

SPORTS
MAGAZINE

Sportfolio

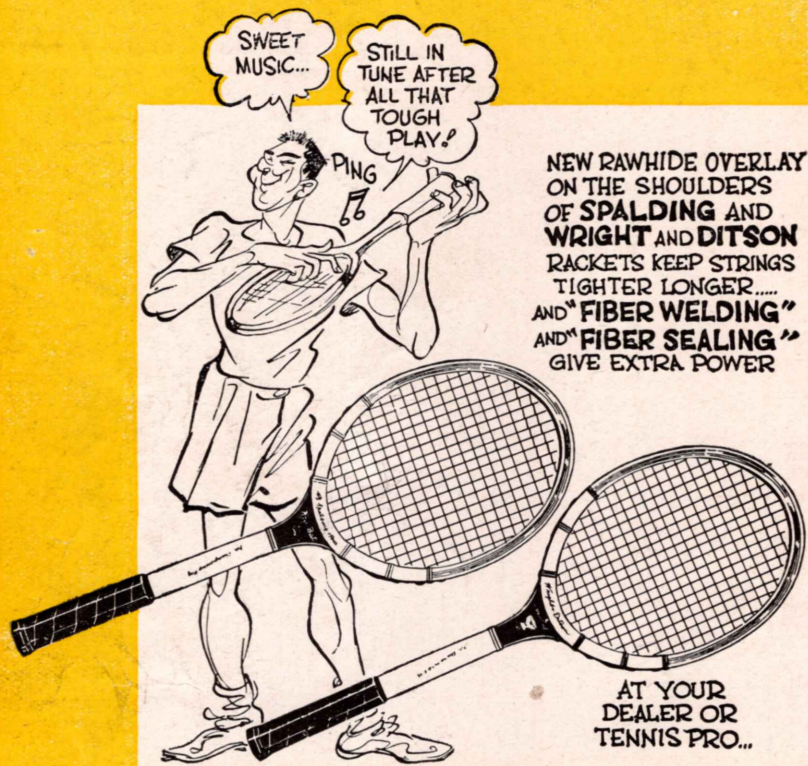
THE ILLUSTRATED BEST OF ALL SPORTS



BOB ELLIOTT
OF THE BRAVES

**THE PEDIGREE
OF THE HOT DOG
•
NAT FLEISCHER—
BOXING'S BOSWELL**

25c
AUGUST 1948



NEW RAWHIDE OVERLAY
ON THE SHOULDERS
OF **SPALDING** AND
WRIGHT AND **DITSON**
RACKETS KEEP STRINGS
TIGHTER LONGER.....
AND "FIBER WELDING"
AND "FIBER SEALING"
GIVE EXTRA POWER

AT YOUR
DEALER OR
TENNIS PRO...



FREE BOOK Reserve your copy now. The brand new 1948 Sports Show Book will be off the presses soon. Write Today. A. G. Spalding & Bros., Dept. SPO, 161 Sixth Ave., New York 13, N. Y.

TUNE IN on Spalding's tennis broadcast of the Davis Cup Matches, Sept. 4-5-6 and the National Championships, Sept. 18-19.

SPALDING

SETS THE PAGE  IN SPORTS

FROM THE SPORTS LIBRARY OF
RETROSEASONS.com

The logo for Retro Seasons features the word "RETROSEASONS" in a stylized font. "RETRO" is in yellow with a black outline, and "SEASONS" is in red with a black outline. The letter "O" in "SEASONS" is replaced by a basketball and a football. To the right of the word is a blue ribbon-like shape containing the text ".com".

More publications available at:

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NATURE GIRL

We're having a heat wave and this shot, plucked from our winter sports file, is intended to cool you off. But we could be wrong. Anyway, meet Miss Kristine Miller of Hollywood, California. On vacation at Sun Valley, the pert movie starlet is wearing a unique one-piece ski costume which obviously was designed to make the snow sport a show sport, too.



Sportfolio

THE ILLUSTRATED DIGEST
OF ALL SPORTS

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No. 2

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FRONT COVER

The National League's Most Valuable Player in 1947, Bob Elliott of the Braves, typifies the spirit that now makes Boston a two-team town. Harold Kaese brings you "The Braves' New World" on Page 21.

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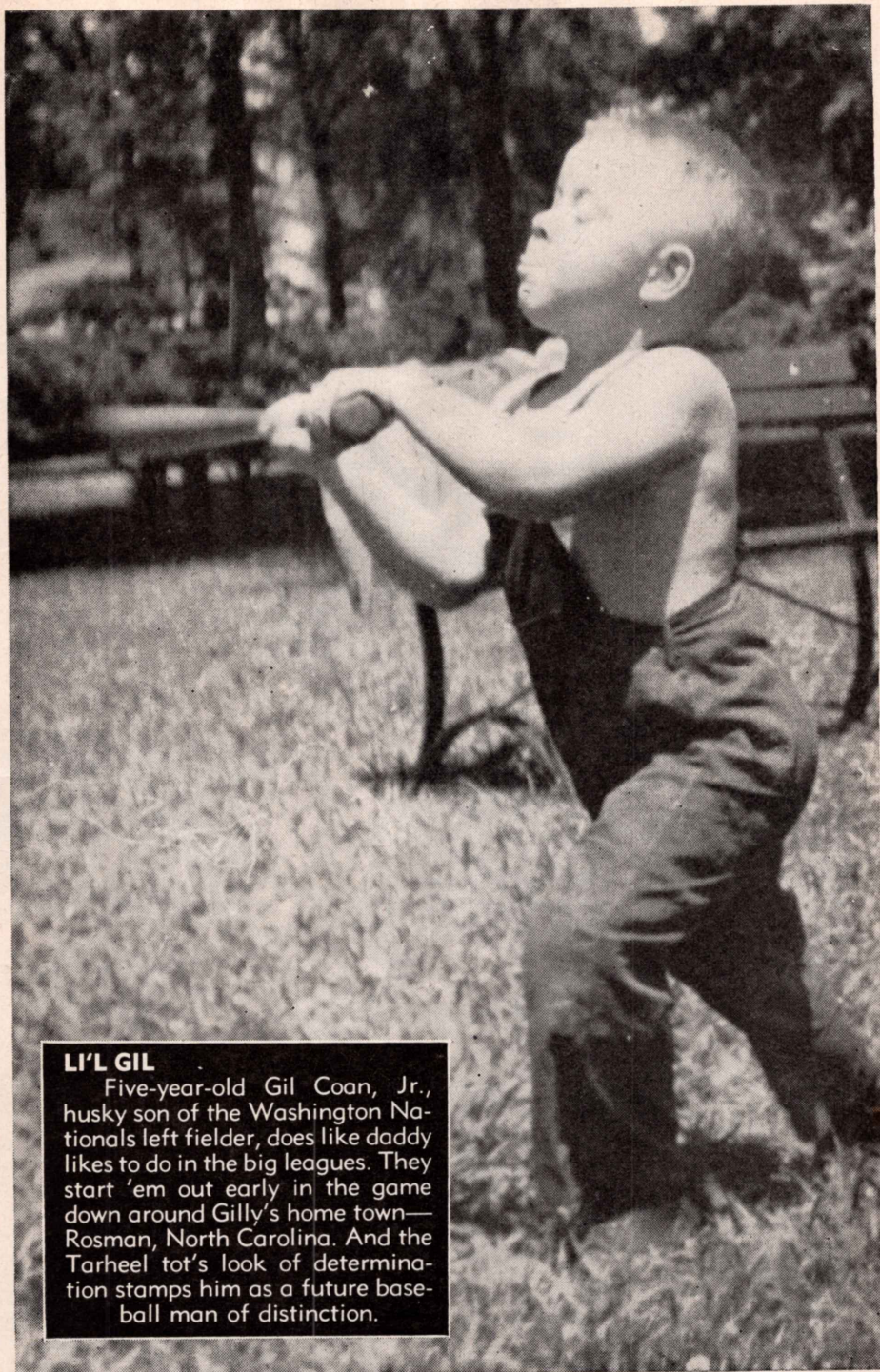
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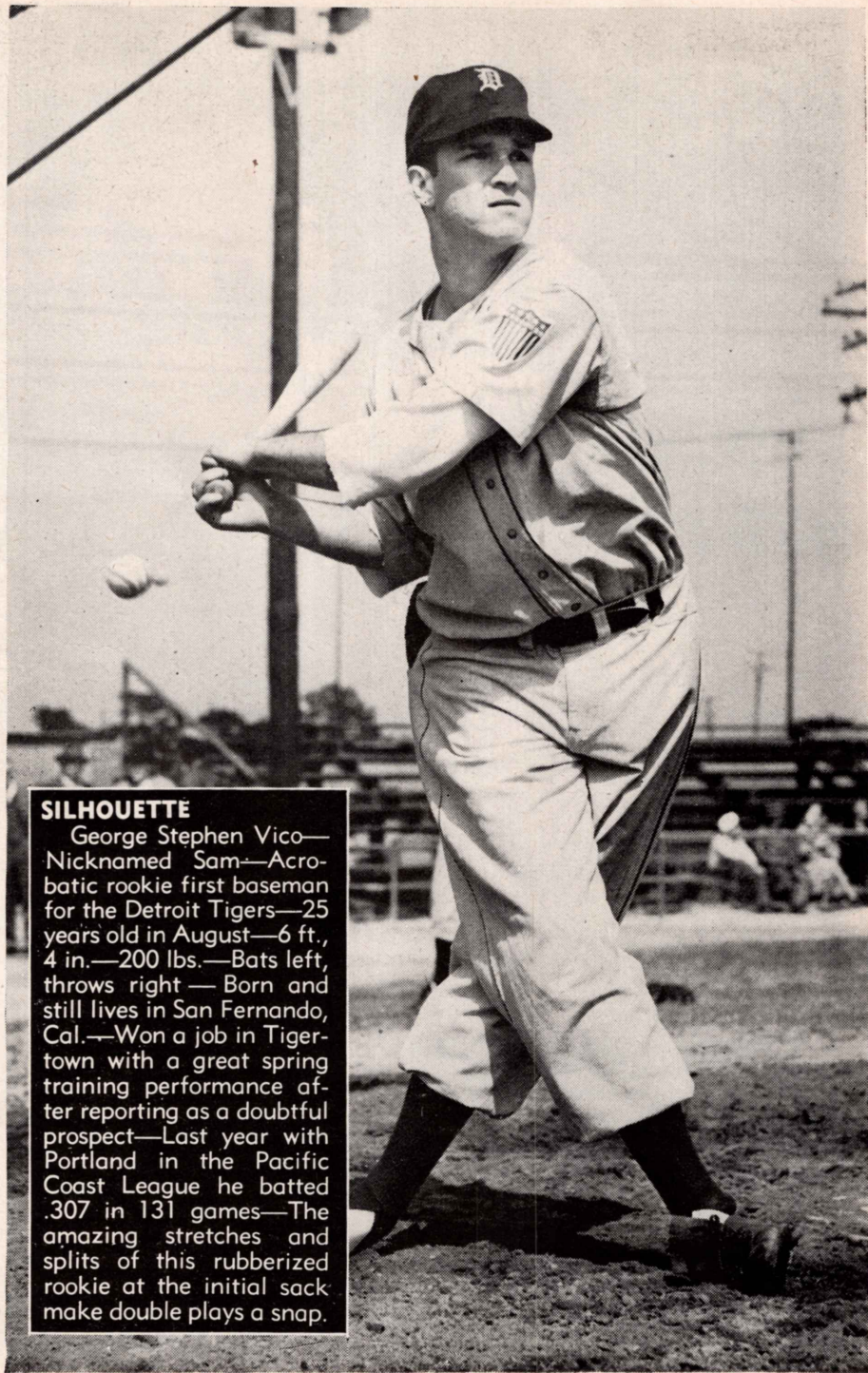
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LI'L GIL

Five-year-old Gil Coan, Jr., husky son of the Washington Nationals left fielder, does like daddy likes to do in the big leagues. They start 'em out early in the game down around Gilly's home town—Rosman, North Carolina. And the Tarheel tot's look of determination stamps him as a future baseball man of distinction.



SILHOUETTE

George Stephen Vico—
Nicknamed Sam—Acro-
batic rookie first baseman
for the Detroit Tigers—25
years old in August—6 ft.,
4 in.—200 lbs.—Bats left,
throws right—Born and
still lives in San Fernando,
Cal.—Won a job in Tiger-
town with a great spring
training performance after
reporting as a doubtful
prospect—Last year with
Portland in the Pacific
Coast League he batted
.307 in 131 games—The
amazing stretches and
splits of this rubberized
rookie at the initial sack
make double plays a snap.

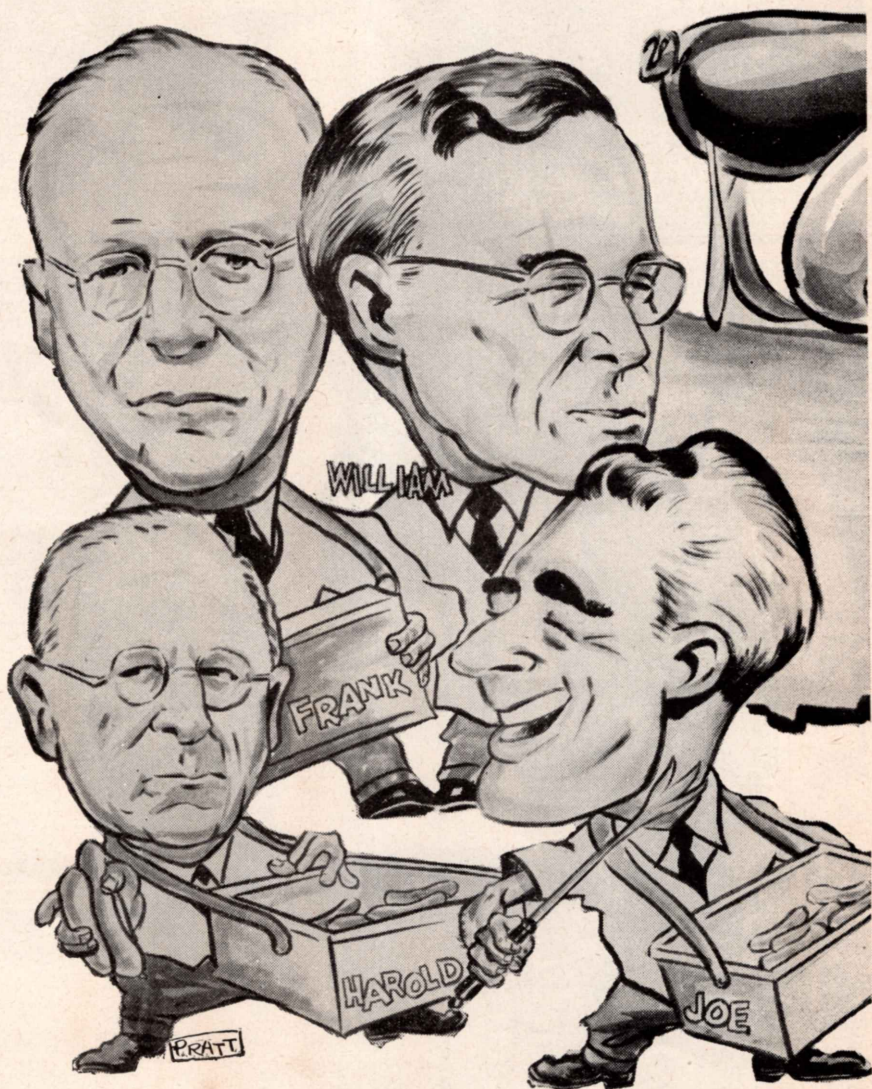
RINGER SWINGER

At Milwaukee beginning August 16, Fernando Isais (standing) of Los Angeles will put his National Horseshoe Pitching title at stake against 200 other shoe-fly boys. Isais, a 33-year-old sports shop proprietor, topped a field of ringer-leaders — including Ron Cherrier (kneeling)—to win his second national crown last year. Fernando's first triumph came in 1941. He's cock o' the walk at barnyard golf.



The Pedigree of the

It All Started with the Stevens Bros.



Hot Dog



BY PARKE CUMMINGS

WHEREAS: There long has been a bond of friendship, sportsmanship and good feeling between the Baseball Writers of New York and the recipients of this Grand Award of Camaraderie, and

WHEREAS: it long has been the desire of the Baseball Writers of New York to make the Stevens Brothers aware of the affectionate

regard in which they are held, therefore be it

RESOLVED: That the Baseball Writers of New York and their guests here assembled vote to the Stevens Brothers this mark of their Love and Devotion, at the same time making obeisance to that oblong of succulence, the Hot Dog, which for a half century has been the Backbone of our Great National Pastime.

To which the Great Seal of the Baseball Writers is subjoined, with members and friends as witnesses.

This preamble graces a framed document which hangs on the wall of the private office used by Frank M. Stevens, president of Harry M. Stevens, Inc., America's leading and most famed catering firm at sports events. To it are prefixed the signatures of many noted sports scribes, past and present—John Kieran, Roscoe McGowan, Dan Daniel, Dan Parker, Sid Mercer, Arthur Daley, Stanley Frank, cartoonist Willard Mullin—and such diamond luminaries as Babe Ruth, Joe McCarthy and Frank Frisch. The list totals nearly a hundred names, and the occasion was a banquet given by the New York Chapter of the Baseball Writers of America in the winter of 1941.

The document occupies an honored position directly behind Frank Stevens' swivel chair. This chair, in the corporation's main office on New York's lower Fifth Avenue, might be called the focal point of the huge Stevens empire, although it's a good 10-to-1 bet that the stocky, energetic "Mr. Frank"—as the staff affectionately calls him—won't be occupying it at any given moment. He is likely to be wander-

ing around the office, checking details with this or that employee or partner, or to be watching his catering business firsthand at a New York ball park or (in winter) at a Florida race track.

The firm of Harry M. Stevens, Inc., played a huge part in making the frankfurter-between-rolls a popular part of the America-dining-out scene. Four sons of the late Harry now carry on the business as a closely-knit family affair. Ranging in age from the late fifties to the late sixties, they are the president, Frank M., and brothers Joseph B., William H. and Harold A.

All four are looking in three directions at once—to the past generation, represented by Harry Stevens; to their own, and to the third generation, composed of their sons (plus a nephew), all grandchildren of the firm's founder. And a simple check reveals that every adult male Stevens in these three generations is, or has been, actively engaged in the business of feeding America's sports fans.

The story of their founding father is a typical rags-to-riches saga. In 1879, 21-year-old Harry M. Stevens came to New York from London with his bride, five dollars, and experience enough to get a job as an iron puddler. For this reason he soon moved to Niles, Ohio, and went to work. For the better part of the next decade he held various other jobs as well, none of which struck him as likely to advance him far in life. And then, on a summer day in 1887 he journeyed to a

Parke Cummings is a free-lance writer who specializes in humor.

minor league ball game in Columbus, bought a scorecard, and found that he couldn't make head nor tail of its unintelligible way of identifying the players.

Harry did something about it quickly. He offered \$700 for the concession privilege of turning out a decent scorecard and selling advertising space thereon. The offer was promptly accepted, and Harry was only temporarily embarrassed by the fact that he had exactly \$500 to his name at that time.

He solved his dilemma by going out and selling advertising space on the basis of his proposed scorecard improvements, and quickly raised the funds. He produced the new design as promised, and introduced his famous slogan: "You can't tell the players without a scorecard."

To this day the Stevens Brothers publish the scorecards for the seven baseball parks in which they have catering privileges—New York's Yankee Stadium and the Polo Grounds, Brooklyn's Ebbets Field, and Boston's Braves Field and Fenway Park, as well as minor league parks in Jersey City and Scranton, Pa. (the latter a new addition this year).

Shortly thereafter, Harry branched out into the food-for-fans line, concentrating mostly on peanuts and pop. He also branched out geographically, moved — although temporarily—into such big league parks as Washington and Pittsburgh, and finally got the New York Giants Polo Grounds con-

cession in 1894. A few years later, on a bitterly cold day at a Giants ball game, Harry had forcibly drawn to his attention an axiom in the outdoor catering business: what the customers will eat and drink depends on the weather. On this particular day they raised no thirst whatsoever, and the pop business was bad.

Harry had an idea. He sent vendors out to buy all the available frankfurters and rolls in the neighborhood. He boiled the franks, stuck them

between rolls, and offered them to his chilled patrons—the first time that the frank ever had been vend-ed in this handy package. It caught on immediately. So did the Stevens slogan: "Get 'em while they're hot." Tad Dorgan, the late, great sports cartoonist, had a penchant for drawing dogs in his daily panel and he turned out a number of sketches implying that Harry's frankfurters—originally known as "dachshund sausages"—were composed of canine ingredients.

Although Harry and his cohorts purported to be shocked, Tad's publicity boomed business tremendously, and obviously few customers took the libel seriously. Frank Stevens, present titular head of the company, is a cautious man and a loyal son, and when the subject of hot dogs is mentioned he takes pains to emphasize that the Stevens article is and always was concocted entirely of pure meat of the highest quality.

However, it is noteworthy that several framed originals of the old



THE FOUNDER

Tad cartoons occupy honored positions on the walls of the New York office. It is also noteworthy that all Stevens frankfurters, wherever sold, are invariably boiled whole, just as the original Harry prepared them, never split and broiled. "Preserves the flavor and tenderness" the Stevens cohorts maintain. A third item of interest is that Harry, when he died in 1934 at the age of 78, left a fortune estimated in the millions and a thriving business.

By that year, however, it had long since ceased to be a one-man affair. Harry's son, Frank, went to work with the firm in Milwaukee in 1897 at the age of 16, selling peanuts and scorecards. Young Harold also joined the organization while in his teens. Joe set out to be a jurist, attending Yale Law School, but eventually decided that the place for a Stevens is in the Stevens enterprises. Last of all to succumb was William, who carried on as an Ohio banker until the middle of the late war. Manpower shortages led his brothers to urge him to take the logical step, making the current score for second generation Stevens males 4-for-4. At the

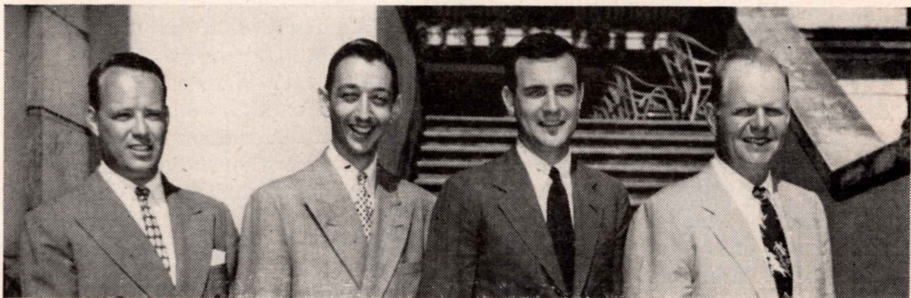
end of the war this elder quartet comprised the organization's executive group.

But as Frank Stevens puts it, "We like to have a Stevens everywhere we can get him." The result is that third-generation Stevens are now getting places at a brisk clip. Frank points out with pride that four of them, all veterans, went to work for Harry M. Stevens, Inc., at the war's end.

This adds up to a current eight-man executive group, the new incumbents being Harry M. Stevens, 2nd, son of Frank; Joseph B. Jr., son of Joe; William Jr., son of William; and Homer Rose, son of Mrs. Charles Homer Rose who is the original Harry's only daughter.

President Frank put his son, Harry, to work the day after his wedding, pointing out that, in his opinion, working at a flourishing concession business was a good enough honeymoon for any ambitious young man.

One of young Homer Rose's present out-of-the-office stints includes supervision of the fried clams sales at Braves Field, Boston. This was an innovation last summer—the bivalves being sold in paper buck-



They help get 'em to you while they're hot: (l. to r.) William H., Jr.; Homer Rose; Joseph B., Jr.; and Harry Stevens II, Frank's son.

ets—and the report is that seafood-minded New Englanders took to them avidly. Experiments are contemplated elsewhere. However, Homer points out, getting a fried clam cooked just right, and disposing of it only when it is in A-1 health, entails a good deal more doing than merely prying off the top of a nice cold bottle of beer.

On the other hand, the Stevens Brothers, while admitting that the hot dog and the peanut—particularly the former—are their major items, dispense with a considerable variety of other edibles. They maintain regular restaurants at race tracks and at New York's Grand Central Palace where they cater to innumerable exhibitions such as the Motor Boat Show, Flower Show and Sportsmen's Show. "The standard American favorites sell best," says Frank, "corned beef and cabbage, Virginia ham and spinach, chicken a la king. We offer regular restaurant fare and notice no particular geographical preferences."

As for ball park items, however, a few territorial quirks sometimes creep up. In addition to clams, Bostonians also go in heavily for potato chips—particularly in cooler weather. In New York the demand for popcorn is lukewarm.

There are a number of old employees in the Stevens organization, one of them Frank's secretary, Mrs. Joe (Matty) Turner (the "Matty" after Christy Mathewson) who, as she says, "came to the firm in 1912 to clean old Harry Stevens's desk, and I've been here ever since." She reveals that, for some reason or other, Brooklyn crowds at Ebbets Field go in more heavily

for candy bars than those across the river at either Yankee Stadium or the Polo Grounds. When it was suggested that this might be because Dodger fans' burn up more nervous energy, she conceded it a possibility. But a likelier one, she felt, was that Dodger fans become rooters at a tenderer age.

In general the Stevenses will point out that weather is a far more important determinant of people's preferences than geography. When it's cold, people won't drink cool drinks. When it's hot, they go lighter on peanuts and potato chips. And figuring the weather, as old Harry found out, is the firm's biggest headache. It must have food and drink available for every contingency and, on the other hand, it doesn't want to overstock on perishable items that may not sell.

In baseball the Stevens' major interests center on New York and Boston, two coastal cities notorious for their climatic vagaries. "A summer day in these places," Frank points out, "may dawn hazy and moderately warm. By the time a ball game starts, it may have burned off into a sunny scorcher, and on the other hand it may have become colder and damper. In one case the customers will drink more and eat less, and in the other it's vice versa."

Huge volume, of course, multiplies the concern's many problems. The firm operates in ten states and has, on occasions, catered to as many as 300,000 people in one day. But bad weather can cause snafus other than possible food spoilage. During postponements the salaries of a number of Stevens employees must still be paid.

Special events are an even greater headache, and the firm's toughest single-day problem is the Kentucky Derby. At many of their big parks and tracks, basic kitchen and refrigeration equipment is permanently installed, and allowed to remain idle during the period when events are not going on. For the Derby this means 364 days of idleness per year for the bulk of the material. For that one-shot, huge quantities of silverware and napkins must be transported to the scene from idle plants elsewhere and the employees mount to 1,600 for the day. Accordingly it isn't strange that Joe Stevens, who annually supervises this job, looks forward to it with a good deal of trepidation. The sales volume, from mint juleps to hot dogs (75,000 of the latter often are consumed during Derby Day), is enormous and the general bustle and confusion hardly constitutes a rest cure.

Stocky Max Belsky, who has seen more than 20 years of service as a Stevens employee in the New York ball parks where he now is a supervisor, cites a headache caused by some of the "nickel series" between the Yankees and the Giants during the early twenties. "In those days," he points out, "the teams moved back and forth across town between the Polo Grounds and the Yankee Stadium after every game, instead of playing two or three consecutive games at one park as would be done today. You can imagine the job we had in shuttling food and drink back and forth on this daily basis."

On the other hand the multiplicity of ball parks and race tracks under Stevens control in the New

York area stands them in good stead. If there is fresh food left over after a series in one park, it can be shifted to another one or to a track, cutting down losses by spoilage to a minimum.

The total of Stevens employees, including vendors, runs to 3,500 for a typical summer day at the height of the season, but the number of those who draw some stipend from Harry M. Stevens, Inc., during the course of a year runs to more than twice that, since many of the jobs, notably the Derby, are on a temporary basis. The main New York office has a staff of 30 at present, excluding the eight Stevens executive directors.

Just as the second and third generation Stevenses are almost fanatically loyal to the memory of the founding father, so are many of the older employees loyal to the Stevens clan. Joe's secretary, Mrs. Harlan Smith, finished a secretarial course 26 years ago, came to the Stevens Brothers, and says: "I



haven't been any place else, and don't expect to be."

Changes since the old days? Well, yes. The original New York office, opened in 1895, was in the old Madison Square Garden Tower, and at that time the staff consisted of Harry and two masculine employees. The "new" one, on Fifth Avenue, was set up in 1915.

Harry M. Stevens, Inc., is constantly experimenting with modern catering developments wherever it holds its various concessions, but when it comes to office equipment and decorations it definitely avoids the modernistic touch. Much of the furniture, Frank recalls, was moved from the original Madison Square office. Black leather-covered chairs and divans are spread through the various rooms, and an occasional roll-top desk still is in use.

In keeping with the general atmosphere, the walls of every room are practically covered with pictures, many of them of ancient vintage. One reveals an 1894 baseball scene, and another goes back to a historic baseball setting, a panorama of the Elysian Fields, Hoboken, in 1866. Autographed pictures of countless big sports figures and of celebrities in other fields abound, literally numbering in the hundreds. The list, at random, includes John McGraw, Horace Stoneham, Miller Huggins, John Kieran, Babe Ruth, John Hay Whitney, and Damon Runyan. Interspersed with them are many family portraits, including a number of old Harry, and a picture of the family mausoleum in Niles, Ohio. Not the least of the treasured mementos is a signed portrait of

Pope Pius XI. The Stevens family, which is not Catholic, takes particular pride in this token of respect to old Harry.

Although there are more Stevenses than ever in the concern, the increase can't keep up with the ramifications of this largest of all outdoor catering firms which stretches, as its letterhead proclaims, "from the Hudson to the Rio Grande." (The Rio Grande reference is to the Juarez Jockey Club track at Juarez, Mexico. Although the concern does not currently run the concession there, it did at one time and still feels there is no harm in interpreting a good slogan historically.)

The list of places to which the company caters today fills the firm's letterhead to half the depth of its normal-size stationery. The roster includes New York's Grand Central Palace, Empire City, Jamaica, Aqueduct, Roosevelt Raceway, Saratoga, the Hamburg trotting track, the Polo Grounds, Yankee Stadium, Ebbets Field, Meadowbrook, and Belmont. In Maryland the Stevens Brothers have concessions at Pimlico, Timonium, Bel Air, Hagerstown, Cumberland, Havre de Grace, Laurel, Bowie and Marlboro.

In New England the organization also services Wonderland, Raynham, Narragansett, Braves Field and Fenway Park. Their other outlets include Coral Gables, Gulfstream and Sunshine Park in Florida; Garden State, Monmouth, Atlantic City and Roosevelt Stadium in New Jersey; Churchill Downs, Ky.; Charles Town, W. Va.; Delaware Park; and the Chicago Coliseum.

Changes in the concession business generally? Well, yes and no. Volume is always increasing of course, but in general, the firm detects no radical changes in people's food and drink preferences except that, since repeal, beer in ball parks has been gaining consistently on soft drinks. And in some of the Stevens parks it is now dispensed in cans, doing away with the return-bottle problem (including breakage) which can amount to a considerable item.

However, from the individual vendor's—or "hustler's"—point of view, this is not an unmixed blessing. Another Stevens all-around man at the ball parks is the likeable and entertaining Frank (Smitty) Smith, a veteran employee of 20-odd years service and now a tottering old codger in his mid-thirties. He says: "We keep these cans ice-cold, and we try not to shake them up when we're carrying them around. But, in spite of this, a customer sometimes gets a shower bath when we open a can."

By and large, modern refrigeration, storage and quick-cooking methods make today's concession business run more smoothly. Bottled soft drinks, in cases, are packed in ice at the main Stevens commissary-office in each park. Vendors then take baskets holding 20 bottles, each hamper containing a piece of dry ice which maintains the refrigeration, and peddle the drinks in the stands, thereby eliminating excess weight in cracked ice.

This dry ice device is even more of a bonanza for ice cream. "Ice cream cones on a hot day, with the stuff melting and running down your sleeve, was a tough problem

for the vendor," Smitty points out. "We skip them now. And even bricks could cause trouble before we used dry ice.

"For example, on the day when Lou Gehrig, no longer a player, made his farewell speech to the fans, they were so moved—and I don't blame them—that they bought practically nothing afterwards for nearly an hour. A couple of hundred ice cream bricks melted on my hands. Dry ice would have saved them."

MANY other modern devices make the concessionaire's and the hustler's life easier these days. Frankfurters are stored, raw, in huge refrigerated bins, and cooked only fast enough to supply the demand as astutely estimated by Chris Sullivan, a veteran of some 40 years who is Stevens' head supervisor at the New York ball parks. And Sullivan seldom guesses wrong. In units of 60 the cooked dogs are inserted into a hot water-filled stainless steel box which is in turn inserted into one compartment of a straw hamper, other compartments of which hold rolls and mustard. The hot dog, as sports fans' fare, the Stevens Brothers will tell you, is going as strong as ever, "maybe even stronger."

So are peanuts. These are bought unroasted in 100-pound bags from the source of supply, usually Virginia, and stored at each park. They arrive at the rate of 150-200 bags every fortnight. A Stevens man who knows just how to handle them is Sam Sanders, on the firm's payroll for 29 years. Each morning

at around 6:30 Sam roasts the necessary supply as estimated by himself and Sullivan.

Before 9 a. m., sufficient batches have been roasted, and expertly tested by Sanders, to supply the fans' needs—an amount which may run to around 20,000 individual bags for a Polo Grounds double-header. After being roasted the peanuts are packed, by an entirely automatic process in the Yankee Stadium and by a combination of hand sorting and machine-stapling at the Polo Grounds. Even if there are a few left over they can be kept fresh for a day or so thereafter by storage in specially-heated rooms. "Roasting them on the premises," says Sanders, "not only makes good peanuts, it drums up trade. When those ovens get to work, they send out an aroma that even permeates to some sections of the home plate grandstands. And the fans usually take a good hint when they smell one."

Conservation also is a by-word with Stevens scorecards. All but the center two pages are previously printed, and these contain a host of revenue-producing advertisements. On the center-page insert, which can be stapled in, the daily line-up is printed on presses located under the grandstand. Stevens employees turn them out on the morning of each game. Should a series between two clubs terminate with some scorecards unsold, the mid-leaflet can be ripped out and one for the next series be reinserted.

Improved transportation also tends to make employees' tasks easier. A trailer truck can transport some 20 tons of food and drink

from the Stevens central Polo Grounds kitchen to the 20-odd smaller depots located throughout the park, moving underground through various tunnels. In the Yankee Stadium small jeep-like vehicles do the job. In that modern structure, elevators carry stock to the upper grandstands.

In general, things run more smoothly these days, although Belsky and Smitty and Sanders will point out that you never can be quite sure what a fan will do. Some of them throw coins inaccurately, and when they land under another customer's feet, perhaps among peanut shells, the latter doesn't want to be disturbed. Or a fan will ask for a bottle of pop, and then decide he doesn't want that flavor after the top has been pried off. Once in a while, a die-hard fan tries to take the home team's shortcomings out on a vendor when things are going badly. Max Belsky takes a particular dim view of those who ask him directions when he's selling scorecards at his booth just inside the turnstiles. "Because," he points out, "the place is plastered with huge legible signs pointing out the direction of everything from the upper stands to the men's room."

Occasionally there are depredations of a serious nature. A few years ago Sanders was selling programs for a N. Y. Giants-Washington Redskins football game. Suddenly a Redskin roofer, garbed in Indian head-dress and obviously loaded with firewater, grabbed a huge bale of programs and made off with them. Before Sanders could pursue (he had to get someone to watch his change-crammed booth)

the marauder had a lengthy head start. It was some time before Sanders corralled the culprit on an upper-level ramp, busily selling programs. Since vendors work on a 10-percent commission basis and must return either cash or unsold stuff to the central office, Sam thought the incident decidedly unfunny.

On another occasion a group of teen-age vendors was set upon by hordes of school children admitted free to the Yankee Stadium bleachers. The kids, by force of numbers, hijacked not only the Stevens hirelings' hot dogs and pop but also their uniforms, and went into business on her own hook.

However, Belsky and Smitty and Sanders will tell you that these are only exceptions, and that the vast majority of fans are fair and orderly. Untoward incidents are becoming increasingly more rare. A concessionaire's chief bugaboo is to run short of supplies. Since the dread of over-supply is now pretty well done away with, because of modern methods of storing and transferring food, there is no point in gambling on running short.

Modern trends? Well, Sunday baseball has led some of the old Stevens employees to change their living habits. But the crowds continue to eat just about as they would on other days. Night baseball? Sometimes it's a bit more difficult to get a fan to eat at a ball park after he's come from his big evening meal at home.

As for the effect of big modern electrical scoreboards on the sale of individual scorecards, Frank detects no change there either. "We

still continue to sell scorecards to a sizeable majority of the fans," he says.

When you boil it all down, just as the Stevenses boil their frankfurters, they're not only doing business at the same old stand, but more and more of them are doing it at more stands.

They're also doing it with some of their same old suppliers. In the New York office is a framed contract, dated 1898, in which the firm of Biggio & Cavagnaro agreed to pay Harry M. Stevens, scorecard publisher, four bags of peanuts in return for a Biggio & Cavagnaro advertisement on a Stevens' baseball scoreboard. It went on to specify: "All peanuts used in these grounds to be bought from us and paid for cash on delivery. If peanuts are bought elsewhere. H. M. Stevens to forfeit \$100." The forfeit was never paid. In fact, although the Stevens firm has since expanded to the point where it needs many other wholesalers to supply its needs, it is still doing business with its first suppliers.

Get 'em while they're hot and, remember, you can't tell the players without a scorecard. Bear these facts in mind, and you stand a good chance of becoming a regular Stevens customer if you live in an area where the brothers have a concession. One of these days, too, Harry's grandchildren's children will be out there selling 'em while they're hot, or supervising these sales, and continuing to keep it all in the family. And so, on and on to the last syllables of recorded time. Or, as Shakespeare might have put it, at least as long as the mustard holds out.

Lovelock Looks Back

*The Winner of the '36
"Olympic Mile" Recalls
His Great Berlin Win*

BY ARTHUR DALEY

*Condensed from the
New York Times*

DR. Jack Lovelock certainly gets around. A native of New Zealand, a Rhodes scholar at Oxford and an Olympic champion in Germany, this merry-eyed cosmopolite, who is about as big as a leprechaun, is now doing advanced medical research in New York City.

Encountering him again after a 12-year lapse was a delight because it instantly brought back the unforgettable memory of this sleek little thoroughbred casually pattering to the Olympic 1,500-meter crown in world record time at Berlin, looking back over his shoulder in the homestretch and visibly slowing down as he approached the tape.

Jack shuddered at mention of it. "That was frightfully bad racing," he said with a sigh. "I'm ashamed of it. But if you have a five-yard lead, it's awfully tempting to look back. However, I wouldn't recommend it as a general thing. After all, you know what happened to Lot's wife." He grinned engagingly.

The New Zealander was to prove a most reluctant witness. He's so painfully modest that he'd much prefer to talk about the Louis-



Walcott fight than "an old has-been like myself." Jack's interest in boxing is natural, though, because he won the English intercollegiate lightweight championship while at Oxford and he's most skillful in parrying blows, including verbal ones.

Had he expected to win the 1936 Olympic title?

"I'd planned that race rather carefully," Jack finally admitted. "Although the normal spot to let go a sprint finish is 220 yards from the tape, I preferred to wait until the last 75 yards. That's what I did with Bill Bonthron in the Princeton race of 1933. I shot him down in the final straight, you know."

He sure did. That was a titanic struggle of epic intensity. The experts had said in advance that Bonny Bill would break the world record at 4:09.2. He hit 4:08.4. But ahead of him at the wire with an electrifying sprint in the home-stretch was the mighty mite from New Zealand in 4:07.6

"I'd decided to use different strategy at Berlin, though," Doctor Lovelock continued. "My first plan was to jump the field at the bell lap. But Glenn Cunningham and Erik Ny were ahead of me. I debated a bit and decided it was too crowded. So I eased past Ny around the turn and figured then the normal spot to jump Glenn would be at the head of the backstretch. However, I was determined to do the unexpected. So I chose a spot just before the straightaway.

"Then I made a quick, sudden move which never was anticipated. I knew I'd won or lost the race when I whisked past him. My cards were on the table. He had to top me or I'd haul in the pot." That enigmatic smile crept over his features again. It was obvious that he had been sure of his Olympic championship some 300 yards before it was official.

"What a runner Bonthron was!"

he added, musingly. "Of all the milers I ever faced, he was the best. And also the most unreliable. That's a trifle hard on Glenn, I must admit, because he was the most consistent man who ever lived.

"Except for the fact that I was personally fond of Bonny, it didn't break my heart when he failed to make your Olympic team. He was always the unknown factor, Glenn the known factor. Besides, you always worry more over the unknown."

As long as the doctor brought up the subject of the best miler of all time, it might be pertinent to mention this department's personal nomination, Jack Lovelock.

He came to Oxford from New Zealand as a 4:25 operator and cut that unfancy time to 4:22 in his first season. A year later, though, he'd set a British record of 4:12, and another year later (or 1933) leaped all the way down to his world-record clocking of 4:07.6. In fact, he's had fewer fast performances than you'd expect from one so great.

Dr. Lovelock gained his M.D. the season after the Olympics and hasn't pulled on a spiked shoe since, serving in the British Army during the war.

The doctor, who is even more reluctant to talk about his profession than he is about himself, is specializing in "physical medicine, which is as old as the hills but vastly important." His plans for the future are understandably vague, but he'll never have to worry about his past. Olympic history will take care of that in imperishable style.

The Braves' New World

That Progressive Club
Wants to Make Boston
A National Loop Town



BY HAROLD KAESE

INCREDIBLE is the neutral bystander's word for the recent five-fold increase in the popularity of the Braves in Boston, for nearly 50 years a stronghold of American League baseball. Red Sox rooters might prefer another word—ominous.

The Red Sox are being challenged in a friendly but serious baseball war. After long years of failure and poverty and virtual anony-

Braves hit the warpath: (from top, l. to r.) Johnny Sain and Warren Spahn; Bob Elliott, Lou Perini and Guido Rugo; Joe Mauer and pilot Billy Southworth.

mity, the Braves have the Red Sox under siege, and while the Red Sox position still is strong, it is not unassailable. The Fenway Flyers cannot afford to make mistakes.

Neither side, of course, ever will admit being at war, but as Red Barrett, Braves pitcher says, "I only go slumming once a year, and that's when we play the Red Sox in the city series."

Club officials get along amiably, for publication, at least. They drop in to see each other's games. They discuss such problems as radio and television in friendly fashion. They are only wrestling good-naturedly for first place in the affections of Boston's fans, and are aghast when an Earl Torgeson and a Billy Hitchcock start taking punches at one another, as they did in an April exhibition game.

Boston fans are not so violently partisan as the fans of Chicago and New York, but if the Braves and Red Sox ever do meet in a World Series, there would not be a neutral native in New England, let alone Boston.

Since the Braves were bought by the Three Little Steamshovels. (Contractors Lou Perini, Joe Maney and Guido Rugo in 1944), the cleft between Braves and Red Sox fans has grown wider and deeper, and this is explained only by recent successes of the Tribe.

Braves attendance has climbed more sharply than that of the rival Sox. Until the Steamshovels began high pressure selling of their club, Braves rooters were as inconspicuous a minority as the Socialists in a national election. But the startling increase in their numbers is clearly shown by comparative

home attendance figures since 1944:

	Red Sox	Braves
1944	526,975	230,594
1945	597,997	393,939
1946	1,416,944	987,109
1947	1,427,315	1,277,361

In the four years of Steamshovel ownership, Braves home attendance has increased by 550 per cent. In the same time, Red Sox attendance has gained 273 per cent.

There are clearcut reasons for the phenomenal growth of Braves popularity, and there is cause for thinking that the Braves will go on winning more and more supporters.

Braves leaders, including owners Perini, Maney and Rugo, general manager John Quinn, and publicity director Bill Sullivan, are home-bred. Only manager Billy Southworth is an importation. The Red Sox, on the other hand, are owned by Tom Yawkey, a generous New Yorker; managed from the front office by Joe Cronin, an adopted Bostonian with strong Washington and West Coast connections, and managed on the field by Joe McCarthy, a Buffalo citizen who acquired his fame in the Bronx.

In conducting their offensive for patronage, the Braves use good will as heavy artillery, the hustling Southworth spirit as cavalry, the popularity of such players as Bob Elliott, Warren Spahn, Earl Torgeson, Johnny Sain, and Tommy Holmes as infantry, and the imagination of the publicity department as an air corps.

With this snappy and efficient

Harold Kaese writes a daily sports column for The Boston Globe.

army, the Braves have stormed the hearts of Boston fans—not at the expense of the Red Sox, but despite the Red Sox. The arrival of the Braves on the same plane as the Sox was expressed by a sports writer who said, "We have always said the Red Sox-and-Braves, but if we're going to be fair, we've now got to say Braves-and-Red Sox half of the time."

THE Steamshovels began their drive for Boston's recognition by hiring the famed Southworth and raiding the Cardinals for star players, to the tune of more than \$200,000; by being the first to install lights in Boston for night baseball, and by building a winning team. By 1946, Boston had rediscovered the Braves and the National League.

The Braves did more than draw the overflow from Fenway Park. They drew American League fans when the Red Sox were out of town, and converted some of them.

National League games have been a revelation to new Braves rooters. They learned that the National League is better-balanced than the American League, has fewer runaway winners and fewer second-division stumblebums, and plays closer games.

A typical Braves fan, Earl Mokler, who won a two-week all-expense spring training trip to Florida in a Tribe lottery, explains his preference by saying, "I'd rather watch the Braves than the Red Sox because they play smarter baseball. They hustle more and

don't depend so much on home runs."

An example of what he meant was Bob Elliott's scoring from second base on a 400-foot fly to Joe DiMaggio of the Yankees in an exhibition game played at St. Petersburg in March.

The defeat of the Red Sox in the 1946 World Series by the Cardinals was mud on the paddles of Braves fans.

"See," they chortled, "didn't we say all along that they played better baseball in the National League? They don't run bases in the American League like Enos Slaughter did. And you didn't see Ted Williams murdering that National League pitching."

The Red Sox lost more than prestige in their first World Series in 28 years. They lost rooters, because of the dismaying scarcity of tickets for the ordinary guy, who had paid his \$1.20 two or three times a week during the season to sweat out the pennant race in the grandstand only to learn that he could not see the playoff.

Fenway Park seats 36,000 people, while Braves Field seats 41,000. But in the event of a World Series, temporary bleachers seating thousands more could be built in the unused outfield territory beyond the inner fence at Braves Field. The Braves could even use part of their football bleachers, which seat 10,500, and are the largest portable stands in the world.

The average fan seems to think that he gets a better shake on tickets at Braves Field than he does at Fenway Park. The Braves do not have so many advance sell-outs as the Red Sox, and except for the

biggest days, the guy with two bucks in his pocket can usually walk up to a window and buy a ticket. Fenway Park's choice seats for Sundays and holidays were sold to season ticket holders before the first game ever was played.

A battle of ball parks looms in Boston's baseball war. Yawkey has given no indication of building a new park, but he could, at great expense, double-deck Fenway Park. Being contractors, the Steamshovels have more exciting schemes in mind.

They will buy Braves Field from the Gaffney Estate, their landlord, and rebuild it. Or they will move out and build a huge new baseball-football stadium, with perhaps an indoor arena as a complementary unit, in East Boston, Dorchester or some other nearby section.

The Steamshovels have already spent about \$700,000 modernizing Braves Field, installing lights, a \$50,000 scoreboard the size of a tennis court, and a spacious press box, part of which is sold to fans who like a balcony view. They visualize an outdoor cafe on the roof, with a promenade, sun-deck, and sand-boxes for kiddies.

They also would like a new Boston & Albany railroad station to be built directly behind the park, which would be called Braves Field; and pray for the use of Diesel engines in the Boston & Albany yards, in place of the coal locomotives that now belch smoke into the park when the wind is easterly.

When innovations are tried in Boston baseball, it is safe to say that the Braves will try them. The

Steamshovels are never so flattered as when they are called progressive.

"We came into baseball as businessmen," says club president Lou Perini, "and it was clear to us that the game had not been sold to the Boston public as it could be sold. The clubs have said, 'Here's the ball team, here's the park. Why don't you come out to see us play some afternoon?' Well, we're dressing up the game and selling it to the public."

For this purpose, the Steamshovels wisely hired an intelligent and popular young publicity man, Bill Sullivan, who had been Frank Leahy's right bower both at Boston College and Notre Dame, and during the war headed sports publicity at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. Sullivan was a man with a million ideas and a million friends, many of the latter among the press.

Sullivan sets a fast pace in the Braves' idea department. Besides sending out the usual releases and features to every New England paper, large and small, he writes and edits Sketch Books, supervises and edits moving pictures of the Braves which are loaned to clubs for parties and smokers, and helps devise ticket plans, suggestion contests, transportation schemes, and advertising campaigns.

The first Braves movie was called "Take Me Out to the Wigwam." More than 300,000 people saw the film, of which 16 copies were made. The second movie, a technicolor job called "The Braves Family," was released in April, after Sullivan had worked throughout the winter cutting the 15 reels to five.

The picture is pure but attractive propaganda.

Earl Torgeson, the Tribe's colorful first baseman, dropped in one day to help Sullivan edit the film, and was astonished to see himself rush in, pick up an intended sacrifice bunt in front of the pitcher, and force Eddie Waitkus of the Cubs at third base—a real Hal Chase play. Torgeson was so excited that he rushed to a telephone, called Waitkus, who lived in nearby Cambridge, and made him come to the studio.

Throughout the 1947 season, Waitkus had kidded Torgeson about being nothing but a hitter, but when he saw how Torgy had forced him at third base, he said, "I take it all back. You're a leather-man at that!"

One of Sullivan's ideas that caused much joking was the combination-ticket plan—whereby a guy and his gal could get reserved seats for a night game, a dinner at a first-class hotel, and cab rides to and from the ball park all in one package deal at a flat rate.

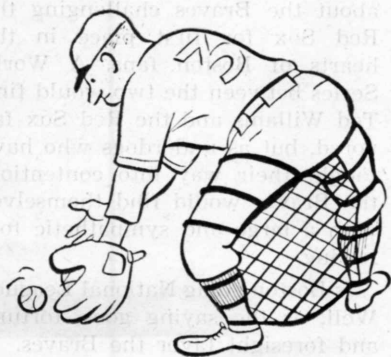
Pretty soon, Sullivan's friends were telling him that he should sell other combinations good for the game, a shave and haircut, and a ride on a Public Garden swan boat; or for the game, an excursion to Nantasket Beach, and a show at the Old Howard burlesque theater.

Sullivan helped Braves press relations so much that it seemed like arrant over-confidence by the Red Sox when they began the season without a publicity man of any nature, size, or description, causing a columnist to write, "The Sox press relations were, and still are, among the coldest, most austere in the land."

Sullivan's most daring propaganda was the successful espousing of Bob Elliott for the National League's Most Valuable Player award last season. He composed a four-page panegyric on the Braves third baseman, and sent it to all big league baseball writers who might be on the National League committee. Except that most of these writers knew and approved of Sullivan, this promotion would have been an effrontery costing Elliott whatever chance he might have had for the award.

"You might expect that the million-plus New Englanders who have given the Braves their greatest attendance in history would be unanimous in their conviction that the most valuable player in the National League this season would be Bob Elliott," began Sullivan, then went on and told of Elliott's big days against every rival:

"His ninth-inning homer with two on and two out to beat the Pirates, 6-5 . . . Knocking in the only run



as Red Barrett won a one-hitter from the Cubs, 1-0 Figuring in all five Braves runs as they beat the Giants a doubleheader, 2-1 and 3-1 A three-run homer which paced the Braves to a victory over the Dodgers His three doubles, triple, and single one afternoon against the Phils His three-for-three against Harry Brecheen, who had won seven games in a row from the Red Sox and Braves His pair of two-run homers against the Reds in a doubleheader."

Did Sullivan's propaganda win the prize for Elliott, first Braves player to win such an award since Johnny Evers won a Chalmers automobile in 1914, and first third baseman ever to be selected? Nobody knows, but Elliott was a remarkable all-round performer in 1947, and however much New York writers lamented because Johnny Mize of the Giants or one of the pennant-winning Dodgers was not selected, Sullivan was justified in calling the nation's attention to Elliott's performance.

All Braves innovations do not originate with Sullivan. It was Joe Maney's idea that the right field fence be nudged in, so that Braves Field would produce frequent home runs, just as Fenway Park does with its absurd left field fence.

After seeing a night game in Louisville, Lou Perini called Boston and ordered neon foul poles installed for the first after-dark tilt ever played in Boston. That was 1946. Guido Rugo suggested the illuminated lucite home plate for night games and Al Oliver, superintendent of Braves Field, the easy-to-follow rubberized foul lines.

Some Braves promotional stunts, such as ferrying fans to the park by plane from Cape Cod, and giving suits for homers and \$100 bills for shutouts, have not endured, but most of them have.

The Troubadours, three musicians with a sense of humor, played their way into permanent ball park jobs. The Braves still wear sateen uniforms for night games that make them look like gentlemen of the chorus. Harry Jenkins, director of the Braves' farm system of 15 clubs—two more than the Red Sox have—flies around the country in his own plane.

There was nothing phony about the way the Braves invaded Fenway Park itself and persuaded Boston College's nationally-noted football team to play its games at the Wigwam; or about their overtures to the Boston Yanks, pro football team which makes its home at Fenway Park.

There is nothing phony about the Braves recognizing the inability of many fans to see week-day games or buy tickets for Sundays and holidays, and scheduling 32 night games this season. The Sox play only 14 after-dark contests.

Nor is there anything phony about the Braves challenging the Red Sox for first place in the hearts of Boston fans. A World Series between the two would find Ted Willams and the Red Sox favored, but as underdogs who have fought their way into contention, the Braves would find themselves with a large and sympathetic following.

Is Boston going National League? Well, as the saying goes, fortune and foresight favor the Braves.

The Brown Panther

Ring Great Harry Wills Still Is Trim at 56

BY TED CARROLL

Condensed from The Ring Magazine

LOOKING almost unchanged from the old "Dark Menace" days of 25 years ago, Harry Wills relaxed in an easy chair in the sumptuous living room of his New York City apartment.

"Today I weigh just about the same 238 pounds as I did 25 years ago when I wasn't actually training for a fight. My waist line is only two or three inches bigger than it was then. How many other people 56 years old can say that?" Wills said.

Harry's huge size prompted a question.

"Harry, is it true that you started out in sports as a jockey?"

"Yes, I only weighed from 95 to 100 pounds, too, but that was many years ago," grinned the big man.

"When I grew a little older, I ran off to sea. I won a fight for the championship of the boat in Johannesburg, South Africa, and when the ship docked in 'Frisco on the way back, I had my first real bouts. I came back home to New Orleans, did pretty well, and first thing you know they had me in there with Sam Langford. This is the fight where old Harry Stone, who was in New Orleans at the time, nicknamed me the 'Brown Panther' and it stuck to me from then on.

"I went out to New Mexico to work as sparring partner with Jack Johnson for his fight with Jim Flynn. I was still growing, but I

already had a right hand to the body that I thought I could hit anybody with. I was working with Johnson one day and sure enough, I nailed him with it. I got cocky and in the next round I tried the same thing again. Old Jack reached down and caught my fist like you catch a ball and grinned at his wife, who was sitting at the ring-side. He was the greatest of them all. He possessed everything that a fighter should have. He was fast, could box, could feint, had a great jab, a perfect stance—he lacked nothing.

"Benny Leonard was the best little man I ever saw. He had a natural right hand. There's a difference, you know. Benny himself never knew how good his right hand really was. He liked to show his speed and outbox the other fellow, forgetting all about his right hand."

Wills started fighting in 1911 and had bouts every year through 1927. When the Brown Panther was at the height of his career, he tried many times without success to get a heavyweight title bout with Dempsey.

"Funny thing, Harry," I pondered, "whenever anyone mentions Harry Wills, you always think of Jack Dempsey, too."

"And we were never enemies, but always the best of friends," was Harry's rejoinder. "Dempsey

always was a swell guy. All that stuff between us was just a matter of business. Nobody should hold that against him. He always had Negro boys in his camps. Jamaica Kid, George Godfrey, Bill Tate. Stuck by them, too.

"When he went up to Sulphur Springs to train, they didn't like the idea of Negro boys up there, but Dempsey said if Jamaica and Tate couldn't come, he couldn't either. When he was coming along, they tried to get me to work with him a lot of times, but I wasn't interested. I needed some money. I wanted to fight him. Jack always was a good fellow, though."

At this point Mrs. Wills entered the room to remind Harry of a previous engagement. It was near-

ing noon and as the big fellow arose one could not help but contrast the ease of his life and the luxury of his surroundings with the lot of so many others, many of whom made more money than he did. Here was a man who boxed during a time when the lot of the Negro fighter was far less fortunate than it is today. Still, through careful handling of both himself and his purses, he has found an enviable economic security.

The ample and ornate apartment house in which he lives, in one of New York's most desirable neighborhoods, is owned by Harry himself. He leads a calm, unhurried life a great deal similar to that of a country squire, without a real worry in the world.



Such a Much

When Cuban Ray (Chico) Garcia, rookie Washington pitcher, reported for spring training this year, he couldn't understand English at all. After a while he got so that he could use just one word: "much." Seems the players asked him, after he had suffered a leg injury, if it "hurt much." Hurler Milo Candini, who is Garcia's interpreter, told the Cuban what the question meant and what to say in answer. So Ray learned to reply: "No much."

Recently, in Philadelphia, Nats catcher Al Evans called time when Garcia was on the mound and went out to talk to the Latin.

Manager Joe Kuhel couldn't figure out just what Evans hoped to accomplish.

"What did you say to him?" the curious Kuhel asked his receiver a little later.

"Oh," said Evans, "I just kept asking, 'Much?' and Chico answered, 'No much.' I was trying to find out if he had much control. And I got the right answer."

Bob Addie
Washington Times-Herald



The Town Tennis Reformed

BY RICHARD DEMPEWOLFF
AND CAMERON DAY

*Condensed from
American Lawn Tennis*

A handsome, long-legged kid walked down the main street of Hamtramck, Michigan nine years ago. One hand clutched a tennis racket, the other was balled up in a white-knuckled fist. His chin jutted, his lips drew a tight line and he stared straight ahead ignoring the jeers, whistles and catcalls of the tough youngsters lining the thoroughfare. Some shouted obscenities in Polish. One broad-shouldered youth made a contemp-

Mrs. Jean Hoxie Made Hard-Hitting Hamtramck Into a Model Community

tuous pass at the racket. An instant later, fists were flailing. Then the young tennis player, without a backward glance at his battered opponent, picked up his racket and continued his march. The occurrence was a daily one. The few other kids who dared flaunt tennis gear in the town had similar trouble.

That was Hamtramck in 1939—tough! A city completely encircled by its industrial neighbor, Detroit, it had stubbornly maintained a separate municipal government through a century of progressive encroachment. Some 50,000 people, most of them unskilled laborers, crammed its two-square-mile area. Brawn was Hamtramck's standard measurement for success. Most Detroiters avoided it and even visiting high school football teams dreaded the free-for-alls accompanying every game played there. Football was, in fact, about the only sport that drew enthusiastic try-outs in the schools. Tennis was strictly for pansies.

Today, the same Hamtramck is a tennis mecca with more topflight players for its area than any other comparable community. Thirty Hamtramck men and half as many women are ranking tournament players.

National and divisional rankings, for the first time in history, are adorned with consonant-jammed names. With few exceptions, they're

all from Hamtramck. A few of the top-notchers are Alex Hetzeck; Ted Jax (whose name originally had some 20 letters), national indoor boys' champion; Walter English and Gene Russell. Ranking up top in the national girls' field are Josephine Smilka, Stephanie Prytchitko, Elaine Lewicki and Irene Waszkiewicz.

And in Fred Kovaleski, the lad who fought his way to and from the tennis courts in 1939, Hamtramck has a gifted player. Fred captured the 1947 National public parks singles and doubles titles. Last year he also was listed as the third best player in the Western Lawn Tennis Assoc., and 22nd in the national rankings.

This year he has a leg on a better national ranking and he was the No. 1 player on the great William & Mary College team.

Enigmatic Hamtramck gets its name from early Dutch settlers, its industry from the automotive trade. But sole credit for developing one tennis star after another goes to a robust, determined Irish lady with a heart as big as the Davis Cup, a head as coldly calculating as an adding machine, and an uncanny flare for beating the roughest of raw material into a highly polished instrument of precision. She is Jean Hoxie—a teacher at Hamtramck's Pulaski school. With the help of her husband, a chemistry teacher, she has accomplished the job against odds that would have staggered Goliath.

It all began as a sort of joke. Mrs. Hoxie, whose powerful forehead drove her to a ranking in the Western Division herself in 1939, confined her game to the Detroit

Athletic Club in those days. During the day she taught physical education at Pulaski school. Hal Shields, the school's athletic director, was discussing the city's juvenile delinquency problem with her one day and suggested offhandedly: "Why don't you build up a tennis clinic?"

"Where?" snorted Mrs. Hoxie. "In Los Angeles?"

"Right here," said Shields, grinning. "The kids would love it."

Jean Hoxie snorted some more, pointing out that the kids probably would find it just about as popular as picking nasturtiums.

"I dare you to try it," laughed Shields.

That did it. Says Jean: "You never dare an Irishman unless you mean it." Blue eyes snapping defiantly, she set out to look over the situation. What she found wasn't good.

In all of Hamtramck there was one battered tennis court. But it would have to do. Equipment? Neither the school nor the city would provide anything. That didn't stop Jean Hoxie. She bought it herself.

When she couldn't get tryouts by calling for them, she scouted up likely looking prospects. She knew she couldn't get the older boys because of their attitude. So she headed for tenth-graders who played good handball. "It was a good bet," she recalls today. "Handball takes the same footwork, the same quick thinking and movement."

On the school court she found her first four rugged prospects: Fred Kovaleski, Ed Roszak, Harry Witzak and Wally Preston. She knew they wouldn't play tennis for

tennis' sake, so she didn't mention the word at first. "Boys," she said, "how would you like to go to college?" "Sure," the boys chorused. "How?"

"On tennis scholarships," replied Jean Hoxie. The boys remonstrated. They couldn't play tennis, they said. But they did play tennis. They played it up to their ears. At first, practice was a big laugh, with too much self-conscious snickering and horsing around. But they came up with a jolt when, in two weeks they were thrown into their first match in Detroit and lost miserably. Coach Hoxie did it deliberately to teach them a lesson. Tennis was a tough game to play well, they discovered.

Sobered, the boys settled down to the rugged Hoxie training schedule. The activity of the squad drew other tryouts, and the clinic grew.

The next matches, in 1940, saw the Hoxie team go to the semi-finals in the city championships. Then the fruits of hard labor began to pay off. In one year the Pulaski school played 101 matches in succession without a loss. The principal was so impressed that when Jean came to him in 1941 and said she wanted to take her four top-notchers, Kovalski, Roszak, Witczak and Preston to the National Indoor Eastern Matches at New York's 7th Regiment Armory, he offered to help finance the trip. Ninety dollars was the largest sum he could squeeze from the school's budget, however. But so great was Mrs. Hoxie's faith in her boys that

she dug into her purse again and came up with the lion's share of the expenses.

Her confidence was well-placed.



KOVALESKI

Kovalski went to the semi-finals in the junior singles and to the finals in the doubles. Roszak lost to the eventual winner in the quarter-final singles. All four of the 15-year-old boys were ranking tennis stars in the Western Division by the time the matches were over. And a year later, Kovalski was on the Junior Davis Cup

team, where he earned his first important national ranking—5th in the junior singles. The other Hoxie-trained youths weren't far behind.

Since then, such a phenomenal succession of tennis aces has poured from Hamtramck that neither the city nor the school can ignore the situation any longer. Nor do they want to.

Funds are available for any venture Jean Hoxie suggests. The city fathers know that every Hoxie pupil is a goodwill ambassador and "hot copy." Eight concrete courts, besides the old asphalt layout, now are in constant use and more are planned. Hundreds of youngsters are on those courts every day, going through mass drills with their red-haired instructress, whose title is now "City Tennis Director."

Ask Jean Hoxie how she accounts for her magic touch and she laughs merrily. "I love tennis and I love kids," she replies. It's true, but there's more to it than that.

First of all, she knows that many of her impoverished pupils are bright as buttons and need only social impetus and inspiration to climb a level of accomplishment as high as, if not higher than, that of any American youth anywhere.

With that vision in front of him, every Hoxie pupil goes on the court with a gleam in his eye. He's out to win more than just the game. He's out to win his future. That's a powerful stimulus, especially when the kids know that the dream can come true, for Mrs. Hoxie already has sent 30 boys to college on tennis scholarships. She has pupils right now in William & Mary, University of Michigan, Kalamazoo College, Michigan State and Ypsilanti College.

Jean Hoxie's program differs from most similar plans (and possibly this explains its success) in that she runs it with the rigid

controls of a martinet. Her material is picked with an almost ruthless insight. Anyone can come out for the team, but heaven help him if he's not serious. She is utterly intolerant of stupidity on the court. "Just give me your brain," she snaps to fresh classes of six-to-nine-year-olds, "I'll take care of the arms and legs."

Today, as Mrs. Hoxie's tennis clinic winds up its ninth year and as her earliest pupils begin to place high in the national line-up, she's proud of her boys' and girls' tennis accomplishments.

And more important still to Jean Hoxie is the major mission of her project, which she views with far more pride than its individual products: when the clinic started in 1939, Hamtramck had 100 juvenile delinquents; last year there were six. Youngsters obviously prefer a tennis court to a police court.



Head Play

They were hoisting a few at the bar in Jamaica just before the last race of the day. A big guy and a little guy. They were friends.

The little guy complained that he had lost \$700 to that point, a crisp one hundred dollar bill on each of the seven preceding events. And he asked the big guy for the loan of a century note to make a wager on the last event for the purpose of recouping his losses.

The big guy shook his head. "Smarten up," he said. "Why don't you sit out the last race? If you have to, just make a mental bet of a hundred bucks."

The plucked little goose was frantic. "Here I've lost all my money," he wailed, "and now you want me to lose my mind, too."

Frank Casale
Newark Star-Ledger

DUTCH MERMAID

*Holland's Nel Van Vliet
Holds All Breast Stroke
Marks in Girls' Events*

BY ROBERT CROMIE

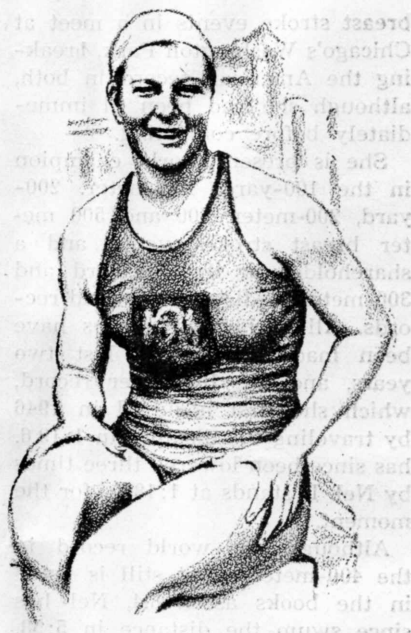
*Condensed from the
Chicago Sunday Tribune*

IN case you're weary of hearing about champion swimmers who have been able to navigate like superior fish from the moment their fathers tossed them off a dock at the age of two, here's a twist for you:

Nel Van Vliet, the 22-year-old Dutch sensation who swam exhibitions last winter under the sponsorship of Chicago's Town Club and who is representing the Netherlands at the current Olympic Games, didn't start swimming until she was 16, and then began only because a girl friend in her native Hilversum, Holland, talked her into it.

Now, six years later and with no practice at all during the two years when she and her family moved to the country in an effort to get as far as possible from the German invaders, Miss Van Vliet holds eight world records in the women's breast stroke—and eight is all there are!

In more than 100 meets in such widely scattered places as Holland, France, Belgium, the United Sta-



tes, and the Principality of Monaco, the sturdy Dutch girl lost one race. She entered her first meet six months after she began teaching herself to swim, and after winning the 100-meter event came in second in the 200. That was in 1943.

She didn't swim at all during 1944 and 1945. As her boy friend, Loek Koudys, 22, also of Hilversum, explained while helping Nel with her English during an interview:

"In the winter the pools were all closed, and in the summer, when the Germans went to swim, it was no place for girls."

On her first visit to America last August, Nel's patched and faded swim suit, reminder of her country's fate under Nazi rule, was speedily forgotten as she swam away with the 100 and 200-meter

breast stroke events in a meet at Chicago's Washington Park, breaking the American record in both, although she had been ill immediately before competing.

She is present world champion in the 100-yard, 100-meter, 200-yard, 200-meter, 400 and 500 meter breast stroke events, and a shareholder in the 300-yard and 300-meter medley relay world records. All of her best times have been made within the last two years, and the 100-meter record, which she first acquired in 1946 by traveling the distance in 1:19.6, has since been lowered three times by Nel. It stands at 1:18.2—for the moment.

Although her world record in the 400-meter event still is listed in the books as 6:08.4, Nel has since swum the distance in 5:58, with both halves of the race timed in less than 3 minutes. Since the world record for 200 meters is 2:51.9, you can see why Nel thinks she may not be able to lower her time across the 400 meters, although she has hopes of smashing all her

other records at least once more.

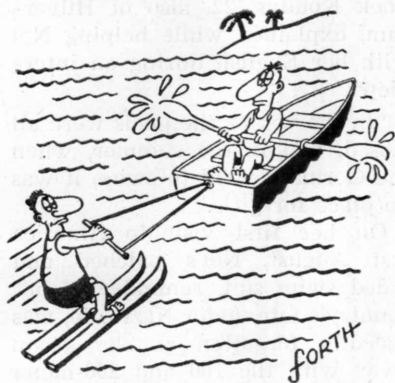
Nel, or Nellie as she is known to her friends, likes roller skating and ice skating almost as well as she does swimming, and was photographed on her arrival in New York carrying her favorite pair of ice skates, but without a hat. That was not accidental—she didn't bring a hat with her from Holland.

She likes American buildings, movies, and food (especially ice cream and applesauce—separately, of course), admires American clothes, and still can't get over the great number of lights at night, a startling contrast to Europe.

Nel has brown hair and brown eyes, stands 5 feet, 6 inches and weighs 130 pounds. A powerful swimmer with unusually muscular shoulders and legs, she drinks nothing stronger than milk, doesn't smoke, and has been taking English lessons privately because the only class she tried was at such an hour (9 to 10 at night) that it interfered with her early-to-bed habits.

She is very devout, attends church each Sunday, and says grace before every meal, even in public restaurants. It is her hope that she may become an American citizen, if Loek also can become one. Loek, a flying officer in the Dutch Air Force, saw her off last January 23 when she left for Chicago, and soon became so lonesome for her that he followed her over six weeks later, entering this country on a temporary visa.

Loek's English is better than Nel's, but her brief residence here has made her feel more at home and she explains, while clasping her young man's hand tightly, that



"in Holland he is the boss, but in America I am the boss." This is a remark which Loek accepts with a grin.

When she is too old for competition, Nel says, she would like to become a coach. Walter Schlueter, coach of the Town Club team, says she is a fine teacher already.

"She gets in there and shows the kids," he says, "and they're just crazy about her and have improved a lot since she's been helping them."

Schlueter, who says Miss Van Vliet is a "super-athlete" and so well coordinated that she would be good at any sport, has made no attempt to interfere with her swimming style or even make suggestions except as regards her starts and turns, with which, Nel admits, her Dutch coach also was dissatisfied. Both she and Schlueter now feel, however, that her turns and starts have improved to the point where her world records are no longer safe — from Nel herself, that is.

"After the Olympics," Schlueter

added, "I would like to try her at the 100-meter distance, using the butterfly or flying breast stroke instead of the old-fashioned conventional one she now uses. In the shorter distances, at least, I think the flying breast stroke would increase her speed. But I don't believe in coaches who are geniuses, and I won't attempt to change her style for the other distances. Nellie's so very much stronger than the other girl swimmers, that for her the style she now uses is the most effective."

Although Nel's specialty is the breast stroke, she also has swum some free-style in competition as a member of the Robben Swimming club of Hilversum, but says she's not very good at it.

Nel claims that her trainer in Holland used to work her very hard, and when she complained that she could do no more that day, would say:

"Come on, Nellie! Just 100 meters more—and fast!"

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Lonely Giant

During Spring training someone asked Ken Smith, New York Mirror baseball writer and a diehard Giant fan, if young Larry Jansen was considered the ace of the Polo Grounds' mound staff.

"Whaddaya mean, ace?" screamed Smith, rising to his full 5 feet 3. "He's our ONLY pitcher."

Jack Rosenbaum
San Francisco News

Lou's Wife— Eleanor Gehrig

BY AL WOLF
*Condensed from the
Los Angeles Times*

WE were strolling across Yankee Stadium when the little lady helloed.

It was Eleanor Gehrig.

She was standing by the dugout with Babe Ruth, who was gingerly feeling his nose. Suddenly, it fell off. She laughed heartily and so did he.

Maybe we'd better explain all this before you call the man with the white jacket and the butterfly net. It all happened in the movie studio where they're filming the Ruthian story. Yankee Stadium was mostly sticks and canvas. Babe Ruth was Bill Bendix with a putty proboscis. But Eleanor Gehrig was Eleanor Gehrig.

The widow of Lou Gehrig is a technical adviser for the Roy Del Ruth-Allied Artists production.

First thing that caught our eye was Eleanor's massive bracelet which was studded with diamonds and consisted mainly of Lou's many baseball awards linked together with gold chain—mementos from World Series, All-Star Games and the like.

We asked Mrs. Gehrig if she still hears from fans. Lou died, of the dread amyotrophic lateral sclerosis (creeping paralysis) in 1941. And seven years can cause a lot of forgetting in the sports realm.

"Things are just about the same

as ever," she answered. "The fan mail keeps coming. People at Yankee Stadium keep nodding and saying hello. And the requests for autographs and souvenirs are still numerous.

"I've given away an awful lot of Lou's things to friends who wanted a keepsake. I send cancelled checks to those who ask for his autograph or some small remembrance. It's amazing to me how well informed the kids are about Lou. After all, it's been almost nine years since he played. Yet they seem to know all about him."

Eleanor Gehrig is experiencing another strange "follow-up" to her husband's death.

She has become sort of a clearing house for information about the disease that killed her husband.

People all over the world who have been stricken by amyotrophic lateral sclerosis or who have loved ones so afflicted write to her. She maintains correspondence with them, passing on news of treatments that seem to be helping and the progress of research she learns about.

Mrs. Gehrig was in on the ground floor of the All-America Football League, being the original holder of the New York franchise. But she's out of it now.

She's concentrating on the New York bottle-top factory she owns. (Jake Ruppert, late owner of the Yanks, induced her to get into the business while Lou was still alive then threw her his brewery orders.)

But she's still a red-hot diamond fan. In fact, she may soon undertake a radio broadcast of baseball slanted toward women fans.

She thinks Lou would have gotten a kick out of listening.



TIME OUT

ANOTHER Babe Herman Classic, as recalled by N. Y. Daily News sports editor Jimmy Powers, quotes the daffiest of Dodgers on one occasion as saying: "After the season a rich friend of mine wants to take me on a trip around the world, but I told him I'd rather go someplace else." . . . Attempting to start a grid war of nerves, a University of Denver press agent announced that before autumn practice begins for the Pioneers, they'll need at least four additional pairs of size 14-E shoes and several sets of five-foot wide shoulder pads . . . Detroit first sacker George Vico speaks Japanese and can play the harmonica, as well as something called the Sousaphone . . . The Washington Redskins have sold television rights to nine home football games next fall for \$20,000 . . . Vermont and Wyoming are the only states in the nation without a single club in Organized Baseball . . . North Carolina leads the U. S. with 44 O. B. clubs; Texas is second with 36, and N. Y. ranks third with 29.



When Leo Durocher said he had three second basemen better than Eddie Stanky, a Boston sports writer quipped: "Yeah, and he's playing all three of them." . . . Women spectators were barred from early Olympic Games in ancient Greece—and to insure a strictly stag audience, all athletes competed in the nude . . . Bobby Doerr of the Boston Red Sox claims night baseball shaves at least two years off a player's career . . . Crack hurdler Harrison Dillard of Baldwin-Wallace College covers 13 ft., plus a few inches, on every stride over the barriers . . . Most timber toppers barely exceed 8 ft. . . . The N. Y. Yankees spend \$13,000 per year for baseballs alone . . . The great "natural" of current prize-fighting would be a match pitting middleweight blaster Rocky Graziano vs. welterweight king Sugar Ray Robinson . . . The latter has difficulty making the 147-lb. class and that pair of slugging savages would draw at least a half-million dollar gate . . . Correcting a recent Time Out fluff, Frank Leahy's home town is Winner, South Dakota—not North Dakota.



More than 100,000 players have appeared in major league box

scores, but only 80 ever collected more than 2,000 or more hits . . . On the basis of performances and clockings, Chicago's Arlington Park is considered the fastest horse racing track in America . . . O. B. Keeler of the Atlanta Journal, a veteran sports scribe with a writer's usual reluctance to turn to the typewriter for his daily chore, says "work is the curse of the drinking classes."



The streetcar that named the Dodgers gave in way to the trolley bus . . . Thirty years ago Brooklyn trolleys were so numerous that all Flatbush residents were called "trolley dodgers" and the ball club inherited the nickname . . . But it was recently announced that the last trolleys would be replaced by trolley buses.

Almost every baseball player has more than one superstition, but Hank Greenberg says he had only one when he was playing . . . "Every time I hit a home run," cracks Hank, "I always touched every base." . . . Golfers Jimmy Demaret and Lloyd Mangrum have the mutual hobby of collecting police chief badges from as many cities and towns as possible . . . The famous 1908 Olympic marathon run of Dorando Pietri inspired Irving Berlin to publish one of his first songs . . . Entitled "Dorando," the tune glorified in Italian dialect the courageous performance of the little Italian who finished first but was disqualified because he was helped across the finish line.

Back in 1899, basketball players were ejected from the game for two personal fouls . . . Braven Dyer of the Los Angeles Times wants to know if you've heard about the football coach who was given a car by appreciative alumni one year and gasoline (to get out of town) the next? . . . Dixie Walker refers to the Pirates as the "Pittsburgh Dodgers." . . . Tennis pro Jack Kramer once was a promising basketball star . . . Cleveland (Old Pete) Alexander, in commenting to Grantland Rice on the wildness of today's major league hurlers, said: "Pitching means control . . . By control I don't mean the plate . . . I mean one or two inches of the plate . . . A real pitcher ought to be able every time to get the ball one or two inches from where he wants it to go." . . . Turkey's Olympic wrestling team trained on 10 eggs per man per day . . . And they hauled a supply of hen fruit to egg-rationed England when they sailed for the London Games.

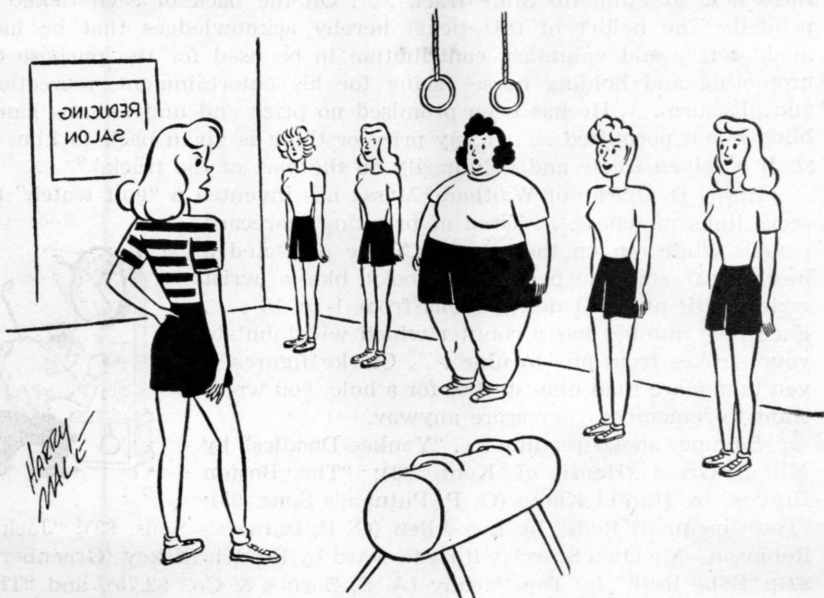


Where are they now? . . . Ex-Cleveland outfielder Joe Vosmik manages the Dayton club in the new Central League . . . Joyner (Jo-Jo) White, former Detroit outfielder, bosses the Seattle Rainiers of the Pacific Coast League . . . And James (Rip) Collins, who starred in the Cardinals and Cubs infields, also is in the P. C. L. as manager of the San Diego Padres . . . Joe Dundee, world champion welterweight boxer (1927-28), runs a tavern in Baltimore . . . Ex-miler Glenn Cunningham teaches school at Cedar Point, Kan. . . . Another

former famous distance runner, Luigi Beccali, who competed for Italy and finished third behind Lovelock and Cunningham in the 1936 Olympic 1,500-meter event, is a salesman in Franklin Square, N. Y. . . . Charley Root, the old Cubs pitcher who threw the ball which Babe Ruth belted for a homer in the famous "calling-his-shot" incident of the 1932 Series, lives in Whittier, Cal. . . . Ralph (Pest) Welch, former University of Washington grid coach, sells insurance in Seattle . . . Gundar Haegg, the record-breaking Swedish miler of prewar fame, works in a Stockholm sports shop . . . Onetime Phillies pitcher Hugh Mulcahy hurls for Memphis in the Southern Association . . . Jewel Ens, once manager of the Pirates, is celebrating his 41st year in baseball as pilot of the Syracuse Chiefs of the International League . . . Pete Gray, the one-armed outfielder who played wartime ball with the St. Louis Browns, now works for Elmira in the Eastern League . . . Paul (Daffy) Dean, the other half of the Cardinals' famous Dean brothers, broadcasts sports for a Little Rock, Ark., station . . . Ex-Cincinnati pitcher Paul Derringer heads a new dairy in that city.

It's possible to score a run after the third putout in baseball . . . Do you know how? . . . The answer is printed below if you misfire on this one .

Connie Mack, venerable manager of the Philadelphia Athletics, is an accomplished sign language reader . . . Jimmy Cannon of the N. Y. Post says he'll take Sid Luckman and give you the rest of the passers and six points.



"I dislike mentioning any names, but one of us is holding back."

When Master Mel Ott sold pitcher Clarence Iott to the Hollywood Stars earlier this season, Dan Parker of the N. Y. Daily Mirror wondered if the Giants manager mused to himself: "There but for the grace of I, goes Ott." . . . The world endurance record for billiards is claimed by



Norman Thomas, a 45-year-old carpenter from Coleford, England . . . Thomas played continuously for 44 hours and 50 minutes to set his mark . . . He estimated he took 95,040 steps around the table and covered 36 miles during his ordeal . . . Because of a throat abscess which he incurred as a colt, Coaltown makes a rattling, wheezing noise when he picks up speed on the track.

Here's how to get that run across after the third out has been made . . . With two out and three men on base, a fourth ball is called on the batter, thus forcing in a run . . . The man on third starts walking for home . . . However, the base runner going from first to second, trying to show off, rounds the keystone sack and tears out for third . . . When he's about 12 ft. off the bag the smarty attracts the pitcher's attention and the hurler promptly whips the ball to second to catch the frisky runner for the third out . . . The base runner who's walking slowly in from third reaches home after the out, but is permitted to score.

Walter Haight of the Washington Post passes on this nifty: "Although betting on horses is illegal in South Carolina, they sell \$5 tickets for races held at Palmetto State track . . . On the back of each ticket is printed: 'The holder of this ticket hereby acknowledges that he had made a free and voluntary contribution to be used for the purpose of promoting and holding horse racing for his entertainment, recreation and pleasure . . . He has been promised no prize and understands gambling is not permitted . . . If any prize or thing is given back to him, it shall be given freely and voluntarily on the part of the track.'"

Harry D. Clarke of Waltham, Mass., has invented a "golf watch" to score links matches . . . Tired of breaking scorecard pencils while out on the course, Clarke perfected a mechanical score-keeper which looks like a wrist watch with numeral designations from 1 to 18 . . . Each hole number has a counter which will tabulate your strokes from one to nine . . . Clarke figures if you take more than nine strokes for a hole, you won't want to remember your score anyway.



Summer sports reading . . . "Yankee Doodles" by Milton Gross (House of Kent, \$3); "The Boston Braves" by Harold Kaese (G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$3); "The Cincinnati Reds" by Lee Allen (G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$3); "Jackie Robinson—My Own Story" with a forward by Branch Rickey (Greenberg, \$2); "Babe Ruth" by Tom Meany (A. S. Barnes & Co., \$2.75), and "The Babe Ruth Story" by Babe Ruth and Bob Considine (E. P. Dutton, \$3).

Sep Palin, 70-year-old Wizard Of the Sulkies, Will Go Again At Goshen's 23rd Hambletonian



Sep's Still in Harness

BY NEIL R. GAHAGAN

DISCOUNTING King Gustav in the tennis world and a few dyspeptic chess players, probably no other active sport can boast such consistent old age and agility from its "playing" members as is found in the harness-racing game.

Septimus Palin (horsemen call him Sep and pronounce it "Zep") is one of these so-called "old fellers" of the whip and sulky trade who is the next potential author of a book called "Life Begins at Seventy."

Sep Palin has been around trotting horses a long time. He's been up; he's been down—but never completely out. During the last two years this trainer of champions has come back to the top of the David Harum circuit. This year he's been a bear to beat, from Santa Anita to Goshen, N. Y.

At 70, this man Palin's renaissance has been terrific. But it's a happy opportunity that comes only

to a hardened veteran of the harness turf.

Last year, Sep piled up \$133,000 in the hay circuits; trained and raced the best trotting colts on the horizon; won the two grand harness-race prizes: The Hambletonian at Goshen and the Kentucky Futurity; and drove four of his string within the coveted honor circle (two minutes or less for the mile).

The younger boys just can't keep up with him. He's got 38 years of racing under his belt and this loop-shouldered, lanky Hoosier has reached that point in his career when the mechanics of driving are automatic, but when wisdom and shrewdness are becoming more acute.

It was thought, after Palin won his first Hambletonian with Greyhound in 1935, that he had climbed his success peak. But he returned to the top last year when he scooted

Hoot Mon home to win the greatest and fastest trotting classic ever raced by taking two of three heats from the R. H. Johnston stable's favored Rodney.

Sep's back at Goshen again this year with a string of trotters, headed by Victory Song and Hoot Mon, two of the very best. And Sep aims to win another Hambletonian, too.

He has two green three-year-olds entered in the 23rd trotting of the big purse-race this year. One is Wayward, a nice gaited bay horse. The other, Isolandia, a \$28,000 yearling with the best breeding in the country (out of a dam that won the Hambletonian in 1927, Iosola's Worthy).

Typical of Sep, he didn't race either of the two last year. He "let's 'em grow." He used the same tactics with Victory Song, his wonder horse. Put him out to pasture as a two-year-old. Then brought him back in 1946 to win just about everything in sight.

Sep likes Goshen. Every year he gets a nostalgic hankering for the "Cradle of the Trotter." He likes the friendly easy-going atmosphere in the little town. He likes the convenience of the two race tracks and the fact that one, the Historic Track, a half mile job, is just a stone's throw from the Orange Inn, where Sep and Mrs. Palin stay during the race week. It was in back of this old inn that Major Edsall stood his famous old stallion, Hambletonian, who sired more than 1,500 trotting sons and daughters before he died in 1876.

This year again, when Hambletonian Day comes to Goshen on August 11th, it will remind folks of Derby Day in Louisville. And

like Louisville, there will be crowds. But in sleepy little Goshen (latest census gives it 3,000), masses of people will be more in evidence. When 20,000 racing fans pour into the little town, the seat of Orange County is taxed to the utmost in hospitality.

W. H. Cane's Good Time Park will be jammed at post time for the first heat. Long-time followers of the sport will be seated placidly in their front row boxes. Below, sweating crowds will scurry to lay that last bet. Eight-deep, they will clamor for hot dogs and beer. And everywhere a general feeling of exhilaration spreads and grows.

The marshal will lead the field onto the kite-shaped track. These are the best of trotting three-year-olds. Rollo is the winter book favorite, at 2-1, to cop the winner's 55 percent share of the \$50,000 stake race. Sep Palin will appear grim and business-like, wearing his newly-pressed green-and-white colors. He races for the Castleton Farm of Lexington, Ky.

If he has a fair-to-middlin' colt ahead of him (and he has), horsemen in-the-know will be betting on Sep Palin—not the horse. They respect his coolness any time such a big purse is at stake.

Sep Palin is not a Goshenite. He comes originally from Russiaville, Ind., where he was born and raised

Thirty-year-old Neil R. Gahagan serves as Registrar of the U. S. Trotting Association and Secretary-Treasurer of Grand Circuit, Inc., the organization which is the big league of the trotting sport. He edits the Association's stud book and writes for harness horse turf papers.

round the ole Hoosier swimming hole publicized by poet James Whitcomb Riley. Back in those bringing-up days, Sep's only connection with a horse was a big gray draft stallion, which he used for his Russiaville butcher-shop deliveries.

Coincidentally, a big gray gelding later was to bring him fame and fortune. But the old draft animal was good enough in 1905 to take him over to the trotting races of a Saturday afternoon at Tipton Fairgrounds, where an intense interest in races and horses got into his blood.

Sep picked up his bride and his baggage and left the butcher trade. He entered the Tipton-Russiaville circuit as a green driver in 1910. Palin wanted to go places. Specifically, he was aiming for harness racing's major leagues. That was the Grand Circuit in those days, and still is. It was reserved strictly for the veterans and Class-A boys of the Pop Geers, Walter Cox variety.

At heart Sep's always been a sort of rural Pygmalion, a perfectionist who has molded trotters and pacers to his own fashion. Greyhound was his perfect work of art. Today, it is Victory Song. Tomorrow, it will be Hoot Mon, the Hambletonian winner of 1947 who set the Good Time Mile track standard for the event with a 2:00 flat clocking for one heat. But just four years after he took the reins for the first time, Sep had proved his ability along that line.

In the summer of 1914, Palin

sallied forth from the backwoods of Indiana's Howard County with an unknown, but fast pacer called Possibility. He whipped everything in sight; won 14 straight races; earned (in those days) a fabulous \$11,000, and moved the caustic veteran Walter Cox to say: "Here comes that damn Hoosier sandhill farmer with another pacer to throw sand in our eyes!"



PALIN

Possibility was an aptly named pacer, for Palin had "possibilities" from the start. More and more patrons were flocking to his public stable. In quick succession Palin brought forward winners in Ora Direct, Logan Hedgewood, Saint Guy, Wanda May, Winnipeg, San Guy and Chief Abbedale.

From then on Sep was his own boss. He could take the reins with the masters.

Sep was strictly a pacing man in the early part of his career. His handiwork at rigging a pacer and rating a horse is looked upon by horsemen the country over as the nearest thing to perfection possible. Palin has flashed home with no less than nine pacers and four trotters that have been clocked in 2:00 or better.

In his career, Palin has set this notable record: he has trained and driven the fastest trotting horse; the fastest pacing mare, and the fastest trotting-race stallion.

During his many years of barnstorming, Sep has won over \$1,000,000; travelled more than 200,000 miles, and set more time and race records than any other driver. But

most important of all, he molded the greatest piece of hossflesh that ever was trained—the fabulous gelding Greyhound. It was this great trotter that weaned Palin away from hobble pacers.

GREYHOUND retired this year. He's a gray gelding by Guy Abbey, out of Elizabeth by Peter the Great, and is now 16 years old. In December 1933, Greyhound was sold as a scrubby little colt for \$900 to E. J. Baker of St. Charles, Ill., who inherited a fortune from the famous "Bet-A-Million" Gates. For 20 years, this man was Sep Palin's most famous patron. And what was all right with Sep was all right with Baker. So they bought the colt.

No one saw much in the animal, except Palin. One of Palin's greatest assets is an ability to wait for the right time, and Baker went along with him in this. Greyhound was trained patiently and hard his first year. He raced inconspicuously as a two-year-old. As a three-year-old in 1935, Sep gave him his head a bit and they won the Hambletonian in Goshen and some other stakes. Definitely the best trotter that year, he was on his way.

In the harness world, time for the mile is the most important factor in determining class.

And the Gray Ghost possessed a sixth sense for time. As a four-year-old he trotted the distance in 1:57-1/4. Peter Manning for years had held the record for all miles at 1:56-3/4. It was thought unbeat-

able. Still, Greyhound had years ahead of him and Palin decided on waiting. He nursed him along, never pushing, never straining. "Let a horse mature," Sep says.

The year 1937 came. Greyhound was a five-year-old. That year Palin urged him a little, and the big-striding, majestic trotter roared past Peter Manning's mark at Lexington, to set a world record of 1:56 for a mile.

And it was not an anti-climax when, in 1938, Greyhound came back and proved indisputably to the world that he was the perfect trotting machine. On a sunny Fall afternoon at Lexington, Sep in a business-like fashion considered the track; sniffed the air; and with the officials' consent, again whisked Greyhound to the fastest mile ever covered by a trotting horse—this time in 1:55-1/4. No fuss, no fanfare. It was an unruffled Palin and a dynamic horse.

When Palin recently brought forward his second wonder horse, Victory Song (voted the trotting horse of the year in 1947), he was asked if he felt his latest work of art would master Greyhound's mark. "No," said Sep, "I don't see how he can do it. At least not the way he's training now. Greyhound was the perfect horse for my money." Sep feels the Gray Ghost is the ninth or tenth wonder of the world, he can't quite remember which.

Sep's biggest thrill was with Greyhound in the Hambletonian of 1935. The big horse (16 hands) got off to an extremely bad start and rounded the first turn a good furlong behind. Greyhound caught his stride, and Sep gave him the

whip. The big colt, legs like pistons, never missing those long, majestic strides, was gone like the wind. Sep was beginning to realize that he was driving a champion. As they came into the stretch, Greyhound had caught the field and was breezing. Relentlessly, Greyhound pounded home the winner by a length. It was then that Palin decided to wait, to bring him along slowly for the championship to come. Sep proved himself right.

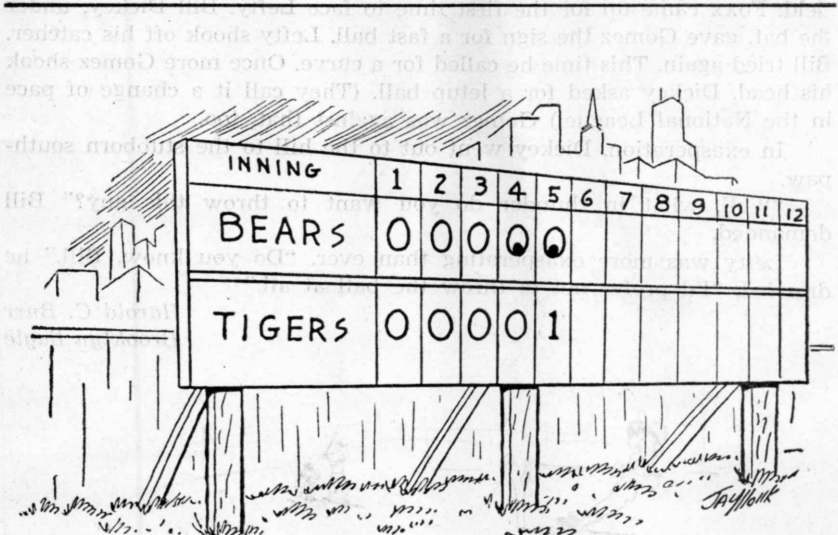
Today, Sep trains and drives for the Castleton Farm Stables, an outfit owned by Frances Dodge, one of the automobile firm heiresses who is active in the horsey circles of Rochester, Mich., Lexington, Ky., and Madison Square Garden. Last winter, her smart, high-stepping ponies (especially the light-harness horse *By Appointment* and the diminutive *Victory Song*) grabbed off most of the ribbons in the National Horse Show.

She has proven to be a gener-

ous, as well as smart patron for Palin. A cool \$50,000 was the price tag on *Hoot Mon*. She bought him. *Victory Song*, as an untried yearling, went for \$37,000, but she bought him, too. For a change, the big price paid off. Palin's ability has built her an A-1 racing stable, and it will materialize soon into the best standard-bred farm in the country.

Sep wants to retire someday. And probably to manage the Castleton breeding establishment in Kentucky. "Maybe when I start feeling old," he says.

Palin's a quiet, lean six-footer; weighs 175 lbs. (or about 70 pounds more than a jockey), drives a big Cadillac at terrific speeds, and calls Indianapolis, Ind., home. That's where he heads, anyway, after the racing season. Then he packs again and is off to Aiken, S. C., where he usually trains during the winter months. About April, he takes his string and as-



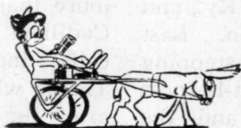
sistant trainer, plus grooms and rigging, and puts out for sunny California.

In Indianapolis, Palin also runs a standard-bred horse sale, known as the Speed Sale. The big auction brings trotters from all parts of the Middle West. Then he's active in the United States Trotting Association. Sep's a director of that central governing body and represents driver-reaction to rules.

To his fellow drivers, Sep is a "horsemen's horseman." He's quiet, seemingly moody, on and off the track. Other drivers fear his ability and are invariably outsmarted by

his zeroed-in tactics. Definitely not a grandstand player, the crowds don't go for him. He never tips his cap to applause when brought to the winner's circle, and wears a sullen sort of smile, even in victory. Some of the old horsemen say: "Strictly business, that's Sep." Others, who think they know, will point out Sep's "inferiority complex" to explain away any dourness.

Essentially, Palin is a rural man in a rural sport. Nevertheless, he has fulfilled his function in life—doing a job to perfection, to his and to everyone else's satisfaction.



Waiting for Lefty

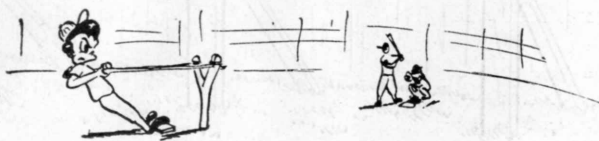
Lefty Gomez was pitching at the Yankee Stadium the day after Jimmy Foxx hit his record home run deep into the top deck in left field. Foxx came up for the first time to face Lefty. Bill Dickey, under the bat, gave Gomez the sign for a fast ball. Lefty shook off his catcher. Bill tried again. This time he called for a curve. Once more Gomez shook his head. Dickey asked for a letup ball. (They call it a change of pace in the National League.) Gomez was against that, too.

In exasperation, Dickey went out to the hill to the stubborn southpaw.

"Well, what in thunder do you want to throw this guy?" Bill demanded.

Lefty was more exasperating than ever. "Do you know, Bill," he drawled, "I'd prefer not to throw the ball at all."

*Harold C. Burr
Brooklyn Eagle*



Purple Heart Pitcher

**Banged-Up Brissie Is
One of Connie Mack's
Bang-Up Left-Handers**

BY RED SMITH

*Condensed from the
New York Herald Tribune*

THE Americans were moving up against German positions in the Apennines when an advance echelon got into trouble. The infantry outfit that included Cpl. Leland Victor Brissie, Jr., a gent out of the agreeable metropolis of Ware Shoals, S. C., went up to see what assistance it could offer.

"We never knew what happened," Brissie recalls. "We knew we were out of sight, but there wasn't any doubt the Germans knew exactly where we were. They unloaded everything on us.

"The shell that hit me killed 11 men. I was closest when it exploded, but I got mine mostly in the legs; the others were hit in the throat and the head and that sort of thing. I was there six hours before they got me out.

"I passed out once, but I think I knew what went on most of the time. I remember I was lying out in the open and the Germans kept pouring stuff in on us and it seemed like I wasn't so much worried about what happened to me as about getting hit again. So I crawled back into a creek bed to try to get a little protection.

"I guess dragging my leg around like that didn't help it. I got the



hole in it all caked up with dirt and mud and when I finally got picked up, the doctor told me he thought he'd have to take the leg off.

"'Well,' I told him, 'I'm the kind of a guy that has to know what's coming and then I do a lot better than if I'm in doubt and worry. So give it to me straight.'

"He said he'd wait to see the X-rays. He told me all the muscles and tendons were gone, and it was a question whether they could find all the parts and figure out how to fit 'em back where they belonged."

They didn't take the leg off, al-

though they didn't leave much of it. In the summer of 1945, Leland Brissie—who is called Lou because that isn't his name—showed up in Shibe Park in Philadelphia, a great big, handsome kid in a soldier suit, swinging along on crutches.

He'd been there before, in 1941, when he had just turned seventeen. His coach at Presbyterian College, Chick Galloway, brought him up to Connie Mack as a left-handed pitcher. On the advice of his father and Connie, the kid returned to school. He heard a lot of artillery before he got back to Philadelphia.

Now he visited around with the ball players. When they asked questions about the pocketful of decorations he'd brought back, he shrugged and changed the subject to baseball. Seeing the helpless way his left leg hung and hearing him talk about getting rid of his crutches so he could start pitching again,

it made you want to cry.

He went home and he did get rid of the crutches in time. By the spring of 1946 he was walking with a big unwieldy brace. He tried to pitch a game for his home-town team, and got the first sore arm he'd ever had. By midsummer he had worked the stiffness out and was able to go north and pitch for the Athletics in batting practice. Working like that set his wounds afire.

"Felt like I had a toothache in my legs," he said. He wound up in Valley Forge General Hospital with blood poisoning. When he got out of the hospital, his father died.

"Seemed like I wasn't having good luck," he said. "Sometimes it was discouraging."

He tried again a year ago. By that time he'd gone through 23 operations. Same story. The leg tortured him through the training season.

"Earle," he said to Earle Brucker, coach of the Athletics' pitchers, "wherever you send me, let me go some place where I can pitch. With this thing on my leg, if I'm not working, people are going to start saying, 'The war's over now. Why carry a guy like him?'"

They sent him to Savannah. For six weeks his injuries wouldn't let him work. Then he started a game and lost, 3-to-0. He started another and lost, 1-to-0. Then he won 12 straight. This, mind you, was in his first and only season of professional baseball. Starting six weeks after the race began, he won 23 games, helped Savannah win the Sally League play-off. He lost only five games, in four of which his club was shut out.



"Look honey, we don't have to go dancing tonight. I got two tickets to the ball game."

If there ever was a man with two sound legs who made a more remarkable record in his first year in any league, the name doesn't come to mind. It is almost seven years since Galloway first brought the kid north, yet he has just turned 24 this summer.

He is 6 ft.-4 1/2 in. tall and weighs 205 lbs. because he dieted all winter. He began training at home two weeks before the A's spring camp opened, reasoning that he needed more time than others to get into condition. He doesn't talk about his hopes of making a personal success this year. All he talks about is staying in shape so he can pitch more innings for a team that has sorely needed a good southpaw for years.

He gets around astonishingly well, wearing a plastic brace which makes his lower leg as thick as a fence post. The frame protects the

limb from possible new injury. Another blow to his bum leg would finish his baseball career.

Fine speed and a beautifully controlled curve gave him the comely earned-run-average of 1.91 last year. But Lou insists he isn't as fast as he used to be. "I had to change my pitching style, you know," he says. "And that slowed me up a bit. I used to rear back and push off my leg. Now I have to pivot off it."

Now a junior at Presbyterian College in Clinton, S. C., Brissie is majoring in physical education, attending school in the off-season. He was married four years ago and has one child, his two-year-old daughter, Vicki.

"He should be a great pitcher," Connie Mack said. "He should be as good as Rube Waddell."

Connie took a breath. "Better than Waddell," he added.



Bang-up Performer

Some of the things that happen to you while covering the sports beat you just can't forget. And some of the items that stick with you are always good for a chuckle.

Like the training camp debut of big Joe Coomer, the 280-lb. Texas tackle who came up with the Chicago Cardinals intent on proving his mettle as quickly as possible.

Yanked out with a bloody nose in his first practice scrimmage, Joe screamed blue murder. "This is a helluva note," he yelled at no one in particular. "Imagine getting pulled out just because of a bloody nose. What's football coming to?"

"Where I come from, if they have to yank ya, they shoot ya."

*Harry Sheer
Chicago Daily News*



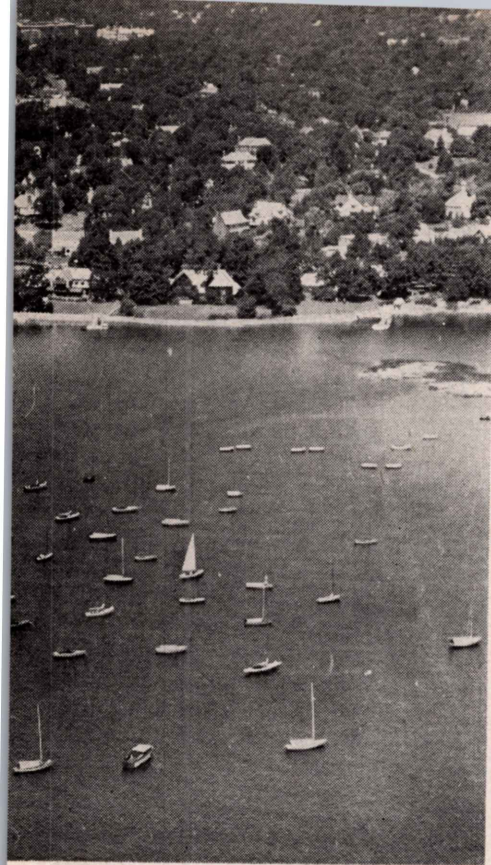
It's Race Week Once Again

Nearly 500 Yachts Are Expected to Compete In the New York Club's 50th Annual Regatta

BY GENE EDWARDS

ON a summer's Sunday the wind-whipped waters of Long Island Sound are studded with sails. Along this 100-mile reach of the Atlantic, sailing craft of every size and rig cruise for pleasure and race for trophies on what is probably the best and certainly the most fashionable yachting grounds in America.

Of all the towns and harbors along the New York-Connecticut shore, Larchmont, N. Y., easily ranks as the Sound's social and sailing center. For on the snug little harbor of that sophisticated suburban town of 7,000 lies the rustic, rambling Larchmont Yacht Club, the organization which has done more to promote yachting as



at Larchmont

a popular participant sport than any other group in the area.

Realizing a long time ago that if yacht racing was to survive it would have to become a sport for the masses instead of for the millionaires, the Larchmont Yacht Club decided to hold an annual week of competitive sailing. This year the largest sail fleet ever assembled on Long Island Sound is expected to be on hand for the 50th anniversary of Race Week. Some 500 boats, ranging in size from 12-

meter sloops to tiny 12-foot "Ghosts," and manned by nearly 1,500 salt water sailors, will compete in more than 100 separate events during the week-long competition which begins July 17.

"We expect even more boats than the record single day's turnout of 447 last season," says Alexander P. Gest, a life member of the club. "Sailing is growing in popularity every season and that, together with the fact that this is the event's Golden Anniversary, probably will give us the longest entry list in history."

Race Week is not too much younger than the Larchmont club itself. The Yacht Club was organized in 1880, incorporated in 1887. At first, emulating the older sailing organizations on the Sound, the Larchmont suburbanites sponsored an annual cruise every summer. However, in 1898, members decided to substitute a week of competitive sailing and it's been a regular entry in the club's log book ever since.

Every Race Week at Larchmont bears a striking resemblance to rush week on a college campus. There are similar hordes of people, many unfamiliar faces. The tony club house, complete with elaborate barometers, anemometers and other marine instruments, is the center of activity.

The Race Committee, this year headed by Alfred Keeshan, Jr., whose father held the post in 1933, supervises the daily regattas. An entertainment committee plans each evening's bill of fare—dances, amateur boxing matches and, on the final night, presentation of awards to the top skippers.

For Race Week sailors, the Larchmont classic is a rugged test of skill and consistency. Last year there were some 17 classes of sailing vessels entered, in addition to several handicap classifications. This year another class, the 210's, will sail competitively for the first time on the Sound. The competition is open to any member of a recognized yacht club.

Unless a hurricane interrupts, there is a race for each type of craft every afternoon.

There is no inter-class competition—Ghosts compete only against Ghosts and Snipes only against Snipes—but there are only four racing distances a day. Larger boats, such as the 33-foot Internationals, sail over a large triangle. Then there are three triangles, each smaller in turn, with in the largest one for groups of smaller class boats.

All races start at the same time and the Race Committee, with an eye on the weather, determines the distance for each triangle every day. The bigger boats often sail as far as 12 miles; the smaller ones rarely travel more than four or five miles. No layman surveying the sail-dotted Sound during Race Week could possibly know just which boats are racing which. This confusion can, at times, extend right to the experts.

Class winners are determined on a point basis covering all of the daily regattas. If 25 boats are entered in a race, for example, the winning yacht receives 25 points, second place is worth 24 and so on down the line. Consistency pays off when the final totals are tabulated. A boat which finishes first

in one race, last in all the others, would rank far behind an entry that placed among the first five or six each day.

Opening day proved the biggest headache in 1947. The air was calmer than a sleeping kitten and only the smallest boats managed to struggle to the finish line before the seven p. m. deadline. Sailing was either good or adequate the remaining days of the week. However, this was unusual weather for the Sound which usually is swept by brisk breezes.

A young skipper, 19-year-old Jack Webb of Riverside, Conn., piled up the most impressive score last year. He piloted his "Rogue" to the Lightning Championship (19 feet) division title by winning six straight races. This brought the teen-age sailor the Kathleen Cullen Memorial Trophy awarded to the boat, in any class over 16 feet, that totals the most points during Race Week.

Miss Cullen, who had been a member of the club, was killed during the war while serving with the Red Cross. Her father, Vincent Cullen, presented the perpetual trophy in her name and a miniature replica of the award is given to the annual winner.

A more typical winner was veteran sailor Arthur Knapp, Jr., of the host club, who sailed William H. Stanley's "Bumble Bee" to victory in the hotly contested International class. Knapp took only two first places, but "Bumble Bee" finished among the first four in the remaining races.

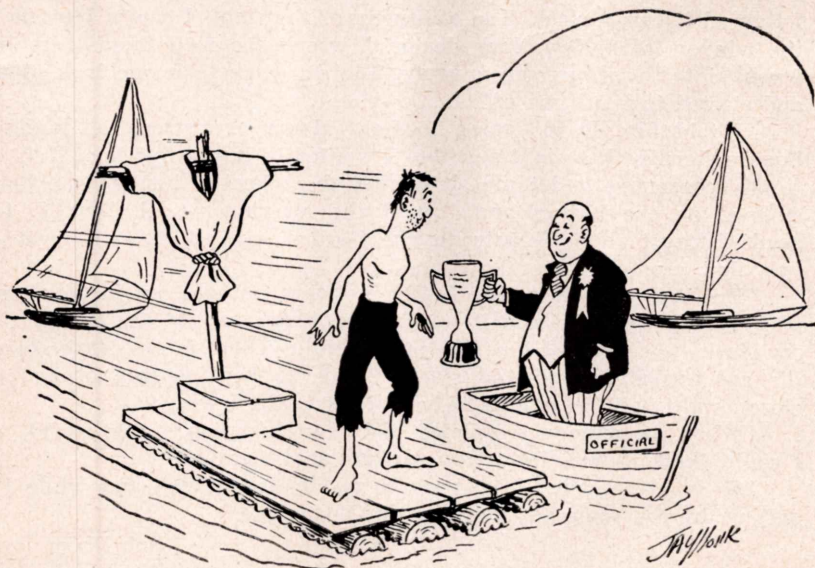
All of the 100-odd Internationals in existence were designed and built in Norway by Bjarne Aas, a

Norwegian craftsman. The boats were made from 1936 to 1939, but none built after 1938 are permitted to enter races limited to this particular class. Experts feel that the later yachts might be lighter and have more natural speed than the earlier models. There are only about 50 Internationals in the United States and 22 of them enrolled at the Larchmont Yacht Club.

Knapp plans to sail with almost the same crew he had last year when he defends his crown this summer. "Mr. Stanley, the owner, Mrs. Clinton M. Bell, his daughter and Robert Barker, Jr., all will be with me again," he says. "The only one missing will be John Nichols who will sail another International this year. Probably Captain D. S. Shipley, an airline pilot, will take his place."

To at least one man at the Larchmont Yacht Club, preparations for Race Week are ancient stuff, indeed. Grizzled old Bill Lynn, employed by the club as an attendant, has been a Yacht Club landmark since April 4, 1901.

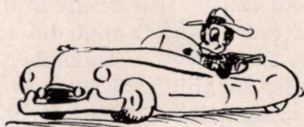
"Race Week has changed through the years," he says meditatively, pouring a heaping pipeful of tobacco into his battered briar. "There weren't near as many boats racing in the old days, and the boats that did race were all big ones. I remember Wilson Marshall—he was commodore of the club from 1906 to 1909—and his three-masted schooner "Atlantic." He was a regular at Race Week and he had a 33-man crew in the "Atlantic" when he took the boat to Europe in 1905 and captured the Kaiser's Cup."



There will be few, if any, large yachts on the Sound this Race Week. The big reason is upkeep expense. Knapp estimates that it costs from \$1,500 to \$3,000 a year to maintain an International class yacht, and this is only a medium-sized boat.

So, most of the hundreds of amateur sailors who will be on hand for Larchmont's Race Week, vin-

tage 1948, again will race their Snipes, Comets, Ghosts and Lightnings. The boats may be small, but the competition will be keen and the expenses will be low. It also means that the average small boat skipper won't be envious of the large yachts. He would far rather have a small boat to put a sail on than have to put his big boat up for sale.



Ritzy Fritzie

That erstwhile triphammer of the prize ring, Fritzie Zivic, has a carload of stories, but none is better than the one about—well, let Fritzie tell it.

"I always wanted to own a Cadillac, ever since I was a kid. So, when I signed to fight Henry Armstrong for the welterweight title in 1940, I figured it was a cinch. The afternoon of the fight, I saw a big one in the window of a New York dealer. I wasn't too well fixed then, but I went into the showroom anyway. The salesman took one look at me and started to brush me off.

"I told him I was going to fight Henry Armstrong at Madison Square Garden that night and that I wanted to buy a Cadillac. Well, he finally consented to let me sit behind the wheel. I honked the horn, stepped on the brakes and turned the steering wheel. Boy, it felt good! I forgot about Armstrong, the Garden, everything—all I wanted was that car.

"But that night after the first round that car was out in Oklahoma City. At the second round it was in San Francisco. At the end of five rounds it had gone all the way to Honolulu. Then, in the sixth round, the car turned around and started back. It kept getting closer and closer, and finally it arrived in New York again. I was in.

"When the announcer spieled 'the new champion of the world,' all I could think of was 'Now you can get that Cadillac.'

"So what happens? I go back to my dressing room and while I'm getting dressed some guy sells me an Oldsmobile."

Bob Drum
Pittsburgh Press



Old Man of the Cleveland Club
At 33, Joe Gordon Still Covers
Ground Like an Indian Blanket

THE FLASH

BY ED MCAULEY

*Condensed from the
Cleveland News*

WEE Willie Keeler, explaining his philosophy of batting success with the pert if ungrammatical advice—"Hit 'em where they ain't"—coined an expression which will live as long as baseball is played.

The Cleveland Indians' Joe Gordon could reduce his defensive theories to similar simplicity with a corollary statement.

Joe just fields 'em where they are.

At 33, the oldest man on the Cleveland roster, Gordon still handles his second base assignment with the agility of a rookie and with infinitely more success.

A player of the Flash's age performs on borrowed time, so every spring he has to answer anew the indicated question:

"When will Gordon start to slip?"

The answer is not yet. He glides to his right or his left with equal facility. Lou Boudreau can concentrate on his shortstop position and forget about the territory in between first and second base. Eddie Robinson, a better-than-average fielder in his own right, is thinking of playing a stationary first base. He doesn't see much reason to move off the sack as long

as Gordon can get to anything inside the foul line.

"Of course I'm not as fast as I was when I joined the Yankees 10 years ago," says Gordon. "I just start moving sooner. No kidding, if the average fan could take his eye off the ball for an instant and watch an experienced shortstop or second baseman, he'd discover that there are some things more important than speed.

"If Lou Boudreau and I waited for the ball to be hit, we'd spend the summer watching it go past us. We're moving with the pitch, often-er than not before it even leaves the pitcher's hand.

"Occasionally we'll look silly," he conceded. "We'll be moving in one direction when the ball is hit to another. But theoretically, on every pitch in every game, the batter—if he connects at all—should hit to a certain spot. You know what the pitch is to be. You know what the particular hitter is supposed to do about it.

"A most important thing is to remember the count. The shift which Lou devised for Ted Williams is a case in point. The minute Ted steps into the batter's box, we swing far to the right. But if the pitcher gets

behind in the count, we swing even farther to the right.

"To a certain extent, we apply the same theory to every hitter. If he gets the pitcher in the hole, he's looking for that fast one down the middle—and pulling it. Williams got away from us last year—he got away from everybody—but I could name you half a dozen of the American League's best hitters who never do much against Cleveland. Lou knows how to pitch to them, and how to play them."

Obviously, Gordon has a full quota of respect for his running mate.

"It's a wonder I ever make that pivot on a double play," he says. "I get such a kick out of watching Lou that I sometimes forget I'm in the game."

Gordon's batting average wasn't too high in early season games this year. This is not unusual for any veteran, much less for Gordon who traditionally is a slow starter.

"I want to be ready all the time," he fumes. "When I'm not hitting, I try everything short of standing on my head in an effort to get started. I'd give a year's salary if I could be what you fellows call a natural hitter."

For Gordon, a year's salary is no mere pittance; but money probably means less to him than it does to the average athlete. He lives simply but well, and the man who beats him to the grab when the waiter lays down a check is an agile gent indeed.

Although he had one of the best years of his career last season (he batted .272 and fielded .978 in 155 games), Joe toyed with the idea of asking for his release, so that he

could sign as playing-manager of a Pacific Coast League club, where he'd be closer to his home in Eugene, Ore. Newspaper friends persuaded him not to put this strain on Veeck's nervous system.

Gordon joined the Indians in 1947 with the flat assertion that the Tribe had an excellent chance to win the pennant. He was proven wrong by so wide a margin that he was less confident this year, but his story is the same.

"This club of ours is much improved over last year," he points out. "We have our problems, but so has every other team in the business. I'll certainly keep thinking we can win until somebody proves we can't."

Off the field, this product of Joe McCarthy's discipline machine—a machine which has made impersonal robots of many fine athletes—is literally the life of the party. He has as much fun just living as he has playing baseball. He likes nothing better than to find himself some stooges for the execution of a practical joke, then sit on the sidelines and chuckle at the resultant embarrassment.

Joe makes only one concession to the theory that the national pastime should be a young man's game. He likes to keep his cap on. Last spring at training camp in Tucson, a photographer lined up a group of topflight Indians for a picture at the batting cage. Dissatisfied with the lighting effect, the lensman asked the athletes to remove their caps.

"That lets me out," said Gordon, stepping out of range.

From the eyebrows up, the Flash looks all of his 33 years.



TUNA TOURNAMENT

BY ROBERT McDOWELL

MOST people associate tuna with a can, chopped celery, onions, eggs and a dash of mayonnaise. All but the can are then mixed together to make a highly palatable summer salad.

But to the sportsman who can afford it, tuna usually means the giant bluefin that winters, like a socialite, off the Bahamas and then migrates to Nova Scotia waters during the summer and early fall months.

Last year the Nova Scotia Bureau of Information reported with justifiable pride that 495 bluefin tuna, with an aggregate weight of 235,450 pounds, were boated during 1947 off the province's coast line, thus setting an all-time record for a single season. This topped by 111 the previous high of 384 fish of that species caught in the area during 1946.

Five of last year's catch weighed more than 800 pounds each and, to the dismay of fishermen everywhere, a fisherwoman, Mrs. Anne Crowninshield of Palm Beach, Fla., landed the largest of all. The victim of Mrs. Crowninshield's hook made the biggest fish story of the year. The giant bluefin, weighing in at 882 pounds, proved to be the biggest fish of any species ever hauled in by a woman as well as the heaviest tuna ever taken by anyone—man or woman—on a 39-thread line.

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Tuna Tournament—

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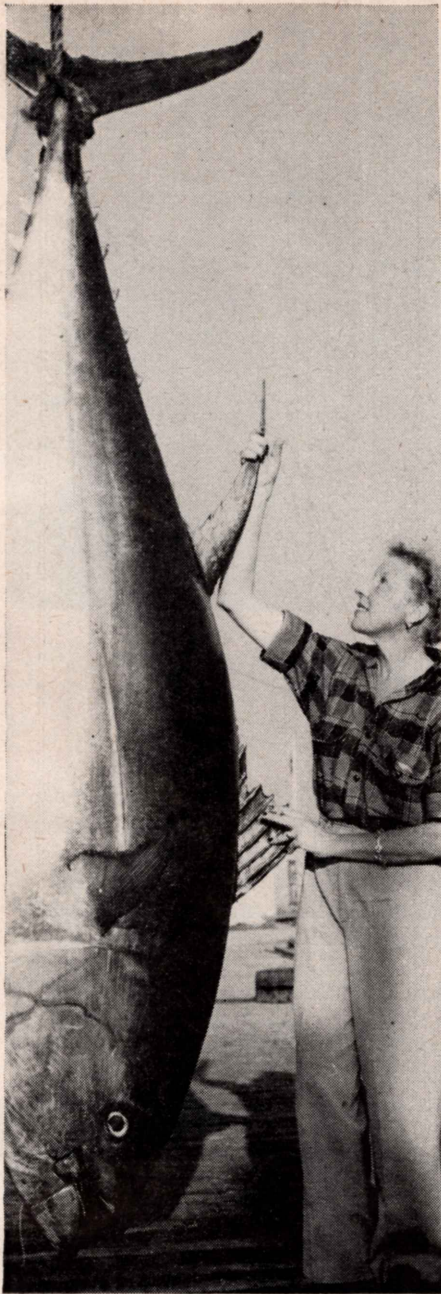
The current tuna angling season in Nova Scotia already is well underway. It began early in July and will continue until mid-October when the guides stow away fishing gear and turn to their lobster traps.

The highlight of the bluefin campaign will be the fifth International Tuna Cup Match scheduled for September 8, 9 and 10 at Wedgeport. The world's best tuna fishermen, divided into six-man national teams, will battle the giant tuna and try to win the Alton B. Sharp trophy, emblematic of world tuna fishing supremacy.

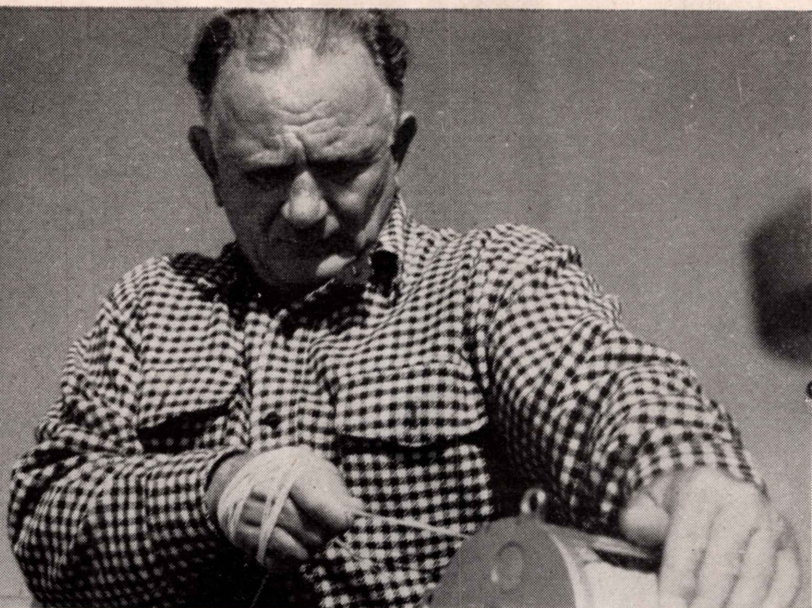
Wedgeport, site of the tourney, is a tiny French-Canadian fishing and lobstering village on the southeastern coast of the province. There, on the rolling, often fog-enshrouded swells of Soldier's Rip, just off Wedgeport, the International Tuna Cup Match will be held. And it is on this same Soldier's Rip, one of the world's great tuna fishing grounds, that big game fishermen boat the overwhelming majority of bluefins landed in Nova Scotia.

Angling for the giant tuna requires money, experience and stamina in almost equal quantities. Although most tuna anglers rent the 40-foot launches that serve as the base of operations, they usually sport their own equipment which can run as high as \$2,000. This includes a game chair and harness (it had better be the best), rods (good ones run around

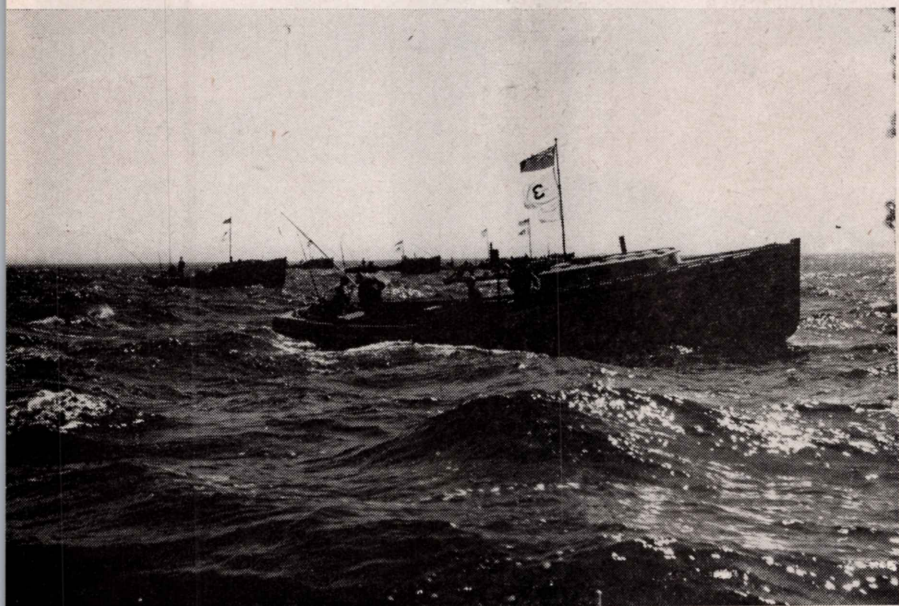
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BIG BLUEFIN! Mrs. Anne Crowninshield landed this 882-lb. tuna last year, largest ever brought in by a woman.



FAMED SPORTSMAN Mike Lerner of New York checks his tuna gear. According to Nova Scotians, he was the first outsider to realize the potentialities of tuna fishing at Soldier's Rip. Now the place draws almost as many anglers as tuna.



TUNA LAUNCHES roll in the swells of Soldier's Rip, off Wedgeport, N. S., as entries in the International Tuna Cup Match wait for strikes that signify blue-fins and tourney points. This season's three-day tournament begins September 8.



TWO LOOKOUTS spot a tuna and all eyes turn to the sea in search of the game fish. The hope of landing a big tuna brings so many anglers to Wedgeport each season that the province of Nova Scotia sponsors the international tournament.



ACE fisherwoman Mrs. John Manning of Los Angeles skillfully fights a bluefin while her guide follows the battle closely. Two seasons ago, Mrs. Manning and her husband landed 43 tuna off Nova Scotia. Their haul totalled 25,537 pounds.

Tuna Tournament—CONTINUED

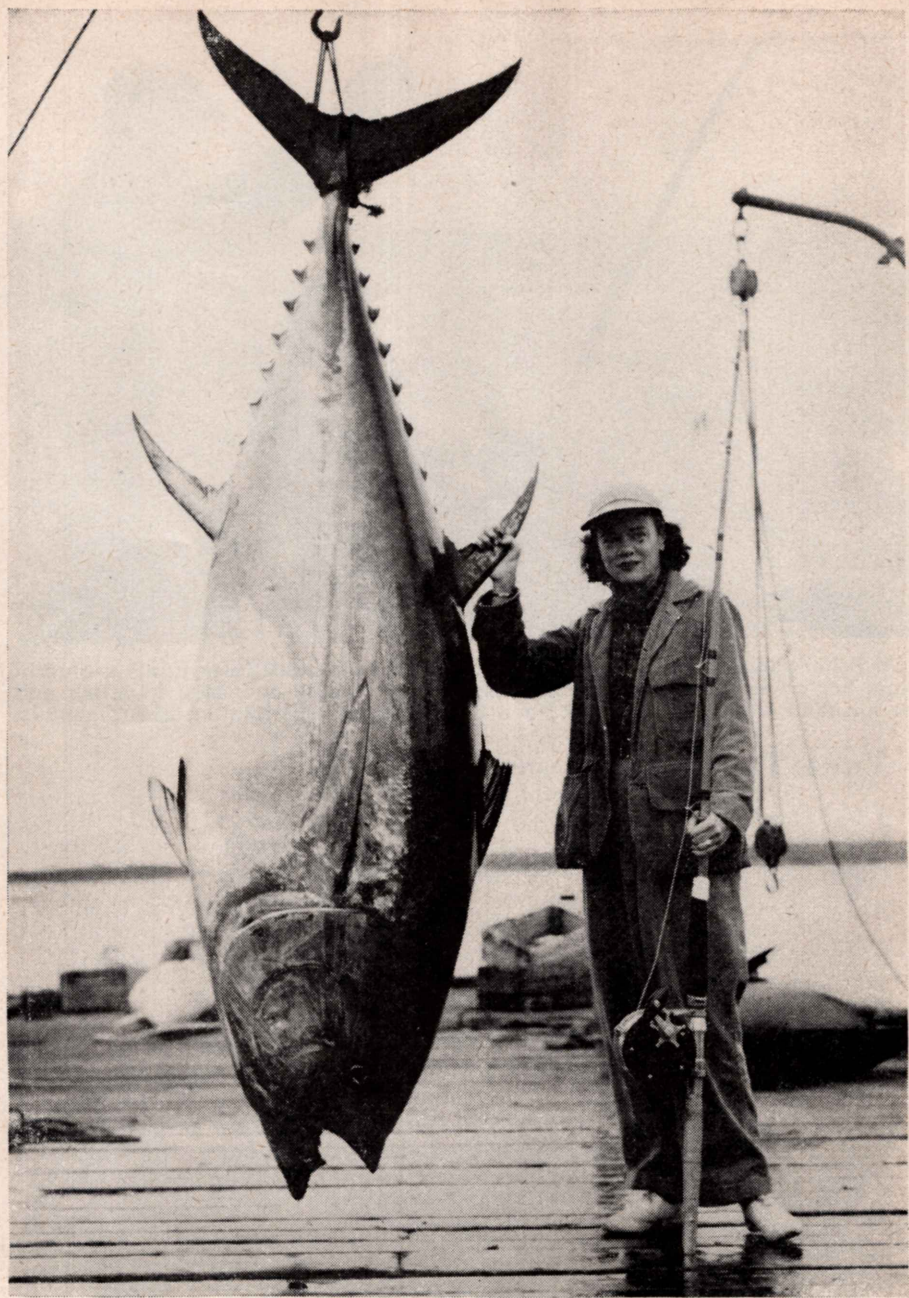
\$200), reels (up to \$800) and 1,000-yard lines (about \$50 each). Nova Scotia boat skippers, who also can supply the necessary equipment, usually charge from \$38 to \$45 per day for renting out the boat and their services to aspiring tuna catchers.

The angler may be inexperienced, but the boat crew should have considerable training before trying to land large tuna. At Wedgeport, where the tuna are taken in the swift tide rips, boat engines turn over just fast enough to overcome the tide.

A guide rigs the fisherman's herring or mackerel bait, carefully cutting out a portion of the fish's backbone to make it supple. He then "sews" it on the 11/0 hook. In order that the bait can be controlled, a long bamboo pole is attached to the angler's line with a light cord. The cord breaks the instant a tuna strikes. The guide also throws out the "teaser"—a dozen or more whole herring tied to a string—which help lure the big game fish.

While the guide trolls the angler's bait astern, a seaman called the chummer, tosses over cut-up herring. When a tuna appears behind the boat, the chummer changes to whole herring or mackerel. The guide keeps the real bait among all the decoys. Sooner or later the bluefin makes a mistake and grabs the herring with the hook in it.

(Continued)



MRS. S. KIP Farrington, Jr., wife of the big game angler and writer, appears pint-sized beside the 673-lb. bluefin she landed after a two-hour battle. The tuna was the biggest ever brought in by a woman angler using 24-thread line.

Tuna Tournament—CONTINUED

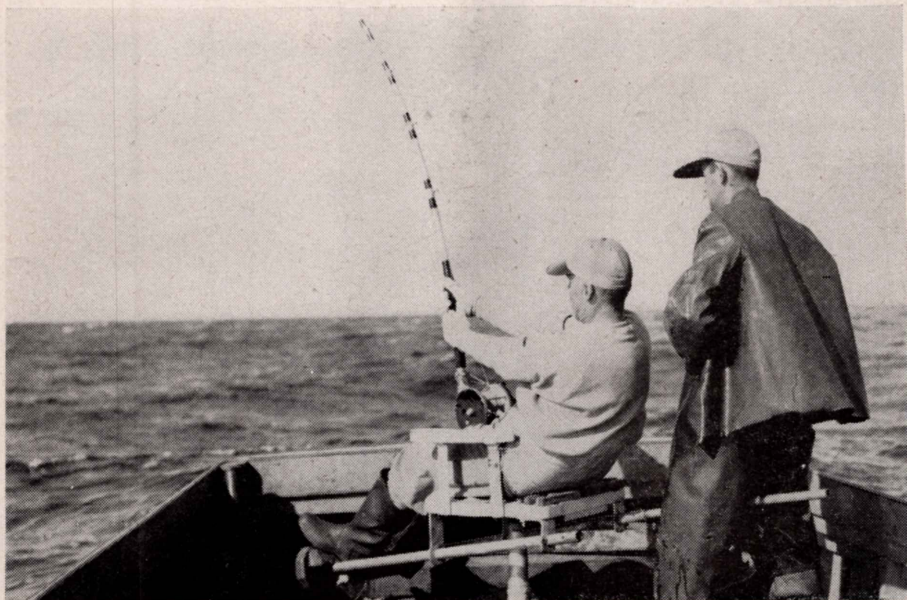
The bluefin is big and it's game. It takes skill and endurance on the part of everyone, angler and crew alike, to bring him in. The average weight of last year's catch off Nova Scotia was slightly more than 475.5 pounds, and the total included several scrawny specimens weighing under 100 pounds. During 1947, exactly 101 tuna caught at Soldier's Rip scaled over the 600-pound mark.

Once a tuna is hooked, it takes off for the open sea at from 30 to 40 miles an hour. The fisherman, perched in his game chair with feet extended against the solid wood of the deck for additional support and leverage, lets his catch make off with some 250 yards of line. Then the fish cuts back to try and shake off the hook.

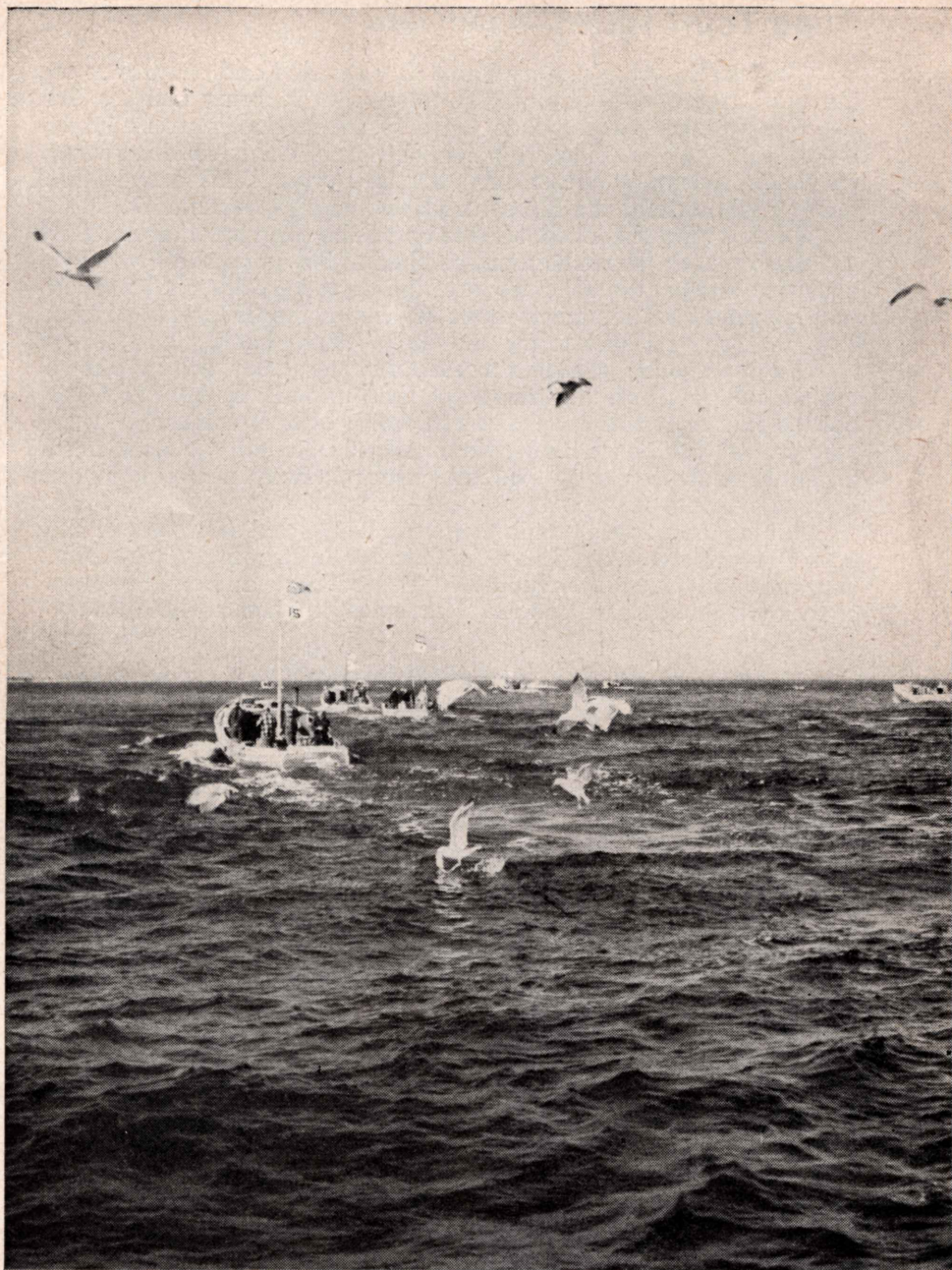
An alert guide standing beside the struggling angler directs the boat skipper and the fisherman. The line must be kept taut, but not too taut or it will snap and \$50 worth of linen runner and the tuna as well will be lost in the North Atlantic. Actually, a large bluefin could shake loose by swimming straightaway and pulling the boat along with it.

But the tuna doesn't think that way. It cuts and swerves and the boat cuts and swerves almost in unison. The fisherman gradually, very gradually, brings the bluefin in. This can take an hour, but more often it takes two, three or four. Sometimes, it takes a whole day.

(Continued)



KIP FARRINGTON strains against the tug of one of the two tuna he landed during his stay at Wedgeport last year. Favorite bluefin bait is herring. Schools of tuna follow the small fish up from the Gulf Stream to Nova Scotia every June.



FLAGS OF THREE nations, the U. S., Cuba and Great Britain, whip in the breeze as the tuna tourney fleet approaches Soldier's Rip. The launches leave Wedgeport at dawn on each of the three days of the cup match. Crew members

Tuna Tournament—

CONTINUED

The waters of Soldier's Rip are the logical spot to test the tuna fisherman's skill and to settle the international championship. Where the bluefins come from originally, no one knows. But the fish are partial to a herring diet and every summer they follow the herring runs from warmer waters into the coastal bays off Nova Scotia. Experts can estimate the chance of success for the tuna angler by studying the size of the annual herring run.

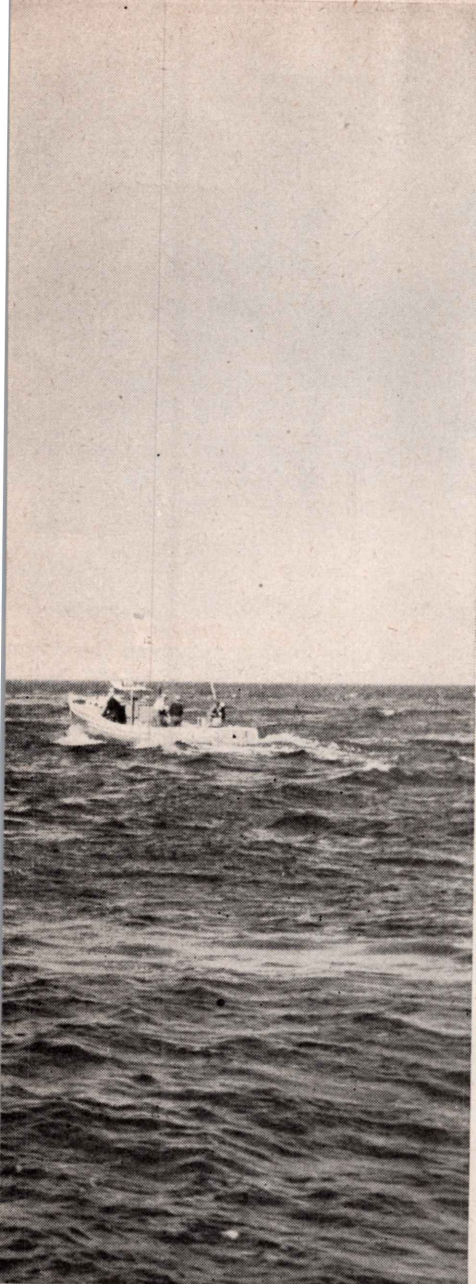
The season reaches its height in September when vacationing sportsmen from all over the world, but especially from the United States, journey up to the Canadian province ready to duel with the deep water denizens. Many of the anglers head south in the fall and use Florida as their tuna fishing base of operations during the winter months.

Until last year, the International Tuna tournament signified the close of the Nova Scotia season. But in 1947, for the first time, the fishing continued until mid-October.

The International Tuna Cup Match is sponsored and administered by the Nova Scotia government. The Alton B. Sharp trophy, presented to the winning team, is a gleaming silver cup donated by Sharp, a Massachusetts steamship lines executive.

All nations are eligible to enter, but travel distances probably will limit this year's competition to Cuba, the United

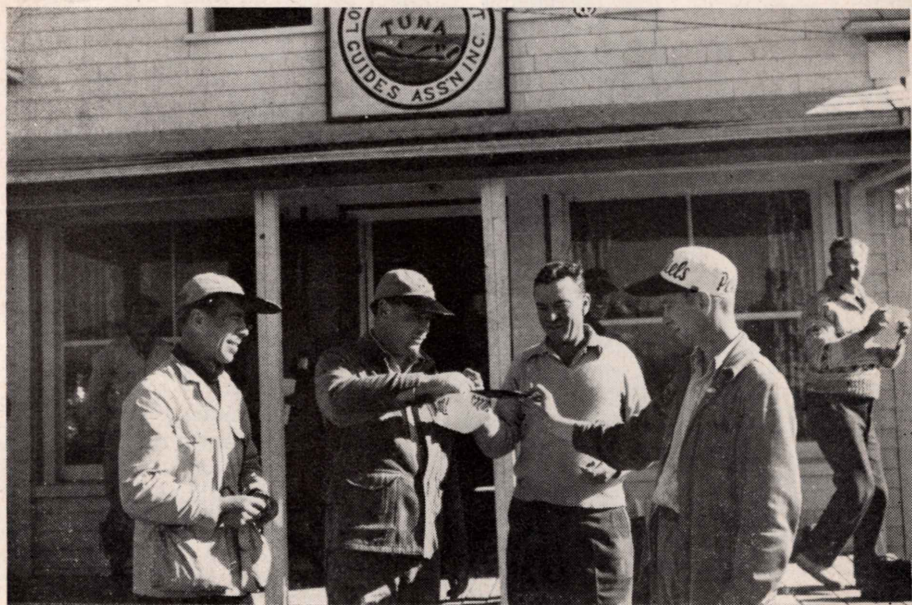
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toss bait over the side on their way to the fishing grounds, hope it attracts as many tuna as gulls.



SITTING PRETTY, a group of the world's best tuna anglers surveyed the Alton B. Sharp trophy before the 1947 International Tuna Cup Match. The local guides are standing in the rear. Each team can send out six men a day in the tourney.



TEAM CAPTAINS Tom Wheeler of Toronto, John Manning, Los Angeles, and Julio Sanchez, Havana (l. to r.), picked tuna boat numbers from a hat prior to start of the tourney. Wheeler was the only one of the trio to bring in a bluefin



WEARY TUNA is brought alongside the launch by crew member after the angler has worn the game fish out in a struggle that can last hours. Pulling a large bluefin aboard is a task in itself. It takes gaffs, rope and plenty of muscle.

Tuna Tournament—CONTINUED

States and the British Empire, the same three that were entered last year.

Fishing starts at dawn and ends at 4:30 p. m. on each of the three days of the tourney. Each angler on each team has a launch and crew to himself for the daily outings. The boats proceed directly to the Rip, flying national flags to identify the fishermen aboard.

The team having the greatest number of points at the end of the three days wins the trophy. One point per pound is scored for every fish caught, with 200-point bonuses racked up for: the team catching the largest number of fish during the entire tournament; the team catching the largest number of fish in each day's competition; the team catching the largest single fish in each day's competition, and the team catching the largest fish in the entire tournament.

Fourteen tuna, ranging from 558 pounds to 871 pounds in weight, were landed by the 18 experts during the 1947 tournament. Ironically, the 871-pound bluefin which was worth a bonus 400 points and a conclusive victory for the Cuban team, was caught by Murray Holden of Shelburne, Nova Scotia, a British squad member. Holden

(Continued)

Tuna Tournament—CONTINUED

switched tournament flags when Antonio Tarafa of Cuba became ill and a replacement was needed to give the Latins an equal chance in the competition.

Counting the two bluefins that transfer-angler Holden landed, the Cubans caught six tuna during the three days to land the championship. The U. S., with Dr. Leon Storz of Worcester, Mass., and Ben Crowninshield (husband of the little lady who boated the 882-pounder for the year's record) each landing one, and Joseph Peeler of Catalina Island, Cal., catching two, had a three-day total of four. The British also had four.

The individual high man was a Harvard-educated Cuban cattleman named Thorvald Sanchez. He caught a 696-lb. bluefin the first day, a 647-lb. beauty the second day and one weighing 665 lbs. the final day.

The Cubans will be trying this year for their third straight victory. The islanders won the final pre-war tournament in 1938, before taking last year's post-war renewal. Team makeup for all three nations probably will be similar to the 1947 lineup, except for those
(Continued)



HEAVE HO, and up goes a British catch in the 1947 tuna tournament as a news-reel photographer in the background records the scene. Every fish caught adds a point a pound to team score. Many British squad members are from Canada.



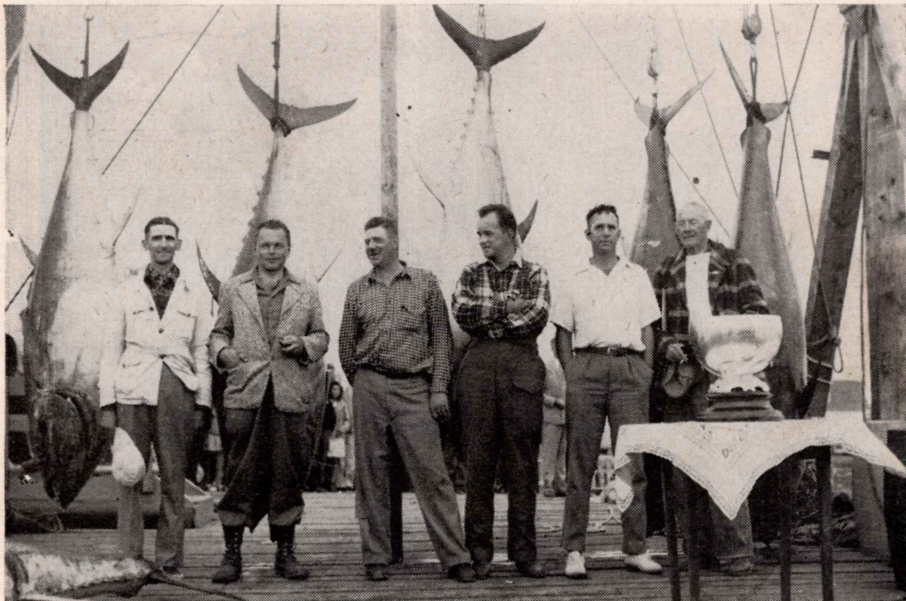
FISHING DONE for the day, the tournament boats head for the Wedgeport tuna dock to weigh up the catch. The three teams landed 14 tuna during last year's match. An award banquet on the final evening marks the finish of the tourney.



CUBAN FACES light up as the Hon. Angus L. Macdonald (right), Premier of Nova Scotia, wishes Cuban captain Julio Sanchez good fortune with the Alton B. Sharp trophy. The Latins go after their third straight victory this year.



AMERICAN RUNNERS-UP to the Cubans in the 1947 match were crack tuna anglers Ben Crowninshield, Robert Montgomery, Capt. John Manning, Dr. Leon Storz, Joseph Peeler and Lou Marron, (l. to r.). Peeler landed two large tuna.



BRITISH TEAM which came in third last year included (l. to r.), J. I. Pothler, Loran Baker, J. Murray Holden, Ambrose Gosling, Louis Mowbray and Cyril Frisby. Holden wound up fishing on the Cuban team and caught biggest tuna.



THE MEN behind the anglers—the Nova Scotian guides—have a field day when the sportsmen leave the province in late September. Guide Henry LeBlanc (third from l.) brought in three tuna in one day. They go lobstering in winter.

Tuna Tournament—CONCLUDED

anglers who cannot make the trip to Nova Scotia at tournament time.

For Nova Scotia visitors, tuna is great sport; for the local citizens it is a highly profitable summer business. Nova Scotians build the launches they rent out to tuna-seeking enthusiasts and use them themselves in the fall and winter for lobstering. Since nine and ten-foot bluefins are too large to mount, unless the angler lives in a museum, most catches revert to the guides who sell the tasty meat for international consumption. Strictly commercial fishermen, who usually land the first and last tuna of the season, substitute harpoons for fishing rods and have caught bluefins weighing as much as 1,200 pounds.

Tuna have been caught by green fishermen helped by good crews and they have been caught by fine anglers in spite of poor crews. But for consistently good catches and frequent records it takes an expert fisherman, in tuna-filled waters, aided by a shrewd, adept staff.

The necessary ingredients can all be found off Nova Scotia waters between July and October of any year.

THE END



Little Max Rosner has been running the Bushwicks at Dexter Park for 31 years, giving local fans first-rate baseball at cut-rate prices.

Brooklyn's Other Ball Club

The Semi-Pro Bushwicks Aren't Bushers

BY FRANK ECK

BABE RUTH will always remember the baseball season of 1927 for a number of reasons. He hit 60 American League home runs—a feat still unequalled—and belted two more in the World Series that fall while pacing the New York Yankees to their four-game sweep over the Pittsburgh Pirates.

Yet the man who helped build the \$3,000,000 Yankee Stadium completed his greatest single campaign by playing in the bushes—and was “underpaid.”

The Sultan of Swat actually closed out the 1927 baseball season by playing against the Bushwicks,

a Brooklyn semi-pro team generally accepted as the Nation's No. 1 independent club. In hardly less than a minute on a balmy October day, Ruth talked himself out of \$1,300.

The Babe arrived at the Bushwick ball park at 11 o'clock, three hours before the first game of a doubleheader. He expected to glimpse queues of home-run-hungry fans crashing down the gates to see Ruth, Lou Gehrig, and several other outstanding players who had finished their regular campaigns. The park was empty.

“You'll have to pay me in ad-

vance if you expect me to play today," said the Bambino to Manager Max Rosner of the Bushwicks.

"Vait a vile, Babe," Max stammered in his usual accent. "Ve haff real baseball people out here. They come to the park the last minute. You vil see, you von't be sorry. You vil get more on percentage than on a flat guarantee—and besides, who vants to gemble?"

"Nothing doing!" thundered the slugger.

Ruth was talking right up Max's alley for the chubby little man couldn't open his safe quickly enough. It seems he was well prepared for the situation and had \$1,900 in crisp new bills all ready to hand the Babe. But Ruth wanted a check. Rosner obliged in no time flat. The Babe's fat face beamed. So did Rosner's when the day was over.

There were 20,000 fans in the park when the receipts were counted, and it was discovered that Ruth really had talked himself out of an additional \$1,300.

"The Babe was great in hitting baseballs and drawing people," says Max, always with an eye on the gate, "but as a businessman—phooey!"

The modern Bushwicks, now playing their 31st full season at Dexter Park, are owned solely by the rosy-cheeked Rosner, a 71-year-old former cigar manufacturer. Rosner came to this country from Hungary in 1892 and says it was so easy to make money here that "in 1902 I opened my own stogie factory and employed 35 workers."

Looking around for recreation, he turned to baseball, playing a

little at second base. Within the short space of two seasons he was managing his own team, the Brooklyn Paramounts.

He quit as an active player in 1904 at the insistence of his wife who believed the sport too dangerous. That was after Max came home with a large gash in his head, the result of a spike wound while sliding into second base.

A few years later he revamped his lineup and called it the Cypress Hills Club. By 1911 Rosner definitely decided his future was baseball and leased Dexter Park. The name came from the Dexter who was a champion trotting horse during Civil War days. The famed sulky puller is buried in the park's center field.

"I lost \$4,000 in two seasons at Dexter Park," genial Max recalls. "That was big money in those days, so in 1913 I took the team to Ridgewood. I think that was the only mistake I ever made.

"You see, there was a New York Sunday Blue Law in those days—no Sunday baseball—and the townspeople were dead set against our playing."

But Uncle Max had the will and the way to beat the ordinance.

About every other Sunday he stationed himself at the gate of

Frank Eck is sports editor for the Associated Press' Newsfeatures section. Although he's only 37, he's been covering sports for 20 years. Frank broke in at the age of 16 with the Long Island Press; ran the sports department of the Queens Evening News for 10 years; wrote for the New York Times, and has been with the A.P. for six years.

the ball park and sold the cigars made in his own factory. When he wasn't selling stogies, he was peddling candy, peanuts and even postal cards. Whatever he sold brought 25 cents. Each purchaser was entitled to "free admission" to the game. When a fan sought a choice seat, Max was able to charge an additional ten cents for rental of a seat cushion.

Despite the fact that the plump Max—he's only five-foot-four—says "I broke no laws," he was hailed into court almost every Monday. He claims 1914 was his toughest season.

"I was in court on 32 Mondays that year," says Rosner. "At the end of the season we were fined \$300 by a tough judge. He wasn't one of our fans."

The following year Rosner got new uniforms, rather out of necessity than choice. He changed the team's name to "Bushwick," a once exclusive section of Brooklyn. Since "Cypress Hills" has four more letters than "Bushwick," some old-time followers were heard to insist that Rosner changed the name to save 40 cents per uniform for shirt lettering.

The year 1916 is one season Rosner will recall without any prompting. The Brooklyn Dodgers, hard pressed for ready cash prior to entraining for spring training camp workouts at Clearwater, Fla., approached Rosner. Charley Ebbets, the squire of Ebbets Field, sought a loan. He was even willing to part with some

Dodger stock as the story goes.

"I'll give you \$1,000," offered Rosner, "providing you play my Bushwicks two games when the Dodgers return from Florida.

"You're on," Ebbets agreed.

The Bushwicks won the first game, 4 to-2, behind the pitching of Charley Gerard who later hurled for the Philadelphia Nationals. The following week the Bushwicks had their ears pinned back, 22 to-6.



ROSNER

But those two games helped make the Bushwicks. Ebbets often regretted that he permitted Rosner to talk him into playing those contests because the Bushwicks always have operated within ten miles of Ebbets Field. Years later, when the Dodgers were fumbling around deep in the National League cellar, the Bushwicks frequently drew as many fans for Sunday doubleheaders as the Dodgers did in Brooklyn. And even today the club attracts a large number of the baseball-hungry crowds who overflow from cramped Ebbets Field.

In 1917 Rosner again obtained a lease on Dexter Park and, in 1918, his fondest dreams came real. It was then that Sunday ball in New York became legal, something for which Rosner had fought for 15 years.

By 1919 Max was certain he would rather talk and eat baseball than work at anything else. His wife, too, began to see the light of day and the merit in Sunday doubleheaders. Max had al-

most completely forgotten about making cigars anyway, so his wife persuaded him to sell his cigar business, labels and all, for \$20,000.

When his Dexter Park lease expired in 1920, Rosner and the late Nat C. Strong, a booking agent, purchased the ten-acre tract for \$250,000. Included in the deal was a spacious picnic park with bowling alleys, dance hall and carousel.

Rosner continued as the club's manager for the next 15 years or until the Bushwicks suffered a 15-game losing streak in 1934.

"Then I fired myself," Max says with an impish grin. "The fans, especially the tenants, liked to see us lose, but I couldn't stand it. Neither could the landlords."

It was just about this period that Max first applied the terms "landlords" and "tenants" to his patrons. Those sitting on the first base side of the diamond invariably were critical of the Bushwicks' best efforts on the field while those fans sitting in the third base stands cheered them on.

When it came time to collect rented seat cushions, Rosner usually found that most of them were used in the third base stands.

"The home owners always buy cushions," Max would say. "The rent payers, phooey! Sure, they pay to get in, but they always boo us—and they never take cushions."

Financially, the best two Bushwick years were 1931 and 1946. Last season ranks about third. But in 1931 anyone who was anywhere in baseball took an interest

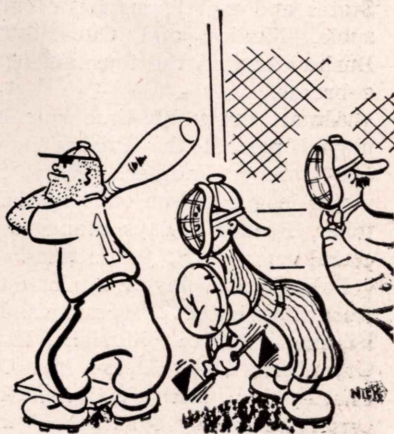
in the Bushwicks. That was the year night baseball, a novelty at the time, made its Eastern bow. More than 300,000 fans wended their way through four small gates to attend the Sunday doubleheaders, and the single games on Wednesday and Friday nights.

The lights, costing \$32,600, were the first high-powered lamps erected in the East and, even today, they meet the requirements deemed necessary to provide good floodlighting at night baseball games.

General Electric was so impressed with the unusual layout that the company called in Rosner's son Herman, an electrical engineer, as consultant when the New York Giants installed lights in the Polo Grounds in 1940.

For the past 17 seasons, with the exception of the 1942-43 wartime dimout of New York City ballparks, the Bushwicks have been playing more than 80 home games a year. Major league clubs play only 77 home games a season.

Traveling for the Bushwicks



doesn't pay, Rosner insists. Most of his players work at fulltime jobs and, though all of them have played every day at one time or another either in the majors or minors, they feel, as does their boss, that four games a week are enough.

The Bushwicks arrange their schedule from month to month during the playing season, thus assuring that the teams they meet have good won-lost records to attract the fans. Rosner's club met practically all of the Negro National and Negro American League teams last year and they're meeting the same opposition this year. But also included among the best independent organizations played are top nines from Pennsylvania, New England, upstate New York and the metropolitan area of Gotham.

When the Bushwick's travel, it's got to be worth-while. Such a trip was the jaunt taken at the end of the 1946 season when Rosner chartered two planes for the month-long Latin American tournament at Caracas, Venezuela. The Bushwicks represented the United States and met teams from Venezuela, Mexico and Cuba. The Bushwicks won the tournament in a breeze.

Almost every big-time star has played against the Bushwicks at one time or another. When the major league season ends each October, Rosner always manages to corral some of the year's stars.

Babe Ruth played against the Bushwicks on seven occasions. Joe DiMaggio, Stan Musial, Hank Greenberg, Dizzy Dean, Mel Ott, Carl Hubbell, Bucky Walters, Mike Cochrane, Jimmy Foxx and Jimmy Dykes are a few of the major

league stars who occasionally made the Bushwicks their main objective during post-season barnstorming tours.

The list of modern major leaguers who have played post-season ball against the Bushwicks also includes Ralph Branca, Phil Rizzuto, Eddie Stanky, Gene Hermanski, Stan Musial and Whitey Kurowski, to name a few.

Big league pitching stars who wound up their diamond careers hurling for Rosner include Lefty Gomez, Dazzy Vance, George Earnshaw and Waite Hoyt.

Rosner, usually a fair judge of baseball ivory, will never forget the day a husky youth sought a tryout.

"Andy Coakley of Columbia sent me over," said the bare-headed college boy who had his uniform and spikes wrapped in a swimming bag.

"I'm sorry," said Max. "I don't need any swimmers on the team."

Seven years later Rosner gladly paid the "swimmer" \$1,900 for a double-header. He was Lou Gehrig.

Joe Judge, first baseman for the Washington Senators for 17 years, began under the Rosner banner as a kid in 1911. Judge drew five dollars for his first professional game and was very much surprised when he received his little brown envelope. Judge also made it full circle by finishing his career in a Bushwick monkey suit. Leon Cadore, Casey Stengel, Jack Warhop and Otto Miller are others who once found it profitable to play with this best known of semi-pro aggregations.

Rosner's current roster is a typi-

cal mixture of one-time major leaguers and former minor leaguers. His pitching staff includes Frank Nekola, ex-Yankee and Tiger southpaw; Anton Karl, ex-relief specialist with the Phillies and Braves, and Wally Holborow, wartime hurler with the Senators. Johnny Bittner, former member of the Hollywood (Cal.) Stars also is a member of the mound corps. At the start of the season Sam Nahem, the former Cardinal who

once had a cup of coffee with the Dodgers, was on Uncle Max's payroll, but the Phillies signed him at a figure which made it worth Sam's while to leave his flourishing law practice in Brooklyn to do mound duty for that major league club.

The Bushwicks' double play combination is second baseman Al Cuccinello, former Cardinal and Giant, and Gar Del Savio, ex-Cincinnati Reds shortstop.

Former minor leaguers constitute the rest of the club: Al Pecora, former Jersey City Giant, on third; Jack DiGrace of the Yankee chain on first; Catchers Carmen Dispenziere and Bill Parks, and outfielders Art Luce, Ed Eckdahl and Ed Herai are all good young players who would rather stick close to home than play in the minors.

Max's clubhouse attendant is little Joe Prince who has been with Rosner's teams since 1904. Prince once managed Brooklyn's Spooner Field Club and had Terry McGovern, lightweight boxing star of that era, in center field. Prince,

now 71, quit managing in 1904 to become announcer for Rosner's Paramounts. He has been with Max in one capacity or another ever since.



PRINCE

It has been said time and again that the Bushwicks gave many major leaguers their first opportunity to play-for-pay. This is only partly true, for in most cases the now defunct Bay Parkways, owned by Max's younger brother, Joe, paved the way for these future stars.

The Bay Parkways were a sort of Bushwick farm team. Players who made good with the Bay Parkways often moved up to the Bushwicks. The Bay Parkways started Hank Greenberg, Buddy Hassett, Marius Russo, Bill Jurges, Tommy Holmes and one-armed Pete Gray on their way to professional careers.

Talk about stealing ballplayers from under a manager's nose! Why Rosner actually stole his present manager, Joe Press, from his brother's Bay Parkways. That was back in 1934 when Max quit managing.

Max admits taking Press from his brother Joe, but in return he says he gave the Bay Parkways a playing manager, Harry Hesse, now a Yankee scout.

Manager Press, now 49, is a chip from the same sort of block that produced ex-Yankee current-Red Sox manager Joe McCarthy. Press looks like Marse Joe, walks and talks like him, and rarely comes out of the dugout to squawk at a decision. Some even say he may

know as much inside baseball as the American League's veteran pilot.

Press got his first semi-pro job catching for a College Point, Long Island, club. From there he journeyed to the Bronx Giants and stopped with them for seven years. That earned him a shot as manager of the Springfields in Long Island City where he stayed for five years. From there to the Brooklyn Bay Parkways for three, and then to Dexter Park. When not on the ball field, Press collects a salary as assistant manager of a Bronx poultry plant.

The Bushwicks, usually the first to open the baseball campaign in the East—and the last to close their gates—are looking forward to having one of their best seasons this year.

As usual, Rosner considers the

New York Cubans his most bitter rivals. "They were real tough last year and they're real tough again this season," says Rosner.

The Cubans, playing in the Polo Grounds when the Giants are on the road and the Yankee Stadium when the Yankees are traveling, won the Negro National League championship in '47 and went on to take the Negro World Series after a playoff with the Cleveland Buckeyes, Negro American League titlists.



PRESS

And Rosner is still at the main gate, watching the people pass through—just as he has been doing for the last three decades. Only today he no longer sells cigars and cushions. But that task, too, has been taken care of, for his sons and their sons run a highly profitable concession right under the spacious stands.

Being Frank

Notre Dame Coach Frank Leahy tells this one on himself.

During most of last summer, Leahy was tied up running coaching schools and clinics. In the course of his travels he ran into an old friend.

"He knew me back in my school days, but hadn't seen me in years," says the Irish mentor. "He asked me how many children I had and I held up my hand.

"He whistled, 'Man, oh, man, do you know how many fingers you've got on that hand, fellow?'"

"I said I did and that the number of Leahy children did indeed total five.

"He shook his head in amazement and finally muttered, 'Well, I guess that's right—you sure were never one to hold down the score!'"

Jimmy Powers
New York Daily News

The Magic of DiMag

BY JOE WILLIAMS

*Condensed from the
New York World-Telegram*

FABULOUS is the word for New York. There are so many wonderful things to see. There's the magnificent sky line, the stately Palisades, the famous museums bulging with priceless works of art and that lovely fantasy in spun steel, the George Washington Bridge.

And, of course, there is Joseph Paul DiMaggio, Jr., of the Yankees. He has grown into one of our most impressive institutions. No one can truthfully say he has seen all there is to see in our town unless he has seen this pleasant son of an Italian peasant swing a bat and catch a baseball.

It's undoubtedly true that there is a minimum of gifted ballplayers today, but anyone who refuses to accept the Yankee DiMaggio as an all-time pro is either blind or pig-headed. Joe would have been a stickout in any league at any time. He has the equipment to walk shoulder to shoulder with the immortals. Prediction: He will be voted into the Hall of Fame the very first year he becomes eligible as a nominee.

There is nothing DiMaggio can't do on a baseball field. Literally nothing. Name a better right-handed hitter. Or a better thrower when

his arm is right. A better fielder or a base runner. That's right, a better base runner. Watch him when he hits the dirt. Watch him slide in and hook the bag with his toe. Perfect, absolutely perfect.

The graybeard likes to tell you about Larry Lajoie and how graceful he was. Lajoie was on his way out when I saw him. Therefore, I did not see him at his peak. But it is hard for me to imagine that any ball player could have been more graceful than DiMaggio.

This is DiMaggio's 10th year with the Yankees. Twice he's led the league in hitting. In '39 he hit .381, his top figure. In '37 he hit 46 homers to lead the league. Seven times he's driven in more than 100 runs, the totals ranging from 114 to 167. And his lifetime average is well over .300.

DiMaggio has proved to be the most important addition to the Yankees since Ruth joined them. As a matter of fact, he took over where Ruth left off. The Yankees had finished second three times in a row when DiMaggio came up from the Coast. This was in '36. Immediately they started to win again. And how! They won the pennant four times running, and again in '41, '42 and '47 it was the brilliant DiMaggio who sparked them to added victories.

Yes, sir, Joseph Paul is as fine a ball player as the game ever saw. Today he's the best by so far that there is no serious second. Get a load of him whenever you can, for he's crowding 35 and at that age even the brightest fires of genius begin to lose their radiance in baseball.

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He Favors

**George May Aims
To Make the Links
Sport Appealing to
Fans and the Pros**

BY CHARLES EINSTEIN

AUGUST, as any of the nation's top golfing hands will tell you, is the merry month of May. And George Storr May, the man who started it all with his flabbergasting All-American tournaments at Tam O'Shanter Country Club in Chicago, was never merrier.

In eight years, no more than a fleeting nonce in the graying history of golf, May has earned a reputation as a combination Phineas Taylor Barnum and Jack the Ripper among devotees of the divot pastime.

The 58-year-old industrial engineer and country club entrepreneur developed his schizophrenic reputation by working on the premise that golf is neither royal nor ancient. He has put numbers on golfers and he has attracted the gentle total of 50,000 people to a single golf course at one time. He has offered the greatest prize sums in golfing history—a running ag-

gregate of nearly \$250,000 so far—while keeping admissions down to matinee prices. And he has been accused up and down this fair land of destroying the dignity of golf, a villainy which Mr. May readily confesses, with the provisional addendum that golf never had much dignity anyhow.

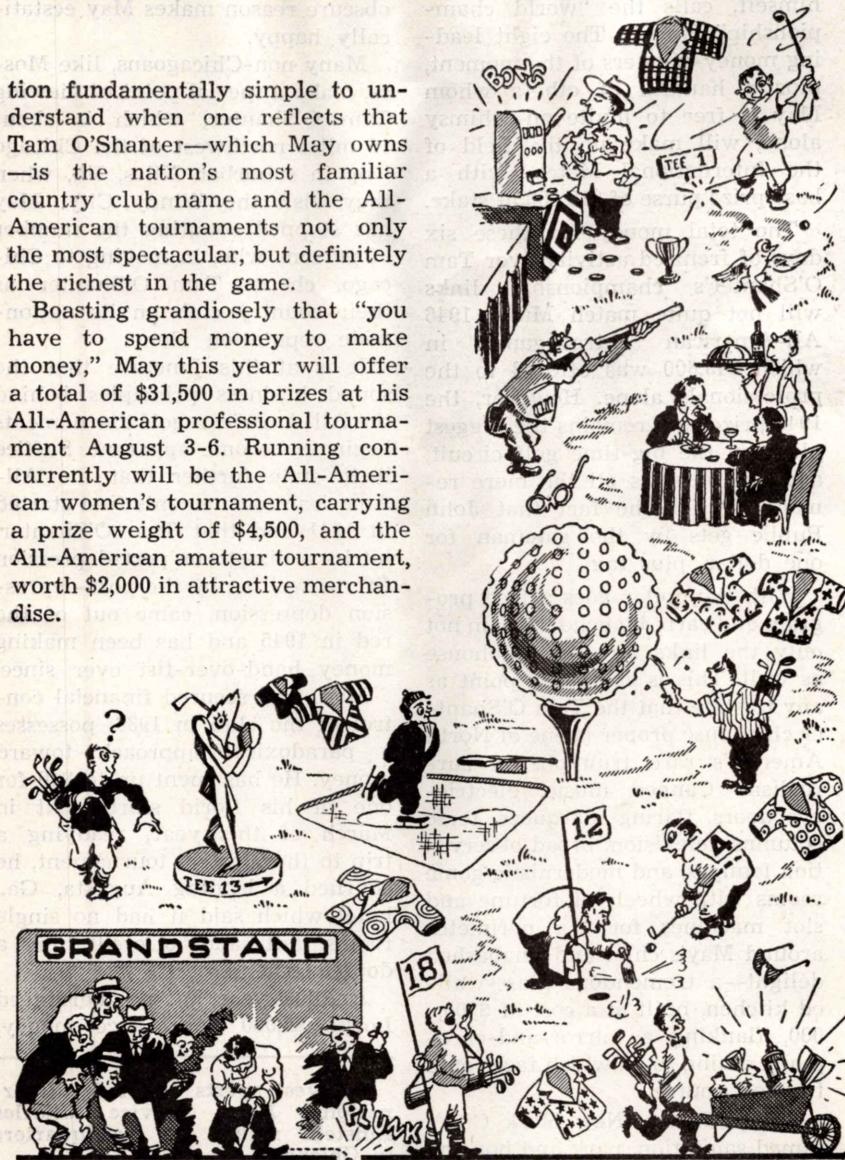
The golfing world at large, and especially in several particulars, is not completely in accord with this raspberry-voiced man whose fame is based equally on wearing catastrophic colored shirts with eyeglasses to match, building a grandstand on a golf course, and on luring the magnificent drawing card—South Africa's Bobby Locke—away from the fatherlandic British Open through judicious and ample employment of the Yankee dollar.

Many of May's detractors, indeed, base their diatribes on a foundation of envious admiration, a proposi-

Golf by the Numbers

tion fundamentally simple to understand when one reflects that Tam O'Shanter—which May owns—is the nation's most familiar country club name and the All-American tournaments not only the most spectacular, but definitely the richest in the game.

Boasting grandiosely that "you have to spend money to make money," May this year will offer a total of \$31,500 in prizes at his All-American professional tournament August 3-6. Running concurrently will be the All-American women's tournament, carrying a prize weight of \$4,500, and the All-American amateur tournament, worth \$2,000 in attractive merchandise.



Directly following the All-American three-in-one business there will ensue two days—August 7 and 8—of what May, with the blessing of few save George S. May himself, calls the “world championship” of golf. The eight leading money-winners of the moment, plus a handful of others whom May is free to invite on whimsy alone, will make up the field of the International Match, with a base prize purse of \$10,000 at stake.

The total money for these six days of frenzied activity over Tam O'Shanter's championship links will not quite match May's 1946 All-American extravaganza in which \$45,600 was offered to the professionals alone. However, the 1948 prize sum remains the biggest plum on the big-time golf circuit, and the purse is all the more remarkable for the fact that John Public gets by the gateman for one dollar, plus tax.

With the dollar goes a free program and carte blanche to roam not only the links but the clubhouse as well. This is as good a point as any to state that the Tam O'Shanter clubhouse proper is one of North America's rare triumphs in surrealism. Canned music, electric-eye doors, flaring marquees, terse columns, television, broad observation lounges, and modernistic game rooms with wheels of fortune and slot machines form a perimeter around May's chief and unabashed delight—a tremendous glass-walled kitchen, built at a cost of \$200,000, flanking a mirror-and-chromium dining room which faces onto the golf course.

Robert Moses, New York City's famed sanitation, park and housing

commissioner, told May once that Tam O'Shanter had “the second finest kitchen I have ever seen.” The finest was in a New York hospital, a fact which for some obscure reason makes May ecstatically happy.

Many non-Chicagoans, like Moses, make a special point of viewing Tam O'Shanter, which is about 15 miles northwest of the Chicago loop in suburban Niles, Ill., when they visit the Windy City. May has stopped counting the number of persons who, in moving to Chicago, choose Tam O'Shanter as their country club on its nationwide reputation alone.

It is at this juncture that the sound business principles behind the All-American golf tournaments begin to become apparent. Suffice it to state further that the All-American tournaments first started in 1941 and that Tam O'Shanter, hit by a disastrous post-depression fire as well as by the post-depression depression, came out of the red in 1945 and has been making money hand-over-fist ever since.

May, who secured financial control of the club in 1936, possesses a paradoxical approach toward money. He has spent up to \$40 for one of his florid shirts, but in March of this year, readying a trip to the Masters tournament, he spurned a leading Augusta, Ga., hotel which said it had no single rooms left and offered him a double instead.

And last year, having guaranteed Locke \$5,000 appearance money,

Midwest sports editor for International News Service, Charles Einstein makes his headquarters in Chicago.

May was overjoyed when the owl-jowled South African won the \$7,000 first prize at the All-American. That meant May had to pay only \$2,000 over and above the guarantee. Yet, by the same token, May stood to lose thousands of dollars to Locke and other participants by following them around and making wild hunch bets against the probability that they would sink particular putts.

MAY, born on a farm near Windsor, Ill., got his start selling bibles in the territory traversed by the great Billy Sunday. The two of them worked independently, Sunday putting the fear of God into the populace with his fiery evangelism and May following him into town selling bibles to the converts.

The pair differed in several particulars, however, and one of them, as noted above, is that George May is at heart, and remains to this day, a betting man.

He would rather bet with a golfer than anybody. In 1942, Byron Nelson had to sink a 12-foot putt to break the Tam O'Shanter course record. May told him:

"A thousand of my dollars to your one you miss."

Nelson, who at that time was playing the greens like a synchronized testing machine, snapped "You're on," and proceeded to miss the putt.

The case of Lord Byron, however, pales when compared to that of Ralph Guldahl, the former U.S. Open champion who, during one All-American tournament, needed only one birdie on the last four

holes to break the course record of 65.

May caught up with him on the 15th and bet him \$250 to one against a birdie. Guldahl got a par, shrugged, and proceeded to the 16th tee, where he found May waiting.

"Make that five hundred," May said.

"Done," growled Guldahl. He parred the 16th, a relatively easy par-3.

It was \$750 to one against a Guldahl birdie in the 17th and Guldahl went in par. Finally, against the immense pressure of \$1,000 for a bird on 18th, Guldahl failed to down the all-important putt.

"I hope," he sighed turning to May, "you're satisfied."

Strange things have happened on this 6,825-yard, par-72 golf course, whose layout boasts seven water holes and whose eighth hole, a 245-yard par-3 with a putting green measuring 6,000 square feet, was selected a year ago for SPORTFOLIO's composite All-American golf course.

Early during the development of the All-American tournaments, May erected a gaily-painted grandstand topped by a permanent radio booth, smack up against the 18th green. Unlucky golfers are forever landing their approach shots in impossible lies flush against the grandstand; luckier ones use the stands as you might use a handball court and bounce their shots off the wooden barrier and back onto the green. Bleachers are constructed at key points around the course, and, as an added fillip, Tam's new water tower is built

and painted to resemble a giant golf ball on a tee.

During the All-American, May offers special prizes in all three tournaments—pro, simon-pure and women's—for anyone who breaks the course record or lands closest to the pin on the 18th hole each day during the proceedings. A cross-handed hitter won \$200 once for being the "most glamorous player" in the All-American; a fellow known only as the Masked Marvel played in a slitted hood during the 1946 All-American and, for a while, did a walloping sight better than many of his unmasked compatriots; one-armed golfers abound, and there is always somebody special playing in the All-American, such as Bing Crosby or Joe Louis.

It should be said parenthetically at this point that George May will not countenance any racial discrimination in the All-American tourneys. He says, simply:

"There is no place for that in sports."

For this and a hundred other reasons, crises are a dime a dozen when All-American time comes around. Two years ago May, who conscientiously and constantly needles the United States Golf Association for its stand on how much an amateur may be allowed to win, declared he was going to offer at least \$5,000 in prize values for simon-pures in the 1947 All-American.

Reckoning that the U.S.G.A. might revoke the amateurs' status if they were caught winning stuff worth more than \$100—the standard U.S.G.A. figure—May thundered:

"If the U.S.G.A. . . . bars amateurs from the National Amateur and National Open because of this . . . I will retaliate by staging a \$100,000 cash prize tournament with \$25,000 cash first prize, and I will bar all players, both professional and amateur, who take part in a U.S.G.A. sponsored tournament."

What went on between May and the U.S.G.A. after that is not a matter of public record, but it is significant to note that the 1947 All-American amateur tournament carried a base prize list of merchandise in the amount of \$1,690, to be spread among the first 20 finishers. First prize was not specified in the official entry blank.

May first started putting numbers on golfers as a "public service" several years ago, but the heat really went on in the 1946 All-American when all amateurs and women were required to wear numbers and, although the matter was optional with the professionals, all those money boys who refused to wear numbers got 15.4 percent taken off whatever prize they won.

Last year, having cut his total prize purse because of a running feud with the "non-cooperating" Professional Golfers' Association, May again told the pros the wearing of numbers was up to them—and snipped their winnings exactly in half if they showed up without one.

This year, May has turned cagey. The wearing of numbers during the 1948 tourney, he told the professionals recently in a voice that dripped honey, is absolutely optional and there will be no prize

cuts levied against golfers who don't sport numerals.

However, murmured May as a bland afterthought, should all the pros wear numbers this year, he will guarantee a prize plum of \$50,000—greatest in history—for the 1949 All-American professional meet. When May says "all," he means all. Should one professional in the expected field of 175 show up sans number, the '49 prize promise is off.

This neatly turns the onus upon the golfers themselves, and May is looking forward with ill-concealed glee to the result. The amateurs and women, as usual, must wear numbers.

May claims his numbers racket has won tremendous approval from the fans, who, for a change, are able to identify their favorite linksmen without resorting to the art of Conan Doyle. This is, truly, an admirable concept, but opposi-

tion has been strong and forthright.

Said ace golfer Jimmy Demaret, just before he included himself out of the 1947 All-American:

"You put numbers on ball players, but you also give them a uniform. Here I go out and buy a \$35 shirt and somebody wants to stick a paper number on it with a horse needle."

Gene Sarazen, the orange-faced Connecticut squire, displayed a more fundamental approach.

"If people don't know who I am," Sarazen muttered with a measure of irrefutable logic, "no number is going to help them."

Ben Hogan sidestepped the All-American last year, getting off the now-famous remark that "George S. May does nothing for the dignity of golf."

"Hogan said that," May recalls with a chuckle, "and somebody asked him what he ever did for the dignity of golf."

Last year was the time, too, that Marvin (Bud) Ward, the especially-talented amateur golfer from Spokane, Wash., teed off without a number despite entry-blank specifications to the contrary. A May lieutenant caught him just after he had gotten off his tee shot and read the All-American rulebook at him; Ward listened, then, with a sigh, called for his ball and strode to the clubhouse, to play no more.

It was a blow to all concerned. Ward's opening drive had carried almost 400 yards!

One of these days May probably will get around to measuring tee shots and giving special prizes for them, but even if he doesn't, he may rest safely assured of a unique



"Excuse me, sir, but are you sure you read the right manual?"

and elevated position among golfdom's promotion men. He became such an individual mostly through applying the operating principles of his firm, the George S. May business engineering company, to the links.

May, a long-time member of Tam O'Shanter, was the man who stepped forward with money and a risk-it attitude after Tam's disastrous fire in 1936. He bought controlling interest in the club then and used the All-American golf tournaments as his stepping stone to profit and to the personal renown that comes with being golfdom's greatest showman.

He admits, however, that a trip to the 1940 National Open at Cleveland helped. May had to pay \$3.50 to get into the Canterbury Country Club, and he didn't like it; neither did very many other people. And the golf course, considering the fact that the National Open was going on, was a singularly unpopulated place.

May's Tam O'Shanter links were to be the scene of the annual \$5,000 Chicago District Golf Association Open that year, and even that was an act of left-handed providence. An earlier C.D.G.A. tourney was held at Chicago's Medinah country club, which has three golf courses. May, who knew absolutely nothing about the ways of tournament golf, remembers telling a friendly sports writer:

"I wish Tam O'Shanter had three courses. I'd like to hold one of the big tournaments there."

The scribe looked at May to see if he was kidding. He saw he wasn't. "Look," the sports writer said, "they may have three golf courses at Medinah, but they only

play the tournament on one. One is all you need."

"You don't say," murmured May, the germ of an idea already dodging hither and yon in his fertile brain.

The \$5,000 C.D.G.A. Open at Tam O'Shanter in 1940 proceeded quietly enough, but scarcely was the last score posted when May informed the world that, in 1941, Tam O'Shanter would sponsor the first All-American Open, a little matter to be worth \$11,000 simply because no other tourney at that time offered more than \$10,000.

That started the club's uproarious trek to nationwide renown, and since then things have accelerated steadily for better or worse depending on whose viewpoint you take. Byron Nelson won the first of his four All-American tourneys that year; Jug McSpaden, Herman Barron and Locke have won the others. The amateur tournament came along in 1942 when Bud Ward won, and Patty Berg was the first winner of the All-American women's tournament in 1943. Top attendance was in 1946, when more than 150,000 fans, topped by an estimated 52,000 on the final day, literally stamped the links.

Any of a thousand strange things can happen at Tam, and May will bet on most of them. The things he doesn't bet on he's insured against. Rain, for instance. His weather policy is a sliding-scale thing, and one drop from the sky between 10 a. m. and 1 p. m. on the final day of the All-American pays off to the tune of \$20,000.

There is a \$100,000 insurance policy riding against injury or death of a spectator during the All-American—\$200,000 if any acci-

dent involves more than one person—and May is also protected against theft and against damage to parked cars resulting from riot, civil commotion, malicious mischief or vandalism. There ain't much more you can do to a parked car.

May's business engineering company has offices in principal cities throughout the land and plays the part of physician to ailing concerns—telling them what's wrong, how to economize here, save there, up production and cut costs. George started the business after saving the profits from his labors as bible salesman and factory workman, and he instituted many of his efficiency methods at the Tam O'Shanter Country Club when he took over. Including fabrication of the new clubhouse, he has put \$700,000 into improving the place, but he has made it pay off via shrewd operational techniques. For one thing, he goes against an accepted country club concept by keeping Tam open all year round, converting the swimming pool into a skating rink and the practice fairway into a trap-shooting range during the winter. Saturday night dances and keno parties are standard all-weather fare.

Tam O'Shanter has 700 members, and each of these must pay for a specified number of tickets to the All-American tournament each year. The sale of these tickets, plus those sold at the gates and through other merchandising channels helps pay the prize money in the big All-Americans. Sale of radio and television rights helps out, too, and each professional entering the All-American tournament pays a \$31 entry fee.

For the \$10,000 "world championship" International Match, which this year immediately follows the All-American and has been put on the P.G.A. tournament schedule for the first time since its inception two years ago, there's no entry fee. It's strictly an invitational

NEXT MONTH

in

Sportfolio

September is the month when football and baseball meet head-on in the battle for publicity and patronage. Sportfolio's September issue has room for both with plenty of pages left over for action pictures, photo stories and features on other sports. Don't miss these three five-star attractions which will head our next all-sports index.

1. **BASEBALL**—Everywhere the N. Y. Yankees go this year, all eyes are on outfielder Charlie Keller. King Kong's courageous comeback after a spinal operation has amazed both specialists and spectators. Milton Gross gives you the inside story on that remarkable Keller feller.

2. **FOOTBALL**—This season the Chicago Bears plan to give the National Football League "L"—Luckman, Lujack and Layne. Any other coach would stop worrying if he had just one of these top T-formation quarterbacks, but George Halas has pigskin plans for all three. Charlie Einstein brings you the Bear facts for 1948.

3. **HUMOR**—If all the anecdotes on Casey Stengel were laid end to end, they'd stretch from Brooklyn (where Ol' Case gained fame as a player) to Oakland, California (where he now manages a Pacific Coast League club). Bob Stevens bylines a chuckle-choked yarn on one of the shrewdest baseball buffoons of all time.

On Newsstands

Tuesday, August 10

affair. Sam Snead won it in 1946, and the "lack of dignity" on the Tam premises didn't stop Ben Hogan from showing up to win it last year.

As shirt-minded a fellow as Bing Crosby oft has despaired of equaling May in that department, either in terms of flamboyance or rate of change. May, who shrewdly accepts the public's recognition of him as "The Shirt," own 65 amazing creations, most of them silk, which he changes with the rapidity and style of a chamelon.

A bevy of riotously-colored slacks go with the ensemble, as do 19 different pairs of glasses, all with colored frames. On a good tournament day, May will change

costume five different times, vacillating from red shirt, yellow pants and sport coat to bumptious green above, sky pink below and a fuchsia mushroom design amidships.

At the 1947 P.G.A. tournament in Detroit, on one of his periodic swings about the major out-of-town golf meets, May strode into the coffee shop of a downtown hotel at the early breakfast hour of 7:30 a. m., his shirt a flaming cerise, his coat and trousers an azure hue.

It was too much for one waitress, who had started to work at five that morning.

"Bruh-ther," she croaked, "that's the second time today I've seen the sun rise."



Long and Loud

Shortly before his untimely death, author-fight fan Damon Runyon had a friendly argument with his faithful friend, Eddie Walker, over the respective ring merits of Joe Gans and Henry Armstrong. During the last period of his life, Runyon had lost his voice through illness and carried a scratch pad on which he noted his conversational comments.

Friend Walker, on this particular evening, rambled on aloud about Armstrong, the man's record, his greatness in winning three boxing titles and trying for a fourth. But when he got into the matter of what Armstrong would have done to Gans had they ever met, Runyon began dispatching stronger and stronger notes across the table.

Finally, Walker said, "I not only say Armstrong would have licked him, he would have flattened Gans in two heats."

Shocked at such heresy, Runyon took his writing pad and in forceful strokes scrawled "NO!" in three-inch letters. The exclamation point was as bold and sharp as a sword, and he handed the note to Eddie.

Walker, who looks as if he were born on Jacobs Beach, read it, lowered his eyes and mumbled:

"Okay, but you don't have to shout at me."

Bob Considine
International News Service

Canvas Ring to Canvas Backdrop

By AUSTEN LAKE

*Condensed from the
Boston Evening American*



THE time was recent. The place was Times Square, New York. The scene was a Broadway theater where the marquee read, "Max Baer & Maxie Rosenbloom." So I went backstage to the stars' dressing room where a lean cat slept under a corner sink. The two old champions were shrugging into dinner coats and grinning with faces fleshed from easy living. In times like these, said Baer, no man can scorn an honest dollar even in the social comedown of vaudeville. Dance ladies, gay creatures in sun-tanned nudity, clattered down the passages, blinking mascaraed eyes under horse-hair lashes and shivering past in high heels. Yes, said Baer, he had made a million and spent a million. But he had no regrets. These days he met many cautious contemporaries who had saved their money, denied themselves all frivolity, but had wound up busted anyhow.

The brassy blurt of jig-music and on-stage tumult came faintly through the door. Yeh, money had

come too easily, said Rosenbloom. Young fighters from the slums suddenly became rich and bet thousands on the horses and crap games, because it didn't seem real.

A call boy rapped and said, "Fifteen minutes." The two Maxies peered into mirrors and patted their hair, then headed through halls that reeked with grease paint and the stale odor of cosmetics. In the gloom of the wings, sinuous ladies in various conditions of silken undress peered from unreal faces. A hooligan comic in a fright wig poised like a sprinter, waiting his cue.

"That," said Baer, "was often the way." He himself had been a great hand for giving parties to whole roomfuls of people when he had it, consuming say, five dollars worth of food and drink himself and picking up the check for one and all, ten, 20, or 50 people. And he had sold shares in himself which he bought back at inflated prices.

"It came too sudden and easy,"

said Rosenbloom. An old fighter, coming to the end of his muscular stretch, had the option of only a few kinds of honest effort. He could risk his savings, like Braddock and Mickey Walker, on a public thirst palace, dispensing bottle nourishments to the sidewalk trade. Or he could operate a reducing studio for lady citizens who pack more heft than their skeletons call for. Or he might get on as a bouncer for one of the gobble-and-gargle night spots where clients are inclined to get pestiferous after their ninth noggin.

The border and foots dimmed to a twilight blue as a girl with hard-looking calves pattered out and began shedding bits of costume fringe.

"But the pay is usually small," said Baer. "Except for talented stars like us," said Rosenbloom.

And so, said Baer, a fighter's declining years are not usually very happy as he slides down the living scale, picking up ring scars and cauliflowers, making pathetic attempts to fight his way out of the little fight clubs and back to his old position. "We were smart enough to know when we was done," said Rosenbloom.

The girl on-stage was nearing her grand, gala climax and her silhouette jiggled sinuously as her shadow was projected against the backdrop before a sudden, tactful blackout at the exact zenith. There

was a swish of curtain, a courteous pause, and soon that same girl emerged in the murk of the wings, cloaked and dignified, to recover a ball of knitting yarn and a half finished sweater from a property trunk where she had dropped it before her act.

"It's a ghastly trick," said Baer. "I thought it rather interesting," I said.

"No," said Baer, "nature endows a young fighter with health, and fate gives him too much money before he has intelligence to use either."

The stage crew hustled out garish props for the next scene, prelude to the Maxies' dialogue. "There was a third type," said Rosenbloom, "Benny Leonard, a cautious man with a dollar, had financial advice that seemed infallible. He invested his money in real estate and when the boom leaked away, his fortune leaked, too."

The two Maxies sidled toward their onstage entrance. A growly voice in the amplifier was beginning their intro "... beloved figures ... fun loving personalities ... fighting champeens."

"The trouble with a million dollars," said Baer, "is it shrinks and has to be fattened up again."

The two Maxies faced their audience, grinning like infectious gargoyles. The applause was like the sound of seaside surf. "Who'd juh ever lick?" began Rosenbloom.



Most Graceful Line-up

By GRANTLAND RICE

A few of us who can dip a number of years back into the past were talking about the most graceful ball players, the ones you loved to see.

More than a few old-timers cut in with suggestions such as Billy Evans, Wish Egan, Bucky Harris, Jack Onslow and several others.

But here was our final Most Graceful line-up:

Catcher—Johnny Kling.

Pitchers—Walter Johnson, Bugs Raymond, Addie Joss, Dizzy Dean and Kid Nichols.

First base—Hal Chase, George Sisler.

Second base—Napoleon Lajoie, Eddie Collins.

Shortstop—Herman Long, Dave Bancroft.

Third base—Jimmy Collins, Buck Weaver, Pie Traynor.

Outfield—Tris Speaker, Joe DiMaggio and Terry Moore.

These men, in their best years, made all plays look easy. I can't recall ever seeing Lajoie make a play look tough. The same goes for Joe DiMaggio who always seems to be drifting not running.

John McGraw once said that Bugs Raymond had the greatest

motion he ever saw. My vote along this line goes to Walter Johnson, a pitcher McGraw rarely saw until his later years.

Eddie Collins was next to Lajoie at second, while Bill Bradley and Buck Weaver were close to Jimmy Collins at third. Pie Traynor also belongs in this list. Traynor was about on a par with Buck Weaver.

Grace doesn't always mean greatness. Hans Wagner, the greatest shortstop that ever lived, one of the greatest of all players, reminded you of a giant crab. Hans was awkward-looking. Christy Mathewson was no picture of grace in the box. Neither is Bob Feller, who uses almost every muscle in his body.

On the other hand, Dizzy Dean had an almost flawless pitching motion. Dizzy finished on the toes of his left foot, as far forward as one could get without toppling over on his face. For the few short years he had before his right shoulder went lame, he was as good as any pitcher I ever saw.

Ty Cobb has always rated the White Sox' Ed Walsh as the best five-year pitcher in baseball history. "Any pitcher who can win 40 games and save 12 others in one year (1908) is good enough for me," Ty said some time back. "Especially pitching for a light-hitting club."

Babe Ruth also belongs in this "all-graceful" list. There was nothing awkward about the Babe, either at bat or playing the outfield. He was a smooth swinger at the plate and a smooth-looking workman on his outfield job.

North American Newspaper Alliance



Once and for All

Sportfolio's Question and Answer Page

BY TOM NORTON

Q.—How many balks were committed in big league baseball last season?—Richard A. Cutaio, Baltimore, Md.

A.—There were 25 balks chalked up against American League pitchers in 1947, and 26 against National League hurlers.

Q.—At the start of the 1948 season, how did the lifetime batting averages of Joe DiMaggio and Ted Williams compare?—Jimmy Mayfield, Odem, Texas.

A.—When the present season began, DiMaggio's lifetime batting average in nine years with the Yankees was .332. Williams' lifetime average (six years with the Red Sox) stood at .352.

Q.—What state stages the most boxing shows? — Tom Billings, Pullman, Wash.

A.—In 1947, California led with 2,956 ring shows, more than New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois combined. Total attendance in California was 3,675,336, as compared with 2,118,678 in New York. Gate receipts were higher in New York, however, with a gross of \$5,075,645. California ranked right behind with \$4,586,111.

Q.—If Mrs. Mildred (Babe) Didrikson Zaharias should decide to regain her amateur golf status a second time, would this be possible under existing rules?—Mrs. Flora Jansen, Oakland, Cal.

A.—According to Section 2-2A of the U.S.G.A.'s rules governing eligibility, a player may not be reinstated as an amateur more than once.

Q.—What nations were the winners in the different sports in the 1936 Olympiad?—W. K. Bushnell, Chicago, Ill.

A.—The U. S. won the track & field, swimming and basketball. Germany captured the modern pentathlon, and yachting, rowing, shooting, gymnastics, field handball, boxing and equestrian sports. Soccer and fencing went to Italy. Canoeing was copped by Austria; cycling by France, field hockey by India, field polo by Argentina, wrestling by Sweden and weight lifting by Egypt.

Q.—What is the longest sail boat race on record?—E. K. Ward, Tacoma, Wash.

A.—The longest sail boat race on record took place in 1925. This race was from the coast of California to Tahiti, a distance of 3,687 miles. It was won by the 106-foot "Mariner" owned by L. A. Norris of San Francisco. The "Mariner" covered this run in 20 days, 11 hours and 45 minutes.

Q.—What is the recognized world record for the 220-yard dash for women?—Caroline Arnone, Kearny, N. J.

A.—Stella Walsh's time of 24.3 seconds for that distance, set on

June 9, 1935 at Cleveland, is the official world mark for that event.

Q.—What are the all-time won-lost football records at Harvard, Princeton and Yale?—Ray Cybulski, Buffalo, N. Y.

A.—Through the 1947 season, Yale's all-time grid record stands at 515 victories, 111 losses and 40 ties. (This is the greatest number of football triumphs compiled by any college in the history of the game.) Harvard's record (1874 through 1947) is 464 wins, 135 defeats and 32 ties. Princeton (1869 through 1947) boasts 453 triumphs, 120 losses and 41 ties.

Q.—Did Babe Ruth ever steal home in a major league baseball game?—Norman Coffrey, Shreveport, La.

A.—The always amazing Babe, then nearing 40, stole home with the capable Rick Ferrell at the plate in a game with the St. Louis Browns in 1932.

Q.—In tennis, if the ball falls on the line is it out of bounds?—F. N. Walton, Palm Beach, Fla.

A.—Rule 18 states: "A ball falling on a line is regarded to be in the court bounded by that line."

Q.—Has world featherweight champ Willie Pep ever been beaten in a pro bout?—Walter Berman, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A.—Pep's only professional loss to date came on March 19, 1943, when Sammy Angott defeated him in a 10-round bout in New York.

Q.—If a batter swings and misses on his third strike but the catcher drops the ball permitting him to reach first, how is the play scored?—Marvin McIver, Burlington, N. C.

A.—Rule 70, Section 9 of baseball's Official Playing Rules states that the pitcher is credited with a strikeout, even though the catcher drops the third strike permitting

Who's on First?

Sports historian Tom Norton answers reader queries on all sports in this department each month. Mail your questions to him at SPORTFOLIO, 35 West 53rd Street, New York 19, New York. Only those with the greatest general interest will be printed. If you desire a personal reply, you must enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

the batter to reach first base. The catcher is charged with an error.

Q.—Is it true that Jim Thorpe, the old Carlisle Indian, still holds an all-time major league baseball record?—Bert Hanes, Lincoln, Neb.

A.—Thorpe's 10th inning hit scored the winning run for Cincinnati against the Chicago Cubs in the only major league game in which both teams went hitless for nine full innings, May 2, 1917.

Q.—If a pitcher is yanked from the box with runners on base that eventually score, does the first hurler or the relieving chucker have the runs scored against him?—Ray Childs, Worcester, Mass.

A.—All runs so scored are charged to the first pitcher.

Q.—Do any swim records created by Johnny Weissmuller still stand? Also how many world records did Weissmuller hold during his career?—C. M. Dean, San Diego, Cal.

A.—Not a single swim record made by Weissmuller exists today. His supposedly unbreakable 51 seconds for the 100 yards free style is now down to 49.7 seconds by Alan Ford of Yale. Johnny set a total of 67 world marks during his career.

Osmanski Takes the Chair

By ROGER TREAT
*Condensed from the
Chicago Herald-American*

YES, football made all this possible," said the dentist, looking around at one of the neatest, and cleanest torture chambers you ever saw. A television set is rigged so it can be watched through mirrors from each of the chairs; glass bricks separate the rooms; the decoration is up to the minute.

"Open wider. It's been a swell life so far. In three years my brother Joe will have his degree and he'll be a dentist, too. Empty your mouth.

"No, I didn't make more money playing at college than I did in the pro leagues, but I actually was a professional at Holy Cross. It was funny.

"I had a good day against some team, maybe Colgate, and I got banged up pretty bad. Two black eyes, bruises all over my face. So this man on the college faculty—he's dead now, God rest his soul—called me in his office and told me how well I had played.

"Then he pulled his wallet out down behind the desk and I knew he was folding some money. So he shook hands with me and stuffed it in my hand and told me how much he appreciated my efforts and that I was to take the money and have a big time for myself and my friends.

"So I took it and went down the hall and opened my hand expecting a big pile of clothes and groceries. You know what it was? It was a dollar bill. A one dollar bill.

"That was all the money I ever made at Holy Cross but I guess it made a professional out of me. Open wider, this won't hurt much.

"Yes, football made all this possible. I was eight, the oldest of seven children when my father died and it was pretty rough for us. Football got me a scholarship—got one for Joe too. Then

my years with the Bears paid for my advanced studies and equipment. It will do the same for Joe.

"It's a long way back to those tough days when we were kids in Providence, and you'll never hear me talking against football," said the dentist, Dr. William Thomas Osmanski ("Bullet Bill" of the Chicago Bears: All-American two years, most valuable college All-Star 1939, all-pro same year, full-back on four championship Bears teams and now new head coach at Holy Cross).

"It's all right," Bill said. "Football is all right if you make it your servant and not your god. It gave me what I want, and it's doing the same for Joe. Where would we two poor punk kids have been without it?"

"Open wider—for just a minute, please."



OSMANSKI

Cartwright or Wrong?

BY FLOYD WALTER

Condensed from the *San Francisco News*

A flurry of warm tropical rain spattered against the rows of silent headstones at trim, parklike Nuana Cemetery in Honolulu.

"It won't last long," promised my guide, S. Furakawa, a greying, solemn little Japanese. And, true to the prophecy, the sun emerged seconds later and bathed the brown marble memorial to Alexander Joy Cartwright, Jr., except where a graceful palm tree laid lacy fingers of shade.

"Here is the final resting place of the *Father of Baseball*," declared Mr. Furakawa reverently as we stood among the 11 chaste headstones of the family plot.

This statement was assailable, but it was no time to mention the name of General Abner Doubleday. It is an astonishing fact that the Cartwright-Doubleday controversy remains unsettled to this day. The origin of baseball, the national pastime, is obscured in the mists of time.

My visit was that of a pilgrim to a shrine. For if Cartwright was not the *Father of Baseball*, it is generally conceded that he determined the distance between the bases, ruled that nine innings constitute a game, arrived on four balls as a free ticket to first base and formed the first organized

team, the New York Knickerbockers, in 1845.

Mr. Furakawa, a jealous defender of Cartwright, is sports editor of the *Hawaii Times*, leading Japanese language newspaper in the Islands. And he is a devoted baseball fan who organized the first Nipponese team in the United States—Seattle's *Nippon A. C.* in 1904—and who brought the Keio University team of Toyko to Hawaii in 1940.

The picture of A. J. Cartwright emerged from Mr. Furakawa's lips, Frank Menke's *Sports Encyclopedia*, the reference room at the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin* and from the archives of the city of Honolulu.

Cartwright died in Honolulu on July 12, 1892, at the age of 72 while he was the city's fire chief. Few remembered then the historic fact that when he was a 20-year-old bank clerk in New York City he established the distance of 90 feet between bases, key to the game of baseball.

The story was told to Mr. Furakawa a few years ago by Bruce Cartwright, Jr., grandson of the legendary baseball pioneer, who died in 1939.

"He told his grandson how he paced off 30 steps to first base,

then 30 more to the other bases," reminisced Mr. Furakawa. "Only later was the distance actually measured and discovered to be 90 feet. It was, as the grandfather admitted to the youngster, a flash of inspiration, rather than scientific reasoning."

This historic event took place on the plot of ground where Madison Square Garden now stands.

After organizing the first baseball team in 1845—until that time, sides were chosen-up, catch as catch can—Cartwright went west to San Francisco. He reached California in 1849 and late that year embarked for Honolulu on the Peruvian bark Pacifico.

Baseball does not fail to honor Cartwright. There is a section in Cooperstown, N. Y., the baseball shrine, in recognition of his valuable contributions.

However, the A. G. Mills Baseball Commission determined in 1907, after much investigation, that Doubleday originated the game 100 years earlier.

Menke, the sports historian, was not satisfied with the explanation. He conducted another probe, under the auspices of A. G. Spalding, and credited Cartwright with the birth of baseball.

Menke's decision was based in part on the Cartwright memorabilia placed in his hands by Louie Leong Hop, Honolulu's fabulous Chinese sports authority. These were given to Mr. Louie by the Cartwright family.

While the controversy rages over his head, Cartwright rests peacefully in lovely Nuuana Valley, honored by Hawaii, his adopted land.



Forward Progress

Years ago a college in Kentucky awarded an honorary degree to the late Man O' War. A professor, who had been at the college for many years and had seen many of these honorary degrees awarded with little discrimination, was discussing the affair with friends.

"Do you, as a scholar," he was asked, "find annoyance at seeing an honorary degree awarded to an animal, even so distinguished a one as Man O' War?"

"Not at all," the professor replied. "This is the first time they've granted the honor to an entire horse."

Leonard Lyons
New York Post

SPORTS' GOOD DOCTOR

Ex-Dentist Strub Still Pulls California Fans

BY H. G. SALSINGER

Condensed from the Detroit News

HAD San Francisco escaped that unpleasantness in 1906 there would probably have been no Santa Anita Park and the Pacific Coast League would not be what it is today.

The unpleasantness of 1906 is referred to as an earthquake by people living in the East and as a fire by those living in the Far West. Call it what you will, it laid San Francisco in waste and ruined the dental offices and the practice of Dr. Charles H. Strub.

He was just getting started in dentistry when the blow fell. He had graduated from the University of California, where he played the infield and captained the varsity baseball team in his senior year, and the earthquake and fire stripped him of all his worldly goods.

Strub was in sore need of money, as were thousands of other victims of the earthquake, and he remembered Charley Graham who, at the time, was general manager of the Sacramento club of the Pacific Coast League. He went to Sacramento and applied to Graham for help.

It also happened that Graham needed a left-handed hitting infielder and he signed the former college star on the spot.

Dr. Strub remained in professional baseball for a few years. He played with Sacramento, Oakland and Seattle, doing well enough in the Pacific Coast League but gradually becoming convinced that he would never make the major league grade as a top-flight player. San Francisco was rapidly being rebuilt and returning to its former eminence as a metropolis and Dr. Strub decided to retire from baseball and resume his



STRUB

dental practice.

Time passed. World War I ended and Charley Graham had a chance to buy the San Francisco franchise in the Pacific Coast League at a bargain price.

Graham and George Putnam, sports editor of the Sacramento Bee, were fast friends and Graham proposed that Putnam join him in the purchase. They pooled their resources, but even then had only enough money to make a down payment, giving promissory notes for the balance.

Putnam and Graham invaded San Francisco. They went to the San Francisco Chronicle offices, visited the sports department, announced themselves as the new owners of the San Francisco Seals,

had their pictures taken and gave a lengthy interview.

They left the Chronicle building and started for the Examiner publishing plant, a block or so away. As they stopped at the street intersection, Graham looked up at a building on the opposite side, and gripped Putnam by the arm, pointing to a third-floor window. They saw a sign reading:

"Dr. Chas. H. Strub, Dentist."

"We will call on Dr. Strub," said Graham, and they did.

As they waited for the elevator, Graham explained to Putnam that Strub was the very man for them and why had he not thought of him before. He had not seen Strub since he retired from the Pacific Coast League but knew he had a very profitable practice and had made a great deal of money in real estate. He loved baseball.

Dr. Strub was glad to see his visitors. His pleasure did not diminish when they told him their mission. Would he like to become part owner of the San Francisco Seals? Sure. Could he produce the cash needed to secure a clear title to the franchise and property? Sure. Would he? Sure.

Dr. Strub removed his dental jacket got into his street clothes, picked up a check book and the Three Musketeers (as they later became known) left the office building and retraced their steps to the Chronicle.

It was a bit confusing to the sports staff. Half an hour earlier they had interviewed the two new owners of the San Francisco club and now they were visited by three new owners. How many more would arrive?

Assured that the company was now complete, the three had their pictures taken. Then they visited the Examiner and had their pictures taken again. By sundown, Dr. Strub had substituted cash for the promissory notes given earlier in the day.

Dr. Strub gradually abandoned his dental practice, and took over the affairs of the San Francisco Seals. He gave a demonstration of what could be done with a minor league franchise.

There was the matter of concessions, handled in a haphazard fashion under previous regimes. Dr. Strub installed a bottling works and bottled the soft drinks sold in the ball park. The bottling works expanded and took in surrounding territory.

Strub purchased peanut roasters and roasted the peanuts sold in his park. He became interested in peanuts. He bought a shipload from South America and cornered the California market.

With the Good Doctor, as he became widely known, in charge, things hummed as they never hummed before in West Coast baseball.

Dr. Strub concerned himself with the playing end, as well as the business end, of the club. A thorough baseball man himself, he began developing players and selling them. All told, he sold more than one million dollars worth of talent to the major leagues. The list of players that he sent up (most of them for record prices) include the following:

Joe DiMaggio to the Yankees and his brother Dom to the Red Sox, Paul and Lloyd Waner to the

Pirates, Roy Johnson to Detroit, Earl Averill to Cleveland, Smead Jolley to the White Sox. (The last three had been the San Francisco outfield but Dr. Strub refused to sell more than one of the three to any major league club, believing he could get more money by selling them individually.) He sold Willie Kamm to the White Sox, Jimmy O'Connell to the Giants, Jimmy Caveney to Cincinnati, Gus Suhr to Pittsburgh, Augie Galan to the Cubs, Vernon (Lefty) Gomez and Frank Crosetti to the Yankees, and so on.

In the meantime he also continued his real estate operations, profiting handsomely.

Racing was legalized in California in 1933 and the first permit to establish a track was granted to Dr. Strub. He went to Southern California, organized the Los Angeles Turf Club, looked over 30 different sites, finally selected Elias Jackson (Lucky) Baldwin's

historic old Rancho, in a setting of natural grandeur within the shadow (literally speaking) of the majestic Sierra Madre Mountains. There he supervised the construction of Santa Anita Park, one of the most beautiful and complete racing plants anywhere in the world.

Doc Strub (who pronounces his name as if it were spelled Stroob) now earns from the Santa Anita track an annual salary in excess of \$500,000 to rank among the nation's first ten highest-paid. Naturally, with this sort of pay check he is the top money man in U. S. sports.

It was Strub who introduced the photo finish, electrical visual timing, magnetically-controlled starting gates, unit totalisator boards and other modern innovations to racing.

Offering more than one million dollars in purses each season, and with three \$100,000 added stakes and nine \$50,000 events, Santa Anita attracts the pick of the



thoroughbreds from here and abroad.

"It all traces back to baseball," said one of his officials. "As a club owner in Frisco, Doc Strub learned only two asking prices—

\$50,000 and \$100,000—for his baseball talent. When he got into racing, his stake events had to be for \$50,000 or \$100,000, the only two figures that he was really familiar with."



A Mere Matter of Money

It happened about a year after Peter Coyne took over as head trainer for the late Joseph P. Widener, who might be called the father of the mutuels in New York and Florida.

Coyne naturally was anxious to make good at such an important job. Futhermore, he was a member of the old racing school which believes that a dollar won never did anyone any harm.

Among the first crop of two-year-olds that Pete broke and trained for the master of Elmendorf was one Mr. Sponge. He was the fastest juvenile in the Widener barn that year, and Coyne kept him hidden from prying eyes. Pete didn't even tell Mr. Widener. That is, not until the great day dawned.

When Widener got to the track that spring morning, Coyne was there to greet him and he was beaming.

"This, Mr. Widener," said the trainer, "is The Day."

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Coyne," Joe replied, "a lovely day. Belmont never looked more beautiful."

"That isn't what I mean," the trainer explained. "This is the day for Mr. Sponge. Today Mr. Sponge can positively fall down and roll over and get up and still beat this field."

"Well, I trust he won't fall down, Mr. Coyne," said Joe. "But exactly what is your point?"

"Why, Mr. Widener," said Pete, possibly somewhat surprised at his patron's slow perception, "this is a spot for a bet. A big bet!"

"What would you call a big bet, Mr. Coyne?"

"Oh, for you, Mr. Widener, ten thousand dollars. Fifty thousand dollars. What's the difference? Nobody knows about this colt and the price has got to be right. Just write your own ticket and you can win whatever you feel like winning. It'll just be interest on your fortune."

Widener listened patiently, then inquired softly:

"But, Mr. Coyne, what would I do with the money?"

Bill Corum

New York Journal-American



On a Technicality They Took
Away Little Dorando Pietri's
1908 Olympic Marathon Win

Immortal Loser

BY HAROLD ABRAHAMS

Condensed from
World Sports

WHICH is the most famous name in all the history of the modern Olympic Games? If you could carry out a plebiscite the answer would undoubtedly be Dorando—and that wasn't really his name at all, except to the extent that yours is George or James or what have you. Dorando is the man who gained athletic immortality, not because he won, but because he lost. His dramatic failure within a few hundred yards of success brought him far more recognition than any victory could have done.

Do you know who it was who won the Olympic marathon of 1908? If you do, you are an exception. Few people have even the haziest recollection about it. But I bet you have heard of Dorando. In Olympic Game history, he's "Mr. Marathon."

This famous 1908 marathon was run on Friday, July 24th. The stadium events had been proceeding for nearly a fortnight, and on the following day the Games were to be concluded.

Just after half-past two on a broiling hot July afternoon, the Princess of Wales pressed an electric button which gave the signal for a pistol to be fired, starting 55 runners on their journey.

The stadium itself was packed

to overflowing. While the runners were wending their way from Windsor, the spectators were being entertained with other events in the stadium.

And all the time their thoughts were with the marathon runners. Who would be the first to enter the stadium?

Up to 11 miles, two Englishmen, Lord and Price, were just ahead of Hefferon (South Africa). At 12, 13, 14 and 15 miles Price was leading, with Hefferon second, and Lord third. At 15 miles Hefferon was two minutes ahead of Lord (Price having dropped out), and in third position was "No. 19."

A glance at the program revealed that No. 19, who had started in the fourth row, was "P. Dorando (Italy)." This must have been the first occasion on which most of that crowd of well-nigh 90,000 spectators had ever heard of the little Italian pastry cook from Capri. What a funny name! . . . Dorando. Actually his real name was Pietri—Dorando Pietri. The compilers of the program had reversed the Christian and the surname.

For the next eight miles Hefferon led, with Dorando some three minutes or so behind him in second position. At 23 miles the South

African was still over two minutes ahead, and the last news to reach the stadium was that he was still in the lead with two miles to go.

Shortly after five o'clock, while United States pole vaulters were soaring into the air to clear the then prodigious height (a new British record) of 12 ft., 2 in., there was a roar from the crowd outside the stadium, quickly taken up inside as the timers in white motor coats hurried on to the ground. A few minutes later a dazed and obviously bewildered figure in red shorts and a white vest, with a handkerchief round his head, staggered down the slope of the cycle track. It was No. 19—Dorando. He dragged his weary legs a few yards, limbs which for nearly three hours had carried his little body over the ground. He turned to the right instead of the left; was pushed into the opposite direction and then collapsed in a heap on the ground.

What happened then no one really knows. Dozens of contemporary accounts differ considerably in their detail. Undoubtedly he fell four or five times. Undoubtedly he was on one occasion helped to his feet, and undoubtedly he was held up over the last few yards as he struggled to the finishing line. An

American, Johnny Hayes crossed the line second, about 150 yards back of Dorando's struggling drive.

First, the Italian flag was hoisted aloft on the victory pole, with the Stars and Stripes underneath. Later, after an official protest, the victory was awarded to Hayes. But for days and weeks, arguments went on as to whether Dorando would have been able to finish unaided. Were not the officials to blame for helping him? Wasn't it a shame to deprive him of victory on a technical point?

For some hours immediately after the race Dorando lay exhausted in the stadium, but the next day he was able to come to the White City, walk around the track amid tumultuous cheering, and receive from the hands of Queen Alexandra herself a special gold cup.

Today, at 64 Dorando is the plumpish proprietor of a cafe in Bormingham, England.

"My pace was too fast through the first 25 miles," he recalls with a smile.

"I suppose if I had run a little more slowly in the early stages of the race, I should have been the Olympic marathon winner of 1908, and in all probability no one today ever would have heard of me."

Quick Substitution

During the 1947 Tulane-Mississippi football game, Buck Buchanan of Ole Miss grabbed a Green Wave fumble in mid-air and took off toward the end zone. Near the Mississippi bench he swerved toward the sidelines and yelled:

"Hey, coach, send Buddy Bowen in, quick. I'm the defensive quarterback."

*Bert McGrane
Des Moines Register*

BIG LEAGUE BULL FIGHTING

*Those Classic Corridas
Down Mexico Way Are
Facing a Rough Period*

By ROBERT F. ALLEN
Condensed from the
Omaha World-Herald
Sunday Magazine

PESSIMISTS say it is the beginning of the end for Mexico's national sport. Bullfighting faces three critical problems. These are inflation, competition and the hoof-and-mouth disease.

First class *matadors* are asking and getting 100,000 pesos (\$20,000) and more for an afternoon's work, with expenses, taxes and assistants paid. At a recent fight the Plaza Mexico, with 40,000 of its 50,000 seats occupied, lost 50,000 pesos (\$10,000). When less expensive *matadors* were billed, the Plaza was comparatively empty.

The old bull ring, El Toreo, seating 25,000, has been rebuilt. Competition between the two big Mexico City rings may mean economic ruin for both.

Hoof-and-mouth disease threatens Mexico's strains of fighting bulls. No more breeding animals can be imported from Spain because of the disease there. If Mexico's bulls are infected, a century's breeding will be lost. Ex-



perts say the animals never could be replaced.

However, the remoteness of the bull ranches, excellent care and what appears to be a natural resistance among *Toros de Lidia* (the fighting bulls) has kept infection far below average. Breeders are worried, but hopeful.

Despite the pessimists, the ancient and traditional spectacle has survived many other such crises in its 500 or more years of development. So long as the bulls are brave and the *matadors* skilled, there is little chance the billion-peso Mexican bullfight industry will collapse.

You don't need Latin blood to like bullfighting. But you do need to know something about it. First-timers at bull rings, particularly United States tourists, let them-

selves in for great disappointment by disregarding this simple maxim.

Because the classic *corrida* treats of such fundamental human concerns as life and death, bravery and cowardice, grace and awkwardness, it lends itself to an enormous range of symbolic interpretation. Each of the 50,000 *aficionados* (fans) who jam Plaza Mexico, world's largest bull ring, on a normal Sunday afternoon probably has a different answer to the question, "What does the *corrida* mean to you?"

The spectacle appeals to persons from every walk of life. It has inspired philosophies, systems of ethics and esthetics. The rules are traditional, but when they are broken the only penalty is loss of prestige.

So fanatic are its devotees that the Mexico City government has restricted *corridas* to two a week, including Sundays and holidays, in order to keep offices and shops running and to prevent unfortunate *aficionados* from running up debts with the national pawn shop.

The formal *corrida de toros* begins and ends with the wild fighting bull, direct descendent of the savage animals that roamed the Spanish peninsula centuries ago. The half-ton, five-year-old that charges into the ring on a Sunday afternoon has been selected through years of breeding at one of Mexico's 60-odd bull ranches for one particular quality—bravery in the face of odds.

He is sleek and strong and fast. Despite his weight (the minimum is 935 pounds), he has catlike agility and a fencer's accuracy with his horns. From a dead start he can outrun a race horse for short

distances. With his powerful neck muscles he can toss a horse into the air like an empty sack.

The great tragedy of all bull-fights is that the bull is doomed.

Even if the *matador* fails to kill the animal in his allotted five minutes, the bull will be slaughtered outside.

No bull once in the ring may leave the *plaza* alive. He has learned too much and it would be suicide to face such an animal again with only a strip of cloth and a slender sword.

The crowd, the *matadors* and their *cuadrillas* (assistants) are intent on the bull's movements as he is incited to charge by capes waved from the barriers. This is when he learns to charge the capes, not the man holding them.

Within 15 minutes the *matador* must kill with a sword thrust from in front of the bull, delivered over the horns at a small point between the shoulders, the unprotected path to the heart.

All that occurs in the ring, the cape work, the steel-tipped lances



of the *picadores*, the barbed shafts placed by the *banderilleros* and the final passes with the *muleta* (a red cloth fastened to a stick) contribute to slowing the bull and lowering his head for the culminating sword thrust.

After the bull has been run a few times alone, one of the *cuadrillas* will lure him across the ring zig-zag with a trailing cape to see if he favors one horn over the other or if he charges straight. These are life and death matters to the *matador*.

These preliminaries over, the *matador* himself comes out for a series of passes with the cape. The grace of his movements and the nearness with which he "passes" the horns are keys to his ability and valor. If the passes are executed perfectly, each will evoke a tremendous "Ole!" (oh-lay) from the audience.

But the bullfight develops quickly and now the *picadores*, mounted on padded horses, are in the ring. The bull is incited to charge while the *picador* attempts to hold him off with a metal-tipped lance imbedded well back on the animal's powerful neck. To draw applause the *picador* must place his lance properly, tiring the neck and correcting any tendency to hook. He can completely spoil the bull by a misplaced thrust.

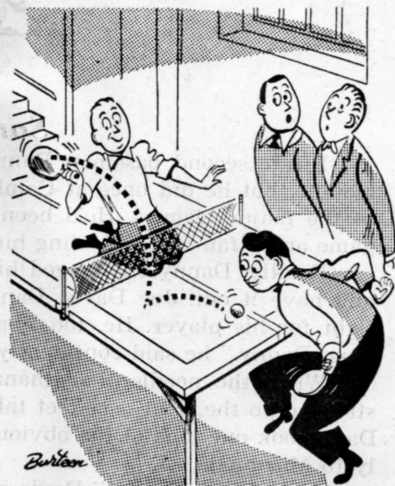
The second act is placing of the *banderillas*, colorful tinselled barbed sticks. Three pair are usually inserted at the base of the bull's neck. The bull is shifting to the defensive. His charge is slower and more dangerous.

The *banderillero* attracts the bull's attention from a distance, holding the sticks high in the air.

He begins a slow approach at an angle, breaking into a run as the bull rushes to cut him off. When the bull drops his head to gore, the *banderillero* skirts in front, wheels, and with feet together places his pair. These must be bunched together at the base of the neck. Too far in and they will lame the animal; not far enough and they will drop out.

Banderillas in, drums and trumpets announce the final act and the *matador* begins his passes with the *muleta*. The sword, always held in the right hand, frequently is used to spread the *muleta* into a larger target.

Each of the wide variety of passes has its name. The fundamental is the "natural," a difficult left-handed pass in which the sword is not used, making the *muleta* a smaller and more dangerous lure with which to guide the bull. The horns must pass as close as possible, the bull moving, the man



Certainly plays a forcing game, doesn't he?

standing still and the whole must be executed with a careful grace that seems to ignore all danger.

Gorings are no part of bullfighting. They abruptly destroy its whole rhythmic routine and turn the arena into an unorganized rush of men and flapping capes. When a *matador* is tossed, the constant danger is realized. Otherwise the style and ease of performance make it look safe and simple.

The kill, once the whole aim of bullfighting, now is losing its importance to the cape and *muleta*. Because of the great danger of killing with perfect form in the classic manner, consistently great killers are rare in modern bullrings.

In a proper kill, the *matador*

must expose his body to the horns as he pushes his sword in up to the hilt. If the *muleta* which is attracting the bull's head low blows up in a gust of wind, or if the bull hooks upward for any reason, the *matador* will be gored in the chest or above.

The *matador's* prized reward for a great performance can be an ear, both ears, the ears and the tail or, for absolute perfection, a hoof.

Such is a bullfight. Many thousands of Mexicans dislike them and never attend. Other thousands try never to miss a fight.

Most, however, check the *matadors* for performance and the bulls for quality before attending. There seems to be no group with a just take-it-or-leave-it attitude.

Press Association



Some Help

Pirate second baseman Danny Murtaugh doesn't often back out of trouble, but he did once at Cambridge, Md., when he was still aspiring to the major leagues. He'd been having a bad time of it in a twilight game and a fan was ridiculing him unmercifully from the stands.

Finally, Danny challenged his tormentor to come down on the field and have it out. Joe Davis, Danny's manager at the time, took up the fight for his player. He, too, challenged the fan. "I'll take care of this mug, Danny," he said confidently.

When the needler had managed to climb out of the shadows and strode onto the field—six feet tall and weighing well over 200 pounds—Davis took one look at the obviously tough customer and turned abruptly to Murtaugh.

"Here he is, Danny," Davis called. "I got him down for you."

Vince Johnson
Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

Landlocked Teddy Wells Defends His Snipe Class Sailboat Title in August



SAILOR FROM KANSAS

BY DON KEOWN

Condensed from the
Omaha World-Herald
Sunday Magazine

speed airplane pilot who
seamanship in the
state of Kansas is cur-
rently No. 1 mariner

old Ted Wells of
resident and chief
bustling Beech

and a Corporation. As interna-
tional Snipe Class champ-
ion of the International Racing As-
sociation, Wells will defend his
national sailing title at Corpus
Christi, Texas, August 4-8.

Ted has been enjoying his boat-
racing hobby since 1938, but win-
ning trophies is no new experience
for him. Long before he began
skimming through the water, the
5 ft.-8 in., 150-pounder was pilot-
ing planes to national and interna-
tional championships.

Probably his best known air
triumph came in 1929 when, as a
young aeronautics engineer fresh
out of Princeton University, he fin-
ished first in the \$10,000 cross-
country derby held annually in
connection with the National Air
Races. The course that year ran
from Portland, Oregon, to Clevel-
and, Ohio.

After that victory, the adventur-
ous Kansan put air racing behind
him and concentrated on the en-
gineering end of the game. But by
1938, when he joined the Wichita
Sailing Club, he had discovered a
new competitive interest.

"At first I thought boating would
be tame, after the high speeds you
get accustomed to in the air," Wells
grins, his grey eyes shining, "but
I found out different and fast.
When you're planing in a Snipe,
you've got about the same stability
you'd have if you were sitting on
a greased ball set on a towering
flagpole."

The Snipe Class craft, which carries three sails, 15-1/2 feet long, five feet wide and draws only six inches of water without the center-board. Top speed for the boat is approximately 15 mph but it seems nearer 5 mph, leav- ing crew members precariously at the water-line.

The Wichita Sailing Club does its boating on the wind-swept Santa Fe Lake, several miles east of the city. The start of the spring sailing season depends upon getting enough rain to fill up the small lake. This generally occurs about the first of May and the inland sailors can stay before the mast usually until the middle of October. Races are held every Sunday from the middle of May on, weather permitting, and Wells himself generally gets in about one evening of sailing in a week.

But in the beginning, when the brown-haired ex-pilot was literally just learning the ropes, he spent all his weekends at the lake, in good weather or bad, faithfully attempting to master the sport.

However, it wasn't until 1947 that he really hit the jackpot in Snipe competition. After winning several minor championships—including the Wichita Sailing Club title—Wells and his crew finished first in the Southwest Regatta at Dallas last year. His crew, incidentally, consisted of Art Lippitt, a metallurgist at Beech Aircraft, and Mrs. Wells.

Lippitt will also pair with Wells at Corpus Christi. The engineer's wife has not crewed for her husband too often in recent years. She isn't partial to high winds. And, though a crew of two is permitted

on a snipe it is very seldom that these persons go aboard for racing meets because the great increase in weight slows a craft down.

Following the win at Dallas, Wells went on to compete for the National crown at Marblehead, Mass., in July. There he beat a fast field of 25 rivals, most of whom had poured more salt water out of their boots than he had ever seen.

From Marblehead he made the trip to Geneva, Switzerland, for the international competition, but he made it without his favorite craft "Good News III," which had seen him through to victories in the United States regattas. Contestants in the world meet were required to use Swiss-made boats. In addition Mrs. Wells, who made the junket to Europe with Ted intending to act as his crew, was forced to bow out because of high winds. Practically at the last minute, Wells arranged for a Swiss crewman, Dr. Raymond Martin du Pan, to substitute for his wife.

None of those unforeseen developments handicapped the sailor from the corn-and-wheat country and, once again, he breezed in a winner—in straight heats.

The man who wins the national title at Corpus Christi in August will have to outmaneuver 60 to 70 of the nation's best Snipers. And the victor automatically represents the United States at this year's world meet, to be held at Palma on the Spanish island of Majorca in the Mediterranean.

Meanwhile, Ted is getting himself and the "Good News III," shapely for the best eventualities already has proved that a locked sailor is not necessarily a landlubber.

Making Money Is a Snap

Even Ball Players Buy Joe West's Photos

By BRAD WILLSON

Condensed from the Columbus Sunday Dispatch

BROADWAY has its Murray Korman and baseball has its Joe West.

Korman of Manhattan is famous for photographs that make Main Stem glamour girls look even more glamorous. Joe West of Columbus, O., takes pictures of ball-players that even the athletes themselves buy.

"I always knew there was money for me in baseball if I could only find the angle," West used to say. The angle he was looking for turned out to be an action shot taken with a 4-by-5 Speed Graphic, cut out and pasted on thin birch wood, then mounted on a varnished black walnut base. He calls the result a "Sportrait" and, since 1942 when Sportraits, Inc., was born purely by accident, West has turned out between 12,000 and 13,000 of his novelty cutouts.

He now fills from 3,000 to 3,500 orders a year, and his cheapest job sells for \$2.50. Baseball players, notoriously slow with a dollar, rush to unleash their wallets when West is around. Girl friends and wives of players are another steady source of business. Even the ball clubs frequently order Sportraits to decorate the front office and Harold Parrott, traveling secretary of the Brooklyn Dodgers, bought two complete sets devoted to Flatbush regulars last spring.

Joe West became a photographer in 1939. At the time he was personnel manager for the Franklin County (Ohio) Engineering Department and his boss dragged him off the road gang one day to break the news that he could now add a camera to his equipment.

Joe was as reluctant as a dragon. "I can't even make a passable snapshot," he moaned.

Patiently the chief explained why he thought it better to make a photographer out of a man who knew road-building, rather than vice versa.

"Of course I *could* get a photographer and teach him the kind of work you do," he added thoughtfully.

Jobs were scarce at the time and Joe recently had taken unto himself a bride. He gulped. "As you were saying," he said quickly, "from now on I'm also a photographer."

This reluctant beginning of a job he didn't want led West back to baseball, his first love. He was an unreconstructed bush league shortstop before he caught on with the county engineer's crew. Today, though he still works for the county engineer, he really lives for weekends and a month each spring when he takes full title to his position as president of Sportraits, Inc.

It began, of course, when he developed his camera talent while taking progress pictures of roads under construction. After a while he aimed the lens at some ball-player friends. One night in 1942 he pulled an action shot of Columbus outfielder Augie Bergamo out of the soup, dried it and tossed it on his darkroom table. A piece of plywood was lying there too. West wondered how the picture would look cut out and mounted on the board.

Augie thought it looked fine even then and so have some 5,000 other athlete-customers who have since bought Sportraits for use around the house as decorative indications of their trade. Merchants in sports-minded towns put the cutouts in window displays. High schools order Sportraits as the piece de resistance to accompany presentation of letter awards at the annual athletic banquets.

A hustling lensman who can make pictures of an entire squad in a single pre-game practice session, Joe keeps his weight down to 165 lbs., fairly trim for his 5 ft., 10 in. He works without a hat, so his brown hair is sun-bleached and his gray eyes have a cow puncher's squint. His midwestern accent is liberally sprinkled with baseball idiom. To Joe West, a pitcher with a fast ball is "very swift out there."

West used to make all of the individual action shots, but last spring he had one photographer stationed in California, another in Texas.

West also has added a staff to help finish off the work. Eldon Hicks, another member of the county engineer's entourage, does

a major part of the cutting and mounting. Mrs. Charles Wharton of Columbus oil-colors the prints.

Sportraits (the name has been copyrighted and a patent proceeding is underway) run from eight inches to lifesize, and from \$2.50 to \$50 in cost. About 75 percent of the work is black and white, ball-players as a group being noted for thriftiness.

The most popular sizes are the eight-inch cutouts which West sells for \$2.50 in black and white, \$4 in color, and the 17-inchers at \$6 and \$8.50.

West seldom tries to shoot pictures during a game. He prefers to take the players to a far corner of the outfield before the stands fill up and work with each man individually. He usually takes two shots of each player.

In addition to his county job, and his remunerative sideline with what he describes as sports "photostatuettes," West also is official photographer to the Columbus Red Birds and serves as Columbus representative of the top Cleveland Browns. So far he's resisted the efforts of interested affluent gentlemen to buy into his business. One man wanted to put \$10,000 into the concern.

While baseball is his first love, Joe West and his Sportraits, Inc., have started to branch out into other fields. Last year on the football side he did the Green Bay Packers, Cleveland Browns and Los Angeles Dons.

And with his fame rapidly spreading, he now also shoots Sportraits of golfers, archers, dogs, horses and—look out Mr. Korman—ballet dancers.



CHICAGO'S LUPE

BY DAVID LOREN

PRIOR to the current baseball semester, Chicago White Sox rooters spent the better part of a decade asking "Who's on first?" and getting for their pains a bevy of answers, some of them as hilarious as the standard vaudeville routine itself.

It is a matter of significant comparative value, then, that a lithe, knowing operative named Ulysses Lupien—he calls himself Tony, and everybody else does, too—has inherited the occupational hazards of first basing at Comiskey Park.

It's the Third Time in The Bigtime for First Baseman Tony Lupien

For one thing, Lupien lends a compound of class and savvy to the post which has been unknown in the Windy City since the heyday of Joe Kuhel. For another, he is one of those particularly rare ball players about whom one may say "He writes his own ticket"—and mean it.

Tony Lupien is no spring fowl as far as baseball is concerned. He is 31 years old, which is young only in comparison with the quasi-antique White Sox company Tony keeps—the Applings, Caldwells, Wrights, and friends. The records show this to be Tony's third trip to the big time; he himself confirms this, and, with a meaningful smile on his well-filled, handsome features, amends:

"My third trip—and my last."

When he says that, it is with a certain dispassion; a cool, rational outlook stemming partly from his strange baseball career, partly from an inherent wisdom that one seldom associates with ball players.

Lupien, a graduate of Harvard, is not what one might call the dumbest player in the big leagues.

He is, to be sure, the only Harvard grad in the majors and one of the few Ivy Leaguers to make good in upstairs baseball. In a way he is treading dangerous ground. Baseball has nurtured some peculiar intellectuals in its day and, for some recondite reason, at least half of them seem to have played first base.

The celebrated Babe Herman is possibly the player most widely renowned for faux pas on the field of play. For the record, it is to be stated that Herman, in the twilight of his diamond career, wound up as a first baseman. He appeared at Gilmore Stadium, in Hollywood, Cal., to play for the Hollywood Stars of the Pacific Coast League.

"Babe," he was told, "with your clutch hitting you can name your poison—what position do you want to play?"

Herman unbent his creaking limbs and took a good look around the ball park.

"I think," he said finally, "I'll play first. It's closest to the dug-out."

Five years later a guy named Tony Lupien was cavorting around first base for the Hollywood Stars and making coast fans forget all about the departed Mr. Herman. It was the season of 1946, and Lupien, in no less than 170 games, hit .295, fielded .991, and batted in 77 runs.

But that was the summer of his discontent. Late the previous season he had returned, stale, from service in the Navy. He rejoined his major league club—the Philadelphia Phillies—on September 10, 1945. The team was in Pittsburgh and Lupien, jogging around the outfield at Forbes Field, saw manager Ben Chapman waving him in.

Chapman was brief: "You're playing today."

So Lupien played. He played out the remainder of the season. He hit .315. His bat, alone, meant at least one triumph for the Phils, unaccustomed as they were to winning that year.

And yet, on February 13 of the next year, the Phillies, who had acquired the aging, aching Frank McCormick from Cincinnati two months previously, decided to string with the 33-year-old McCormick and sold Lupien to Hollywood.

There is little point in chronicling the entire episode. Major league baseball's "GI Bill of Rights" provided that a player returning from service was entitled to a 15-day trial with his former club, at his former salary. The United States government said any man was entitled to one year at his former job. Baseball and the government—and who is to say which is more important?—differed by 350 days.

So Lupien petitioned Selective Service for redress. The upshot of this "trial balloon," which involved several discreditable quotes from baseball men who later regretted their utterances to an extreme, was



that Lupien agreed to go to Hollywood—and received a major league salary when he got there.

He played out the 1946 season, as has been noted, but grimly he was making other plans. Having moved from Lexington, Mass., to Springfield, Vt., Lupien organized a successful laundry business and prepared to devote full time to the enterprise. He even asked the Hollywood team to put him on the voluntary retired list following salary differences which subsequently were amended in Lupien's favor.

But what made him stick around for another season at Hollywood still is not entirely apparent, even to Lupien himself. With the utter candor which makes him unique among present-day ball players, he called his 1946 season, despite his worthy batting and fielding marks, "a bad year."

If any one factor were to be singled out as responsible for Lupien's decision to play again, Tony would plump for Jimmy Dykes, the ex-White Sox manager now at Hollywood and, to Lupien's way of thinking, "one of the best managers and finest men in baseball."

"Dykes has that managerial something," Tony declares in his rich Boston accent, going easy on the broad Harvard "A." "It's nothing for a manager to take an eighth-place club and finish eighth. When he takes that club and finishes sixth with it, or even seventh, then he's doing all right. He's a good manager. He's the Jimmy Dykes kind."

Dykes, at any rate, refused to give up on Lupien even when the 185-pound, five-foot-eleven left-

hander had all but given up on himself, as far as furtherance of his baseball career was concerned.

"Try it one more time around," Jimmy told him.

So Lupien did. He showed up for the 1947 campaign. He batted .341. He had 21 homers, 110 runs batted in, only 38 strikeouts. His .992 mark afield was tops in the loop. So were his 147 runs, 237 hits, 362 total bases, 40 stolen bases.

He won The Sporting News most-valuable award. It goes without saying he was most valuable player in the Pacific Coast League by an Olympic mile.

Asked to account for this tremendous showing, Lupien is the first to admit he had no secret formula, no sudden platform for success.

"It was a combination of Jimmy Dykes and fool luck," he says.

Whatever it was, the White Sox made one concerted grab for Lupien and brought him up for the 1948 campaign.

At the time, the Sox had Rudy York, the large-sized Indian, as No. 1 boy at first. Sox general manager Leslie O'Connor, however, was playing his cards along "hot hand" lines.

O'Connor, filled-in on Lupien's ability, gave York his unconditional release as part of the club's wild-eyed midwinter cleanup program. Shortly thereafter Eddie Lopat, the club's leading pitcher in 1947, was to go to the New York Yankees for catcher Aaron Robinson and Pitchers Fred Bradley and Bill Wight.

Wight it was, incidentally, who gave Lupien a series of heart-rending moments at first. Possess-

ed of the most deceptive throw-to-first motion in baseball, Wight spent the 1948 spring training tour catching runners off first by country kilometers with his mystical throws to Lupien. The latter, in this connection, will never forget one exhibition game against Pittsburgh when Wight was on the hill for the Sox.

"He caught Frank Gustine off base once," Tony recollects, "and me twice."

An industrious worker, Lupien strives constantly to improve his performance. "I know my limitations," he said just before the present campaign began. "I'm a mediocre hitter and a mediocre fielder and I won't be around too long, but I give it my best shot every day, sick or well, winning or losing."

As a first baseman, Lupien finds his hardest job is the ornery first-to-short-to-first double play maneuver.

"I never could get the hang of it," Tony says. "I asked Joe Kuhel about it once. He told me 'It's just one of those things. You'll do it wrong for eight or ten years, then suddenly one day you'll find yourself doing it right.'"

But Jimmy Dykes helped here, too. He took Lupien aside one day at Hollywood last summer.

"Look, Tony," he said. "I have a hunch you're going back to the big leagues and you might as well

make this play right. You never can tell when it'll help you out."

Lupien worked harder than ever at the thing. Now he clicks on the play every time.

At the plate, Lupien, a left-hander batting as well as throwing, takes an on-the-toes, alert stance. An interesting particular is that he does not await a pitch with bat even remotely adjacent to shoulder. Instead, he holds his mace almost horizontally and far back, putting the accent on powerful wrists rather than the golf-type arms-and-shoulders business so common to most players.

This hitting approach, combined with a slight choke grip and an admittedly expert pair of eyes, makes Tony Lupien one of the most respected batsmen in baseball. Some experts call him the best hit-and-run man in the business, a signal honor in view of the fact that he is not a right-handed hitter and thereby cannot enjoy the luxury of hitting into right field behind the breaking baserunner when the second baseman goes to cover the bag. Instead, with Tony a left-handed swinger, the shortstop covers second against the breaking runner—and Lupien is just as likely to drill a base hit through short, *ahead* of the runner.

For all this, by the way, the man is well paid. Although his salary figure is nobody's business but his own, it can be stated that Lupien

SPORTFOLIO'S PICTURES

Front Cover, A. M. Fox; 1, International News Photo; 3, 72, 117 C-L, Press Association; 4, 117 T-L, T-R, B-R, Acme; 5, T. S. McCabe; 6, The Detroit Times; 7, 117 B-L, Salt Lake Tribune-Telegram; 12, Grunow Photo; 50-51, Palmer Photo; 57 through 71, Nova Scotia Bureau of Information; 80, Tam O'Shanter Country Club; 117 C-R, Wide World; 119, 120, 121, 122 T, 128, inside back cover, Three Lions; 122 B, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, The Ring Magazine.

got what he asked for in a conference with White Sox officials last winter.

As a matter of fact, Lupien arrived at the Sox' Hollywood, Cal., spring training headquarters late this winter and, without even donning a uniform or swinging a bat, was told:

"Tony, you're our regular first baseman this season."

These words came from Ted Lyons, the White Sox manager who is definitely high on Lupien's brand of ballplaying. Lyons, an old college man himself (Baylor, '23), subsequently enlarged upon his opinion of Lupien with the thought that:

"Tony's quick. I don't mean he just moves fast or just thinks fast; what I mean is he does both, simultaneously. You don't find that in every ball player."

That is firm praise indeed for the stocky Mr. Lupien, who, as has been noted, is 31 years of age, confesses that his dark hair is thinning atop and murmurs anew that this is his final trip to the majors.

Born at Chelmsford, Mass., on April 23, 1917, Lupien put the first punch in the ticket when he captained the Harvard baseball team in 1938. He led the Crimson in basketball, too, and thus was the only Cambridge athlete since the revered George Owen to captain two different sports.

Such was his baseball performance, at any rate, that upon his graduation in June of 1939—he majored in government economics—Tony was signed immediately by the Boston Red Sox and sent to their Scranton, Pa., farm team in

the Eastern League, where he batted .319 in 83 games. He was with Little Rock for 151 games in 1940, hitting a dulcet .307; then played 10 late-season games with the Red Sox that season and batted exactly .474.

A full season with Louisville of the American Association in 1941 proved Tony ready for the majors. He spent the next two seasons first-basing for the Bostons. The Phillies purchased him on April 13, 1944, Lupien's being waived out of the American League at that time comprising a mystery equal to the Chicago Cubs' getting Hank Borowy (and, thereby, a pennant) from the Yankees after all other A. L. clubs had waived on him in 1945.

For the Phils in 1944, Lupien hit a respectable .283, batting in 52 runs and stealing 18 bases. He was inducted into the Navy on March 5, 1945, and served at Sampson training station and in the V-7 program at Colgate until his discharge that September.

A unique criterion of Lupien's value, and of some of the strange judgments made by baseball men who ostensibly can do no wrong, is the fact that Tony has left sad vacuums in his wake whenever he has changed jobs.

The Red Sox have searched diligently for a first baseman of Tony's all-around calibre. The Phils, at an estimate, have tried a dozen different first sackers and spent \$150,000 in the process. Hollywood, at last reports, is at a loss for want of Tony.

And so, come to think of it, is Harvard.



Sportfolio's

Quiz OF THE MONTH

Tee He

The all-time fair-haired boy of the fair-ways is Robert T. Jones, Jr., the immortal "Bobby" who completely dominated the links game two decades ago and never bothered to turn professional.

Here's a quiz about the Jones boy nobody was able to keep up with on a golf course. Each question counts 25 points. You're flying high with an eagle if you total 200 or more. Score 150 or better and credit yourself with a heartwarming birdie. Less than that and you've taken a bogey. Answers on page 118.

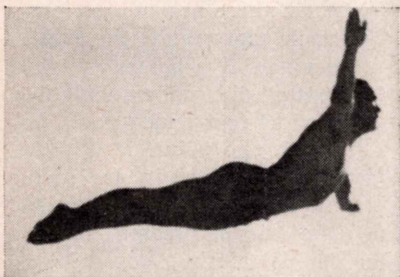


1. The "T." in Jones' full name stands for:
 - a. Thomas
 - b. Tyler
 - c. Tyre
 - d. Theodore
2. Bobby is a long-time resident of the city of:
 - a. Atlanta, Ga.
 - b. Savannah, Ga.
 - c. Jackson, Miss.
 - d. Boston, Mass.
3. He took the U. S. Amateur championship:
 - a. Just once
 - b. Three times
 - c. Five times
 - d. Eight times
4. He won top honors in the tough U. S. Open:
 - a. Two times
 - b. Four times
 - c. Six times
 - d. Eight times
5. He won the British Open three times in:
 - a. Three tries
 - b. Four tries
 - c. Five tries
 - d. Six tries
6. He took top honors in the British Amateur:
 - a. One time
 - b. Two times
 - c. Three times
 - d. Four times
7. He won all four titles (his "Grand Slam") in:
 - a. 1922
 - b. 1925
 - c. 1928
 - d. 1930
8. No putter ever was more famous than Bobby's:
 - a. Accurate Ann
 - b. Calamity Jane
 - c. Shooting Susie
 - d. Deadly Dora
9. He now makes one annual tourney appearance at the:
 - a. U.S. Open
 - b. U.S. Amateur
 - c. N'th-S'th Open
 - d. Masters

HOCUS-FOCUS

SPORTFOLIO'S PHOTO QUIZ

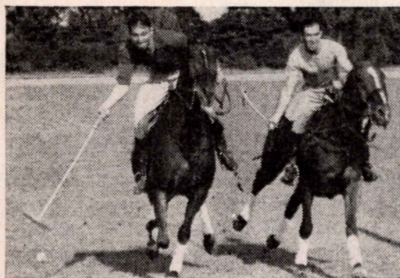
The six sports pictured below are all scored differently. If you come up with the correct point value in five or more questions, you really know the score. Three or better is average. Less than that and you'd better start getting your information from the scoreboard on page 118.



1. A perfect dive is worth:
a. Five points
b. Ten points
c. 15 points
d. 20 points



2. Field under six, track winners earn:
a. Three points
b. Four points
c. Five points
d. Six points



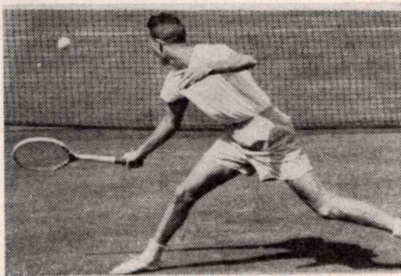
3. This polo goal will count:
a. One point
b. Three points
c. Five points
d. Seven points



4. Each arrow in the bullseye means:
a. Four points
b. Six points
c. Eight points
d. Nine points



5. A ringer in horseshoe pitching scores:
a. Three points
b. Five points
c. Seven points
d. 11 points



6. The first tennis point is scored as:
a. Two
b. Ten
c. 15
d. 30

"Tee He"

1. (c) Tyre
2. (a) Atlanta, Ga.
3. (c) Five times
4. (b) Four times
5. (b) In four tries he won the British Open three times.
6. (a) One time
7. (d) Jones made his "Grand Slam" in 1930. He retired shortly afterward.
8. (b) Calamity Jane
9. (d) He plays each year at the Augusta (Ga.) Masters.

"Hocus-Focus"

1. (b) Dives are scored on a zero (failed) to ten (good) basis.
2. (c) When there are five or less track contestants, the winner gets five points.
3. (a) Putting the willow ball in the 24-foot-wide goal is worth one point.
4. (d) Hitting the 9.6 in. bullseye diameter counts nine points.
5. (a) One ringer scores three.
6. (c) Tennis scoring goes: love (zero), 15, 30, 40, game.



"It's This Way, Judge"

The publishing house of Putnam recognizes that there is a colorful and romantic tale in the history of every major league ball club. One of their recent releases is Harold Kaese's "The Boston Braves."

Kaese, sports columnist for the Boston Globe, spins many an amusing recount of the club's trials and tribulations, particularly through the era of Judge Emil Fuchs, the ex-jurist who, as president of the Braves, decided to save a manager's salary by piloting the team himself during the tight-budget days of 1929.

Now the judge was a wonderful, generous guy, popular with the press and the public. When he bought the club in 1923, he was "close to being a millionaire." By the time he relinquished control in 1935, he was pretty near broke. He did it because he had always believed he'd be happier working in baseball than he could be doing almost anything else. He was a real fan, but he didn't know a thing about running a ball club from the field.

One day in 1929, with the bases full of Braves and nobody out, Manager Fuchs reputedly turned to the bench and asked, "What shall we do now, boys?"

"What about a squeeze play?" someone suggested.

"A squeeze?" The judge was aghast. "No, no," he protested. "Let us score our runs in an honorable way."

Tommy Holmes
Brooklyn Eagle



BOXING'S BOSWELL

By HOWARD COHN

WHEN THE first edition of his All-Time Ring Record Book rolled off the O'Brien Suburban Press at Norwalk, Connecticut, early in 1942, wispy-haired Nat Fleischer breathed a sigh that combined both pride and relief, then went right back to work.

That initial Ring Record Book probably represents 61-year-old Nat Fleischer's crowning contribution to the world of professional boxing. It was the result of more than 30 years of research, at least seven or eight years of intensive labor.

In it the short, round-faced Boswell of Boxing chronicled the records of more than 6,000 fighters past and present. The reader, after a brief consultation with the index, could find that in 1723 James Figg, heavyweight champion of England, "defeated Chris Clarkson in a fierce battle of half an hour." He also could learn, if interested, that one Morris Reif of Brooklyn was knocked out by Mickey Farber on November 18, 1941.

There has been a Ring Record Book every year since—all-time
(Continued)



NAT FLEISCHER, professional boxing's ace reporter, historian, collector and sage, watches two battlers in a training session at New York's Stillman's gymnasium. Fleischer tabs Jack Johnson as the greatest fighter he ever has seen.

Boxing's Boswell—CONTINUED

versions in 1943 and 1944; records of current fighters only in 1945, 1946, 1947 and 1948—but the offspring are merely up-to-date versions of the perspiration-wrought parent edition.

"It's a good deal easier now," says Stanley Weston, an assistant editor of Fleischer's Ring Magazine who helps put together each yearly volume.

"We subscribe to 75 newspapers throughout the world and check them daily for fight results. We also have a separate four-by-five index card for every professional fighter now operating.

"On the front of each card is the fighter's name, date and place of birth, and the division he fights in. Every time he has a match, we list the date and location of the bout, his weight, the result and number of rounds the thing lasted.

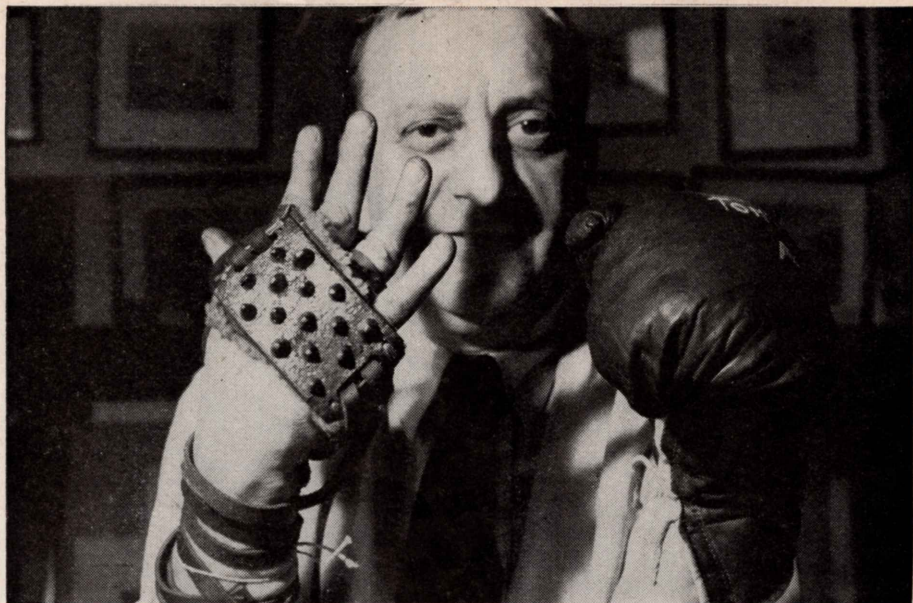
"At the end of the year we have complete individual records of the activities of some 5,000 fighters active during the given 12-month period. The cards are filed with each boxer's previous record and that way we have a lifetime performance chart for every fighter in the world. Then we start a file for the new year.

"The book usually comes out in March and lists all bouts through the previous December. We're working on the 1949 edition

(Continued)



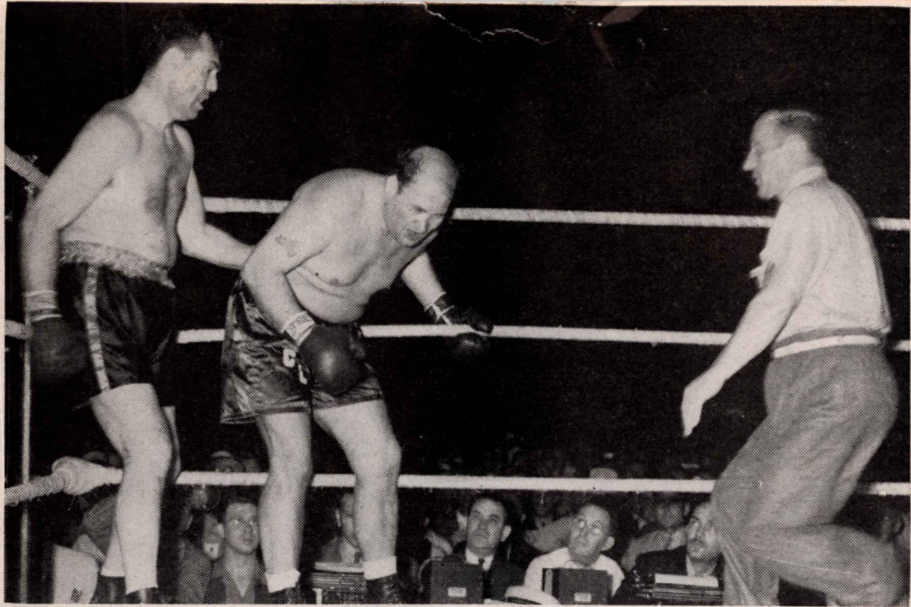
DAMAGE DONE, boxing gloves worn by many of the greatest fighters of the past hang from the ceiling in Nat Fleischer's boxing museum. The oversized weapons that Fleischer is holding carry signatures of hundreds of famous pugs.



OLD AND NEW look in boxing gear both are on display in Fleischer's ring museum. The bristling iron cesta, modelled on the left, was found in the ruins of Pompeii. It was standard Roman gladiator equipment about 2,000 years ago.



PARTIAL VIEW of the Fleischer collection of boxing mementos shows pictures, a miniature "squared circle," championship belts, trophies and early copies of his Ring magazine. Fleischer owns, publishes and edits the monthly periodical.



NO ONE was closer to the scene than Nat Fleischer when Jack Dempsey, the old Manassa Mauler, returned to the ring against tattooed Cowboy Luttrell in 1940. Referee Fleischer counted Luttrell out in the second round of the Atlanta bout.

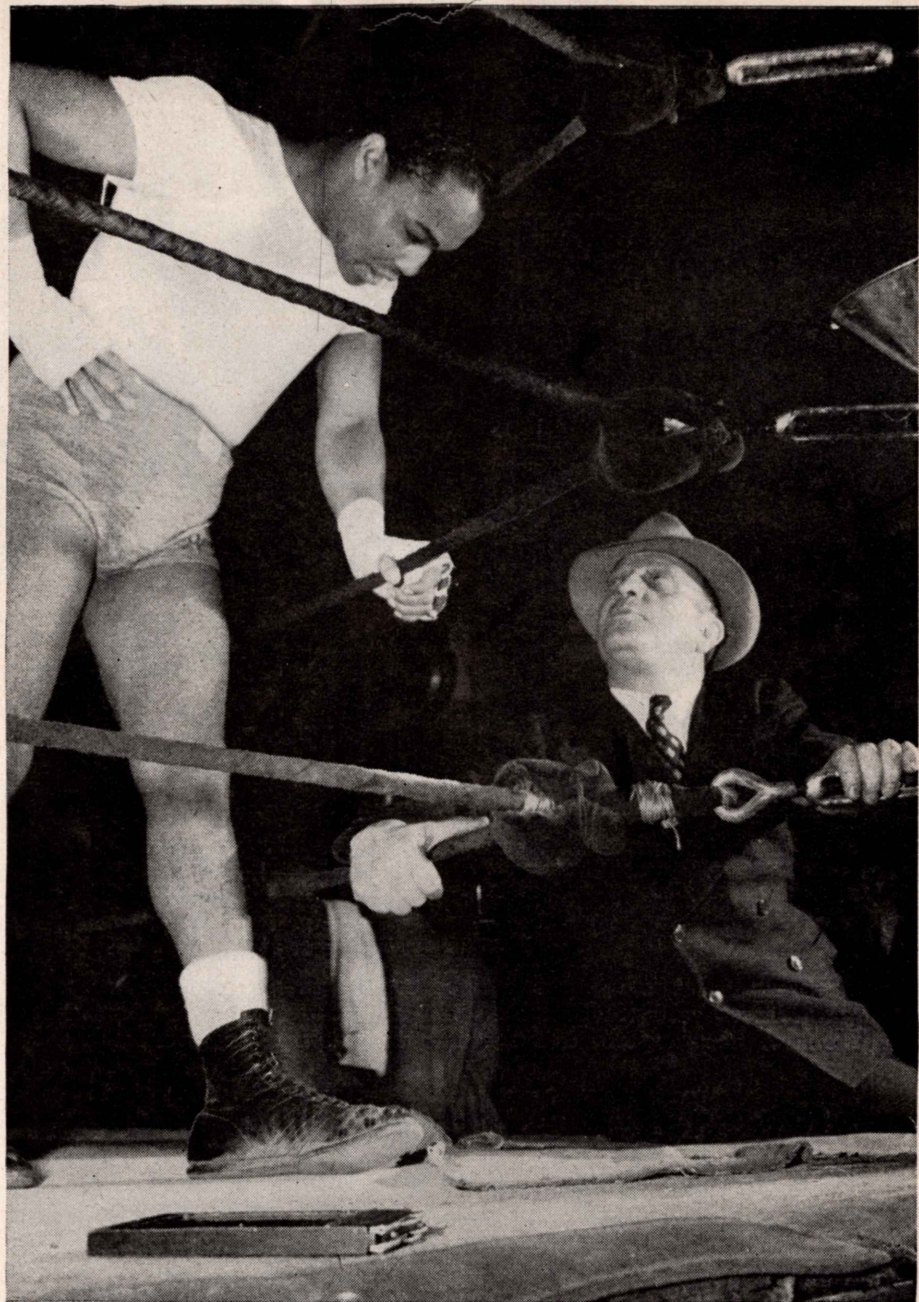
Boxing's Boswell—CONTINUED

now, and it will carry every man's wins, losses and draws through December 31, 1948."

Chief engineer behind this massive annual project is a 5 ft.-4 in., warm-smiling little gentleman who serves as self-appointed sage and historian for the entire ring world.

Nat Fleischer probably is the most respected man in the fight game, and he got that way pounding a typewriter in his office, rather than opponents in the ring. "Mr. Boxing" has knocked out more than 30 biographies of great fighters, plus numerous books on other aspects of boxing. The Ring Magazine, which he helped found in 1922, and which he now serves as publisher, editor and feature writer, has the reputation of being the monthly bible of the industry. His hobby collection of ring memorabilia includes museum relics dating back to ancient Rome and is valued at \$300,000.

In a sport which has received many a black eye for its tawdry dealings and the surplus of shady characters who chronically infest the canvas empire, Fleischer stands as the outstanding symbol of what is good in the business. He numbers his friends in the thousands—sports writers, boxing officials, fighters, fans—and when there was an opening on the New York State Athletic Commission
(Continued)



RINGSIDE INTERVIEWS during pre-fight training usually provide Fleischer with up-to-the-minute news of the ring world. Henry Armstrong, holder of the featherweight, lightweight and welter titles in 1938, always was good for copy.



WOUNDED SERVICEMEN received a big boost from the frequent war-time visits of sports writers Dan Parker, the late Hype Igoe and Fleischer (l. to r.). Fleischer donated more than \$25,000 in boxing equipment to the armed forces.

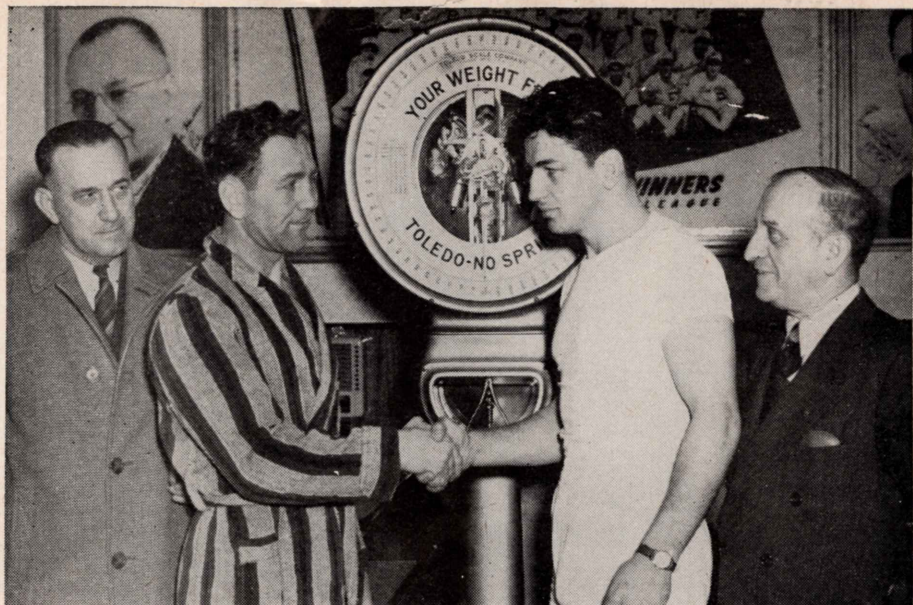
Boxing's Boswell—CONTINUED

in 1946, he was boosted for the post by people in every walk of life.

The little guy with the slugging typewriter got his first real taste of the sport that was to become his profession, his love and his life by getting knocked flat on his back. Nat was born on New York's lower East Side—a contemporary of such current celebrities as Walter Winchell, Eddie Cantor and Georgie Jessel—some time in 1887. He still doesn't know the exact date.

Like every sports-hungry kid of that or any generation, he idolized the top athletic celebrities of the day. In 1899 he saw Terrible Terry McGovern pulverize Pedlar Palmer in one round, and he seriously began contemplating boxing as a career. The contemplation ended not long afterwards when Nat was matched against a boxer named Joe Gordon in the opening match of an amateur fight card to help celebrate the dedication of a new Boy's Club in New York. Nat led with a left against the much heavier Gordon and landed—flat on the canvas.

As a student at the City College of New York, Nat captained the basketball team, ran on the track team, covered college sports for the old New York World and the Morning Press, and studied to be a chemist. After graduation in 1908, Fleischer tested a professor's theory that two specific mixtures would not blend. They didn't
(Continued)



UNDER Fleischer's ring-wise eyes, light heavyweight champion Gus Lesnevich and Joe Kahut weighed in for their 1946 bout at Portland, Ore. This was Nat's last major refereeing job. He quit because of age and pressure of other work.



IT TURNED out to be a short evening's labor. Nat, assisted by two vocal observers, counted out Kahut in the first round. Winner Gus Lesnevich was named Fleischer's 1947 "Fighter of the Year." The award was first presented in 1932.

Boxing's Boswell—CONTINUED

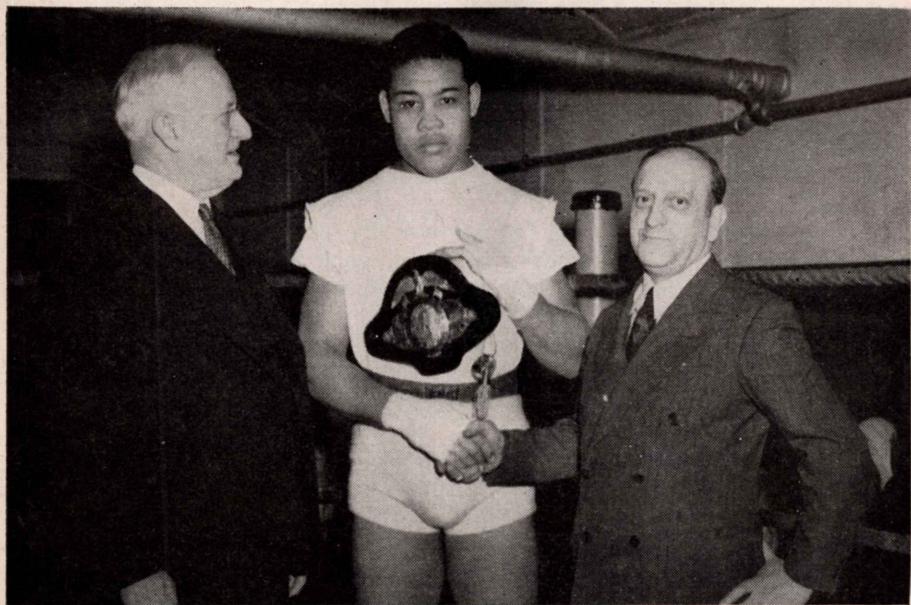
and the explosion that followed, in addition to other false vocational starts, convinced Bachelor of Science Fleischer that he was meant to be a sports writer, concentrating specifically on boxing.

Nat has been a sports reporter ever since. He served a tour of duty on the Press, afterwards became sports editor of the New York Sun and later of the New York Telegram. After the Telegram was combined with the World in 1929, Fleischer lost his job and centered all his attention on The Ring magazine.

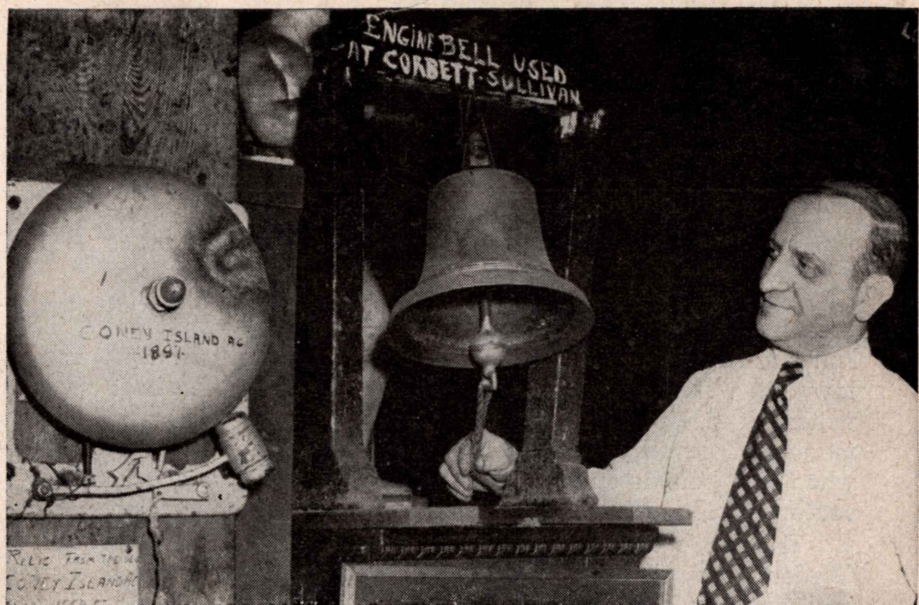
Nat, Ike Dorgan of Tex Rickard's staff, Frank Coultry, vice president of Madison Square Garden, and I. C. Brenner of the American Golfer, had founded The Ring in 1922 to fight a proposed law that would curtail boxing in the state. With the best sports writers in the city submitting regular copy to the new venture, the magazine played a large part in whipping the bill. Since 1929, when Nat bought out Dorgan, the one partner remaining in the venture, Fleischer has been the sole owner of the publication.

The Ring's offices are on the second floor of Madison Square Garden, a towel's throw away from Mike Jacob's Twentieth Century Sporting Club and right smack in the center of legendary

(Continued)



A YOUNG Joe Louis received The Ring magazine's annual "Fighter of the Year" award from Fleischer with the late Gen. John J. Phelan of the New York Athletic Commission looking on. Louis won the honor in 1936, 1938, 1939 and 1941.



HISTORIC BELLS decorate Fleischer's museum. The one on the left clanged off the rounds when Jeffries beat Bob Fitzsimmons at Coney Island. The train bell tolled the end for John L. Sullivan when he lost his title to Corbett in 1892.

Boxing's Boswell—CONCLUDED

Jacobs Beach, the heart of the sock market. Nat is at his desk, after commuting from suburban Mt. Vernon, by 8:30 every morning. The remaining eight members of the staff usually report an hour later.

The magazine is distributed all over the world, has a circulation of around 160,000. Fleischer, who can peck out 15,000 to 16,000 words a day when he doesn't have too many visitors, often writes four stories for an issue and edits everything that appears.

Despite the current outcry being raised against boxing, Nat believes the future of the sport is bright. "Accidents happen in other sports," he says, "but boxing makes a convenient scapegoat."

He is militantly in favor of, and long has urged, the additional safety measures being adopted by many state legislatures—heavier gloves, thorough physical examinations, regular inspections of fighters—but his attitude toward action in the squared circle really has not changed since he saw McGovern batter Palmer almost 50 years ago.

"It still is the virile sport," the man who runs *The Ring* wrote in the preface to the first edition of his first record book, "the one game which truly typifies the struggle of life."

THE END.



FLEISCHER MODELS a part of his collection of fighters' off-duty regalia. He is complete with Bob Fitzsimmons' topper, outlaw Jesse James' sword cane, John L. Sullivan's watch, Kid McCoy's sash and Mickey O'Neill's ancient shillelagh.



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