duke Snider, Carl Erskine, Don Newcombe, Carl Furillo and Pee Wee Reese. It was easy to fall in love with that ball club. The Dodgers played in a rundown, ramshackle old ball park that couldn't seat half as many people as Yankee Stadium; they were the inheritors of a tradition that reminded you of three men sliding into third base at the same time from three different directions; and they were as mean a gang of righthanded hitters and larcenous base-stealers as the game ever knew. Maybe if, right from the beginning, they had won as consistently as the Yankees did, they wouldn't have commanded so much affection. But they didn't. They kept losing dramatic World Series and you had to feel sorry for them. Then, of course, in September of 1951, they came up with a real tear-jerker when they backed into a tie for the National League pennant with the Giants and blew the playoff series when Bobby Thomson hit The Home Run in the ninth inning of the deciding game.

It's a funny thing about that historic game. What I remember most clearly is listening to Garry Schumacher, who manned the microphone in the press box at the Polo Grounds, saying, as the Giants came to bat in the last of the ninth, losing 4-1, "The Dodgers will hold a victory party tonight at the Hotel Bossert beginning at six p.m., and all members of the working press accredited to the playoff games are invited." That was a party that never came off. Ralph Branca threw the ball and Thomson swung, and as Giant announcer Russ Hodges likes to say, it was "Bye, bye, baby."

Winning or losing, another thing the Dodgers had in those days was the Pied Piper of the game. Not the kind of Pied Piper who led them out of the town in which they were born and brought up. Not the kind of Pied Piper with dollar signs sticking out of his pockets and as much feeling for baseball as the Chase Manhattan Bank. No, not that man, but a man whose roots were deep in the game. Branch Rickey. Eloquent, shrewd, the greatest of all baseball scouts and the most imaginative of all front-office operators, Rickey found a home in Brooklyn. He built the ball club that dominated the National League for ten years. He was a great showman as well as a great baseball man.

Here's the kind of man Mr. Rickey is. We once invited him to make the big speech at a 1,200-plate Man of the Year dinner SPORT was throwing at the Astor Hotel in New York, and he discoursed magnificently for almost an hour, using language that had fellows like Sugar Ray Robinson, Willie Shoemaker, Lou Groza, Walter Hagen and Ty Cobb, who were sitting on the dais with him, holding their heads in pain. When it was all over, everybody applauded, partly out of appreciation and partly from relief. Tommy Henrich leaned over to me. "It was a hell of a speech," he said admiringly. "I'll bet there isn't a man in the hall who understood it." And as Mr. Rickey made his way out of the hotel lobby, a disgruntled diner pushed up to him and punched him enthusiastically if ineffectively in the jaw because he thought Branch had made a bad speech. But Branch was undisturbed, and he didn't hold it against us even after the *Daily News* gleefully headlined the story that the puncher was an advertising salesman for SPORT. *Was* is right; he wasn't for long.

If you were a Dodger fan, you really suffered in 1952 and 1953. We won the pennant both of those years and blew two more World Series to the Yankees. Chuck Dressen, as good a manager as there is in the majors, probably lost his job in the first game of the 1953 Series when he twice called for bunts to move runners from second to third and both times saw his lead runners thrown out by Yogi Berra to break up what might have been a great big inning. Mrs. Dressen's famous letter, sent during the winter to Walter O'Malley and demanding a two-year contract and a $10,000 expense account for her husband, didn't do anywhere near as much harm as Dressen's bunt signals and Berra's throws.

Finally, in 1955, after a year off during which Leo Durocher's Giants shellacked the shellshocked Cleveland Indians in four straight, the Dodgers paid off all their long-suffering fans. It didn't seem, at first, as though they were going to do anything except lose as gracefully as usual. The headline on the Brooklyn *Eagle*, after the Yankees had won the first game, 6-5, was: "SIX GAMES TO GO." But after the Yankees had racked up a 4-2 win in the second game, the *Eagle* began to get nervous. "THIS ISN'T FUNNY, FELLOWS," the front page said.

The Dodgers agreed, and they seemed to feel more comfortable when the Series shifted from Yankee Stadium to Ebbets Field. Pitching on his 23rd birthday, Johnny Podres made 34,000 Brooklyn buffs happy with an 8-3 victory. Then the Brooklyn hitters tied up the Series by leaning on the pitches of Don Larsen, Johnny Kucks, Rip Coleman, Tom Morgan and Tom Sturdivant for an 8-5 win in the second game in their own park. If you were a confirmed Dodger fan, you were prepared to guarantee that the Bums were going all the way. But the Series went down to the seventh game, at Yankee Stadium, before it was settled. It was a bruiser but the Dodgers managed to scrape together two runs and Podres, the little lefthander, made them stand up for a 2-0 victory that set off an all-night celebration in Flatbush. Walter Alston was the first manager in Brooklyn history to win a World Series—something Wilbert Robinson, Leo Durocher and Chuck Dressen hadn't been able to do. Podres drove off in the first Chevrolet Corvette awarded by SPORT to the most valuable player in the World Series. And some of the most exciting ballplayers ever to walk on a big-league field had finally gone all the way.

O'Malley took our ball club away from us soon afterward, and the Brooklyn Bum who won the National League pennant and the championship of the world in 1959 wore Bermuda shorts and sunglasses and wasn't our Bum at all. But nobody can take away from us the roaring excitement of that bright October day in 1955 when Pee Wee Reese picked up the last ground ball and threw it cleanly to Gil Hodges for the last out of our first World Series victory. We forgot all about 1916 and 1920 and 1941 and 1947 and 1949 and even 1952 and 1953. Never again would we have to say glumly, "Wait till next year." As the *Eagle* screamed triumphantly, "THIS IS NEXT YEAR!"

The kind of Dodger rooter who yelled the Brooks home in that seventh game at Yankee Stadium in '55 was the good-looking redheaded lady who stood up when Duke Snider came to bat and screeched, in a most unladylike way, "Come on, Duke, Bedford Avenue!" It didn't matter to her that Bedford Avenue was miles away, in Brooklyn. What mattered to her was the spirit of the thing. As Larry MacPhail once said, "Brooklyn isn't a place, it's a state of mind."

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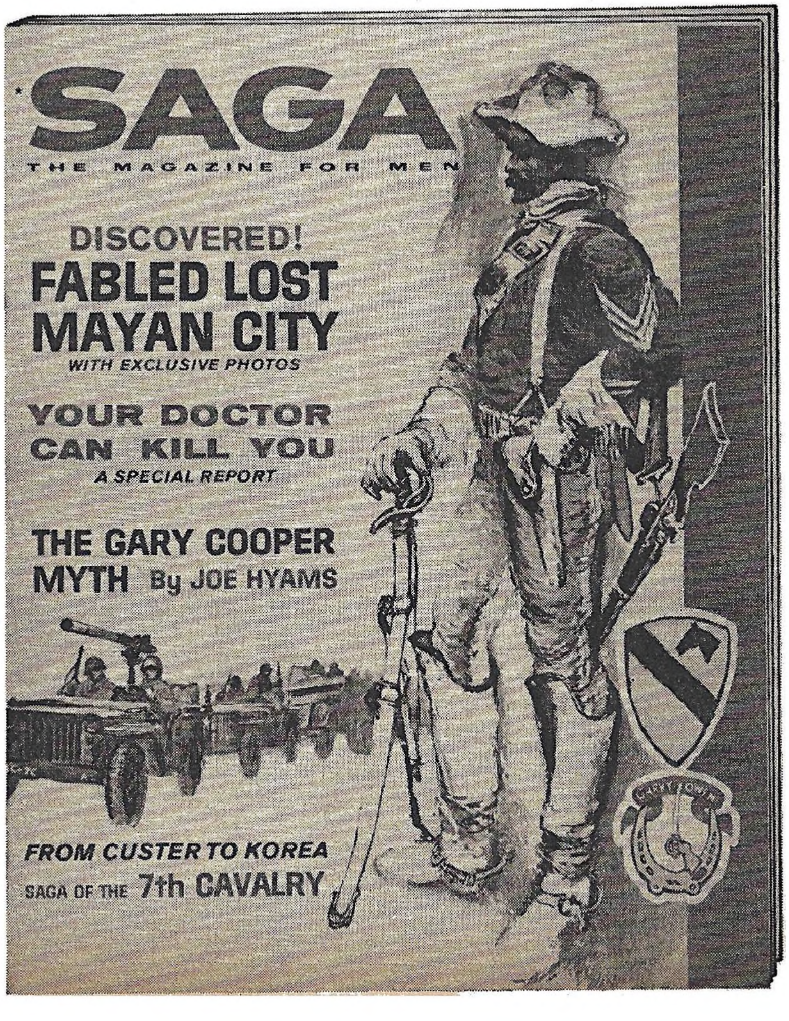

THE Dodgers took the old name to Los Angeles, and they took some of the boys—Duke and Gil and Podres and a few of the kids like Gilliam and Neal and Drysdale—but it's all different. When they won the pennant in '59 and beat Bill Veeck's White Sox in the Series, most of us back home rooted for the White Sox. If you want to be specific, we rooted against O'Malley. There was only one night when things were like they used to be. That was in the summer of 1960 when the Brooks—pardon me, Walter, the Los Angeles Dodgers—showed up at Yankee Stadium for a meaningless exhibition game. The Yankee management thought maybe 20,000 or 25,000 people might turn out to see the game. Instead, more than 55,000 Dodger fans—Brooklyn Dodger fans—poured into the big Bronx ball park and went on a nostalgic binge hollering their hellos and their affectionate insults to Duke and Gil and everybody else they remembered from the old days. Vin Scully, the radio voice of the Dodgers, leaned close to his microphone, a direct line to Los Angeles, and said with feeling if not caution, "Boy, it's good to be home again."

Incidentally, the Dodgers won the ball game. We always could beat those Yankees. We just had a lot of bad luck with them.

But that was only one night and it didn't bring back the Dodgers. Jackie Robinson, visiting in the dugout before the game, shrugged his massive shoulders and said, wryly, "The ball club left the people. The people didn't leave the ball club."

While Mr. O'Malley counts his money, the people of Brooklyn will remember Jackie Robinson slashing a line single and then stealing second and third and home, Roy Campanella stepping into an inside pitch and pulling it down the left-field line for a home run, the Duke swinging from the heels and riding the ball high and far over the fence and into Bedford Avenue. They will remember Gil Hodges going 0-for-21 in the World Series of 1952 and starting the '53 season still gripped by a terrible slump, and they will remember Father Herbert Redmond of St. Francis Xavier Church telling his parishioners one warm June morning, "It's too hot for a sermon. Go home, keep the Commandments, and say a prayer for Gil Hodges."

But they did go, our Dodgers, and I was ripe for another attachment. I found what I was looking for in the Milwaukee Braves. Young and dashing and prone to almost as many mistakes as the old Dodgers, the Braves were just what the doctor ordered. When they won the pennant in '57 and beat the Yankees in the Series on the wings of Lew Burdette's three magnificent pitching performances, it was almost as good as if the Dodgers had done it again. It was a pleasure to give Burdette the hero's Corvette. Not that I hadn't been proud to turn over the keys to Don Larsen after his incredible perfect game against Brooklyn in '56, but, let's face it, it hurt. This was a joy.

The pitchers, Burdette and Spahn, weren't the only Braves you could love. There was Eddie Mathews, the sweet-swinging, sweet-fielding third-baseman; Hank Aaron, the best hitter, swing for swing, in the game today; and Red Schoendienst, a ballplayer any fan would be proud to take off his hat to. I would have stayed with the Braves longer, I think, if it hadn't been for the disturbingly partisan behavior of their hometown fans in the Series games. I had spent more years hating the Yankees than any of them had, but I could never sit on my hands while Mickey Mantle walloped a home run or Don Larsen pitched six innings of great relief ball or Jerry Coleman made an eye-catching stop and throw at second base. The Milwaukee fans could, though. When the Yankees did something exciting, County Stadium was as silent as the grave.

THERE was a big fuss in the newspapers in '57 over whether or not Casey Stengel had accused the Milwaukee fans of being "bush." Whether he said it or not doesn't matter. They are.

I can't remember as much hometown rooting as I saw develop in the press box during that '57 Series. Usually the New York press is too sophisticated to go in for open partisanship. There are always a few fans in the group, but only a few. And most of the rooting types had been committed to the Dodgers; the Yankees never had aroused much fervor among them. "Rooting for the Yankees is like rooting for United States Steel," Red Smith once wrote, and that's pretty much the way most of the boys felt. But you could see them changing as the Milwaukee fans made them first angry, then sharply aware that they were New Yorkers. By the time the '58 Series came around, with the Yankees challenging the Braves again, they were ready to root.

For a while they didn't have much to root for. The Braves took the first two games in Milwaukee, 4-3 and 13-5. Back in Yankee Stadium, Don Larsen and Ryne Duren combined to check the defending champions, 4-0, but ageless—and matchless—Warren Spahn stopped the Yanks on two hits in the fourth game to give Milwaukee what appeared to be a decisive 3-1 lead in the Series. Because the ball clubs would have to fly back to Milwaukee for games six, and maybe seven, if the Yankees won, we all had to bring our traveling bags to the Stadium the day of the fifth game. Not many of us thought it was anything but a waste of time. I talked to one of the Yankee veterans on the field during batting practice and asked him if he thought we would be going back to Milwaukee. He shook his head. "Not a chance. Their pitchers are too much for our kids." But the Yankees surprised everybody, possibly even including themselves, by responding to Casey Stengel's urging with a 7-0 victory behind Bob Turley's tremendous pitching.

That's when the press-box rooters really began to root. They grinned contentedly as the New York club hung in there to beat Spahn in ten innings, 4-3, in the sixth game, and tie up the Series that had appeared hopelessly lost to them. You knew they were going the rest of the way then. Even the Braves must have known it. There was an easy confidence about the Yankees when they took their hitting practice before the last game, and there was abundant ease about the way they did the job. When starter Larsen couldn't make it, Turley, the Yankees' big pitcher in this Series, took over in the third and gave the Braves only two hits the rest of the way, assuring himself a new Corvette to drive home to Baltimore. The Yankee hitters helped him out by getting rid of their old nemesis, Burdette, a three-run homer by Bill Skowron putting the finishing touch on the assault.

It was old man Stengel's sweetest victory, and he sat for an hour in the clubhouse in his old-fashioned underwear enjoying it. It was to be his last World Series win. His boys lost the pennant to the White Sox in 1959 and lost the Series to the cocky young Pittsburgh Pirates in 1960. That was Casey's last Series, and it was a tough one. His veterans beat the daylights out of the Pirates in the statistics but they forgot to win the games.

It was my last Series, too, as a working writer, and the last time for me to decide the winner of the Corvette Award to the MVP. It had never been an especially difficult decision before—Larry Sherry in '59 was as clear-cut a winner as the men who had preceded him—but this time was different. Everybody in the press box seemed to have a different opinion. There were votes for Bill Mazeroski, Pittsburgh's home-run hero; Roy Face, the Pirates' great relief pitcher; Dick Groat, the heart of the Pittsburgh infield; Mickey Mantle, a tremendous hitter all through the Series; and Bobby Richardson, the Yankees' high-average hitter, grand-slam hero and total-hits-in-Series record-setter. I decided to stick to the precise language of the award and give it to Richardson on the ground that he, of all the stars of the Series, was the man who had been most valuable to his team.

AMONG the many who disagreed was Roy Face. Ripping mad, not only because he thought he was entitled to the award himself but because he honestly felt it was highway robbery for the Corvette to go outside the Pittsburgh clubhouse, he wound up on the sidewalk outside Forbes Field, where the airport buses were waiting for the New York players and writers to head for home. He had an empty champagne bottle in his hand, and he was looking for me. "He didn't want to give you a drink, either," one of the writers told me. I was spared the scene because I had gone off for a glass of cold ginger ale. But I'm sorry I missed Bob Fishel, the Yankees' publicity director and one of the finest men in the game, telling Roy, politely, "This is a disgrace. No Yankee ballplayer would conduct himself like this."

Maybe that's what clinched my becoming a Yankee fan. That, and writing a book with Lawrence Peter Berra, the squire of Montclair, New Jersey, home-run hitter par excellence, bowling alley proprietor, Yoo-Hoo Chocolate Drink vice-president, promising golfer (he's been promising to break 80 for years), and now author—or, at least, the best collaborator any author ever had. At long last, after all those years of sadly watching Yogi destroy our Brooklyn pitchers at Ebbets Field with those wicked two-iron shots over the center-field wall, it's a pleasure to be on his side. It took me a long time to get there, but I like it. You know, rooting for United States Steel probably wouldn't be so bad, either.

It's been a lot of fun. What with all the brand new franchises, ten-team leagues and maybe even a third major league just around the corner, the next 15 years should be great for baseball. The young man of our house, who is only 11 now, ought to love them. But I wouldn't trade them for the last 15.

■

JACKIE BRANDT, THE EASY-DOES-IT ORIOLE

(*Continued from page* 43)

something of a character. Brandt got the tag because of his little biting habits and things like that. Also because of his nonchalant attitude toward baseball. Sometimes Brandt gives people the idea that he thinks a ball game is just something you do, like bowling or going to a movie. He says nothing, dead-pans it, and takes things as they come in a game. If somebody singles to center, Jackie will come in, bare-hand the ball, throw it in, then go back to his position as if he were shagging flies in outfield practice. Last season in Kansas City this got on Richards' nerves.

"He plays like it isn't important to him," Richards said. "He should show some life. He goes around as if this were just another job. He's so nonchalant about things, just going along out there, that he makes you wonder. He better snap out of it, I'll tell you that."

Normally Richards won't knock his players publicly. If he has something to say, he knows where to find the player and what to tell him. But Brandt got Richards riled to a point where Paul let loose about him in front of newspaper guys.

The big reason why Brandt gets people riled up is his batting average. After three big seasons in the minors, he came to the St. Louis Cardinals in 1956 as a 21-year-old who seemed to have a full career in front of him. He hit .298 in his first year, splitting his season between the Cards and the Giants. Then after two years in military service, he came back and did nothing near what the Giants were looking for. He played only a little in 1958, then hit .270 the next year. Traded to Baltimore last year, he hit only .254.

This season, however, started out differently. On opening day, he stepped into the box at Baltimore Memorial Stadium and lined a single to left off Eli Grba of the Los Angeles Angels. He came up two innings later and singled again. That started him off on the best hitting run of his life. He was out for 13 days during May with a hand injury, but when he came back, Jackie Brandt was swinging that bat again the way they always said he could. On May 30, he came up against Bob Shaw of Chicago at Comiskey Park and got the bat around for four straight singles. The last time up, he drew a walk. He was the big No. 2 man in the Baltimore lineup and everybody wondered if he hadn't changed a little.

So we went to Baltimore to take a look. It was late in the afternoon, but the sun was still strong and it was baking the black-top parking lot alongside Municipal Stadium, when Brandt, wearing an olive polo shirt and chino pants, walked out of it, went through the players' gate and strolled into the Oriole dressing room to get ready for a night's work against the Los Angeles Angels. He was getting about $90 for playing nine innings on this night, which is a pretty good rate. And the .360 average he owned seemed to promise that next year a day's work could be worth a lot more.

The Orioles' dressing room was cool and quiet. It's a big, neat place and it has no locker-room smell to it. A guy in white duck pants came up and handed Brandt some mail and a yellow envelope with some baseball tickets in it. Jackie sat down on a stool in front of a wooden cubicle marked "Brandt—25" and started to take off his clothes. All over Baltimore at this hour, guys were bucking traffic trying to get home. The cars were crammed onto the streets a block deep and they were two and three abreast. They were barely moving and the cops in white caps at the corners were sweating and red-faced while they blew whistles and tried to untangle the jam. The guys in the cars all had finished a day's work, which most of them probably hated, and they were going home in this mess of traffic, tired after working, and worrying about money and bills.

But Brandt was in a big, cool room and he was getting dressed for a game of baseball that would take, from batting practice to toweling after the shower, only a little more than five hours. And a $90-bill went with it. The only way somebody could hurt him was to get curveballs past him. Jackie was swinging the bat too good for anything like that to happen. So he came to work in an olive polo shirt and chino pants and it didn't matter much what he looked like or how he talked or who he was nice to. He was hitting .360 and that's all that counted. You can get a good idea of what a great thing it is to play baseball for a living if you come out of the traffic at five at night and sit with a guy who is going good as he gets ready for a game.

But Brandt wasn't this impressed with it at all. In fact, nothing seemed to impress him.

"I guess I was in second, third grade back in Millard," he said. "That's in Nebraska, little town outside of Omaha. Well, whenever somebody would ask me what I was going to be, I'd say a baseball player. That's all there was to it. And here I am," he said.

Actually it wasn't as simple as that. Jackie was an outstanding ballplayer in the kid leagues around Omaha, and he was a good one in high-school and American Legion ball, too. But still the big-league scouting reports weren't that bright on him. The Cardinals, who were the most interested, had reservations about signing him.

But finally Bob Hall, who owned the Omaha club in the American Association, came to Joe Mathes, the head man of the Cardinal scouts. "Take the kid to training camp," Hall said. "If you want, I'll foot the expense bill myself."

The Cards agreed to give Brandt a tryout and they took him to camp in 1953 with their class-D Ardmore team—as a pitcher. Brandt got up the first day and stung a couple of good ones and they forgot about him as a pitcher. They put him in the outfield and he hit the ball hard and for high average for three years in the minors—his last one, 1955, at Rochester in the International League, where he won their rookie-of-the-year award. After that he came to the majors and had the good season, hitting well for the Cards and the Giants. Then he couldn't hit any more.

"What's with the hitting?" he was asked in the Baltimore locker room. "Last year you hit .254. Now you're hitting a ton. What are you doing different?"

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"The spring. This year I was hurt all spring. I got only two hits in spring training. Worst spring I ever had. So all the hits I didn't get then, I get now. In other years I'd have good springs, but I'd use up all the hits in the spring. Waste them. This year I saved up all the hits. Now I'm using them when they count, instead of wasting them in the spring."

"Oh."

This is Brandt's logic. When he hits you with it, particularly if you're not too smart, you'd be surprised how it can foul you up.

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

"I started out from Long Island to eat dinner with a guy on 52nd Street in New York," we said, "but there was no place to park and I knew they had a big lot here."

"Uh huh," he said.

He had his shirt off now and when he stood up, it was surprising to see how he was built. Brandt looks like an athlete. Good muscles, sloping shoulders. His skin has that tone you see only in well-conditioned guys. There wasn't a loose patch of flesh around his middle. This is a rare thing to see in a baseball dressing room because ballplayers as a rule aren't in real good shape. Passable, yes. But certainly not like fighters or runners. Brandt is an exception. He must take good care of his body.

He reached into the cubicle and took out one of his bats, a dark brown one.

"This might be the reason," he said. "I'm swinging a heavier bat. Thicker handle. I guide it better than a thin-handle one maybe. I don't know. I'm just getting the hits I'm owed."

He started tugging on the Orioles' home uniform.

"When I was with the Giants in San Francisco," he said, "they had in the papers that Mays and I were getting into fights and things like that. They said I stepped on Mays's hand in a fight and broke his finger. That never happened. He broke the finger sliding into a base. We never had any trouble at all."

"They say you're too nonchalant," we told him.

"I just play every day."

"A guy told me that you tease the crowd on flies once in a while. He says you were on the road this year and you didn't even move your hand for a ball until the last second. You wanted to make the crowd think it was going in for a home run."

"Nope. I always try to catch the ball."

He was dressed now. He picked up a couple of bats and his glove and headed out of the room for batting practice.

A guy from a Baltimore newspaper was on the other side of the room. "That's his way," the guy said. "Quiet, says nothing. But you get the idea he's a thousand miles away from you. I don't know whether he's doing it on purpose to have fun with guys or not."

Jim Adair, the Orioles' coach, sat on a stool and pulled on a cigarette. "I'll say one thing," Jim said. "This is a ballplayer who can do absolutely everything. There's no question about his ability out there on the field."

Around the corner, in his office, Paul Richards was getting dressed and he said the same thing.

"Fine ability," Paul said. "He's a little older this year, too. More mature. I'd say he may have decided to finally take advantage of his ability."

"How much ability has he got?"

"Plenty," Richards said.

Out on the field, Rigney, the Los Angeles manager, said it, too. Rigney stood on the top step of the Los Angeles dugout and looked over at Brandt, who was leaning against the batting cage.

"Look at his fingers this year," Rigney said. "The first time I saw him, he held up his hands. 'Look, even a manicure,' he said. Damned if he didn't have fingernails. No holes in his hand, either. Go look and you'll see. He's growing up a little."

Brandt, at the batting cage, certainly did have fingernails. He also had a white golf glove on his left hand.

"I sprained the hand early," he said. "The other thumb, the one on the right hand, I had that operated on over the winter. It used to bother me all the time. Now it's better."

"Maybe you couldn't hit because of the thumb."

"Oh, I don't know." This is a tough man to move.

Then he stepped into the batting cage. Out on the mound, behind a waist-high green screen which protected him from batted balls, Harry Brecheen, the Orioles' pitching coach, held a ball up.

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"Curveball," Brandt said.

Brecheen leaned back and then came forward to pitch.

Brandt held the bat still. He was in a closed stance.

"Home run," he said.

The pitch came in and Jackie brought the bat around good. He has good arms; when he was a kid he worked as a boilermaker's helper in the Union Pacific yards. The muscles stood out as he hit the ball. Little bits of dirt came spitting out from under his spikes as his feet twisted with his body. Most of your power comes from the feet. Find anybody who can't hit, a prize fighter or a golfer or a baseball player, and you'll see a guy with bad foot placement. Brandt hit the pitch real good. It went into left-center, high and a mile out.

"It's going in just like he say," Leon Wagner, a big Los Angeles outfielder, said.

The ball went over the screen.

"Should hit four thousand," Wagner said.

Later, when the game started, Brandt got in against Ted Bowsfield in the first inning and hit the second pitch on a line into left. One batter later, Brooks Robinson singled to right and Brandt took off. He crossed second, head down, legs crossing on the turn and then straightening for the run to third without causing him to blow any part of a step. He came into third with a big slide. If you saw Brandt do these couple of things, you'd have to say, even if you didn't know a thing about baseball, that this was a good one.

It was this way for Brandt through all of the first third of the season and around Baltimore signs on billboards started to say, "Oriole of the Week—Jackie Brandt." Maybe, everybody was saying, this guy has decided to put it all together.

This is not to say he is striving to be the most average personality around. In early June, for example, the Orioles were in Rochester for an exhibition game, after which they were to fly by chartered plane to Boston. But the weather was closing in when the exhibition game ended, and by the time the Baltimore bus got to the airport, there was a heavy rain and high winds and plenty of lightning. The Baltimore charter, the team was told, was not equipped with radar and since the weather was so bad, they'd have to hang around for awhile.

Two hours later the airport said the charter could take off without using the radar and the players got on. It still was raining.

Now you could be Rickenbacker, but when they start telling you a plane has no radar and the weather isn't good and first they hold you up, then say you can go, a little bit of an idea has to get into your mind. It's normal.

This was perfect for Brandt. After everybody was seated, he called up to the pilot, "What time does this plane crash?"

He got a couple of nervous laughs. It was all he needed.

"What time does this plane crash?" he called again.

There were a few more nervous laughs. But Clint Courtney, the catcher, was only nervous. He wasn't laughing. He kept looking out the window at the rain.

"What time . . ." Brandt started again. He was going to keep it up.

Courtney got up, walked out of the plane and said he'd see everybody in Boston. He went back to town and took an all-night bus. Brandt had taken care of him.

And at times this season, Jackie's easy-does-it attitude has recurred. For some reason, he likes to make catches on his knees or his stomach. It's a thing with him.

He also does little things at bat. Not big things. He has a little habit of starting to bend for a pitch that seems low, then stopping, and if it is a called strike, start bending again and keep going until it looks like he's fainted and he's going to fall onto his face. Then he straightens up.

These are just little things. But they are things that have made a lot of people wonder about him for a long time now. In December of 1959, for example, Lee MacPhail, the Baltimore general manager, was sitting in his compartment with a couple of guys, having a few drinks on the train ride from Baltimore to the major league meetings in Miami.

"Does anybody know," Lee said, "what the word 'Flakey' means?"

"It means you're a little bit off," somebody said.

MacPhail nodded. "Just a little?" he asked.

"Just a little."

Everybody then knew he was thinking about making the deal with the Giants to get Brandt, which he did a day later.

But it's all academic this year. Because no matter how easy Jackie decides to play it, he has to wind up with a big average by the end of the season. Simple logic tells you that. Like he said, he didn't waste his hits in the spring.

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(*Continued from page* 27)

Willie Mays lifted a routine fly to right-center. Both Mantle and DiMaggio started for the ball. Mickey got under it and suddenly fell to the ground as though shot. Joe quickly reached over Mickey's form and caught the ball. Then he bent over to help Mantle, who had torn two knee ligaments.

"I was afraid he was dead," DiMaggio recalled recently. "I shouted 'Mick! Mick!' and he never moved a muscle or batted an eye. Then I waved to our bench to send out a stretcher. Incidentally, one of the strangest things about Mickey's collapse was nobody came from our bench. I thought they'd all be running out there.

"After what seemed like a couple of minutes but probably wasn't that long, Mantle suddenly opened his eyes and burst out crying. He bawled like a baby. I don't know whether he thought maybe he had missed the ball or that he was seriously injured. He was, and is, a highly emotional kid, which not many people realize."

DiMaggio then was told of another tearful outburst. Bob Fishel, the Yankee public relations director, passed along the story. Bob had been in the Yankee clubhouse after the seventh game of the 1960 World Series, won by the Pittsburgh Pirates. When Mantle came in, Bob said, he sat in front of his locker and cried his eyes out.

"It was so moving, I thought I might burst out crying myself," Fishel said.

"I can understand it," DiMaggio said. "He had had such a great Series for himself and then to see it go up the flue. I know just how he felt. Charlie Keller and I just sat and looked at each other for what seemed like hours after we lost the Series to the Cardinals in 1942. I don't think I ever felt so low in my life. Charlie and I didn't cry but we weren't far from it. After all, we were the Yankees—we weren't supposed to be beaten. It was hard to take."

For the records, the 1942 World Series was the only one of the ten in which DiMaggio played that the Yankees lost. And the 1960 World Series was only the third of the eight Mantle has played in that the Yankees lost. In between, especially in the 14 years from 1947 through 1960, New York dominated baseball as no team has ever dominated it.

Standing tall in the column of statistics for those seasons is the record the Yankees piled up from 1949 through 1953. Five times they won the World Series in those years, a consecutive streak of championships that may never be duplicated. DiMaggio played on three of those teams—1949, 1950 and 1951—and Mantle played on three—1951, 1952 and 1953.

Although Joe McCarthy, Bill Dickey and Bucky Harris were the Yankee managers from 1946 through 1948, the great Yankee era of SPORT's lifetime will be remembered mostly as the Casey Stengel era. Casey came to the club in 1949, billed as a clown, and he left in 1960, billed as one of the greatest (if not the greatest) managers in baseball history. Over the 15-year stretch from 1946 through 1960, the Yankees finished first 11 times, second once, and third three times. They won eight World Series.

It was an era of great teams, anchored first by DiMaggio and then by Mantle, but including a cast of players who were all stars in their own rights. It was the era of Charlie Keller, Johnny Mize, Allie Reynolds, Vic Raschi, Ed Lopat and Phil Rizzuto. It was the era, too, of Yogi Berra, Billy Martin, Whitey Ford, Hank Bauer and Bill Skowron.

Memories are many of the Yankee players and the Yankee victories. Who can forget DiMaggio in 1947, rebounding from the "bad year" by carrying the Yankees to a World Series victory and winning the Most Valuable Player Award? Who can forget Phil Rizzuto, the Scooter, fielding at shortstop with all-consuming skill, running the bases with flash and daring, and contributing timely base hits in the world championship run of 1950? Phil won the Most Valuable Player Award that year.

There was Berra, embarrassed by his still-to-be-sharpened catching skills in the 1947 World Series, but working hard, "learning all of Bill Dickey's experiences" to paraphrase Yogi, and coming on to be one of the most consistent clutch players of all time. Yogi has three MVP Awards on his trophy shelf. And you can't forget the men who came and went, staying at Yankee Stadium only long enough to polish off their careers with glory-filled championship contributions. There were Johnny Mize, pinch-hitter supreme, Johnny Sain, the old-pro pitcher, and George McQuinn, the surprise star first-baseman of 1947, to name a few.

How about the pitchers? Who, tell me, ever provided a team with the dramatically skilled relief pitching that Joc Page conjured up in 1947 and 1949? And who was ever much better than Allie Reynolds in the clutch, pouring fastballs past the batters with World Series money on the line? Then there was Raschi, cool, dedicated and a consistently big winner, and there was Lopat, the junk man, lending lefthanded balance to the powerful starting rotation.

And in the years that the players faltered some, or were sidelined by injuries, there was Stengel, the master manager, juggling his lineups like a magician, coaxing maximum, and championship, performance from his squad as a whole.

Drama? How about Don Larsen's perfect game in the 1956 World Series, the first no-hitter ever pitched in a world championship battle? How about Mantle, walloping baseballs so far that tape-measures were hauled out to measure his drives? Or Berra, destroying the Dodgers year after year in the World Series with his clutch home runs?

Color? You could write a story-full on Casey alone, his Stengelese double-talk, his Actor's Studio physical demonstrations in illustration of his verbal tales. You could also fill the pages with stories of Yogi's early days, his quaint expressions, his bubbling personality. And you could talk long, too, about Billy Martin, the tough kid from California, who stamped his fire and fight indelibly upon the Yankee teams he played with.

Martin was also the man who was closest to the big stars, a valuable companion to DiMaggio first and Mantle afterward. But Billy was

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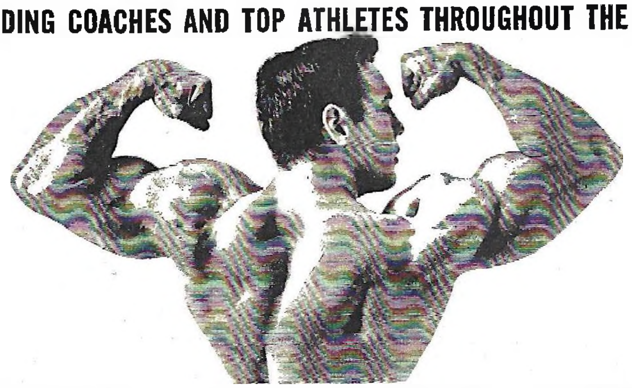

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never a "coat-toucher" (a fellow who basks in others' glories). He was a star in his own right and a fellow with a sincere appreciation of baseball talent. Billy bitterly resented insinuations that he was a bad influence on Mantle or on any other Yankee.

"All I know," Martin likes to say, "is that the Yankees won a pennant every year I played with them, and a world championship as well. So it hardly can be said that I hurt any of the players. And in 1956, when I roomed with Mickey on the road, he had his greatest season. He led the league in batting (.353), RBIs (130) and homers (52) to win the triple crown and the league's MVP Award. How could I have hurt him?"

THAT year was the one in which Mickey really arrived as a superstar. He had gotten off to a mixed-up beginning with the Yankees entirely because of his youth and inexperience. It took him a couple of years to become disentangled from the various business agents who had "pieces" of him and it wasn't until he allied himself with Frank Scott, the former Yankee road secretary, that he began to cash in on the outside money for endorsements, personal appearances and so on. In one year (1958), Mickey received $52,000 outside of baseball.

Back in 1951, I rode in a cab with Mantle from Union Station in Washington to the Shoreham Hotel the night before what was to have been the season's opener (it was rained out), and as the cab passed the illuminated dome of the Capitol, Mickey gazed at it with precisely the same awe that any high-school kid would.

"So this is our nation's capital," he murmured respectfully.

A couple of years later, I drove Mickey and Mrs. Mantle from Yankee Stadium to the Henry Hudson Hotel, where they were staying. There was some small talk on the way down through Central Park, mostly about traffic, when Mantle suddenly said, "I'll tell you one thing—this city's got a lot smaller since I first came here." It was his way of saying that the big town no longer scared him.

Mantle's personality is unpredictable, not only to writers, but even to his own teammates. On the plane ride back from Milwaukee, after the Yankees had won the fifth, sixth and seventh games to capture the World Series, Mantle sat in the lounge of the plane, convulsing his teammates with one hillbilly yarn after another. He sounded like a combination of Lil' Abner and Bazooka Bob Burns.

"I never knew Mickey could be so funny," I remarked to one of the players who had been with him for a couple of years.

"I never heard him tell a story before," the player said.

One Sunday last May, Mantle walked into the Yankee office and asked for Andy Ryan, the man who runs the press room. Andy doubles, or rather trebles, in brass by handling mail for several players, distributing World Series films, tickets for Yankee juniors and a myriad of lesser duties. He is a busy gent.

Mantle handed Ryan a brief clipping he had torn from that morning's New York *Mirror*. It told of the slaying of a boy in Queens, an honor student, by another youth, who had been a problem child. The article mentioned that the slain youth had been a Mickey Mantle fan and had been looking forward to a trip to the Stadium with his dad "so he could see his idol in action." The story touched Mantle deeply.

"Andy," requested Mickey, "if you could find time this afternoon, I'd like you to write out a letter of sympathy to the parents of this boy and bring it to me to sign."

This, you must remember, was from a player who gets so many requests for signed letters, that if he acceded to all of them he'd have time to spend only an inning or two a day in center field.

The relationship between Mantle and Casey Stengel was an unusual one. Mickey was practically Casey's first major-league star, despite the Ol' Perfesser's many years in baseball. He came to Stengel as a shortstop from the Joplin, Missouri, team of the class C Western Association and was switched to the outfield.

After Mantle's sensational spring-training showing in 1951, Stengel made a statement which perhaps is the greatest single tribute the Mick ever received. "The kid is jumping five classifications at once and going into a strange position," Casey said. "If he can make it, he's a wonder." Mickey made it.

IN 1956, when Mantle was having his greatest season, I was assigned to pick up the Yankees in Chicago to do an article on Stengel's views on Mantle. The night I joined the club, Mickey belted two long home runs in Comiskey Park, one righthanded against Billy Pierce and one lefthanded against Dixie Howell. Then the Yankees went to Kansas City, where Mantle hit one of the longest drives ever seen in Municipal Stadium. The club then traveled to Detroit.

That night on the train to Detroit, Stengel and I discussed Mantle for a couple of hours. Casey's comments on his slugger are well worth repeating.

"You can't possibly imagine all the things Mantle had to do to become a major-league outfielder, and a star at that, as quickly as he did," Stengel said. "When spring training opened, he didn't even know how to throw from the outfield, because he always had played the infield. The first time we taught him to lift his left leg for leverage on his throw, he fired the ball clear over the catcher's head and up against the backstop. I told him what we were looking for was accuracy, not distance.

"Another thing, he used to chase fly balls hit behind him with his head down. I told him he could look over his shoulder as he ran back. 'This is the big leagues,' I said. 'We don't have no plowed fields for you to run through.'

"Now lemme tell you about his fielding. His speed is incredible. Everybody talks about how Tris Speaker, which is in the Hall of Fame right now, used to play shaller (shallow) and go back for a ball. I saw Tris play and he was tree-menjous. But I must say that he went back and chased a dead ball. This kid is outrunning a lively ball. I don't think Speaker could of done it.

"When somebody mentions how far Mantle has hit a ball—and I guess he must hold the record in every park in the American League—somebody is sure to say he's hitting the lively ball. All I know is that everybody's been hitting a lively ball since about 1920 and the fences were there before this boy was born. Another thing, he'd hit .400 if it was a dead ball. With his speed, the infielders couldn't possibly throw him out on a slow grounder but there ain't any slow grounders. You don't hardly ever see them no more."

The next morning, at breakfast in Detroit, Stengel stopped by my table. "One thing you gotta remember," he said. "Everything I said last night about Mantle goes, but you must say that the greatest ballplayer I ever managed was DiMaggio. That's because Joe was an established star before I ever came to the Yankees. Mantle is the greatest ballplayer I ever had break in for me."

There were many reports of coolness between Stengel and DiMaggio, but they were mostly erroneous rumors. Joe spent his first seven years with the Yankees under Joe McCarthy and was indoctrinated to the McCarthy system. And a darn good system it was, too, if anybody should ever drive up in a hack and ask you.

In early July, 1951, a story broke that there was a raging feud between DiMaggio and Stengel because Casey had benched Joe during a game in Boston.

"I was on my way to the All-Star game in Detroit when I read that story," DiMaggio told me the following spring. "I purposely got out to the ball park early to catch Casey alone in the clubhouse at Briggs Stadium. He wasn't nearly as upset about the story as I was.

"'There was talk last year, too, that you was mad at me,' he said. 'Anybody ever asks me, all I say is, look at his record. Forget about it.'"

DiMaggio commanded nothing but respect from any manager he ever played for. At a dinner of the New York baseball writers at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in 1948, Bucky Harris, who had managed the Yankees to a World Series victory over the Dodgers the previous fall, spoke from the dais. He pointed at DiMaggio, who was seated in the audience and said, "If it weren't for that fellow sitting out there, I wouldn't be sitting up here tonight."

LIKE Mantle, it took DiMaggio a long time to come out of his shell. He shied away from interviewers during his early years with the Yankees and hid behind the protective curtain of Tony Lazzeri and Frank Crosetti, his fellow Italian-Americans from San Francisco. Today DiMaggio is as poised and as polished as any of the Madison Avenue glamour boys—and a great deal more sincere.

Mantle came to pro baseball afflicted with chronic osteomyelitis of the left foot, a bone marrow inflammation dating back to an accidental kick when he was playing football with Commerce High in his native Oklahoma. He has played with the Yankees for more than a decade with the knowledge that any slide he makes might possibly be the end of his career. Yet he never has dogged it on the bases. Futhermore, Mickey has been plagued by as many day-in, day-out injuries as any ballplayer ever. But he never has let up.

Mantle's center-field predecessor, DiMaggio, had his share of injuries, too, and like Mickey, DiMaggio played frequently when he was in excruciating agony. Although Joe wasn't as fast as Mickey, he was a superb base-runner. In his final year in the Pacific Coast League (1935), Joe stole 24 bases in 25 tries.

"When I came to the Yankees," DiMaggio said, "McCarthy didn't want me to run and for a very sound reason. I was batting third, followed by Lou Gehrig and Bill Dickey. McCarthy figured there was no sense risking a steal with power like that coming up."

When DiMag went for a base, he slid hard, hitting the ground with such force that he was never able to find a pair of sliding pads which protected his thighs properly. In mid-season, 1948, the Yankees announced that Joe would be rested as much as possible because of his sliding injuries. The reporters were invited to the clubhouse to examine DiMag's "strawberries," huge lacerations on both hips where the skin had been rubbed away, leaving raw, ugly bruises.

When the others left, I sat beside Joe's locker to have a smoke with him, commenting that, in his present condition, he would look better in a butcher shop than in center field.

"That's not the half of it," he said moodily. "The club is giving out the information about the strawberries as a reason for resting me, but I'll tell you the truth if you keep it quiet.

"I'm getting a bone spur on my right heel like the one on my other foot which had to be operated on last year. But keep it to yourself unless the front office announces it. We're still in this pennant race and we don't want to tip off the other clubs. I can fake it for the rest of the season."

DiMaggio kept the Yankees in the pennant race until the next to last game of the season and on the last day, in Boston, he made four straight hits before he was removed from the game. As he hobbled to the sidelines, he received what must have been one of the greatest ovations ever tendered a visiting player at Fenway Park.

Joe DiMaggio, The Clipper, and Mickey Mantle, The Switcher, have had much in common, including burning desires to win which match their great talents. It is no wonder that their overlapping careers triggered the Yankees' greatest era.

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TOMMY DAVIS, THE L.A. DODGER FROM BROOKLYN

(*Continued from page* 51)

Robinson. Tommy accepted a $4,000 bonus and joined the Dodger organization, only a minor-league career away from Ebbets Field.

A little more than a year later, he was a continent away from Ebbets Field. In late September of 1957, the Dodgers announced that they were moving to Los Angeles.

"My ambition was broken," Tommy said. "My big dream was gone."

To sob even in a small way for one of baseball's brightest young stars probably seems strange. Tommy Davis is, after all, tall (6-½), strong (a sleekly muscled 205 pounds) and talented (a .303 batting average and 33 runs batted in as of June 11). His brown eyes light up and his warm features split with a grin when he considers the success he has carved at the age of 22. But always tantalizing him is the thought that it would have been so much more fulfilling to have been able to carve his success, and cash in on it, in Brooklyn.

Imagine the impact that Tommy would have had on the Brooklyn fans this season. What he did in the June 3 game would have had them wild. It was against the Giants (weep, willow, for another departed tradition) and the score was tied in the ninth inning. Tommy was on first base, unable to put his searing speed to the stealing test because another Brooklyn-born boy, Bobby Aspromonte, was on second. Aspromonte wandered off the base and was trapped in a rundown. Bobby faked toward third, then slid hard and safe into second, but when he got there Tommy was standing on the base, looking down at him. Tommy was tagged. "I still don't know why Aspromonte didn't go to third," said manager Walter Alston.

In the tenth inning, the Dodgers loaded the bases with none out. Aspromonte hit the ball on the ground, forcing the runner at home. Up stepped Davis digging deep into the righthanded batter's box. The shirt-sleeved fans packed into the oval-shaped Coliseum surrounded him in an endless wave of white. Tommy tugged at his cap and stared at Giant pitcher Ed Fisher. He settled into his stance, his left foot angled toward the outfield, his right foot angled toward the first-base dugout, his bat held back. The pitch came in low and fast and Tommy timed it with a swift, strong swing. Taking off in a rising line, the ball flew fast over the left-field screen.

Tommy trotted toward first, then suddenly stopped. Aspromonte had turned and run toward the dugout. Davis waited until Bobby was shepherded back to the base paths and the boys from Brooklyn ran around all the bases. Just imagine that one in Brooklyn—a grand-slam home run to beat the Giants crowned by crazy base-running reminiscent of the Babe Herman days.

The 1961 record book is already teeming with Tommy's heroics—the four hits, including a homer, that he put together early in April against the defending world-champion Pirates; the two-run ninth-inning homer he hit in Chicago on April 30 to beat the Cubs, 2-1; the three hits, including a double and a homer, that he made in Milwaukee on May 2 to beat the Braves, 11-9; the three-run 12th inning homer he hit in Los Angeles on June 15 to beat the Cubs, 6-3.

The base hits have flown off his bat in bunches in this his second big-league season. They have come mostly on slashing line drives, the kind Jackie Robinson used to hit. And to conjure up some more comparisons—and images of the stature Tommy would have had with the *Brooklyn* Dodgers—he has played a large part of the season at third base, the position Jackie last played.

Third base, by the way, has been a position of opportunity and ordeal for Tommy. A catcher and first-baseman in high school and an outfielder afterward, he was switched to third at the beginning of spring training this season. The switch really took root last year when Tommy worked out at third with the Dodgers' second infield before ball games and played the position in parts of five games. But he didn't think then that he would ever play third regularly. That decision was made one day last winter when Tommy walked into the Dodger offices to take part in a routine public relations project.

It had begun as a routine day all-round for Tommy—breakfast in his Compton, California, home with his wife, Shirley, and his three-year-old daughter, Lauren, then a drive to the Dodger offices. But once inside the offices, Tommy's future took a sharp, successful turn.

Behind a gleaming desk sat Buzzie Bavasi, the Dodger vice-president, thinking as always about building up his ball club. In front of the desk stood Tommy, thinking no doubt about the part he would play in Bavasi's building plans. "Tommy," Bavasi said, "how would you feel about playing third base next season?"

"I'd feel fine about it," said Tommy, simply and significantly.

So in the spring Tommy became a third-baseman. He worked hard, made mistakes, but did well enough overall to win a job in the starting lineup. "I needed more hitting punch," Alston said. "I knew Davis could hit and give us some power at third. So I went with him. He was doing okay in the field and I had to figure he would improve."

It is doubtful that Tommy could have come on as quickly as he did if he had remained exclusively an outfielder. In the spring he was only one of many promising Dodger outfielders (Frank Howard, Willie Davis and Ron Fairly) who were trying to unseat veterans Wally Moon, Duke Snider and Don Demeter. Once Tommy got his chance and began to hit, his place in the lineup was secure—as an infielder or an outfielder—but he was given the chance as a third-baseman that he might not have received as an outfielder.

So productive was Tommy's bat down the early-season stretch that the Dodgers were willing to keep him in the lineup despite his erratic fielding—the skipping ground balls that flew past him, the short hops against his ankles, the slow rollers that had to be charged. At the beginning of the season, at least, Tommy was less than an airtight infielder, this attested to by both Alston and Dodger coach Leo Durocher.

ONE night this spring, when the Dodgers were warming up in Philadelphia for the opener of a three-game series, a writer asked Leo to assess Tommy's third-base talents. Tommy was at third, working out before the game, and Leo was tapping ground balls to the infield.

"Hey, Leo," the writer said.

"Yeah," Leo said, between taps.

"How about that kid at third base?"

"How about him?"

"How's he doing at third?" said the writer, moving up.

"Excellent," said Leo, tapping, then turning. "For a guy who's never played there before."

"What's he got to learn?"

"How to catch the ball and how to throw the ball."

Elaborating, Leo explained that as an outfielder Tommy had been accustomed to bringing the ball back before throwing it, rather than flipping it fast as infielders must. He had been accustomed to catching the ball at different speeds and angles too. The slow roller calling for a barehanded pickup and a following quick flip rarely comes up in an outfielder's line of duty. Neither does the hot smash behind the bag which demands a quick backhand glove sweep. Tommy didn't get a long-term chance to polish these catching and throwing skills because in June the Dodgers made a trade for third-baseman Daryl Spencer. Immediately afterward Tommy went back to the outfield, where his natural skills and speed make him a top defensive player, but Walt Alston was happy and secure with the knowledge that he could call on Davis to play third base again and again. Alston was glad he had experimented. "Any player is more valuable to his team," Alston said, "if he can play more than one position. Tommy can do a job at four now, all three outfield positions and third base."

As a hitter, the Dodgers never had any doubts about Davis. Until this season he had been mostly a reliable singles and doubles man, considerable in itself, but suddenly in 1961 his natural power poured forth abundantly. As Leo was talking about him in Philadelphia, Tommy left third and came up to take his batting-practice cuts. He popped up the first pitch, then slashed two balls against the center-field fence and one into the second tier of left-field seats. "I'm a six o'clock hitter, man," he said, his teeth flashing in a wide grin. He was, actually, the sixth highest hitter in the National League at the time.

The Philly fans, content until then to holler at their hometown manager, Gene Mauch, began watching Davis. He walloped another ball into the upper left-field seats, attracting the usual articulate oohs and aahs. Then he stepped out of the cage.

"What's the matter, Tommy?" Durocher said. "Losing your power?"

RIBBING flows daily between Davis and Durocher. Tommy admires Leo's attitude toward baseball and is fascinated by Leo's fury. "When he kicked that umpire, man," Tommy said, "I was awestruck." The two give and take with good humor week in, week out. "When I come out to the park," Tommy said, "Leo is always on me. 'Tommy,' he says—and here Davis does a takeoff of the Durocher sing-song—'are you ready to go today, Tommy? Are you awake today, Tommy?'

" 'Just you wait,' I say. 'Just you stand here and wait until the bell rings.' "

Loose and easy with Leo, Tommy comes on almost aloof with some of his Dodger teammates. "He's pretty quiet most the time," one Dodger said. "I don't know him real well. I don't hear him talk much. When he does talk, he has this real dry humor. He uses some kind of slang too. I forget what you call it."

"Hip talk?"

"Yeah, that's it. Sometimes I can't even understand him."

Hip he is, in dress ("Man, you're not wearing a hat. Don't you know you're never dressed without a hat"), in awareness to life ("I've got to start thinking now for the future. I've got to get some kind of business going. If I can't get it going in Los Angeles, I'll go back to Brooklyn during the off-season. I won't be playing ball all my life") and in musical tastes ("I carry this portable record player with me on road trips. I dig all the sounds —Clifford Brown, Ray Charles, Herbie Mann").

Modern jazz takes up a large share of Tommy's time. On the road he and his roommate, Willie Davis, will spend hours in their room listening to the record player or they will sit in a jazz club, hearing the sounds. "Right now Willie likes a lot of rock 'n' roll," Tommy said. "I'm cultivatin' him."

The Davis roommates have triggered considerable confusion in their time together. The reason? "Everybody," Tommy said, "thinks we're brothers."

THEY aren't. Tommy Davis is an only child, born Herman Thomas Davis Jr. on March 21, 1939. Early he showed an aptitude for sports in general and baseball in particular. "My mother says she remembers me swinging a bat when I was three," Tommy said. "I don't remember that, but I do remember playing second base when I was nine for a team of 15- and 16-year-olds. I wore short pants when I played. I sure must have looked funny."

Tommy grinned, his first smile in many minutes. It was his second night in Philadelphia and he was standing in a corner of Connie Mack Stadium, still shocked by a pride-puzzling blow that had been dealt to him earlier in the evening. Tommy had come out of the clubhouse then, his head hanging. Asked what was wrong, he had stared sadly at the ground.

"I've been benched. First time this season. I don't understand it."

Pete Reiser, a Dodger coach, had passed by and Tommy had called to him. They had huddled briefly and Tommy had walked away, sullen. The sudden uncertainty over what hours before had been security had twisted his face into a mask of confusion.

The night before, Tommy had made some mental errors at bat and on the bases. His mind had been wandering then, back to Brooklyn where his father lay ill. But wandering minds, no matter the reason, disturb managers, and Alston had decided to teach Tommy a lesson. It was only a temporary lesson, but it troubled Tommy deeply.

Failures have been few, however, in Tommy's life. A star with the big kids when he was nine, he went on to shine in slick sandlot and high-school games as he grew older. Close to 20 times a season in those years he went out to Ebbets Field where he watched the Dodgers play and decided that he wanted to be one of them some day. In the meantime, his skills were being molded for the major leagues by many men—Sam Beckman, his junior high school coach; Clarence Irving, his sandlot manager; and Harry Kane, his coach at Boys High.

At Boys High, however, Tommy almost drifted away from baseball. There he turned out to be as skilled in basketball as he was in baseball. A sharp jump-shooter, slick driver and high-bounding rebounder, he earned city-wide praise for his work with the big-winning Boys High basketball team. His skills brought him the usual scholarship offers, including bids from Ohio State and Providence, where his Boys High teammate, Lenny Wilkens (now of the St. Louis Hawks), went. But no college was able to match the hard-sell campaign waged by Campanis. "I might have accepted a scholarship," Tommy said, "but there weren't that many recruiters advising me on the real merits of college."

So Tommy signed with the Dodgers and on a warm day in the spring of 1956, he boarded a train bound for

Hornell, in upstate New York. He sat seven hours in the lean-back chair, thinking mostly about the success he wanted to carve. "I figured I had to set some sort of timetable for myself," he said. "I allowed myself four years to get to the majors or to at least get an indication that I'd get there."

At Hornell Tommy was switched from catcher, the position he had played the most his last season at Boys High, to outfielder. "They thought I had good speed," he said, "and they were afraid I would lose it if I remained a catcher." Adjusting nicely to the outfield, Tommy fielded reasonably well and hit .325. He moved to Kokomo in the Midwest League the next year and there, against class-D competition again, he led the league in batting (.357), runs (115), hits (185), total bases (271) and stolen bases (68). He remembers the 68th stolen base well. "We were in a playoff game for the pennant," he said, "and I got on first and took a long lead. Then I went on my own, slid in hard and when I went back to the bench they told me I had broken the league record."

Tommy went home happy with his 1957 showing and over the winter he married Shirley. He leaped high up the Dodger ladder in 1958, beginning the season with Victoria in the class-A Texas League and ending it with Montreal in the class-AAA International League. He hit .304 for Victoria and .308 for Montreal.

The following year, 1959, stands as the most significant in Tommy's climb to the big leagues. Playing for the Dodgers' top farm club, Spokane, he tore apart the Pacific Coast League. His .345 batting average led the league and so did his 211 hits and 315 total bases. Furthermore he stole 21 bases and showed his first fair measure of power with 18 home runs.

In 1960 Tommy came to spring training as a member of the Dodger varsity. He put on the uniform he had yearned so long to wear and thought about what it meant to be a teammate of Gil Hodges and Duke Snider, the men he had watched play in Ebbets Field when he had been a boy. "I was thrilled," he said. "Not overwhelmed, but thrilled. It was a great feeling."

Coming fast at the end of his rookie season, Tommy hit .276, with six home runs and 44 runs batted in. He hit safely in 20 consecutive games, tying Pancho Herrera for the National League's longest 1960 hitting streak, and he was selected to the Topps all-rookie team.

But the single highlight of Tommy's rookie season doesn't show up in statistics, or on his trophy shelf. It happened the night the Dodgers came back to New York for a one-game stand, an exhibition in the Stadium against the Yankees. The big park was crammed to capacity, mostly with old Dodger fans. Among them were a platoon of Tommy's friends and relatives.

He didn't disappoint them. His first time at bat he singled, then stole second base. He helped the Dodgers win the game and he enjoyed hearing the uninhibited cheers of his hometown folks. Then, afterward, he went home to Bedford-Stuyvesant. Soon after he arrived an old neighborhood friend, Teddy Saunders, came over.

"Man," said Teddy, "let's go to Birdland and dig some sounds."

"Fine," Tommy said.

"Okay," Teddy said, "but let's pick up Albert first."

Tommy and Teddy walked through the Bedford-Stuyvesant streets for a few blocks and then climbed the stairs of an old brownstone building. They knocked on the door leading to the apartment of Albert Bascom, another old buddy, and Albert walked into the hall. "Where we gonna go?" Albert said.

"Birdland," Tommy said, and as he spoke, lights flashed on and screams of "Surprise!" rocked through the rooms. Inside were dozens of the old Bedford-Stuyvesant crowd, smiles on their faces, happy and honored to be paying tribute to Tommy Davis, the neighborhood boy who had made good in the big leagues.

In one way or another, it might have been like that most every night for Tommy Davis had the Dodgers remained in Brooklyn. It might have been all that any boy ever dreamed of.

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I REMEMBER BOXING

(*Continued from page* 60)

short, the rise of reason and decline of prejudice—motivate against a man resorting to his fists for a living or for expression.

Added to this, the magic lantern in the living room has killed off the small fight clubs where the talent spawned. Now the gunfighter, seen for free, is competition for the fist-fighter, seen for a fee, and so during the 15 years since 1946 we have seen the passing of boxing as we knew it—and these are the things I remember:

I remember how it was when Joe Louis used to train at Pompton Lakes. They had the outdoor ring set up under the trees with bleachers on three sides of it, and the people who came on Saturdays or Sundays made a day of it. Many of them brought their lunches with them, and they used to sit there on the bleachers, eating and talking and laughing until, finally, Joe would come down through the sunlight to the ring, his handlers around him and Joe in a white terry-cloth robe and with a white towel over his head. Then all the talking and laughing and even the eating would stop.

Joe would climb up into the ring and Mannie Seamon would take his robe and the towel and Joe would shadow-box. He would be wearing brief, white woolen trunks and a white tee shirt and the bandages and tape on his hands would be gleaming white. He would move smoothly and silently, except for the scraping of his ring shoes on the canvas, and it would be so quiet out there in the open under the trees that you could hear the wind stir the leaves on the branches overhead and, sometimes somewhere far off, hear a bird call.

Before Joe would go down to the ring he would meet the newspaper men in his dressing room. Joe would be sitting on the rubbing table, his robe over him. Next to him would be a medicine ball and, resting an arm on the ball, he would be holding that hand out so that Mannie Seamon

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could bandage it up for him.

"How do you feel, Joe?" one of the newspapermen would say after a while.

They came from all over the country for Joe's big fights, and some of them remembered Dempsey and Willard at Toledo. Many of them had known all the great sports figures of their time, but they never took any liberties with Joe.

"I feel fine," Joe would say, watching Mannie bandage the hand.

There would be another pause. In the silence of the crowded room the newspapermen would be watching the bandaging, too, or just looking at Joe.

"Have you heard what the other guy is saying about the fight?" someone would say, finally.

"No," Joe would say, still watching the bandaging.

There would be another pause. It was a great tribute, the way they stood in awe of Joe.

When Joe fought Conn that second time there must have been a couple of hundred newspapermen on hand and they had waited five years for this return and they were really trying. They wrote millions of words.

"Up at Conn's camp," one of them said to Joe one day at Pompton, "they figure his speed will lick you."

"That so?" Joe said, watching the bandaging again.

"That's right," somebody else said. "They've even got him working with a middleweight."

"That's so?" Joe said.

"So don't you think Conn's speed will bother you?"

"Maybe it bothers me," Joe said, "but I don't think so."

"Why not?" one of them said.

"'Cause Billy can run," Joe said, not even looking up, "but he can't hide."

Joe not only knocked Conn out in the eighth round but he beat a couple of hundred professional writers, all of them scrambling to come up with a better line.

THE best fighter of them all, punch-for-punch and pound-for-pound, was Ray Robinson at 147 pounds. In 1947 they brought in a welterweight from the Philippines named Flash Sebastian and Robinson boxed him at the Garden for a dollar. His purse went to the family of Jimmy Doyle, who had died after Robinson had knocked him out in a title bout in Cleveland a couple of months before.

Robinson took Sebastian out with the first right hand. When the bell rang Sebastian walked out and threw a wide hook and Robinson blocked it and looked at Sebastian like he couldn't believe it. Sebastian came in again, started another hook and Robinson crossed a right. When it landed Sebastian went back against the ropes and then fell forward on his head.

"Get this!" one of the photographers at ringside was shouting. "Get it! This one may die, too!"

Fifteen minutes later Sebastian was sitting, stripped, on the rubbing table in his dressing room. He was staring at the far wall, and Whitey Bimstein was dipping a sponge in a pail of ice water and splashing the water into Sebastian's face.

"This guy came a long way to risk his life," I said to Whitey, after he got Sebastian out of it.

"You're telling me?" Whitey said. "I never see him until I walk in here tonight. I get him taped and I tell him to warm up. He starts to shadowbox and the first thing he does is throw a wide hook and raise his head. I stopped him and I said: 'Look. Please don't do that tonight. If you do, Robinson will take your head right off.' You seen what happened."

About four years later I was talking with Ruby Goldstein. I was asking him if, in all the fights he had refereed, he had ever spotted something before it had happened. He mentioned the Robinson-Sebastian fight.

"I'll never forget it," Ruby said. "The fight starts and Sebastian throws that wide hook and Robinson blocks it. I say to myself: 'If he tries that again I'm gonna be busy.' The next thing I know he starts another one, and I'm saying: 'One! . . . Two! . . . Three! . . . Four! . . .' "

The most exciting fighter of our time was Rocky Graziano. He was the most exciting fighter since Jack Dempsey, and Damon Runyon called him "The Second Stanley Ketchel."

"The hell with that," Graziano said. "I'd rather be the First Graziano."

He was.

THAT night that Tony Zale defended his middleweight title against Graziano in Chicago, Tony was 34 years old and it was 120 degrees under the ring lights and he and Art Winch and Sam Pian, who managed him, knew he was going in with a tough, strong young banger. While they played *The Star Spangled Banner,* Zale was standing at attention near his corner, his robe over him, and Winch was standing next to him and rubbing Zale's back. Winch was crying, the tears running down his cheeks.

Graziano had just two things going for him—a tremendous right hand punch, and the instinct of a wounded animal. Society had wounded him, on the lower East Side of New York where he grew up and in the reform schools where they sent him and at Leavenworth where the Army put him. When they turned him loose in the ring, society became the other guy.

"I wanted to kill him," he was saying, the excitement still in him in his dressing room in the Chicago Stadium after he had knocked out Zale and won the middleweight championship of the world. "I wanted to kill him. I got nothin' against him. He's a nice guy. I like him, but I wanted to kill him. You know what I mean?"

When Graziano got back to his hotel that night there was a party going on in the sitting room of his suite. While he was still shaking hands he heard his small daughter, awakened by the noise, crying in the other room.

"What's the matter, honey?" he said, bending over the crib.

She was three years old, and she looked up at him, the light from the open door on his face. His right eye was swollen shut, and a bandage covered the cut over the left.

"Daddy!" she said. "What's the matter?"

"Nothin's the matter," he said, "but you see what I told you? Stay out of the gutter."

Willie Pep was the greatest ring artist I ever saw. Going into a fight it was impossible to get out of Willie what he planned to do, and after a fight it was difficult for him to remember what he had done. He was a creative genius, and so he made it up as he went along.

Although his record is not as loaded with knockouts as is Sandy Saddler's, he could punch, too. The night he fought Sal Bartolo in the Garden, Sal held the National Boxing Association version of the featherweight title and Willie held the world title, and behind me a loudmouth kept hollering to Bartolo, but really riding Willie.

"Walk in on him, Sal!" the guy was shouting. "He can't hurt you! He can't punch!"

I don't remember the combination Willie took Bartolo out with, but I remember Bartolo going down. Then I remember him sitting in his corner, his head hanging, and the guy behind me still shouting.

"Fake!" he was shouting. "Fake!"

Bartolo's jaw was broken in three places.

The greatest pro of our time was Archie Moore. He was the only fighter I ever met who wanted to discuss the difference between offensive and defensive distance, and he was absolutely certain he would knock out Rocky Marciano.

"The public doesn't understand," he complained to me once, six weeks before the Marciano fight. "They don't know what I know."

I knew what he knew. He knew that he could beat Marciano to the punch with an inside right hand, but I also knew it wouldn't do him much good.

He did it, too. In the first round he measured that long right of Marciano's twice, taking it back of the ear. In the second round, when Marciano started another one, Archie stepped inside and countered with his own right, and Marciano went down on his hands and knees.

It was a move beautifully conceived and perfectly executed, but Marciano was up at the count of four. That is what Archie, in all his thinking, had refused to concede, and six rounds later the bell saved him, down for the fourth time.

"Please, Doc," Archie begged Dr. Vincent Nardiello between rounds. "Please don't stop it. Just let me try once more with a desperado."

The Doc let him try, but it was no good. After they had carried Archie to his corner, and he had finally recovered, he spoke into Bill Corum's microphone. His dream of becoming heavyweight champion of the world was gone now, and he spoke of the man who had ended it.

"It was a pleasure," he said, "to have fought him."

That's a pro.

One afternoon in the summer of 1948, Charley Goldman was standing in the C.Y.O. gym on West 17th Street in New York, watching a heavyweight pound the big bag.

"How does he look to you?" Charley said.

"How old is he?" I said.

"Twenty-four," Charley said, "and that's late to get started."

The heavyweight was stocky and heavy-muscled. He was throwing his right hand off a spread stance, which seemed to work for him, but when he followed with his hook he couldn't get full leverage into it.

"He doesn't look like anything to me," I said.

"At my age," Charley said, "I hate to get started all over again with another one, because there's so much he has to learn."

"Then why bother?" I said.

"I don't know," Charley said. "This fella can punch, though, and he can take a punch and he likes to fight. The way things are today that's all you need in a heavyweight."

"He's still a real long shot," I said. With that the bell on the round-timer sounded, and the fighter turned from the bag. When he did Charley called him over, and introduced him to me.

"This is Rocky Marciano," he said. "He lives up around Boston, and him and a friend of his bum down on the trucks."

Charley Goldman stands five feet, one inch and had a primary school education and 400 fights. His nose is broken and so are both hands, but he is one of the outstanding educators of our time.

"How's that heavyweight from up near Boston?" I asked him one day at Stillman's.

"He scares me," Charley said.

"Why?"

"He does so many things wrong," Charley said, "but I'm afraid that if I change him I might take away from what he's got."

Charley lived with this fear, and with these doubts, for seven years, but he never took anything away from what Marciano had and the fighter became the most effective heavyweight of all time. After all, he won 49 out of 49, and is the only retired undefeated heavyweight champion of the world in boxing history.

In seven years in the ring and 84 fights Jake LaMotta had never been down when, as he confessed to the Kefauver Committee last winter, he threw that fight to Billy Fox in the Garden. It was Jake's proudest boast that no man had ever put him off his feet, and so he took Fox's Sunday shots, sitting on the middle strand of the 49th Street ropes, rocked by the blows, waiting and waiting until the referee stopped it.

"If I had been refereeing that fight," I said to Ruby Goldstein a couple of days later, "I'd have let Fox belt him until Jake had to go down."

"What?" Ruby said. "And maybe have a death on your hands?"

I was annoyed that even a man who throws a fight is not without pride.

Chuck Davey was the first darling of the dial-twisters. With his southpaw style he befuddled 38 opponents in a row, and with his two college degrees, his curly blond hair, and his obvious intelligence, he attracted literally millions of television viewers who had never cared for boxing before. Had Kid Gavilan knocked him out in the first exchange of punches—as I feared Gavilan would—the new-found fans would have turned from boxing in disgust. Instead, Gavilan conducted a half-hour course in the sweet science, first out-boxing Davey and then dropping him first with one combination and then another. He made boxing fans out of Davey fans, which was no small accomplishment.

"He good boy," Gavilan said, when it was over, "but must learn more." I guess you could call that educational TV.

Compassion and kindness are not the attributes of the complete fighter, and no fighter I have ever known has suffered more because he possesses them than Floyd Patterson. He is a man who is instinctively repelled by the hurt he must impose upon his opponents, and only in his second fight with Ingemar Johansson did he transcend this.

I shall always remember that fight, of course, for it was the first in which a former heavyweight champion regained his crown. I shall also remember it for what Patterson said later.

"Do you think," I said to him, "that you can call up the same kind of anger and viciousness the next time you fight Johansson?"

"Why should I?" Patterson said. "In all my other fights, I was never as vicious, and I won out in almost all of them."

"But you had to be vicious against this guy," I said. "You had to turn a boxing contest into a kind of a street fight to destroy this guy's classic style. When you did that, he came apart. This was your greatest fight, because for the first time you expressed emotion. A fight, a piece of writing, a painting or a passage of music is nothing without emotion."

"I just hope," Patterson said, "that I'll never be as vicious again."

So I remember Ezzard Charles, so humble a heavyweight champion that he wouldn't correct an amateur kid working in the same gym in Cincinnati because, as he put it when I brought it up, "somebody might think I was meddlin'."

I remember Marcel Cerdan, on his way to the middleweight title, wearing that baby blue robe into the ring at the Garden in his first fight in this country and, in that first round against Georgie Abrams, turning the whistles of derision into cheers.

I remember Lavern Roach, trained from the age of nine to be a fighter, who told me that as a professional he had nothing to fear in the ring, and 18 months later he was dead from head punches.

I remember Beau Jack, the shoe shine boy who enjoyed boxing more than any man I have ever known, who in 20 appearances in Madison Square Garden drew $1,578,069, and now is a shoe shine boy again.

In fact, I remember them all.

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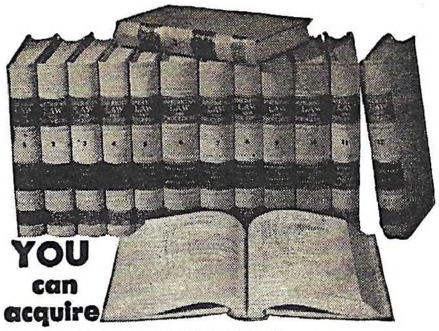
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(*Continued from page* 63)

basketball game, particularly before Ned Irish brought the college teams into Madison Square Garden in the Thirties. Before that—and to some extent afterward—the journalists had to travel to a small gym on a college campus in the Bronx and sit at a small table with the collegians shouting in their ears.

The other congregation—the new school—has been almost excessive in its admiration for the sport. This platoon is made up largely of men who once played the game in school yards and were demons at the give-and-go and had less respect for a jump shot than for a bounce pass to the free man. I have, through the years, leaned toward this group, although not with the fervor of its charter members. I have always felt that basketball is an easy game to watch—unlike football—with some subtleties to it for those who were interested enough to find them. It can be exciting—more so, on the average, than baseball—and it never runs too long and, when it was played in the small college gyms, it was followed by a free dance with enough coeds coming stag.

Now there is no place to go. The two fix scandals, ten years apart, have decimated the game. This, perhaps, is the final irony—that the native sport has been in the most trouble, has been caught most often in criminal acts and may die because of it.

At least one national magazine has decided to do no more stories on college basketball players for a while, on the assumption that the player they are publicizing may well be a dumper.

Even the pros are suspect. Ever since the first fix scandal, there have been allegations—unproven—that the pros were doing business too. The current scandal is reaching so far back that there is a real fear that some players who dumped games in college may now be playing pro ball.

In this commemorative issue of SPORT Magazine, where we busy ourselves recalling the glories and the affections of baseball and football and, if we try very hard, boxing, this is what I remember about basketball. This and what made it so. It has been a demeaning 15 years for the game.

In the beginning there was George Mikan, Big George, the man who made the game popular during the flush of the early post-war years. The marquee at Madison Square Garden told it all: "Tonight, Knicks vs. Mikan." The first time I saw Mikan, he was a sophomore at DePaul, a tall and husky boy playing against John Mahnken, a tall and thin boy from Georgetown. Mahnken, quicker, smoother, more comfortable on a basketball court, outplayed George. The next time I saw George, he was a senior at DePaul. By then he had learned how to move his husky body, how to nudge the opposition out of the way, how to turn on a pivot with his arms and legs and shoulders and how to shoot. In pro ball, George was a lawyer, on and off the court. He debated with referees, he directed his Minneapolis Laker teammates, he granted interviews. Not that George was cold or uncommunicative. He was, rather, talkative and authoritative, but he called his own shots. He was, in more ways than one, a big man.

Then there was Bob Cousy, the magician at Holy Cross who became even a better ballplayer with the Boston Celtics. To many people, Cousy at Holy Cross, dribbling behind his back and passing blindly, was a wise aleck. He threw the ball away just often enough for the impression to sustain itself. But with the Celtics, up against the tougher competition of the NBA, his passing and dribbling and fancy hook shots worked, and the cynics walked away. Cousy became the best basketball player, inch for inch, in the world.

And now there is Wilt Chamberlain, seven feet, two inches tall, fast, agile, a juggernaut who, on those evenings when he is in the mood, owns the basketball.

There have been others. Elgin Baylor may now be the finest all-round player in pro ball. Oscar Robertson had a fantastic college career and will have a successful professional career. Tom Gola came as close as a basketball player can to being an All-America hero the way a handful of football players have been. Bob Pettit has been effective. Dolph Schayes has been durable. Bill Russell is an extraordinary defensive player in an era when defense is ignored. Joe Fulks jumped and Bob Davies bounced the ball and Sherman White could have been . . .

But from September 1946, when the first issue of this magazine was published, to now, it has been the first three. They have had the talent and the acclaim and, what doesn't come too often to basketball players, the national popularity. When I first came to work at SPORT, a basketball player made the cover of the magazine once a year, and the cover boy was either Mikan or someone who could top Mikan. Then it was Cousy or the man who, for the moment, had more popularity than the Cooz. And now it's Chamberlain. These are the three who have been able to get on the cover of SPORT as if they were Joe DiMaggio or Ted Williams or Jackie Robinson or Mickey Mantle.

I wrote what I think was the first national magazine story about Wilt Chamberlain. This was when he was a junior at Overbrook High School in Philadelphia. He still had two seasons of high school ball remaining before he would have to make his final choice of a college, but he was already caught in the recruitment squeeze. He had been on flying weekend visits to college campuses, including a couple in the Big Ten. He had had coaches visit him at home. His father had received offers of a better job.

But even at the age of 17, Wilt was handling the bartering with hard-headed independence. He was listening to everyone but was keeping private council as to his opinions. I remember one afternoon we sat in a candy store across from his high school and talked about the future. Wilt was drinking a double vanilla malted.

What were the weekends like, I asked him.

"Just weekends," he said. "They were trying to show me how nice their campus was."

What about Philadelphia schools?

"They've been around. They want me to stay here. They tell me it would be good for my future. I would make a name here and be able to get a better job here after I was finished playing basketball. Maybe so."

What did his coach have to say?

"Nothing much. He leaves it up to me."

In fact, Wilt's coach had nothing to say because he wasn't asked. Usually, a promising high school player uses his coach as a shield, even as an agent. But not Wilt. He didn't even tell his coach when he went on some of his weekend visits.

Later that day I saw more of Wilt's independent spirit. The team scrimmaged a college freshman squad and Wilt directed his teammates on the court. He pointed with his long fingers where the ball should be passed. He was then seven feet tall and the opposition put three or four men to guard him. Whenever the college freshmen defended a bit too closely, Wilt yelled for the ball to be passed to a free man. Then, when the defense loosened a bit, he signaled for the ball to be moved into him. Overbrook beat the college freshmen by some 20 points that evening.

After the game, Wilt and I drove to his home, an old wooden two-story house in a rundown neighborhood, in his car, a second-hand jalopy which he handled like a kiddie car.

The next time I spent any time with him was after he had quit Kansas University following his junior year and had played a season with the Harlem Globetrotters. Much murky water had passed over the dam by then. Wilt had gone to Kansas only after Eddie Gottlieb of the Philadelphia Warriors had pushed through a rule in the NBA permitting a team to draft a player in its territory when he graduated *high school*. It now no longer mattered where Wilt went to college. Kansas had been something of a disappointment to Wilt. He wasn't learning anything, he said in a paid magazine article which announced his jump. He wasn't talking about the classroom, of course, but about the basketball court. Now he had had six months with the Globetrotters and was preparing to sign his first contract with the Warriors.

I visited Wilt in a new home he had just purchased for his family in a formerly all-white neighborhood. A white, convertible Cadillac was parked at the curb. While his mother, an amiable woman, served us a late breakfast, Wilt played footsie with his plans. Maybe he would play with the Warriors, he said, and maybe he wouldn't. Maybe he would rejoin the Trotters. And then maybe he wouldn't play basketball at all. He would do what was best for him, what offered the best openings for the future. "I won't be a basketball player all my life," he said in a studied way.

What he was really saying was that he would get what he wanted from Gottlieb, that he would not feel obliged, as are most players, to sign whatever contract was offered him.

Obviously, he meant it. A day or so later, I went to see Abe Saperstein, the owner of the Globetrotters. Saperstein had paid Wilt a reported $60,000 to play for the Trotters the season before. "I'll sign him again," Saperstein told me, "if he wants to play for us. But I'm not sure he wants to. Maybe he wants the competition of the NBA, to prove that he is the best of the pros. Of course, what he can always do is play the NBA season and then join us for our summer tour. There isn't that much money in the summer tour, but the combination of the two salaries could be an attractive total." Saperstein was softening up Wilt.

A day or so later, Gottlieb came over to me at a pro basketball doubleheader in Madison Square Garden. "I understand you've been speaking to Wilt," he said. "What do you think he's going to want to sign a contract?"

I told Gottlieb I didn't know but that I was certain Wilt wanted to play in the NBA, at least for a couple of seasons, to show everyone he could handle that top-grade competition.

"I'm ready to pay him," Gottlieb said, as if I would then relay that message to Chamberlain. I didn't. Wilt signed with the Warriors for what Gottlieb assured me later was the highest salary ever paid *any* professional basketball player.

The next time I saw Wilt was after his rookie NBA year. He had set all-time records for scoring and rebounding, he had improved attendance marks all through the league, and he had made Gottlieb happy with the crowds the Warriors had drawn at home. He was, league people were saying, just the shot in the arm the NBA had needed to go over the top, to become altogether a big league.

It was at a resort hotel in the Catskill Mountains and again Wilt was drinking a double vanilla malted. We were talking about nothing in particular when Wilt said: "I been thinking about packing it in." Why? "I don't know. I proved my point. Maybe it's time to think of the future."

This time, I felt, Wilt was being more than a salesman. He wanted to be coaxed. And he was. When he finally let Gottlieb know that he was considering retiring, he had everyone in the league urging him not to. He put his name to a magazine article, again for pay, saying that NBA play was too dirty, too rough, and that it wasn't much fun playing that sort of game.

He was back last season playing that sort of game.

You can expect to hear again from Wilt Chamberlain, who was never satisfied being the tallest player in basketball and now wonders if he is satisfied being the best, who knows now that he has good days which are very, very good and bad days which get him down, who is annoyed that he doesn't shoot fouls better than he does, who would like to be a sharper set shooter, and who would love to be able to dribble and pass the way a little man does. Poor Wilt, he wants to eat his cake and have it, too.

The Cincinnati Royals were training at the Air Force base in Plattsburg, New York, and one afternoon Maurice Stokes and I went shopping for sweaters. There wasn't anything else to do. There had been a practice session in the morning and there was going to be a scrimmage that evening, and anyway, these were Orlon sweaters with the V-neck which had become so popular and felt like cashmere. Stokes, who dressed neatly like an Ivy Leaguer, wanted to buy a couple.

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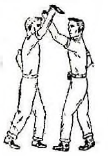

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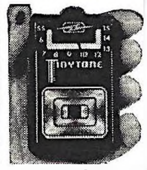

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BY WOLVERINE

Stokes was a perfect size 44, except that he always had to get pants from a smaller size suit because he was so trim and lean in the waist. He bought a pale green sweater and a tan one.

Later, back at the Bachelor Officers Quarters on the base where the Royals were living, we talked about basketball and things. Clyde Lovellette, who had been troublesome with the Minneapolis Lakers and supposedly didn't go all out in a game, had just joined the Royals. "He'll be okay," Stokes said. "You got to give a man the benefit of the doubt."

What does pro ball demand of a player? "It demands that he do what he can, what is needed of him," Stokes said. "On this club, I'm needed to rebound the ball, so that's what I do. I like to shoot as much as anyone, but if I shot more I'd be away from the basket more, and that wouldn't help us."

Bobby Wanzer, who had played for the Royals for many years and was now to be the coach of the team, told me later about Stokes: "He's the most unselfish player I've ever met. And he doesn't make a thing about it. He doesn't say, 'Look at me, I'm unselfish.' He just knows what this game is about, and he goes out there and gives you everything he can. He doesn't have coasting night."

When the news came that Stokes had collapsed and fallen into a coma, that he had been stricken with encephalopathy, my first reaction was shock that this perfect specimen of a man could be put away as a shell of a man. Then I became even sadder—that the spirit within that body could be bound and stifled. It is as sad a story as I know of in sports.

When the 1951 fix scandal was exposed all the big magazines wanted Sherman White's story. He turned down the fancy offers.

At that time, SPORT did not make an offer to White. But a few months later, White called us. He needed money. He accepted $300 from SPORT to by-line a story on condition that the magazine work with him on a "moralizing" article—i.e. keep the kids out of trouble, let this that had happened to him be a lesson to them, that they be cautioned not to be tempted as he was or do what he did. That was the story SPORT printed.

My wife and I watched every game the Cinderella City College team played in the National Invitation Tournament and the NCAA championships, both of which CCNY won. This had become "our" team at the start of that 1949-50 season. They weren't big boys, but they were fast and exciting and effective. They moved the ball around the way a Nat Holman-coached club was expected to, but they broke out of the rigid Holman mold, too—on a driving lay-up by Ed Warner or a jump shot by Irwin Dambrot or a fadeaway hook shot by Ed Roman.

When the news came that these boys had dumped games, my wife was shocked. This had been a personal thing with her. She had admired and respected the way these boys played basketball. She was unable to bring herself to blame the boys (she knew something about the "system") or to say, as even some coaches said, "How could they do this to me?" Instead, she said: "I can't watch basketball any more." And she never has.

The point is, I think, that there must have been many like her, people who felt basketball was no longer a sport and there was, therefore, no point watching it.

For myself, as a reporter, I remember the vignettes. Fats Roth's mother sat in front of us during some of the NIT games, a handsome woman proud of her son's accomplishments. Then, after the scandal, she became sick and her son cried and refused to be seen in public.

Ralph Beard and Alex Groza were picked up in Chicago months after the scandal first broke. The former Kentucky stars were playing professional ball, for a club in which they were part owners. At the airport, waiting to be taken to the District Attorney's office, Beard asked Groza: "What happens to us now."

"We take what's coming to us," Groza said, "and we don't complain."

Gene Melchiorre of Bradley, fingered in July, said: "If we hadn't talked, we would have been in the clear. The DA's office bluffed us, and we fell for it."

Nat Holman, who I visited that summer at his children's camp, felt as if he had been cheated. "I never thought they would have abused my trust in them that way." There were tears in his eyes when he said it, but I felt, there wasn't enough sorrow for the boys and what had happened to them.

Years ago, I began a story I was doing about Paul Arizin, just then establishing himself as a top performer in the National Basketball Association, with a song parody by Abe Burrows:

How you gonna keep them down on the farm
After they've seen the farm.

I hadn't planned it that way at all. Arizin was then, as he has been for almost a decade, a fellow with an incredible jump shot and an unrelenting nasal wheeze. These are elements enough for a readable though modest magazine article.

But while visiting Paul at the Philadelphia Warrior training camp at Hershey, Pennsylvania, and traveling with the club for several days, I was struck—not for the first time—with the less-than-first-class aspects of life in the NBA. The team worked out and lived in the facilities made available by the candy bar company for its employees in this company town. The players were free-loading on candy bars. It reminded me of a Little League team, with the name of the local hardware store on the uniforms and the field maintained by the Kiwanis.

One evening the team was due to play an exhibition game against the Syracuse Nationals in Lycoming, Pennsylvania. To get there, the team was using the cars of two of the players. In those days, owner Eddie Gottlieb was also coach of the team—it saved a salary and, anyway, Eddie has always believed, pros don't need a coach—and George Senesky, who had played for Gottlieb for many years, was the assistant coach. Senesky accompanied the players to the game. Since I was going along and was using my car, Arizin and one of the other players rode with me. "It'll be less crowded that way," Arizin said. Otherwise, there would have been five overly tall riders per car. (Even though the NBA then permitted a team to carry a roster of ten players during the season and any number in pre-season training, Gottlieb went with nine players from the start.)

We arrived late in Lycoming. Joe Graboski, driving the lead car, made a couple of wrong turns. At the high school gymnasium where the game was to be played, the Warriors carried their personal gear and game equipment into the building, changed in a locker room, played the game, showered, dressed and departed. There hadn't been so much as a towel boy to help them. They massaged their own muscle bruises. On the drive back to Hershey, they stopped at a diner for hamburgers and malteds. It was 2:30 in the morning before the first of them got to bed.

Arizin and I talked about this the next morning. Was life in the NBA what he had expected?

"Not quite," he said.

Did this bother him? "Not really."

Why not? "Basketball is the important thing. Sure, it'd be nice if we traveled better and stayed overnight in hotels. But, mostly, it's basketball that matters. Whatever the conditions, I have to play basketball. I want to play basketball. I have no choice."

That may be the essential point. Since the league was formed, it has been interested in becoming a full-time, full-fledged, big-time sport. It hasn't quite made it because the owners have been shy about footing the bill. It costs money to have a full complement of qualified referees. The NBA goes with a collection of some experienced officials, some novices and some part-time employees. It costs money to send a team on the road first-class, to arrive in a city a day early, to stay over in a hotel, to send along a trainer, to increase the squad roster, to improve the condition of the home arena. Some of the owners do this. Ned Irish and the Madison Square Garden Corporation which signs the checks, have, whatever their other faults, run a big-time operation. Walter Brown of Boston, also with money and a successful arena backing him, has not stinted. Ben Kerner didn't spend money when he didn't have any, but ever since his Hawks have been a success in St. Louis, Kerner has invested wherever he could to upgrade his team and the league. But there has been little else.

Players coming into this professional setup are substantially committed. They are amply equipped to play basketball and not equipped to do much of anything else. Particularly the very good basketball player. The player who is less than excellent, although he has invested the bulk of his young life to the game, comes to realize somewhere along the line that he won't be able to cut it and, it is hoped, he adjusts to having to leave his "life's work" at the age of 21 or 22. But the very good player, the youngster who knows he can match the competition of the pros, is hung up. How can he turn away from pro basketball when he knows he belongs in the company? He can't.

Recruitment has been heavier in basketball than in football because the percentages are better. A college that lines up a lively high school basketball player knows that, if it has guessed right, it has produced 20 per cent of a starting team (one of the five players on the court as against one of 11 football players). What's more, one good basketball player in college plays a greater portion of an average game than does a good football player. And, football players are more perishable. They tear cartileges and break ankles and suffer concussions much more frequently than do basketball players.

That's why so many of the notorious recruitment cases—Chamberlain, Jackie Moreland, Billy McGill, Sandy Pomerantz, Jerry Lucas— have been in basketball. Connie Hawkins, the tall kid from Boys High School in Brooklyn who went to Iowa last year and became involved in the fix scandal as a contact man, would have meant more to the Hawkeye basketball team than any two youngsters could have to the football team.

Recruitment in basketball may be the beginning of the evils which beset the game. It produces the noxious atmosphere under which so many other shady deals are pulled. A few years back, a youngster from the Bronx went to the University of Utah on a basketball scholarship, a provisional one, although the young fellow didn't realize it at the time. "Provisional" in this and most instances means the scholarship lasts as long as the college chooses and terminates when it says so. The youngster started at Utah in September and went home in December for the Christmas holidays. A telegram followed advising him not to bother to come back to school. He had lost his scholarship. He had no place else to go.

When a college is caught recruiting illegally, it is placed on probation, which means almost nothing at all— the school continues to play its games but it is ineligible for the conference championship or to compete in the NCAA playoffs or some such. But the youngster involved in the case is often hung up to dry, as was the case with Jackie Moreland and North Carolina State. State was slapped on the wrist, Jackie was declared ineligible to compete in athletics in the Southeastern Conference.

Now there is the case of Rod Thorn, regarded as such a hotshot in the state of West Virginia that the legislature passed a resolution while he was a high school senior saying that there was no place he should play basketball except at good old West Virginia U. Thorn played there and at the end of last season, he quit the team and the school. The pressure on him to win was too great.

The madness of recruitment should have been exposed for all time in the story of "Tom Fini." Letters were sent to a bunch of colleges, boosting the talents of Tom Fini. Fini, the letters said, was six feet, five inches tall, had a scoring average of 23.4 points per game, and was a high school senior this past June. Tom Fini was offered scholarships at three colleges, but he could accept none. Tom Fini doesn't exist.

What can I say about the second scandal. This much, at least. Nobody wants to take a share of the blame— not coaches or athletic directors or college presidents or the NCAA. They say it's all the fault of foolish kids and obnoxious gamblers. There is therefore no reason why ten years from now we won't hear the same bleats of pain and innocence.

—■—

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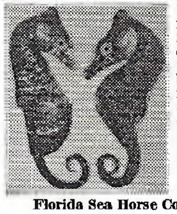

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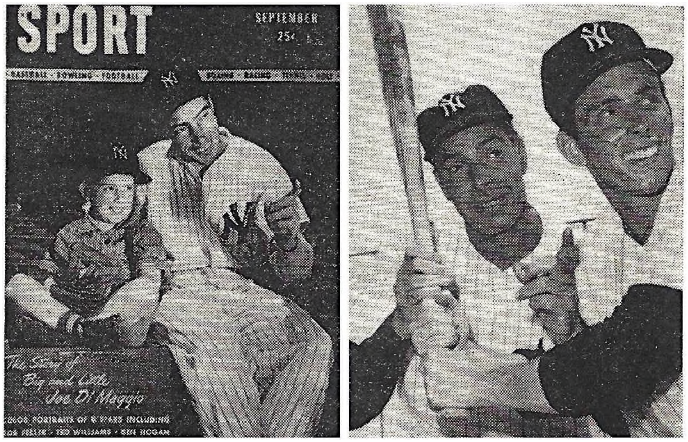
TIME OUT
WITH THE EDITORS


SPORT
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The Story of Big and Little Joe D'Maggio

Joe DiMaggio and his son, "Little Joe," on the first cover of SPORT in 1946 and today.

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STEVE GELMAN
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LARRY KLEIN
Assistant Managing Editor

JOE DONNELLY
Associate Editor

FRED KATZ
Associate Editor

A RESTATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES

THE PHOTOS ABOVE should indicate how old we've all gotten in the last 15 years. But do they? Our first cover of SPORT Magazine in the September 1946 issue showed the Yankee Clipper and his four-year-old son, Joe Jr. And the first story in that first issue was titled: "The Story of Big and Little Joe DiMaggio," written by Tom Meany. So here it is 15 years later. Joe Jr. is 19 and a student at Yale. Joe Sr. is out of baseball but still as young-looking as ever and not out of place in a Yankee uniform. And Tom Meany is still writing for SPORT, still writing in fact (*see page* 24) about Joe DiMaggio, but also about Mickey Mantle, who belongs to today. Maybe things haven't changed so much, after all.

As SPORT celebrates its 15th anniversary, we are proud to say that the magazine is in good health and growing happily in circulation. It has been a crowded, teeming, satisfying 15 years that has sped by all too fast. Perhaps the best thing about the last 15 years, from the turbulence of post-war America, to the progress of the Fifties, is the promise of the future. With sports expansion creating a climate for new fans and vast opportunities for new athletes, we seem to be on the threshold of an era that will make the so-called Golden Twenties seem positively dowdy.

But that is the future. Here we celebrate the past, and the present, and we feel this is the proper time to restate some of the principles upon which this magazine was founded.

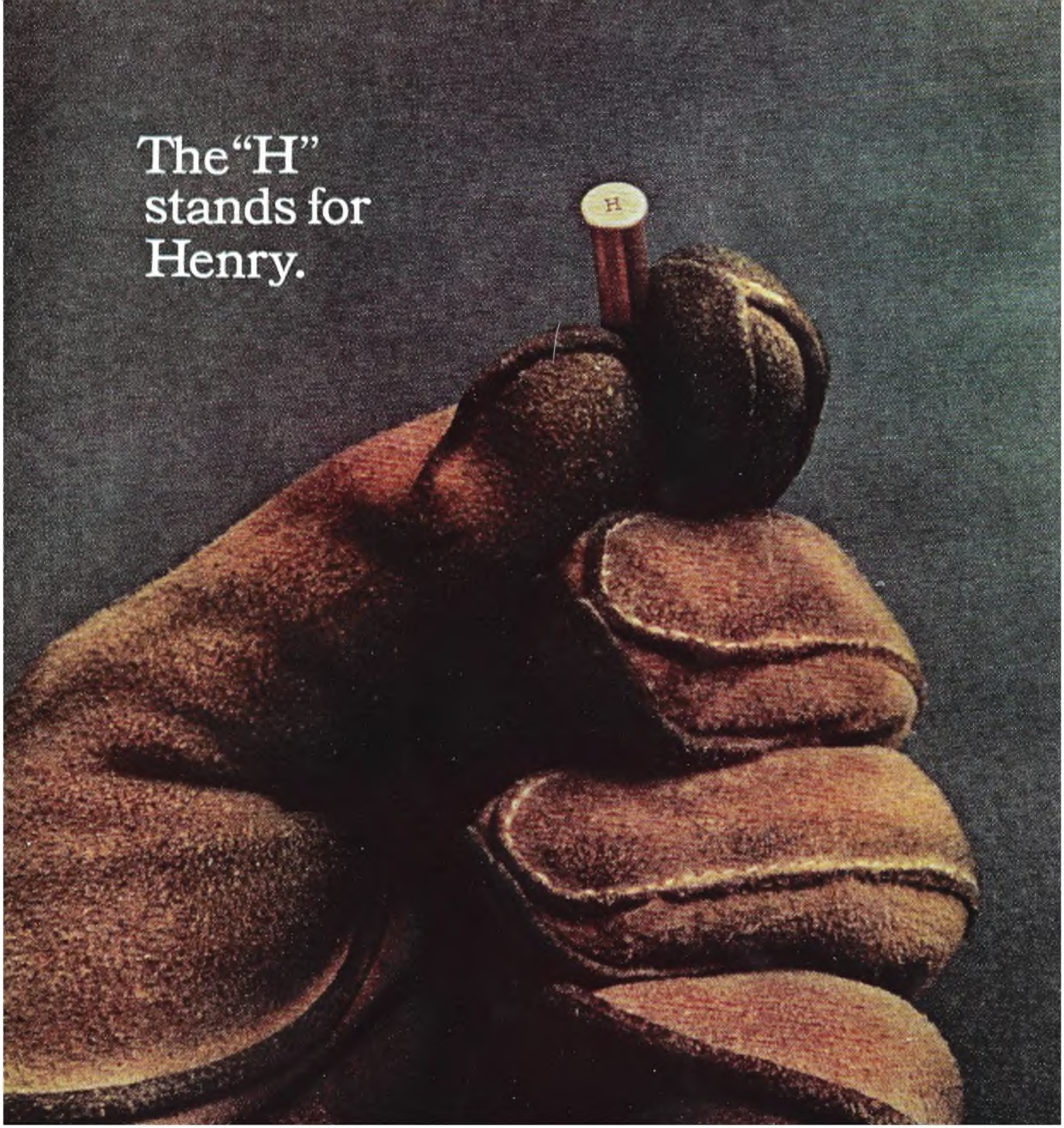
SPORT was conceived back in 1946 with a very definite idea in mind. SPORT would be a magazine for those interested in the major American spectator sports. That was the broad concept, but what did it mean? It did not mean publishing box-scores or results or trying in any way to duplicate what the sports pages of the daily newspapers do so well. It did not mean indulging in fun and game stories unrelated, or with just the vaguest relationship to American sports. What it did mean was this: a continuous effort to offer depth coverage on baseball, football, basketball, hockey, boxing, tennis, golf and the other major sports. It meant analyzing the athlete's gifts, interpreting his successes, explaining his failures. It meant exploring the human being behind the athlete, not so much to glorify the athlete but to reveal him in all his dimensions. We have tried to do this not just by letting the athlete sit still for his word portrait, but by taking you down onto the playing field and into the locker room and presenting the taste and smell of American sport.

We have tried also to find the meaning to the events and search out the truth to the controversies. We have never entered controversies for reasons of sensation, and we have tried always to give all sides of strident issues. But when judgments had to be made, we have made them.

Fortunately, over the past 15 years, the material has been rich, a gold mine of exciting names and thrilling happenings, a multi-colored canvas splashed with excitement. In the 180 issues of the magazine, in the some 2,160 major stories, in the 12,000,000 words published since September 1946, we have tried to help you know and understand the outstanding athletes of the era—from Joe DiMaggio and Bob Feller to Willie Mays and Mickey Mantle. From Glenn Davis and Doc Blanchard to Joe Bellino and John Unitas. From George Mikan to Bob Cousy. From Joe Louis to Floyd Patterson. Plus the magic names of the past—Babe Ruth, Ty Cobb, Jack Dempsey, Red Grange, Jim Thorpe—the whole grand panorama, past and present, of the American sporting life.

Besides the performers, we have been blessed, too, with the great writers to bring flesh and blood to the performers. In the past 15 years we have been able to call on Grantland Rice, and John Lardner (both now gone from us, but not forgotten); on Frank Graham, Tom Meany, Red Smith, Jimmy Cannon, W. C. Heinz—the famous sportswriters of the era; on Ed Linn, Roger Kahn, Jack Sher, Dick Schaap, Myron Cope, Arnold Hano—the talented young men who have grown up with our magazine. We have also been strong in editors of perception, who helped mold the image of the magazine. Ed Fitzgerald, Jack Newcombe and Irv Goodman were three key editors of the past 15 years, and all fine writers, too, as evidenced by their contributions in this issue.

From all of this in the past 15 years, we have had one overriding goal: to add to your sports' entertainment; and, perhaps, to give sports more meaning to you. Our promise and dedication for the future remains the same.



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