

SPORT

MAY

EXCLUSIVE BALLPLAYER PENNANT FORECAST

DON'T CALL ME A DIRTY FIGHTER

By Gene Fullmer

THE BIG LEAGUES' FIVE HOTTEST QUESTIONS

I BROKE BASEBALL'S RULES

By Jim Brosnan

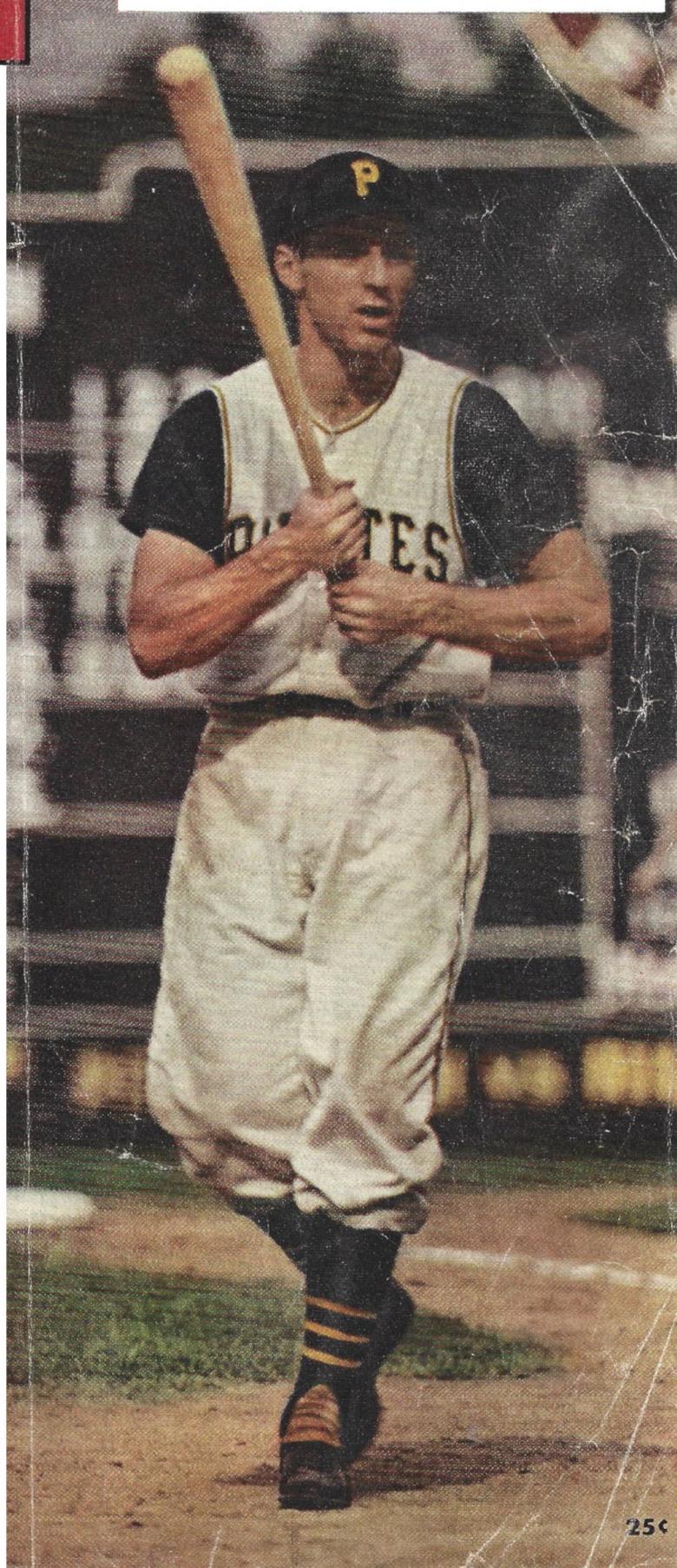
SPECIAL
PICTURE REPORT:

MICKEY MANTLE'S MAJOR-LEAGUE DECADE

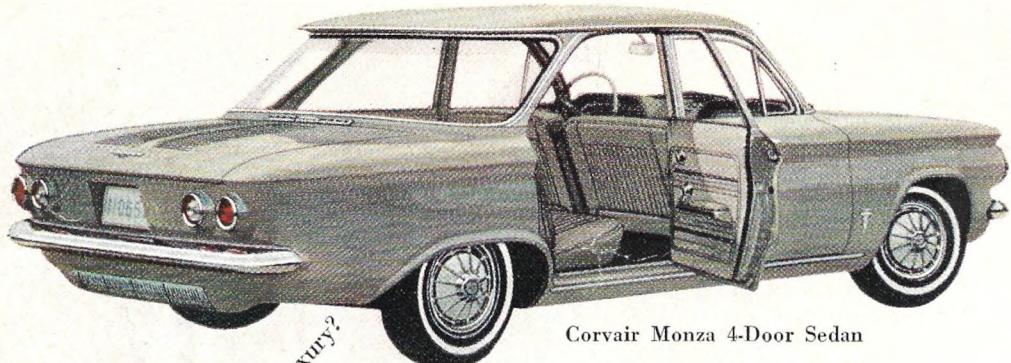
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THE MAN WHO
POWERS THE
GREEN BAY
PACKERS



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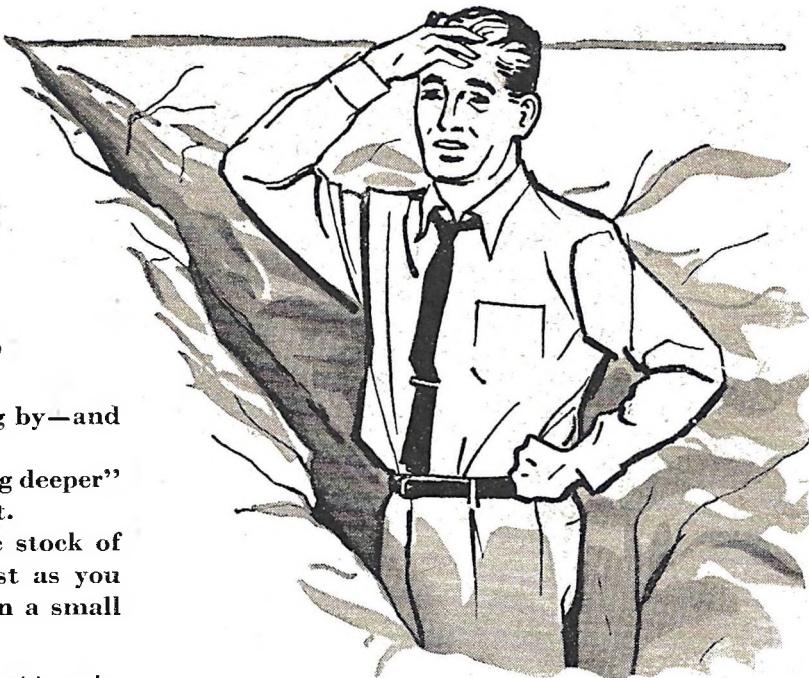
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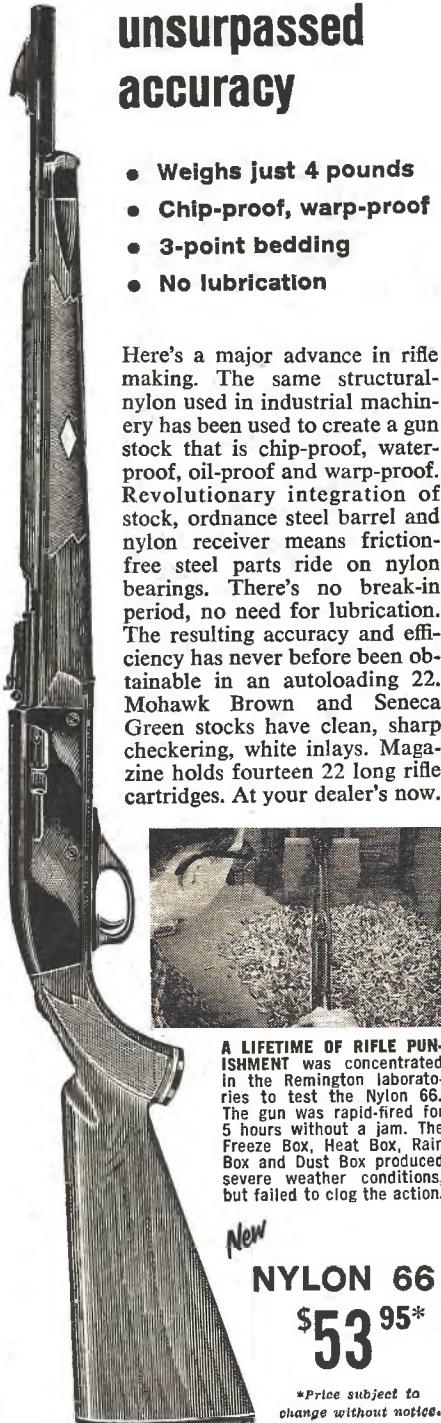
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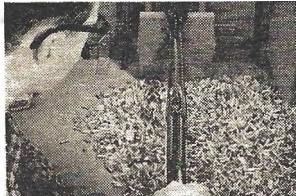
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JACK DENTON SCOTT
Outdoors Editor

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JOE DONNELLY
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MAY, 1961

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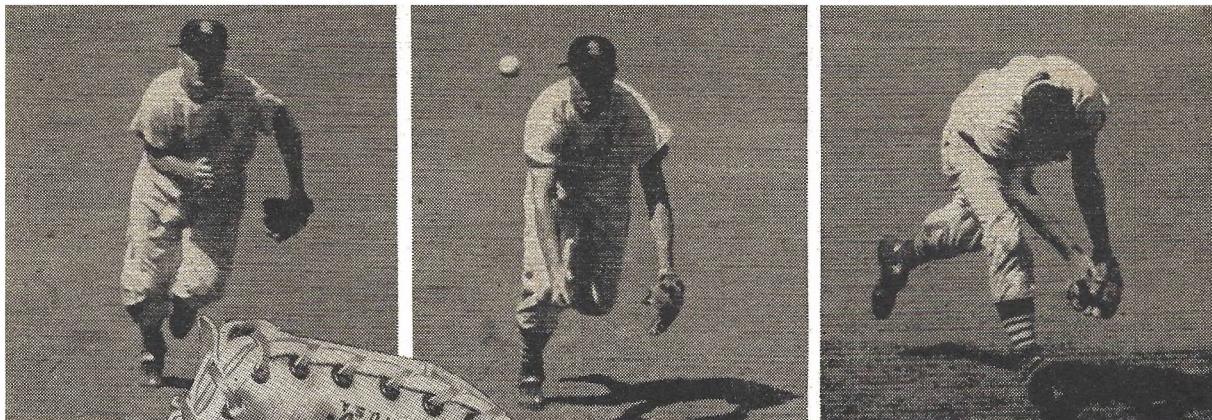
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June SPORT on sale April 27



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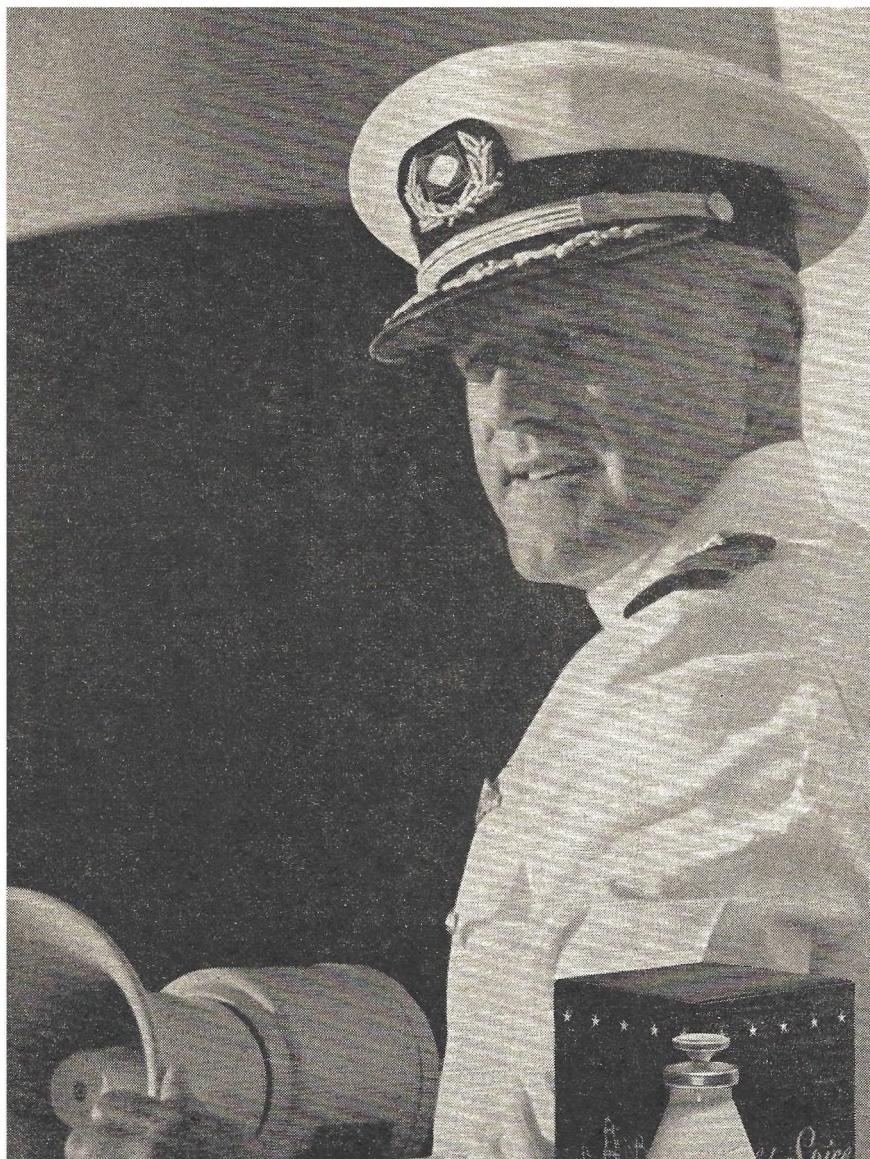
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THE SPORT BOOKSHELF



YOGI

By Yogi Berra and Ed Fitzgerald

Doubleday

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An original, colorful man, Yogi Berra has worked a harvest of wonders in his dramatic, warm baseball life. Perhaps the most significant is his all-consuming appeal. Everybody loves Yogi—the men on his team, the men he plays against, the fans who crowd into ball parks around the country and people who never once have seen him strike a baseball through the triple-tiered shadows of Yankee Stadium. His buoyant personality, even more than his abundant skills, has created this appeal and never has the engulphing personality come through clearer than in Yogi's autobiography.

The idiom of Berra—a man who sometimes is serious, sometimes is rollicking and always is original—pours out with impact in the book. Ed Fitzgerald, until recently the editor of *SPORT*, has presented the story with the full flavor of Yogi's words. It is a complete story, brimming with the warmth of Berra, the man, and the excitement of Berra, the ballplayer. The combination is virtually unbeatable.



DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN SPORTS

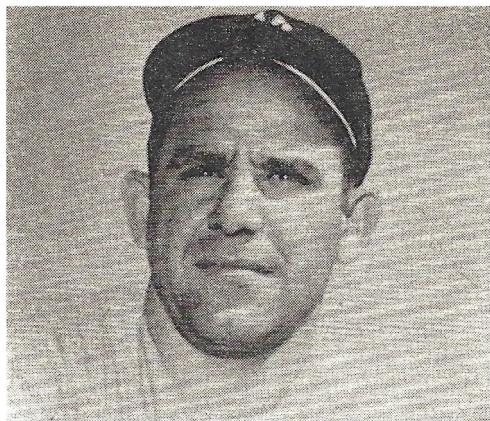
By John S. Salak

Philosophical Library

\$6.00

John S. Salak, a man who knows his sports, has put together a volume that is both interesting and instructional. The *Dictionary Of American Sports* explains more than 6,000 terms, spanning 80 sports. It should serve as a handy reference for anyone who follows athletics.

Tips from another Spalding star...

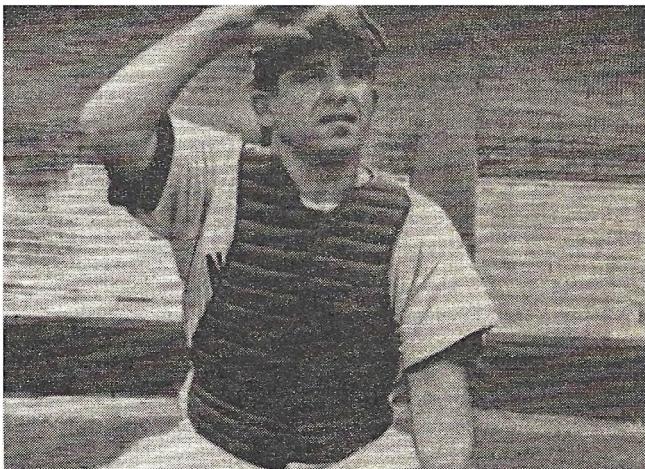


Yogi Berra!

For fourteen years, Yankee fans have thrilled to the sight of the short, stocky figure crouched behind home plate who sparked his team to a record of nine pennants and seven world championships. Three times voted the American League's most Valuable Player, Yogi Berra's catching career has earned him a lasting place in the heart of every baseball fan. Over the years, Yogi has picked up a lot of the tricks of the trade. For aspiring catchers, here are some tips on how to handle yourselves behind the plate:



After you've given your signal, make a fist and hold it 'til you catch the ball or the batter hits it. There's no sense inviting a split or broken finger. Set yourself comfortably, but be ready to move in any direction.



On a play at the plate, and especially on pop-ups, get your mask off in a hurry. But hang on to it until you see where the ball is going, then throw it the *other way*. Worst thing a catcher can do is trip over his own mask.



When you're under a pop-up, play the ball—don't let it play you. The important thing is to catch it, so don't be a showboat—use *both hands*. And don't tense up. I almost cost Allie Reynolds a no-hitter once by being too anxious.

SPALDING
sets the pace in sports



AT YOUR
NEWSSTAND
APRIL 27



LEO
DUCHESTER



ELROY
FACE

NEXT MONTH IN SPORT

This is the 11th time around for Willie Mays, the beginning of his second major-league decade. Since Willie broke in, a lot has happened to him, both as a ballplayer and a man, and it makes revealing reading. Our SPORT SPECIAL for June takes a long look at Willie's first ten years, bringing you through the seasons with him and presenting some sides of Mays you've never known before.

Another of baseball's biggest heroes speaks out for himself in June SPORT. "I Wouldn't Trade Places With Anybody" by Yogi Berra is must reading for anyone who wants to know exactly what it's like to be a big-league ballplayer . . . We also present an eye-popping package of full-length profiles, including Frank Robinson, Bobby Mitchell, Jim Bunning, Johnny Longden and Pete Runnels . . . Furthermore, there's a double bonus in store for you in June SPORT. First is a great contest. We want our readers to pick the top performers of the past 15 years and if you join in the poll, you get a chance to win some of the \$3,000 worth of prizes we're giving away . . . The second part of the bonus is a special color and black-and-white picture collection—"A Portfolio Of Bullpen Stoppers"—featuring ElRoy Face and all the other relief stars.

SPORT for June digs deeply into controversies, too, hitting hard and scooping out the stories behind the headlines. We explain "The Real Reason For Leo Durocher's Return," probe "The Sorry State Of American Tennis" and investigate one of our time's hottest questions: "Is Baseball Losing Its Grip?" There's a lot more, too, in June SPORT.



LETTERS TO SPORT 205 EAST 42 STREET, NEW YORK 17, N.Y.



HE'S BATTING FOR CASEY

I have just finished reading Billy Martin's warm tribute to Casey Stengel, "I Loved That Old Man," in the March issue. I think it is one of the best articles SPORT has ever printed.

I think it brings out—through the eyes of one of his players—the real way Stengel kept the Yankees going. I have always been a Yankee fan, and I think that owner Dan Topping made a great mistake in discharging Casey Stengel.

Lunenburg, Mass. Steve Maki

ON HOCKEY'S HORIZON

Can SPORT please give the young hockey-minded boys some idea of what the future holds for them if they choose professional hockey as a career?

West Roxbury, Mass. Mrs. G. O'Malley

Surgery.



MANTLE'S NIGHT OF STATUE

I have read letters in your magazine for and against Mickey Mantle. I would like to tell of a wonderful experience I had recently. I attended the Silver Gloves boxing tournament being held in Longview, Tex. Mickey Mantle highlighted the evening's activities by appearing to hand out the winners' trophies.

I have never seen anyone display more sportsmanship than he did that evening. He signed autographs for a solid two hours, had kids tugging at his sleeves and standing right over him during the whole time, but not once did he complain. He stayed until everyone had his signature who wanted it.

At the climax of the evening's events, he was presented by the Boys Club with a Man-Boy Award. I think the presenter of the award displayed everyone's feelings when he said of Mickey Mantle—"a man never stands so tall as when he stoops to help a boy."

Mt. Pleasant, Tex. Brenda Wills

WHY WILT?

Why did you give Wilt Chamberlain the SPORT SPECIAL treatment in the March issue when all he does is stand by the basket and dunk the ball? All the other established NBA stars earn their points—one thing Chamberlain has hardly ever done! All the other stars have enough guts to take the beating they're subjected

to, but not Wilt. If there's such a thing as a man's man, there must also exist a baby's baby—that's Wilt.

Rochester, Minn. Steve Traeger

WHY NOT WILT?

Anyone who says Wilt Chamberlain can't take the rough-house play of the NBA is purely out of his head. In an average game, Wilt runs over five miles, plays the entire 48 minutes without a rest, gets everything but City Hall thrown at him under the boards and jumps to a height of 11 feet in the air 30 times.

He still scores 35 to 40 points, gets about 30 rebounds and blocks nearly a dozen shots. Now let's hear somebody knock the greatest basketball player there ever was or will be.

Wyncote, Pa. Peter Kendall

You know Steve Traeger?

A HOCKEY TRIBUTE

Congratulations to Larry Klein on his terrific article, "Hockey's Last Richard," in the March issue. I am very glad to see so much about hockey in your magazine. My father is a sportswriter for the New York Times, and I never miss a New York Ranger home game.

New York City, N.Y. Kevin Briody

THE GREATEST FLIP THEIR LIDS

After I saw your February issue about that "immortal" Ted Williams, I think your magazine is meatball. Williams never tipped his hat to the fans.

Fort Atkinson, Wis. Robert Ross

First of all, we're not meatball; we're prime ribs. Secondly, if baseball's immortals are the men who do the most hat-tipping, then Fenster Goober belongs in the Hall of Fame. He hit .183 in his best year and fielded like a sieve, but he tipped his hat more often than the doorman at the YWCA.

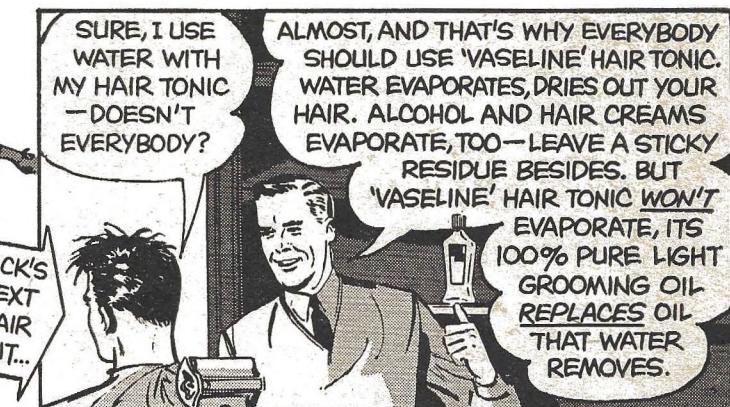
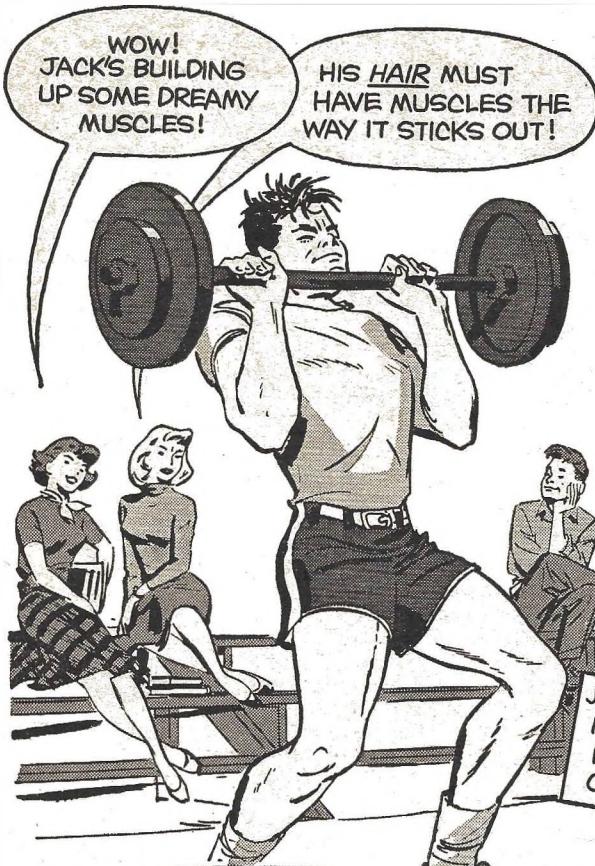


SEES ELGIN AS FAKER

In the March issue of SPORT, John Mackey, in a letter to the editor, said: "Baylor is a better shooter, faker, rebounder and playmaker than Heinsohn." I definitely concur in one of the above mentioned categories. I say to you, sir, Baylor is a better faker.

Macon, Ga. Murry Lynndecker

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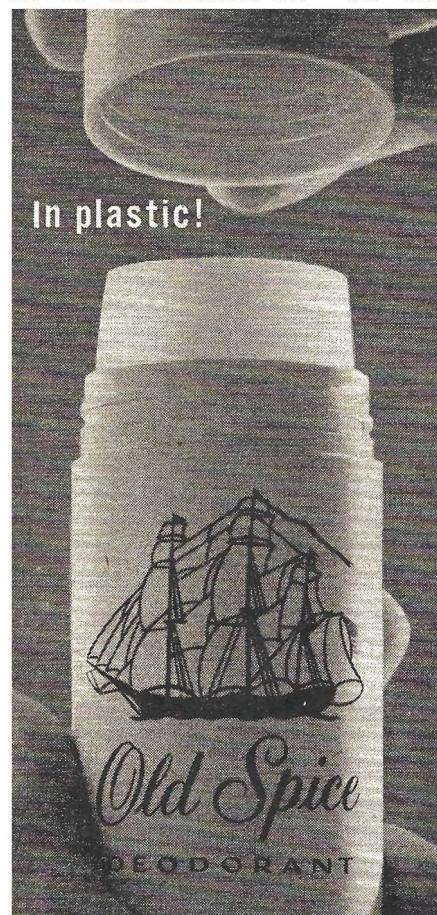
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UPS AND DOWNS IN . . .

I had an unusual experience while trying to attend a football game at the Los Angeles Coliseum this past season. While attempting to see this game, I came to the conclusion that Los Angeles is nothing but a money-hungry city just after a fast dollar.

While attempting to see a football game at the Money Bowl (Los Angeles Coliseum), I was arrested.

A friend and I had two tickets to see the Rams and Colts play. These tickets were void unless we got to a certain gate by a certain time. We were late. We tried the next best thing, so we thought. We tried to go over the fence, which I admit was wrong. We were caught by a policeman, who handled us like we had just robbed a bank.

For this minor crime, believe it or not, they threw us in the Coliseum jail without even a chance to explain the situation or call our parents.

Finally, after two and a half hours in our cell, they let us out and took down all information about us. They made such a big deal out of it; they gave us the whole third-degree, shakedown and all.

Then they escorted us out the front gate and told us if we were seen around the rest of the day or ever picked up in the Coliseum for anything again, they would see that we were sent to the Los Angeles jail. I think if we would have done something serious, they would have locked us up and thrown the key away.

The thing that bothers me most of all is the people who come to games with liquor. Some of these people get drunk and call players and other fans profane names. Usually these people don't get into trouble, but if a boy jumps over the fence to get a player's autograph he is usually led out of the park with a strong arm leading him.

Is this how our great games of sports should be run?

I would appreciate an answer to my letter.

Burbank, Calif.

Bill Lysle

Your punishment may have been a bit severe for your "crime," but we hope you have learned your lesson. Climbing fences to get into a ball park—or anywhere else where you shouldn't be for that matter—can't be condoned. You should have made it your business to get to the park in time to use your tickets. We're unhappy, of course, to find out that you were "roughed up," but we're unhappy, too, that you took it upon yourself to break a law.

. . . THE CITY OF ANGELS

Just for once, I would like to read something decent about the city of Los Angeles when it comes to sports. Your article on the Lakers in the February issue, "Strangers In Town," amazed me. The way it was written, you expect the Sports Arena to be filled every night the Lakers play there.

It takes time for a new team to become popular. Look at the NFL Rams; it took them several years before they began to make money, and now they are the most prosperous team in the league. Give the Lakers time to catch on and this great sports metropolis will respond.

Los Angeles, Calif. Dick Lebby

SPORTS EDITOR WITH THE FACTS

Enjoyed your February issue. However I noticed one slight error in the article on Jackie Jensen's return to baseball. I refer to writer Al Hirshberg's statement that Jensen returned to Boston from Nevada on September 26.

Such was not the case. Jackie arrived in the Hub the previous day. I know, for he was seen in the Fenway Park press lounge the Sunday afternoon the Yankees clinched the American League pennant, by yours truly.

As you correctly state in the story of that memorable day in the same issue, it was September 25.

Hyannis, Mass. Joe Sherman
Cape Cod Standard-Times sports editor

A DEFLATING BUSINESS

I would like to inform Bryan Cornish that the day his Sam Etcheverry locks up in a passing duel with one Norman Van Brocklin, both Mr. Cornish and Mr. Etcheverry are in for a rude awakening! Norm could hit the point of a pin at approximately 100 yards.

Gladwyne, Pa.

Chris Walton

He ruins more footballs that way.



BIG O BETTER THAN COUSY?

I can't see how anyone can compare Bob Cousy with a great player like Oscar Robertson.

In the NBA statistics through January, 1961, Oscar stands second in field-goal percentage, first in assists (formerly the exclusive title of Cousy), third in scoring and fifth in free throws. This marks the first time in NBA history that any player has ranked so high in so many departments.

The only department in which Bob Cousy was listed among the top ten was in assists. Now tell me, Bob Cousy, who is Mr. Basketball?

Indianapolis, Ind. Tom Kuntz

Mr. Basketball is a glue salesman in Toledo, Ohio. His full name is Morton G. Basketball.

ANOTHER ELECTION?

Why not put an end to the Mays-Mantle feud, once and for all, with a nationwide election? The many votes from all over the country will reveal how SPORT's readers feel about this controversy. It is only right that the fans should determine who is the greater player—Mays or Mantle.

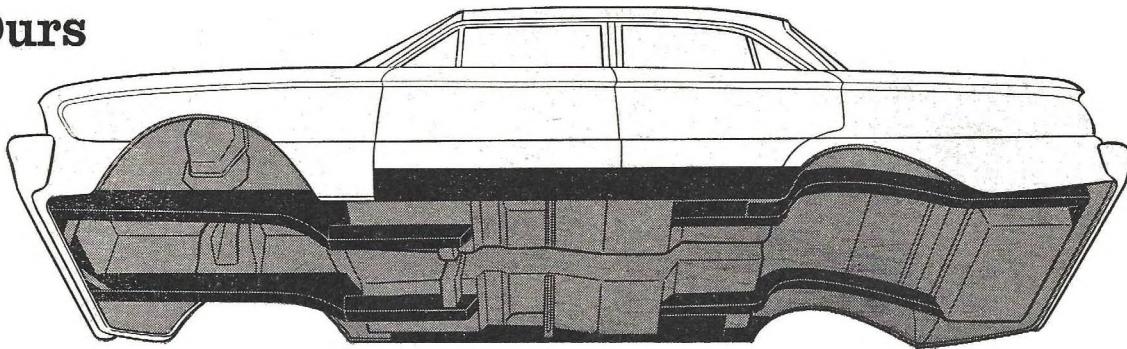
Pittsburgh, Pa. Bill Hoebler

Fine idea, Bill, and if you will agree to be the vote-counter, the contest can get underway. Give us the okay to print your address, and we'll send you a larger mailbox.

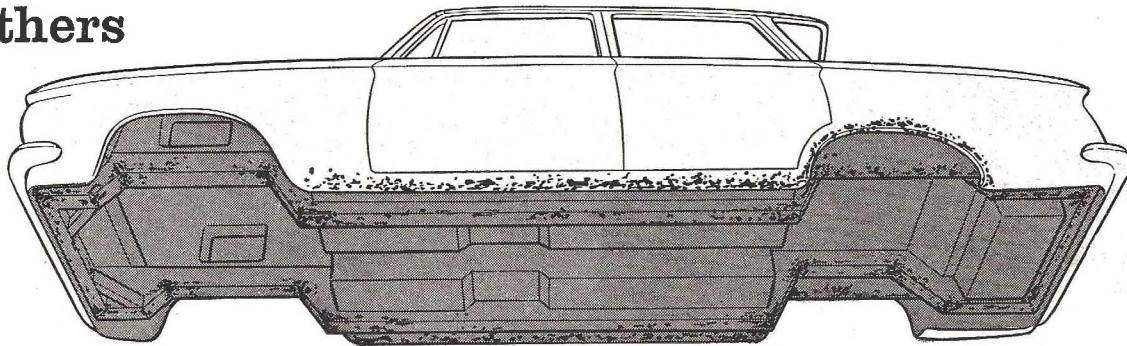
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If you compare door latches, you will see that in our cars they are bigger and heavier than door latches in other cars. This makes for a tighter, stronger grip which reduces the possibility of doors springing open under impact. Statistics show that passengers who remain inside the car in an accident are twice as safe.

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Doors in the Ford Family of Fine Cars are stronger. They are braced with steel ribs. This means they are more rigid and therefore close tighter and quieter, reducing the likelihood of developing squeaks and rattles.

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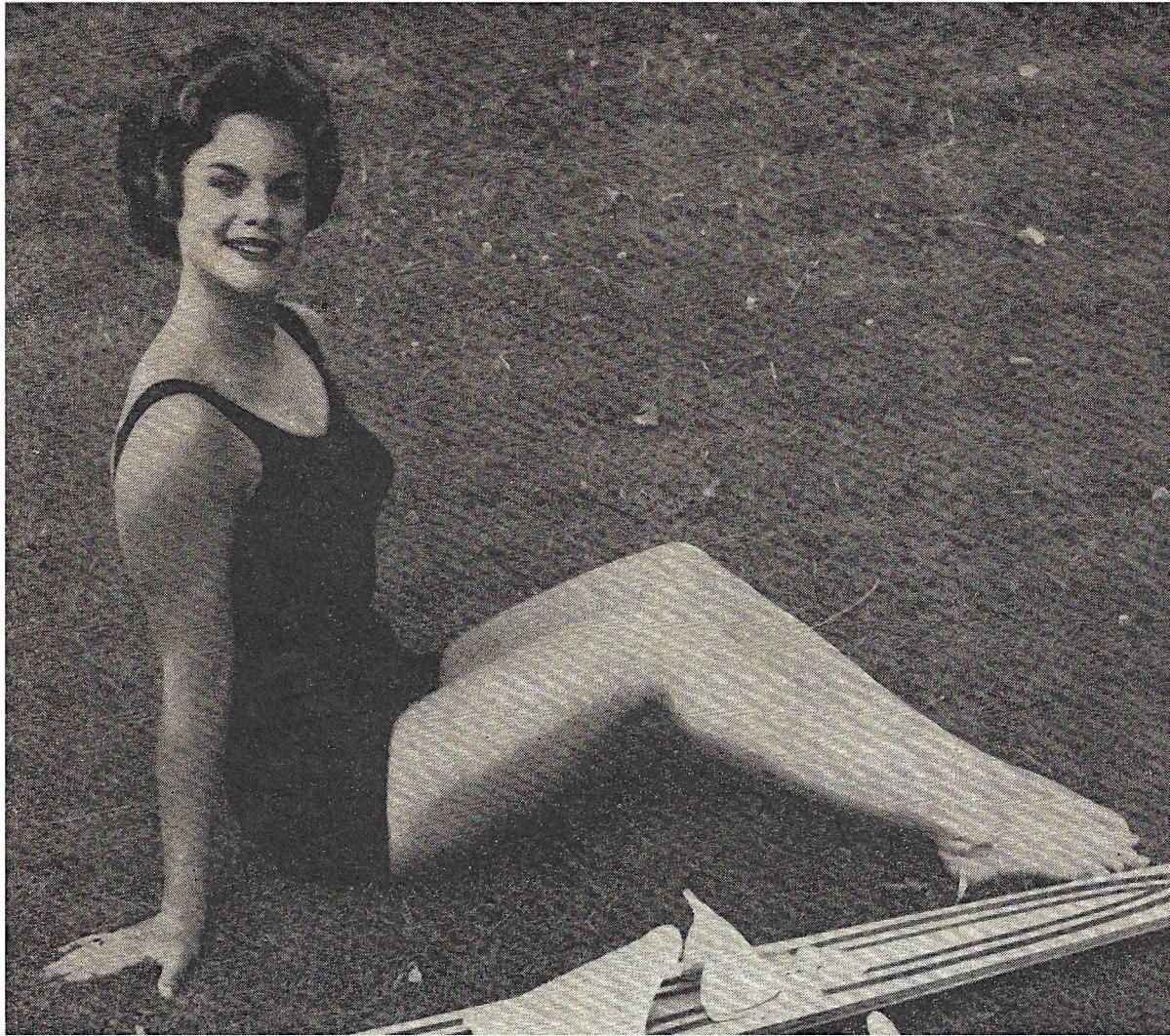
Rubber body mounts are used to seal out road and engine noise. They help prevent it from being transmitted into the car. The more rubber body mounts there are, the more effective the sound barrier becomes. In the Ford Family of Fine Cars, with more insulating body mounts, you get a remarkably quiet ride.

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Campus Queen Winner 1961

PATTI BLEDSOE

University of Oklahoma

*The Sooners have come up
with their third straight winner,
thanks to pretty Patti
and her eye-catching appeal. The
voting wasn't even close*

TWICE BEFORE, STATISTICIANS have been able to equate Oklahoma with long-run success. The show of that name set a Broadway musical record with 2,248 consecutive performances; the University of Oklahoma football team set a major-college record with 47 consecutive victories. Now Oklahoma is building a new success record in the SPORT Campus Queen Contest. This year's queen, Patti Bledsoe, is the third straight University of Oklahoma girl to win. Her predecessors were Trudy Shulkin and Deanna Erwin.

Drawing heavy support from her school in Norman, Okla., and her hometown of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., as well as substantial nationwide backing, brown-haired Patti polled nearly 1,100 votes more than any of this year's other four finalists. "I'm just delighted," she said excitedly when we told her the good news. "Now maybe I can stop worrying and start sleeping."

Patti, who stands five-feet-three, weighs 110 pounds and measures 35-21-35, will be 20 years old in May. A sophomore majoring in English literature, she maintains a B-minus average and a busy campus schedule. She is a cheerleader, a member of the Union Activities Board and Delta Delta Delta sorority. Last year she was a finalist in the Miss Oklahoma University beauty contest and starred in Sooner Scandals, the school variety show.

Off campus she likes to water-ski, cook and write. "I have a whole drawer full of stories that I have written, fiction and non-fiction," she said, "but I don't have the courage to send them to a magazine." Being a Campus Queen may help build her confidence. Congratulations, Patti.

SPORT TALK

MARIS LEARNS A LESSON

A tired-looking Roger Maris slumped into the seat next to us. "Never again," he said, slowly rubbing his eyes. "If I ever survive the next two weeks, I'll never do all this banquet-hopping again. I've learned my lesson."

We were at Newark Airport in New Jersey, aboard a chartered plane that was going to fly sportswriters, photographers and pro athletes to the Hickok Diamond Belt dinner in Rochester, N. Y. The ten-degree, snowy, windy weather that January morning did not warm Maris' disposition. "Just think," the New York Yankees' heavy-hitting rightfielder said, snickering, "I was the guy who promised himself that he would relax this winter."

After the plane took off, we asked Roger how he had been spending the winter. "It started off great," he said. "I was doing all the little things I had promised myself and my wife that I would do. I finished fixing up the basement of our ranch house in Raytown, Mo. Then, with some outside help, I built a spare bedroom, a laundry room and a playroom for our three young kids. I hunted geese once and took up golf, though my best score was in the low 550s."

"I also followed my favorite football team, the Green Bay Packers, on television and in the papers. I became interested in the Baltimore Colts too, because I played against Steve Myrha, their placekicking expert, in high school back in North Dakota. He played the line for Wahpeton and I played halfback for Shanley High in Fargo."

Knowing that Maris had led the state in scoring in his senior season and had finished second in his junior season, we asked if he thought he could have played pro football.

"That's a tough question for a guy who never even played college ball," he said. "A couple of Big Ten schools offered me football scholarships when I graduated Shanley in '53. I was set to go to the University of Oklahoma until I changed my mind and signed a bonus contract with the Cleveland

Indians. I might have been big enough and fast enough to play pro (six feet, 200 pounds), but I'm afraid I'll never know for sure."

Roger's yawn reminded us that he was suffering from banquetitis. "Did winning the Most Valuable Player Award last season get you invited many places?" we asked.

Maris nodded. "It sure did," he said. "I turned down a lot of invitations, but all this was new to me and I foolishly accepted more than I should have. This traveling can really wear you out."

"What has your schedule been like?" we asked.

Roger sighed and leaned back, thinking. "Well," he said, "the heavy action started January 9. I spent two days at the Sporting Goods Fair in New York City, then went to Grossinger's in the Catskills for a few days. After that came the dinners: the 15th and 16th in Baltimore; the 18th in Manchester, N.H.; the 19th in Haverhill, Mass.; the 21st in Columbus, Ohio, which I couldn't make because snow grounded my flight; last night, the 22nd, in New York for the B'nai B'rith affair; and tonight, the Hickok dinner in Rochester.

"After that, I have Jamestown, N. Y., tomorrow, Boston the 26th, Yankee contract talks the 27th and the New York Baseball Writers dinner the 29th. That's about it, except for Pittsburgh on February 5 and a Bob Hope television show in Los Angeles on the sixth and seventh."

"Do you speak at all these affairs?" we asked.

"No, sir," Maris said, emphasizing the "no." "Most of them are to receive awards, so I simply say a few words of thanks and sit down. I don't mind question-and-answer periods, but I just don't like to make speeches. Some ballplayers enjoy it; I feel very uncomfortable getting up there and trying to hold people's attention when I have nothing to say. At the end of the season, I made a speech in Norfolk, Neb., and one in Yankton, S.D., but that's all. I'd much rather play ball."

Maris, the man who led the American League with 112 runs batted in last year and was well ahead of Babe Ruth's record rate with 31 home runs by July 20, said that he didn't expect anyone to hit 60 home runs in 1961. "Even though every American League team is playing eight more games this season," he said, "I don't think anyone will come close. The records show that it's a rare year when a hitter gets even 50."

Though he didn't say it, the records also show that Maris might have come close in 1960 if he hadn't injured his ribs sliding into second base against the Washington Senators on August 14. "That took care of me," Roger said. "I didn't hit, run or throw for three weeks. Then, when I came back, I failed to hit and began to press. Fortunately, Mickey's slugging carried us to the pennant. I didn't feel natural until the World Series."

"Think you can win the pennant again this year?" we asked.

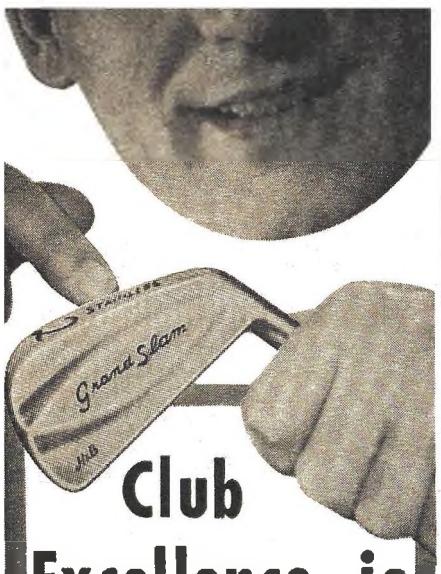
"I definitely do," Roger said. He closed his eyes and smiled. "And if we do, remind me not to go to so many banquets."

BOOS DON'T BOTHER BORGIA

No matter what teams they cheer for, many pro basketball fans agree that referees, like children, should be seen and not heard. In fact, when a referee does become noisy and ostentatious, some fans boo him. Does this have any effect? To find out, we decided to ask one of pro basketball's most booted referees, Sid Borgia.

"Come on in," Borgia said when we knocked on his door at New York's Manhattan Hotel. At first glance, we thought that maybe clothes do help shape a man's personality. Wearing a gray suit, white shirt and maroon tie, Borgia looked more like a quiet businessman than the explosive referee that he is.

"Excuse the mess," Sid said, pointing to the black-and-white shirt draped over the radiator and the black basketball shoes sitting nearby. "They didn't get a chance to dry after last

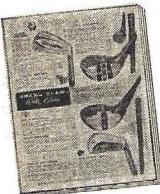


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SPORT TALK

night's game in College Park, Md. The train I took up here hit a car and we were delayed three hours. I got in about an hour ago and have about an hour to get ready for tonight's game at Madison Square Garden."

Sid sat on the bed and offered us the room's only chair. "First of all," we said, "how did you ever get involved in this refereeing business?"

"It came pretty naturally," he said. "I grew up on Manhattan's East Side, and for years the Madison Square Boys Club was my second home. I played basketball there until the time came when they had too many players and not enough referees. So I started refereeing for fun. One day, when I was 15, the gym director asked me to referee a boys club game in Long Island City. I accepted, and when the game was over, they paid me \$1.50. Since the money was quite unexpected, I decided right then and there that that was the trade to be in."

After spending 52 months in the Army (Borgia was one of New York's first volunteers in World War II), mostly as a military policeman in the South Pacific, Sid tried out and won a job in the new Basketball Association of America (later the NBA).

"It was the fall of 1946," Sid said. "I was 29 years old, and I'll never forget the first pro game I worked. It was the league's opening game, at Philadelphia Arena between the Warriors and the Washington Capitols. I froze the minute I stepped on the court, but my partner, league supervisor Pat Kennedy, realized it and helped me over the rough spots."

Borgia grinned. "That night also marked the beginning of a weird relationship," he said. "When the game ended, the Washington coach came into my dressing room and let me know, in no uncertain terms, what he thought of my officiating. He called me a chokeup homer among other

things. He was Red Auerbach. I had never met Red until that night, but I must admit that I've seen an awful lot of him since. Believe me, after 15 years of coaching in the NBA, Red hasn't changed a bit. He's still a fiery, highly emotional man."

That, we felt, gave us a good opening. "Aren't you rather similar?" we asked, remembering the countless times that we had seen Borgia strutting around the court, calling fouls with dramatic flair and arguing head-to-chest with players a foot taller than his five-foot, seven-inch body.

"Yes, I guess I am," he said.

"Do you resent the fans booing you and calling you a showboat?"

"Not at all," Sid said, shaking his head. "I feel that booing is part of the trade. Every official hears it at one time or another, and once he lets it bother him, he won't be an official much longer. As long as people support both teams, you will have booing no matter what you call. Because basketball is such a fast game, and because almost 100 percent of our calls are judgment plays, the boos come and go fast. To tell you the truth, I would hate to see boozing stop. I think once that happens, that will be the end of sports."

Borgia thought for a moment. "The showboating business is something else," he said softly. "Personality is a funny thing. No two people have the same one. No two players are the same, no two coaches are the same and no two referees are the same. I happen to be a fairly excitable person who takes tremendous pride in his work. Particular plays in a highly competitive game can arouse my emotions and cause me to wave my arms or shout something at a player. Believe me, though, it's a spontaneous reaction and not something I think about before it happens."

A referee's life is a busy but lonely one, Borgia explained. He travels 3,000 to 5,000 miles a week, usually alone, and seldom has a chance to

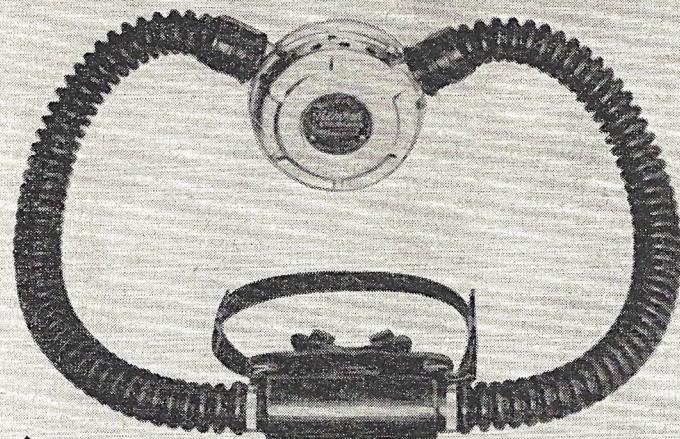


Banquets and awards are mid-winter sports staples. *Above*, Arnold Palmer, third from left, shows his Hickok diamond belt to, left to right, Bill Virdon, Roger Maris, Kyle Rote, Sam Huff, Lou Campi and Del Insko. *Side*, Lou Groza, left, receives a plaque from Bill Klein, SPORT's Cleveland area representative, for being named to our all-time, all-pro football team.



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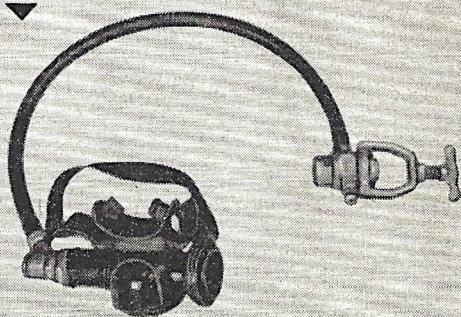
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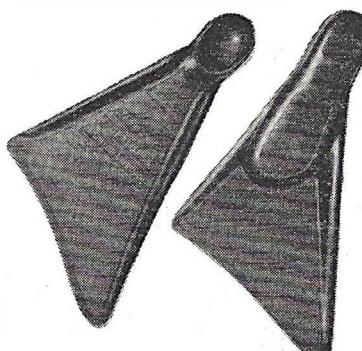


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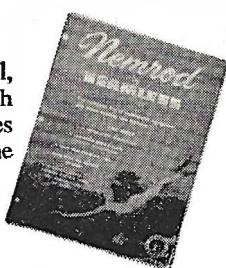
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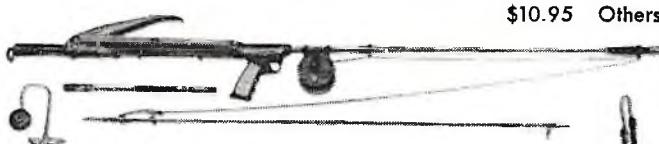
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SPORT TALK

spend much time with his wife and five children in their New Rochelle, N. Y., home. "But the salary is pretty good," he said. "A full-time NBA referee who works about 85 games a year now can earn \$8,000 to \$10,000 a season, almost twice as much as we were getting 15 years ago."

Sid swung off the bed, picked up his tan traveling bag and began to pack. "Excuse me," he said. "I'm working the first game tonight, so I have to get going soon."

"Think you'll be booed tonight?" we asked.

Borgia shrugged. "I suppose so," he said. "But what's the difference? It's a free country, and everybody is entitled to his opinion."

WAITING AND HOPING

Pete Richert leaned forward, the full flush of his 21-year-old ambitions brightening his face. He twisted in a red leather armchair, searching for the words that would present his optimism without stamping him a fellow brash beyond his baseball accomplishment. Collecting his thoughts, Pete looked around the living room of his white stucco home in Floral Park, N. Y., then he spoke. "I think maybe I can make the big club this year," he said. "I think maybe I can." We could sense the restraint in his sentence.

The restraint couldn't mask the eagerness, though. It never can when a young man is waiting for his first bona fide crack at a big-league baseball job. And Pete Richert was eagerly awaiting the day he was to leave for Vero Beach and a chance at a Los Angeles Dodger pitching assignment. In the years before, he had prepared for his trip to Vero assured of a subsequent minor-league ticket. But this time it was different. He had a chance to make the majors.

"I've got the fastball, and I think I can get by with my curve," he said. He rubbed his crewcut and smiled at his mother, who sat with us, leafing through her son's scrapbook.

Four years ago, Pete, a 5-8, 140-pound high-school senior, was throwing a fastball that tailed off when it crossed the plate. Now, four inches and 43 pounds later, he throws a high, hard one that dances and a low sizzler that dips.

His liberal use of the fastball broke 40 years of strikeout tradition in the Southern Association. At Atlanta last year, Pete struck out 251 batters, wiping out Roy Walker's record of 237—set in 1920. Pete won 19 games, lost nine, posted a 2.76 earned-run average and led the Crackers to the league title. He was selected as Georgia's Male Athlete of 1960, and more than 600 sportswriters across the nation voted him the minor-leaguer who, in 1960, made the most progress toward a major-league career.

"I've been resting up all winter," Pete said. "The Dodgers told me to take it easy and try to put on some weight."

"Yes," his mother said. "Pete's been doing some work around the house. And he hasn't been doing too badly with my steaks either."

"It must be your steak, mom," Pete said. "I really haven't done much exercising, but I've gone from 169 to 183 pounds. Luckily the added weight is in my shoulders and arms. The Dodgers are going to be surprised to

see me this heavy. I sure wish this lousy snow would melt, so I could do more running outside. I'm not going to do any throwing until I get to Vero, but I've got to get my legs in shape. Running indoors isn't good enough. You've got to run in the fresh air to make it realistic."

Pete paced the length of the living room. "There's room for one lefty on the big club. Danny McDevitt's with the Yankees now, and a bunch of us rookies will be shooting for his spot. I hope I can win it."

In between the "hopes" and the "maybes," Pete presented measurably more optimism than he ever had before. Last season, for instance, he refused to pay a month's rent in advance at the start of his season at Atlanta. He grinned as he told us about it. "They ribbed me a lot about that down there," he said. "But at the time, they might have shipped me out." They might have too. Of all 13 managers at the Dodger spring-training camp in 1960, only Rube Walker, the Atlanta boss, predicted that Pete was ready for Double-A Atlanta.

Actually Pete had shown little until then. He had a 10-13 record at Reno and a 10-8 record at Green Bay in his two previous professional baseball years. "Rube really helped me," Pete said. "I had seen a lot of kids with great fastballs and they weren't getting anywhere. Rube gave me confidence, taught me the curve and corrected a flaw in my follow-through."

When Dodger vice-president Buzzie Bavasi visited Atlanta last summer, Pete showed the mettle of the professional—producing, under pressure. As Buzzie looked on, Richert pitched runless, hitless baseball for 8½ innings. He finally won a two-hitter.

"He's all competitor," Bavasi said after the game. "He was real good when the chips were down. He got the last man with runners on second and third. He has real potential."

Pete himself hopes the potential is ready to produce in the big leagues. "And if I do make it," he said, "I'll pay full rent for that apartment in Los Angeles right away."

FOOTBALL'S BONUS BATTLE

Conversation at the 1961 New York Baseball Writers' dinner centered on baseball, of course, but Al Dorow, the New York Titans' quarterback, was eager to discuss football. "All this talk about baseball expansion and drafts reminds me of our game," he said. "We've got a three-way war going, trying to sign college football talent. Our American League, the National League and the Canadian Leagues are competing for the same rookies, and the rookies are really benefiting by it."

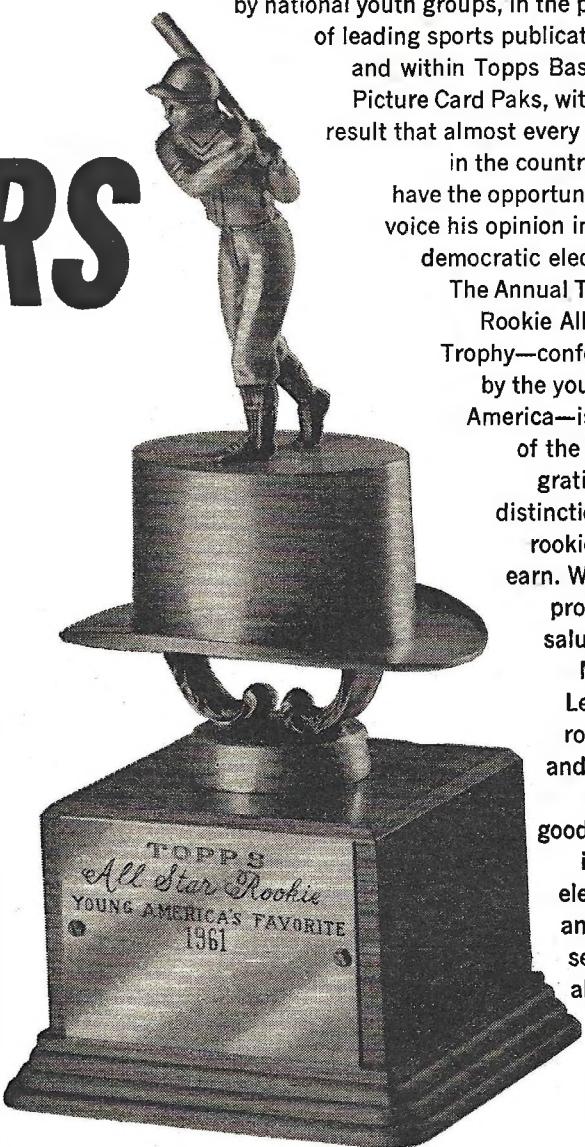
"Can you give us some examples?" we asked.

Dorow took a bite of fruit cocktail. "I sure can," he said. "I've been doing recruiting and public relations work for the Titans in the off-season, so I have a pretty good idea of what's going on. Some college stars today simply have to sit back and wait for the bonus offers to come in. Then they weigh all three contracts and pick the one that offers the most money."

"Who can blame them?" Al continued. "Take Herb Adderly, the half-back from Michigan State. That's my alma mater, you know, so I figured that my connections would help us get him. But I figured wrong. The

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1960 WINNERS



SPORT TALK

Green Bay Packers got him for a \$5,000 bonus and a \$15,500 contract. That's pretty good for a rookie, especially when you consider that Paul Hornung was making about \$17,500 last season.

"And I don't have to tell you how badly everyone wanted Tom Brown, the All-America guard from Minnesota. Vancouver finally signed him to a three-year, \$50,000 contract—after they gave him a \$10,000 bonus. That's the way those Canadian teams operate. They pick the one or two men they really want, then spend as much as they have to to sign them."

Dorow smiled. "Of course the AFL is offering some pretty good money and landing its share of good boys too," he said. "That should help make our league much stronger next year." "What about the Titans?" we asked. "Will they improve much on their record of seven wins and seven losses and their average home attendance of about 14,000?"

Dorow, the quarterback who threw 25 touchdown passes and ran for eight touchdowns himself, silently discussed the questions with Dorow, the public relations man, and said: "No doubt about it. Yes, in both cases. The year's experience should strengthen our defense a lot. You just can't put a rookie in and expect him to do a good defensive job. He needs experience."

"As for attendance, we didn't do as badly as some people suspected. I can remember when I was with the Washington Redskins from 1953 to 1955. When we came to New York to play the Giants, they were drawing about 8,000 to 9,000 people a game at the Polo Grounds. We did better our first season and should really draw when we move to the city's new stadium in Flushing Meadow."

The waiter interrupted with a plat-

ter of roast beef. Dorow groaned. "Oh no, not that again," he said, looking pained. "That's all I've been seeing lately. I went to three sports banquets in one day last week and every one served roast beef." He adjusted his bow tie and picked up his fork. "Oh well, anything for the dear old Titans."

CONDITIONS AND COMMENTS

Ted Williams: "I can't think of anyone who could hit a ball harder or farther than Mickey Mantle. (See page 33.) I don't think anyone really appreciates him, and they won't until he retires and they look at his records." . . . Joe DiMaggio: "Mantle never has gotten the most out of himself. He's got tremendous power from both sides of the plate, he's got an arm that makes base-runners respect him and he can steal bases, but he never has put it all together at a stretch. His bad years are good years for most guys, but if he'd play this game to the hilt all the way, there's no telling what he might do."

Larry Clafin, Boston American: "The headline in the paper read: 'Higgins Eyes First Division.' A wise guy in the office said: 'He must have binoculars if he can see the first division with that Red Sox ball club. Higgins is eyeing the first division and I'm eyeing Marilyn Monroe. But what good will it do either of us?'

Danny Murtaugh: "The night we won the World Series, I was understandably feeling my oats. I asked my wife how many really great managers she thought there were in baseball. Glaring at me, she said, 'I think there's one less than you do.' . . . Little Albie Pearson, after he and big Bob Cerv signed their 1961 Los Angeles Angel contracts: "We expect to hit 40 home runs between us—39 by Cerv."

Lyall Smith, Detroit Free Press: "Ralph Houk is the sixth ex-Yankee player to be elevated to the manager of that team. None of the earlier five lasted more than a year and a half." . . . Dick Young, New York Daily News: "Gene Conley, six-foot-eight, for Frank Sullivan, six-foot-six, has to be the biggest deal in baseball history."

Sandy Grady, Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, after watching full day of bowl games: "Football is those fuzzy figures you saw between camera studies of movie stars, tuba players, presidents, presidents' kinfolk, cartoon figures who whined about their scratchy beards, guys who smoked cigarettes as though they had the last smoke on earth and lovely cupcakes riding on elephants."

Bill Furlong, Chicago Daily News: "At least one old sports story will be repeated in 1961. The Cubs will claim they have the 'best young pitching staff in baseball'—as they drop into eighth place." . . . Several banquet speakers: "Phil Wrigley was going to have nine coaches—one for each position—until someone persuaded him that Ernie Banks could take good care of himself."

THINK YOU KNOW BASEBALL?

Baseball, for anyone who grew up playing, watching and reading about it, is a simple game to understand. But did you ever try to explain it to someone who did not follow it from the time he was old enough to pick up a bat? That's what Joe Garagiola and comedian Joey Bishop did on a recent Jack Paar television show. Their eager but uninformed subject was Genevieve, the pretty French panelist, and the conversation went something like this:

Garagiola: "Don't you understand baseball?"

Genevieve: "No, I don't. When my husband took me to a game, he told me to look and try to understand it. I look at a man who was number seven. He has a big number on his back."

Garagiola: "Mickey Mantle."

Genevieve: "Yes. Mickey has a stick. He drops his stick and runs all over the place. Then he comes back to where he was. Everybody shake hands with him and take him away, hide him. He's hiding for a long time. Then he comes back and seems very mad."

Bishop: "That's because he lost the ball."

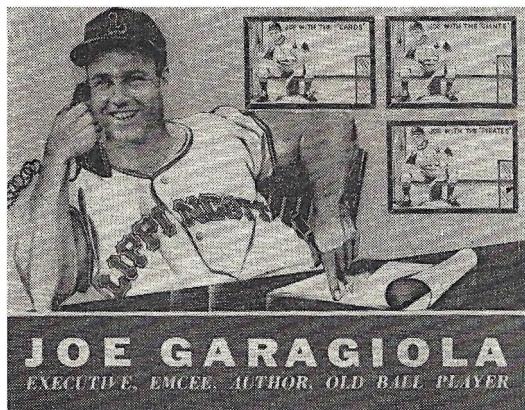
Genevieve: "When he comes back, he picks up that stick again and they throw balls at him again."

Bishop: "Well, they're not crazy about him, you see. You have to understand the beginning of it. Mickey Mantle wears number seven, and number seven is the most disliked number in baseball."

Genevieve: "Poor man. Why do they put that number on him?"

Bishop: "Because he's always the last guy in the locker room. He lives furthest from the ball park. It is just his luck to get there a little late. So they leave the number seven for him. After he puts it on, he comes out on the field."

When Joe Garagiola, catcher-turned-comedian, complained that the baseball card people had overlooked him, Topps Chewing Gum gave him this oversized, one-of-a-kind card. Then Joe stopped his complaining and started bragging.



JOE GARAGIOLA
EXECUTIVE, EMCEE, AUTHOR, OLD BALL PLAYER

1

JOE GARAGIOLA
CAREER HIGHLIGHTS

1942 Breaks into baseball with CARDINAL chain at SPRINGFIELD. City threatens reprisals against CARDINAL chain.

1946 Hits .316 in World Series against Red Sox. Sent to MAYO BROTHERS CLINIC for saliva test.

1954 By popular demand Joe quits baseball. Pitchers go into mourning for loss of "sure out."

1955 Begins new career as emcee. He is hauled as substitute for tranquilizer pills.

1960 Big year for Joe. Publishes his book "Baseball is a Funny Game." Critics compare him to DOSTOYEVSKI—for height, weight and batting average.

Book makes best seller list for 18 weeks, topping "EFFECTIVE PUBLIC SPEAKING" by CASEY STENGEL.

Autographs 400 books in a single day—later arrested for impersonating STAN MUSIAL.

His TV spots on the JACK PAAR show acclaimed as great step in reviving radio.

Genevieve: "But why does everybody come to shake hands with Mickey before they hide him?"

Bishop: "Because he tells them that tomorrow he is going to wear a different number. So they come over and say 'congratulations.' The next day, though, he comes out with the same number again, and everybody hollers, 'Liar, you said you'd change your number. You're a hypocrite.'"

Genevieve: "But why do Mickey, that poor guy, come back?"

Garagiola: "The money is good. For Mickey the money is very good."

Genevieve: "Oh, he is paid every time he come back from hiding?"

Garagiola: "Yes, it's piece work. As many times as you go to bat, that's how you get paid. Like with my career. I batted so little that I owe my teams money."

Genevieve: "And why do they holder when he rubs his hands in the dirt before he picks up the stick?"

Bishop: "Because he makes the bat dirty, and they like the guy on the team who cleans the bats. He is very popular."

Genevieve: "Why?"

Bishop: "Why? Because baseball is a psychological game. That's the most important thing for you to understand. Now excuse me. We have a message from our sponsor."

FAN CLUB NOTES

Chuck Benson of 200 East Second Street, Aurelia, Iowa, has organized an unusual fan club for Mickey Mantle. Since membership is limited to one person from each state, fans should write to Chuck immediately for the facts . . . Another center-fielder, the Minnesota Twins' Lenny Green, has a new fan club. Information may be had from David Syme, 17555 Birchcrest, Detroit 21, Mich.

Lifetime membership in the Ron Santo Fan Club is available for 50 cents from president Barbara Serenski, 2840 West 100th Place, Evergreen Park 42, Ill. Barbara also offers two pictures of Ron and an annual bulletin . . . The Frank Thomas Fan Club would like to hear from interested people. Carol Inks of 2501 Fifth Avenue, McKeesport, Pa., says that 50 cents brings Frank's picture and a club journal.

New fan clubs have been organized for three National Football League stars. Fifteen cents sent to Jerry Hyman, 400 Buckingham Drive, Marion, Ind., will gain membership in the Alan Ameche Club . . . A monthly bulletin and membership in the Y.A. Tittle Club is available for 15 cents from David McGee of 2110 North Florence, Tulsa, Okla. . . Tom Grout, 1365 Whittier, Grosse Pointe 30, Mich., says that anyone can join his Terry Barr Club and receive a picture for 50 cents.

ONE PLAYER'S DREAM

When Camille Henry, the New York Rangers' lightweight center, was hospitalized with a broken arm this season, he spent countless hours explaining hockey to the many young fans who visited him. "He'd make a wonderful coach," said a man who watched one of these sessions.

"Sure I'd love to be a coach," Camille said. "I've never had an ulcer and I've always wanted one."

See you next month.

—LARRY KLEIN



Hightailin' for cover... stop him quick with the new Stevens 87!

You can depend on the speed and accuracy of this new Stevens 87 automatic. You'll be proud of its streamlined good looks . . . glad to know it handles .22 long rifle, long and high-speed short cartridges. Mix 'em up any way you want — the 87 pours out up to 22 shots as fast as you pull the trigger. Converts instantly for use as a single shot or repeater.

The new Stevens 87-K has the same action in carbine length, with gold-plated trigger, chromed fittings, desert tan stock. See your sporting arms dealer. And write for free catalog of Savage, Stevens, Fox firearms. *Savage Arms, Westfield 19, Mass.* Prices subject to change. Slightly higher in Canada.

New Stevens 87 and 87-K

HANDLE ALL 3 LENGTHS
OF .22 CARTRIDGE
INTERCHANGEABLY
— WITHOUT ADJUSTMENT



high-speed .22 short .22 long .22 long rifle

\$41.50, model 87

(87-K "Scout" carbine, \$42.95)

Stevens

87

by Savage®



SPORT

THE SPORT QUIZ

For Answers Turn to Page 94



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

1 A fine fielder and an excellent hitter, this third-baseman hit into more double plays than any other player in the American League last season. Name him?

2 Which of the following fighters failed to defeat Joe Louis?

- a. Ezzard Charles
- b. Joe Walcott
- c. Rocky Marciano

3 What American jockey has won more than 5,000 races?

- a. Johnny Longden
- b. Eddie Arcaro
- c. Ted Atkinson

4 I am one of the shortest fullbacks in the National Football League. I was the replacement for Alan Ameche when he got hurt in 1960. Who am I and what team do I play for?

Les Keiter, sports director for New York's WMGM, is the voice of the new AFL over ABC-TV, airs a nightly show on radio

5 Of the 30 American League MVP Awards, 13 have been won by members of the New York Yankees. Name at least six of the eight Yankees who have been Most Valuable Players.

6 What golfer defeated Arnold Palmer in the 1960 British Open?

- a. Peter Thomson
- b. Bobby Locke
- c. Ken Nagle

7 How many years did Frank Gifford play for the New York Giants?

- a. five
- b. seven
- c. nine

8 The Houston Oilers defeated the Los Angeles Chargers for the American Football League championship last season. Name the head coach of each team.



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



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

13 The Calder Memorial Trophy goes annually to the outstanding rookie in the National Hockey League. The last time a goalie won this prize was in 1956. Name him.

14 Who has led the AL five straight seasons in being hit by pitches?

- a. Vic Power
- b. Jim Piersall
- c. Minnie Minoso

9 I play basketball for the Los Angeles Lakers. In college I was known for my clowning on the court as well as my scoring. In the NBA, I'm a playmaker. Who am I?

10 What rookie pitched a one-hitter in his 1960 National League debut?

- a. Chris Short
- b. Juan Marichal
- c. Art Mahaffey

11 Which new tennis pro is best known for his powerful serve?

- a. Barry Mackay
- b. Andres Gimeno
- c. Earl Buchholz

12 Pitcher Don Drysdale led the National League in strikeouts for the last two years. Name the last NL pitcher before Don who accomplished this feat. He is still active.



15 Who led the American League in slugging percentage in 1960?

- a. Mickey Mantle
- b. Roger Maris
- c. Roy Sievers

16 Last season Eddie Yost again led American League batters in receiving walks. Only one player in baseball history received more walks in his career than Yost. Name him.

PUZZLE: FIND AL

Al's got himself lost in his job.

He does his work. He draws his pay. He gripes, and hopes, and waits. But the big breaks never seem to come.

You have to hunt hard for Al. He's in a rut!

Then, who's the figure standing out in the picture? That's Tom. Tom grew tired of waiting. He decided to act. He took three important steps:

1. Wrote to I.C.S. for their three famous career books.
2. Enrolled for an I.C.S. job-related course.
3. Started to apply—on the spot—what he was learning.

The others began to say, "Ask Tom, he knows." The supervisor began to take notice. The boss began to receive reports on Tom's progress. *And Tom began to move!*

It's a fact worth remembering: An I.C.S. student always stands out!

P.S.—You'll find men like Al everywhere—gripping, hoping, waiting—reading this and skipping on. But forward-looking fellows like Tom will take time to investigate, will mark and mail the coupon and get the three valuable career books free. They're men of action. And a few short months from now, you'll see them start to move!



For Real Job Security—Get an I. C. S. Diploma! I. C. S., Scranton 15, Penna.

Accredited Member,
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BOX 03050D, SCRANTON 15, PENNA.

Without cost or obligation, send me "HOW to SUCCEED" and the opportunity booklet about the field BEFORE which I have marked X (plus sample lesson):	(In Hawaii, reply P.O. Box 418, Honolulu)	(Partial list of courses)																																																																																																															
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The Big Leagues' Five Hottest Questions

By Tom Meany

CAN Bolling And McMillan Bring Milwaukee The Pennant? **CAN** Colavito
Come Back? **CAN** Kuenn Really Help The Giants? **CAN** Killebrew Put
Together A Season? **CAN** Antonelli Find Himself In Cleveland?

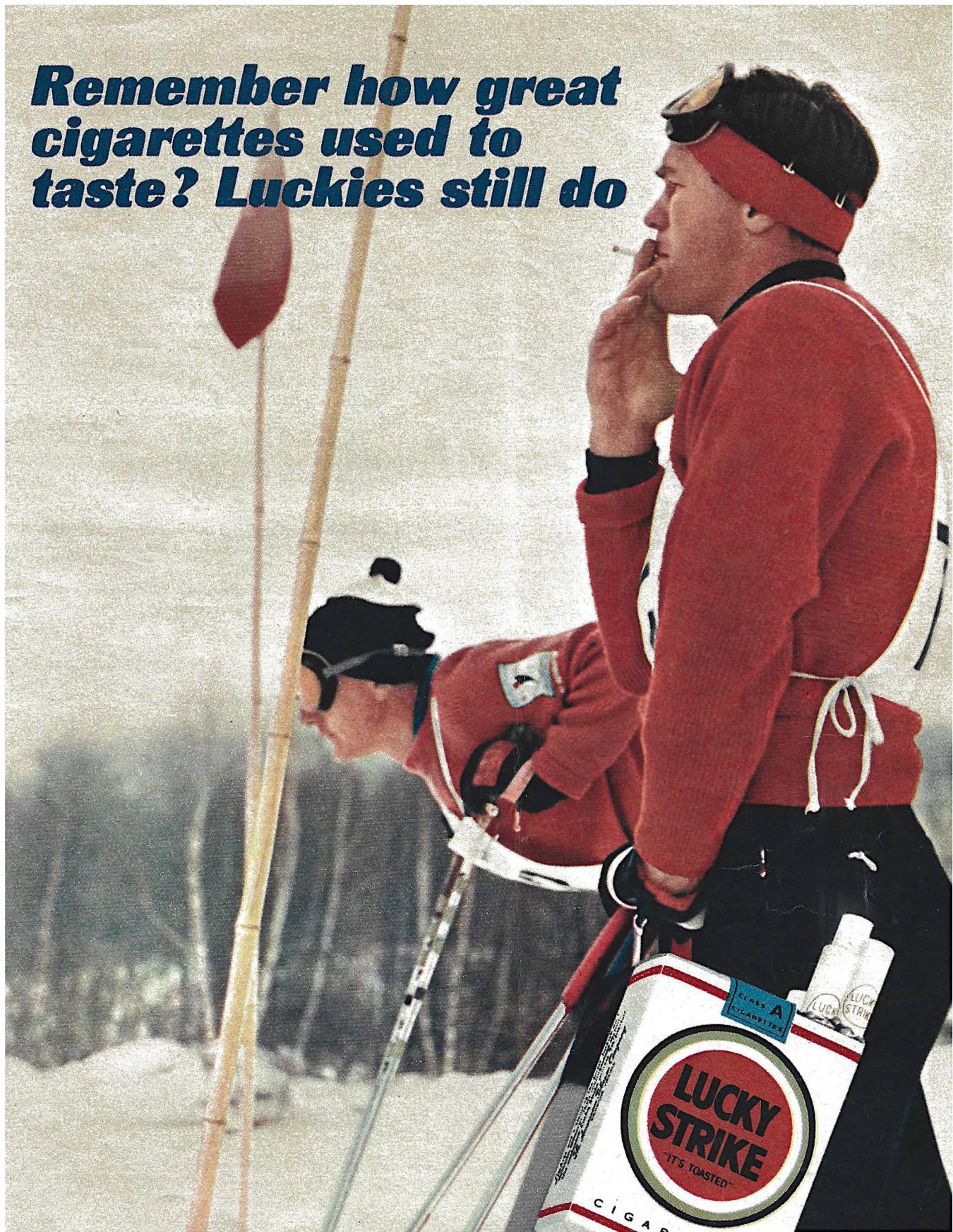
ANY TIME A TRADE is made involving first-line players, it triggers loud and long debate. And any time the work of a first-line player plunges below his expected production, he is thrown into the kettle of pre-season speculation too. Will the big trades turn the pennant tides? Will the big stars survive their slumps? These are boiling questions, annually intriguing to fans. The documented answers can't be compiled until October, but people always try to predict them in advance.

A bundle of questions has cropped up for 1961. For the most part, they involve front-line players, some who were traded and some who slumped. Around the spring-training camps, people have picked out five questions as keys to the coming season. The players on the major spots in baseball are Frank Bolling, Roy McMillan, Rocky Colavito, Harvey Kuenn, Harmon Killebrew and Johnny Antonelli. Each man has a big mission and each has a particular set of circumstances surrounding him.

CAN BOLLING AND McMILLAN BRING MILWAUKEE THE PENNANT?

Top billing on the ledger of questions goes to Roy McMillan and Frank Bolling. A stumbling block in Milwaukee's pennant path last season was its weak second-base combination. Has the problem been solved? Can shortstop McMillan and second-baseman Bolling bring the Braves a pennant?

**Remember how great
cigarettes used to
taste? Luckies still do**



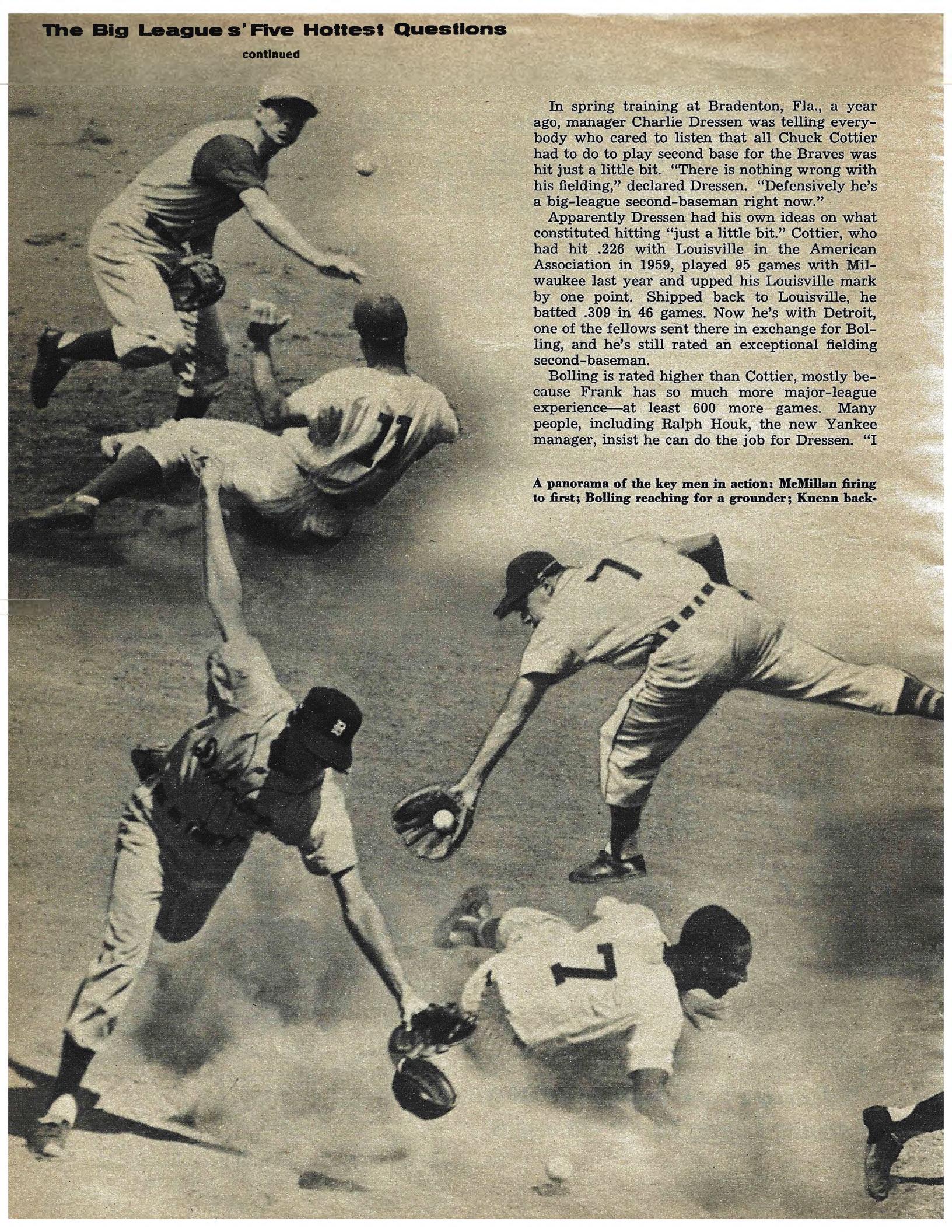
**Change to Luckies and get
some taste for a change**

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Product of The American Tobacco Company - "Tobacco is our middle name"

The Big League's Five Hottest Questions

continued



In spring training at Bradenton, Fla., a year ago, manager Charlie Dressen was telling everybody who cared to listen that all Chuck Cottier had to do to play second base for the Braves was hit just a little bit. "There is nothing wrong with his fielding," declared Dressen. "Defensively he's a big-league second-baseman right now."

Apparently Dressen had his own ideas on what constituted hitting "just a little bit." Cottier, who had hit .226 with Louisville in the American Association in 1959, played 95 games with Milwaukee last year and upped his Louisville mark by one point. Shipped back to Louisville, he batted .309 in 46 games. Now he's with Detroit, one of the fellows sent there in exchange for Bolling, and he's still rated an exceptional fielding second-baseman.

Bolling is rated higher than Cottier, mostly because Frank has so much more major-league experience—at least 600 more games. Many people, including Ralph Houk, the new Yankee manager, insist he can do the job for Dressen. "I

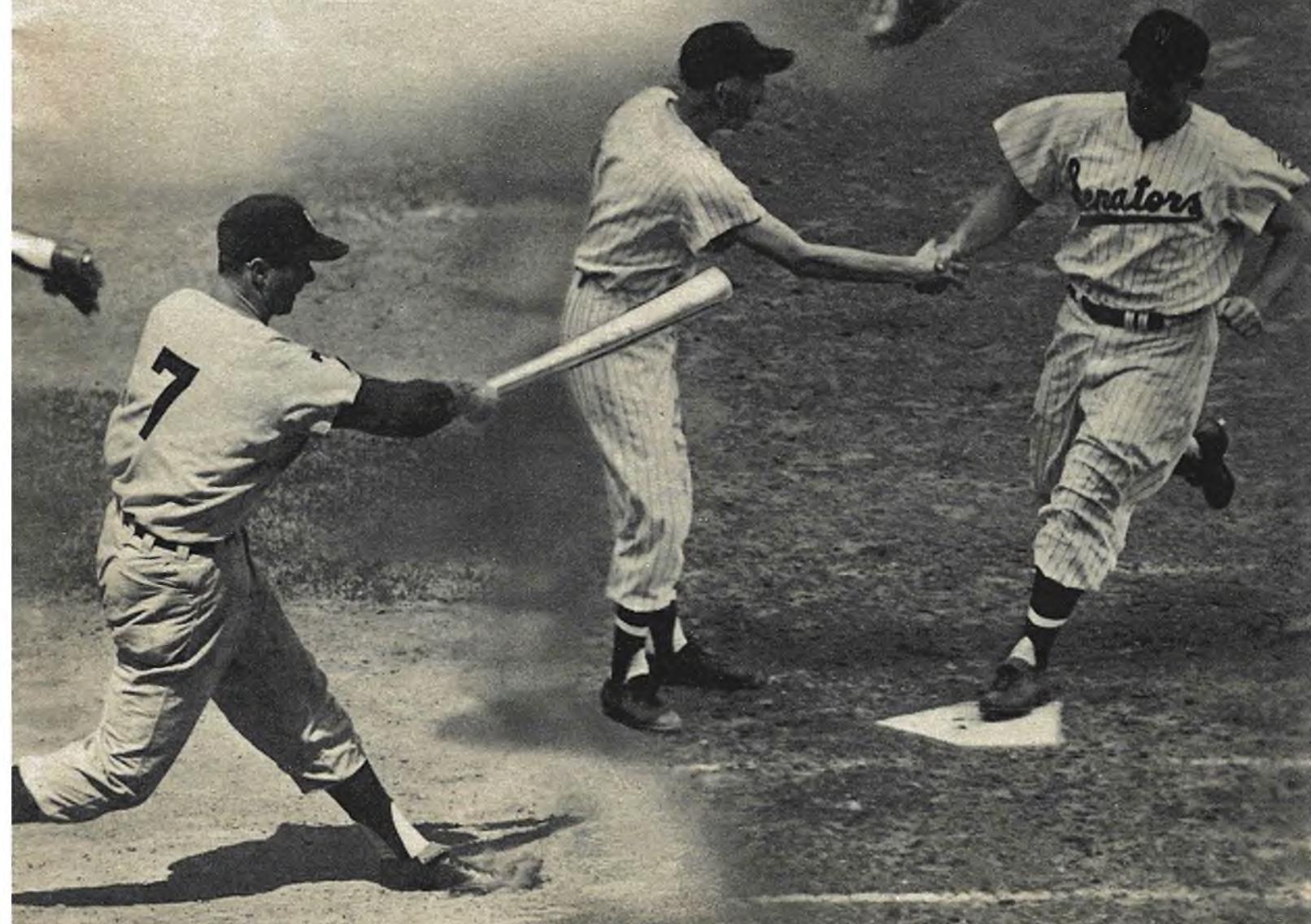
A panorama of the key men in action: McMillan firing to first; Bolling reaching for a grounder; Kuenn back-

think Bolling can help any club at second," Houk said. "He's a good one."

But despite Bolling's defensive skills and experience, he has yet to prove he can provide much more offensive punch than Cottier. Frank hit .254 last season with nine home runs, close to his big-league averages. In back of the Braves' minds, though, or probably up front, are the hopes that Frank will hit with the skill he showed in 1956 (.281) or even in 1958 (.269). In '58, with his flashy fielding compensating for slightly less than hot hitting, he was selected as the Tigers' most valuable player. Still young enough at 29, Frank may yet fulfill the potential once predicted for him. Crystal clear in memory is the batting-cage seminar conducted some seasons ago by Harry Craft, then the manager of the Kansas City Athletics.

"Just suppose," Craft said to a cluster of reporters, "that you had to name, on natural ability alone, the top five players in the American League. Who would they be?" (→ TO PAGE 90)

handing a base hit; Colavito swinging for the fences; Killebrew celebrating a homer; Antonelli pitching.





DON'T CALL ME A DIRTY FIGHTER

By **GENE FULLMER**
as told to Barney Nagler

Gene pulls no punches in a battling answer to his critics. He says: "I don't want to go down in boxing history with a bunch of lies next to my name"

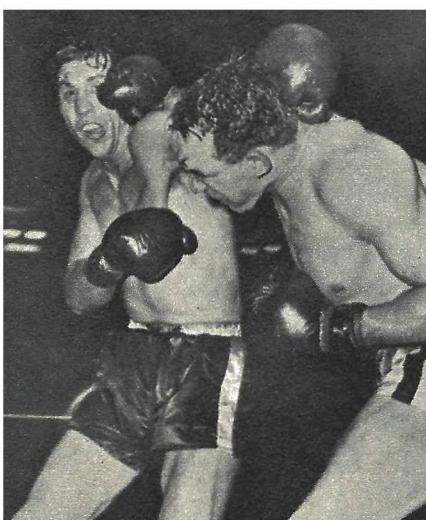
Color by George Heyer

MORE AND MORE, people are saying I'm a dirty fighter. Newspapermen say it and fellows I fight say it, but the truth is something else again. When I'm in the ring, I'm a hungry fighter, but never a mean one. I can't remember ever knowingly butting a man, hitting him with my elbows, hitting him low or rubbing his face with my glove laces. I fight hard and I fight to win, but I don't fight with hate in my heart.

Knowing this, it hurts me to be called a dirty fighter. They've been saying it for a lot of years, too, going back to my bouts with Tiger Jones and Del Flanagan in 1956 and right up to the time of my draw with Sugar Ray Robinson last December. But I still can't get used to it.

I remember how amazed I was after my fight with Jones, to read the next day that the Tiger said I choked him. Actually I was roughed around and I tried to be a sport about it. But I took the dirty end of the stick, not Jones.

It was the same in the Flanagan fight. Del is a pretty cute guy and he knows all the tricks. He didn't butt me or thumb me. He didn't hit me low or rub my face with the laces. Instead he tripped me, not once but several times. It made me look foolish, but it cost Flanagan (→ TO PAGE 80)



Two of Fullmer's bloodiest fights were his 1960 bouts against Joey Giardello, at left, and Sugar Ray Robinson, above. "Of all the men I've ever fought," Gene says, "I dislike only one—Robinson."



EXCLUSIVE:

The Ballplayers Pick The Pennant Winners

It will be the Yankees against the Braves in the 1961 World Series, say the men who play the game. They also predict big seasons for Mickey Mantle, Willie Mays, Hank Aaron and Ernie Banks

MAJOR-LEAGUE ballplayers have been behaving like track touts of late. They talk and talk about the longshots, then go out and bet the old favorites. Over the winter, for instance, they reserved all their highest praise for the Pittsburgh Pirates and the Baltimore Orioles. Now, with the 1961 season almost upon us, they pick the New York Yankees and the Milwaukee Braves to win the pennants.

In *SPORT*'s ninth annual exclusive poll, the men who play the game have selected the Yankees for the ninth consecutive time and the Braves for the fifth consecutive time. This daily-double streak, which began in 1957, has yielded dwindling dividends, however. It paid off in 1957 and 1958, then lost in 1959 (the Yankees finished third, the Braves second) and 1960 (the Yankees finished first, the Braves second).

Four individual favorites also have earned strong support from the ballplayers for 1961. In the National League, they have predicted the following: Willie Mays,

Most Valuable Player; Hank Aaron, leading hitter; and Ernie Banks, home-run leader. Mickey Mantle is their choice to win the American League's MVP Award and home-run championship. The ballplayers predict, too, that Baltimore's Chuck Estrada and Pittsburgh's Vern Law will be the majors' top pitchers, and that Detroit's Al Kaline will win the AL batting title.

If our voters are correct, New York's Ralph Houk should reap a harvest of success in his managing debut. Sixty of the 108 players and managers who filled out ballots said that the Yankees will do what they did last season: beat the Orioles and the Chicago White Sox for the championship. A Yankee pennant would be their 11th in the last 13 years, an unprecedented victory record that future baseball dynasties might never surpass.

On a point basis of eight for first place, seven for second place and so on down to one for eighth place (the new Los Angeles Angels and Washington Senators

were not considered in our poll), the Yankees collected 799 points. The Orioles, with 30 first-place votes, finished second with 711 points. The White Sox, with 11 first-place votes, finished third with 664 points.

The National League race, the ballplayers say, will be much closer. Although the 1960 world champion Pirates beat the second-place Braves by seven games, the men who should know expect the Braves to win out this year in essentially a two-team duel. Milwaukee received 42 first-place votes and 716 points; Pittsburgh received 22 first-place votes and 701 points.

This year's balloting reflects the snowballing support that Pittsburgh and Baltimore, league longshots last year, have earned. In 1960 the Pirates were picked for fourth, with only three first-place votes, and the Orioles were picked for fifth, with only one first-place vote. But the ballplayers don't believe that Pittsburgh or Baltimore can go all the way.

A reason for their support of Milwaukee can be found in the Braves' revamped roster. While the Pirates nearly stood still in the winter trading market, acquiring only relief pitcher Bobby Shantz, the Braves strengthened themselves considerably by obtaining the second-base combination of Detroit's Frank Bolling and Cincinnati's Roy McMillan. Furthermore, the ballplayers say, the Pirates can't match the Braves' power, produced by sluggers Hank Aaron, Eddie Mathews and Joe Adcock.

A battle for third place in the NL appears likely between the San Francisco Giants (609 points) and the Los Angeles Dodgers (580 points). The Giants are the real mystery team of 1961. Figured to fight for the pennant last season, they finished fifth, 16 games out of first. Their flop was blamed successively on manager Bill Rigney, first-baseman Willie McCovey, team dissension, pitcher Johnny Antonelli, tricky wind cur-

rents, second-baseman Don Blasingame and manager Tom Sheehan. Although the Giants have acquired a new manager, Al Dark, and a line-drive-hitter, Harvey Kuenn, their ballplaying brethren do not know what to expect. They split their votes almost evenly and obviously would not be surprised if the Giants finished anywhere from first to fifth.

The Dodgers, baseball's elevator team of recent years, may have to settle for the happy medium of fourth place. Opinion is decidedly mixed here too. Seventeen players feel that Los Angeles will win the 1961 pennant; 40 others say the Dodgers will finish no higher than fifth.

Despite the St. Louis Cardinals' surprising third-place showing last year, they are picked to come in fifth. The Cincinnati Reds are a solid sixth-place pick, while the Chicago Cubs, thanks to Ernie Banks's slugging, are choices to edge the talent-starved Philadelphia Phillies for seventh.

While many baseball men agree that Baltimore is methodically molding the next American League dynasty, the ballplayers think that the Orioles are still a year away from their first pennant. Manager Paul Richards' young team needs a stronger outfield, the players insist, and they think that Baltimore's powerful pitching staff and infield could succumb to a mass sophomore slump.

According to our poll, only the White Sox will give the Yankees and the Orioles any serious opposition this season. To do it, though, they must improve their pitching staff. Chicago led the American League in hitting and fielding last year but failed to repeat its 1959 pennant-winning performance because poor pitching helped lose 22 of 43 one-run games.

The Cleveland Indians, with nearly as many personnel problems as the Giants, are the only team to draw

AMERICAN LEAGUE

PENNANT PREDICTIONS

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	*Tot. Pts.
1. YANKEES	60	36	8	3	1	799
2. ORIOLES	30	26	36	10	5	1	711
3. WHITE SOX	11	31	39	19	6	2	664
4. INDIANS	8	7	15	38	27	11	1	1	537
5. TIGERS	...	6	5	24	48	19	6	...	453
6. TWINS	2	9	16	40	25	16	307
7. RED SOX	2	...	2	5	4	31	52	12	278
8. ATHLETICS	1	4	24	79	143

* Eight points awarded for first, seven for second, etc.

Note: Not all players picked teams for each position, and the new Los Angeles and Washington teams were not included in the poll.

INDIVIDUAL SELECTIONS

Departments

MICKEY MANTLE	Most Valuable Player
AL KALINE	Leading Hitter
MICKEY MANTLE	Home-Run Leader
CHUCK ESTRADA	Leading Pitcher

NATIONAL LEAGUE

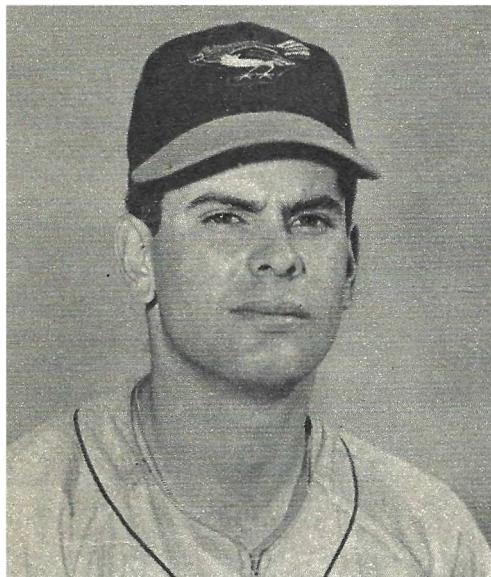
PENNANT PREDICTIONS

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	*Tot. Pts.
1. BRAVES	42	27	16	13	6	2	716
2. PIRATES	22	41	30	8	4	...	1	...	701
3. GIANTS	19	18	20	22	20	7	609
4. DODGERS	17	11	19	19	38	2	580
5. CARDINALS	3	10	19	38	31	5	537
6. REDS	2	...	1	4	4	70	22	3	315
7. CUBS	1	2	10	49	44	188
8. PHILLIES	1	1	10	34	59
									172

INDIVIDUAL SELECTIONS

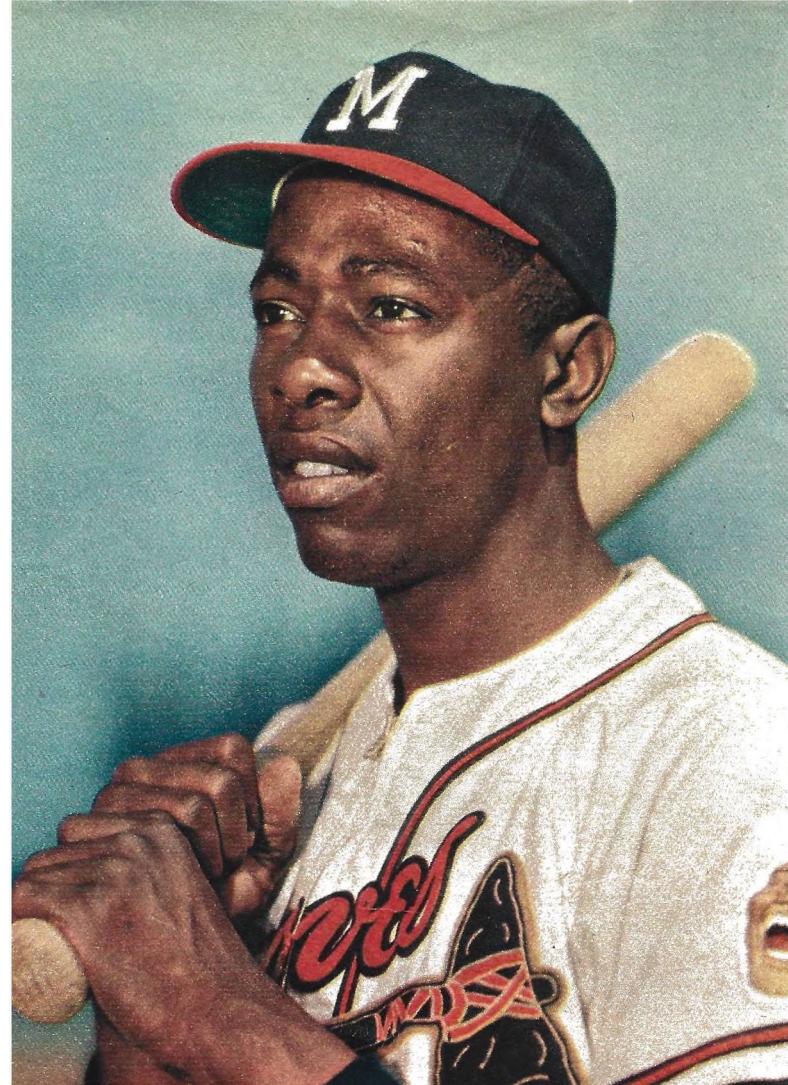
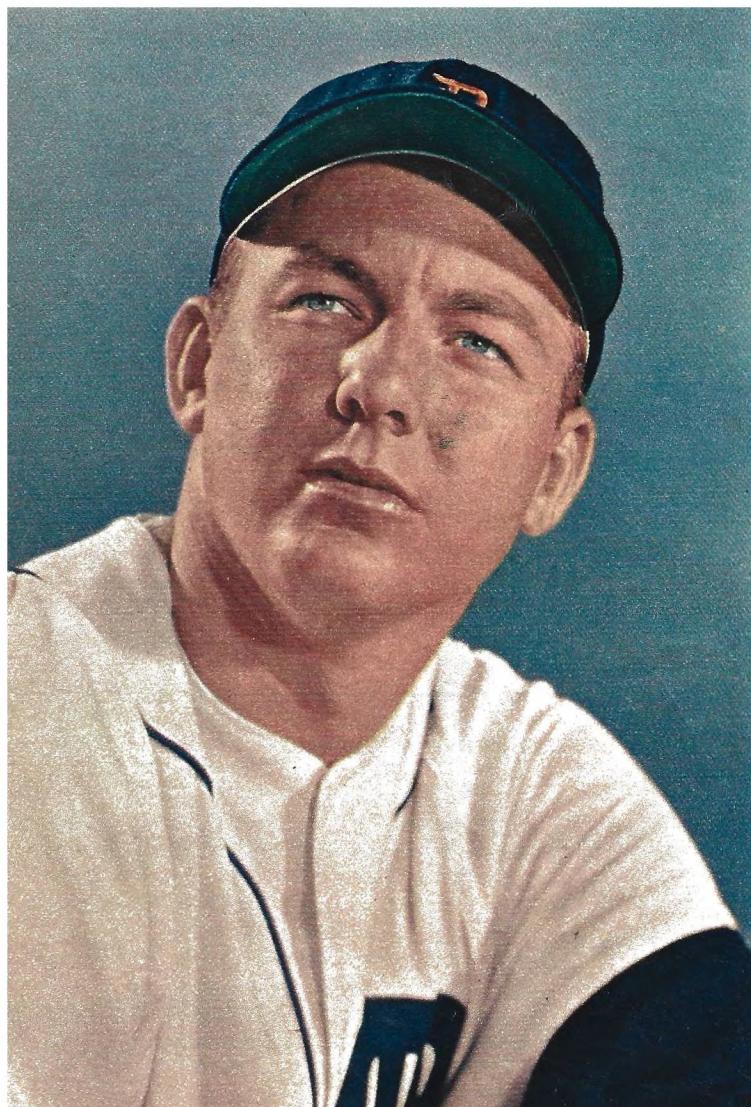
Departments

WILLIE MAYS	Most Valuable Player
HANK AARON	Leading Hitter
ERNIE BANKS	Home-Run Leader
VERN LAW	Leading Pitcher

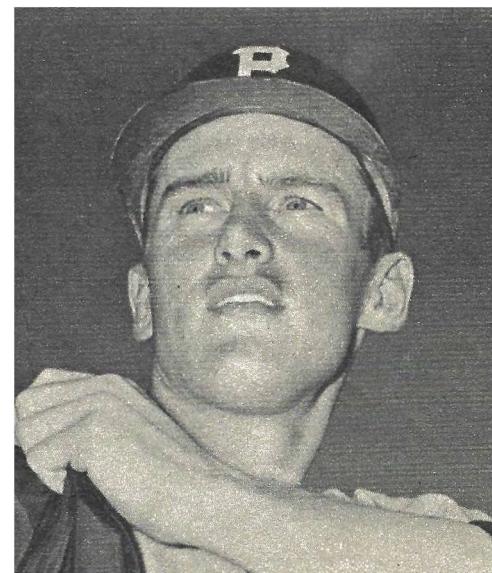


CHUCK ESTRADA
Baltimore Orioles

AL KALINE
Detroit Tigers



HANK AARON
Milwaukee Braves



VERN LAW
Pittsburgh Pirates

votes for every position. Eight players think Cleveland will win the pennant and one thinks they will finish eighth. Over-all the Indians are picked for fourth. The team may be a bit more settled without general manager Frank Lane, but it also may be a bit weaker without Kuenn, who was traded to San Francisco for Antonelli and outfielder Willie Kirkland.

Detroit's new-look Tigers—new president, new manager, new coaches, new stadium name, new center-fielder and three promising rookies—should finish fifth, the players say, and the Minnesota Twins, this year's version of last year's Washington Senators, can count on the power of Harmon Killebrew and Jim Lemon to put them sixth. The Boston Red Sox are picked for seventh and the Kansas City Athletics, with 79 eighth-place votes, are an overwhelming choice for eighth. Most players did not list the Angels and the Senators because they did not know enough about them at poll-time.

Yankee centerfielder Mickey Mantle, now a ten-year veteran at 29, continues to be the ballplayers' as well as the fans' favorite. Although he has won only one MVP Award and two home-run titles since his triple-crown sweep of 1956, Mantle is a heavy choice for the fifth consecutive year to win both. Mickey battled teammate Roger Maris in both areas last year, barely winning the homer race, 40-39, and barely losing the MVP point race, 225-222.

Mantle was a model of run-producing consistency all season. Despite his chronic leg troubles and shoulder injury, he hit .274, drove in 45 runs and had 20 homers the first half, then hit .276, drove in 49 runs and had 20 homers the second half.

Baltimore third-baseman Brooks Robinson, the only American Leaguer to appear on all 24 baseball writers' ballots last season, finished second in our MVP poll

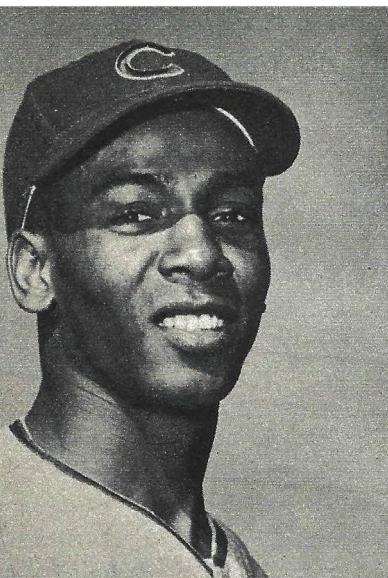
while Maris received only two votes to repeat. The un-retired Jackie Jensen drew three votes and 13 other players received token support.

Detroit's Rocky Colavito, a perennial poll runnerup who hit 35 homers in 1960, finished second to Mantle in SPORT'S home-run leader poll. Maris placed third. The only others mentioned were Roy Sievers, Harmon Killebrew and Willie Kirkland.

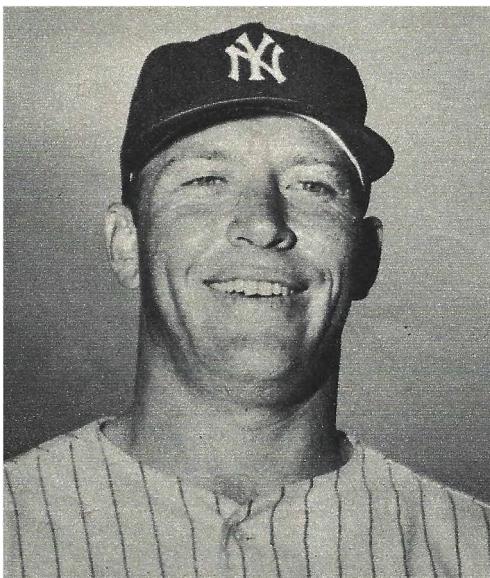
The most surprising prediction came for AL batting leader. The ballplayers overlooked Al Kaline's 50-point drop to .277 last season and picked him to win the 1961 batting title. They think that Al solved all his problems in the second half of the 1960 season. Hitting only .230 when Joe Gordon replaced Jimmie Dykes as Detroit manager, Kaline hit .357 through August and September. Boston's Pete Runnels, the 1960 batting champion with a .320 average, beat out Mantle for second place by four votes.

Last year's winningest AL pitchers, Baltimore's Chuck Estrada (18-11) and Cleveland's Jim Perry (18-10), fought for pre-season honors, with Estrada winning by three votes. Estrada's teammate, young Milt Pappas (15-11) and hard-luck Jim Bunning (11-14) of Detroit, tied for third place, only one vote behind Perry. Thirteen other pitchers received at least one vote.

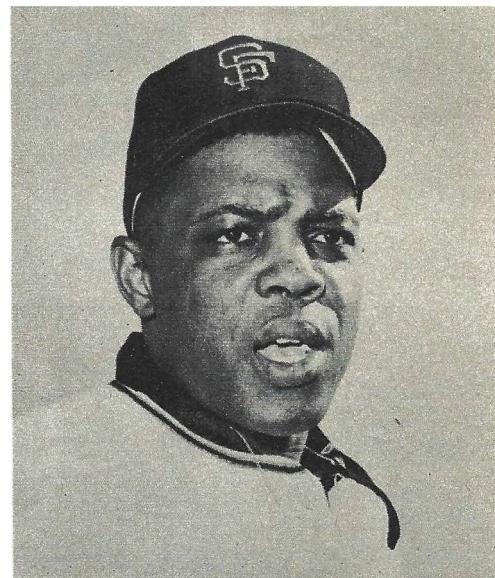
Righthander Estrada, who was 23 in February, made his rookie year a memorable one. He led the Baltimore "Kiddy Korps" with 18 victories, struck out 144 batters in 209 innings and produced a 3.57 earned-run average. When the season ended, Oriole manager Paul Richards, a man never accused of passing out unwarranted praise, said: "Estrada is great already and he's going to keep on getting better. He pitched only three years in the minors, but he has learned to think for himself on the mound. And there isn't a fellow in (→ TO PAGE 80)



ERNIE BANKS
Chicago Cubs



MICKEY MANTLE
New York Yankees



WILLIE MAYS
San Francisco Giants



By BOB RICHARDS
as told to Barry Gottschrer

A PLAN TO SAVE

A former Olympic champion reveals behind-the-scenes

FOR THE SPECTATORS and athletes at the Olympic Games last summer, the handwriting on the wall was startling but clear: Time was rapidly running out for the United States as the world's major sports power. In three Olympics, beginning at Helsinki in 1952, the Soviet Union skyrocketed from 22 gold medals to 44, while the U.S. dipped from 40 to 34. And, for the first time in 20 years, other nations—particularly Italy, Germany and Australia

—were seriously threatening American supremacy on all fronts.

To some purists, the team score and the struggle for national domination remained meaningless. But to the



AMERICAN TRACK AND FIELD

reasons for America's recent athletic humiliations. His suggested cures merit urgent action

athletes and most people everywhere, victory at Rome signified a tremendously effective propaganda weapon. Russia came away in control of the weapon.

After John Thomas, America's unbeatable high-jumper, was beaten by two Russians, I stopped to talk with a high-ranking Russian track official. "We are winning because we are willing to sacrifice everything for our country," he said, a determined, serious expression covering his face. "We compete for the glory of the Soviet Union. You Americans compete only for yourselves. In the end, we will win everything."

As far as the Russians were concerned, this was not idle talk. For every Soviet competitor, there was a directive from Moscow: "It is our task to develop sports . . . to struggle for new world records . . . for our loyalty to the Communist Party."

Today, eight months after the Olympics, the Soviet Union continues its athletic ambitions with a still higher goal: Fifty gold medals at Tokyo in 1964. The United States has not nearly kept pace with their efforts.

As a member of two Olympic teams and in my travels as director of the Wheaties Sports Federation,

The Olympic Games' 100-meter dash, traditionally dominated by Americans, was won by Germany's Armin Hary, left, in 1960.



I have discussed the problems and possible cures with athletes and interested citizens. The conclusion is always the same: Accept defeat or gear ourselves for an all-out struggle to regain our former eminence in world athletics. It would be a considerable loss of face to accept defeat; we can't afford to be humiliated on the Olympic playing fields. There still is room for us at the top, but we must work hard and we must work fast. Time is running out, and Tokyo and 1964 are just around the corner.

For long-range success, we need a federal organization that will take immediate action, starting on the grassroot community level to revamp physical fitness programs. For the upcoming Olympics, we must get behind Kenneth (Tug) Wilson, president of the U.S. Olympic Committee, and start recruiting young men with fresh ideas to get a high-power athletic program underway. Former Olympians of the high caliber of Rafer Johnson must be brought back into amateur athletics in executive positions, utilizing their vast experience and knowledge of international competition. With these men leading the way, America's amateur athletic program can start to move forward again.

The biggest job, unquestionably, is to try to establish a single standard for amateur athletes the world over. Avery Brundage, the Chicago millionaire who is the president of the International Olympic Committee, traveled to Europe a few years ago, liked what he saw of the Russian athletic plant and reported back that Soviet athletes are true amateurs in every sense of the word. According to his report, the Russian athlete received no direct compensation for participation in a sport. Unfortunately, the report did not consider the basic differences between the U.S. and Russian governments.

Because the athlete—like almost everyone else—works exclusively for the state in the Soviet Union, salary and time away from his job never become problems. When American athletes take leave of their jobs, they usually are not paid by their employers. The only solution for the American athlete competing today is

to be in college—like broadjumper Ralph Boston and sprinter Wilma Rudolph—or in military service—like broadjumper Bo Roberson.

When I competed, I was allowed to receive money for speaking engagements because the amateur officials ruled that I was speaking as a clergyman and not as a track star. I was lucky. Wes Santee, America's great miler back in 1955, also wanted to accept speaking engagements but his request was rejected. Finally, in 1956, he received a life-time suspension for accepting more expense money than allowed by the rules. The fact that other athletes were accepting this illegal compensation didn't enter into the suspension. The point was that Wes was caught and the others weren't.

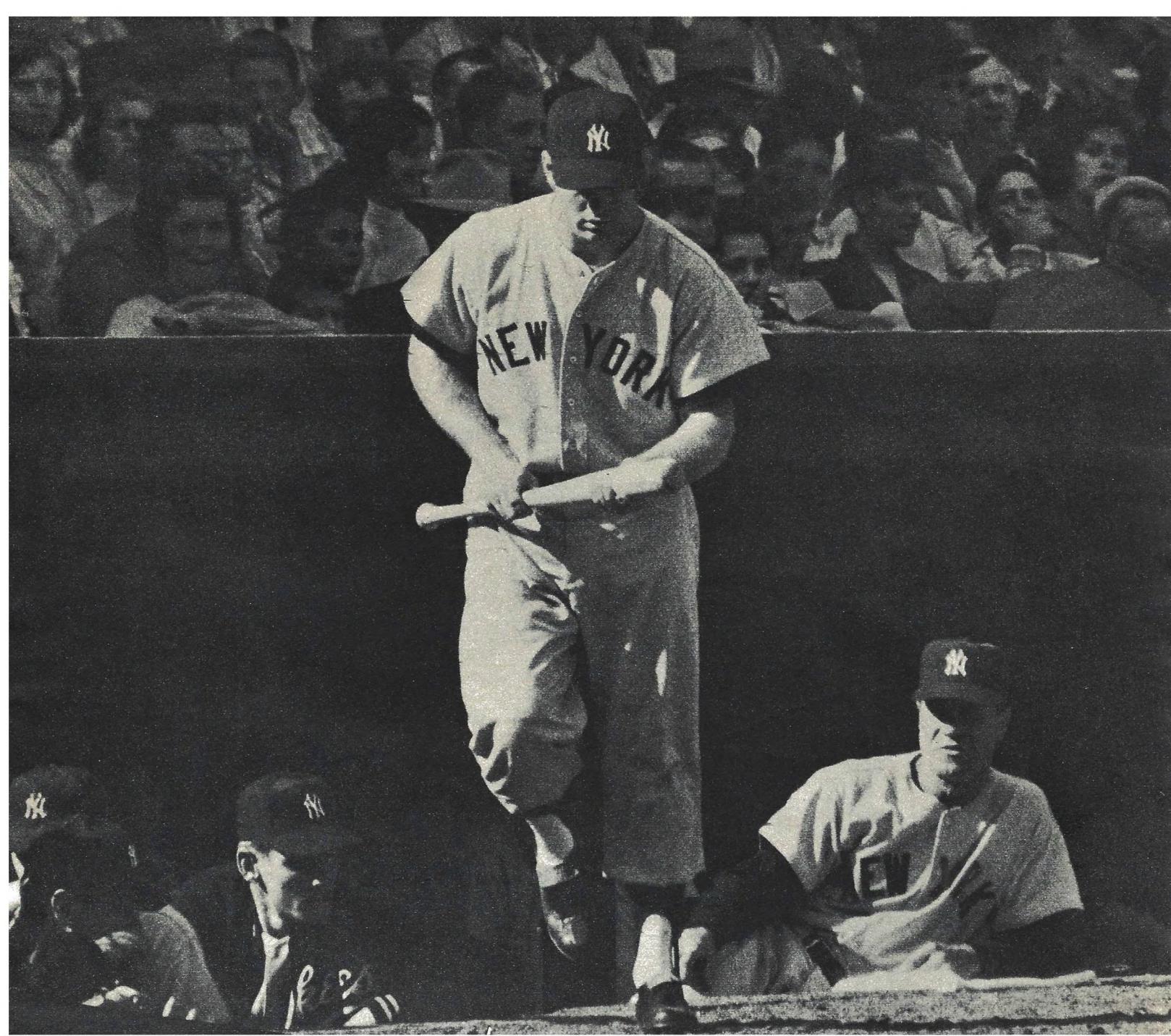
I can't condone the illegal acceptance of expense money, but I can understand how an amateur athlete can be driven to it. Unfortunately, the general impression is that every American athlete has his hand out, trying to bleed the poor promoter dry. That's not so at all. The amateur athlete needs help, and deserves it, but rarely gets it.

I can tell you that America's Olga Connolly, who won a gold medal in 1956 as a discus thrower for the totally subsidized Czech team, had to pay for her own room and board during the United States women's Olympic trials and practice meets last summer. Earlier in the year, her husband Harold had to take up a collection to pay his expenses from his home in California to a meet in New York when the promoters decided that his weight event, competed in an armory during the afternoon, had little spectator appeal and wasn't even worth minimum expenses. After Harold had set a new indoor record, the promoter of the meet and an AAU official were angry when Connolly refused to speak at a dinner that night to help them raise funds.

Public appearances, with the athlete getting paid, would certainly help, but track and field competitors cannot make them for money. They can't appear on television or in movies, either. Harold Connolly and Rafer Johnson are inspirational young men who are a credit to the American way of life. (→ TO PAGE 86)

BOB RICHARDS' SIX-POINT PLAN

1. A committee appointed by President Kennedy to take positive action in meeting the challenge of the Soviet Union for athletic supremacy.
2. A single standard governing amateur athletics the world over.
3. Public recognition for the American amateur athlete and an easing of his severe financial burden.
4. An immediate crash program to develop track and other Olympic sports starting on the grade-school level and leading to a Junior Olympics.
5. A system of summer camps, starting this year, in which Olympic athletes would instruct the outstanding American schoolboys in the various Olympic sports.
6. An annual collection of \$1,000,000 to pay for the summer camps, equipment and for increased international competition at all levels in all Olympic sports.



Marvin Newman

Mickey Mantle's Major-League Decade

Billed as a star from the beginning, Mickey has lived his baseball life in the limelight. His every move excites the fans

WHEN THE NEW York Yankees broke spring-training camp in 1951, manager Casey Stengel was puzzled. "That young fellow in the outfield has me terribly confused," Stengel said, "and he's getting me more so every day. He should have a year of Triple-A ball under his belt, but you writers have blown him up so much that I have to take him to New York. I'm not blaming you—he's everything you say he is—but it doesn't figure that he's ready. Then again, nothing he does figures."

Today, as the Yankees break spring-training camp in 1961, Stengel is retired, but "that young fellow," now 29 years old, is still in the outfield, confusing as many people as ever. Mickey Charles Mantle's first major-league decade has been a curious blend of success and failure.

In ten American League seasons, Mickey has won the Most Valuable Player Award twice and has led the league in home runs four times,



"The day I was born," Mickey says, "my father (at right) told my mother that he would make me a pro ballplayer. He began teaching me how to switch hit when I was only five years old."



As soon as Joe DiMaggio, left, told the Yankees that 1951 would be his last season, they switched rookie Mantle from shortstop to the outfield. "Tom Henrich and Joe taught me a lot," Mickey says.

Even as a rookie, Mickey's level, powerful swing from either side of the plate impressed baseball men. His harvest of booming home runs triggered the tape-measure craze.

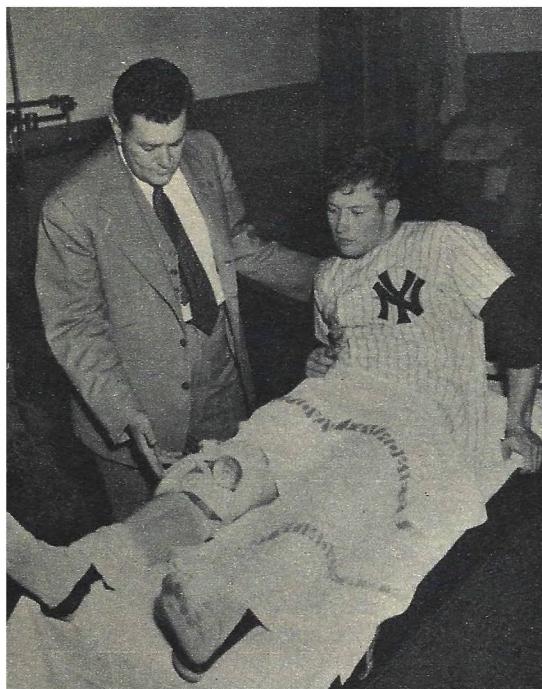
Mickey Mantle's Major-League Decade

continued

slugging twice, batting once, runs batted in once and runs scored five times. His most outstanding season, of course, was 1956, when he joined Ted Williams, Ty Cobb, Jimmy Foxx and Lou Gehrig as the only American Leaguers ever to win the triple crown. He hit .353, drove in 130 runs and belted 52 homers. For good measure, he scored 132 runs and won the MVP Award.

Despite this super-star's share of measurable success, Mickey is also one of the most criticized and psychoanalyzed players in major-league history. Many Yankee Stadium fans boo him; many sports-writers scold him. Their reasons center around one major complaint:

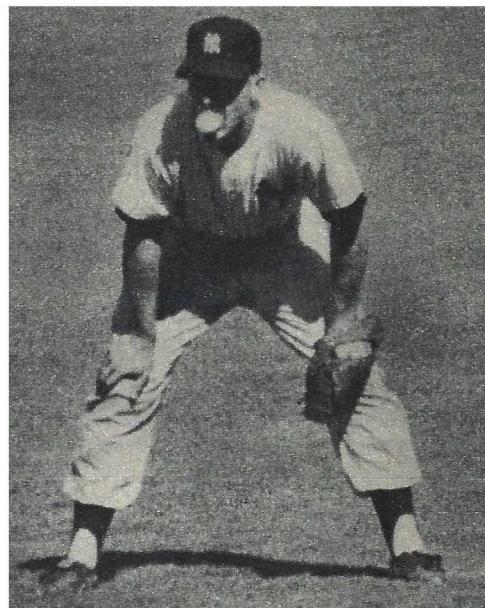




Major knee, ankle and shoulder injuries have given Mickey much pain, but he never complains or makes excuses. His skill despite them has earned him the respect of teammates and opposing players.



Marvin Newman



A rare study in concentration and relaxation, this 1952 picture of Mantle blowing bubbles in center field has become a baseball classic.

Through his first major-league decade, Mickey has remained the introvert. When he laughs openly, it usually is at a joke told by an old friend like Hank Bauer, *left*.



The smile that Mickey wore when he accepted his second straight Most Valuable Player Award from AL president Will Harridge in 1957 faded fast. His batting average fell and the boos resumed.

Mickey Mantle's Major-League Decade

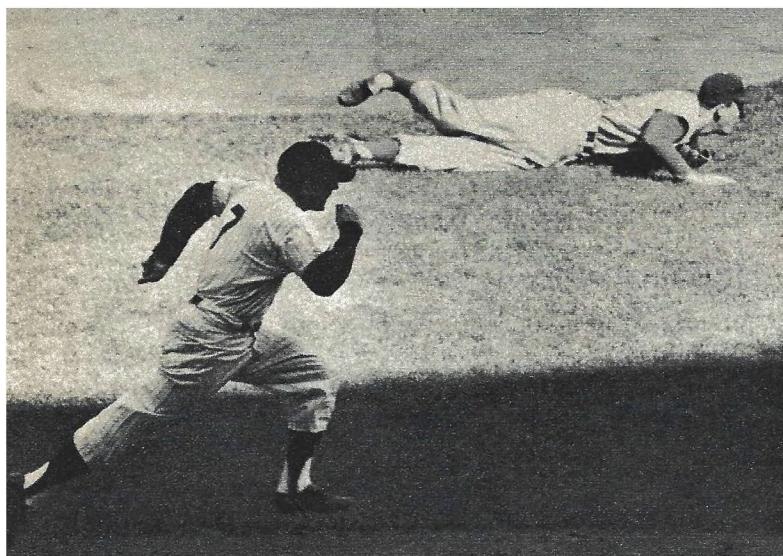
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Mantle has failed to fill the Superman image that people created of him as a rookie.

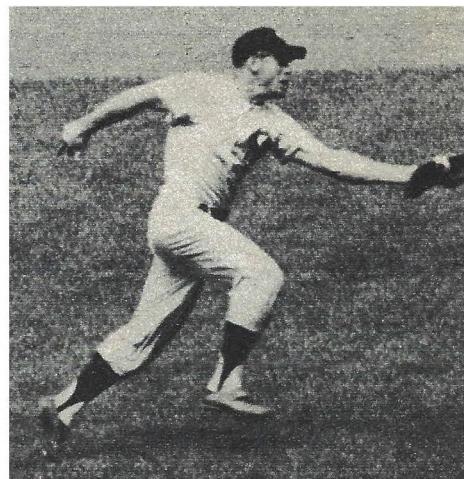
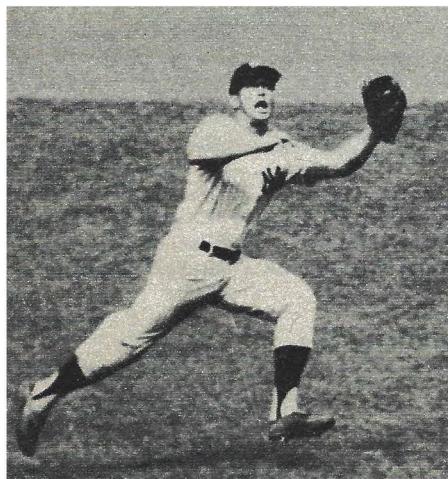
Before Mickey had played his first major-league game, Branch Rickey, who has been studying ballplayers since 1903, said: "Mantle is the finest prospect I've ever seen. He's the kind of kid I've always dreamed of finding but never have." Hundreds of other baseball people agreed. Only Mantle, a muscular 19-year-old from Commerce, Okla. (population 2,000), remained silent, hoping that his bat and glove would speak for him, loud and clear.

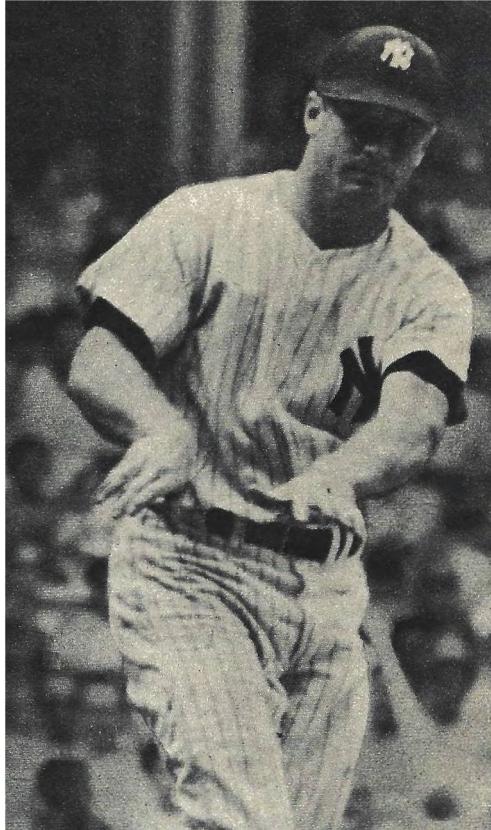
Mickey hit a few 400-foot home runs that first year but also struck out often enough to be sent down to the Kansas City farm team for 40 games. He rejoined the Yankees in late August, finished with a .267 batting average (his lowest ever) and has not played for any other team since.

Despite all the tumult and shouting that his heroics and failings have evoked, Mantle remains a quiet man. On the field, he runs with his head down, acknowledging neither the cheers nor the boos. Off the field, he tries to avoid the crush of autograph packs, spends little time with his teammates except Whitey Ford and prefers the privacy of family life. Baseball has made him wealthy—from a \$1,000 initial bonus to an annual salary of \$75,000 plus business dividends—but after a decade in the major leagues, Mickey Mantle knows that no matter what he does, he will never please everyone.



Roommate Billy Martin, *above right*, often served as a buffer between brooding Mantle and a large army of demanding critics. Even when Mickey beats out bunts, *left*, and makes fine catches, *below*, many people loudly accuse him of not hustling.





Deeply frustrated by his failures, Mantle sometimes shows it by flinging his bat after he strikes out, right. He angers quickly and sulks occasionally because he demands so much of himself. Platoons of young fans also demand a lot from Mickey. They mobbed him on the field after one game last season, and when he tried to run to the clubhouse, someone hit him in the jaw.



A motel is one of Mickey's many outside business interests. He and his wife, above, have visited it often during the off-season.

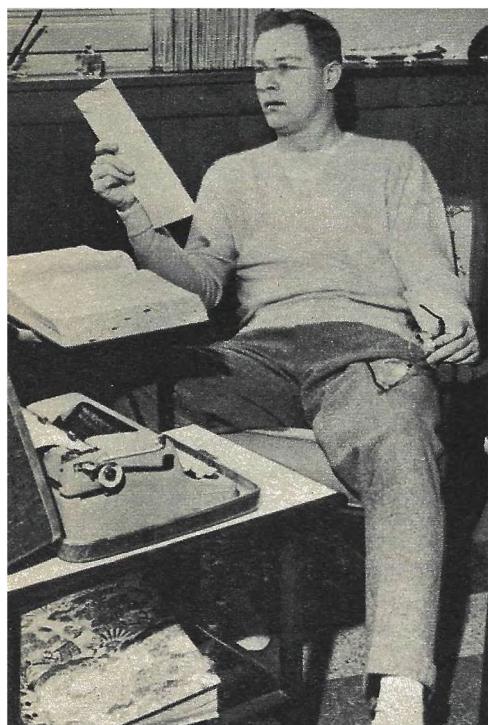


The manager, Casey Stengel, and the monument he left, Mantle. "I hollered at him," Casey says, "but only because I wanted him to be great. He was great last year."

One year ago, Jim's best-selling book made public some of sport's private activities. He tells what life has been like for him since, playing ball among the men he wrote about

I BROKE BASEBALL'S RULES

By **JIM BROSnan**



Brosnan, the author, at work.

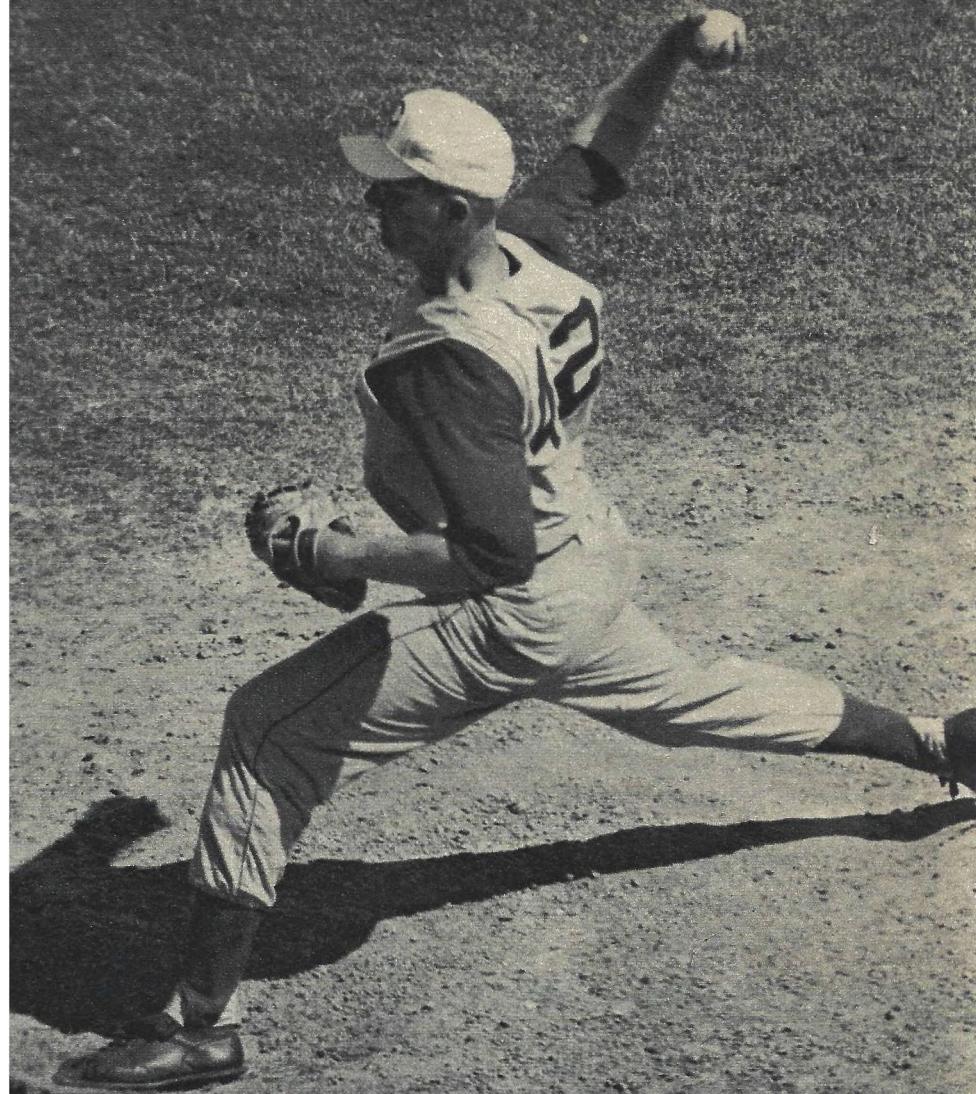
ON JULY 6, 1960, a new baseball book decorated store shelves in most major-league cities. The dustjacket—grassy green with a ball, bat and glove drawn across its middle—said: “*The Long Season*, an inside chronicle of the baseball year.” The editor who wrote the jacket blurb called the book “unique” because it was actually handwritten by a ballplayer. Traditionally, ballplayers confine their writing to autograph scribbling; they never write books.

Traditionally, ballplayers don’t even read books. F. Scott Fitzgerald, in a one-line criticism of the great American pastime, said, “Baseball is a child’s game played by a few dozen illiterates.” Perhaps Fitzgerald’s sneer came as he watched a particularly sloppy professional exhibition. Perhaps he was simply articulating a Princetonian disinclination to associate with a common sport. Maybe Scott was offended when he realized that most major-league ballplayers wouldn’t read any of his books.

At any rate, Fitzgerald reflected popular opinion that a major-league ballplayer’s ability to express himself is severely limited. A professional ballplayer’s public statements—couched in the semi-privacy of the ball park—often include epithets specifically and eminently suitable only for the umpire, opposing player or frustrating fate. His private opinions, publicly transcribed by a ghostwriter who takes words from the player’s mouth and sometimes puts words into it, are frequently a collage of meaningless clichés deserving such titles as “How To Tip Your Hat” by Spike Super-Star as told to Sam Scribbler.

In some big-league cities, a daily column appears, usually in the afternoon paper, with a ballplayer’s byline. It is often a stomach-stirring melange of private pap, known to the trade as “down-the-middle writing.” Read aloud, these columns are suitable for the Children’s Hour, a traditional time that ironically

Brosnan, the pitcher, at work in one of the 57 games he appeared in for Cincinnati last season. "I had the best year of my career," he says. "The self-analysis that came with writing my book helped me understand my profession." Jim won seven games, lost two, with a 2.34 ERA in 1960.



coincides with the Cocktail Hour, a pastime more often enjoyed by the typical professional player. (Occasionally, to be sure, one of these columns reflects reality. Early Wynn, writing in a Cleveland paper several years ago, was credited with several direct hits on the overinflated egos of his alleged superiors. Wynn's needle-wielding reflected the opinions of many major-league players, and his attitude was not considered abnormal by fellows in the bullpens of big-league ball parks.)

Six weeks before spring training, 1960, I had reviewed my manuscript for *The Long Season* with some misgivings. This was a personal journal of a ballplayer's season. The opinions expressed were mostly my own, although some were typical of most ballplayers. Others may have seen the 1959 National League season differently; this was how I saw it, and this was what I had to say about it. "The worst thing that can happen to me," I said to my wife, "is I'll lose my job." She groaned, but bravely mailed the manuscript to the publisher.

When the book appeared, it stirred up considerable storm. A critic on the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* wrote: "Brosnan has broken two of baseball's unwritten laws. And those unwritten laws are the most inviolate. First, he wrote *The Long Season* himself instead of having it ghostwritten by a sportswriter. Worse yet he had the effrontery to make it readable. Secondly, he criticized baseball players, coaches and managers while still active in the game. This is known in the trade as a miscalculated risk."

An excerpt from the book which appeared in a national magazine during spring training stirred a few ballplayers to shake their heads and say, "Tssk, tssk."

Taylor Phillips, a lefthanded pitcher and a former teammate of mine, offered a perceptive criticism. "A guy has to be pretty smart to write a book, I guess," he said, "but some guys are so smart they don't have any common sense." Larry Jackson, the self-consciously articulate Cardinal pitcher, gave his opinion to the San Francisco press.

"I can't understand," Jackson said, "why a guy should rap his profession. But Brosnan never did seem to have the right kind of attitude. I'm a good friend of his." Jackson, an off-season sportswriter in Caldwell, Idaho, presumably paints only pretty portraits of his profession, using a pure and pedantic pencil.

Larry was not alone in his opinion, but he missed the point I thought I had tried to make. Charles Einstein, a much better writer, criticizing the book for a San Francisco paper, said: "Brosnan can write—but there is no known rule in baseball that whatever Brosnan says is automatically so." Einstein's perspective suited me. That my observations of one year should occasionally clash with inviolable truth was understandable. I've played on so many second-division teams that I'm positive nobody is right all of the time. It takes all kinds to make up a league.

That I had a right to express my opinion was grudgingly accepted by all but the few sportswriters who proclaimed me "Traitor!" and predicted that banishment to the Far Eastern League (→ TO PAGE 89)

MR. HANDGUN

*What has triggered the
U.S. revival in international
pistol firing? One man
mostly, working diligently
out of the spotlight*

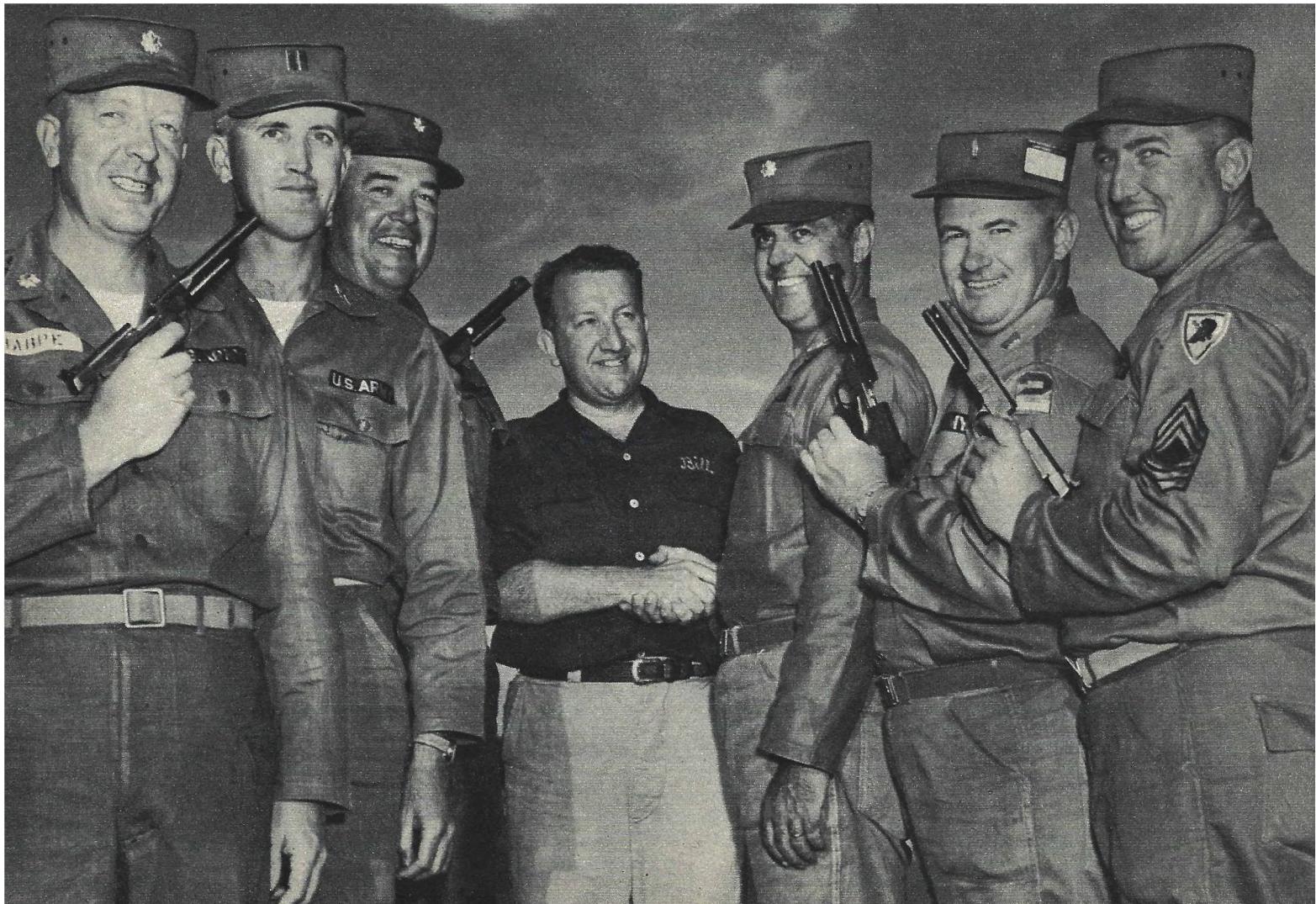
By JACK DENTON SCOTT

Bill Donovan, congratulating the U.S. Army pistol champions, has developed the weapons that have pushed us into new prominence in world-wide firing.

AMERICANS IN ROME were a busy colony last summer, trying to keep pace with the maze of motion set off by the Olympic Games. The glamour of Olympic spectacle and Roman high-life entwined often, making for memories that have lasted far beyond the fun. But at least one American, Captain Bill McMillan, a 31-year-old Marine, ignored all the scenery and social life. He even avoided after-dinner bull sessions with his teammates. He spent most of his time alone, quietly resting and patiently waiting for the Olympic rapid-fire pistol program to begin.

McMillan's monastic devotion reaped rich rewards on the firing line. First he set an Olympic record of 587 points, then he won a gold medal by scoring 147 of a possible 150 points in a shootoff against Finland and Russia.

As easy as it looks, pistol shooting is hard work. It demands cool concentration and steady self-confidence. Unlike team sports, it spotlights a man and forces him to produce on his own. McMillan succeeded, thanks to his own skill and probably



A major benefactor of Donovan's precision handguns was Olympic champion Bill McMillan. In the pressure-cooker competition of a shootoff with a Russian and a Finn, Bill broke a tie for the rapid-fire title in Rome last summer and won a gold medal.



the most effective weapon of its kind in existence—the .22-caliber Supermatic pistol.

The .22 Supermatic, produced by the High Standard Manufacturing Company of Hamden, Conn., was the most unusual and most stared-at pistol in a range full of unusual and stared-at pistols. Its developer, High Standard sales vice-president Bill Donovan, appropriately shared in the glory that McMillan's gold medal generated.

"We took a lot of kidding when we first brought out the Supermatic," Donovan said recently. He smiled. "Some shooters said they expected to see lights flash and hear music play when they squeezed the trigger. You couldn't blame them for laughing; it certainly did look different."

The 1960 Olympic Supermatic did represent a drastic designing change for the world's largest handgun producers. Instead of High Standard's usual blend of traditional and modern, the new target gun came off the bench looking like a Buck Rogers space gun—futuristic, long-barreled and gimmicky. After every major characteristic of the conventional model had been improved, High Standard owned the market's only all-new .22-caliber autoloading pistol.

Short, stocky Bill Donovan, the records show, seldom has leaned to the conventional. A few years ago, he shocked the arms people with his small Sentinel revolvers, designed especially for women and painted appealing rainbow colors. "Nothing but a gimmick," the critics said. "An 'all-look and no-buy' gun." They were wrong; the company sold 15,000 Sentinels at nearly \$50 each.

Donovan, however, has never been satisfied with merely producing and selling guns. Operating under the business precept of "growth, new products and prestige," he works with engineers and designers, continually experimenting with stabilizers, barrel lengths, sights and other refinements that can help competitive shooters.

Bill's interest in providing guns for international competition was stimulated in 1949 when George Wilson, vice-president of manufacturing, developed the first American semi-automatic pistol for the .22-caliber

short. As plant works manager, Donovan urged High Standard president Fred Bradley to make five new guns available to the U. S. rapid-fire team for use at the world's championship matches in Argentina. Bradley followed the suggestion, but our poor performance in the matches pointed up the need for further firearm research and development to strengthen our showing in international shooting.

Donovan dedicated himself to this task. A Massachusetts State Teachers College graduate, he made good use of his industrial engineering background and became vice-president and sales manager in 1950. During the next few years, he served as the liaison man between the Pentagon and High Standard, doing all the contract negotiation on machine-gun, pistol and rifle barrels.

In 1957 he sat in a serious session with Lieutenant General Floyd Parks, executive director of the National Rifle Association, trying to figure out why the U. S. shooting teams had done so poorly in the Olympics for so many years. "Why should we be so bad?" Donovan asked. "Where are we making our major mistakes?"

General Parks shook his head. "I don't know, Bill," he said, "but I hope we can pinpoint the problem and correct it. Remember, we haven't dominated international shooting since 1924."

Donovan thought for a while. "Maybe it's not the men," he said finally. "Maybe the problem is the guns. I'm going to investigate that angle and see what happens."

With the next big international event—the world championships—scheduled for Moscow in August, 1958, Donovan went to work immediately. He gathered details daily from leading shooters, gun specialists and NRA officials, then coordinated the information with High Standard's plant research and manufacturing efforts.

All this produced a pistol that seemed to please the U. S. team. Then the project suffered a setback. Shortly before leaving for Russia, the Americans learned that the International Shooting Union had modified its pistol specifications. This disqualified virtually all the new U. S. pistols made especially for ISU (→ TO PAGE 86)



Minnie Minoso's Big Secret

Minnie says he is 38, everybody knows he's older, but it doesn't really matter. The amazing thing about him is his skill and accomplishment at an age when most fellows have long ago retired. How does he keep going?

By Bill Surface

IN EARLY 1960, Minnie Minoso scratched his head, squirmed and considered a writer's question. "You want to know me age, huh?" Minnie said. "Use what I tell Sox to put in record book."

That would have been 38.

In early 1961, or one full birthday later, Minnie Minoso scratched his head, squirmed and considered another writer's question. "You want to know me age, huh?" Minnie said. "Look what they say in Sox record book."

That would be 38.

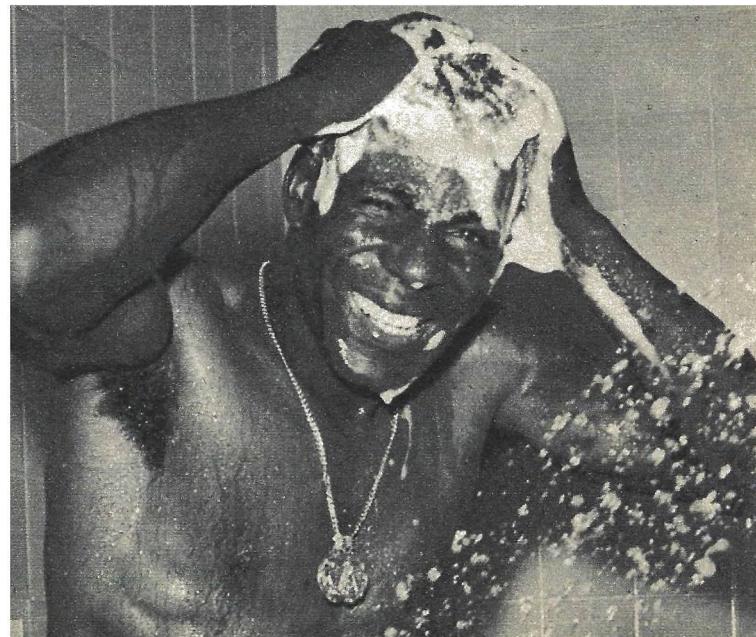
There are many baseball record books and even more "official" ages for Orestes (Minnie) Minoso, the dynamic Chicago White Sox leftfielder. The confusion has been caused entirely by Minoso himself because Minnie will not admit he is closer to 40 than 38. He refuses to have birthdays, and he is more touchy about his age than any glamour-minded 39-year-old woman.

It really doesn't matter, though, if Minoso is 38 or 48. He plays ball like he hasn't had a birthday in ten years, and at the age most athletes have retired, Minnie is the highest-paid player on his team and the only player in the American League durable enough to appear in every game last season. Moreover, Minnie firmly believes he never will grow too old to play major-league ball. "Quit when I get too old?" Minoso said recently. "Never happen. Crazy idea, man. What age got to do with ballplayer? What count what you do? I never quit. Never."

Only a year ago, though, everybody, except Bill Veeck and Minnie Minoso, seemed to be saying that Minnie was on the way down. Frank Lane, long one of

Minnie's biggest boosters ("He's my papa number two," Minoso always said), traded him from Cleveland to Chicago. "I'm glad that's over," Lane told me then. "I'd rather trade him a year early than a year late. And next year would be too late. No, I'm wrong. Next month might be too late. He's got a hairline fracture of the wrist, and, now this is off the record, he's way past 40. Hell, he's been 38 since 1955."

"Next season" was 1960 and all the stout-hearted, dare-devilish Minoso did, besides help the White Sox pull their biggest home attendance in history, was hit .311 (third in the league and higher than his .306 lifetime average), belt 20 home runs, drive in 105 runs, score 89 and lead the league with 184 hits. Asked to appraise Minoso now, Lane says: "Do I have to?"



Minnie is always bubbling, whether he's battling with an umpire or laughing it up in the locker room. "He's got as much desire and enthusiasm as any 21-year-old I've ever seen, and more than most of them," says White Sox president Bill Veeck. "He'll probably be playing ball when he's 60."

SUCCESS IN Chicago, or in Cleveland for that matter, is not new to Minnie. He has spent his swashbuckling big-league career shuttling between the two cities. Breaking in with Cleveland in 1951, Minnie did well in spring training, then was traded before the season began to Chicago. There he spent seven seasons putting much of the Go into the Go-Go Sox. Then, as now, he brought crowds to their feet as he sent his five feet, 11 inches and 175 pounds sprawling headlong toward balls in the field, twirled like a top while swinging and ran the bases with skill and daring. For three consecutive seasons (1951-1953), he led the American League in stolen bases, explaining his success with the idiomatic dash that has stamped him a colorful fellow on or off the field. "I learn how to run fast in my native Cuba," he said, then the pause and grin. "I learn by stealing chickens."

Four of Minnie's first seven seasons in Chicago were spent under general manager Lane. But Frank, a traveling man, left for St. Louis, then, in 1958, came back to the American League with Cleveland. One of his first moves was to bring Minnie to the Indians. "I felt Minnie was the one player in the American League who had that intangible quality of excitement that makes fans talk about him when they leave the park," Frank said.

The love between Lane and Minoso seemed to grow as the dynamic outfielder put together two .302 seasons, spraying and slugging hits from his plate-crowding righthanded stance. By the end of 1959, though, the Indians had developed some new heroes and Lane decided Minnie's mission was through. Minoso had pepped up the Indians' gate when they needed it most, and it was time, Lane thought, to peddle him while market value was still high.

The change of scenery didn't dampen Minnie's spirit at all. A few days after the mid-winter announcement that Minoso had signed his '61 contract for \$50,000, (three of Chicago's four newspapers carried different ages for him), Minnie meandered through Comiskey Park with the same boyish enthusiasm he discharged the first day he buttoned on a White Sox uniform in 1951. With him were Veeck, Sox secretary Ed Short, a couple of ballplayers who had stopped by for contract talks and this writer.

"See everybody later," Minnie hollered in a doorway. "Going back to Cuba to get married."

"Some old lady about your age?" a teammate said.

"No, no," Minnie snapped. "Wait till you see her. Shape like Coca-Cola bottle. Thirty-four years old."

"Thirty-four!" the player said. "You're really rob-

bing the cradle, man. She's a kid compared to you."

Minoso waved his arm and walked out. A good half hour later, people were still talking about him in Comiskey Park's private dining room. "This sounds like a cliché, I know," Short said, "but Minnie is the one guy whom they'll have to tear the uniform off to make him retire. Of course, the way he takes care of himself, that may never happen."

"You're right," Veeck said. "Besides, Minoso would be foolish to retire any time. He's just like good bourbon. Gets better with age."

"Think Minnie will be around as long as Satchel Paige?" I asked.

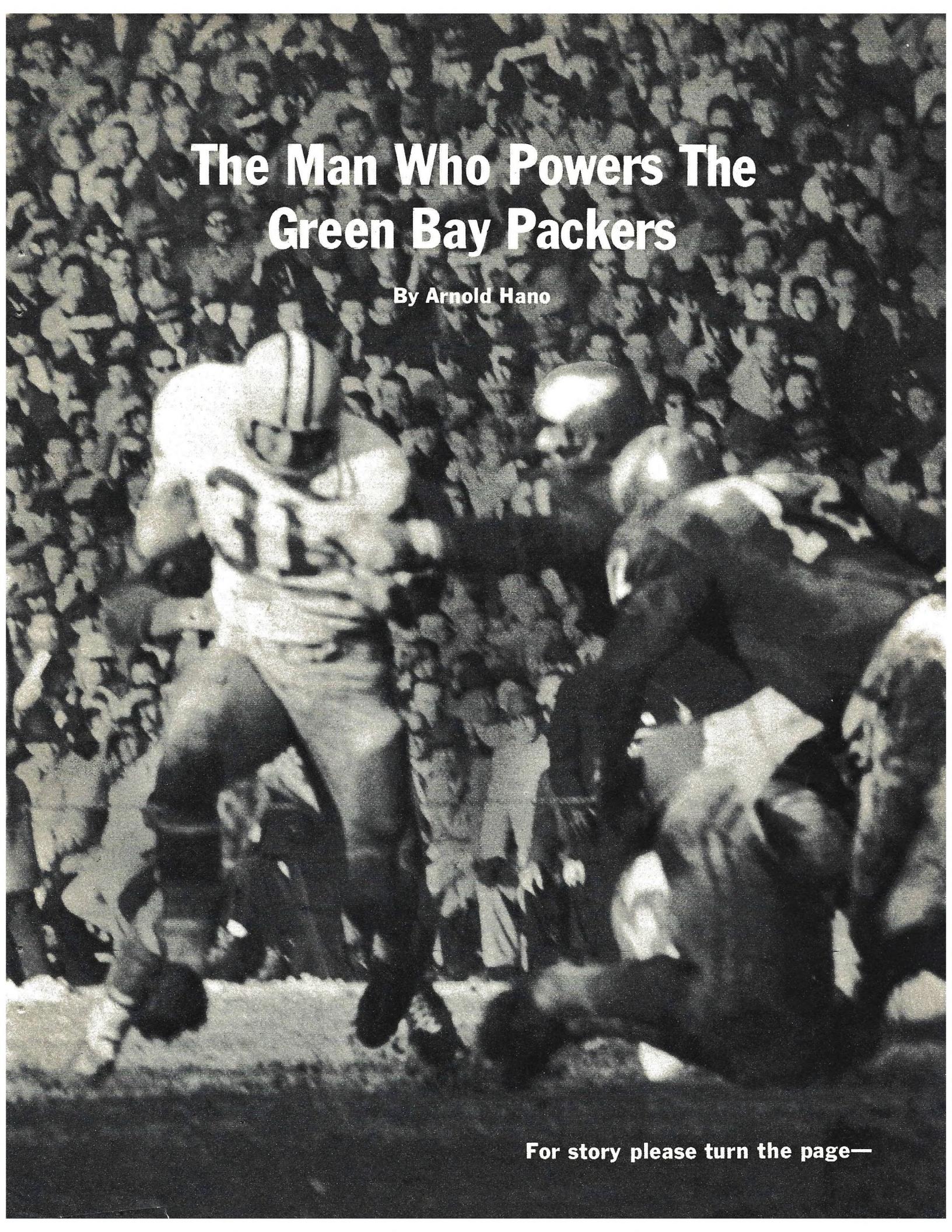
"PAIGE WAS pitching good ball in his fifties," Veeck said. "Only Satch was an old man, and his teammates thought of him as a 40-year-old man. Nobody thinks of Minnie as being even 30 years old. They think of him as a kid. He's got as much desire and enthusiasm as any 21-year-old I've ever seen and more than most of them. Ponce de Leon was wrong. The Fountain of Youth isn't in St. Augustine, Fla. It's right outside Havana where Minoso lives. Minoso is the Fountain of Youth."

"Conditioning is one secret to why Minnie keeps going so strong," Short said. "He's the only ballplayer I know who requests an inside hotel room. Doesn't want a window to see the rest of the world. On the day of a game, his world is the game. What desire!"

"Desire might be a little weak for Minnie," Veeck said. "You'd have to call it 110 percent guts. Last Labor Day, he banged up his knee in the first game of our doubleheader. He slid into first so hard they had to carry him off the field. Most players would have been out two weeks, but he begged Al Lopez to play him in the second game. Al did and Minnie won it with a double. Five times after that during the last three weeks of the season, doctors had to drain a glass and a half of blood and fluid off Minnie's leg about 9:30 or 10 in the morning. By noon, he was running at full steam. He's something."

Minoso's teammates are equally impressed with him. Take outfielder Al Smith. "Minnie and I started rooming together in 1950 at San Diego," Smith said recently. "Minnie had more spirit than any ballplayer I ever saw. We both were traded back and forth and finally, after ten years in the big leagues, we were roommates again in 1960. That's ten years later. He's now a big star, but he's the same. All enthusiasm."

Minnie Minoso's secret? Two words—enthusiasm and desire—go a long way toward revealing it.



The Man Who Powers The Green Bay Packers

By Arnold Hano

For story please turn the page—



Intense and determined, Taylor approaches each challenge with cold confidence. "Ever since I can remember," he says, "I've been confronted with problems. I'm convinced that there's no hill too high for steppin' over."

Jim Taylor's life revolves around violence. He knows

ALTHOUGH PROFESSIONAL football has evolved into an intricately webbed complex of scientific skills meshed into cream-smooth and awesome efficiency, there still remains a primitive quality to the game that no amount of split-Ts and shotgun spreads ever can efface.

Violence is the ruling passion. If the sight of baseball is Mickey Mantle circling the bases, or Willie Mays stretched out in distant pursuit of a fly ball, or the lonely dignity of Warren Spahn on the mound, then the sight of football is Chuck Bednarik exulting over the unconscious prostrate form of Frank Gifford, whom he has just flattened.

And the epitome of this football viciousness is the fullback. No matter how swift he may be—there are fullbacks as swift as halfbacks and even swifter—no matter how sudden his stops, or how clever his feints, there is one hallmark by which a fullback must be judged: the violence of his charge. To me the picture of football remains the shocking savagery of Bronko Nagurski. Sure John Unitas is a wonder of legerdemain; sure Jon Arnett's slithering hips are a marvel to behold; sure Lenny Moore makes pass-catching and running a newer, higher art form. But the lowered head, the wall of flesh yielding and then sundered, the churning, thick-thewed legs in the secondary—that is football at its best when it is most primeval. Nagurski. Marion Motley. John Kimbrough. Norm Standlee. Doc Blanchard. Alan Ameche. Joe Perry. Clark Hinkle. Rick Casares. Jim Brown.

And in 1960, and in January of 1961, Jim Taylor.

His voice a mouthful of southern molasses, Jim Taylor sat in the coffee shop of the Hotel Biltmore, smog threading the concrete canyons of Los Angeles on the day before the Pro Bowl game of 1961, and said simply: "I love the game. I love the contact of it. I like to hit a man. It's not that I want to hurt anybody—I don't. But . . ." He quickly tore a soda straw into small pieces and spread them on the table in classic football formation. "If I have the ball, running around end—here—and the linebacker comes at me—here—and I try to finesse him out of the way—" Jim Taylor wigwagged his head, rolled his shoulders. "But he won't finesse . . ." The two pieces of straw are stilled, a quarter-inch apart, facing each other. "Then I must run into him, over him, through him." One piece of straw is suddenly stabbed past the other.

Taylor looked up quickly and smiled. "Like that."

Violence.

In 1960 Jim Taylor burst into professional renown. He carried the ball for the Green Bay Packers 230 times; he gained 1,101 yards—11 times the full length of a football field, by himself—for an average of 4.8 yards per carry. Only Jimmy Brown gained more ground last year.

Advancing a football 1,000 yards in a single season is the mark of running skill; few men ever achieve it. Nagurski never did. Some men do it because they have sprinter's legs. Before Taylor, the only other Packer to break the 1,000-yard mark in one year was swift halfback Tony Canadeo, back in 1949.

Taylor is not a halfback; he is a fullback. He looks like a fullback. He is a half-inch shorter than his listed height of six feet; he weighs 215 pounds. His jaw is square and heavy. His head is square and flat-topped. His arms appear shorter than they are. His nose is slightly thickened, slightly spread. But it is his legs that stamp him for his profession. Jim Taylor's legs are incredibly muscled; they make Joe Bellino's famous piano legs look like Audrey Hepburn's. More than that, they have the chinked, battered look of a fullback's legs. They look like trees on which a woodsman has quit after 20 or 30 licks of his ax.

In 1960 the Green Bay Packers came all the way back. It had been a long, plodding trip, from the glory days of the late Twenties and early Thirties, the title year of 1944, through the awful lean years of the Fifties, back up to 1960 and a Western Division championship. The greatest football town in America—Green Bay, Wis., population 62,888—had suffered the worst football famine in the history of the pros,

about knocks, accepts them as the fullback's lot and is happy giving back better than he takes

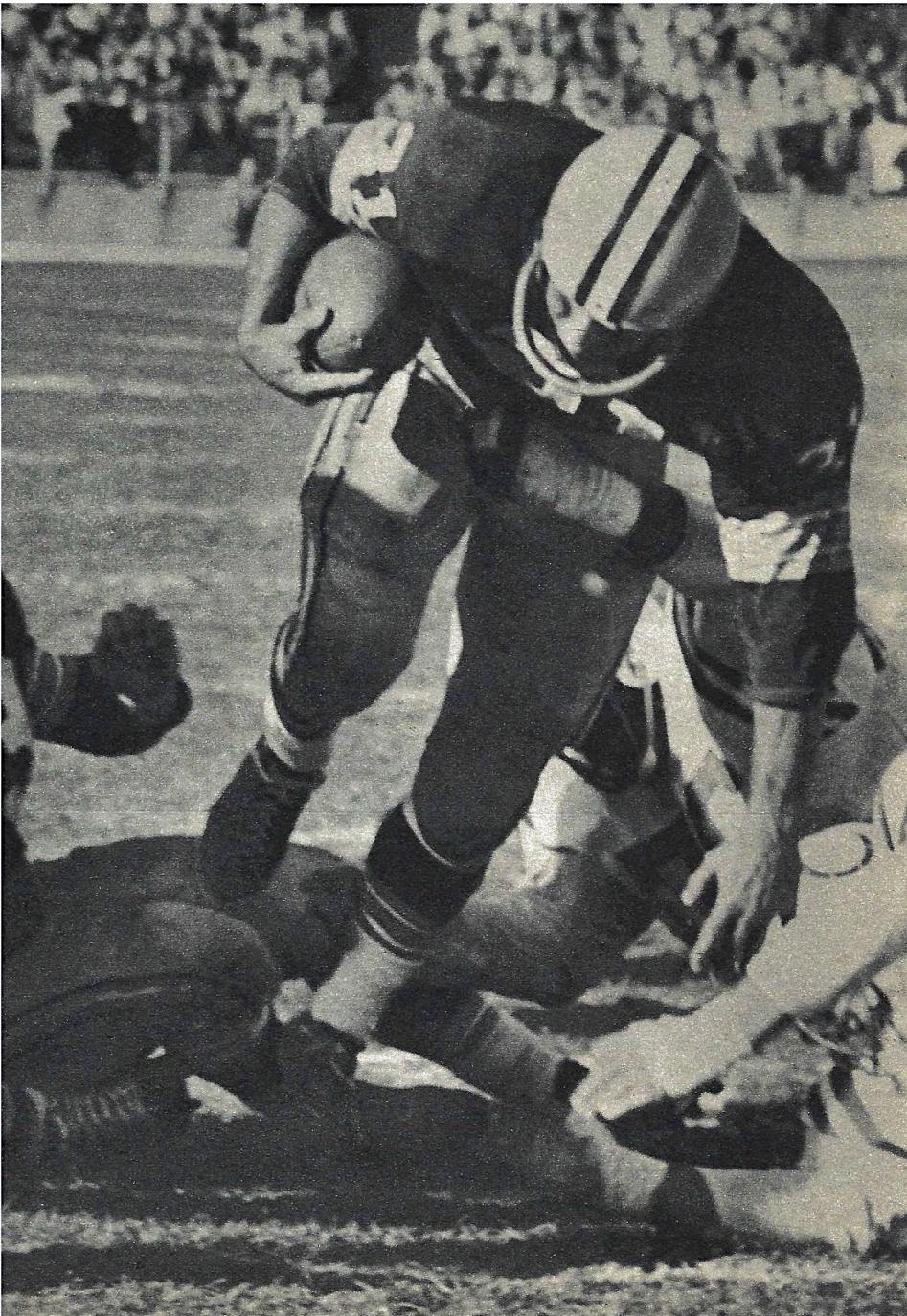
and 1960 was the year of long-awaited fulfillment.

Jim Taylor is not the only reason for the Packers' resurgence. There is Bart Starr, a cool and cunning quarterback; Paul Hornung, a wonderfully versatile runner-kicker-thrower-receiver-blocker; Dan Currie, the game's newest great linebacker; and the fastest-hitting line from tackle to tackle. But Taylor is suddenly the team's bread-and-butter guy, the man you turn to for the two or three yards and a first down, or the single foot at the goal line. And with a team galvanized by coach Vince Lombardi's synchronized attack ("All together," Lombardi will roar, "get off all together, not like a typewriter"), Jim Taylor is the

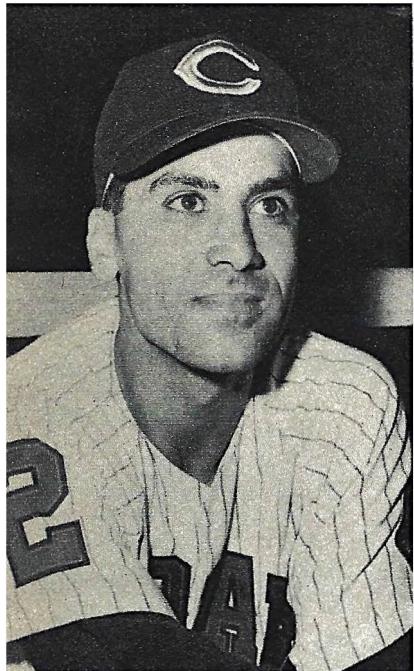
perfect fullback. No other fullback starts faster, not even the swifter Jim Brown, who needs running room to get up his full head of steam.

An old-fashioned feud is shaping up between Taylor and Brown, somewhat like the Mays-Mantle disputes that raged for years and still occasionally simmer. Taylor resents always being compared with Brown and is gradually developing a large-sized dislike for the Cleveland back whom, of course, he does not even know. Lombardi, who saw Brown and all the Eastern Division stars during long years on the Giant coaching staff, flatly says: "Taylor is every bit as good as Brown. I've never had a better fullback. (→ TO PAGE 84)

Second in the National Football League in rushing last year, Jim grinds out his gains with short, thumping charges. "Football is a game of inches," he says. "You see all the time how many first downs and touchdowns are made or lost by inches. It's my job to blast in and get those inches."



Coming off his hottest season, Ken Aspromonte thought he had finally found security. Instead he became a pawn in baseball's most chaotic chess game



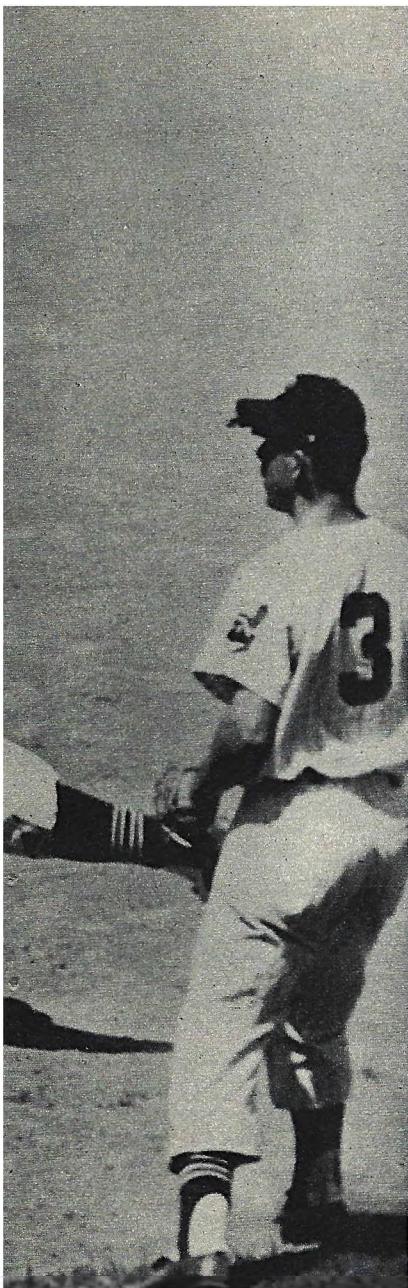
Ken, running down Rocky Colavito, at right, feels that the Angels' infield will be better than three other teams'. "I think my bat can help too," he says. "I hit .290 and ten homers for the Indians last season."

What It's Like Going



To Tenth Place

By Emmett Watson



IT IS conceivable that a hypothetical corporation called the Scratch-Rite Match Company, having put a moistened finger to the financial winds, could decide to open a new branch office in Oswego, Ore. The shift might involve seven key employees, all of whom would have to move, say, from Scranton, Pa., to Oswego.

Modern corporations being what so many of them are—paternal, sensitive to employee welfare, conscious of morale—you can well imagine what this shift might involve. Quite likely each of the seven key employees would be treated to a special break-the-news-easy interview. Wives would be consulted. Moving costs would be provided. Housing would be checked. Psychiatric counsel for the uprooted children might even be thrown in.

Very well. Now let us consider the case of Ken Aspromonte, one of seven former Cleveland Indian employees. Aspromonte and two other Cleveland players were told, shortly before last Christmas, that they had been sold to the American League's new Los Angeles Angel franchise. Four other Indians went to the AL's new team in Washington.

These sales were part of baseball's most convulsive adventure in flesh-dealing, as the American League moved with unseemly haste to expand to ten teams for 1961. In all, 56 players, seven from each established club, were shuttled off to the two new franchises.

Baseball, you see, handles its salaried servants differently from other corporations. Major-league teams trade dozens of players a year without worrying about the personal and psychological problems involved. Families must be moved, friends must be left, homes must be sold—all in a hurry and all without the team's help. Once he signs a baseball contract, the player must accept the nomadic nature of his existence. "Zilch Sold To Sox" is a paraphrased headline that can mean good fortune, despair, hurt, happiness or furious indignation to the player involved.

In Aspromonte's case, it meant the discouraging prospect of leaving Cleveland, a team with genuine pennant aspirations, for Los Angeles, a foundling franchise, born too quickly and doomed to present-day obscurity in an unwieldy league.

Nobody, least of all general manager Frank Lane, who put Aspromonte on the draft list, called him before or after the sale to say things like, "It's tough, Ken, but in the end it's good for baseball. We feel bad about it, but somebody had to go. Anything we can do to make the move easier . . ."

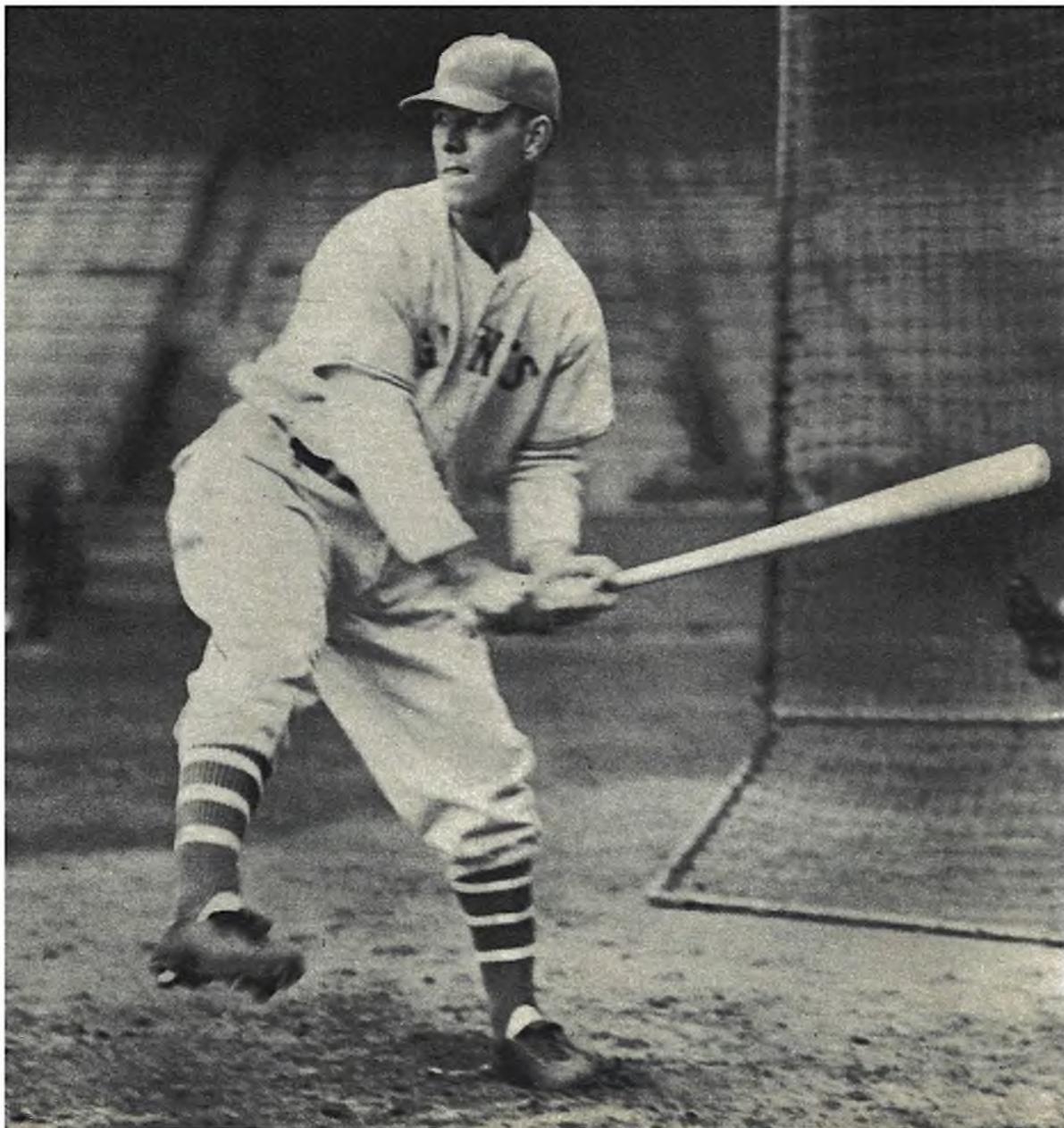
Nothing like that. The ballplayer, in fact, usually is among the last to know that he has been sold or traded. He may read it in the newspaper; he may, as in Aspromonte's case, hear it on the radio. But however he gets the news, he can like it or lump it.

Aspromonte, who played for Cleveland and lived in Woodlawn, Md., got the bad news in three uneasy stages. Bad news it was, (→ TO PAGE 77)

The Little Giant

*A major-leaguer from the time he was 16,
Mel Ott's slugging spanned two generations. He
was the monument John McGraw left behind*

By Lee Greene



THE KIDS USED to play a game on the playgrounds and sandlots years ago, before the Little League came along. To get it going, all you needed was a bat or a piece of stick. Each kid would then take a turn imitating the stance and swing of a famous slugger. One slugger who always cropped up in the game was Mel Ott.

Even the smallest kids had no trouble performing or recognizing Ott. The idea was to take a lefthanded stance with the bat held high and well back. Then you crouched slightly from the waist and glared at an imaginary pitcher before giving the whole thing away. The sudden lifting of the right foot in a sort of exaggerated goosestep brought an instant chorus of "Mel Ott!" from the other kids. Nobody in baseball, before or since, ever hit that way.

Ott's weird style was always a subject of conversation and consternation during the 22 years in which he blasted National League fences for the New York Giants, the only professional team he ever played for. The lifted right leg became as symbolic of the mild little slugger as the arching drives he hit over the short right-field wall at the Polo Grounds—into the section they named Ottville.

Mel always insisted the lifted leg played an important part in his success. Without the peculiar style, he said, he couldn't have hit the 511 home runs which still stand as the National League lifetime record. He said it gave him the leverage he needed to throw every ounce of his 170 pounds into his flat, smooth swing. He hit that way ever since he broke into the big leagues at the amazing age of 16.

The career of Mel Ott is a succession of youthful triumphs—and youthful tragedies. Nowhere in baseball history is there a record of so complete a life lived in so few years. For Mel Ott was a major-leaguer at 16, a World Series hero at 24, the Giants' manager at 32, an ex-manager at 39, a Hall of Fame member at 42 and dead at 49. At his death in 1958, he was only a hazy legend to a new generation of baseball fans to whom John McGraw was a contemporary of Abner Doubleday, and who had no difficulty associating the Giants with San Francisco.

Perhaps the old New York Giants really died with Ott. McGraw was already dead. So was the great Christy Mathewson. So was Roger Bresnahan. So was Iron Man McGinnity. Bill Terry still lives, but even at his greatest Memphis Bill never enjoyed the esteem and loyalty that Ott extracted from devoted Giant fans. Ott's place in the hearts of Polo Grounds' fans was in part a tribute to McGraw. They all knew that next to Mathewson, McGraw liked and admired Ott more than any other of the great players he managed. And Mel, who had learned everything he knew about major-league baseball at the knee of McGraw, worshipped the gruff old man.

It is not true, of course, as some wags like to tell, that Mel Ott was left in a basket outside McGraw's door

shortly after birth, or that the first clothing Mel knew was a Giants' uniform. It only seemed that way. Melvin Thomas Ott was born on March 2, 1909, in the small cottage at Gretna, La., that was the home of his parents, Charles and Caroline Ott. He weighed a whopping 12 pounds at birth and had a well-developed pair of lungs. But neither was to be particularly significant in later life. Mel Ott was to be one of the smallest and quietest sluggers in the game.

Charles Ott had a good job in an oil refinery and was a fair semi-pro baseball player. There were plenty of sandlots in Gretna, just across the Mississippi from New Orleans, and young Mel spent a lot of childhood hours hitting baseballs. One of the pitchers who volunteered to throw to him was his uncle Hugh Ott, rated as the best semi-pro pitcher in the area. Hugh once had pitched 13 innings against the Cleveland Indians and allowed only one run. But before he was old enough to go to high school, Mel could hit his uncle like he owned him.

At Gretna High School, they made Mel the catcher on the baseball team. Even as a youngster, he had thick, heavy legs and ran clumsily. He didn't seem to have enough defensive skill to play anywhere but behind the plate. He wasn't much of a catcher, but he could clobber the ball from his foot-in-the-air stance. He also wasn't much of a student, and when a teammate, pitcher Les Ruprich, asked Mel to accompany him to a tryout by the New Orleans team of the Southern Association, the beardless youngster accepted eagerly.

The Pelicans signed up Ruprich, but owner Alex Heinemann only shook his head at the chunky catcher. "You're not quite ready, kid," he said. "You go back to school, and maybe in a couple of years we'll take another look."

But the look of intense disappointment on Mel's face touched the executive. "Listen, son," he said. "If you really want to play ball that badly, I'll send you over to Patterson. Harry Williams is a friend of mine, and I'll ask him to let you play for his team."

Mel's face lit up instantly. The Patterson Grays were the strongest semi-pro team in southern Louisiana. Owned by Williams, a wealthy lumberman who put all the players on his company payroll but required them to do nothing but play baseball, the Grays were envied even by some professional players.

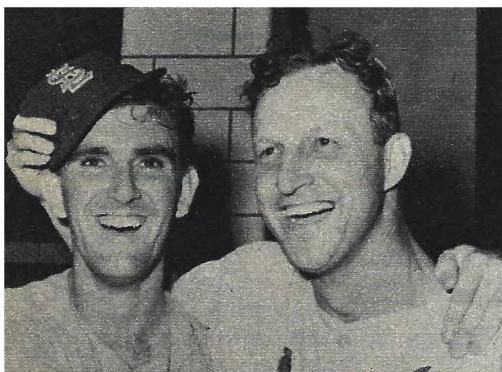
Ott's single season at Patterson was a pleasant one. He liked the eccentric Williams, who occasionally arranged games for the private enjoyment of himself, his wife and their guests. But he gave the players free room and board along with \$150 a month. Mel was a passable catcher and a fine hitter.

It wasn't long before the word got back to New Orleans, and Heinemann offered to atone for his earlier rejection of Ott by offering him a contract for \$300 a month. Mel would have signed immediately if the older players hadn't advised him to (→ TO PAGE 93)

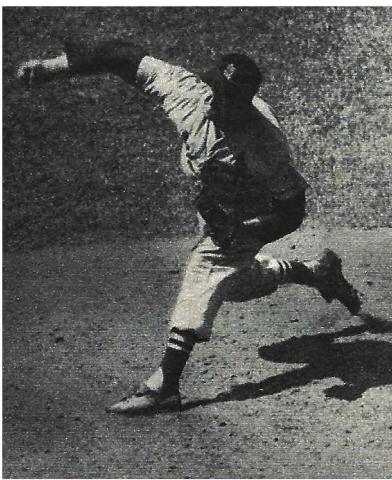
He dreamed of success with the Giants. He found it with the Cards

THE MIXED EMOTIONS OF ERNIE BROGLIO

By AL HIRSHBERG



Much of the Cards' success last season was set off by young hero Broglio and old hero Stan Musial, top right. Ernie started slowly but won 21 games, tying Warren Spahn for the most 1960 victories produced by any pitcher in the major leagues.

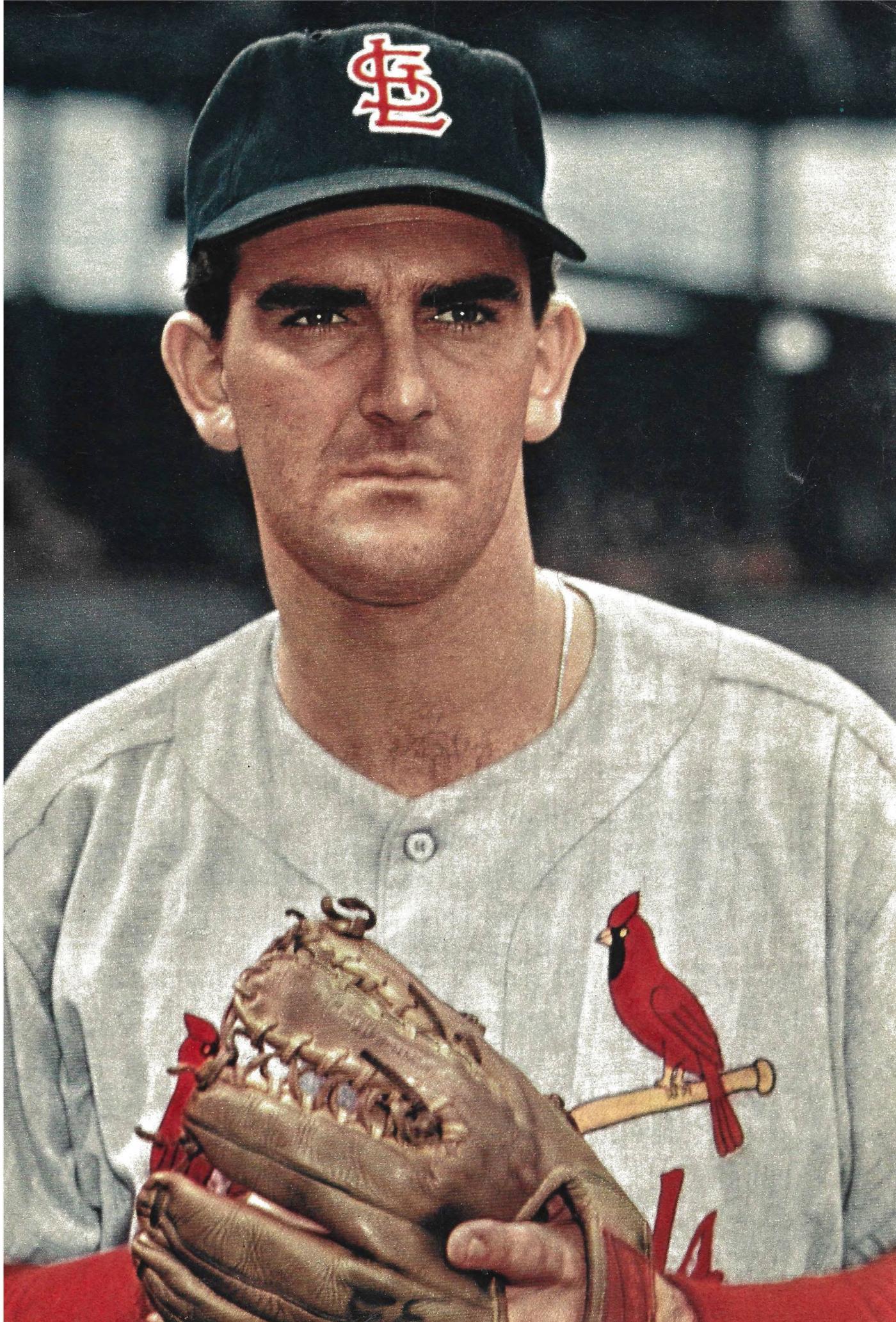


THERE'S A rapidly growing residential section on the outskirts of San Jose, 60 miles south of San Francisco, and if you want to see Ernie Broglio at home, that's where you'll find him. His house, much like those of his neighbors', is a neat, low-lying ranch, with an attached garage and a crisp green front lawn gleaming in the California sun.

The street is called Via Carmen, and it's alive with children, four of whom belong to the Broglios. They are the most envied children on the block because their father, a well-built, 25-year-old six-footer, is a baseball star. Last year Ernie became one of the top pitchers in the game. He and Warren Spahn led the National League with 21 victories apiece. It was an almost expected achievement for Warren, the veteran lefthander. It was a thing of beauty and a joy forever for Ernie, the young righthander.

Broglio is a tall, shy youth, with deep-set brown eyes, jet black hair cut flat-top style and a long chin that juts out like a block of granite. Neither he nor his startlingly beautiful brunette wife, the former Barbara Ann Bertelotti, seem to realize that Ernie has hit the jackpot. They are a modest couple, with the simple tastes of the middle-class background from which they sprang. They have yet to grasp completely the fact that (→ TO PAGE 97)

Color by Lee Balterman



THE ONE AND ONLY MASTERS

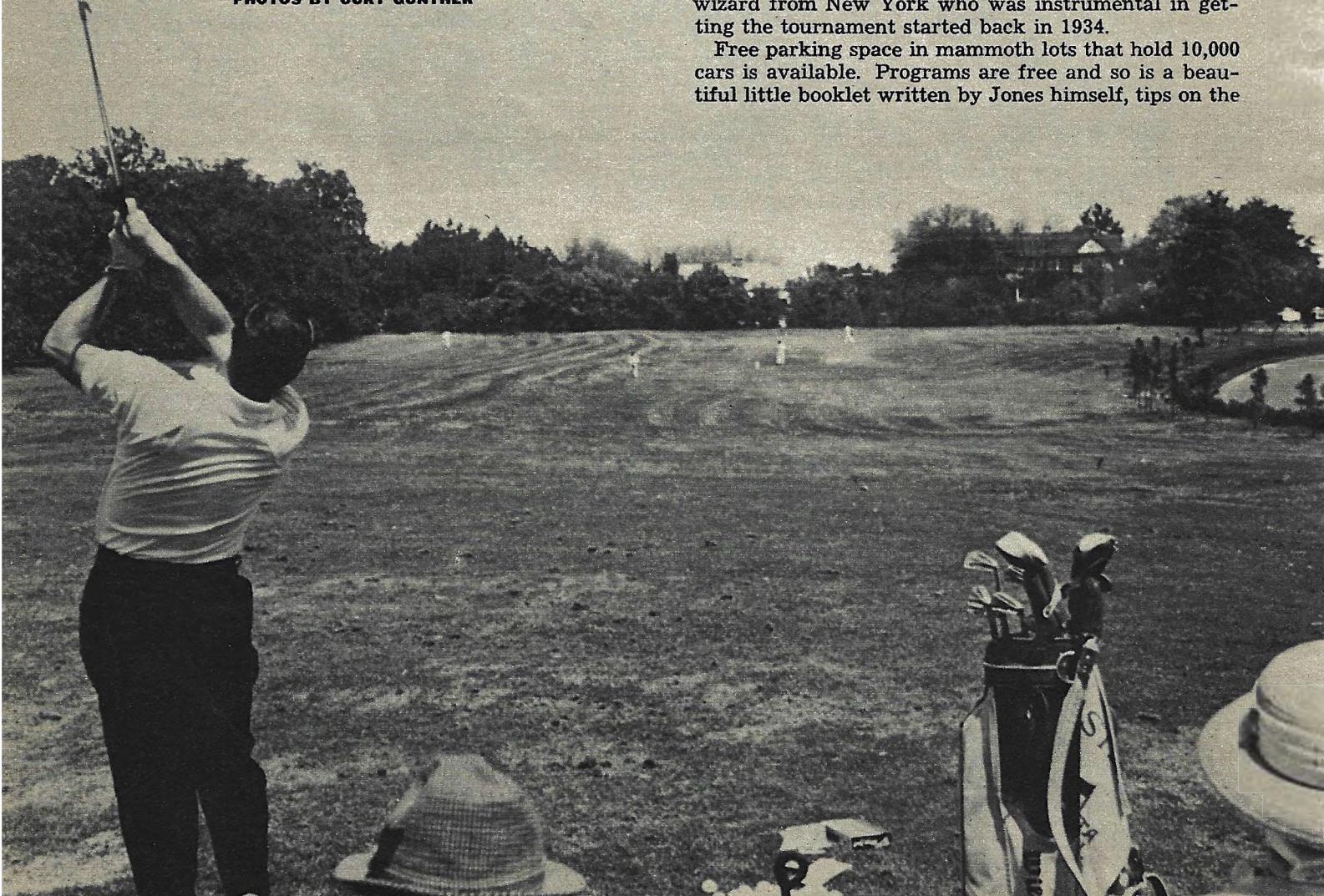
Ever since Bobby Jones put his dreams and his energy behind the tournament, it has stood up as golf's grandest. It brims with tradition and surprises

BY BOB BRUMBY
PHOTOS BY CURT GUNTHER

DOWN GEORGIA way, when the magnolia buds begin to bloom, it means that the miracle of the Masters is just a chip shot away. Highways and skyways leading to Augusta soon will be littered with pilgrims on the way to see golf's greatest show. Ahead lies a gala week of golf and gaiety and a chance to see the incomparable Bobby Jones whose links' magic brought about this elegant festival.

Many of the pilgrims know nothing about the technicalities of golf and couldn't care less. It's the show they want and a bird's eye view of the finest, most beautiful golf course in the world. The pilgrims know that once on the grounds they can wander freely in a wonderland of botanical, as well as golfing, miracles. They know they will be accepted as if they were personal guests of Jones and his friend Cliff Roberts, a financial wizard from New York who was instrumental in getting the tournament started back in 1934.

Free parking space in mammoth lots that hold 10,000 cars is available. Programs are free and so is a beautiful little booklet written by Jones himself, tips on the

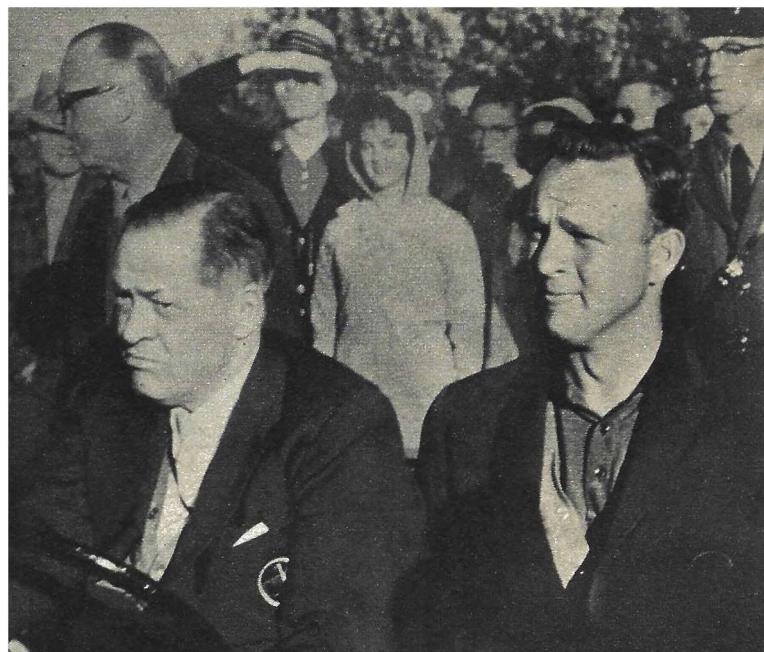


best methods of watching a golf tournament. Comfortable picnic grounds are everywhere and it is no wonder that the Masters now outdraws even the Kentucky Derby in total attendance.

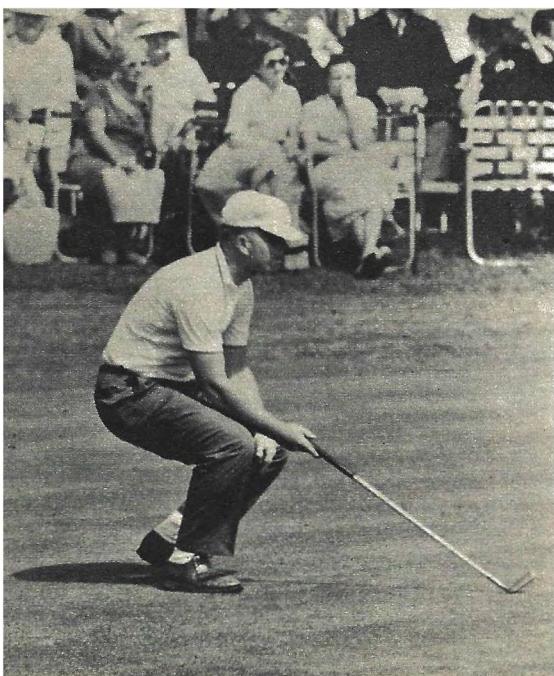
Last year some 50,000 people stormed the 400 lush acres of the Augusta National course, and they were close by when Arnold Palmer dramatically birdied the final two holes to win the 23rd Masters. The majority had no chance to see the final putt, but that didn't matter. They were on hand and in years to come could talk about the almost unbelievable finish. At the same time, millions of people watched on television, and it figures that some of them will join the pilgrimage this year to watch the big show in person.

Now for a little confession. I was on hand with a press badge but the only way I could see that final putt was on a television screen in press headquarters. But, like the rest, it didn't matter. I was on hand, just as I was on hand at the first Masters in 1934 when Horton Smith won. I got a fine view that year. There were more quail than people on the grounds.

It is hard to believe, but the Masters began in such a quiet manner. After scoring his amazing Grand Slam in 1930, a feat that probably will never be equaled, Jones had retired from golf. He was weary of the terrible punishment competitive sport worked on his nervous system, and he packed his celebrated putter,



A major attraction at the Masters is the King of Golf, Bobby Jones, riding with 1960 winner Arnold Palmer, right.



The tournament brings out the world's best golfers, such as amateur champ Jack Nicklaus, left. It also attracts celebrities from all walks of life, like Bing Crosby and wife Kathy, at right. "You can't top the Masters," Bing says. "It really has everything."



A landmark is the old manor house.

THE ONE AND ONLY **MASTERS**

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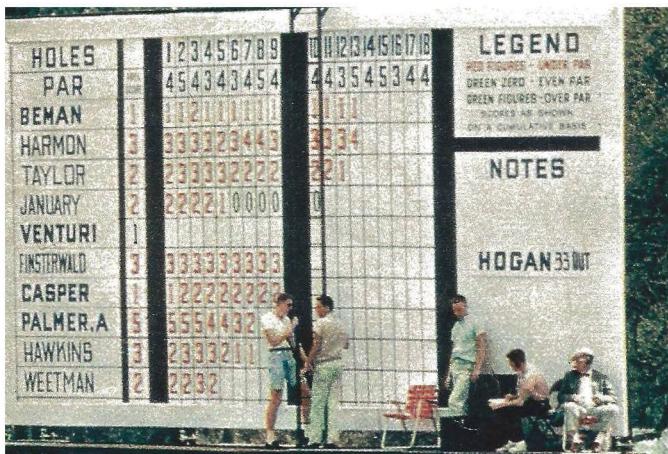
Calamity Jane, away for supposedly the last time.

This left a void throughout Georgia that is difficult to describe. In the hearts of his native Georgia, Jones was far more than a golfer. His victories transcended the sports pages. Always at Jones's side was his Boswell, the late and great O. B. Keeler, and the stories written about Bobby inspired every Georgian, young and old. He became an authentic hero.

In 1934 Bobby announced he would return to competition for just one tournament a year—the Masters. I was a cub reporter in Atlanta, and you can imagine the thrill I got when I was assigned to help cover that first Masters. My role then was comparable to that of a spear-carrier in an opera, but at least I would be on hand.

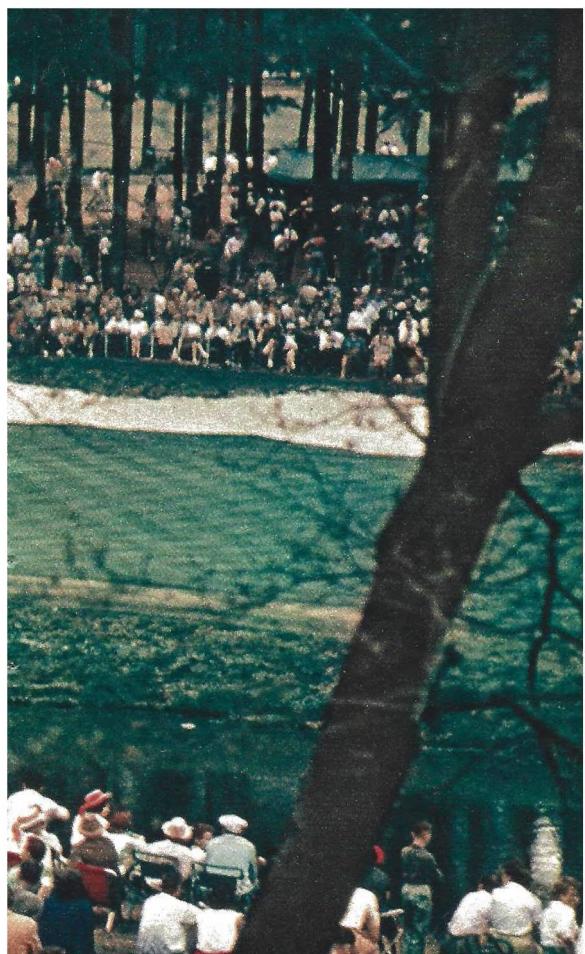
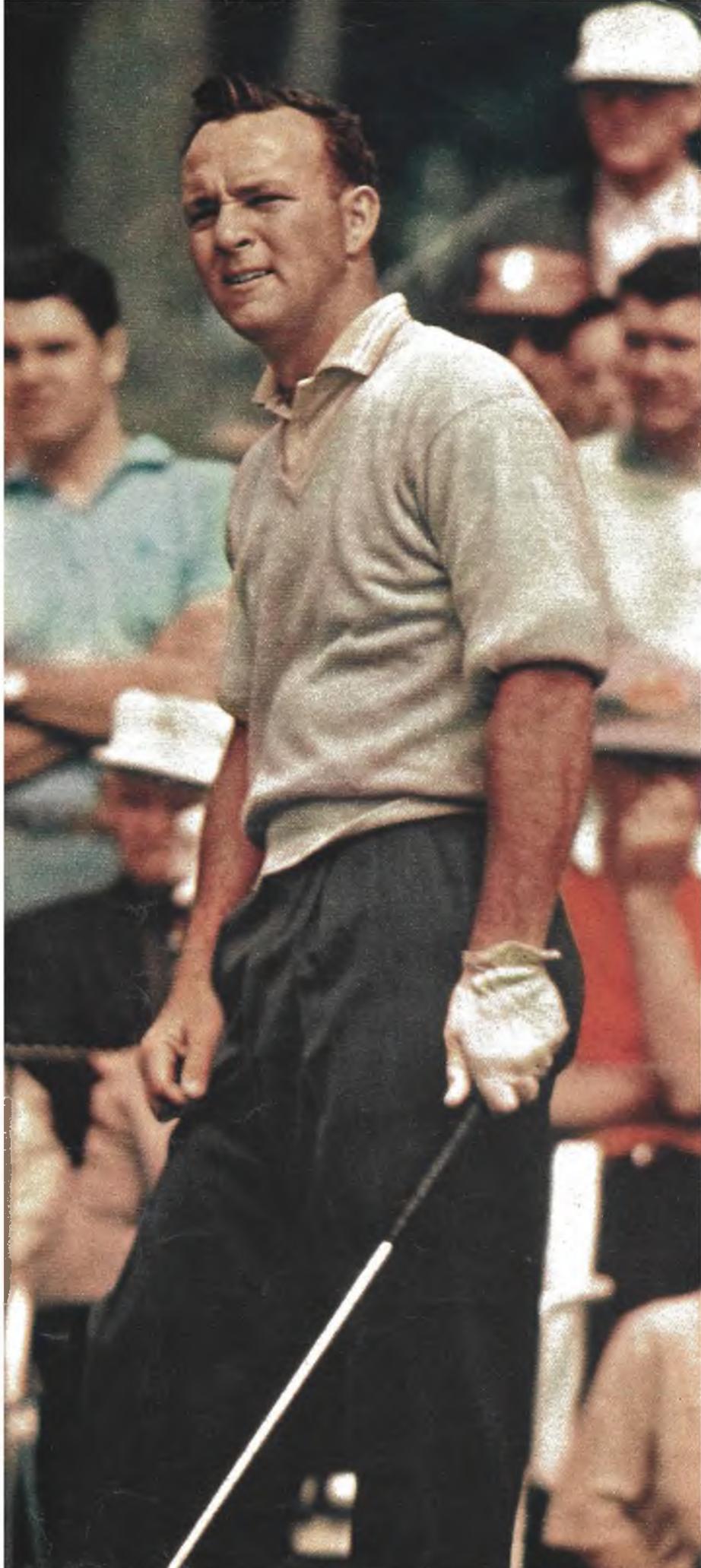
I was a pretty pleased fellow until I ran into writer Nolan Richardson the afternoon before the tournament began. Nolan was in Augusta for a spring-training

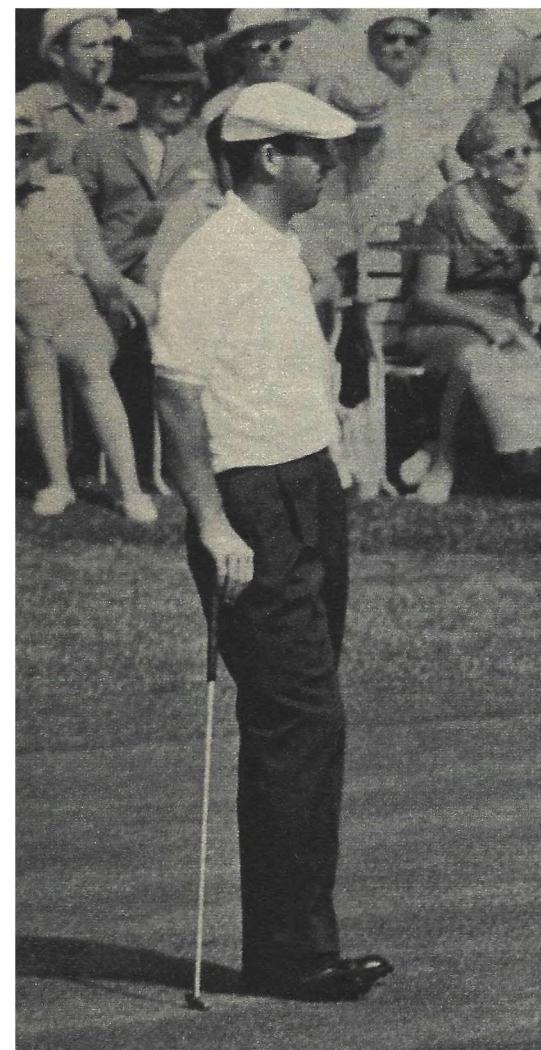
The giant scoreboard keeps everybody up to date on the players' progress. Palmer trailed in the early rounds last year, then roared to a dramatic come-from-behind victory. Huge galleries rimmed the greens, and some people stood in the shade of the plentiful trees to see the action.



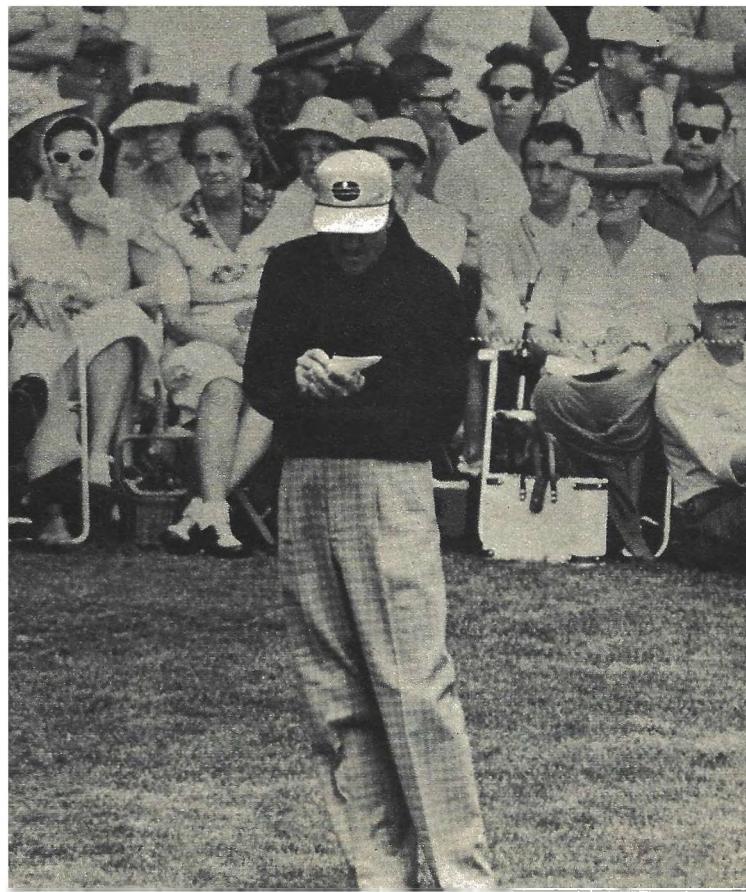


The 1959 winner, Art Wall, *right above*, congratulates the new champion, Palmer. Intense concentration, amply exhibited by Arnold at *right*, helped him overcome the pressure-packed odds and overtake everyone.





Once regarded as a rebel of conventional links' design, the Masters course shuns man-made hazards in favor of natural ones. Brooks and ponds have been worked in as water obstacles and like the one above, they pose sturdy stumbling blocks for the golfers. Only the top craftsmen, such as Ken Venturi, left, and Tommy Bolt, below, play in the tournament. Venturi, plagued by a puzzling jinx, has come close almost every year since '56, but never has won.



THE ONE AND ONLY **MASTERS**

continued

exhibition baseball game and he asked me what I was doing there. I told him proudly that I was covering the golf tournament.

"What golf tournament?" he said.

Beside Keeler, Henry McLemore and the late and great Grantland Rice, a close friend of Jones, the only other big-time writer on hand was John Carmichael of the Chicago *Daily News*. And, as John said, he wouldn't have been except for the fact the White Sox were in town on their way back north.

It was a cold spring and press headquarters were on the wind-blown upper porch of the clubhouse. Four or five Western Union operators tapped out the copy by hand—no fuss, no bother, because after the first round, it was obvious that Jones was playing gallantly but futilely. From tee to green his form was still flawless and his swing still held rhythmic beauty. But time and inactivity had corroded his short game beyond repair. I still could see no permanent flaw, though, and matching flowering words with the flora and fauna lining the course, I wrote in best cub reporter fashion:

"Drama strode the billowing fairways of the Augusta National today as the pack, sensing the kill, closed in on the faltering Emperor Jones."

The players on hand that first year had come to the remote section of Georgia more out of respect for Jones than any other reason. The prize money, put up by club members, was meager.

But how things have changed. Press headquarters today are located in a quonset hut large enough to house a small dirigible. Row on row of teletype machines spew forth hundreds of thousands of words daily. Last year press credentials were issued to 1,042 persons representing radio, television and newspapers. Of the entire lot, so far as could be learned, only Carmichael and myself had been present at the first Masters.

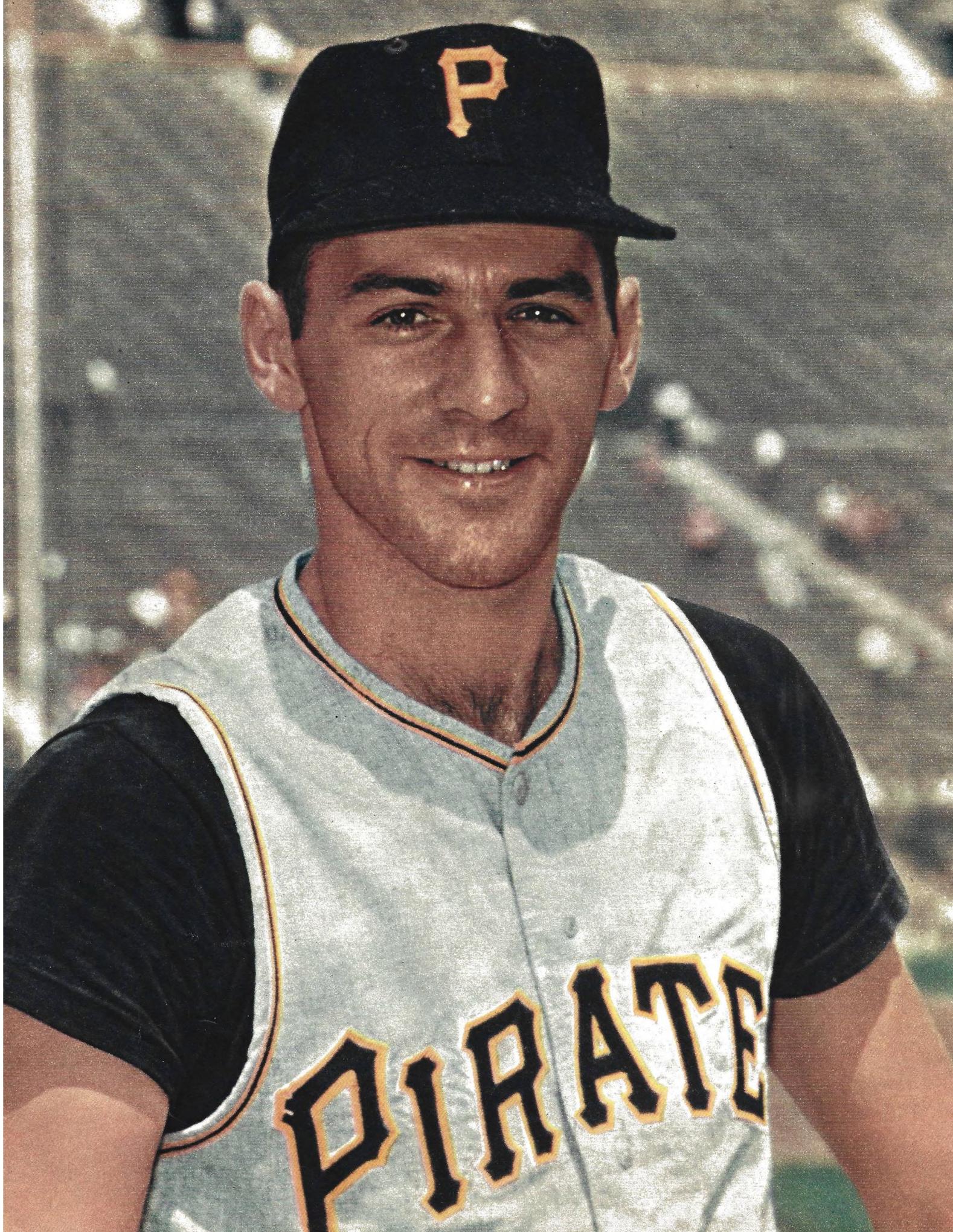
More than 750 people are involved in staging this Frankenstein of the fairways. The management spends \$10,000 yearly to bring in Pinkerton men to police the event. Nowhere else in the world could galleries be more knowledgeable or orderly, but the Pinkertons are on hand just in case.

Members of the ROTC and youngsters from local golf teams keep things moving. In payment the youngsters receive one dollar a day and all they can eat at lunch. More than 80 acres of fairway are mowed and 400 acres are policed each day. Spectators arrive by automobile, bus, plane and boatacades which bring groups over the sluggish waters of the Savannah River. Gas stations along the line stay open all night; restaurants have Masters table covers. You can't get within 100 miles of the Masters without having the tournament thrust in your face.

One reason for the attraction of the Masters is its underlying warmth. Around other (→ TO PAGE 88)

In the uninhibited moment of joy, a staple for all Masters winners, Palmer hugs his wife after clinching victory. "The Masters provides the toughest challenge in golf," Palmer says. "When you're playing the 12th hole, it's like jumping right into a pool of icy water. You just hold onto your nose and you hope for the best."





Can Dick Groat Fire Up The Pirates Again?

By Myron Cope

Pittsburgh's captain, a star today because of sheer desire, still intends to lead by example. "I'll be fighting," he says, "and so will all the other players. Pride is the secret. Pride not in yourself, but in the team as a whole"

The maturity etched in Dick's features has been matched by his development as a player. "I always wanted to win the MVP Award," Dick says, "but I had to learn an awful lot before I could come close."

Color by Lawrence Schiller



It happened nine years ago, but clear in Ace Parker's mind is the image of the kid trying to prove himself, straining, sliding, struggling to shut out the noisy, mixed reactions of the baseball scouts in the stands. The kid was Dick Groat, and the scene, day after day, was the Duke University baseball field. A sure-handed shortstop, Groat had abundant skills, but he also appeared slow and couldn't pull to left field.

Parker, who once played shortstop for the Philadelphia Athletics and halfback for the Brooklyn football Dodgers, today coaches the Duke baseball team, but in 1952, when Groat played there, Ace was an assistant football coach. He would sit in the stands, semi-detached from the team, watching

Groat play baseball and listening to the scouts argue.

"Some of the scouts," Parker recalls, "would sit there and say: 'How's he gonna hit in the big leagues? He can't pull the ball.' Pulling the ball seemed to mean everything to them, but I can remember lots of big-leaguers who couldn't pull the ball. Luke Appling couldn't."

"Those scouts would look at Groat and say: 'Too slow. Can't run.' But heck, very few righthanded hitters have speed to first base. Groat lacked speed, yes, but I didn't think it really mattered. In the field that boy somehow was always in front of the ball."

If the scouts didn't like Groat, you ask Parker, why did Branch Rickey have to shell out \$25,000 bonus money to sign him for the Pittsburgh Pirates?

"Well," Parker explains, "some

scouts were able to see he had something special. They could see he was determined, that all he wanted to do in life was play big-league baseball and play it well. He was fierce. He was full of fire inside. Actually you had to see him play basketball to fully appreciate this fire. He was an All-America basketball player, you know, one of the greatest competitors Duke ever had, and some of those scouts saw this. So after awhile they began to bid for him."

The bidding eventually became lively, but was mostly in vain. Rickey, then general manager of the Pirates, practically had Groat in the bag—first, because Groat, a Pittsburgher until he'd entered Duke, wanted to play baseball in his home town, and secondly, because Rickey was willing to pay the bonus price. "The scouts from the other clubs knew Rickey had the inside track," recalls Dick Herbert, a sportswriter for the Raleigh (N.C.) *News and Observer*, "so they acted as though it didn't matter. They'd stand there with those damned stopwatches and say: 'Look! Only four-point-one to first base!'"

The appetite for competition that some baseball scouts perceived in Dick Groat is accorded official recognition today in the title that sums up his qualities. Groat is captain of the Pirates. Last year only one other National League club had a captain. But the Pirates had one, a fierce one, and they won the pennant and the World Series. And so,

during the past winter, few sports-writers, broadcasters, toastmasters or politicians made reference to Dick Groat without appending the fact that he was the captain of the Pirates. Yet, for some reason, nobody has bothered to explain just what the blue blazes a professional baseball team was doing with a captain. What does a captain do besides hand the lineup to the umpires?

The high-school team in your community has a captain, and so does the Yale football team. It figures. But years ago, almost all pro baseball clubs juked captaincies because the managers made all the decisions and what was the sense in telling a team of leathery-faced pros, "Look, you guys, Malcolm Glutz here is a peach of a fellow and from now on he's your captain"?

Thus the question, is Dick Groat's title purely honorary or does it really have practical meaning? If it is simply honorary, then the title of this story: "Can Dick Groat Fire Up The Pirates Again?" is irrelevant because he does not really lead.

Groat is a prematurely bald man of 30 whose face is chiseled in severe, almost grim lines. He wears blue business suits and enjoys talking politics, which he approaches with strong Republican leanings. Record books say he stands six feet tall and weighs 175 pounds, but in reality he stands five feet, ten and a half inches and at his heaviest playing weight scales 172 pounds. He broods over his game and practices

overtime with the result that by September he weighs a taut 163. Altogether he seems perfectly suited for reading the morning paper on a commuter train. Nonetheless, Dick Groat has been captain of the Pirates since late August of 1956 when Bobby Bragan, then the Pirate manager, appointed him to that office. It wasn't because Bragan sensed in him great qualities of leadership; it was because a captaincy was something to throw at Groat as a sop. Bragan made him captain to salve a boil in his own relations with Groat.

Bragan was a candid man. He saw no point in insulting the public by trying to tell them his hapless seventh-place team was really a pack of jimm-dandies. In fact he described his infield as triple-A merchandise. Groat took this appraisal hard, for at 26 he was an acutely sensitive person, as he is today. Only last summer, he objected angrily to a lightly written paragraph in which I had described his evolution from rookie to star. "... (at first) he addressed everyone, even cub sportswriters, as sir, covered little ground at shortstop and hit rather mildly," I had written. "Within five years he lost his hair, stopped saying sir, became a shortstop of remarkable instincts and hit .315."

What was Dick's objection? "I'll have you know I still say sir," he snapped. "That's the way I was brought up, and if anybody doesn't like it, it's too bad."

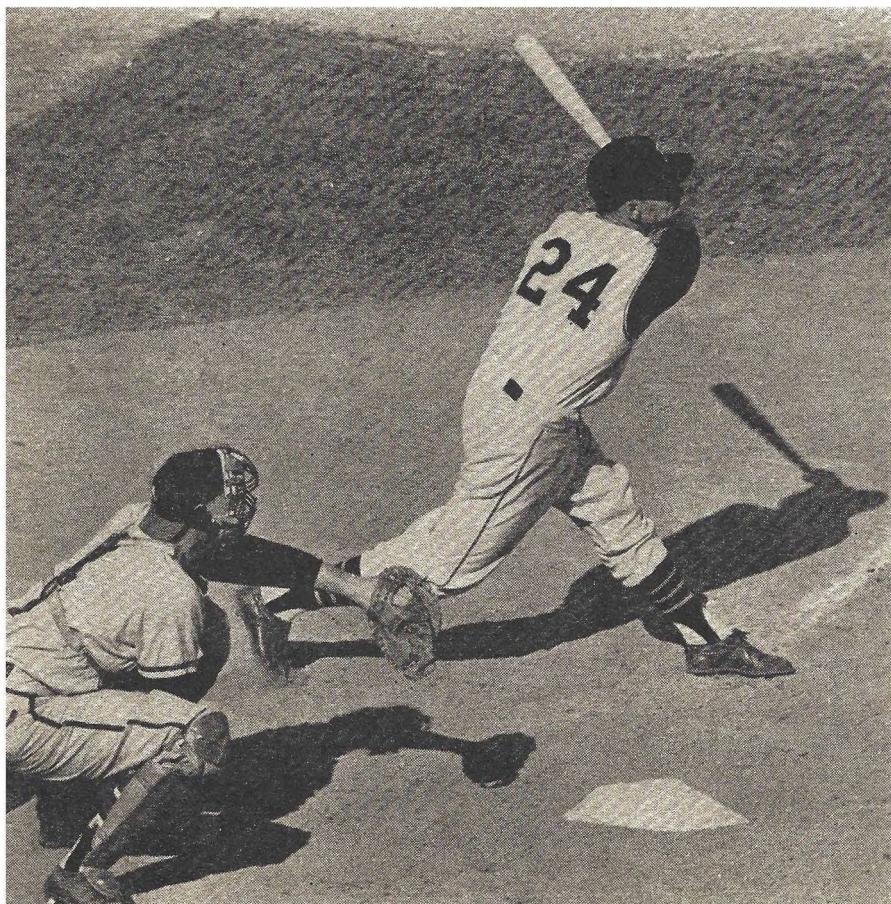
At any rate, one day in Milwaukee in 1956, as the umpires were gathering at home plate to receive the lineups from the managers, Bobby Bragan handed Groat his lineup card and said: "Here. Take this out to home plate."

Bragan said nothing of appointing Groat captain. Perhaps Groat figured Bragan simply wasn't speaking to the umpires, which would have been entirely plausible considering Bragan's frequent run-ins with them. In any case, Jack Herson, a sportswriter for the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*, went to the Pirate clubhouse after the game and asked Bragan why Groat had presented the lineup.

"Groat's my new captain," replied Bragan. He then walked over to Groat and said, "I want you to be captain of this ball team."

And that, in total, is how Dick Groat became captain—not because of the inspirational qualities he possessed, but because the manager figured that a captaincy, like a laxative, might make him feel better.

From the manner in which Dick Groat was named captain, it would follow that he himself attached little importance to the title and has done little or nothing in the way of acting upon his rank. Not so. Groat's



captaincy became meaningful a year later—in August, 1957—when Danny Murtaugh succeeded Bobby Bragan as Pirate manager. Less than 24 hours after Murtaugh had been promoted, he said:

"I think we have just about the finest double-play combination in the league. If you would ask me now would I trade Groat and Bill Mazeroski for Roy McMillan and Johnny Temple of the Reds, I would say no trade. I'll take the two we have. Groat's a much underrated player. He can do more things than any other shortstop in the league."

Among the "more things" that Groat could do was lead a team. Murtaugh apparently figured. He immediately gave Dick to understand that captain was no empty title. Several days after Murtaugh had taken over as manager, Groat took the cue and approached him with a suggestion for improving the Pirates' defense.

"I think we ought to quit pinching so much," Groat said.

Translated, Groat's words meant that when the enemy had a runner on first base, he (Groat) and Mazeroski ought not to edge toward second in order to be in better position to make the double play. Many baseball experts consider pinching an advantage, but Groat felt that the Pirates' particular skills were better suited toward neglecting it. "Mazeroski can really cover ground," Dick said, "so why should he have to cheat? I get around too. I realize that with other double-play combinations, pinching works. There are two schools of thought on it. But baseball is a game of percentages. Sure you're going to look silly at times, whatever strategy you use."

The Pirates did not look silly; the percentages have paid off for them. Last year they led the league with 163 double plays, even though they seldom pinched.

It is characteristic of Groat that when you question him about his suggestion, he says: "It was Danny's idea too." Chalk up Groat's commitment to diplomacy, a talent no captain should be without.

Since that incident, Groat has exerted his captaincy in many unpublicized instances and in often subtle ways. Last spring, for example, when the Pirates were training at Fort Myers, Fla., Murtaugh and Groat spent two days in conference, reviewing mistakes and weaknesses that the Pirates had shown the previous season—1959. The '59 club had been disappointing; it had fallen from second place to fourth. The conclusions at which Murtaugh and Groat arrived remain private, for they involve personalities, but they may be assumed sound inasmuch as the Pirates of 1960 won the pennant.

Not only has captain Groat become the manager's conferee—a status that conceivably could irritate Groat's teammates—but he also has become the players' chosen liaison man between them and their

manager. Murtaugh, a direct man, does not relay orders or even hints through Groat, but the setup does work the other way. A pitcher, for example, may be tired or injured, yet doesn't want to tell Murtaugh for fear Danny will think he is dogging the job. Instead he tells Groat and Groat says to Murtaugh, "I think you might get Face ready in the bullpen."

As captain, Groat also serves as sort of a public relations officer for the Pirates. "Gee, I never thought of it that way," he says, but any sportswriter knows this is so. Automatically, sportswriters go to Groat for comments and anecdotes when

the team loses, he's unhappy; if he goes zero-for-five and the team wins, he's happy." Groat lacks speed, throwing strength and hitting power yet, as Brown puts it, "he's a constant reminder to the other players that a fellow can make himself a star without having all the tools."

Over the past winter, there was a certain amount of argument as to whether Groat or third-baseman Don Hoak was the real sparkplug of the 1960 Pirates. Groat, the National League batting champion with a .325 average, won the Most Valuable Player Award, but Hoak, who hit only .282, nevertheless polled five of the 22 votes cast. Hoak had lit burners under the Pirates' backsides, challenging their competence whenever an enemy pitcher appeared to be getting the best of them. Groat, on the other hand, served as a steady influence, playing machine-perfect baseball that set a tone for the entire team. To argue which man was more important serves no purpose, for the combination of their two methods added up to perfect inspiration, each complementing the other. As a result, the Pirates had higher morale and greater desire, probably, than any other club in baseball.

Today, however, the question is: Can the Pirates' wealth of leadership, as exemplified by captain Groat, continue to compensate for a lack of long-ball power and a shortage of first-rate starting pitchers? Can the Pirates again claw their way to the pennant? Seeking Dick Groat's own views of the coming pennant race, I set out for his home one evening shortly before he was to head south for spring training.

Groat lives with his wife, Barbara, and two small daughters, Tracey and Carol Ann, in an apartment in Wilkinsburg, a suburb of Pittsburgh that is known as "the city of churches." Dick had equipped me with directions to his home, but I turned west where I should have turned east and soon found myself driving aimlessly among a complex of dark roads.

I thought I had troubles, but when I arrived, finally, at the Groats', I decided almost at once that one person I would not care to be is the Most Valuable Player in baseball. The Groats live in a modest, but cheerful, second-floor apartment which Dick's wife, a former high-fashion model, has furnished with modern pastel-colored furniture. Dick's mother, father, sister and brother-in-law were just leaving as I came in, and Dick himself sat on a long pale-green sofa trying to read his mail amid the chatter of goodbyes. Though it was eight o'clock of a Friday night, he had just arrived home from a hectic day in the city, and now, as he sat there in shirt-sleeves, his necktie discarded, he lay aside his mail and at a machine-gun clip ticked off his itinerary for the next three weeks: Personal appearances from one end of Pennsyl-

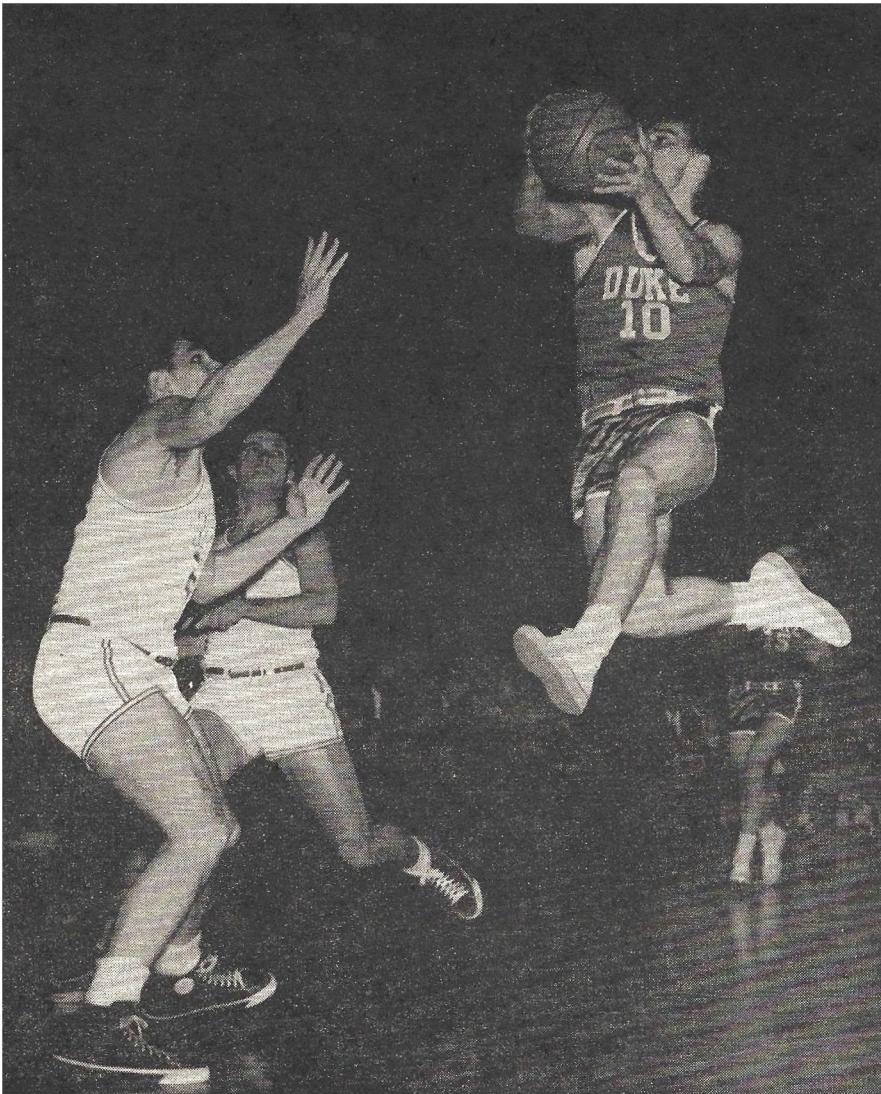


Groat and Bill Mazeroski, left, whooping it up after the World Series, form one of baseball's best double-play combinations.

they are working up a personality feature about one of the Pirates. Groat thinks hard, jogging his memory for amusing or revealing stories about the player in question, whereas he could just as easily shrug and walk away.

Ask him why he tries so hard to be helpful and he says: "I feel very close to everybody on this club. Then, too, a sportswriter's job is tough enough to start with. It's not easy to go into a clubhouse and talk to ballplayers after they've lost a game, but a sportswriter's got a story to do. He can't take the day off. You have to recognize this."

Perhaps Groat's most significant function as captain of the Pirates is neither his suggestions on strategy nor his judgment as a conferee of Danny Murtaugh, neither his usefulness as a liaison man between players and managers nor his availability as a source for sportswriters, but rather a service of a different nature that general manager Joe Brown holds dear. "He sets an example for the rest of the team," says Brown. "If he goes five-for-five and



An All-America basketball star at Duke, Dick later played in the NBA and became one of the league's top drawing cards.

sy, and was a leading ticket seller for a basketball card benefiting Children's Hospital. Moreover, he worked as a salesman for the Jessop Steel Company.

Dick admits he has thought about becoming a baseball manager when his playing days end, but he is learning the steel business as a hedge. "A ballplayer makes good money and grows accustomed to good living," he explained. "Then, suddenly, he's through and he's got to start from scratch on a new job. He can't afford the standard of living he's grown used to, and this is hard to take. It's hard as hell to come down, so I'm trying to prevent that."

"You a Kenton fan?" I asked Dick while we sat at the dinner table. In the living room I had noticed a Stan Kenton album—"Back to Balboa"—in the rack atop the hi-fi, and this had struck me as incongruous, for the popular image of Dick Groat is that of a deadly serious man wrapped up in baseball to the exclusion of all other diversions.

"Yes, I am," he said, "but I can't take that 'Back to Balboa.' It's 'way out—I mean, 'way out. I'm a big band man—Kenton, Elgart, Goodman, Les Brown, Woody Herman, Sauter Finegan. Don't put this in the story but I used to play the trumpet. (Inasmuch as trumpet players have never been known to be stoned in the streets, it does not seem treacherous to put it in the story.) I don't mean I was a good trumpet player," Dick went on. "If I made ten dollars at a dance, that was the most I ever made. At the celebration party the night we won the World Series, I sat in with the band—not reading music, you know, but just improvising. My lip wasn't in shape. They didn't offer me a job."

All right, enough of this chit-chat. What about the pennant race? What about the leading contenders—the Los Angeles Dodgers, the Milwaukee Braves, the St. Louis Cardinals, the San Francisco Giants?

"I believe this is going to be the toughest pennant race of any I've seen since I've been in baseball," began Dick, who has been with the Pirates since 1952. "Let's take the Dodgers."

"The Dodgers have probably the best pitching staff in the league. They have more depth than anybody, more hard throwers. I firmly believe that 75 percent of baseball is pitching. The team that has the good staff has an edge on you to start with. The Dodgers have the pitching, and they have a fine double-play combination in Maury Wills and Charlie Neal. It all really depends on how fast their young players come along. Young players make mistakes. I know. I was here, remember, when we were young and always in last place. When we were

vania to the other—appearances, too, in California, in Boston, in Cumberland, Md., in Gastonia, N.C., in Weirton, W. Va. He would have only two days off, and these would be spent traveling.

No sooner had Dick finished reeling off his itinerary than the telephone rang. A man was calling to say that it was imperative Dick immediately tape-record a message to a gathering of oil men, expressing his regrets for being unable to be with them. "Okay. What do you want me to say?" Then, in an aside to his wife, Dick called: "Take this down, Barb." Barbara, a slender brunette looking very suburban in black slacks and a striped shirt, hurled herself from the kitchen where she was rustling up Dick's dinner and took down the message while Dick repeated the man's words. The next morning he would have to stop at a downtown radio station to record the message before hurrying on to a baseball clinic he was to conduct.

"Are you ever going to eat dinner?" Barbara said. She turned to me. "Really I don't know why he should even eat dinner. It's so late, it's too late for dinner."

a young team, we beat ourselves. They used to say around the league, 'Stay close to the Pirates long enough and they'll beat themselves.'"

What about Milwaukee?

"The Braves have good power," Dick said. "If they had a problem, it was at second base, but they got Frank Bolling from the Tigers over the winter, and they got Roy McMillan from the Reds to team up with him at shortstop. And they still have Warren Spahn and Lew Burdette. Maybe they did trade away too much pitching, but I believe the Braves have fewer weaknesses than any team in the league."

St. Louis came from nowhere last year to make a run for the pennant before finally settling in third place. What about St. Louis?

"Sportswriters—everybody—underestimated the Cardinals' pitching," Dick said. "A year ago we said: 'Well, their pitching isn't as good as it should be.' But they got Ron Kline from us in a trade and Ernie Broglio came through like a shot out of the blue. With Larry Jackson and Lindy McDaniel, too, they were tough. But remember, last season the Cardinals made their move when Stan Musial returned to the lineup. Musial picks up a whole club when he's in there and hitting. One reason the Cards might be in a little trouble this year is the fact that for years they've leaned on Musial and he's 40 now, maybe too old to be leaned on."

The Giants, Groat said, will be a threat too. "They were very unhappy in their new ball park," he said. "They were unhappy to the point where they quit playing. But over the winter, they've had time to think. They may have sat down and said to themselves, 'I've gotta play in this park, so I may as well start trying.' They've got two great right-handed hitters in Mays and Cepeda, and they've picked up Harvey Kuenn from Cleveland—a guy who's gonna get on base in front of Mays and Cepeda. So they've helped themselves offensively."

It occurred to Dick that the Giants have a new manager, Al Dark. Groat holds an affection and respect for Al Dark that he holds for few men. "If I were to pick one player who's taught me more than any other player has—and I've talked to a lot of players—it would be Dark," Groat said. Thanks in large part to Dark's freely given tips, Groat became a superb shortstop and the most dangerous hit-and-run batter in baseball. "I think Al Dark will do a fine job in San Francisco," Groat said. "He sure did a fine job with me and he was just a guy passing along tips; he wasn't my manager."

Well, then, where will the Pirates finish?

"I'm making no predictions,"

Groat answered. "In 1959 I predicted we'd win the pennant. We finished fourth. So now I'll only say this much: We proved last year that we're capable of winning the pennant. This year it's gonna be a little bit harder. Even Philadelphia has promising young players who are going to improve and give you trouble; the Cubs have fine young pitchers, so they're going to cost you ball games.

"Another reason it's going to be tougher this year," Dick went on, lighting a cigaret, "is that now that we've won the pennant, the other clubs are going to be looking for us. Last year nobody took us seriously until July or August. They said, 'The Pirates will fold,' but we didn't fold. This year nobody will sell us short. We may not have home-run power, but we do have extra-base power. We're a line-drive club playing in a large park. We have four very good starting pitchers too—Vern Law, Bob Friend, Harvey Hadix and Vinegar Bend Mizell—and we've strengthened our bullpen with Bobby Shantz to help out Roy Face. And we have as much fight as any club ever."

Much has been made of the fact that the Pirates' fighting spirit carried them beyond their natural gifts—that day after day they bit the enemy to death with singles and doubles and staved off defeat by running into cement walls to haul down drives that had the look of extra-base hits. Logically, however, such spirit eventually spends itself, for a human being can scarcely go on giving 100 percent without end. The Chicago White Sox won the American League pennant in 1959 by battling every day for their lives, but did not repeat in 1960. Will Pittsburgh's spirit slacken? Will the Pirates, their bank accounts fattened by pay raises, become complacent?

"No," Groat said. "In all the years

I've been in baseball, I don't think I've seen a team that has this spirit that our club has. Hoak, for example, plays every game like it's his last. This is contagious. It spreads to the other players. There's no doubt in my mind that we'll be making more money, but there's no doubt in my mind that there will be no complacency. There are too many great competitors on this club, fellows who have pride. What is pride?" Dick paused, searching for a definition. "Pride is a word—well, it is not having pride in yourself as an individual but in the team as a whole—in winning, in finishing first. This is the kind of pride we have, and this is why you won't find us growing complacent."

It is almost impossible to imagine Dick Groat, for one, becoming complacent. He has never been able to afford complacency, for in the matter of natural ability he is practically impoverished. He cannot throw especially hard, he cannot run much faster than your paperboy, he cannot hit hard enough to average more than three home runs a season. It may be true, as he says, that he was not much of a trumpet player, but it must be equally true that he had almost as much natural talent for playing the trumpet as he had for playing major-league baseball.

Dick Groat made himself a most valuable player in baseball by neglecting no opportunity to improve the mechanics of his performance. One afternoon in 1957, Groat was lounging at poolside of the Chase Hotel in St. Louis with George Kiseda, a newspaperman. Kiseda, a brilliant writer, has one affliction: He has track-on-the-brain. He is one of those track-and-field buffs whom you find standing at finish lines, stopwatch and clipboard in hand. The world, so far as Kiseda is concerned, revolves around track, and as he sat talking baseball with



Some scouts thought Groat would never make it in the big leagues, but Branch Rickey, right, paid him a \$25,000 bonus.



"I had trouble dodging runners," Groat says, "until the day Al Dark drew a base in the dirt under the stands and showed me how."

Dick Groat at poolside, the thought occurred to him that Dick might improve his speed by working out between seasons with the University of Pittsburgh's track team.

"You could work out with a couple of sprinters like Herb Carper and Mel Barnwell," Kiseda said, "and practice nothing but starts—explosive starts."

Groat smiled, but being an exceptionally polite man did not interrupt Kiseda.

"Harrison Dillard," Kiseda went on, "became the fastest starter in track, and the world's best hurdler, after he practiced nothing but exploding over the first hurdle for an entire season."

Groat heard out Kiseda, all the while a trace of a grin at the corner of his mouth. Finally, when Kiseda had finished urging Groat to practice explosive starts with a track team, Groat said:

"That's exactly what I did. To be honest with you, I never realized I was slow until I got to the big leagues. In fact nobody else seemed to think I was slow on a basketball floor. But after my first year in the big leagues, I went back to Duke and worked on starts and sprinting with Doc Chambers (the Duke University track coach who handled Olympic sprinter Dave Sime)."

Kiseda, recalling the conversation later, said, "I should have known better. If there are ways to improve Dick Groat, Dick Groat will find them."

Down at Durham, N.C., they like to recall the time a member of the university's athletic staff dropped by the gymnasium one night—at midnight—and found Groat practicing his stop-and-jump shot. It was a shot that was to become a trademark of his, and if he had to practice till three a.m. to perfect it, he would practice till three a.m.

Groat has resorted to all manner of drills in an effort to make himself the complete athlete. He even took batting practice against a machine that fired plastic golf balls—and he promptly went into a slump, he recalls.

From the time Groat first put on a major-league uniform he has been a willing pupil—a guy who recognized that he was no natural but clung to the conviction that there were remedies for his shortcomings if only he would seek them out. In 1952, his first season, Dick was kicked in the shins by so many base-runners that it appeared he would be a cripple before the season ended. "I was getting killed trying to make the double play," he says. "I got spiked something awful. I got knocked down time and time again."

One night when the Giants were playing in Pittsburgh, Groat waited under the grandstands for Al Dark after the game had ended. He stopped Dark and asked him to please tell him how to avoid spending the rest of his life in a wheelchair.

There, in the dim tunnel, Dark drew a base in the dirt and showed Groat how to get rid of the ball on the double play. "I'd been making a certain kind of pivot that left me flat-footed," Groat says. "Dark explained to me that what I had to do was jump. He told me, 'Once you've made the throw don't worry where the ball goes. As soon as it leaves your hand, you've got nothing to do but jump out of the way.' I'd been getting creamed until Dark straightened me out. He kept me alive."

Over the years, Dark also has made Groat his successor as baseball's most artistic hit-and-run batter. This is not to say that Dark taught Groat to emulate his own style, for Dark was an arm hitter—that is, he punched balls to the off-field with

a style that was all arms—whereas Groat employs considerable body direction. Dark did, however, school Groat on the complexities of hit-and-run situations—on what count, for example, to hit-and-run against certain pitchers.

Though Groat is a righthanded hitter, it is a curious fact (as the bird-dogs who followed him in college noted) that one of the techniques he lacked when he entered the majors was the art of hitting to left field. "I've always been an opposite-field hitter," he explains. "All my life, since I was a kid in high school, people have got on me about hitting to right field. 'Pull the ball,' they'd tell me." Arriving in the majors, Groat readily saw that a singles and doubles hitter such as himself would have to hit to all fields if he were to excel, so he spent two years diligently practicing hitting to the field where normal right-handers have hit since they were old enough to swing a bat. Nevertheless, today Groat remains largely an opposite-field hitter ("I'd guess that 75 percent of my hits are to the right of shortstop," he says), but he can pull the ball to left field artfully when circumstances so dictate. Ask Bobby Shantz.

Shantz was pitching for the Yankees in the eighth inning of the seventh game of the World Series. He held a 7-4 lead, but the Pirates had runners on first and second with none out. If they were ever going to rally, this was the time they had to do it. Into the batter's box stepped Groat—the ideal man for hitting to right field in a two-on-base situation. Shantz knew it and said to himself, "I'll work inside to him. I won't let him poke it to right."

Shantz fired a strike across the inside corner. With his second pitch, he brushed Groat away from the plate, zipping the ball an inch from

Groat's belly. By then Groat knew he would get nothing from Shantz to poke to right. In came the third pitch—pointed at the inside corner—and Groat stepped back and pulled. Third-baseman Cletis Boyer lunged left but the ball whistled past him into left field for a single that scored a run and touched off a five-run rally that sent the Pirates into a 9-7 lead.

Later, when Pittsburgh had won the game, 10-9, and the World Series, Groat's single was lost amid the shouting over home runs by Hal Smith and Bill Mazeroski. But that left-field hit by right-field hitter Groat nevertheless must stand as one of the key World Series' hits.

Today Dick Groat is the National League batting champion, a .300 hitter in three of the past four seasons, but again, the shaping of Dick Groat as a hitter was a matter of studious attention to detail. In college Groat had batted with his arms close to his body. Stepping from the campus into the big leagues, he found that he could not get his bat around fast enough to meet big-league pitching. On Dick's fourth day in the majors, the late Bill Meyer, then the Pirates' manager, suggested he try teammate Ralph Kiner's batting stance.

Kiner had been hitting more home runs than any man in baseball by employing a peculiar stance in which, with elbows akimbo and forearms level with the bridge of his nose, he held his bat above his right ear. Impressionable young Pirates had been breaking out in Kiner stances up and down the batting order, and Bill Meyer figured Groat might as well take a shot at the Kiner stance too. Groat hit well his first year—.284—and then went into the Army for two years. But when he returned from service, he hit only .267 in 1955 and .273 in '56. Reporting for spring training in 1957, he knew that he somehow had to improve his hitting.

George Sisler, the Pirates' batting coach, was ill and Branch Rickey had replaced him as batting instructor in camp. Groat pointed out to Rickey that batting from the Kiner stance he had to lower the bat off his ear as the pitch came in; ergo, why not start with the bat lower and save time and motion?

"That sounds reasonable," Rickey said. "Try it."

The 1957 season opened, and by May Groat was hitting .350. Nevertheless, baseball men passed off his average as the product of a freak hot streak. By the last week of July, however, Groat's average stood at .335—third best in the league behind Hank Aaron and Stan Musial. A sportswriter, unable to ignore Groat any longer, asked him, "Do you have any designs on the batting title?"

To build up his speed running the bases, Groat worked with the Duke track coach. "I'll do anything to improve," he says.

"No," Groat said. "For three reasons. In the first place, Aaron and Musial can reach the fence consistently. My long ball is an out. Once in a while I'll reach the fence, but not consistently."

"In the second place, because they're long-ball hitters, the outfielders play them deeper. So when they don't hit the ball good, they have a chance to get more bloopers than a guy who doesn't hit the long ball."

"Third, they both run real well and they're gonna beat out some infield hits I'm never gonna beat out. For example, I'll bet Aaron has had ten leg hits against us this year—balls that weren't hit well, just topers, but you just can't throw him out 'cause he flies to first base."

Groat's reasoning seemed impeccable and was supported by the fact that he finished the season with a .315 average—sixth best in the league. Yet last season his .325 average led the league. In short he had refuted his own logic by becoming so artful a line-drive and ground-ball hitter that even though he lacked the power to clear the fence and make the outfielders give him bopper room, and even though he lacked the speed to beat out infield rollers, he still hit more consistently than any man in the league.

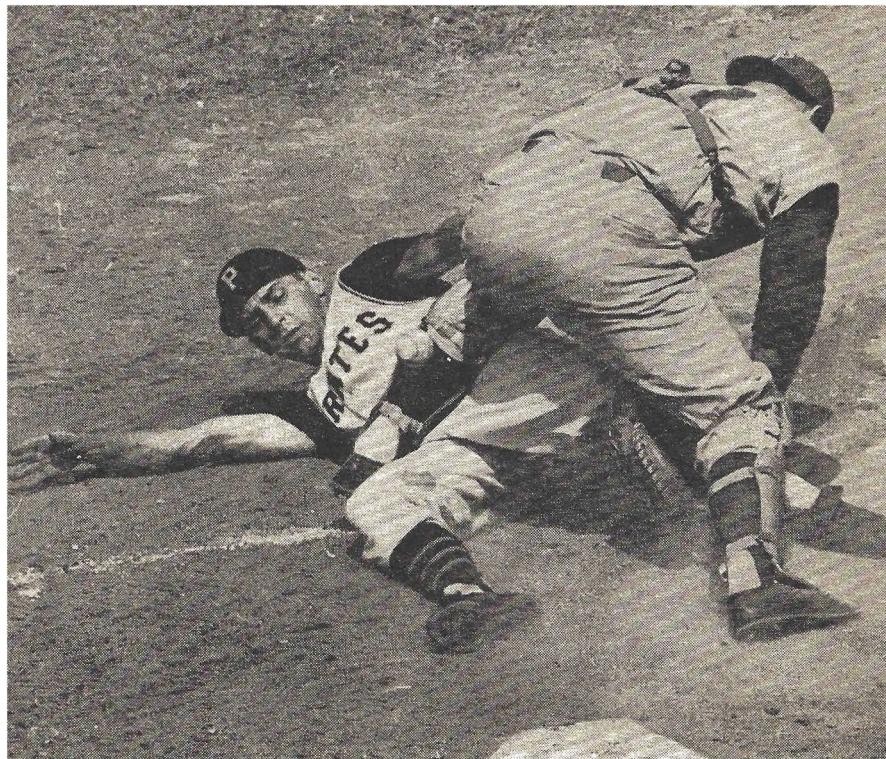
The fact is that Richard Morrow Groat, for all his methodical manner, has been at odds with logic throughout his athletic career. Where is the logic in a story of a man who at one moment was the most naturally gifted college basketball player in the country and at the next moment a baseball player who could succeed only by the most assiduous attention to mechanics?

That Groat was able to apply himself to baseball with such dedication is perhaps due in part to the nonsense upbringing he had as a child in Swissvale, Pa., a middle-class suburb of Pittsburgh.

Dick's father, Martin Groat, is now 79 years old and has been in the real-estate business 47 years. He and his wife still live in Swissvale where Dick grew up—on Lower Hampton Avenue, which last January was renamed Dick Groat Street. Dick has two brothers and two sisters, all older than he.

"Dad was 49 when I was born," Dick said. "When I was a little kid, I was never real close to him. I don't know, I felt like he was the boss—you know, real stern. If he said you can't do this or you can't do that, that was it. In my teens I was never allowed out of the house except on Friday and Saturday nights."

When Dick reached junior high school age, his father began taking him on trout-fishing trips, and it was then that they became close and that Martin Groat became Dick's counselor. ("I've never made an investment without talking it over first with dad," Dick says.) When Dick was five years old, his brothers had put up a backboard and basket in the backyard and Dick had at once shown an affinity for basketball, but Martin Groat, as the years passed, frowned on basketball as foolishness. Martin had been a southpaw pitcher in his teens but had thrown his arm out; basketball had never appealed to him. In his own house, he had potentially the finest college player in America, but when he'd see him playing basketball he'd bark: "You'll break your ankle. Then you'll be satisfied!"



Later, when Dick went to Duke University, where he became an All-America in both basketball and baseball, Martin Groat's pride in his son made it impossible for him to even pretend, gruffly, that basketball was nonsense. At least seven times a season, he drove the more than 400 miles to Durham to see Dick play.

During Dick's sophomore year at Duke, basketball coach Harold Bradley had an assistant named Auerbach—Red Auerbach, who today coaches the Boston Celtics and is regarded by many as the most astute coach in the business. "I would come out for practice an hour early," Dick recalled, "and Auerbach would work with me. He taught me how to drive, he taught me backcourt moves, he taught me defense, even though I never used it in college. Red Auerbach doubled my knowledge of basketball." Two years ago, Auerbach appeared at a gathering of Philadelphia sportswriters and was asked: "Who is the best shooter you've ever seen?"

"Our Bill Sharman," Auerbach said.

"Who's the second best?" he was asked.

"The second best isn't even playing basketball today," Red said. "Dick Groat was the second best."

Groat scored 831 points in his junior year at Duke, setting a national collegiate record, and made All-America two straight seasons. He shot with deadly accuracy from the outside, drove to the hoop with the swiftness of a swooping eagle and pecked opponents to death with his stop-and-jump shot that was next to impossible to block. On a basketball court, Groat seemed fast—he ran with a long, fluid stride and

on the dribble possessed uncanny changes of speed. His natural gifts were supplemented, moreover, by a burning determination to win. In a game against Tulane, Duke trailed by 29 points at half-time. But in the second half, Groat, transformed into a demon, poured in 24 points. With time running out, he tied the score with a jump shot, then fed the ball to teammate Dayton Allen, who laid up the winning field goal.

In Dick's senior year, Duke met Maryland in the opening round of the Atlantic Coast Conference championship tournament. While warming up for the game, Dick overheard a newspaperman, who figured Maryland would eliminate Duke, say to a friend, "Stick around and watch Groat play his last college game."

Later, with a minute and a half to play and Maryland leading by six points, the newspaperman's words echoed in Dick's ears. He fired in seven quick points to win the game.

Vic Bubas, who today coaches Duke's basketball team but was an all-conference guard at North Carolina State and had to contend with Groat, sums up Dick's basketball excellence better than anyone when he says: "I knew what Dick was going to do, but I couldn't do a thing about it."

In his last home game, Dick scored 48 points against North Carolina and soon after was drafted by the Fort Wayne Pistons of the National Basketball Association. Spring came, however, and Dick for the second straight year hit well over .300 for the Duke baseball team and fielded more efficiently than most college shortstops. While Ace Parker listened, bemused, the big-league bird-

dogs waged their grandstand debates until finally, at the close of the spring semester of 1952, Groat stepped smack into the Pittsburgh Pirates' lineup and began proving the skeptics wrong. At season's end, Dick's .284 batting average ranked him as the club's batting champion. With a certain satisfaction, he returned to the Duke campus to put in one more semester that he required for a degree. No sooner did he arrive on campus, however, than he received a telephone call from Carl Bennett, the general manager of the Fort Wayne Pistons.

Bennett beseeched Dick to play an exhibition game—just one game, please—for the Pistons in Cincinnati. Dick started classes on a Wednesday, flew to Cincinnati Thursday, played for the Pistons Thursday night, returned to Durham on Friday (too late for classes) and received another phone call from Bennett.

"We're playing our last two exhibitions Saturday and Sunday nights," Bennett said. "We're dedicating the new Coliseum in Fort Wayne. How about it?"

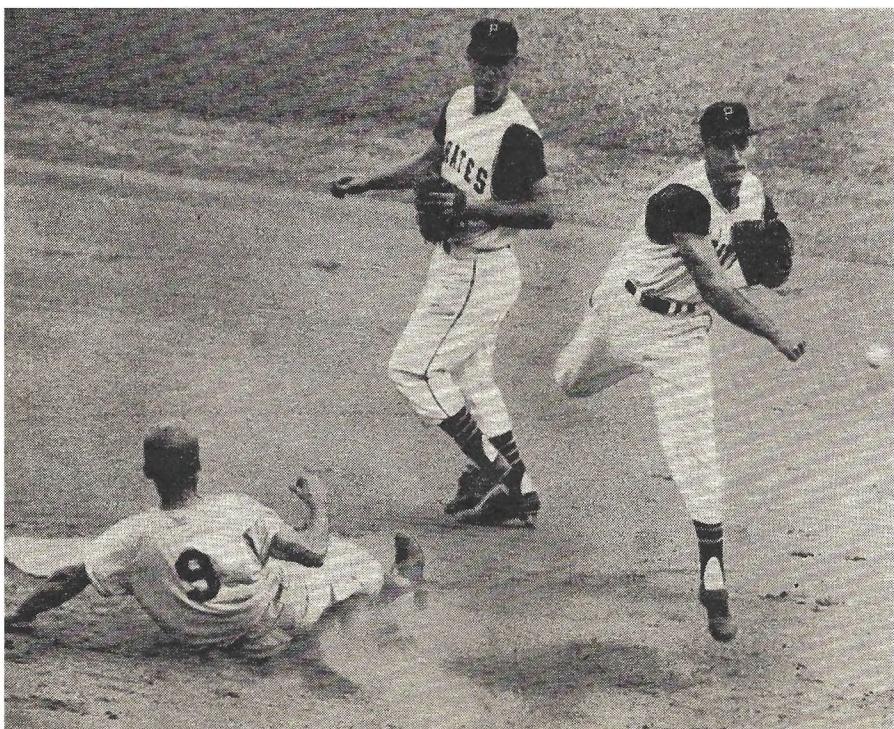
Dick could not stay away from basketball. At 5:30 a.m. Saturday, he flew out of Durham and after several layovers finally arrived in Fort Wayne at seven p.m. Dick had never worked out with the Pistons, so coach Paul Birch used him sparingly that night against Indianapolis. In the first half, Dick scored only seven points and then watched the game from the bench until there were only two minutes remaining. Then Birch sent him back into the game, and in the final 40 seconds Dick won the game by grabbing a rebound and scoring a field goal and then, seconds later, drawing a foul and sinking two free throws. The next night, against the New York Knicks, Frankie Brian of the Pistons was unable to start because of a hemorrhaging nose, so Birch started Groat. He scored 20 points, and the Pistons immediately implored him to play at least weekends for them.

Dick agreed, but several weeks later the Pistons' plane was grounded in Detroit, causing Dick to miss classes. When he returned to Durham, he phoned Carl Bennett and said, "I've missed too many classes. I can't keep playing."

"We'll charter you a private plane" Bennett said. "We'll up your salary."

"Well, okay," Dick said.

At the Durham airport were three private planes—a slick Beechcraft and two rickety antiques. A Durham businessman had priority on the Beechcraft. "If he wasn't flying the same day I was," Dick said, "I got the Beechcraft and took five or six buddies of mine along. We'd have a ball." Dick probably was the only professional basketball player in his-



A tip from Groat set up the strategy enabling him and Mazeroski, right, to boost Pittsburgh's double-play output.

A fractured wrist put Dick out of the lineup last year, but he worked back into action with team-inspiring impact.

tory to be accompanied by a college cheering section, but when the Beechcraft was in use he flew, sans rooting section, in an old rattletrap. "Sometimes," he said, "I wondered whether I'd ever make it."

Soon Dick was averaging 19 points a game—a stunning average for a backcourt man—but one night, in late December, coach Red Auerbach of the Celtics told Bob Cousy how to stop Groat cold. Cousy held Groat to seven points—all on free throws. It was Christmas time, so after the game, Groat rode a train east from Fort Wayne to Pittsburgh. The Celtics were on the same train, and Auerbach sat down next to Dick and related how Cousy had prevented him from scoring a single field goal.

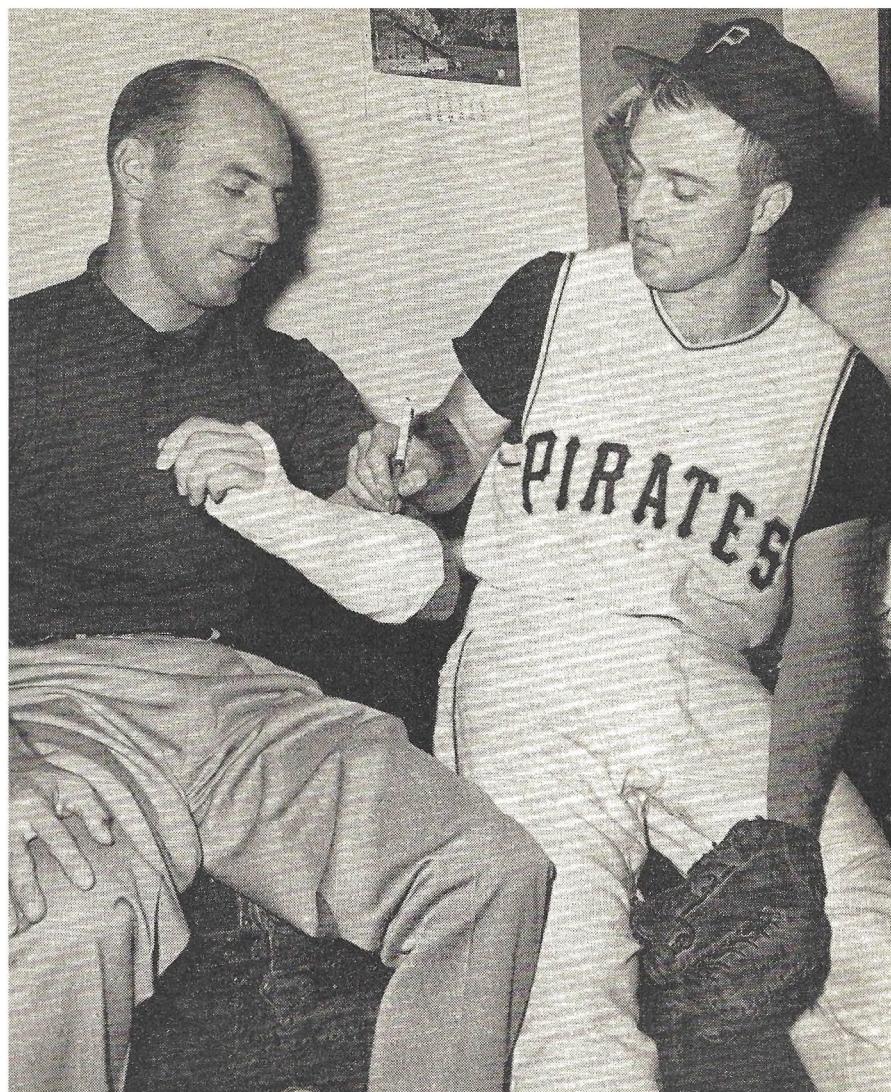
"You never stop," Auerbach said. "You take the ball on the move, and you keep moving. Cousy laid back on you and let you move, but as soon as you tried to shoot he was all over you. It's okay to keep moving, Dick, but not all the time."

Groat, marveling that the coach of an opposing team would straighten him out, quickly regained his scoring form and Fort Wayne fans flocked to the Coliseum to see him play. His basketball career, however, was short-lived. On February 12 he entered the Army, and when he was discharged two years later, Branch Rickey ruled out basketball. Rickey gave him the it's-fair-to-neither-club speech, and Dick reluctantly agreed.

Today a wistful look comes into Dick Groat's eyes when you call to his attention the fact that Gene Conley, the Boston Red Sox pitcher, spends his winters playing basketball for the Celtics. Groat knows that he might be drawing down \$25,000 a season in basketball, but he manfully tries to dismiss this denied wealth from his mind. "Well Conley is a pitcher," he says, "and pitchers only work every fourth day, so he can play basketball and it won't take too much out of him."

In any case, Groat cannot bring himself to give up basketball completely. On occasions when the Pirates have had open dates on the road, he has been known to rummage through a city in search of a playground where he can get into a basketball game.

These days fans who remember Groat's superb basketball talents have only one opportunity a year to see him handle a basketball. It is an occasion that Joe Brown must dread. Each January the Pittsburgh Press promotes a tripleheader for the benefit of Children's Hospital. The second game, lasting only 20 minutes, matches a team of professional baseball players against a team of pro football players supplemented by chunky Don Hennon,



a former University of Pittsburgh All-America basketball star who approaches wizardry when dribbling, passing or shooting. Hennon and Groat play head to head—for blood, because both take fierce pride in their performance—and for 20 minutes the fans savor a rare duel that, were it happening in a regulation game, would be a promoter's dream. As it is, the Groat-Hennon duel is intruded upon by large, burly football players who are capable of putting Joe Brown's shortstop in a hospital.

In last winter's game, Groat picked up a loose ball and dribbled the length of the floor. Thundering behind him in strides that made the floor quiver were George Tarasovic, the six-foot-four, 250-pound defensive end of the Pittsburgh Steelers, and Fran Rogel, a former Steeler fullback.

Astonishingly, Groat blew the lay-up, but nobody in the packed house of 5,000—every man a Pirate fan—cared. They merely sighed with relief that Tarasovic and Rogel had not quite caught Groat as he sailed up to the hoop. Moments later, however, Groat found himself on the front end of a fast break, and this time Tarasovic caught him—caught

him and blocked him clear into the first row of spectators. Joe Brown looked on from the crowd, and persons seated near him expected him to dash onto the court screaming and try to stop the game.

Brown, not one to knock charity games, merely commented: "I'm a little more concerned before the game starts than I am once it's under way. Anyhow I didn't see that play. From where I was sitting, I didn't have a very good view of that end of the court." Brown denied a report that he had closed his eyes when the game began and kept them shut throughout.

Only a year ago, Brown considered trading Groat to Kansas City in a deal that would have brought slugger Roger Maris to the Pirates instead of to the Yankees. Brown had last-moment misgivings, however, and backed out of the trade. Today he knows that he would have been trading away the player who is indeed Pittsburgh's "glue-man." The description is an old baseball cliché that Philadelphia manager Gene Mauch fetched up early last season to describe Groat. Mauch, serving his first season as a big-league manager, had learned why it is said that Groat holds the Pirates together.



Dick's wife, Barbara, and their children, Carol, *left*, and Tracey, shared his joy when he learned he had won the MVP Award.

As early as April 20, Groat shook up Mauch by killing a Phillies rally with a sensational stab of a ball hit behind second base. The next day, Groat came to bat in the first inning and tripled past Mauch's rightfielder, Johnny Callison, then came up in the second inning and switched from push-hitting to pull-hitting, driving in a run with a single to left field. Six days later, the Phils met the Pirates again. Groat went three-for-five but that was beside the point. What impressed Mauch was Groat's perfect artistry on the hit-and-run. In the third inning, Groat had come to bat with Don Hoak on first base. Groat signaled to Hoak that the hit-and-run was on.

Hoak took off for second and Phillies shortstop Joe Koppe immediately pinched, edging toward the bag. Out of the corner of his eye, Groat caught Koppe pinching and quickly bounced a single through the very spot where Koppe had been standing.

In the third series between the Phillies and Pirates, the Phillies tried a hit-and-run. Ken Walters lit out for second and Ted Lepcio, the batter, chopped a slow roller to Groat. There appeared to be no play on Walters at second, but Groat dug the ball out of the ground with sleight-of-hand deftness and submarine it to Bill Mazeroski, who fired to first. Double play.

Mauch had had enough. "The guy is their glue-man," he raved. "He holds them together. He does everything."

Looking ahead to the 1961 season, one of the principle reasons Dick Groat's presence in the Pirate lineup weighs so importantly is the

fact that his consistency—his ability to avoid long slumps—will be invaluable should the race turn out to be the dogfight that Groat himself predicts. In such a pennant race, the least bit of slippage can doom a team. Groat, like all players, has slumps but by his very makeup he refuses to tolerate them. Last year the Pirates dropped three straight games to the Giants on their first trip to San Francisco, and Dick got only one hit in 13 trips to the plate. The Pirates lost the third game by a score of 13-1 and made seven errors—three of them by Groat.

Only one man suffered as much as Dick. Back in Swissvale, Pa., where Dick's wife and kids were having dinner at his parents' home, his father uttered not a word during dinner and then marched straight off to bed. Dick himself went straight off to Milwaukee where, in a fit of fury directed at himself, he went six-for-six—one hit short of the major-league record set by Wilbert Robinson in 1892.

The next time the Pirates visited San Francisco, Dick bore the expression of a man intent on burning down the city. He lashed his way through a three-game series, getting nine hits in 15 at-bats, driving in six runs and figuring in every Pirate rally. The Pirates won all three games.

Now, at 30, Dick Groat is in the prime of his career, but skeptics say that the Pirates cannot again win the pennant with the mosquito-like tactics that he typifies—the bunt, the hit-and-run, the grounder to the right side that advances a runner from second to third (a tactic ball-players call "giving yourself up").

This line of argument, however, tends to overlook another facet of the Pirates that captain Dick Groat also typifies—the will to win. Here is a guy who, late in the 1960 season, shed a cast from his fractured left wrist and played the last two games of the season, simply because he had to be sure he could handle his job in the upcoming World Series. Romanticists said that Groat, then locked in a home-stretch race with Los Angeles' Norm Larker for the league batting title, wanted to win the title on his feet with a bat in his hands. "That had absolutely nothing to do with it," Dick says.

"I just couldn't picture myself going into a World Series without having played baseball for a month. You have enough to overcome in a Series without having apprehensions over your capability to swing a bat and field a ground ball."

This is Pirate talk. If four other Pirates had fractured their wrists the same day Groat did, four other Pirates would have been shedding casts to play the last two games of the season. As one weighs the arguments of skeptics who say the Pirates have won their little pennant and now should brace themselves as the teams with long-ball power and deep pitching staffs take over, one cannot help hearing the faint echo of the words of other skeptics in another day at another place. They stood there, the baseball scouts did in Durham, N.C., and they held out their stopwatches and said: "Look! Only four-point-one to first base!"

THE
SPORT
SPECIAL

1961 MAJOR-LEAGUE BASEBALL SCHEDULE

Here's the complete day-by-day listings for each of the 18 teams

APRIL

	Boston	New York	Baltimore	Washington	Cleveland	Detroit	Chicago	Minnesota	Kansas City	Los Angeles
10				Chicago			at Washington			
11	Kansas City	Minnesota	Los Angeles		at Detroit		Cleveland		at New York	
12			Los Angeles (n)	Chicago (n)			at Wash. (n)		at Boston	at Baltimore
13	Kansas City	Minnesota	Chicago		at Detroit		Cleveland		at Boston	at Baltimore (n)
14			Minnesota (n)	Cleveland (n)	at Wash. (n)	Chicago		at New York		at New York
15	Los Angeles	Kansas City	Minnesota	Cleveland	at Washington		at Detroit	at Baltimore (n)	at Boston	at Baltimore
16	Los Angeles (2)	Kansas City (2)	Minnesota (2)	Cleveland	at Washington	Chicago		at Detroit	at New York (2)	at Boston (2)
17★							at Detroit	at Baltimore (2)	at New York	
18	Minnesota	Los Angeles	Kansas City (n)	at Chicago		Detroit	at Cleveland	at Boston	at Baltimore (n)	at New York
19	Minnesota	Los Angeles	Kansas City (n)				at Cleveland	at Boston	at Baltimore (n)	at New York
20		Los Angeles	at Chicago	at Chicago		Detroit	at Cleveland	Washington	Cleveland	at New York
21	at Chicago (n)	at Baltimore (n)	New York (n)	at Minnesota	at Kansas City (n)	at Kansas City	at Washington	Boston (n)	Cleveland (n)	at Detroit
22	at Chicago	at Baltimore (dn)	New York	at Minnesota	at Minnesota	at Kansas City	at Baltimore	Boston	Cleveland (n)	at Detroit
23	at Chicago (2)	at Baltimore	New York	at Minnesota	at Minnesota	at Baltimore	New York	Washington	Cleveland	at Chicago (n)
24		at Detroit	Cleveland (n)	at Boston	at Baltimore (n)	at Baltimore	New York (n)	at Kansas City (n)	Minneapolis (n)	at Chicago (n)
25	Washington	at Detroit (n)	Cleveland (n)	at Boston	at Baltimore (n)	at Baltimore	Los Angeles (n)	at Kansas City (n)	Minneapolis (n)	at Chicago (n)
26	Washington	at Detroit	Cleveland (n)	at Boston	at Baltimore (n)	at Baltimore	New York	at Kansas City (n)	Minneapolis (n)	at Chicago (n)
27	at Detroit	Cleveland (n)	at Wash. (n)	at New York	at New York	at New York	Boston	at Los Angeles	Chicago (n)	Minnesota
28	at Detroit (n)	Cleveland	at Wash. (n)	Baltimore	at New York	Boston (n)	at Kansas City (n)	at Los Angeles (n)	Chicago (n)	Minnesota
29	at Detroit	Cleveland	at Washington	Baltimore	at New York	Boston	at Kansas City	at Los Angeles	Chicago	Minnesota
30	at Cleveland (2)	at Wash. (2)		New York (2)	Boston (2)	Baltimore (2)	at Minnesota	Chicago		at Los Angeles (2)

MAY

	Boston	New York	Baltimore	Washington	Cleveland	Detroit	Chicago	Minnesota	Kansas City	Los Angeles
1		at Washington		New York			at Minnesota	Chicago		
2	at Kan. City (n)	at Minnesota	at Los Angeles (n)	Detroit (n)	Chicago (n)	at Wash. (n)	at Cleveland (n)	New York	Boston (n)	Baltimore (n)
3	at Kan. City (n)	at Minnesota	at Los Angeles (n)	Detroit (n)	Chicago (n)	at Wash. (n)	at Cleveland (n)	New York	Boston (n)	Baltimore (n)
4		at Minnesota	at Los Angeles (n)	Detroit (n)	Chicago (n)	at Wash. (n)	at Cleveland (n)	New York	Boston (n)	Baltimore (n)
5	at Minnesota	at Los Angeles (n)	at Kansas City (n)	at Cleveland (n)	Washington (n)	at Chicago (n)	Detroit (n)	Boston	Baltimore (n)	New York (n)
6	at Minnesota	at Los Angeles (n)	at Kansas City (n)	at Cleveland	Washington	at Chicago (n)	Boston	Baltimore (n)	Baltimore (n)	New York (n)
7	at Minnesota	at Los Angeles	at Kansas City	at Cleveland (2)	Washington (2)	at Chicago (n)	at Kansas City (n)	Baltimore	Baltimore	Baltimore
8	at L. Angeles (n)	at Kansas City (n)	at Kansas City	at Detroit (m)	at Chicago (n)	at Chicago (n)	at New York (n)	Baltimore	Baltimore	Baltimore
9	at L. Angeles (n)	at Kansas City (n)	at Kansas City	at Detroit	at Chicago (n)	at Chicago (n)	Washington	Baltimore	Baltimore	Baltimore
10	at L. Angeles (n)	at Kansas City (n)	at Minnesota	at Detroit	at Chicago (n)	at Chicago (n)	Washington	Baltimore	Baltimore	Baltimore
11		at Wash. (n)	at Detroit	at Detroit	at Chicago (n)	at Chicago (n)	Washington	Baltimore	Baltimore	Baltimore
12	at Wash. (n)	Detroit	at Cleveland (n)	Boston	Baltimore (n)	at New York (n)	Kansas City (n)	Baltimore	Baltimore	Baltimore
13	at Washington	Detroit	at Cleveland (2)	Boston	Baltimore (2)	at New York (n)	Kansas City (n)	Baltimore	Baltimore	Baltimore
14	at Wash. (2)	Cleveland	Detroit (n)	Boston	Baltimore	at New York (2)	Kansas City (2)	Los Angeles	Los Angeles	Los Angeles
15	Cleveland	Detroit (n)	Boston	Boston	Baltimore	at New York (n)	Minneapolis (n)	at Chicago (n)	at Chicago (n)	at Chicago (n)
16	Cleveland (n)	Washington (n)	Boston	Boston	Baltimore	at New York (n)	Minneapolis (n)	at Chicago (n)	at Kansas City (n)	at Kansas City (n)
17	Cleveland	Washington	Boston	Boston	Baltimore	at New York (n)	Minneapolis (n)	at Chicago (n)	at Kansas City (n)	at Kansas City (n)
18	Detroit (n)	Washington (n)	Boston	Boston	Baltimore	at New York (n)	Minneapolis (n)	at Los Angeles (n)	Chicago (n)	Chicago (n)
19	Detroit (n)	Washington (n)	Boston	Boston	Baltimore	at New York (n)	Minneapolis (n)	at Los Angeles (n)	Chicago (n)	Chicago (n)
20	Detroit	Washington	Boston	Boston	Baltimore	at New York (n)	Minneapolis (n)	at Los Angeles (n)	Chicago (n)	Chicago (n)
21	Chicago (2)	Baltimore (2)	Baltimore (n)	Boston	Baltimore	at New York (2)	Minneapolis (n)	at Chicago (2)	at Chicago (2)	at Chicago (2)
22	Chicago (n)	Baltimore (n)	Baltimore (n)	Boston	Baltimore	at New York (n)	Minneapolis (n)	at Chicago (n)	at Chicago (n)	at Chicago (n)
23		at New York	Boston	Boston	Baltimore	at New York (n)	Minneapolis (n)	at Chicago (n)	at Chicago (n)	at Chicago (n)
24	at New York	Chicago (n)	Chicago (n)	Boston	Baltimore	at New York (n)	Minneapolis (n)	at Chicago (n)	at Chicago (n)	at Chicago (n)
25	at New York (n)	Chicago (n)	Chicago (n)	Boston	Baltimore	at New York (n)	Minneapolis (n)	at Chicago (n)	at Chicago (n)	at Chicago (n)
26	at Baltimore (n)	Chicago (n)	Chicago (n)	Boston	Baltimore	at New York (n)	Minneapolis (n)	at Chicago (n)	at Chicago (n)	at Chicago (n)
27	at Baltimore	Chicago (2)	Chicago (n)	Boston	Baltimore	at New York (n)	Minneapolis (n)	at Chicago (n)	at Chicago (n)	at Chicago (n)
28	at Baltimore	Chicago (2)	Boston	Boston	Baltimore	at New York (n)	Minneapolis (n)	at Chicago (n)	at Chicago (n)	at Chicago (n)
29	New York (n)	Boston	Boston	Boston	Baltimore	at New York (n)	Minneapolis (n)	at Chicago (n)	at Chicago (n)	at Chicago (n)
30	New York	Boston	Boston	Boston	Baltimore	at New York (n)	Minneapolis (n)	at Chicago (n)	at Chicago (n)	at Chicago (n)
31	New York (n)	Boston	Boston	Boston	Baltimore	at New York (n)	Minneapolis (n)	at Chicago (n)	at Chicago (n)	at Chicago (n)

JUNE

	Boston	New York	Baltimore	Washington	Cleveland	Detroit	Chicago	Minnesota	Kansas City	Los Angeles
1	New York	at Boston		Los Angeles (n)			Kansas City	New York (n)		
2	Baltimore (n)	at Chicago (n)	at Boston (n)	Kansas City (n)	Los Angeles (n)		Minneapolis (n)	New York	at Detroit (n)	at Wash. (n)
3	Baltimore	at Chicago	at Boston	Kansas City	Los Angeles		Minneapolis (n)	New York	at Detroit	at Cleveland (n)
4	Baltimore	at Chicago	at Boston	Kansas City	Los Angeles (n)		Minneapolis (2)	New York	at Detroit	at Cleveland (n)
5	Kansas City	Minnesota (n)	Los Angeles (n)	Kansas City	Cleveland (n)		Minneapolis (2)	New York	at Detroit	at Cleveland (n)
6	Kansas City (n)	Minnesota (n)	Los Angeles (n)	Kansas City	Cleveland (n)		Minneapolis (2)	New York	at Detroit	at Cleveland (n)
7	Kansas City	Minnesota	Los Angeles (n)	Kansas City	Cleveland (n)		Minneapolis (2)	New York	at Detroit	at Cleveland (n)
8	Kansas City	Kansas City	Minnesota (n)	Chicago (n)			Minneapolis (2)	New York	at Detroit	at Cleveland (n)
9	Kansas City (n)	Kansas City (n)	Minnesota (n)	Chicago (n)			Minneapolis (2)	New York	at Detroit	at Cleveland (n)
10	Kansas City	Kansas City	Minnesota	Chicago (n)			Minneapolis (2)	New York	at Detroit	at Cleveland (n)
11	Minnesota (2)	Los Angeles (2)	Chicago (2)	Chicago (2)			Minneapolis (2)	New York	at Detroit	at Cleveland (n)
12	Minnesota	Los Angeles	Chicago (n)	Chicago (n)			Minneapolis (2)	New York	at Detroit	at Cleveland (n)
13	at Detroit (n)	Cleveland (n)	Washington (n)	Baltimore (n)	New York (n)		Minneapolis (2)	New York	at Detroit	at Cleveland (n)
14	at Detroit	Cleveland	Washington (n)	Baltimore	New York (n)		Minneapolis (2)	New York	at Detroit	at Cleveland (n)
15		Cleveland (n)	Washington (n)	Baltimore	New York (n)		Minneapolis (2)	New York	at Detroit	at Cleveland (n)
16	Washington (n)	at Detroit	at Cleveland	Baltimore	New York (n)		Minneapolis (2)	New York	at Detroit	at Cleveland (n)
17	Washington	at Detroit	at Cleveland	Baltimore	New York (n)		Minneapolis (2)	New York	at Detroit	at Cleveland (n)
18	Washington (2)	at Detroit	at Cleveland (2)	Baltimore (2)	New York (n)		Minneapolis (2)	New York	at Detroit	at Cleveland (n)
19		at Wash. (n)	at Chicago (n)	Baltimore (2)	New York (n)		Minneapolis (2)	New York	at Detroit	at Cleveland (n)
20	at L. Angeles (n)	at Kansas City (n)	at Minnesota (n)	Baltimore (2)	New York (n)		Minneapolis (2)	New York	at Detroit	at Cleveland (n)
21	at L. Angeles (n)	at Kansas City (n)	at Minnesota (n)	Baltimore (2)	New York (n)		Minneapolis (2)	New York	at Detroit	at Cleveland (n)
22	at L. Angeles (n)	at Kansas City (n)	at Minnesota (n)	Baltimore (2)	New York (n)		Minneapolis (2)	New York	at Detroit	at Cleveland (n)
23	at Kan. City (n)	at Minnesota (n)	at Los Angeles (n)	Baltimore (2)	New York (n)		Minneapolis (2)	New York	at Detroit	at Cleveland (n)
24	at Kan. City (n)	at Minnesota (n)	at Los Angeles (n)	Baltimore (2)	New York (n)		Minneapolis (2)	New York	at Detroit	at Cleveland (n)
25	at Kansas City	at Minnesota	at Los Angeles (n)	Baltimore (2)	New York (n)		Minneapolis (2)	New York	at Detroit	at Cleveland (n)
26	at Kan. City (n)	at Los Angeles (n)	at Kansas City (n)	Baltimore (2)	New York (n)		Minneapolis (2)	New York	at Detroit	at Cleveland (n)
27	at Kan. City (n)	at Los Angeles (n)	at Kansas City (n)	Baltimore (2)	New York (n)		Minneapolis (2)	New York	at Detroit	at Cleveland (n)
28	at Minnesota (n)	at Los Angeles (n)	at Kansas City (n)	Baltimore (2)	New York (n)		Minneapolis (2)	New York	at Detroit	at Cleveland (n)

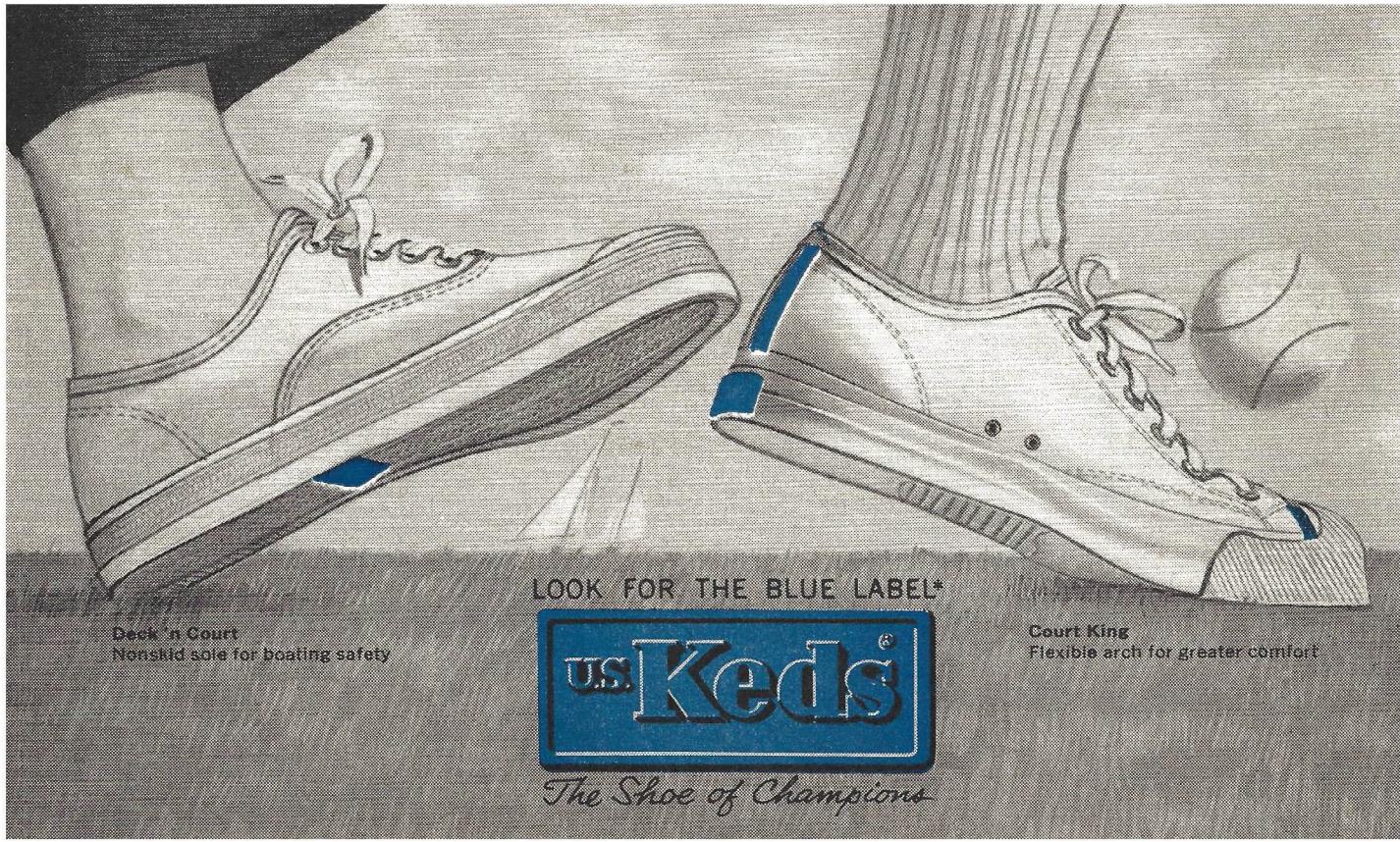
AMERICAN LEAGUE

JUNE											
	Boston	New York	Baltimore	Washington	Cleveland	Detroit	Chicago	Minnesota	Kansas City	Los Angeles	
29	at Minnesota...		at Kansas City (n)	at Cleveland (n)	Washington (n)	Chicago (n)	at Detroit (n)	Boston...	Baltimore (n)		
30	Cleveland (n)...	Washington (n)...	Detroit (n)...	at New York (n)...	at Boston (n)...	at Baltimore (n)	at Los Angeles (n)	at Kansas City (n)	Minnesota (n)...	Chicago (n)...	
JULY											
	Boston	New York	Baltimore	Washington	Cleveland	Detroit	Chicago	Minnesota	Kansas City	Los Angeles	
1	Cleveland...	Washington...	Detroit...	at New York...	at Boston...	at Baltimore...	at Los Angeles (n)	at Kansas City (n)	Minnesota (n)...	Chicago (n)...	
2	Cleveland...	Washington...	Detroit...	at New York...	at Boston...	at Baltimore...	at Los Angeles...	at Kansas City...	Minnesota...	Chicago...	
3	at Wash. (n)...		Cleveland (n)...	Boston (n)...	at Baltimore (n)...	at New York (2)...	at Minnesota (n)	Chicago (n)...	at Los Angeles (n)	Kansas City (n)...	
4	at Washington...	Detroit (2)...	Cleveland (n)...	Boston (n)...	at Baltimore (n)...	at New York (2)...	at Minnesota (2)...	Chicago (2)...	at Los Angeles (2)...	Kansas City (2)...	
5	Detroit (n)...	Cleveland...	at Wash. (n)...	Baltimore (n)...	at New York (n)...	at Boston (n)...	at Kansas City (n)	Los Angeles (n)...	Chicago (n)...	at Minnesota (n)...	
6	Detroit...	Cleveland...	at Wash. (n)...	Baltimore (n)...	at New York (n)...	at Boston (n)...	at Los Angeles...	at Cleveland (n)...	Chicago...	at Minnesota...	
7	at New York (n)...	Boston (n)...	Kansas City (n)...	Minnesota (n)...	Chicago (n)...	Los Angeles...	at Cleveland (n)...	at Wash. (n)...	at Baltimore (n)...	at Detroit (n)...	
8	at New York...	Boston...	Kansas City (n)...	Minnesota...	Chicago...	Los Angeles...	at Cleveland (2)...	at Washington...	at Baltimore...	at Detroit...	
9	at New York (2)...	Boston (2)...	Kansas City...	Minnesota...	Chicago (2)...	Los Angeles (2)...				at Detroit (2)...	
10★											
11★											
12★											
13	Baltimore (n)...	at Chicago (n)...	at Boston (n)...	Kansas City (n)...	Los Angeles (n)...	Minnesota (n)...	New York (n)...	at Wash. (n)...			
14	Baltimore (n)...	at Chicago (n)...	at Boston (n)...	Kansas City...	Los Angeles...	Minnesota...	New York (n)...	at Wash. (n)...	at Cleveland (n)...	at Cleveland...	
15	Baltimore...	at Chicago...	at Boston...	Kansas City...	Los Angeles...	Kansas City (2)...	New York...	at Wash. (n)...	at Wash. (n)...	at Wash. (2)...	
16	at Chicago (2)...	at Baltimore...	New York...	Kansas City (2)...	Minnesota (2)...	Baltimore (n)...	Kansas City (n)...	at Los Angeles (n)...	at Chicago (n)...	Minneapolis (n)...	
17	at Chicago (n)...	at Baltimore (n)...	New York (n)...	New York (n)...	Boston (n)...	Baltimore (n)...	Baltimore (n)...	at Los Angeles (n)...	at Chicago (n)...	Minneapolis (n)...	
18	at Cleveland (n)...	at Wash. (n)...	at Detroit (n)...	at Detroit (n)...	Boston (n)...	Baltimore (n)...	Baltimore (n)...	Cleveland...	Detroit (n)...	Washington (n)...	
19	at Cleveland (n)...	at Wash. (n)...	at Detroit...	at Detroit...	Boston (n)...	Baltimore...	Baltimore...	Cleveland...	Detroit...	Washington (n)...	
20	at Cleveland (n)...	at Chicago (n)...	at Los Angeles (n)...	at Minnesota...	at Minnesota...	at Los Angeles (n)...	Baltimore (n)...	Cleveland...	Detroit...	Washington (n)...	
21	New York (n)...	at Boston (n)...	at Boston...	at Los Angeles (n)...	at Minnesota...	at Minnesota...	at Los Angeles (n)...	at New York (n)...	Washington (n)...	Cleveland (n)...	
22	New York...	at Boston...	at Chicago...	at Los Angeles (n)...	at Minnesota...	at Minnesota...	at Los Angeles (n)...	at New York...	Washington (n)...	Cleveland...	
23	New York...	at Boston...	at Chicago...	at Los Angeles...	at Minnesota...	at Minnesota...	at Los Angeles...	at Boston (n)...	Washington (n)...	Cleveland...	
24								at Boston (2)...	at Detroit...	Washington (n)...	
25	at Baltimore (n)...	Chicago (n)...	Boston (n)...	at Minnesota (n)...	at Kansas City (n)...	at Los Angeles (n)...	at New York (n)...	at New York (n)...	Cleveland (n)...	Detroit (n)...	
26	at Baltimore (n)...	Chicago...	Boston...	at Minnesota (n)...	at Kansas City (n)...	at Minnesota (n)...	at New York (n)...	at New York...	Washington (n)...	Cleveland (n)...	
27	at Baltimore (n)...	Baltimore (n)...	Boston (n)...	at Minnesota (n)...	at Kansas City...	at Los Angeles (n)...	at Boston (n)...	at Detroit (n)...	Washington (n)...	Cleveland...	
28	Chicago (n)...	Baltimore (n)...	at New York (n)...	at Kansas City (n)...	at Los Angeles (n)...	Minnesota (n)...	at Boston (n)...	at Detroit (n)...	Washington (n)...	Cleveland (n)...	
29	Chicago...	Baltimore...	at New York...	at Kansas City (n)...	at Los Angeles (n)...	Minnesota...	at Boston...	at Detroit...	Washington (n)...	Cleveland (n)...	
30	Chicago (2)...	Baltimore (2)...	at New York (2)...	at Kansas City...	at Los Angeles...	Minnesota...	at Boston (2)...				
31★											
ALL-STAR GAME AT SAN FRANCISCO											
ALL-STAR GAME AT BOSTON											
AUGUST											
	Boston	New York	Baltimore	Washington	Cleveland	Detroit	Chicago	Minnesota	Kansas City	Los Angeles	
1★	Los Angeles (2)...	Kansas City (2)...	Minnesota (n)...	at Detroit (tn)...	Chicago (tn)...	Washington (tn)...	at Cleveland (tn)...	at Baltimore (n)...	at New York (2)...	at Boston (2)...	
2	Los Angeles (n)...	Kansas City (n)...	Minnesota (n)...	at Detroit...	Chicago (n)...	Washington...	at Cleveland (n)...	at Baltimore (n)...	at New York (n)...	at Boston (n)...	
3	Kansas City (n)...	Minnesota (n)...	Los Angeles (n)...	at Chicago...	at Detroit (n)...	Cleveland (n)...	at New York...	at New York...	at Boston (n)...	at Baltimore (n)...	
4	Kansas City...	Minnesota...	Los Angeles (n)...	at Chicago...	at Detroit...	Cleveland...	Washington...	at New York...	at Boston...	at Baltimore...	
5	Kansas City (2)...	Minnesota (2)...	Los Angeles...	at Chicago (2)...	at Detroit (2)...	Cleveland (2)...	Washington (2)...	at New York (2)...	at Boston (2)...	at Baltimore (n)...	
6	Minnesota...	Kansas City (n)...									

(n) Night Game (2) Doubleheader (★) No Games Scheduled

(tn) Twi-night Doubleheader (dn) Day and Night Game

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Court King

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AMERICAN LEAGUE

AUGUST

	Boston	New York	Baltimore	Washington	Cleveland	Detroit	Chicago	Minnesota	Kansas City	Los Angeles
8	Minnesota (n)	Los Angeles (n)	Kansas City (n)	at Cleveland (n)	Washington (n)	at Chicago (n)	Detroit (n)	at Boston (n)	at Baltimore (n)	at New York (n)
9	Minnesota (n)	Los Angeles	Kansas City (n)	at Cleveland (n)	Washington	at Chicago (n)	Detroit	at Boston (n)	at Baltimore (n)	at New York
10	Minnesota	Los Angeles	Kansas City (n)	New York (n)	Los Angeles (n)	at Minnesota (n)	Kansas City	at Boston	at Baltimore (n)	at New York
11	at Baltimore (n)	at Wash. (n)	Boston (n)	New York	Los Angeles (n)	at Minnesota	Kansas City	at Chicago (n)	at Chicago (n)	at New York
12	at Baltimore (n)	at Washington	Boston (n)	New York	Los Angeles (n)	at Minnesota	Kansas City	at Chicago	at Cleveland (n)	at New York
13	at Baltimore	at Washington	Boston	Los Angeles (n)	Los Angeles	at Minnesota	Kansas City	at Chicago	at Cleveland	at New York
14				Los Angeles (n)	Los Angeles (n)	Baltimore (n)	Detroit	at Chicago	at Chicago	at New York
15	at Cleveland (n)	Chicago (n)	at Detroit (n)	Los Angeles (n)	Boston (n)	at Chicago	Detroit	at Boston	at Boston	at New York
16	at Cleveland (n)	Chicago	at Detroit	Los Angeles (n)	Boston	at New York	Detroit	at Boston	at Boston	at New York
17	at Cleveland (n)	Chicago	at Detroit	Los Angeles	Boston	at New York	Detroit	at Boston	at Boston	at New York
18	at Detroit (n)	at Cleveland (n)	at Wash. (n)	Baltimore (n)	Boston	at New York	Detroit	at Chicago (n)	at Chicago	at Wash. (n)
19	at Detroit	at Cleveland	at Washington	Baltimore	Boston	New York (2)	Boston	at Kansas City (n)	at Kansas City	at Wash. (n)
20	at Detroit	at Cleveland (2)	at Wash. (2)	Baltimore (2)	Boston	New York (2)	Boston (2)	at Kansas City (n)	at Kansas City	at Wash. (n)
21								at Kansas City (n)	at Kansas City	at Wash. (n)
22	Washington (n)	at Los Angeles (n)	at Kansas City (n)	at Boston (n)	Detroit	at Cleveland (n)	Minneapolis	at Chicago (n)	at Chicago	New York (n)
23	Washington	at Los Angeles	at Kansas City	at Boston	Detroit	at Cleveland	Minneapolis	at New York	at New York	New York (n)
24	Washington	at Los Angeles	at Kansas City	at Boston	Detroit	at Cleveland	Minneapolis	at New York	at New York	Baltimore (n)
25	at L. Angeles (n)	at Kansas City (n)	at Minnesota (n)	at Chicago (n)	at Chicago	at Wash. (n)	Cleveland	at Chicago	at Chicago	New York (n)
26	at L. Angeles (n)	at Kansas City (n)	at Minnesota	at Chicago	at Chicago	at Washington	Baltimore	at Wash. (n)	at Wash. (n)	Baltimore (n)
27	at L. Angeles	at Kansas City	at Minnesota	at Chicago (2)	at Chicago	at Washington	Cleveland	at Wash. (n)	at Wash. (n)	Baltimore (n)
28	at Kan. City (n)	at Los Angeles (n)	Cleveland (n)	at Wash. (n)	Chicago (n)	at Wash. (n)	Cleveland	at Wash. (n)	at Wash. (n)	New York (n)
29	at Kan. City (n)	at Minnesota (n)	at Los Angeles (n)	at Wash. (n)	Chicago (n)	at Wash. (n)	Cleveland (2)	at Wash. (n)	at Wash. (n)	Baltimore (n)
30	at Kan. City (n)	at Minnesota (n)	at Los Angeles (n)	Cleveland (n)	Chicago (n)	at Wash. (n)	Cleveland	at Wash. (n)	at Wash. (n)	Baltimore (n)
31				Cleveland (n)	Chicago (n)	at Wash. (n)	Cleveland	at Wash. (n)	at Wash. (n)	Kansas City (n)

SEPTEMBER

	Boston	New York	Baltimore	Washington	Cleveland	Detroit	Chicago	Minnesota	Kansas City	Los Angeles
1	at Minnesota (n)	Detroit (n)	Cleveland (n)	Chicago (n)	at Baltimore (n)	at New York (n)	at Wash. (n)	Boston (n)	at Los Angeles (n)	Kansas City (n)
2	at Minnesota	Detroit	Cleveland (dn)	Chicago	at Baltimore (dn)	at New York	at Washington	Boston	at Los Angeles	Kansas City
3	at Minnesota	Detroit	Cleveland	Chicago	at Baltimore	at New York	at Washington	Boston	at Los Angeles	at Kansas City
4	Cleveland	Washington (2)	Detroit (n)	Detroit (n)	at Boston	at Baltimore (n)	at Washington	Boston	at Los Angeles	at Kansas City (2)
5	Cleveland (n)	Washington (n)	Detroit (n)	at New York (n)	at Boston (n)	at Boston	at Washington	Boston	at Los Angeles (n)	at Kansas City (n)
6	Cleveland	Washington		at New York	at Boston	at Boston	at Washington	Boston	at Los Angeles	at Kansas City
7	Detroit					at Boston	at Boston	Boston	at Los Angeles	
8	Detroit (n)	Cleveland (n)	Washington (n)	at Baltimore (n)	at New York (n)	at Boston	at Los Angeles (n)	Boston	Minnesota (n)	Chicago (n)
9	Detroit	Cleveland	Washington (n)	at Baltimore	at New York	at Boston	at Los Angeles	Boston	Minnesota (n)	Chicago
10	Detroit	Cleveland (2)	Washington	Boston	at New York (2)	at Boston	at Los Angeles	Boston	Chicago (dn)	at Minnesota (n)
11	at Wash. (n)	at Chicago (n)	at Cleveland (n)	Boston (n)	Baltimore (n)	Kansas City (n)	New York (n)	New York	at Detroit (n)	at Minnesota (n)
12	at Wash. (n)	at Chicago (n)	at Cleveland (n)	Boston (n)	at New York	Kansas City	New York	at Los Angeles (n)	at Detroit	at Chicago
13	at Wash. (n)	at Chicago	at Cleveland	Boston (n)	at New York	Kansas City	New York	at Los Angeles	at Detroit	at Chicago
14				Baltimore (n)	at New York	New York	Los Angeles (n)	at Los Angeles	at Cleveland (n)	at Chicago (2)
15	Baltimore (n)	at Baltimore (n)	at Boston (n)	Kansas City (n)	Minnesota (n)	New York	Los Angeles	at Los Angeles	at Wash. (n)	at Chicago (n)
16	Baltimore	at Baltimore	at Boston	Kansas City	Minnesota	New York	Los Angeles	at Los Angeles	at Wash. (n)	at Chicago
17	Baltimore	at Baltimore	at Boston	Kansas City	Minnesota (2)	New York	Los Angeles (2)	at Los Angeles	at Cleveland (2)	at Chicago (2)
18*	at Chicago (n)	at Baltimore (n)	New York (n)	Kansas City (n)	Kansas City (n)	Los Angeles	Boston (n)	at Wash. (n)	at Cleveland (n)	at Detroit
19	at Chicago (n)	at Baltimore (n)	New York (n)	Kansas City (n)	Kansas City (n)	Los Angeles	Boston (n)	at Wash. (n)	at Cleveland (n)	at Detroit
20	at Chicago (n)	at Baltimore (n)	New York (n)	Kansas City (n)	Kansas City (n)	Los Angeles	Boston (n)	at Wash. (n)	at Cleveland (n)	at Detroit
21										

(n) Night Game

(2) Doubleheader

(★) No Games Scheduled

(tn) Twi-night Doubleheader

(dn) Day and Night Game

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AMERICAN LEAGUE

SEPTEMBER

	Boston	New York	Baltimore	Washington	Cleveland	Detroit	Chicago	Minnesota	Kansas City	Los Angeles	
22				at Chicago (n)	at Minnesota	at Kansas City (n)	at Los Angeles (n)	Baltimore (n)	Washington	Cleveland (n)	Detroit (n)
23	New York	at Boston		at Chicago	at Minnesota	at Kansas City (n)	at Los Angeles (n)	Baltimore	Washington	Cleveland (n)	Detroit (n)
24	New York	at Boston		at Chicago	at Minnesota	at Kansas City	at Los Angeles	Baltimore	Washington	Cleveland	Detroit
25											
26	Chicago	Baltimore (n)		at New York (n)	at Los Angeles (n)	at Minnesota	at Kansas City (n)	at Boston	Cleveland	Washington (n)	
27	Chicago	Baltimore		at New York	at Los Angeles (n)	at Minnesota	at Kansas City (n)	at Boston	Cleveland	Washington (n)	
28									Cleveland	Washington (n)	
29	at New York (n)	Boston (n)		Chicago (n)	at Kansas City (n)	at Los Angeles (n)	at Minnesota	at Baltimore (n)	Detroit	Washington (n)	Cleveland (n)
30	at New York	Boston		Chicago	at Kansas City (n)	at Los Angeles (n)	at Minnesota	at Baltimore	Detroit	Washington (n)	Cleveland (n)

OCTOBER

1 at New York... Boston..... at Kansas City... at Los Angeles... at Minnesota..... Detroit..... Washington..... Cleveland.....

NATIONAL LEAGUE

APRIL	Los Angeles	Milwaukee	San Francisco	Pittsburgh	St. Louis	Cincinnati	Chicago	Philadelphia
11	Philadelphia (n)	St. Louis	Pittsburgh	at San Francisco	at Milwaukee	Chicago	at Cincinnati	at Los Angeles (n)
12	Philadelphia (n)	St. Louis	Pittsburgh	at San Francisco	at Milwaukee	Chicago	at Cincinnati	at Los Angeles (n)
13	Philadelphia (n)	St. Louis	Pittsburgh	at San Francisco	at Milwaukee	Chicago	at Cincinnati	at Los Angeles (n)
14	Pittsburgh (n)	at Chicago	Philadelphia (n)	at Los Angeles (n)	Cincinnati (n)	at St. Louis (n)	Milwaukee	at St. Francis (n)
15	Pittsburgh (n)	at Chicago	Philadelphia	at Los Angeles (n)	Cincinnati	at St. Louis	Milwaukee	at San Francisco (n)
16	Pittsburgh	at Chicago	Philadelphia	at Los Angeles	Cincinnati	at St. Louis	Milwaukee	at San Francisco
17	St. Louis (n)				at Los Angeles (n)			
18	St. Louis (n)	at Phila. (n)	Cincinnati (n)	Chicago	at Los Angeles (n)	at S. Francisco (n)	at Pittsburgh	Milwaukee (n)
19	St. Louis (n)	at Phila. (n)	Cincinnati	Chicago (n)	at Los Angeles (n)	at San Francisco	at Pittsburgh (n)	Milwaukee (n)
20	St. Louis (n)	at Phila. (n)	Cincinnati	Chicago (n)	at Los Angeles (n)	at San Francisco	at Pittsburgh (n)	Milwaukee (n)
21	Cincinnati (n)	at Pittsburgh (n)	St. Louis (n)	Milwaukee (n)	at S. Francisco	at Los Angeles (n)	at Phila. (n)	Chicago (n)
22	Cincinnati (n)	at Pittsburgh	St. Louis	Milwaukee	at San Francisco	at Los Angeles (n)	at Philadelphia	Chicago
23	Cincinnati	at Pittsburgh	St. Louis	Milwaukee	at San Francisco	at Los Angeles	at Phila. (2)	Chicago (2)
24★								
25	San Francisco (n)	at St. Louis (n)	at Los Angeles (n)	Philadelphia (n)	Milwaukee (n)	at Chicago	Cincinnati	at Pittsburgh (n)
26	San Francisco (n)	at St. Louis (n)	at Los Angeles (n)	Philadelphia (n)	Milwaukee (n)	at Chicago	Cincinnati	at Pittsburgh (n)
27						at Chicago	Cincinnati	at Pittsburgh
28	at Chicago	San Francisco (n)	at Milwaukee (n)	at Cincinnati (n)	Philadelphia (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	at St. Louis (n)	at St. Louis (n)
29	at Chicago	San Francisco	at Milwaukee	at Cincinnati (n)	Philadelphia (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	Los Angeles	Los Angeles
30	at Chicago (2)	San Francisco	at Milwaukee	at Cincinnati	Philadelphia (n)	Pittsburgh	Los Angeles (2)	at St. Louis

MAY	Los Angeles	Milwaukee	San Francisco	Pittsburgh	St. Louis	Cincinnati	Chicago	Philadelphia
1	at Milwaukee (n)	Los Angeles (n)	at Chicago	at St. Louis (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	Philadelphia (n)	San Francisco	at Cincinnati (n)
2	at Milwaukee (n)	Los Angeles (n)	at Chicago	at St. Louis (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	Philadelphia (n)	San Francisco	at Cincinnati (n)
3	at Milwaukee (n)	Los Angeles (n)	at Chicago	at St. Louis (n)	Chicago (n)	Philadelphia (n)	San Francisco	at Cincinnati (n)
4	at Milwaukee (n)	Los Angeles	at Chicago	at St. Louis (n)	Chicago	Philadelphia (n)	San Francisco	at Cincinnati (n)
5	at Pittsburgh (n)	Cincinnati (n)	at Phila. (n)	at St. Louis (n)	Chicago (2)	Philadelphia (n)	San Francisco	at Cincinnati (n)
6	at Pittsburgh	Cincinnati	at Phila. (n)	at St. Louis (n)	at Cincinnati (n)	Philadelphia (n)	San Francisco	at Cincinnati (n)
7	at Pittsburgh	Cincinnati	at Philadelphia	at St. Louis (n)	at Cincinnati (n)	Philadelphia (n)	San Francisco	at Cincinnati (n)
8	at Phila. (n)	Chicago (n)	at Pittsburgh (n)	at St. Louis (n)	at Cincinnati (n)	Philadelphia (n)	San Francisco	at Cincinnati (n)
9	at Phila. (n)	Chicago (n)	at Pittsburgh (n)	at St. Louis (n)	at Cincinnati (n)	Philadelphia (n)	San Francisco	at Cincinnati (n)
10	at Phila. (n)	Chicago (n)	at Pittsburgh (n)	at St. Louis (n)	at Cincinnati (n)	Philadelphia (n)	San Francisco	at Cincinnati (n)
11★					St. Louis (n)	Philadelphia (n)	San Francisco	at Los Angeles (n)
12	Chicago (n)	at S. Francisco (n)	Milwaukee (n)	Cincinnati (n)	at Phila. (n)	at Pittsburgh (n)	at Los Angeles (n)	St. Louis (n)
13	Chicago (n)	at San Francisco	Milwaukee	Cincinnati	at Phila. (n)	at Pittsburgh	at Los Angeles (n)	St. Louis (n)
14	Chicago	at San Francisco	Milwaukee	Cincinnati	at Philadelphia	at Pittsburgh	at Los Angeles	St. Louis
15	Milwaukee (n)	at Los Angeles (n)	Chicago	St. Louis (n)	at Pittsburgh (n)	at Pittsburgh	at San Francisco	Cincinnati (n)
16	Milwaukee (n)	at Los Angeles (n)	Chicago	St. Louis (n)	at Pittsburgh (n)	at Phila. (n)	at San Francisco	Cincinnati (n)
17	Milwaukee (n)	at Los Angeles (n)	Chicago	St. Louis (n)	at Pittsburgh (n)	at Phila. (n)	at San Francisco	Pittsburgh (n)
18★								Pittsburgh (n)
19	at S. Francisco (n)	at Cincinnati (n)	Los Angeles (n)	at Phila. (n)	at Chicago	Milwaukee (n)	St. Louis	at Chicago
20	at S. Francisco	at Cincinnati	Los Angeles	at Phila. (n)	at Chicago	Milwaukee	St. Louis	at Milwaukee (n)
21	at S. Francisco	at Cincinnati (2)	Los Angeles	at Philadelphia	at Chicago (2)	Milwaukee (2)	St. Louis	at Milwaukee (n)
22	at Cincinnati (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	at St. Louis (n)	at Milwaukee (n)	San Francisco (n)	Los Angeles (n)	Philadelphia	at Milwaukee (n)
23	at Cincinnati (n)	Pittsburgh	at St. Louis (n)	at Milwaukee	Los Angeles (n)	Los Angeles (n)	Pittsburgh	at Milwaukee (n)
24	at St. Louis (n)	Philadelphia (n)	at Cincinnati (n)	at Chicago	Los Angeles (n)	San Francisco (n)	Philadelphia	at Milwaukee (n)
25	at St. Louis (n)	Philadelphia (n)	at Cincinnati (n)	at Chicago	Los Angeles (n)	Philadelphia (n)	Philadelphia	at Milwaukee (n)
26	at Milwaukee (n)	Los Angeles (n)	at Chicago	at St. Louis (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	Philadelphia (n)	San Francisco	at Milwaukee (n)
27	at Milwaukee	Los Angeles	at Chicago	at St. Louis (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	Philadelphia (n)	San Francisco	at Milwaukee (n)
28	at Milwaukee	Los Angeles	at Chicago	at St. Louis	Pittsburgh	Philadelphia	San Francisco	at Milwaukee (n)
29	St. Louis (n)	Cincinnati	Cincinnati	Chicago (2)	at Los Angeles (n)	at San Francisco	San Francisco	at Milwaukee (n)
30	St. Louis (n)	Cincinnati (n)	at Phila. (2)	at Milwaukee (n)	at Los Angeles (n)	at S. Francisco (2)	San Francisco	at Milwaukee (2)
31			St. Louis		at San Francisco	at Los Angeles (n)	at Philadelphia	at Phila. (n)

JUNE	Los Angeles	Milwaukee	San Francisco	Pittsburgh	St. Louis	Cincinnati	Chicago	Philadelphia
1		at Pittsburgh (n).	St. Louis.	Milwaukee (n).	at San Francisco.	at Phila. (n).	Chicago (n).	Chicago (n).
2	San Francisco (n).	St. Louis (n).	at Los Angeles (n).	Philadelphia (n).	at Milwaukee (n).	Chicago (n).	at Cincinnati (n).	at Pittsburgh (n).
3	San Francisco (n).	St. Louis.	at Los Angeles (n).	Philadelphia.	at Milwaukee.	Chicago (n).	at Cincinnati.	at Pittsburgh.
4	San Francisco.	St. Louis.	at Los Angeles.	Philadelphia.	at Milwaukee.	Chicago (2).	at Cincinnati (2).	at Pittsburgh.
5	Pittsburgh (n).	at Cincinnati (n).	Philadelphia.	at Los Angeles (n).	Chicago (n).	Milwaukee (n).	at St. Louis (n).	at San Francisco.
6	Pittsburgh (n).	at Cincinnati (n).	Philadelphia.	at Los Angeles (n).	Chicago (n).	Milwaukee (n).	at St. Louis (n).	at San Francisco.
7	Pittsburgh (n).	at Cincinnati (n).	Philadelphia.	at Los Angeles (n).	Chicago (n).	Milwaukee (n).	at St. Louis (n).	at San Francisco.
8	Pittsburgh (n).	at Cincinnati.	Philadelphia.	at Los Angeles (n).	Cincinnati (n).	Milwaukee.	Milwaukee.	at Los Angeles (n).
9	Philadelphia (n).	at Chicago.	Pittsburgh (n).	at S. Francisco (n).	Cincinnati.	at St. Louis (n).	at Los Angeles.	at Los Angeles (n).
10	Philadelphia (n).	at Chicago.	Pittsburgh.	at San Francisco.	Cincinnati.	at St. Louis.	Milwaukee.	at Los Angeles (n).
11	Philadelphia.	at Chicago (2).	Pittsburgh.	at San Francisco.	Cincinnati (2).	at St. Louis.	Milwaukee (2).	at Los Angeles.
12	at San Francisco.	.	Los Angeles.
13	at S. Francisco (n).	.	Los Angeles (n).	Cincinnati (n).	at Phila. (n).	at Pittsburgh (n).	St. Louis (n).	St. Louis (n).
14	Chicago (n).	at San Francisco.	Milwaukee.	Cincinnati (n).	at Phila. (n).	at Pittsburgh (n).	at Los Angeles (n).	Pittsburgh (n).
15	Chicago (n).	at San Francisco.	Milwaukee.	Cincinnati (n).	at Phila. (n).	at Pittsburgh (n).	at Los Angeles (n).	Pittsburgh (n).
16	Milwaukee (n).	at Los Angeles (n).	Chicago (n).	St. Louis (n).	at Pittsburgh (n).	at Philadelphia.	at S. Francisco (n).	at S. Francisco.
17	Milwaukee (n).	at Los Angeles (n).	Chicago.	St. Louis.	at Pittsburgh.	at Phila. (2).	at San Francisco.	Cincinnati (n).
18	Milwaukee.	at Los Angeles.	Chicago.	St. Louis.	at Pittsburgh.	.	at San Francisco.	Cincinnati (2).
19★								
20	at Chicago.	San Francisco (n).	at Milwaukee (n).	at Phila. (n).	at Cincinnati (n).	St. Louis (n).	Los Angeles.	Pittsburgh (n).
21	at Chicago.	San Francisco (n).	at Milwaukee (n).	at Phila. (n).	at Cincinnati (n).	St. Louis (n).	Los Angeles.	Pittsburgh (n).
22	at Chicago.	San Francisco (n).	at Milwaukee (n).	at Phila. (n).	at Cincinnati (n).	St. Louis (n).	Los Angeles.	Pittsburgh (n).
23	at Cincinnati (n).	Chicago (n).	at St. Louis (n).	Philadelphia.	San Francisco (n).	Los Angeles (n).	at Milwaukee (n).	at Pittsburgh (n).
24	at Cincinnati.	Chicago.	at St. Louis.	Philadelphia.	San Francisco.	Los Angeles.	at Milwaukee.	at Pittsburgh.
25	at Cincinnati.	Chicago.	at St. Louis (2).	Philadelphia.	San Francisco (2).	Los Angeles.	at Milwaukee.	at Pittsburgh.
26		at St. Louis (n).	at Phila. (n).	.	Milwaukee (n).	.	.	.
27	at Pittsburgh (n).	at St. Louis (n).	at Phila. (n).	Los Angeles (n).	Milwaukee (n).	at Chicago.	Cincinnati.	San Francisco (n).
28	at Pittsburgh (n).	at St. Louis (n).	at Phila. (n).	Los Angeles (n).	Milwaukee (n).	at Chicago.	Cincinnati.	San Francisco (n).
29	at Pittsburgh (n).	at St. Louis (n).	at Phila. (n).	Los Angeles (n).	Milwaukee (n).	at Chicago.	Cincinnati.	San Francisco (n).
30	at Phila. (n).	Cincinnati (n).	at Pittsburgh (n).	San Francisco (n).	at Chicago.	at Milwaukee (n).	St. Louis.	Los Angeles (n).

(n) Night Game (2) Doubleheader (★) No Games Scheduled

(tn) Twi-night Doubleheader

(dn) Day and Night Game

NATIONAL LEAGUE

(n) Night Game (2) Doubleheader

(★) No Games Scheduled

(tn) Twi-night Doubleheader

(dn) Day

Land Night Game

SPORT



Great Moments in Sport

by Howard Cosell

ABC-Radio Sports Commentator

LOU GEHRIG'S FAREWELL

ON JULY 4, 1939, the New York Yankees led the American League by 12 and one-half games. The Washington Senators, in sixth place, were 24 and one-half games behind. Still a crowd of 61,808 jammed Yankee Stadium for ~~the annual independence day doubleheader~~ Independence Day double-header between the two teams. Why? Lou Gehrig, that's why.

This was the day that the Yankees and the baseball world were honoring the man who almost always had been the No. 2 hero on his team. For ten years, Gehrig performed brilliantly in the shadow of Babe Ruth. Then, with the Babe gone, Joe DiMaggio had burst on the scene to steal the spotlight from Lou. The spotlight was finally ~~shining~~ on Lou, though. Fate's cruel twist had shoved him into the limelight July 4, 1939 for a ~~memorable~~ tribute, the drama of which may never again be reached on a playing field.

Through the years, Gehrig had earned the nickname "The Iron Horse." He had compiled a career of impressive statistics, but the one that meant the most to him was his record of having played in 2,130 consecutive games. The glamour and glory of it, however, had failed to ~~register~~ with the fans until his string was snapped.

The end came early in the 1939 season. Gehrig, 36 years old and with only a shadow of his skills left, had hit only four singles in 28 at-bats. Stumbling badly in the field, too, he had spoken with manager Joe McCarthy in Detroit on May 2 and had himself yanked from the starting lineup. Nobody knew it then, but it had been the end for Lou. His 2,130th consecutive game had been the last game of baseball he would ever play. Lou Gehrig was dying.

A while after his streak ended, Lou had been placed under strict medical care. The doctors at the Mayo Clinic discovered that he was suffering from ~~amyotrophic lateral sclerosis~~ (a form of infantile paralysis). They told Lou that his baseball career was over, but they didn't tell him that he was doomed to die in two to three years. His wife, Eleanor, was told and so was Yankee president Ed Barrow, but if Gehrig realized it he never revealed it to anyone.

To the baseball fans, Gehrig the ballplayer had been an unending show of strength and durability. But in 1939 he was only the non-playing captain, ~~shuffling~~ on unsteady legs each game to deliver the Yankee lineup to the home-plate umpire. The grimness of strength reduced to weakness moved the fans.

There was a ~~curious~~ demand for a "Lou Gehrig Day." The fans wanted it, the Yankees wanted it but Lou Gehrig wanted no part of it. An intensely shy man, Gehrig hated displays of sympathy and turned down all his manager's and teammates' ~~offerings~~ for a day in his honor. Finally his teammates had a trophy prepared for him and planned to present it to him in a quiet clubhouse party.

But still the demands for a Lou Gehrig Day poured in. Finally Lou ~~relented~~. He did so under the only terms he could understand—the fans wanted it and their request must be honored. The Iron Horse had always answered a call to duty. He didn't fail now. He didn't look forward to his day, but when it had passed he admitted treasuring the memory of it.

It came between the games of that doubleheader on July 4. Twelve members of the greatest Yankee team, the 1927 world champions, lined up near home plate with the 1939 Yankee team. They added their cheers to the ~~deafening~~ roar from more than 60,000 that greeted Lou as he walked from the Yankee dugout.

He walked to the circle of honor ~~unwillingly~~, but once there, the ~~intensely~~ shy man spoke with ~~some~~ dignity. One of the greatest of all the Yankees told the vast gathering: "What young man wouldn't give anything to mingle with such men for a single day as I have for all these years? . . . You've been reading about my bad break for weeks now. But today I think I'm the luckiest man alive. I now feel more than ever that I have much to live for."

It was the longest speech that anyone had ever heard the quiet Yankee make. It was a moment or two packed with the greatest drama baseball had ever known. It was a brief interval that Gehrig ~~dreaded to endure~~. But it was typically Lou Gehrig—giving baseball his all to the very end. He was dead less than two years later.

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

WHAT IT'S LIKE GOING TO TENTH PLACE

(Continued from page 49) because Aspromonte, a hard-hustling, 28-year-old infielder had finally channeled a difficult nine-season career toward a worthwhile end—he was regarded as a key man in Cleveland's infield, and Cleveland was regarded as a certain pennant contender in 1961. Now he is on a team regarded as a certain cellar prospect for 1961 and several seasons to come.

"The first word I got was a call from Bob Addie," Aspromonte recalled. Addie, a Washington sports-writer, broke the news that Ken was in the AL player pool. "At first I didn't believe it," Ken said. "After all, I'd had a good year for Cleveland. I played regularly, hit .290 and surprised even myself by hitting ten homers and driving in 48 runs." (He conveniently overlooked his three early-season games with Washington that lowered his average to .288.)

The next word came from a newspaper story. Waiting to meet a friend for lunch, Aspromonte bought a paper. He was startled to read a quote from Lane. The Cleveland general manager said he was sorry that he had to put Aspromonte on the draft list. "That's when I realized I was on my way," Aspromonte said. "There was no sense in pretending it was all a mistake."

Logically enough, Aspromonte and his pretty wife, Shirley, then hoped that they would be sent to Washington. The nation's capitol is only a few miles from Woodlawn, where the Aspromontes recently bought a \$20,000 Colonial style home, a three-bedroom investment for the day they have children.

"We were on the Ohio turnpike, driving to Seattle to visit my wife's parents for Christmas," Ken said, "when we got the final news. A radio announcer reported that I had been sold to Los Angeles. It's funny, but it was a shock—even though I was prepared for it."

The rest of the way to Seattle, Ken and his wife talked about the new and dramatically disappointing development in their lives. At Cleveland Ken was earning approximately \$10,000 and hoping for a raise and a share of some 1961 World Series money. Suddenly, however, he belonged to a team which, in the words of its manager, Bill Rigney, "would take four or five years to get into contention."

"We were quite upset at first," Shirley Aspromonte said, "because we had hoped to be with Cleveland for a while. We had talked about playing on the West Coast sometime, but, well, we just didn't think it would happen so soon."

The three well-advertised skills of a ballplayer are hitting, running and throwing. The better he can do these three things, the better are his chances of playing for a pennant contender. Another important asset, less measurable than the physical skills, is temperament. Some call it the "plus factor," Casey Stengel calls it "the it," others simply call it "desire." Aspromonte, a six-foot, 175-pounder whose hitting, running and throwing admittedly are not legendary, does have that necessary extra quality.

Given the "plus," the "it" or the "desire" to excel, it follows that such a man, being in the professionally pre-

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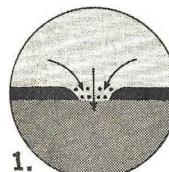


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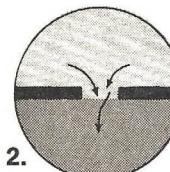
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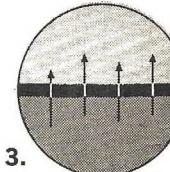
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SPORT

carious business of baseball, will accept and adjust to disappointing changes of fortune. Popular psychiatry has a word for what Aspromonte began to do. He began to rationalize.

Aspromonte is better equipped to rationalize than many pro players—better than the more gifted players who win success without suffering setbacks. He has had a large share of ups and downs.

Born in Brooklyn to a father who adored baseball, Ken played as many as three sandlot games a day and scarcely remembers wanting to be anything but a major-league ballplayer. "My father wanted me to sign with Brooklyn," he said, "but I signed with the Boston Red Sox instead. I don't know if it was on account of Ted Williams or not. I had always hero-worshipped him and had been fascinated with the Red Sox for a long time."

Ken's rise to the Red Sox was anything but meteoric. He split his first season, 1950, between Oneonta and Kingston, then prepped at Scranton, San Jose, Roanoke, Birmingham and Louisville before he went into the Army. Two years later, in 1956, he reported to manager Joe Gordon at San Francisco (then a minor-league baseball town). There Aspromonte gained confidence and put all the pieces together. In 1957 he led the old Pacific Coast League in hitting with a .334 average and earned a late-season promotion to the Red Sox.

"That was quite a thrill," Ken recalled, "especially since I was dressing next to Ted Williams. One day some sportswriters came over to say hello and Ted said: 'See that? I told you this kid would be here some day. It's because he swings level and meets the ball. Anybody who hits the ball has got a chance.'"

This mild tribute from his one-time hero was a high point in a baseball life which had a large share of low points. Less than a year later, the Red Sox traded Ken to the Washington Senators, a bottom-rung team desperately addicted to lineup changes. His next two seasons were disappointing. Playing only 98 games in 1958, Ken hit a feeble .219; he hit more (.244) in 1959 but played less (70 games). But Joe Gordon, then managing at Cleveland, remembered Ken's big .334 average at San Francisco and told Frank Lane to try and get Aspromonte.

"Looking back on it now," Aspromonte said, "I guess I should never have been surprised because Lane put me on that draft list. He never wanted me. He had traded to get Johnny Temple, Woodie Held, Vic Power, Jimmy Piersall, Harvey Kuenn and a lot of others. They were his trades and his boys. I remember when I got to Cleveland, Lane was quoted in one paper as saying: 'Well, I finally got Aspromonte from Washington for Joe Gordon.' You see, not for himself—for Joe Gordon."

"Then, when I had my good season, Lane actually seemed to resent it, probably because I made one of his trades look bad by beating out Temple. When you're wanted, you play your best. I had the feeling of not being wanted. That's the only reason I can see why Lane traded me. Everything else seemed to be all right, but I didn't feel wanted."

Aspromonte leaned back in his chair and smiled. "Well, I'm philosophical now," he said. "If I can stay at Los Angeles four or five years, I'll come

out ahead in the long run. I like Los Angeles, and I like the people there. It's going to be tough going back to a team that's building, but as long as I get to play regularly, things will work out."

Playing with the Angels, Ken explained, will be different from playing with a pennant contender like Cleveland or a cellar contender like Washington. "Nobody expects us to be world beaters or even a first-division club now," he said, "but I hope we're a real fighting club. After thinking about it for the last month, I'm really looking forward to the challenge. I've never played with any of my new teammates, and because we don't know each other very well, it should take us about a year or so to jell into a major-league team."

"We have one good thing going for us," Ken said, continuing to rationalize. "We're such a mixed group, with players coming from eight different teams, that we don't fall into any particular groove." He hesitated. "Do you know what it was like with the Senators a few years ago? After you've been with that kind of a team for a while, you can't help but fall into the groove of a last-place ballplayer. You know you're not going anywhere, so you simply do the best you can and hope for the best. If you lose, you lose, and that's all there is to it. The whole

Runnels in both average and home runs last year. I also outhit the whole Cleveland infield, and even Frank Lane said a few times that he didn't know what the Indians would have done without me."

"I know that these things may be difficult to explain to Haney and a new team," Aspromonte said, "but what am I supposed to do? I waited a long time for the chance to play regularly—in fact, a couple of years ago, I didn't think I belonged up here—and now that I've proved I can do the job, I expect to be paid for it. I probably reached my peak last year, and since I stay in good shape, I should have six or seven good seasons left."

Before Ken made good in 1960, baseball had been a series of frustrations for the Brooklyn Aspromontes. Ken's father, Angelo, was a rabid Dodger fan until the team moved to Los Angeles; an older brother, Charles, played in the New York Yankee farm system but could not make the majors; a younger brother, Bob, signed with Brooklyn in 1956 as a highly regarded bonus rookie but still hasn't made it as a big-league regular. But success had not colored Ken's acceptance of ballplayers' problems. He always has been aware of the cold side of sport.

To prepare her for the worst, Ken told his wife, Shirley, a Seattle, Wash., girl whom he met in San Francisco, the facts of baseball life soon after their marriage in 1957. "She didn't know much about the living conditions of a ballplayer," Ken said. "I tried to explain that we might be on one coast one year, on the other the next. I told her we might even have to pack up in the middle of the season and move to another town." He laughed. "By now she fully understands what I meant. We're lucky in one way, though. We don't have any children yet. It's very tough on the ballplayers with kids, moving them around, taking them out of school, always changing." Aspromonte thought for a moment. "Leaving Cleveland," he said, remembering Shirley's first reactions, "I guess she felt hurt, but she got over it after a while."

As Ken spoke, his off-the-field personality came through easily. He is a pleasantly soft-spoken young man who tries, with much of the earnestness that he puts into baseball, to express his true feelings correctly. And he is clearly a man given to introspection.

"My temperament was bad in the beginning," he said, speaking of his early baseball life. "I could have made the majors two years sooner, but my temperament affected my ability. I used to let bad things get me down, and it hurt my playing. That's what I'm trying to get across to my brother—the importance of having the right attitude. You have to learn to take the good with the bad. You have to show everybody that you're not a 'beat' ballplayer—the kind that lets small things get him down."

"I used to think the world was coming to an end if I went hitless. I'd get morose and sulk, thinking, I guess, that everything in baseball revolved around me."

Ken paused and stared at the ceiling, as if searching for something up there. "My attitude has changed," he said after a while. "Maybe I matured in the service, maybe after I got out, but I've finally realized that this game isn't as serious as we sometimes think

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season is pretty much of a dead issue. Believe me, I was very happy to leave Washington."

Aspromonte admits that he was not so happy to leave Cleveland. "Let's face it," he said. "The Indians are sure pennant possibilities. I mean that. Don't forget, last year we were battling the Yankees through June and July until injuries ripped us real badly. Guys like Harvey Kuenn, Jim Piersall and Woodie Held were out to win any way they could, and their fighting spirit spread through the whole team."

Ken's new-found fighting spirit showed itself before he played a single game for the Angels. He refused to sign the first two contracts that general manager Fred Haney sent him. With each unsigned contract that he returned, Aspromonte enclosed a polite letter, firmly explaining that he wanted a \$10,000 raise over his 1960 contract of approximately \$10,000. "Spring training is only about three weeks away," Aspromonte said in late January, "so I'm hoping we agree on a figure soon. But I definitely will not report to our camp in Palm Springs, Calif., until I sign. It's too easy to get soft-soaped once you reach camp and see all the other guys out there playing ball."

Does Aspromonte actually believe that he is worth the 100 percent increase? "I certainly do," he said flatly. "I outhit every other American League second-baseman except Pete

it is. Baseball is fun, and when it stops being fun, that's the time to get out."

Call it rationalization, if you insist, but one must admit that Ken's new temperament, blended with his aggressive attitude toward winning ball games, has made it easier to look at the Los Angeles adventure in a true spirit of hopefulness.

"The way I figure it," he said, "the people running the Los Angeles team—general manager Fred Haney, field manager Bill Rigney and owners Gene Autry and Bob Reynolds—know who will have to do the job for them. I mean fellows who are established major-leaguers, fellows like Bob Cerv, Ted Kluszewski, Eddie Yost and myself. That means they'll play us regularly, which should help. Playing for a tail-end club is not so good, but after all, you're still batting against the same pitcher. To be judged fairly, a man must play not 40 or 50 games, but 140 or 150."

Although Aspromonte heard nothing from the Angels' front office except receiving the two rejected contracts and a Merry Christmas-Happy New Year telegram, he expected to be the new team's starting second-base-man.

"With Kluszewski at first, me at second, Ken Hamlin at short and Yost at third," he said, "I think our infield is better than Detroit's, Kansas City's and Boston's. A lot of people have been calling our club a collection of 'rinky dinks' and 'utility players,' but I think they're in for a surprise. Take a guy like Ken Hunt, who simply needed a break with the right club. He has great potential, but how could you expect him to beat out guys like Mickey Mantle, Roger Maris, Hector Lopez and Yogi Berra right off the bat?"

The more Aspromonte talked, the more anxious he seemed to start his new job. "I'm very curious to see the LA fans' reaction," he said. "I hope they like us as well as my wife and I like the West Coast. Since the Angels bought me, we've received lots of letters and telegrams from our friends out there. Shirley was a Western Air Lines stewardess, you know, and I played those two seasons for San Francisco."

Ken grinned. "To tell the truth," he said, "I'm also pretty anxious to play in Wrigley Field. I had some pretty good games there when I was in the Pacific Coast League. The walls aren't too far or too high. I may not hit many over, but I expect to hit the walls a lot more than I did in Cleveland or Washington. I think it's about 330 feet to the left-field wall, and the ball travels a lot faster out there because of some strange wind current."

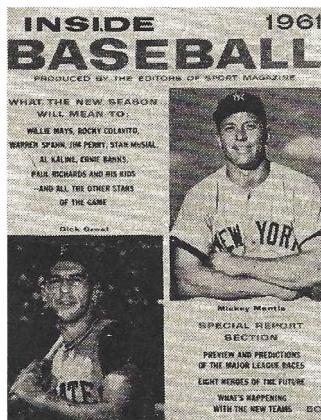
Even faced with the prospect of playing for a certain second-division team—one that might well wind up deeper in the second division than any club in major-league history—Aspromonte has developed a convincing optimism. He has heard, he says, good things about manager Rigney and general manager Haney.

"I was hoping I'd get in on a World Series," he said calmly, "but I'm adjusted to the change now. I'm really looking forward to playing for the Angels in Los Angeles. It's not just the money; it's a lot of little things that add up to being treated right."

He smiled. "And don't forget, when you're wanted, you always play better."



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THE BALLPLAYERS PICK THE PENNANT WINNERS

(Continued from page 29)

the league who throws any faster." In the National League, San Francisco's Willie Mays and Milwaukee's Hank Aaron continue to battle for top honors. Mays won the MVP prediction by five votes over Aaron (16-11), and Aaron won the leading-hitter prediction by three votes over Mays (25-22). Willie, now 29 and in his 11th season, did well last year. Playing in 153 games, he hit .319, scored 107 runs, drove in 103 and had 29 homers.

Significantly, Mays flashed his super skills in baseball's most glittering showcase, the All-Star games. The National League won both games and Mays went wild. In eight times at bat, he had six hits—three singles, a double, a triple and a home run. He also stole a base and led all outfielders with nine putouts. Afterward Kuenn said: "Willie could very well be the best ballplayer alive today." Bobby Bragan, who has been in pro baseball since 1937, went even farther. "Mays is the greatest player I've ever seen," Bragan said. "He could make the All-Star team at every position except pitcher and catcher, and I'm not too certain he couldn't do it there either."

Despite many similar tributes, Mays has not won a Most Valuable Player Award since 1954, the year the Giants won their last pennant. Aaron has not won one since 1957 (the players predicted it too). Ernie Banks (the 1958 and 1959 MVP) and Dick Groat (the 1960 MVP) didn't draw much support. Banks had three votes and

Groat only one. Eddie Mathews was third high, followed by the Cardinals' Ken Boyer and the Dodgers' Frank Howard.

Aaron, now 27 and in his eighth season, should bounce way back from his 1960 slump, the ballplayers say. Although his batting average skidded 63 points to .292, Aaron lost none of his slugging power. His whiplash swing produced 40 home runs (second only to Banks) and drove in 126 runs (highest in the majors). No one has been able to figure out exactly why Hank's average fell, but many experts obviously are willing to write it off simply as a bad season. The players gave Hank full-blown backing as their predicted batting champion. The only other National Leaguer to receive more than two votes was San Francisco newcomer Kuenn, who had four. Last year's champ, Groat, did not appear on a single ballot.

The most onesided voting occurred in the NL home-run class. Winner Banks received 38 votes to eight for runnerup Mathews, four for Aaron and three for Howard. Ernie's 41 homers in 1960 led the major leagues for the second time in the last three years. Two other years, 1957 and 1959, Ernie missed the title by one homer. At his current rate, the slim shortstop, a seven-year veteran at 30, could finish second to Babe Ruth in lifetime home runs.

A sharp-eyed wrist hitter, Banks understandably is the first name mentioned when any club begins trade talks with the otherwise talentless Cubs. The Cubs, though, have no such

ideas. "Listen, Ernie Banks is not for sale at any price," Chicago vice-president John Holland said last year. "The thought is ridiculous. No matter how good or how bad your team is going, you just don't trade the No. 1 slugger in baseball."

Pittsburgh's Vern Law (20-9) won the top pitcher poll in a four-cornered contest with Los Angeles' Don Drysdale (15-14), St. Louis' Ernie Broglio (21-9) and Milwaukee's Warren Spahn (21-10). Law drew 13 votes to 11 for Drysdale, ten for Broglio and eight for Spahn.

Law, a 31-year-old, soft-spoken hard-working righthander, won the 1960 Cy Young Award as the major leagues' most outstanding pitcher, and the ballplayers expect him to repeat. In addition to his 20 regular-season victories, Law won an All-Star game and two vital World Series games despite an ankle injury in late September. Relying on a good, but not great, fastball, curve and change of pace and pinpoint control, Law struck out 120 men and walked only 40 in 272 innings last year.

Most pitchers modestly picked teammates or opponents to lead the league, but one successful National Leaguer discreetly left the line blank. Three other pitchers, who won a total of six games among them last season, chose themselves. A few fellows did not write in their team affiliation; one prophetically put question marks after his team's name. Four days later, he was on a new team. His first prediction, anyway, had come true.

DON'T CALL ME A DIRTY FIGHTER

(Continued from page 25)

plenty. I fought harder and gave him a good beating.

The next day, my friend John Mooney took me to task in his Salt Lake Tribune column. He wrote: "Fullmer was not without fistic sin himself. He was cautioned repeatedly for hitting coming out of the clinches, and once he drew the displeasure of the fans by rapping Flanagan a solid punch after the bell ended the sixth round."

I read it a few times and knew I would have to live with it. But you can bet that criticism hurt me.

A year later, I fought Charlie Humez in Madison Square Garden. I cut his right eye in the second round and then his left eye in the sixth round. It turned into a rough fight. I got the decision. It was important because it put me in line for my first fight with Robinson and my first stretch as middleweight champion.

When I went back to my dressing room, a columnist was waiting for me. "You were pretty dirty in there," he said.

"I fought to win," I said. "If it was rough, it was rough both ways. But I've got to tell you that I didn't fight dirty deliberately. I never do."

In his column the next day, the writer quoted an old-time fight man he met in the lobby of the Garden. "They're both like old-time fighters," the old-timer said. "Fullmer butted him, so Humez hit him low."

It didn't make me mad. It made me

feel I can take care of myself in the ring if I have to. What I liked is that the old-time fight man didn't accuse me of being intentionally dirty. He understood that things get rough in the ring and that's why they say protect yourself at all times.

I did get mad when I was called a dirty fighter after taking the middleweight title from Robinson in 1957. Robinson and the fellows with him said I butted him and hit on the break. They said I kept my head in his face all night. Only thing they didn't accuse me of was pulling a knife on him.

Robinson had five managers then, and when they yelled all at once it made a lot of noise. People who never thought of it before suddenly began saying I was dirty. At first I paid it no mind, but now it bothers me a lot and I want to put down my side of the story so that there'll be no misunderstanding.

The most they can say about me is that I'm a rough fighter. That doesn't mean I'm dirty. It means I'm on the attack all the time, moving in to take advantage of God-given strength and to make up for one important physical disadvantage.

I'm short for a middleweight, only five feet, seven inches. This makes it hard for me to stand off and fight taller fellows. I've got to move in all the time, and once in close, I bang away with hooks and uppercuts.

There's no trick to what I do. It's doing what comes naturally. Try to

recall my first fight with Robinson. That's the one I like to remember because it was the best of our three fights—for me. Robinson's six feet tall. I couldn't fence with him, so I kept forcing. I moved in on him and put my head on his chest and punched. I didn't thumb him. I didn't heel him. I didn't butt him. He didn't hit me a good shot in 15 rounds.

The day after the fight, I went to Jim Norris' office in the Garden. He was still head of the International Boxing Club. He had his office on the second floor. It had a big desk in it, red leather chairs and a red leather couch.

I didn't expect to see many newspapermen, but there were, maybe 25, including photographers. Norris sat behind his desk. I sat in an easy chair in one corner. The newspapermen took up the other space. While I was answering questions, the photographers were taking pictures.

I could tell from the first question that most of the writers had been listening to Robinson and his five managers. They asked if I felt I had fought a dirty fight. "No," I said. "Remember the fight. He held me, hit me with punches back of the head, like rabbit punches, and grabbed whenever he could."

A writer jumped up. "Gene," he said, "Robinson's managers say you hit low and that the knockdown in the seventh round was half a butt, half a push. They say you used rabbit punches and rubbed your gloves in Ray's eyes. Did you?"

I looked toward Nat Fleischer. Nat's the editor and publisher of Ring Mag-

azine, and he's been covering boxing for 50 years. He's a little fellow and he was sitting, legs dangling, on the edge of Norris' glass-covered desk. For some reason I always call him "Mr. Fletcher." I turned to him. "Mr. Fletcher," I said, "do you think it was a dirty fight?"

"It was a clean fight," Nat said, "as clean as it could be with a rough fellow like you in with a boxer. Gene, you fought a good fight and don't let these fellows worry you. You won it and you are the champion."

The answer satisfied me. I guess it satisfied the newspapermen because they stopped asking me questions about the fight being dirty. Instead they wanted to know if I would give Robinson a return fight. I said I would. I kept my word.

We met again in the Chicago Stadium five months later. He knocked me out in the fifth round. I didn't fight my fight that night. Instead of moving in fast and putting my head on his chest, I tried to fence with him. While I was in there, I kept thinking that I didn't want anybody to call me a dirty fighter. It was murder. When I went in with Robinson again in Los Angeles last December, I should have fought the way I did in the first fight. But again I made a mistake. I fenced.

Marv Jenson, my manager, kept bugging me before the fight. "Be careful, Gene," he said. "Remember Chicago." So I fought Marv's fight instead of mine. I was too careful and concentrated on defense. I didn't put the pressure on. Marv was more scared of Ray than I was. I should have fought all out. Where I made another mistake was in listening to the referee. His name was Tommy Hart.

Right in the first round, Hart showed that he had been reading those publicity stories about me being a dirty fighter, especially about my butting contest with Joey Giardello. I went in close and banged away at Robinson. "Stop using your elbows, Fullmer," Hart hollered. Between the referee's warning and my manager's advice, I was in trouble.

In the last two rounds, I put on the pressure the way I should have all through the fight. I pulled out a draw. They started talking about a fourth fight with Robinson to take place in Las Vegas. It could happen before you read my story. One thing is sure. It will be my kind of a forcing fight, even if they yell about me being dirty. It's the winning way.

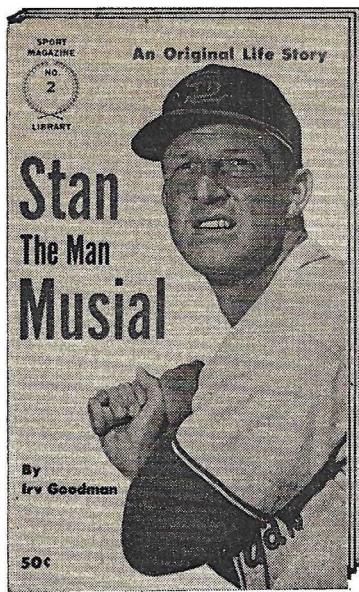
A few months ago, I went down to the bookstore in West Jordan. A fellow came up to me. He had a magazine in his hand and he said: "Did you read this?" I looked at an article in the magazine. It was by Fritz Zivic. He used to be welterweight champion.

"What's he say?" I asked.

"He says you're crude and sloppy in the ring, and that it takes skill to butt, to heel, to hit low, to elbow, to thumb. He says you can't do any of them right because you've got no skill."

"He's wrong," I said. I guess I was mad. "It takes a cruel fellow to do all those things. I'd hang up my gloves before I'd deliberately do any of those things."

I meant it. I love boxing. It's my life. My father was a good man with his fists and I'm not sure he can't lick me now. My two brothers are



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fighting professionally. Boxing is more than a business to me. It's a competitive sport and I'd be in it even if I didn't make a penny fighting. Do you know I had 84 amateur fights before I earned a cent in the ring? If I didn't care for the game, I wouldn't have stayed in the amateurs eight years.

In the ring, I depend on my strength, my quick reflexes and my brain. Being able to think in the ring is important. People believe that only fancy-dan fighters think. That's not so. A rough, aggressive fellow like myself has to think fast too.

Take the fight with Humez. He was a pretty good fighter. He had fast hands, but I outpunched him mainly because I was able to outthink him. Each time he started a rally, I punched right with him, only more so.

A lot of fans think my first fight with Carmen Basilio was my best. That one was in San Francisco in 1959. I don't go along with that. My best fight was the one with Humez. I believe it and Marv agrees with me. The first five rounds I banged away at Humez in close. I took so much out of him, I was able to outbox him in the last five rounds. It was a good night for me.

Don't get me wrong. I think my first fight with Basilio was one to remember too. The National Boxing Association had taken Robinson's title away because he hadn't defended it in more than a year and a half. The NBA picked Carmen and me to fight for the vacant title. I stopped him in the 14th round and the experts put it down that he was easy for me because he moved in on a straight line. They said all I had to do was to stick out my left and jab.

That was only half the story. The other part was that I was able to handle Basilio because he is my height. I didn't have to roughhouse my way in there in order to offset the longer reach and greater leverage of a taller fellow.

Fighting Basilio, I was able to jab my way in. My hooks were effective, and I ran the fight the way I wanted to run it. By the time the 12th round rolled around, Basilio was all in. I hurt him in the 13th. I knocked him into the ropes with good head shots in the 14th round. The referee stopped it. I felt bad because Basilio cried in his dressing room.

That night I went to a party at the Alexandria Hotel, where they had press headquarters. Norman Rothschild, who is from Basilio's hometown of Syracuse, was the co-promoter and he gave a party for me. All the newspapermen were there. So were my family and friends from Utah. Everybody was happy.

One of the newspapermen there was Red Smith. He listened to me talking to the other newspapermen. I told them that I liked to fight Basilio because he was a good fighter and a true sport. I said, "There's no better friend I like to fight than Basilio."

Red burst out laughing. He said, "That's a nice way of putting it, Gene."

"I mean it, Mr. Smith," I said.

It's the way I feel about boxing. If you're a fighter, you must have respect for the guy in there with you because without him you're nothing. You'd be shadow-boxing if the other fellow didn't put up his hands and try to knock you down. In the ring it's man against man, and if you're half the man you think you are, you've got to

kind of like the guy you're fighting. That's why I could never be dirty intentionally.

Come to think of it, there's only one fighter I really dislike—Robinson. It's not for anything that happened in the ring. When he knocked me out in Chicago in our second fight, it was fair and square. When a great fighter like Robinson is sharp, getting knocked out by him is no disgrace.

I dislike him because of the match-making tricks he pulls. The first time I went in against him, he gave me only 12 and a half percent of the net gate receipts. He kept all the money from the television broadcast. I waited a long time to get him, and I could have been just as greedy when I took the title from him. I wasn't.

Instead of making him wait around, I gave him a return just five months later. I didn't grab all the money either. We got 30 percent each, and I lost the title. I couldn't get a return bout. He ducked me. When I became NBA champion, I gave him a shot at the title, because my manager and I knew it was a money fight. And I wanted to prove that the knockout was a fluke. Then I gave him another shot.

But when I say I don't like Robinson, it doesn't mean I would deliberately fight dirty against him. I would be a fool to do this because I respect his ability as a fighter. He goes all the way back to the master of dirty fighting—Zivic. Twenty years ago,

Collector's Item
SPORT SPECIAL
The Willie Mays Decade
By Arnold Hano
In June **SPORT** at your newsstands
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Robinson had two fights with Zivic and beat Fritzie both times. I was less than ten years old when Robinson was handling the dirtiest fighter of them all, this Mr. Zivic.

How about my fight with Joey Giardello last April? That's the one in which everybody said I deliberately butted him in the fourth round. Well there's a story behind all that.

A few days before the fight, a boxing writer from New York came to my manager. He told Marv he had just come from Giardello's camp at Livingston, Mont. The writer said Giardello was practicing his butting.

"You're kidding," Marv said.

"The hell I am," the writer said. "Don't forget Giardello butted in his last fight, the one with Dick Tiger."

"We'll be ready," Marv said.

"I looked at Giardello's last workout," the writer said. "He has this sparring partner, Jimmy Hegerle. The kid came out of that workout with a cut on the chin. Had to be a butt. Better tell Gene that Giardello's working with his head."

The night of the fight, we came to the center of the ring for instructions from referee Harry Kessler. All of a sudden, Giardello's manager, Tony Ferrante, began to beef.

Tony pointed a finger at me. "Don't forget to watch Fullmer," he said. "He's pretty rough in the clinches. Watch his head for butting."

I didn't say anything, but my manager did. "Don't pull that," Marv

said. "Ref, you better watch Giardello's head. Just keep an eye on it."

I butted Giardello in the first round. It wasn't intentional and nobody complained. But it became bad in the fourth round, and we've got movies to prove what I'm going to say now.

Early in the fourth round, our heads came together, and Joey came out of it with a cut over his right eye. I thought he realized it was an accident. We moved apart. I was on the west side of the ring. Giardello was near me, with his back to the ropes on the south side. Suddenly he came at me, head down. I saw him coming. He had to take four steps to reach me. I ducked my head to shield my eyes. His head hit mine. I came out of it with a cut over my left eye. The blood almost blinded me.

I was dazed. I began walking around in circles. I wanted to jump right out of the ring. The referee stepped in front of Giardello. He knew it was Giardello's fault. I looked at Giardello. I saw a look come into his eyes. I think he realized he had been caught. He was sorry. He came toward me with his gloves extended, trying to apologize. I was angry. I wanted no part of him.

I hear somebody screaming at the referee. "Throw Fullmer out, throw him out! I told you he was going to butt. Throw him out!"

I looked toward Giardello's corner. There was his manager Ferrante on the ring apron. Kessler saw him. "Get off there or I'll throw your fighter out," Kessler said. He meant it. Ferrante climbed down the stairs. Then I heard Marv screaming at the referee to throw Giardello out of the ring.

It seemed a long time had passed. It was only 15 seconds or so. Kessler called us together. "No more of that stuff," he warned. He held us up for another ten seconds. Then he let us go. The blood was running into my eyes. "Give it back to him," I thought, but I cooled off fast. I knew I had a rough guy on my hands.

I don't know if Giardello purposely hit me with his head. What I know is that he came charging at me. The butt gave me double vision for five rounds. It didn't help me and made the fight close. Like the Robinson bout, it ended in a draw. The way people screamed, I thought it was the first draw in a championship fight. I looked up the records. There were 35 draws in championship fights before my draw with Giardello.

Once they label you a dirty fighter, it's hard to wipe out the mark. Nobody remembers the nice things, like in the fight with Tiger Jones, the one I mentioned before. That was in 1956 in Cleveland. What happened there was that Jones hit me on the break one time. The referee warned him. Jones stepped back even though the referee told us to continue punching. He dropped his hands.

"Let's go," the referee ordered.

Jones just stood there. Another guy would have moved in and hit him on the chin. I didn't. I waited until Jones decided to put his hands up again. Then I hit him a good overhand right to the head.

The next day, Jones's manager had a writeup in the Cleveland papers. "Fullmer is a dirty fighter," he said. "He choked the Tiger—I mean choked him. I saw it and the Tiger told me about it. It's the only way Fullmer knows how to fight."

"Don't pay any attention to it," Marv

said. "It's only publicity talk."

I was mad for a week. The truth is I'd be lost if I had to be intentionally dirty. I guess I'm not smart enough for that sort of thing. I've been angry in fights, but I've never tried anything dirty to get the advantage.

The people in my town of West Jordan know it. It's a small place with a population of about 2,500. It's real nice because one fellow's problem becomes his neighbor's problem. His success becomes their success. The time I won the middleweight title from Robinson, they almost changed the name of West Jordan to Fullmer-ville. They had a big parade and 4,000 folks came to the Salt Lake City Airport to welcome me from New York.

"I've lived in West Jordan all my life, and the way people there feel about me is important. It's not like living in a big city, where you can go away and hide. I've got to face my neighbors, and when I do, I can look them right in the eye and say: "I don't fight dirty."

If they didn't believe me, I'd lose their friendship fast. As it is, I've got more friends than a man's entitled to have. I get a lot of letters after one of my fights is on television, and I'd say 95 percent of them are friendly.

My father isn't bothered when people say I'm a dirty fighter. He was a pretty rough fellow when he was younger, and I guess he realizes that it's family style to be rough. He knows I'm not unsportsmanlike. My mother is different. She takes it to heart. When she reads anything about me being dirty, she says: "Gene, don't let it bother you. You know the truth."

My parents are different than most fighters' parents. My father and mother wanted me to become a fighter. My father gave me boxing gloves when I was six. When I was eight, I began taking lessons from Marv Jenson. I had my first amateur fight at 12.

I'm looking back at all this to show that boxing isn't a get-rich-quick thing with me. It's my life. I've got a young son, Belaun. He's going on two. If he wants to fight when he grows up, I'll let him. My wife Dolores feels the same way about boxing as I do. She's a quiet girl, and she tells people that boxing is my trade and that a wife must learn to respect her husband's trade. She is only unhappy about the time I spend in the training camp—away from her and our home.

People in town, and elsewhere in my part of the country, must not think I'm a villain. I get invitations to speak at church affairs. I'm asked to talk to the Boy Scouts half a dozen times a year. I guess everybody must know by now that I'm an elder in the Mormon church. I live by the gospel and it is not written in the Book that victory goes to a foul fighter.

I don't drink and I don't smoke. I don't use swear language. A lot of people think a fighter has to be a roughneck. I don't. After the fight in which Giardello butted me, I said: "Anybody who does a thing like that in a championship fight doesn't deserve a rematch." I meant it. Being a champ is important to me, and nobody should be one unless he can fight clean.

I've lost fights that I thought I had won and I've won fights that I thought I had lost. But I've never lost the most important fight of all. I've never lost my self-respect. It's always going to be that way.

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THE MAN WHO POWERS THE GREEN BAY PACKERS

(Continued from page 47)

I've never seen a quicker-starting fullback. In addition Taylor blocks superbly. It's common knowledge that Brown rarely blocks."

What is so strange about all this acclaim—Taylor made the second team All-NFL in 1960—is that until the recent success of the Packers, practically nobody had ever heard of Jim Taylor, despite his career of nearly unbroken success.

Nearly unbroken, but not quite. At the start of the 1959 season, after Jim had put together two tremendous days in a row, leading the Packers to 9-6 and 28-10 wins over the Bears and Lions, and had helped out in a 21-20 win over the 49ers, he suffered a freak injury that benched him for four and a half games. Jim's wife, Dixie, was preparing supper in the Taylors' Green Bay apartment, heating up grease in a long-handled frying pan, before throwing on the french fries. The Taylors' three-year-old daughter, Jobeth, was wandering around. Suddenly the grease caught fire; flames shot up two to three feet. Just above the stove was a wooden frame. Jim, shoeless, rushed in and grabbed the pan handle. To keep the flames away from the wood cabinets, he backed out of the kitchen, holding the pan in one hand and groping for the storm door with the other. The pan tilted back, and blazing grease burned down his right hand and wrist and splashed onto his right foot.

"It cremated me," Taylor says without melodramatics. "The grease that landed on my foot soaked into my sock and burned away."

Taylor was rushed to the hospital for a three-week stay. He didn't leave his bed for ten days; he didn't get back into action until the season was more than half gone.

Still during 1959 Taylor gained 452 yards in 110 carries, while the Packers (7-5) carved out their first better-than-.500-season in many years. Taylor's yardage placed him 15th in the National Football League, just behind the Giants' Frank Gifford.

So Taylor's 1960 success should not have been so surprising. People should have known about him. Why didn't they? The answer is that Taylor has no "color." Jim Taylor, about as colorless as Lou Gehrig, suffers from the same fate. Gehrig operated under the vast impenetrable shade cast by mammoth Babe Ruth. Taylor is not only in the shadow of equally mammoth Jim Brown, but on his own Packer team he is eclipsed by football's newest glamour boy, Paul Hornung. Hornung is blond, dimpled and outspoken. He also is a Notre Dame grad. All this delights the jaded sportswriter, searching up hot news. Ask Paul Hornung a question and you've got a paragraph ready to be spiked on the copy desk. Ask Jim Taylor a question and you've got a monosyllable. Hornung drives a new Cadillac; Taylor drives a three-year-old Pontiac. That is the difference.

Jim Taylor doesn't mind. Life has been painful and slow at times and if there is a rainbow at all, he is delighted to have caught sight of it at age 25 with everything coming up first downs.

Taylor's father died when the boy was ten, back in Baton Rouge, La., in 1945, so Jim had to go out and

find a job. He did, delivering papers—two routes, getting up at four o'clock in the morning and quitting at 6:30 at night, with school sandwiched in between—for \$3 a week. He swung a maul—a heavy hammer—for a pipe outfit during summers in high school. He worked as a roughneck for an off-shore oil-drilling outfit—"the hardest work in the world"—in the summers between terms at Louisiana State University. He and Dixie Taylor met when they were in college, and, underage, they forged their parents' signatures and eloped. This meant more and harder work for Jim to support his wife and soon his daughter, while still sending money home to his mother, and managing to play good enough football to lead the Southeast Conference scorers in 1956 and 1957.

At high school, Taylor had starred in football and was also a four-year letterman in basketball, playing in the North-South High School All-Star game in his senior year. He had

said. He shrugged. He knew it had sounded terribly corny and that it would look worse. But it was the truth and he let it stand.

There aren't too many hills to step over any more for the brown-eyed, crewcut brown-haired, serious-faced young man from Baton Rouge. He is acknowledged to be the second best fullback in the world; there are a few who think he is the best. Taylor not only runs with crushing power and fair speed, but he has superb balance. Balance, in fact, is his greatest physical asset, according to coach Lombardi and teammate Dan Currie.

Taylor took a gymnastics course at LSU in his last semester. He can walk on his hands and do forward flips, and he credits tumbling for his ability to keep his feet after a Doug Atkins or a Gino Marchetti has put a gentle fist in his face. Taylor also plays handball at least twice a week all winter, and he believes he is more agile for it.

This learned and fluid grace is parlayed with another talent to make those extra yards. Lombardi says: "Taylor gives me a great second effort." There is nothing learned about this. All it means is that Jim Taylor doesn't give up when he is hit. At times Taylor's incessant kicking and squirming beneath a half-ton of defensive beef has caused some hard feeling, and Taylor admits he has to learn to stop driving once the play is officially dead. But until it is dead, Taylor will continue to battle for his ground. "Football is a game of inches," he says. "You see all the time how many first downs are made or lost by inches. It's my job to get those inches."

How well Taylor gets them was best demonstrated the day after he and I had talked in Los Angeles' Hotel Biltmore, a conversation which I ended by saying: "Let's see you get two touchdowns tomorrow, Jim." He said he'd try.

Tomorrow was January 15, an 87-degree Sunday in the Los Angeles Coliseum, and Taylor got three touchdowns, as the West won, 35-31. Taylor's 18 points broke Pro Bowl records for total scoring and for most touchdowns.

Three times Taylor bucked over from within the two-yard line. In his duel with the East's Jim Brown, Taylor packed ten more yards into one less carry than did the Cleveland back; Taylor averaged 4.61 yards to Brown's 3.33. There was one stretch where it appeared the rest of the West backfield had gone back home. In the third quarter, with the West leading 21-17, Les Richter blocked a field-goal kick and the Unitas-led West squad put the ball in play on the East 44. The team took six plays to go all the way; Taylor carried the ball on five of the six plays. One was a pitchout from Unitas, with Taylor bucking for 28 yards carrying two grasping defensive backs—Jim Hill and Jerry Norton—en route. It was all there on that one run: Taylor's explosive charge, his balance, his second effort. Then he went over from the one-yard line.

Perhaps it sounds too easy. It isn't, even though Taylor is the first to question his talent, and the first to speak in awe of professional football defense. He remembers the first time he carried the ball against a pro team,

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no time to practice basketball after the school day ended, so he shot baskets by moonlight in the playground and even broke into the locked gym after midnight to shoot baskets in the dark. He also played in the North-South High School All-Star football game in his senior year. Taylor thinks he may be the only American athlete ever to have played in both basketball and football North-South high school contests.

So it has always been hard and it has usually been successful; and in the coffee shop of the largest hotel on the West Coast, the day before he was to step onto a football field before 62,971 fans and millions in their living rooms to earn the winner's share of \$800 for a couple of hours' sweat, Jim Taylor puffed on a cigar and summed up his life. "Ever since I can remember" he said, "I've always been confronted with problems. I'm convinced there's no hill too high for steppin' over." Then he looked at me sharply. "You ain't goin' to write that, are you?"

"Unless you tell me not to, I am," I

for the College All-Stars in August of 1957, against the champion Detroit Lions. "Joe Schmidt hit me," he recalls with some trace of awe. "He really peeled me."

Schmidt is one of the linebackers Taylor most respects. Jim says: "I gained 150 yards against the Lions one day in '60. Schmidt wasn't playing that day. That was the difference. He really hits you and when you try to block him, it's tough, real tough. You've got to get down real low to block out guys like Schmidt and Gino Marchetti. If you hit Marchetti up high—woosh!" Taylor shakes his head and whistles thinly. "You're 15 yards away."

Taylor's improved blocking, he says, is a tribute to coach Lombardi. "He got me down on all fours, in a crab block, so you get every bit of yourself around the man you're taking out." Then Taylor adds in a rare note of contempt: "Mr. Brown doesn't know anything about crab blocking. It's all news to him."

When all is said and done, and Taylor has recounted the number of times he's been blown 15 yards through the air by a Marchetti, the soft-spoken Southern boy insists the balance is on his side. "At the end of the year, I can remember maybe a dozen times I really got belted so it physically hurt. But I can also count three or four dozen times I hit a man so I stung him."

San Francisco's 225-pound lineman Bob Harrison articulates the sting of Taylor's power. "I was set," Harrison said. "That Taylor ran at me and I planted my feet solid, wide apart. He hit me so hard that he knocked me right off my feet and on my back. Never happened to me before in my life." Harrison paused. "Then he picked me up."

There are some experts who feel Taylor's appetite for running into defensive men has cut down his ability to break away on long runs. Packer assistant coach and defensive specialist Phil Bengtson says half in jest, and two-thirds seriously: "Taylor has a built-in radar so he can find the enemy even when there is no enemy in sight."

And coach Lombardi says: "Jim loves to hunt 'em up."

Taylor insists he hasn't broken loose on many long runs because he is still learning. "I don't have the experience to know what to do in the secondary. I have to learn to break and cut. With more time in the league, I think I'll learn." Then he admits with a grin that perhaps the indictment is true: "You've got to punish the tacklers. You've got to make them respect you."

Lombardi is willing to take Taylor, head-hunting and all. "I don't care if he ever gets any better. If he stays the same, I'll be happy."

"The same" would be such contributions as the 151 yards rushing and the go-ahead touchdown he provided in the Packers' 28-9 win over Detroit last season. Green Bay had been trailing 9-7 in the third quarter before Taylor brought them downfield and blasted over from the two-yard line.

"The same" would probably include the three-touchdown days he enjoyed in Packer wins over the Colts and the Dallas Cowboys. And Lombardi would undoubtedly settle, too, for the 161 yards his go-get-em fullback rolled up in a muddy 13-0 victory against San Francisco. The San Fran-



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cisco paper explained that one with a meaningful headline: "IT CAME UP MUD AND TAYLOR."

Both Taylor and Lombardi will be even happier if in 1961 the Packers win not only another Western Division championship, but wrap up the league title as well. Taylor bitterly recalls the 17-13 playoff loss to the Eagles, a game which ended with Chuck Bednarik pinning Jim down on the Philadelphia nine-yard line. For Taylor it had been a personal triumph, rushing for 105 yards in 25 carries on a field of ice that literally stripped rubber from runners' cleats whenever they tried to turn sharply. Taylor has often recreated that last play, seconds to go.

"We have patterns whenever we get inside the two-minute mark and we've used up our timeouts, so we don't have to huddle between plays. We were running what we call Blue Right, strong side right. On this play, we had the ball on their 22, and it would likely be the last play. Moore was at the right half spot, the strong side, with Max McGee, our end, flanked off to the left. I was at the deep fullback post. On this play, Starr has two choices. McGee breaks straight down and then left, headed for the sidelines. If he's clear, Starr can hit him, and Max can go all the way or else run out of bounds to stop the clock. Because Moore is on the strong side, the corner linebacker—Bednarik, in this case—has to watch him. That gives me a chance to swing in a half circle to the left and into the middle of their secondary. If McGee is covered, Starr can hit me."

That was what happened. McGee

was covered and Starr spotted Taylor. But Bednarik, after fading deep into the Packer strong side, saw Taylor circling into the deserted center of the secondary. The Philadelphia linebacker hooked back to get between Taylor and the goal line. Starr hit Taylor with a short pass; the fullback broke for the goal, but Bednarik nailed him on the nine.

As Taylor lay on the cold ground, he knew it was the end of the line. "I felt real let down. Two or three Eagles were jumping around to get the ball, but I wasn't letting go. I was in agony. Finally I realized I was being foolish, and I threw the ball up, and Bednarik and I threw our arms around each other, and then I trotted off. The dressing room was real quiet."

So 1960 ended in the agony of defeat, and it did not help much that immediately afterward Bednarik said: "Taylor rates pretty close to Jim Brown. He hits harder than Brown in my opinion, but he doesn't have as much speed."

That was the end of 1960, defeat. The beginning of 1961 was victory, and glory in the Pro Bowl.

After the game, Jim flew home to Baton Rouge to wife, Dixie, and daughter, Jobeth, to get ready for some weekend hunting. He'll take a gun when he goes hunting game, although most of America is now keenly aware that Jim Taylor doesn't need a gun. Even if the quarry is bear, oddsmakers would probably insist Taylor take on the beast with his bare hands, or all bets off. Jim Taylor is a fullback, and that is the way of fullbacks.

MR. HANDGUN

(Continued from page 41)

competition. The situation was grim. "What do we do now?" one confused shooter asked during practice at Fort Benning training center. "We don't have much time left, and if we switch back to our old guns now, we're liable to be thrown off and lose our fine edge."

Donovan had the answer. The guns he had worked so hard to develop would have to be modified to fit the new specifications. He quickly set up a working schedule between High Standard and the Fort Benning armorers, hoping that they could work fast enough to outfit the U. S. team properly before it left.

During the remaining eight days, Donovan made four round trips from Fort Benning, Ga., to Hamden, Conn., carrying guns from field to factory and back to field. He went to shoots, studied the modified weapon's performance, asked the shooters questions, then redesigned the guns on the spot.

His hectic schedule went like this: Out of bed in Hamden at 5:30 A.M., stop at the plant to pick up four Olympic pistols that the nightshift had just finished accuracy-testing, drive to Idlewild Airport in New York, fly to Atlanta, change planes and fly to Columbus. Arrive at noon, meet military car and drive to Fort Benning. Skip lunch and spend the afternoon on the range testing guns with the team, making notes of desired changes to meet individual specifications. Drive to Columbus at 4:30 P.M., fly to Atlanta, change planes and fly to Idlewild. Then drive back to Hamden, deliver the guns to the factory and instruct the people making the adjustments.

Bill did this every other day for more than a week, and finally the guns were right for each shooter.

This would make a perfect story if the combination of High Standard,

Donovan and our marksmen won in Russia. It didn't, but for the first time since the early Twenties, the U. S. team broke the existing record. We scored 2,319 points. The Russians had improved even more, though, and also broke the record, with 2,361.

The Russians were extremely impressed with our surprise showing. In fact they were so intrigued with the High Standard gun that they reportedly tried to trade vodka and cars for one. Those who were there said that the Russians liked the gun better than their own and admitted that it was a superior weapon.

That proved, then, that the U. S. weapon wasn't to blame; it was the man behind it. A wide gap separated our country's shooting skills with Russia's. General Parks said: "It is no accident that the Russians shoot well. They have been training their best shooters for ten years. It will require diligent training of this sort on our part for the next two years to equal or better them in the 1960 Olympics."

Donovan and many others heeded this gentle warning. They pleaded for intensification of our marksmanship program in all services, law enforcement and civilian organizations. International shooting facilities were made available through the efforts of the NRA, the Army's advanced marksmanship units at Fort Benning, the Air Force at Lackland, Tex., and the Marine Corps at Camp Mathews, Calif.

Among the service officers who helped were Colonels Edward Masson, Robin Montgomery, Tom Kelly, Delmore Moser and Walter Walsh.

It began to look as if the U. S. was finally on the right track when we won two places in the rapid-fire matches at the 1959 Pan-American Games in Chicago. Two Army men, Lieutenant David Cartes and Sergeant Aubrey Smith, finished first and second.

"This indicates to me," Donovan said enthusiastically, "that for the first time in history, we have an excellent chance of beating the Russians in the

1960 Olympics." Then he put his Supermatic into action.

In the mid-winter pistol championships at Miami, U. S. Border Patrolman Harry Aitken won the slow-fire event and placed high enough in rapid-fire and time competition to compile the best aggregate score in a field of 600 fine marksmen. Second place in the 22-caliber aggregate went to Master Sergeant Richard Stinemann of Fort Benning. Both men used High Standard Supermatics.

In the North Atlantic States' revolver and pistol championships at Rocky Hill, Conn., Army Sergeant Ben Rabb fired the match's first perfect score in eight years. He used a Supermatic.

In the national pistol matches at Camp Perry, Ohio, John Hurst of the Los Angeles Police Department won the 22-caliber aggregate championships. Army Sergeant Santiago Machuca finished second and John Forman, U. S. Border Control, third. They used Supermatics.

Even after the Supermatic's top performances in this country and Marine Captain Bill McMillan's Olympic victory, developer Donovan refuses to rest. Now he is helping to produce a gun with an electronic trigger, a so-called "free pistol." This is the type weapon used in the difficult slow-firing competition at the Olympics, a free-wheeling 60-shot affair.

Working closely with Gary Wilhelm, chief handgun designer at High Standard, and Warrant Officer Herman Gano of the advanced marksmanship unit at Fort Benning, Donovan watches the shooters, fires his questions, then hurries back to Hamden, test gun in hand.

He had pilot models ready for the 1960 Olympics, but due to the lack of team training time, it was decided to withhold Donovan's new deviator until the next international free pistol matches.

They should be worth waiting for. There is no telling what Bill Donovan will have ready by then.

A PLAN TO SAVE AMERICAN TRACK AND FIELD

(Continued from page 32)

Harold, who was born with a withered arm, battled back to become the greatest hammer thrower in the world. Johnson, who seriously injured his back in an auto accident two years ago, fought back against tremendous odds to win the Olympic decathlon. Each in his own way represents a story of determination that should be told to the youth of America. But the athletes weren't allowed to sell the stories without losing their amateur standings.

I am not suggesting that we should pay our athletes. The heart of the Olympics is its amateur tradition, and we must do everything possible to maintain these high principles. Still we must make it easier for our amateur athletes. We might relax the rules that cover by-products of their fame. We should see that they receive their regular weekly salaries while they are away from their jobs competing for our country. And even more important, we should let them work as camp counselors during the summer. As counselors the athletes would be able to stay in shape, make some money and inspire American

youngsters to follow in their footsteps.

This winter, Gabriel (Harry) Korobkov, the Russian track coach and a friend of mine, issued a statement from Moscow charging that American amateur athletes were all professionals, receiving college scholarships and money to compete. Harry is a bright man who has learned that it pays for him to keep the U.S. on the defensive. Blame the Americans, I can imagine him reasoning, and that will take the pressure off us for a while. By now we should be accustomed to these periodic Russian outbursts, but some international officials still react to the charges as if there really were some substance to them. Instead of probing the Soviet athletic program, which unquestionably relies on total subsidization, the officials become suspect of every suggestion offered to improve the pitiful existence of the American amateur.

Particularly annoying and disheartening was the official reaction when John Thomas, Ray Norton and Connolly lost their events last summer. Immediately everyone demanded to know what had happened, and one

enterprising writer decided to blame the upsets on high living. I was in Rome, and in each case there is an explanation, none of which has the slightest thing to do with carousing. In fact this was the best behaved Olympic team I've ever seen. In the past, I have known some athletes who have lost their gold medals the night before their events, but the 1960 U.S. team did not lose because of extracurricular activities. Harold Connolly lost because he made the mistake of experimenting with his throwing style four days before his event. He had reached his peak at the time of the trials and was on the way down by the time of the games.

Ray Norton lost in the 100-meter dash to Germany's cocky Armin Hary, and if they raced 100 times I don't think Ray could have won once. Everyone had read that Hary had set a world record of ten flat but the impression was that he was timed by a faulty or rigged watch. But the moment I saw Hary run in his first trial, it was obvious that the watch had nothing to do with his record. He is the fastest starting sprinter of all time, and Ray just couldn't catch up

to him. In the 200, Norton ran only a fair race but, at his best, he would have had difficulty beating the ultimate winner, Italy's Livio Berruti. When the article first appeared blaming the U.S. defeats on high living, the report spread around the village that Ray was one of the team's highest livers. Not true. Of all the boys in Rome, Ray Norton was one of the most conscientious.

With John Thomas, the newspaper reports were a lot closer to what I saw. John is a quiet youngster who at 17 was the greatest high jumper the world had ever known. According to everyone, he couldn't lose in Rome, and John, an impressionable young man, apparently became equally convinced of his invincibility. A few days before the competition, a group of Russians visited the American training area and asked Thomas to demonstrate his technique. Without his own coach, who did not make the trip, Thomas was allowed to show off for the Russians. He jumped seven feet with ease and then, as the Soviets walked away smiling, John turned to a writer. "I guess I really psyched 'em," he said. Unfortunately, as the elder statesman of the shot put, Parry O'Brien, would say, it was a reverse psyche. The Russians figured that Thomas was so confident he would fall apart if anyone else cleared seven feet—and they were right. Without his coach to calm him down, Thomas folded almost the moment three Russians topped seven feet. Although teen-ager Valeri Brumel, who finished second at Rome, set a new world record of 7-4 this winter, Thomas, unlike Norton, could have won his gold medal easily last summer if he had had the proper guidance.

Despite his disheartening defeat, Thomas has decided to continue competing, but a great many other Olympians want to quit. We must whet their appetites for further competition. Within the next three months, we must set up a system of summer Olympic camps across the United States, bringing together the top athletes for extensive work and competition. In addition to competing in a series of international meets, these athletes should live and work together, building up a sense of teamwork that was so obviously lacking in the 1960 American track and field team.

But camps filled with ambitious young Olympians will never be enough to enable us to regain the sports initiative. According to the Russian track coach, Korobkov, there are currently 25,000,000 Soviets training for the 1964 Olympic team, with 4,000,000 competing for positions on the track and field squad. To come anywhere near catching up to these staggering statistics, we must go to the grassroots, through schools, Police Athletic Leagues, Boy Scouts, Catholic Youth Organizations, Junior Chambers of Commerce and any other organization that will lend a hand. We must single out the top young athletes—from eight years on up—and interest them in track and field and other Olympic sports. Through concentrated junior achievement programs with awards and national recognition, we will select the most promising youngsters and send them to the regional camps to study under the Olympians who will be paid as teachers and counselors to supervise and instruct the willing youth of America.

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During the summer, 98 percent of our stadiums and pools are shut down. Why not open them up—just as we did at the University of Oregon for the Olympic track team—and bring in the Olympians of the future? In some areas, the camps could be limited to weekend instruction and competition, but in each case the athletes would be supplied with proper equipment. Eventually, in 1962 or 1963, we should organize an international Junior Olympics, patterned after the Junior Davis Cup in tennis, to give the youngsters a taste of international competition.

Instead of waiting for the Olympic year to make an all-out appeal, let's start right now, setting a goal of \$1,000,000 annually to further America's physical fitness and her Olympic team. Collecting \$1,000,000 isn't much when you consider the \$22,000,000,000 the U.S. spends each year to combat crime or the billions we spend on rockets.

Once I was discussing life in America and Russia with a Soviet trackman who happened to be a Christian. "How many churches are there in America?" he asked.

"Oh," I answered, "thousands. There must be more than 500 where I live in Southern California."

"Five hundred," he said, surprised. "There are only four in Moscow." Then he turned to a fellow Russian and mumbled something which I could not understand.

"What did he say?" I asked the other athlete.

"He said, 'You have more churches, and we have more rockets. Maybe it would be better if we had more churches.'"

It was a frank and candid comment for a young man who knew he would have to beat out an American in order to assure himself of a high standard of living in Russia. Most of the Soviet athletes I have met, however, are sincerely convinced that the United States will never again catch up to the Soviet Union—in rockets or in sports.

To anyone who has met the top Russian athletes, it is obvious that the Soviet Union will not stand still; neither will Germany with its fine trackmen and its diving champ, young Ingrid Kramer; Italy with a fine sprinter and three gold-medal boxers; or Australia with its always powerful swimmers. Even the smallest nations are beginning to sprout Olympic wings, and the stirring victory of Ethiopia's barefoot Abebe Bikila in the marathon may be the signal of further competition for the major powers.

Perhaps nationalism should be driven out of the Olympics, but from what the Russians have told me, the Soviet Union will never allow it. If we are forced to play the game the Russian way—and no matter what anyone says or does, the Olympics will remain a propaganda field day for the winner—we can't afford to come out second best. We can't have officials whitewashing the Russians and chastising Americans. We can't let men like Rafer Johnson walk away from a sport that needs their leadership desperately. We've got to get crash programs going, and there's not much time left. We cannot sit idly by while our youth grows soft. Let's get busy immediately.

THE ONE AND ONLY MASTERS

(Continued from page 59)

big tournaments, there is a business-like hardness masked on the players, each determined to win mostly because of economic reasons. The players in the Masters want to win too—the green coat that goes with victory carries the greatest prestige in golf—but they go about the task in a friendly fashion.

Money is involved at the Masters to be sure (Palmer won \$17,500 in 1960), but sentiment is as important. Just being invited to the tournament is the greatest honor a young pro, or amateur, can receive. They are eager to produce a dramatic, skilled show.

Palmer's magnificent finish last year furnished the high drama, drama to match Art Wall's driving 1959 finish or Gene Sarazen's fabulous 1935 ending burst. But sentimentally the big kick came on opening day.

Long before the big names like Hogan, Snead and Palmer were scheduled to appear, a gallery began gathering around the first tee. Dew still jeweled the lush green grass when Ralph Hutchinson announced: "Now on the first tee, ladies and gentlemen, Freddie McCloud, former Open champion, and Jock Hutchison, former British Open champion. We will give them a good headstart because these champions play very carefully."

The crowd laughed, knowing that McCloud was 78 and Hutchison 76, and because of age would need a little extra daylight. After they finished, I asked McCloud how they had done. "Fine, lad, fine, we played the whole 18 holes in two hours and 17 minutes."

Only at the Masters do you find such nostalgia. To be sure, the old-timers dropped out of the tournament after 18 holes, but they had a whale of a time while it lasted. So did the gallery. Furthermore, any player invited to the Masters receives \$350, whether he plays or not.

Yes, the Masters is unique in many respects. It simply can't be duplicated anywhere else in the world. Aside from the magic of Bobby Jones's name and the business wizardry of Cliff Roberts, where else could you find terrain so magnificently suited to championship golf, terrain that had been more than 100 years in the making?

In 1857 a Belgian nobleman, Baron Berckmans, came on the site of an ancient indigo plantation that now houses the Masters. On the rich, red land he established Fruitlands, one of the first nurseries in the South. He brought exotic plants from all over the world to go with the local variety. Soon Fruitlands was ablaze with color, the same flamboyant color that adorns the Masters today.

At the end of a cathedral-like

avenue of magnolias, Berckmans built a lovely old manor house that seems today to have come straight from the pages of *Gone With the Wind*. During the tournament, some of the belles entering the ancient mansion (now used as a clubhouse) are as strikingly beautiful as the film-fabled Scarlett O'Hara.

The Masters' stage, set by time and nature, was indeed ideal for fulfillment of the dream that long had haunted Jones. When Bobby returned, he wanted to use the ideas he collected in playing great courses all over the world to build a golf course that would tax the ingenuity of experts and at the same time be pleasurable for duffers. With the help of Cliff Roberts, he found the land. Bobby was delighted it was at Augusta because his wife came from there and he loved the beautiful rolling land. He also wanted to have a place where he could play friendly rounds in privacy.

"I stood at the top of the hill before that fine old house," Jones says, recalling his first visit to the Masters' property, "and looked down at that wide stretch of land rolling down the slope before me. It was cleared land for the most part, and you could take in the vista all the way down to Rae's creek. I knew instantly it was the kind of terrain I had always hoped to find. I had been told, of course, about the marvelous plants and trees, but I was still unprepared for the bonus of beauty Fruitlands offered."

After buying the land and formulating plans for the National Augusta Golf Club, Jones hired Dr. Alistair MacKenzie, the renowned Scottish golf architect, to come to America and design the course. MacKenzie later said that the Masters was his finest achievement.

Actually the team of MacKenzie and Jones put the course together. During that period, the general pattern was to build golf courses with abundant bunkers, as many as 200 in some instances. Jones insisted this dulled the pleasure of golf, and the Augusta National was designed with only 22 bunkers. Instead of bunkers as hazards, he used mounds around the greens and water obstacles. Natural terrain was exploited to the utmost.

Even if you never have been at the course, perhaps you have seen on television two holes, the 13th and 15th, that are probably the finest examples of what Jones had in mind. By modern yardsticks, neither is a particularly long par-five—the 13th measures 475 yards and the 15th 520 yards. A cannily placed drive on either leaves a player in position to hunt birdies and eagles—but two water hazards still stand as major stum-

bling blocks to any below-par round.

Art Wall told me he refused to "charge" these holes until the final round when he won in 1959.

"But during the last round I knew that I must 'charge' them if I had a chance to win. And I was lucky both times. You can't get away with it every round."

The Masters' 13th and 15th represent the backbone of the frightening array of holes that haunt the "Valley of Sudden Death," as the pros describe the toughest bunch of finishing holes in the world. Leading into the Valley are the waterbound 445-yard 11th and the Lorelei of them all, the taunting 155-yard par-three 12th. A brook bubbles in front of the long green that is horizontal to the tee, and the target area can be tighter than a photo finish.

Leading the field in the final round of the 1937 tournament, Ralph Guldahl tasted the galling bitterness of the 12th and 13th. He exploded to a five and a six and Byron Nelson came along with a birdie two and an eagle three, a swing of six strokes in two holes.

"I shudder when I think of that 12th hole," Arnold Palmer said. "It is like plunging into icy water. You hold your nose and hope for the best."

What do the players think of the course as a whole?

"The finest we play in the country," Doug Ford said.

"There is only one other course that can compare with it," Lloyd Mangrum said. "That's Pebble Beach under certain weather conditions, but I would rather play here."

Tony Penna, formerly a fine tournament player and possessor of one of the keenest minds in the game—he designs clubs for McGregor—also compares Pebble Beach to the Masters. But Penna said he thought the Masters was a truer test of golf under all types of weather conditions.

Then there is the man who puts on a great tournament himself each year at Pebble Beach, Calif.—one Bing Crosby. I asked Bing to rate the Masters both as a golf tournament and a show.

Looking down from a bench he had climbed to gain a better view as thousands upon thousands of fans milled down the 11th fairway in Ben Hogan's wake, Bing said: "It's just great. It's the best. A great golf course and a great tournament. How are you going to top that?"

The Masters is many things to many people. It means a deluge of gold for shopkeepers and hotel and motel owners in Augusta and for miles around. It means a week of celebration for Augusta, led off by a huge parade down Broad Street. It means an event of great civic pride for the entire state of Georgia and the whole South.

What of the future of the Masters when Bob Jones and Cliff Roberts no longer feel up to the task of running such a trying event? Jones and Roberts have answered the question by already training a corps of younger men to take over. It is possible, too, that the State of Georgia will run the mammoth affair, so mammoth that there is talk of limiting the ticket sale.

But no matter who runs the tournament, the Masters will always be remembered as a personal testimonial to a great golfer and a great gentleman—Robert Tyre Jones, Jr.

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AT YOUR NEWSSTANDS APRIL 27



I BROKE BASEBALL'S RULES

(Continued from page 39)

was more or less imminent. Actually my trampling on tradition succeeded in getting me valuable publicity for the book as well as some grumpy warnings from sports editors who were sure I'd be the target of boos, beanballs and verbal brickbats from opposing ballplayers.

The official disapproval that I expected from National League headquarters proved as nebulous as a bogey man's frown. For, as one club official intimated privately, there exists a tacit sanction for any player action that reflects or stimulates a fierce, no-holds-barred competition on the field. The spitballs, knockdowns and sign-stealing gimmicks I wrote about may strain the rules a bit, but they add, not detract, interest to baseball.

There remained in my mind throughout the season a very real suspicion—albeit resignation—that National League players whom I had roasted would throw needles back at me. During one July weekend at Forbes Field, Pittsburgh, both the Pirates and my own Cincinnati teammates fired good-natured knocks at me. (I say "good-natured" in hopeful assumption. Why fight over a few ill-intoned words?)

Riding the bus to the ball park that Saturday morning, I was cautioned by several players to read Les Biederman's column in the Pittsburgh Press. Les had given my book a plug, then quoted a passage in which I described two pitches I'd thrown during the long 1959 season to Dick Stuart, the Pirate slugger. Biederman described them euphemistically as "knockdowns."

Ignoring the jibes of Willie Jones in the locker room ("How much you payin' for all that print you been gettin', Brosnan?" he said), I dressed and walked through the tunnel to the playing field. Climbing the dugout steps, I bumped into Stuart, a big man indeed, his biceps bulging below short black vest-and-shirt that is the Pirate uniform. Stuart nodded to me, frowned slightly and said: "Brosnan, why in hell would you want to knock down a .250 hitter like me?"

In my experience, Stuart hits certain pitches—mine—at a 250 clip—250 yards, give or take a few bounces. His unbecoming modesty on this particular day should not have lulled me into the position of blushing author. My book, however, was more on my mind than my job as a late-inning relief pitcher. The Cincinnati pitching coach, Cot Deal, had promised to talk seriously in the bullpen during the game about *The Long Season*. Deal's opinion, I knew, would be worth hearing. I had given him my own pre-publication copy of the book to read, for he not only is the typical professional ballplayer but he has the useful faculty of intelligent criticism.

Deal had one reservation about the book. "I enjoyed it, but . . ." he said, frowning as he paused. "Listen, did you have to be drinking martinis all through the book? People will think that's mainly what ballplayers do. Don't you see?"

I argued the point, half-heartedly, recalling the published criticism of a close friend, Bill Wight, for many years a major-league pitcher. Wight had written: "Open Brosnan's book at any page if you want to learn how to spell 'martini'!"

Conformists among ballplayers might prefer to be pictured as beer-drinkers. In defense of martinis, my weak rebuttal—about two to one—was, and is, "It's purely a matter of taste."

Later that Saturday, I left the bullpen to enter a tied ball game. In the last of the ninth, Stuart came up to hit for the Pirate pitcher. Stuart, undoubtedly a beer-drinker, took my first pitch high and inside, for ball one. He jumped at my second pitch, a hanging fastball not quite far enough inside, and hit it over the Forbes Field scoreboard.

This is the kind of blast that I, as an author, might have expected.

Major-league locker rooms were never considered prime market for the book's sale, but some players did read it. Most players readily adjusted to my published writing and one even encouraged me, saying: "Stick that in your book, Stud!" as he watched my fastball carom off his bat into the bleachers at County Stadium, Milwaukee. Wally Post, joining Cincinnati from Philadelphia in June, said: "Wish I'd been here last year so you'd have put me in your book. Then I'd have a reason to buy it."

The initial exclamations of surprise that the book should have been written at all were soon hushed by less blind and hypocritical analyses. One critic, writing in the *Wall Street Journal*, welcomed a view from inside the professional ballplayer. Even if I didn't say the right things all the time, I did mean exactly what I said. I could hardly misquote me or distort my own opinion.

Perhaps the loudest objections to my having written *The Long Season* came from those who declared me delinquent in reverence for managers, club officials, ex-stars, sportswriters and radio broadcasters. Bing Devine, general manager of the Cards, said: "Somehow it doesn't seem fair."

The idea that being a general manager or a manager was next to godliness hadn't occurred to me. Nor is it commonly accepted as fact in any clubhouse I've ever been in. Every man I've met in baseball has had some human qualities, among which fallibility is more or less prominent. But the fallibility, published for the record, proved disturbing to many fellows. Solly Hemus, the Cardinal manager, first cried, "Brosnan's way out of bounds." Reportedly a clever man with the needle when he was an active player, Solly disappointed me deeply when he later said: "If you think Brosnan's funny in that book, you oughta see him on the mound."

In Chicago, Jim Enright, a basketball referee who spends his off-season writing for the *Chicago American*, showed the book to a ballplayer with whom he was on speaking terms at the moment and said: "What's this guy got against me?" Enright, who cut me up and left me for dead in his column during my first two years with the Cubs and who frequently carries on personal vendettas in his role as baseball critic, might have expected worse. Sauce for the goose is just dessert for the gander.

As the days of the 1960 season rolled on, the darts of my allegedly poisoned pen proved to have neither direct nor reverse effect. Bing Devine grudgingly noted that I considered him a most reasonable gentleman, a fair estimate

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of any man. Solly Hemus proved to be almost as clever as his reputation suggested by managing the Cardinals to third place. I myself reached a certain measure of professional acceptance as player and person, having the best year of my career. The self-analysis of writing *The Long Season* had helped me understand myself, my fellow professionals and my profession itself. What appeared to Larry Jackson to be a holier-than-thou attitude on my part was actually a loose lid covering an inferiority complex. To be accepted by professional ballplayers as one of them was always my subconscious goal in baseball.

Far from being considered a "Traitor!" to my profession by players, officials and literary critics, I reaped a pleasing harvest of compliments and understanding. Jack Griffin, sports-writer and book reviewer for the Chicago *Sun-Times*, wrote: "Brosnan is bitingly humorous at times but despite his sarcasm he can't conceal his love of the game." Harvey Haddix, the veteran Pittsburgh pitcher, recommended that his Pirate teammates read the book "during the winter-time when you want to get back into the mood and the atmosphere of the game."

As the 1960 season wore on into September, the secondary reaction to the book came filtering through the mail. A ballplayer's fan mail is frequently a paper stream of soulful pleas . . . for autographs and photographs, for baseballs and charitable contributions. Six weeks after

the publication of my book, my mail took on the fascination of literate correspondence. Readers-writers couldn't care less, apparently, how well I played baseball. One reader wanted to know how I made martinis; another asked me to exchange preferences for jazz recordings. Two airmen, stationed in California, reported that they'd experimented with the matchstick rockets that I described in the book as part of a major-league bullpen's recreation game. They enclosed one burnt match, a "typical Navy misfire."

Mail-time became interesting enough for me to make daily trips to the downtown office of my club, the Cincinnati Reds (where copies of *The Long Season* were displayed on club officials' desks, almost an official approval I hopefully thought.) Although I had fearfully expected to receive suggestions that I burn my typewriter, the mail occasionally brought offers encouraging me to write again.

Two weeks before the season ended, I grabbed a chance to get into the World Series as a reporter. Having missed it as a player by at least five places in the standings all during my career, I gratefully shrugged my shoulders into writer's uniform, fended pencil and notebook in my sweaty, rookie-writer's palm and headed for Forbes Field with the rest of the mad throng. The Pirate players, restraining any nervous laughter at the press card on my lapel, answered each of my questions with more information than absolutely necessary.

They seemed quite eager to help me in my unfamiliar reporter's role. After the first game victory, in the wild hullabaloo of the Pirate clubhouse, Haddix and Clem Labine insisted that I have a beer with them as we talked —ballplayer to ballplayer.

Thanks to the cooperative Pirate and Yankee players, I enjoyed the World Series almost as much writing as I might have done playing. The traditional barrier to any ballplayer's written expression seemed more and more a paper facade, safely penetrable.

A post-season letter from a veteran minor-league manager suggested to me that *The Long Season* was really not a bad idea at all. Don Osborn, now a pitching instructor in the Pirate organization, wrote: "Your book was delightful reading and I learned something from it too. Wish I'd read it before I managed you in 1949. Every manager could learn from the opinions of his players."

In this democratic America, even in the National and American Leagues where the reserve clause preserves a somewhat feudal society, every man is entitled to his say. *The Long Season* was frankly a candid personal opinion of one complete major-league season. If it needs an excuse, a review by J. K. Hutchens in the *New York Herald Tribune* may have provided it. Hutchens wrote: "The Long Season does leave you with the sense that this is how it is. Which, presumably, is why Brosnan wrote it."

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THE BIG LEAGUES' FIVE HOTTEST QUESTIONS

(Continued from page 23)

"Mickey Mantle," one reporter said. "Al Kaline," said another.

The nominations struck a snag, and Craft let the conversation simmer. Finally he spoke up. "If you're all through," Harry said, "I've got my man. Frank Bolling, the Tigers' second-baseman. He's magnificent. He can become one of the big men in the game."

Frank doesn't have to reach the top this year to help Milwaukee. But to pay off in part the faith that the Braves have in him, he will have to climb higher in 1961 than he did in 1960.

At Bolling's right, the Braves have Roy McMillan, late of Cincinnati and once baseball's best infielder. On a lazy night in Fort Myers, Fla., some years ago, Bill Meyer, the manager of the then patsy Pirates, took time out from his moaning to offer some observations on Roy. "In my book," Meyer told us, "the toughest play for a shortstop to make is the one in the hole between short and third. McMillan is the only one who can make it by surrounding the ball. He comes around behind the play to make the pickup and throw. He gets an amazing jump on those plays. He also has an uncanny instinct for playing each batter perfectly, and he has great hands and a strong, accurate throwing arm."

Birdie Tebbetts, once Roy's manager at Cincinnati and now his general manager at Milwaukee, will endorse any praise heaped upon McMillan. "He's the toughest, nicest little man I know," Birdie says. "He's a shortstop who can break up more rallies with his glove than most hitters

can start with their bats."

Of course Meyer was and Tebbetts may be speaking from by-gone memory.

McMillan springs to the defense, though, at any suggestion that he is finished. "If I've lost a step in covering ground," he said recently, "I figure I've made it up by being smarter in playing the hitters and working better behind the pitchers. You get to know, for instance, that a hitter either pulls or doesn't. You watch the catcher's signs. You know a hitter has a better chance of pulling a curve, but also that he's more likely to hit a breaking ball into the ground. You learn more about playing your position.

"I haven't found myself backhanding balls hit to my right. I still get in front of them. I can do the job at shortstop, and I'm sure Bolling can do the job at second. It shouldn't take us long to get together. He knows his business, and I should know mine by now. We'll work it out in spring training. Playing on a championship contender should do both of us good. I know that."

It is McMillan's opinion, too, that he has improved as a hitter through the years, and that he will help the Braves with his bat. "Why in 1959," he said, "I had nine homers before I was hurt. That was more in half a season than I ever hit in a full one."

Fielding always had kept Roy on the Cincinnati varsity. In 1956, for instance, the year the Reds hit 221 home runs, tying the record for most team homers in a season, McMillan only hit three. "The big sluggers—guys like Ted Kluszewski and Frank Robinson—would always kid me

about it," Roy said. "But I shut them up fast. If it hadn't been for me," I always said, "you fellows never would have tied the record."

Birdie Tebbetts, who was Roy's manager then, flatly says: "If he's only 75 percent as good as he was then, Roy's the shortstop we need."

The opinion here, though, is that even peak years from Bolling and McMillan won't be enough to bring Milwaukee a pennant. To get the second-baseman and shortstop, the Braves traded away too much outfield and pitching strength. In helping their infield, they seem to have shifted their weaknesses, not solved them.

CAN COLAVITO COME BACK?

In 1960 Rocky Colavito hit .249, only an eight-point dip from 1959, and he walloped 35 home runs, a drop of only seven. His runs batted in fell to 87, a drop of 24. Still everybody agreed that Colavito had been disappointing. People are asking if Rocky can come back in 1961, but what they really mean is can the Rock get back on the launching pad that seemed ready to shoot him to the top last season?

Everything seemed to have fallen into place for Rocky last spring. He was slugging the ball in spring training and it was agreed that he not only had a chance to be the league home-run leader, but that he would make a serious bid for the AL triple crown. His big bat seemed about to explode. The potential that he always had flashed seemed ready to be realized.

But then Rocky was traded. He left Cleveland, where he was easily the

biggest hometown hero in all of baseball, and he went to Detroit, where the fans liked him but couldn't splash him the all-consuming love that he had earned over the years with the Indians. How did Rocky react? With an outward smile but an inner hurt. He took time to adjust in his new home and was never able to blossom as expected.

"I never saw so much controversy over one trade," Rocky said. "Everywhere I went, everybody was talking about the dogged trade. I pressed. I knew I would be pressing. I said to myself: 'Take it easy. Don't make a fool of yourself.' But I guess my subconscious wouldn't let me take it easy."

The over-all early-season slump of the Tigers played a part, too, in Rocky's troubles. On the first trip the Tigers made to New York last year, a fellow asked manager Jimmy Dykes how Colavito was coming along.

"Lousy," Dykes said. "It's just that nobody's been hitting around here, and Colavito just fell into the habit with everybody else. He's not hitting a lick."

The psychological problems, coupled with Colavito's personal hitting problems, stopped his progress cold. Even in his best years, Rocky has been hampered by a running battle with change-of-pace pitches. He is not the first slugger to be thrown off stride by them, and like the others, he has to cut down eagerness to solve his problem. Learning to hit a good changeup pitch is difficult, but learning to lay off it is not. The effectiveness of the changeup is that it causes the batter to get out in front of the ball, usually popping it into the air. If Colavito acquires any degree of proficiency in taking the pitch, it will be at the worst a called strike and not always that. At 27 Rocky is young enough to learn. Hard-working and intelligent, he has the natural gifts of strength and coordination too. With the initial shock of his trade worn thin, Rocky can be expected to step back on the launching pad and soar to the full force of his potential.

How does Rocky feel about his future? Well, a while ago, Hal Lebovitz wrote in *SPORT*: "If you put Rocky Colavito in a room with the most artful brainwashers and hypnotists in the world, and charged them with breaking down his confidence in his ability to play major-league baseball, they would fail. They might drug him, exhaust him, even torture him, but when they had done their worst, Rocky would still grin boyishly and say: 'Gentlemen (he would be sure to call them gentlemen because politeness is Rocky's middle name), you're wrong. I'm a big-league ballplayer.'"

Rocky Colavito feels that his future is brighter than ever.

CAN KUENN REALLY HELP THE GIANTS?

Harvey Kuenn, who had spent his entire professional baseball career with Detroit before he was traded to the Indians for Colavito last year, adjusted more quickly than the Rock. Harvey should not be bothered this season by his second switch in as many years. He indicated that immediately after the winter trade when he said: "I'm looking forward to playing in San Francisco. I've always liked the city."

San Francisco should be looking forward to getting some help from Kuenn too. He will help at once in the

team's struggle to bind its players together. A natural leader, Harvey was the American League's player representative for many years. He is smart, friendly and outgoing in a quiet, respect-drawing sort of way. "Kuenn was the leader of our clubhouse," a disheartened Detroit player said when Harvey left for Cleveland last year. "You had a problem, you talked to him. He knew what he was talking about. We were stunned when he was traded."

At Cleveland, Harvey took over too. He was the Indians' player representative, the fellow the others came to for a chat or for advice. If he can command this respect in San Francisco, he will fill a long-standing Giant need. One of former manager Bill Rigney's many moans was that the club lacked a leader. Kuenn can be that leader.

On the ball field, Kuenn can be counted upon too. A spray hitter, he averages better than 190 hits a season—few of them for extra bases—and keeps his batting average above .300 consistently. Harvey was a better than fair shortstop with a fine range when he first joined Detroit, frequently leading the league in either putouts or assists. But a 1956 leg injury cut his range, and at 30 he seems permanently slowed down. Now essentially an outfielder, he fields well enough.

The big problem facing Kuenn is really one facing the new manager of the San Francisco Giants, Alvin Dark. Although Dark approved of the trade when it was made last December, at the winter meetings in St. Louis, he said he didn't know where he would play Kuenn. Al favors using Harvey in the outfield, but is by no means committed to it.

Willie McCovey, the hero of 1959 and the flop of 1960, may hold the answer to the ultimate placement of Kuenn. If Willie makes it at first, Orlando Cepeda will play in the outfield with Willie Mays and Felipe Alou. Kuenn could move to third base where Jim Davenport, an injury-prone player, can't seem to put together a full season. If McCovey doesn't make it, Cepeda will play first and Kuenn will play left field. The Giants need help most at second and short, but Kuenn no longer has the infield range to play either position. He can play first base, though, and gives the Giants depth there.

The flexibility and depth that Harvey provides for San Francisco is his greatest asset. Able to play five positions—and hit .300 no matter where he plays—he can be shifted around almost daily to fit his team's immediate needs. His team play and leadership, linked with his skill, could give San Francisco a big push toward the pennant.

CAN KILLEBREW PUT TOGETHER A SEASON?

The mystery about Harmon Killebrew has been his consistent inconsistency. In 1959 Harmon tore apart the American League for the first half of the season, then slumped down the stretch. Last year he stumbled along until August, then began to wallop home runs. His production in each of his hot half-seasons has been astounding; one-fourth of his 1960 hits were homers.

Exploding on the baseball world with fury in 1959, Harmon himself couldn't quite cope with the impact of his sudden fame. "He seemed so sur-

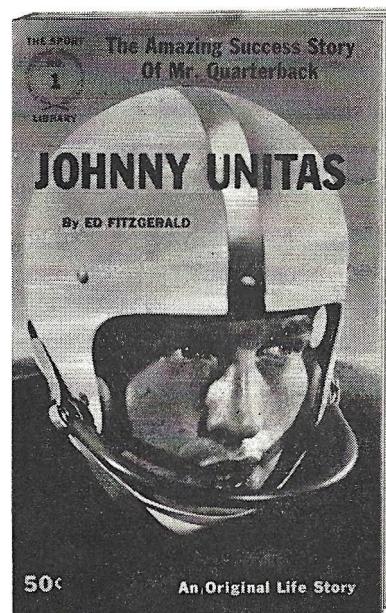
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prised," said Washington Senator coach Ellis Clary. "Every time he hit a home run he looked so embarrassed you would have thought he was going to go up and apologize to the pitcher."

The home runs brought Harmon dozens of endorsement offers (products bearing his name popped up on the markets overnight), countless phone calls (he had to get an unlisted number) and personal congratulations from then President Eisenhower ("It's a pleasure to meet my grandson's greatest hero," Ike said). The subsequent slump, which carried over for half of 1960, caused general confusion.

"I don't know what I did wrong," Harmon said. "I was hurt for one-sixth of the '61 season, and maybe that had something to do with it. Maybe I pressed a little, but I didn't realize it if I did. I was just swinging, the same as always. I got back in the groove last year, and I expect to stay in it."

In the groove, even for half-season stretches, Harmon can become one of the top power hitters of all time. There is a frequently employed gauge for rating a player's home-run potential—dividing the number of home runs into his official times at bat for the season. In this respect, Killebrew shapes up remarkably well. Here are some of the home-run hitters rated off their best years:

Player, Year	AB	HR	HR Potential
RUTH, 1927	540	60	9.00
GREENBERG, 1938	556	58	9.72
FOXX, 1932	585	58	10.08
KINER, 1949	549	54	10.17
MANTLE, 1956	533	52	10.20
WILSON, 1930	585	56	10.46
KILLEBREW, 1959	546	42	13.00
KILLEBREW, 1960	442	31	14.30

These figures show that Ruth, in his record-smashing year, averaged one home run in every nine times at bat, while the Killer in his freshman year averaged one in every 13 official trips. The point of these statistics is not to set up Killebrew as a challenger of the Babe but to illustrate that the young fellow (24) has a solid home-run potential, which figures to improve in his new home, Minneapolis-St. Paul's Municipal Stadium, where the fences will be closer than they were in Washington's Griffith Stadium.

Another factor in Killebrew's favor—this, of course, is one in favor of all the home-run hitters in the expanded American League—is that he will play in 162 games, eight more than the normal schedule. Furthermore he will be facing first-division pitchers only 18 times a season, instead of 22. And he will have nine games in cozy Wrigley Field in Los Angeles, with its short fences and less than formidable pitching staff.

Many theories have been offered in explanation of Killebrew's half-season slumps. The most likely answer seems to be that he is a streak hitter. He may not put together a season at a hectic slugging pace, but even so, he can do well enough to send a lot of baseballs flying over a lot of fences.

CAN ANTONELLI FIND HIMSELF IN CLEVELAND?

Frank Lane, baseball's man-in-motion, has been up and down the highways and byways of baseball—Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Cleveland and now Kansas City—but his furious ac-

tivity as a general manager never has been rewarded with a pennant. There is a possibility, though, that when Lane moved on to Kansas City, he may have left the makings of a pennant behind him in Cleveland. In the final of his many deals for the Indians, he landed Johnny Antonelli, the San Francisco southpaw.

The biggest prize any club can obtain in a trade is a starting pitcher who can win. Antonelli may be just that. If Johnny can come back with the Indians, he could be the frosting on the cake for what already shapes up as a better than fair pitching staff.

Antonelli, who will be 31 when the season opens, has no arm problems. He can still throw hard. What Johnny desperately needed was a fresh outlook on baseball; the American League should provide that. Johnny was sour on San Francisco from the beginning, and he stayed that way even though his first two seasons at Seals' Stadium were winning ones.

He got into trouble with the San Francisco press as early as 1958. Once, after losing a close game, he told a reporter in the Seals' Stadium clubhouse that the climate was lousy and the ball park worse. This provoked a civic uproar the like of which could be caused only by throwing rocks at a statue of Robert E. Lee in Richmond.

The outburst did nothing to make Antonelli more popular in San Francisco, and press and fan reaction did nothing to make San Francisco any more popular with Antonelli. Matters grew worse instead of better and the final straw was Candlestick Park. Not many Giants were happy with the new park with its strange contours and weird wind-currents, but Johnny liked it least of all.

Antonelli's entire attitude changed. He was dissatisfied and unhappy and, because he didn't keep things to himself, was a major irritant on a club which fell apart after it had been a pre-season pennant favorite. Not only was Johnny not behaving like the Antonelli of old, but he wasn't pitching like the Antonelli of old.

Many believe Antonelli's changed attitude reflected itself in his altered pitching style. He tried to get by with soft stuff and couldn't do it for more than an inning or two at a time. His pitching record was the poorest since he became a major-league regular. He pitched only a trifle more than 100 innings and had a 6-7 won-and-lost record. He made only ten starts for the Giants and pitched only one complete game, a shutout by the way.

A Giant official, who obviously must remain nameless, had this to say about Antonelli: "There is nothing physically wrong with his arm, and if he'll get back to throwing that hard stuff again, he could be a big winner for Cleveland. He is a very stylish worker, as you know, and has all the know-how. I'm sorry he wasn't happier here, because I liked him very much, both as a pitcher and as a fellow. But he changed markedly in recent years, and he'll have to change back if he is going to do anybody, including himself, any good."

Johnny says he is happy now and because he is happy, he figures to change his attitude toward pitching. Since the skills are still there, Antonelli should find himself in Cleveland. But the answer to this—as well as to the other hot questions—won't come, really, until the World Series tickets are on the printing press.

THE LITTLE GIANT

(Continued from page 51)
wait and consult Williams first. "Forget it, Mel," the lumberman said. "I've got a better idea, one that will make you a lot more money." Reluctantly the youngster agreed to turn down the New Orleans offer. He resumed catching for the Grays while Williams packed for a trip to Europe. Shortly after his employer's departure, Mel received a postcard from him in New York.

"Report to McGraw, Polo Grounds, New York," the scrawl read.

Mel showed it to the other players and complained sadly, "I wish he wouldn't joke about something like that."

Williams came back from Europe in September and was astounded to see Ott in a Patterson uniform. "What are you doing here?" he demanded. "You were supposed to try out for McGraw five months ago!"

It was a stunned 16-year-old who went back to Gretna that night to pack his things for the longest trip in his life. His mother urged him to stay home and go back to school, but it was his father who finally made the decision for him.

"This is his big chance," Charles Ott said softly. "Let him go."

It was a long, slow ride by train from New Orleans to New York in 1925. A weary, thoroughly bewildered Mel Ott was speechless at the vastness of the huge city that was to ring to his praises a few years later. Straw suitcase in hand, he timidly approached a policeman and asked for directions to the Polo Grounds.

"I wandered under New York from one subway to another," he recalled later. "I must have changed trains a dozen times. It took me two hours to get from Penn Station to the field."

There was more confusion at the Polo Grounds. The team was out of town and the Giants' secretary, Jim Tierney, refused to believe that the great McGraw had agreed to take a look at this country bumpkin. Finally Tierney gave Mel at least the benefit of the doubt and made a hotel reservation for him. Then he gave him directions to the hotel by the elevated railway. For young Mel, who had never seen either a subway or an elevated in his life, the ride back downtown was scarier than the ride up. He was in mortal fear that the contraption would fly off the tracks into the street below.

Baseball men love to tell stories about green, young bushers confronted with the big city for the first time. And no rookie was ever greener or younger than Mel Ott. He was positively terrified by the bigness of it all. Once in his hotel room, he locked the door and stacked most of the furniture against it. Except for meals, he remained barricaded until the Giants came home.

The old Giant dynasty was already beginning to crumble in 1925. The team that had swept to pennants in 1921, 1922, 1923 and 1924 had already conceded the 1925 pennant to Pittsburgh, and McGraw was being forced to settle for second place. Never again was a McGraw team to finish first. The disintegration still wasn't too obvious, however, and most of the Giant fans were willing to give their favorites an off-year in anticipation of a fresh string of successes. McGraw himself wasn't being fooled. His stars

were growing old and their replacements failed to measure up to championship caliber. He knew he needed help and needed it badly. But he didn't really think that young Mel could provide it. The first meeting of McGraw and Ott in the Giant clubhouse was less than inspiring for either.

"If you waited a couple of weeks longer, the season would be over," McGraw snapped. "One thing you better learn right away around here is to be on time!"

"Yes, sir," stammered Mel.

"All right, now. Get your gear and let's see what sort of a catcher you are."

"Gear? You mean a mitt and a mask and that stuff?" Mel asked timidly. "Gosh, I didn't bring any with me."

"A catcher with no gear!" McGraw exploded. "What the hell kind of a joke is this? If Harry Williams hadn't recommended you to me, I'd tell you to pack up and head back to Louisiana."

When McGraw calmed down, he ordered the clubhouse attendant to outfit Ott. Then John stomped out to the playing field. Mel was completely dejected as he buttoned a Giant uniform for the first time in his life.

The dour McGraw pretended not to be paying any attention to the youngster, but his sharp eyes missed nothing as Mel caught batting practice for the regulars and then took his turn in the cage with the reserves. He gaped as the kid lifted his right foot before belting a solid line drive on the first delivery. Two more line drives followed, and then Mel stroked one off the wall in center field.

"Did you see that?" John growled to one of his players, the great Frank Frisch. "He's just like one of those golfers. His whole body moves, but his head doesn't. I don't give a damn about that crazy kick. That's the best natural swing I've seen in years."

There was no such compliment for the anxious Mel Ott. At the end of the batting practice, McGraw called him over and asked, "How old are you, Ott?"

"Eighteen, sir," Mel answered quickly, adding two years to his age.

McGraw looked down at the remains of adolescent chubbiness that still clung to Mel's middle and said nothing. Maybe he was thinking of a 17-year-old boy who had lied about his age to break into baseball many years before, a youngster by the name of John McGraw.

"I can't use you in the few games we have left," he said finally. "But I'll give you \$400 to sign a contract and work out with the team for the rest of the season. What do you say?"

"That's fine with me, sir," Mel said.

The record books show 1926 as Mel Ott's first year in organized baseball. But actually he was a full-fledged Giant for a few weeks of the 1925 season, even though he failed to make a single box score.

Even the New York baseball writers were scarcely aware of Mel Ott's existence until the 1926 spring training camp opened in Sarasota, Fla. There McGraw had more of an opportunity to observe and instruct his new find. One of his first decisions was that Mel Ott would never make the big leagues as a catcher.

One of the most famous stories told about Mel Ott concerns the first time he was asked if he had ever played the outfield. Some say the questioner was McGraw himself. Others insist it

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was Roger Bresnahan, then a Giant coach. The answer is priceless in any case.

"Yes, sir," said the 17-year-old. "A little bit when I was a kid."

So Mel Ott went to the outfield, where he ran like a truck horse with sore feet. McGraw glowered but there was nothing he or his coaches could do about it. Ott's lumbering run was as natural as the foot-in-the-air batting stance.

After an exhibition game with Toledo one day, the Toledo manager came over to McGraw and asked for Ott.

"Let me have him in the minors for a year, and I'll make an outfielder out of him," the manager promised.

"No!" barked McGraw. "He stays with me. I'm not letting you or any other minor-league manager ruin him."

The Toledo manager, a fellow named Casey Stengel, shrugged and walked away.

McGraw finally called in Bernie Wefers, a former sprint champion, to teach Ott how to run. It wasn't an easy task.

"Wefers was brought in to get me off my heels and up on my toes," Mel used to relate. "He damn near killed me doing it. He had me sprinting up and down, up and down for hours at a time. I was supposed to run with my knees high, almost touching my chin. After a couple of weeks, I was ready to try it on the bases, and Mr. McGraw was there to watch. I got as far as second base—going great guns—and then I kicked myself in the chin, tripped on the bag and fell flat on my face."

"He'll never go to the Olympics," McGraw is supposed to have muttered. "But at least he'll be able to come in on a ground ball."

Without realizing it, McGraw was developing an almost paternal liking for the eager rookie. He gave Mel a room to himself and ordered the older players not to bother him or to tempt him with liquor, tobacco or cards. Not that they would have provided much of a temptation for the youngster whose every waking moment was devoted to baseball.

Mel was never much of a base-runner, especially when it came to sliding, but he knew that McGraw liked all his men to be first-class sliders, and he worked on it constantly. In his room at night, he would wad up pillows at one end of the room and then take a running slide into them. The thumps could be heard all over the hotel.

"Little Sunshine is stealin' bases again," was the standard explanation by his teammates.

The Giants of 1926 accelerated the decline of the McGraw empire. They finished a lowly and shocking fifth. McGraw seemed to be constantly angry. He would stand on the dugout steps and flick a bat while giving signals. If anything went wrong—and many things went wrong that year—he would swish the bat angrily. Young Mel Ott, sitting next to him, collected dozens of bruises. But he also collected an education. When one of the Giants on the field would throw to the wrong base, McGraw would turn to Mel as if the boy were the culprit.

"Don't ever let me see you do a damn fool thing like that!" McGraw would scream. "You've got to learn to anticipate plays!"

Mel got into 35 games that season, mostly as a pinch-hitter, and hit .383.

None of his 23 hits were home runs.

He also—just once—got a chance to be a coach. McGraw blew up one afternoon when his first-base coach failed to observe one of his signs and rashly sent Mel to the lines with a dire warning to watch for the signs or else. A couple of innings later, Mel was back in his familiar place on the bench beside McGraw. He had been so deliberate in staring at the manager for the signs and careful in re-laying them to the runners that the opposition quickly stole them.

"If I want to give my signs away, I don't have to do it through you," McGraw growled.

When Ross Young, the Giants' fine rightfielder, died suddenly in 1927, McGraw had to rush Mel into action faster than the master plan called for. Mel got into 82 games and hit .282, the lowest of his career. He belted one home run in 1927, the first of his 511. It came on July 18 at the Polo Grounds off Hal Carlson of the Chicago Cubs. It would have been no more than a single if centerfielder Hack Wilson hadn't tried for a shoestring catch. But Hack tumbled across the grass and the ball rolled past him, all the way to the wall in the deepest part of the field. Mel Ott puffed around the bases for an inside-the-park home run.

The SPORT Quiz

Answers from page 18

- 1 Brooks Robinson.
- 2 (b).
- 3 (a).
- 4 Billy Pricer, Baltimore Colts.
- 5 Joe DiMaggio (three), Yogi Berra (three), Mickey Mantle (two), Lou Gehrig, Joe Gordon, Spud Chandler, Phil Rizzuto and Roger Maris.
- 6 (c).
- 7 (e).
- 8 Oilers' Lou Rymkus, Chargers' Sid Gilman.
- 9 Hot Rod Hundley.
- 10 (b).
- 11 (a).
- 12 Sam Jones.
- 13 Glenn Hall.
- 14 (c).
- 15 (b).
- 16 Babe Ruth.

The Giants perked up and finished a good third, only two games behind Pittsburgh, in 1927, and the following season, at the age of 19, Mel Ott took over the right-field position full-time. The writers called him "Master Melvin," and his handsome face and prominent ears soon became familiar to the New York fans. He hit .322 as the Giants again fought down to the wire, finishing second, two games behind the St. Louis Cardinals. Mel had 18 home runs, but they were dwarfed because Babe Ruth hit exactly three times as many.

But by 1929, when Mel hit .328 with 42 home runs and 151 RBIs, the New York writers began to pay attention. Chuck Klein of the Philadelphia Phillies had won the league home-run title with 43, and even the Babe had hit only 46.

Master Melvin was a big celebrity in the Giant spring-training camp in 1930. People followed him around, seeking his handshakes and autograph, and one day Mel, obviously excited, ran up to McGraw. "Mr. McGraw," Mel said, "there was a man up in my room this morning."

"Oh yeah, who was it?" McGraw said.

"Me. I'm 21 today."

McGraw had already played four seasons for the Giants, two of them as a regular, but McGraw still seemed shocked. Nevertheless he removed

the old restrictions, and thereafter Mel shared a room with pitcher Carl Hubbell and was treated as one of the boys. He learned to smoke a little and drink a little and play cards a little, but his chief diversion was reading detective magazines. There were still a few rough edges to be polished, but Master Melvin was almost ready to become the Little Giant.

He hit .349 in 1930, his best as a regular, but nowhere near teammate Terry's .401. Still the fans loved him. They rooted for him to belt the ball over that temptingly close barrier in right field at the Polo Grounds, and they cheered his fine defensive work too. Many tend to downgrade Ott's fielding because of his lack of great speed. But in the narrow confines of right field in New York, where speed was not a requisite, Mel was one of the finest. He learned to play rebounds and caroms perfectly and threw out many surprised base-runners with bullet throws. In 1929 he led the league with 26 assists.

If the unusual dimensions of the Polo Grounds—extremely shallow down the foul lines, tapering to one of the deepest center fields in baseball—helped Ott both as a hitter and fielder, they also cast some question on the validity of his record. Critics have argued that many of Mel Ott's Polo Grounds home runs were dinky shots that would have been outs in most parks. It is true that he hit 323 of his 511 home runs at the Polo Grounds, and possibly he wouldn't have hit as many elsewhere, but it was more of a case of taking advantage of a situation than of needing a crutch. Both in New York and other cities, Ott often showed that he could drive a baseball over 400 feet—home-run distance anywhere. But it was simple logic not to hit 400-foot shots where 300-foot ones would do the trick. As it was, Mel Ott's line drives down the right-field line often still packed plenty of power when they roared into the stands and bounced high among the delighted fans.

Even as Mel Ott's star was ascending, John McGraw's was sinking lower. Despite the great seasons of Ott and Terry in 1930, the Giants finished third. They managed to move back to second in 1931 but 1932 was a black year. The Giants finished in a tie for sixth, and on June 3 of that year a tired and discouraged John McGraw called it a career and turned the team over to Bill Terry. Three years later, McGraw was dead at 61.

It was Terry who reaped the benefits of the maturing of Ott and a new generation of Giants that McGraw had begun building. In his seven and a half seasons under Terry, Mel Ott reached his heights. He hit over .300 six times in that stretch, and either led or tied for the home-run leadership five times. He got into three World Series and became a regular fixture on the All-Star teams. Ott's only—and biggest regret—was that McGraw didn't live to see most of it.

In 1933 McGraw was still alive, and even in the pain of his fatal illness must have savored every delicious moment of the Giants' run to the pennant and their victory over the Washington Senators in the World Series. Ott hit .389 and got a pair of home runs that broke the Senators' backs. In the first game, a two-run home run gave the Giants a 4-2 victory and in the fifth, a tenth-inning belt that bounced off Fred Schulte's glove gave them a 4-3 win.

He was the hero of the Series, and when he arrived in New Orleans there was a public celebration. Mel was embarrassed by all the fuss, but he turned a deep crimson when a Gretna school official made a surprise appearance at a reception in his honor and presented him with his high-school diploma. Mel was 24 and married to his old school sweetheart, Mildred Mattigny, by then.

In 1934 Mel hit .326 and tied for the home-run title with 35. The Giants failed to win the pennant that year or the next, when Mel added 31 more home runs to his growing total while hitting .322. But in 1936, Mel put together one of his very best seasons, with a .328 average, 33 home runs and 135 RBIs, and the Giants took another pennant. In the first of their two successive failures against their neighborhood rival, the Yankees, the Giants lost in six games. Mel got seven hits, including a home run.

Moved from right field to third base, where he replaced the aging Travis Jackson in 1937, Mel dropped down to .294 but still got 31 home runs. This time the Yankees took the Giants in five games as Mel contributed only four hits, including one home run.

The 1938 season marked another big turning point in Mel Ott's career. It was the last of his "big" seasons, and it also marked the beginning of the downward dip of the dynasty that McGraw had begun and Terry had completed. Mel hit .311 and led the league with 36 home runs, but the team skidded to third place.

The next year, the best Mel could do was hit .308 with 27 home runs, his lowest total in six seasons. The Giants staggered in fifth, and the wolves began to howl. Bill Terry, never popular with fans or newspapermen when he was winning, was barking at everybody as a loser. The famous Giant morale, which had never faltered in McGraw's worst years, began to crack. Only Mel Ott seemed to rise above the debris.

There was something about his ready smile and easy-going disposition that brought in fans even when the rest of the team was stumbling outrageously. Years later a Brooklyn fan was to spell it out with a bellow during a testimonial for Mel.

"You're a nice guy, Mel!" he shouted. "But the rest of those guys are bums!"

Kids mobbed him for autographs, and he was always ready to provide the necessary six letters. "It's times like these when I'm glad my name isn't Wambsganss, Coveleskie or Peckinbaugh," he used to say.

The Giants were sixth in 1940, with Ott tailing off to a mere 19 home runs, and when Terry could manage no better than fifth the next season, with Ott contributing 27 more homers, owner Horace Stoneham began looking around for another McGraw.

There wasn't another McGraw, but there was Mel Ott, who had been spoon-fed by McGraw. Stoneham thought that maybe some of the Little Napoleon's magic had rubbed off on the Little Giant. Ott became the manager.

For six and a half seasons, Mel gave it everything he had. But unlike Bill Terry, he hadn't inherited the nucleus of a great team. He had to do what he could with the dregs that remained, which wasn't much.

That first season of 1942, the Giants shot up to third place. But it was the

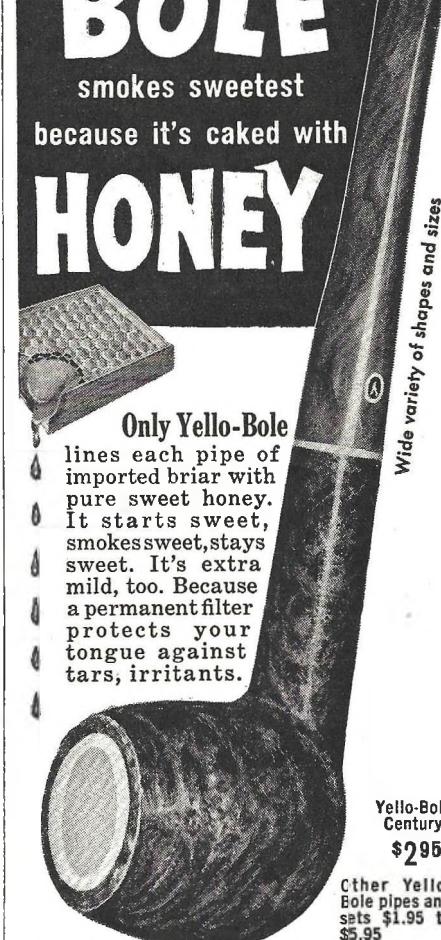
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first of the war years, and it didn't really mean much. Mel was his own best player, hitting .295. His 30 home runs led the league.

The next year, the Giants tumbled to the cellar. Mel slumped to .234 and hit only 18 home runs. During the winter, he was fitted with glasses and regained his old touch, with a .288 average and 20 home runs in 1944. The team could do no better than fifth, and they were fifth again in 1945, when, at 36, Mel played his last complete season. He went out big, hitting .308 and hammering 21 more homers.

When Leo Durocher uttered his immortal credo that "nice guys finish last," he was referring to Mel Ott. Whether Mel could have accomplished any more with his rag-tag players by being tough is problematical. But it was a fact that toughness was not a part of him. He knew what McGraw would have done, and he tried to emulate the fury, sarcasm and needling of the old master. But it didn't work.

The best pitcher that Ott had during his term as Giant manager was a big, amiable South Carolinian named Bill Voiselle. Voiselle had won 21 games in 1944, but then had dropped off sharply. Mel figured, probably correctly, that Voiselle needed the old McGraw kick in the pants to become a winner again. One day Voiselle carelessly grooved a fastball down the middle while holding a 2-1 lead over the Cardinals in the ninth inning. Johnny Hopp stroked it for a triple, tying the score, and then tallied the winning run. Ott threw a \$500 fine at his pitcher for the bad pitch.

Instead of taking out his anger on the opposition, Voiselle was humiliated and sullen. He pitched worse than ever, and the rescinding of the fine a few weeks later failed to improve his shattered morale.

"That fine took everything out of me," he told a reporter after being traded to the Boston Braves. "I just couldn't pitch winning ball for Ott after that."

Another get-tough attempt that backfired was Mel's handling of infielder George Hausmann in 1945. Playing his second season in the major leagues, Hausmann hit well, then went into a slight slump. Scared that he might be benched, he tightened.

"Mel, why don't you give the kid a pat on the back?" a writer suggested. "He needs a lift."

"Damned if I will," Mel answered, in the best McGraw spirit. "This is no hearts-and-flowers club."

Ott never did bench Hausmann, who played every game and hit .279, but the next year George was one of a big group of Giants who jumped to the Mexican League. The Mexicans succeeded in getting more players from the Giants than from any other major-league team.

Crippled by losses of players to the Mexicans, the Giants stumbled to the cellar in 1946. For the opening game that season, Mel put himself in the lineup and hit a home run off Oscar Judd of the Phillies. It was No. 511, the only one he was to hit that year and the last of his career.

In 1947 Mel put together the team by which he is best remembered as a manager. With big John Mize, Willard Marshall, Bobby Thomson and Walker Cooper providing the heavy punch, the Giants set a new team record for home runs that season, slaming 221 of them. Mel Ott, who made

only four unsuccessful pinch-hitting appearances that year, complained good-naturedly, "Imagine all those home runs, and I couldn't get myself a single."

But poor fielding and worse pitching all but nullified the effect of those home runs. The Giants finished fourth, and the handwriting was on the wall. Mel had to produce a winner in 1948, and he simply couldn't do it. Shortly after the All-Star game, he was called in by Giant owner Horace Stoneham and informed that, for the remainder of his contract, he would be the "field assistant to the farm director."

One of the saddest moments of Mel Ott's life came as he stood sadly by, ignored and almost forgotten, while Stoneham broke the dramatic news that fiery Leo Durocher was coming over from Brooklyn to manage the Giants. When the press conference ended, Stoneham and Durocher rushed to join the team in Pittsburgh. Ott wasn't asked to go along or even to brief the new manager on the players.

By 1951 Durocher wrought the "Miracle of Coogan's Bluff" by winning the pennant in a tremendous come-from-behind rush. But Mel Ott, whose contract had run out at the end of the 1950 season, couldn't even partake of the triumph as a member of the organization. Ironically it was his first year out of baseball, and he was selected to the Baseball Hall of Fame, along with Jimmy Foxx, his slugging American League contemporary.

Mel took over the Oakland team of the Pacific Coast League in 1952, and for a while they were saying he was going to follow the same formula that Casey Stengel and Chuck Dressen had used in going from Oakland to the major leagues. The Acorns had a hot first half, but then they cooled off and so did Mel's chances for a comeback as a manager. He stuck it out for another year, then gave it up to go into broadcasting with the Game of the Day show. In 1956 he joined Van Patrick as the "second man" in the Detroit Tigers' broadcasting crew. Like Dizzy Dean, Mel used the new job to create an entire new generation of fans. There was no pressure, and Mel Ott could forget about trying to act like McGraw. His own warm personality suited him better.

"For the first time in my life, I'm eating and sleeping like a human being," he told a friend. "It's wonderful."

In 1958 his two daughters, Lyn and Loria, were grown up and Mel and his wife were living in a spacious home in Metairie, La., not far from his old hometown of Gretna. One night the Ott's decided to take a drive across the nearby state line into Mississippi to have dinner.

They had left the restaurant, near Bay St. Louis, Miss., and were heading home when an oncoming car swerved across the road and smashed into them head-on at full speed. The other driver was killed instantly. Mel was rushed to a hospital with two broken legs and serious internal injuries. His wife went with him, also seriously injured. For three days, Mel fought back with the spirit of McGraw. But slowly, like the late afternoon shadows falling over the Polo Grounds, the spark of life grew dimmer and finally, on November 21, 1958, was snuffed out.

Mel Ott, the Little Giant, had rejoined Mr. McGraw.

THE MIXED EMOTIONS OF ERNIE BROGLIO

(Continued from page 52)

Ernie is already a \$20,000-a-year ball-player and still on the way up.

"Neither one of us ever thought much about money," he said, as we sat in the living room of the home he bought last year. "You don't think about what you don't have. All we ever asked was enough to take care of the kids. We're not used to being in the upper brackets."

"But it's not hard to take," Barbara added.

"No," her husband said slowly, "it's not hard to take at all. I just hope it lasts."

In view of the fact that Broglio came up the hard way, the chances seem good that he will make it last. Ernie's incentive was never dulled by a big-money bonus. He got very little for signing his first professional contract, and then meandered through the bushes for half a dozen years before landing with the St. Louis Cardinals, where he is now. He knows too much about the bumpy minor-league roads to let himself slip back to them.

He's been as far down as class C and has traveled into a good many out-of-the-way places during his long apprenticeship. He's known the heights of optimism and the depths of despair. Once he grew so discouraged that he nearly swapped his baseball future for a job in an Oakland candy factory, where he would have had to work eight hours a day in 110-degree heat.

Today Ernie Broglio travels in jet airplanes, sleeps in spacious hotel rooms and eats in fine restaurants, but he still has vivid memories of bus rides and boarding houses. He is a journeyman who became a star, and because he was a journeyman he appreciates being a star. Unlike many young major-leaguers, who gripe and stick up their noses at their lot in life, Broglio is glad to be a big-league ball-player, thankful that nature endowed him with a strong right arm and a body to match.

It seems somewhat strange to him that he should be tasting success with the Cardinals. His life-long dream had been to pitch for the Giants, to whom he was devoted since boyhood. Ernie belonged to the Giants for a while, but now his ball club is the Cardinals. They gave him the chance the Giants withheld, and for this they have Broglio's everlasting gratitude. The mixed emotions he had, pitching for St. Louis, and thinking of San Francisco, disappeared last year. The happiest day of Ernie's baseball career was September 18, 1960, when he threw a four-hitter at the Giants for his 20th victory of the season.

It pleased him to become the first Cardinals' 20-game winner since Harvey Haddix in 1953, the first Cardinals' righthander to win 20 since Red Barrett in 1945. But the fact that he did this at the expense of the Giants, who gave him away for a song, added special substance to Broglio's deep satisfaction.

The Giants realize the bloop they pulled in letting this big hometown boy slip through their fingers. In their 1961 ticket brochure, they have a page captioned: "See the outstanding stars in action." Underneath are pictures of Dick Groat of the Pirates, Hank Aaron of the Braves, Ernie Banks of the Cubs, Don Drysdale of the Dodgers—

and Ernie Broglio of the Cardinals. That one must have hurt.

Even though the Giants were based in New York during the years that Broglio was growing up in the San Francisco Bay area, Ernie was always a Giant fan. Oldest of the two sons of a Richmond, Calif., factory worker, he dreamed of being a Giant long before the club shifted to San Francisco. Born in Berkeley and raised in nearby El Cerrito, he imagined himself in a Giants' uniform almost from the day he knew there was such a ball club.

This seemed a ridiculous ambition to his parents, who wanted him to be a musician. When Ernie was six years old, they gave him a \$500 accordion, with shiny mother-of-pearl trimmings. He took lessons for the next six years, during which time he became a pretty good accordion player. But in the meantime, he was becoming a better athlete.

Ernie's younger brother, Eddie, wasn't particularly interested in sports, and his father couldn't understand them, but Ernie never swerved from his desire to be a professional ballplayer. He played baseball, basketball and football in his freshman year at El Cerrito High School. He gave up football when he dislocated his collarbone as a sophomore and later dropped basketball because it cut into his baseball time.

He pitched for El Cerrito High, where his catcher for two years was Pumpsie Green, now a Boston Red Sox infielder. Tall, skinny, fast and wild, Ernie first attracted the attention of a baseball scout before he had reached his 15th birthday.

One day in June of 1950, after he had pitched several innings against the University of California freshmen, the umpire called him aside.

"See that guy behind the screen?" the ump said. "He's a big-league scout. He wants to talk to you. Go on over when you get a chance."

When Ernie met the scout after the game, the man asked: "Did you ever think about playing professional baseball after you graduate?"

"I haven't even thought about graduating," Ernie replied. "I'm just going into the tenth grade."

The scout stared, then shook his head. "Son," he said softly, "either you're kidding me or you're the strongest 14-year-old pitcher I ever saw."

"Well, I'm not kidding you," Ernie said.

Three years later, Broglio had a dozen big-league scouts on his trail. By that time, he was a 17-year-old senior, with four years of schoolboy and two of American Legion baseball behind him. No longer skinny, he was big all over. His mother's magnificent Italian cooking had filled him out. Six feet, one and a half inches tall, he weighed nearly 200 pounds, and the end wasn't in sight. He wasn't fat yet, but he was getting there.

Ernie was still under 18 when he graduated from high school, so the scouts besieged his parents. Neither his mother nor his father trusted any of these strangers. With Ernie talking about the Giants, and the scouts talking about their own clubs, the whole thing looked to the Broglions like a gigantic conspiracy to keep their eldest son from going to college, which they wanted him to do. Besides, they

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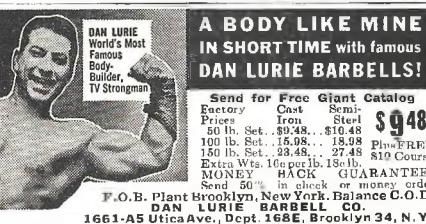
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thought, if Ernie must play professional baseball, why couldn't he play for that nice Augie Galan, who lived around the corner and managed the Oakland club? Then they could be sure Ernie was in good hands, and he'd be close to home.

Galan, whom the Broglios knew as a neighbor, not as a baseball man, wanted Ernie as badly as anyone. However, Oakland had no big-league affiliation, so Augie couldn't offer the boy much, and he carefully refrained from trying to pressure the family. He didn't have to. As far as Ernie's parents could see, the advantages of signing with Oakland outweighed all the disadvantages. Ernie himself was convinced after Galan assured him the Oaks would try to sell him to the Giants at the proper time.

Ernie signed with Oakland and lost his first game, 5-0, to Portland. Then, facing Sacramento, he threw a home-run pitch to Chet Johnson, a veteran minor-league pitcher who hadn't hit a homer in 15 years. When the ball disappeared over the fence, Johnson exuberantly slid into first base. Then he slid into second, then into third. Finally he crawled home on his hands and knees while everyone in the ball park, including Ernie, broke up.

"I laughed so hard I cried. I couldn't see the plate with the tears in my eyes," he recalled. "Augie had to take me out before the inning was over."

Ernie ended the season with a 2-4 won-and-lost record and an earned-run average of 6.89. That fall he commuted to Contra Costa Junior College, where he lasted exactly one semester. It was just long enough for him to meet Barbara, an Oakland girl who was in his class. They were engaged before Ernie left college to report to the Oaks at Monterrey for spring training, and they were married the following November.

Charlie Dressen, who had succeeded Galan as Oakland's manager, marveled as much at Broglio's size as his speed. "If you get much bigger, you'll explode," Charlie said.

Later Dressen dropped by at the Broglios' in El Cerrito to visit Ernie's mother. "How many meals does he eat a day?" Dressen asked.

"Only three," she replied, "but he has a whole loaf of Italian bread between supper and bed-time."

"Well give him an apple instead," Charlie said.

Ernie spent the 1954 season shuttling back and forth between Oakland and Modesto in the California League. Dressen taught him how to throw a changeup and helped him in other ways, especially after manager Gerry Priddy of Seattle told Charlie near the end of the season that Broglio was tipping his pitches.

"I was putting my fingers on top of the ball when I threw a fast one," Ernie said, "and putting them at the side when I threw a curve. Dressen showed me how to cover up."

Ernie was still wild, but he won 20 games for Stockton in the California League in 1955. By then he was developing a jagged curve, similar to Sad Sam Jones's money pitch. When the Giants bought Ernie at the end of the season, he figured he was on his way.

But he had a lot to learn. He was still terribly wild, he had nothing to go with the curve and the fastball, since he hadn't perfected the change, and he was so nervous that he was always nibbling his fingernails. His shy-

ness showed on the ball field. When he walked to the mound, he hung his head, and he never dared glance towards the stands.

Broglio's three years in the Giants' organization were frustrating but educational. Frank Shellenback showed him how to change speeds properly and helped cure his wildness. The veteran coach noticed that Ernie took his eyes off the catcher just before letting the ball leave his hand. His control improved as soon as he got out of the habit.

In Dallas, where the Giants sent Broglio in 1957, Dick Maibauer, a minor-league pitcher, taught him to throw a slider, in return for which Ernie showed Maibauer his curve. Dixie Walker, who managed Broglio at Toronto in 1958, helped him with his poise and did a lot toward curing his shyness on the mound.

Ernie learned something else in the Giants' organization. At Phoenix, where he started the 1958 season, he got into the habit of throwing without a windup.

"It was so hot there that I had to do something to save my energy," he explained. "I dropped the windup, and I felt so much more comfortable that I didn't pick it up when I got to Toronto. I ended up with a real good season."

Between the two Triple-A clubs, Ernie won 17 games and lost only four that year. The Giants had just moved to San Francisco, and he was looking forward to joining them in 1959.

Then the bombshell struck. The Giants traded him and Marvin Grissom to the Cardinals for Billy Muffett, Hobie Landrith and Ben Valenzuela.

The trade almost broke Broglio's heart. When he heard about it, he told Barbara he didn't want to play baseball any more. He'd get a job in the candy factory, where he had once worked in an off-season. Ernie was about ready to give up on himself when his childhood dream of pitching for the Giants was shattered.

Then Bing Devine, the Cardinals' general manager, phoned to invite him to join the ball club on a barnstorming trip to Japan. Broglio forgot all about the candy factory. Three weeks later, he was pitching in the Orient, where he won four straight games under the watchful eye of Solly Hemus, the new St. Louis manager.

At spring training in 1959, Hemus told him to start using a windup.

"It doesn't feel comfortable," Ernie said.

"Would you rather feel comfortable in the minor leagues or uncomfortable in the majors?" Solly said.

"Well, since you put it that way," said Broglio, "I'll be uncomfortable."

The slab-jawed righthander worked harder than he ever had before that spring training. It wasn't only adapting himself to using a windup. After six seasons of being a minor-league pitcher, Broglio was intent on proving that he had major-league desire. A bane of the pitchers' fraternity is the fungo hitter. It is his job to run the pitchers into shape by clouting baseballs just out of their sprinting range. No pitcher ran harder after fungos in the Cardinal camp than Ernie.

A suffering teammate admired Broglio's hustle but at the same time kidded Ernie about it. The 24-year-old rookie responded seriously: "My wife has already had three kids. A fourth is on the way. I've been in a

hole ever since I got into baseball. This year I'm trying to get out."

Ernie's will and desire impressed manager Solly Hemus and his board of coaching strategists. Despite his repeated failures, they stuck with the shy, likable young man with the blazing fastball and wicked curve. Faulty control joined by a resulting lack of confidence were the weaknesses he had to overcome. He lost his first five games in 1959 but finally overcame his shyness; like other pitchers who are going bad, Ernie took out his frustrations on the umpires.

Author-pitcher Jim Brosnan, then a Cardinal, recalled Broglio's umpire-baiting in his successful diary of the 1959 baseball year, *The Long Season*.

"Broglio, though still a rookie," Brosnan wrote, "has mastered the art of agitating the umpire. The mobile features of his lightly bearded Italian face assume an expression of heart-broken sorrow when an umpire misses a pitch. Ernie can also sneer mightily, if the umpire misses a second pitch; or he'll smile, sardonically, as if to inform the fans that the umpire is, unfortunately, incompetent, but what can you do?"

"One of the most graceful, almost ballet-like, gestures that pitchers use to irritate the umpire's pride requires, ordinarily, years of practice. Broglio must have worked on it during the off-season. One second after a miscall is made, Ernie pirouettes to his right, his outstretched arms swooping skyward, his bleeding (from sweat) palms upturned in fervent plea to the gods. Rigoletto, in his aria of frustrated torment, is a gay and jolly troubadour by comparison.

"As the innings go by and his curveball breaks bigger and better, Broglio plays an encore of embittered mimicry. Resting his palms wearily upon his knees, he rocks back and forth. Head down, staring at the ground, he growls. It looks like he's talking to the Devil himself."

A clever humorist, Brosnan saw the comical aspects of the endless feud between pitcher and umpire. Having attained success and respect, Broglio can now laugh at the futile and forlorn pitcher he represented as recently as 1959. But at the time it was happening, it was no laughing matter. A drive to excel and provide sufficiently for his growing family coated Ernie Broglio with a tenacity that shoved his shyness to the background.

In any interview with Ernie, his two favorite subjects—baseball and kids—are sure to come up. His only regret with being a ballplayer is that he gets little time to spend with his family during the season. "I sort of 'drop in' whenever the Cards play on the coast," Broglio says, "and you ought to hear the ruckus when I leave. I have kids hanging all over me. That's one of the rough parts of baseball. But at least I have both my wishes—baseball and kids—and I hope there are more kids."

Doggedly, with an occasional flash of pitching skill, Broglio completed his first season in the major leagues. He earned the respect of his teammates, who admired his desire to learn and his capacity to absorb. A patient teacher was veteran pitcher Larry Jackson from whom Broglio acknowledges having learned many valuable pitching tips. Then there was the faith of manager Hemus and the confidence-building of pitching coach Howie Pollet.

Despite Ernie's so-so record of seven wins and 12 losses in 1959, Hemus and the rest of the Cardinal brass liked what they saw. "This kid has got it," Solly told his coaches at the end of the season. "With just a little more confidence, he's going to be one hell of a pitcher."

Pollet had been working on Ernie's confidence all season. Day after day, Howie assured Broglio that he had every ingredient for pitching greatness—size, strength, experience, a fine assortment of pitches and excellent control.

"When you go out there," Pollet said one day, "don't ever forget you're the boss. Hold your head up, so everyone can see you know it. There's nothing to be afraid of. All those people in the stands will respect you that much more as soon as they see that you respect yourself. You can pitch plenty of games like the one in Cincinnati last June."

Pollet was referring to a two-hitter which Broglio had thrown at the Reds on June 27, 1959. Ernie had faced only 29 men as he won a 5-0 victory without issuing a single base on balls. Whitey Lockman, who had a scratch hit in the first inning, and Ed Bailey, who singled in the fifth, were the only Reds to reach base, and they never got beyond first base. Broglio had thrown only 97 pitches that day. But great as it looked, it had been only his second win of the season.

To this day, Broglio considers that the best game he ever pitched—better than his soul-satisfying 20th victory against the Giants last September, or his one-hitter against the Cubs last July or his 12-inning, 3-2 victory over the Pirates last August. These games meant more, but Ernie doesn't think he pitched as well in any of them.

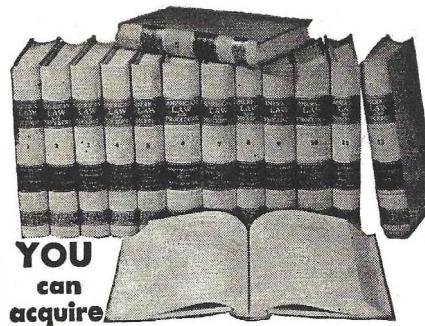
He didn't win his first 1960 game until May 16, when he relieved Wilmer Mizell in the eighth inning of a game at Philadelphia. He was 1-1 by May 29 and 5-4 by June 26, hardly the pace of a 20-game winner. But he won 16 of his last 19 decisions for a season's mark of 21 and seven. And he led the league in earned-run average until the season's final day when Mike McCormick of the Giants overtook him. But Broglio's 2.75 ERA put him only five percentage points behind the young San Francisco pitcher.

Ernie's one-hitter came on July 15 in a night game at St. Louis. Ed Bouchee wrecked the no-hitter with a single in the second inning, but only two others reached first base, both on walks. Broglio struck out 14 Cubs that night. There are those who think that was the best game he ever pitched.

Ernie, once so wild that he was never sure where the ball was going, is also proud of his 12-inning victory over Bob Friend of the Pirates last August. Broglio, who didn't issue a pass that night, got a special kick out of the finish. Stan Musial broke it up with a two-run homer in the Cardinals' 12th. Ernie gave the Pirates one run in their half of the inning, but slammed the door in Pittsburgh's face by striking out Dick Stuart.

"It's nice to remember good games," Ernie remarked in the living room of his San Jose home. "Up to last year, there weren't a great many of them."

Then, as two of his four kids raced across the room en route to the back yard, he grinned, and added, "There had better be plenty more. I sure can use the money."



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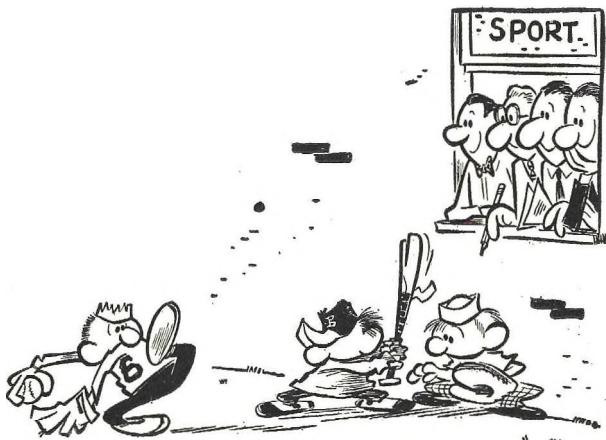
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TIME OUT

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WELCOME ANGELS, WELCOME SENATORS

WHAT IS a "cull"? According to Webster's *New World Dictionary*, a cull is "something picked out, especially something rejected as not up to standards." The reason for this brief vocabulary lesson is that the word has lately come to be associated with the American League's newest teams. It's a wonder that nobody suggested calling the Los Angeles Angels, the Los Angeles Culls; or the Washington Senators, the Washington Culls. We think cull is a dreadful word. We think it is especially dreadful, and unfair, to be applied to members of the first brand-new major-league teams in 59 years.

Why is it unfair? One good reason is that, for the most part, the rosters of the Angels and the Senators are not filled with culls—no more so than some of the old established tail-end ball clubs. Certainly the new clubs are filled with old ballplayers and very young ballplayers, and fringe ballplayers too. But most of these men have played major-league baseball, have been part and parcel of baseball's exclusive "400 club." We say put the Angels and Senators in a league with the Kansas City Athletics, the Philadelphia Phillies, the Chicago Cubs, and see what would happen. As Ken Aspromonte says defiantly in an article in this issue, "With Kluszewski at first, me at second, Hamlin at short and Yost at third, I think our infield is better than Detroit's, Kansas City's and Boston's." Was Ken exaggerating? Take a look at the infiels of the Red Sox, Tigers and A's before you answer.

Of course the Angels and the Senators will not be fighting for a pennant this year, or even a first-division position. The optimists say give the clubs three years and then watch them go. The pessimists say it will take five years or longer. We lean toward the pessimistic side. But that doesn't mean the Angels and Senators will be shortchanging the customers. For instance, it's fun to speculate now who'll catch for Washington—Pete Daley, Dutch Dotterer or Gene Green; who'll play first

for the Angels—Ted Kluszewski, Julio Becquer or Steve Bilko (and how many homers these power men will blast out of chummy Wrigley Field in LA). It's exciting to speculate whether Ken Hunt of the Angels can develop into a real first-class outfielder, a chance he might never have had staying with the Yankees.

Undoubtedly Angel manager Bill Rigney and Senator manager Mickey Vernon take a slightly different view of what consists fun. Vernon has said: "I know

what I'm getting into; I have no illusions." Rigney, a veteran manager, puts it another way. "I have a feeling I can hold my job next season," he says with a smile, "if I finish second." One thing for sure, Rig's ulcers won't kick up the way they did at San Francisco. The pressure is off.

Our welcome to these two clubs should in no way be constituted as an endorsement of the American League's actions last winter in bringing these two babies prematurely into the world. The American League acted from mercenary consider-

ations, also to get a jump on the National League, which has been outjumping them for years. The National League has acted much wiser in putting off expansion until 1962. This gives the Houston and New York franchises a fighting chance—and will continue the National League's superiority for at least a few years to come.

But despite the *opéra bouffe* staged by the American League, we are more than happy to welcome Los Angeles and Washington and a ten-team league. It means new excitement in baseball. We wish success to the owners—Elwood Quesada in Washington, Gene Autry and Bob Reynolds in LA; we wish success to the general managers—Fred Haney and Ed Doherty. We wish success to Mickey Vernon and Bill Rigney. We especially wish success to the players. We know they'll feel wanted in their new environment. We hope they'll flourish professionally. And we will not call them culls.



Angels' manager Bill Rigney, left, and general manager Fred Haney. Senators' Mickey Vernon.

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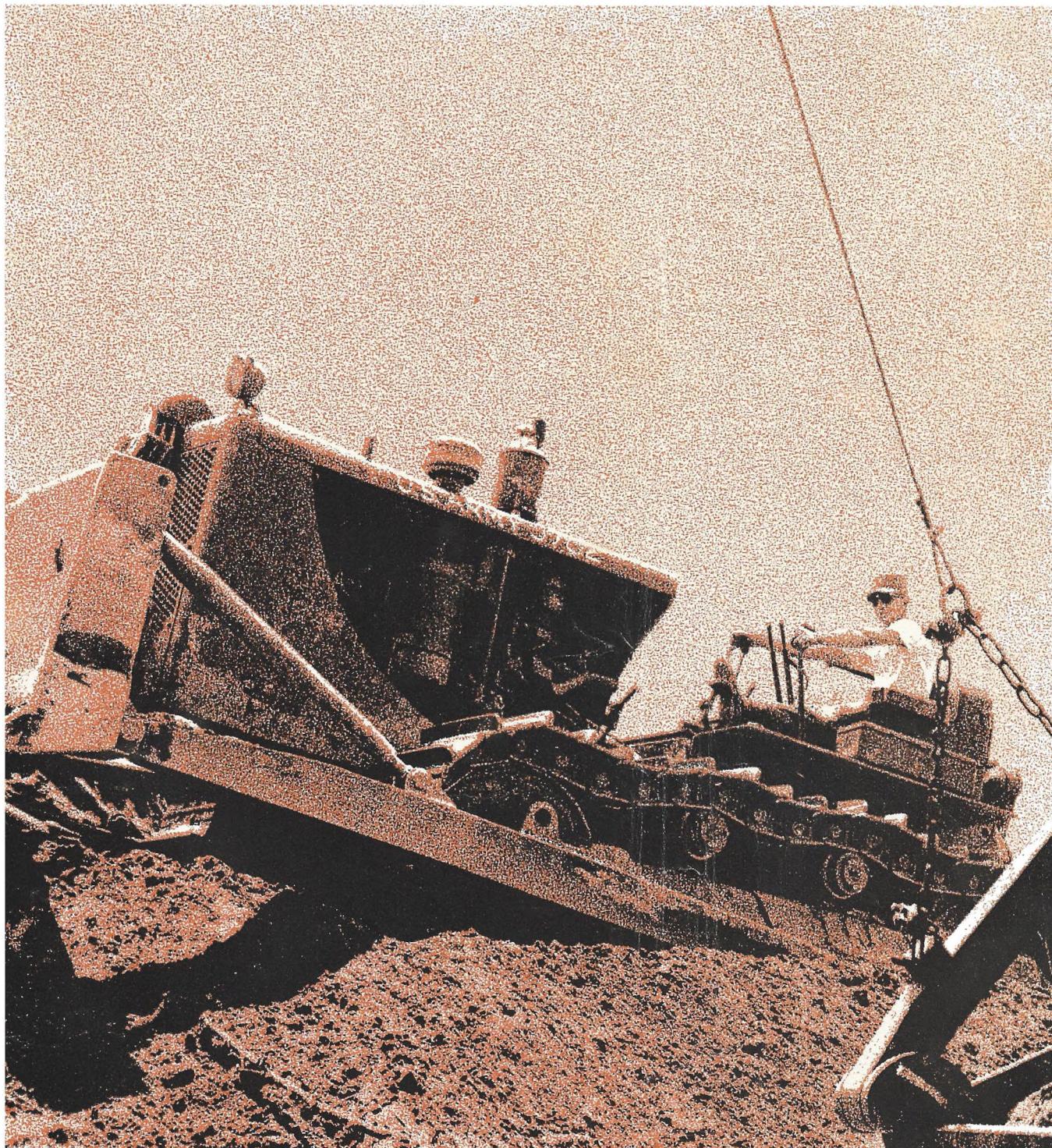
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