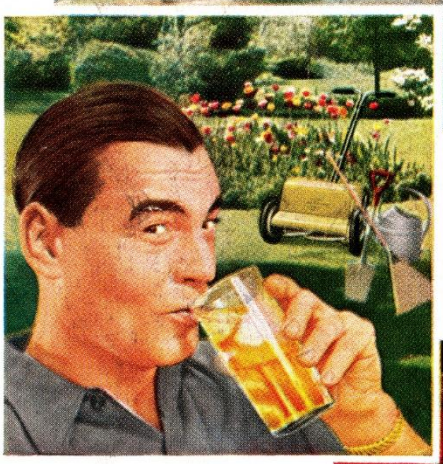

Herald Tribune
AND THE UNITED STATES ARMY
SEVENTH ANNUAL ALL-STAR FOOTBALL GA
ARMY ALL-STARS
N.Y. GIANT
POLO GROUNDS
SEPTEMBER 12, 194
For the Tribune Fresh Air Fund
and Army Emergency Relief
NEW YORK Herald Tribune
presents
THE FIFTH ANNUAL ALL-STAR FOO
Herald Tribune
Presents
THE SECOND ANNUAL ALL-STAR FOO
PROGRAM
15
EASTERN COLLEGE ALL-STAR
Herald Tribune
Presents
THE THIRD ANNUAL ALL-STAR FOOTBALL
PROGRAM
EASTERN
COLLEGE ALL-S
vs NEW YORK GIA
NEW YORK
Herald Tribune
presents
Eastern College All-Stars
vs
New York Giants
11th Annual All-Star Game · Polo Grounds, September 1, 1949
for benefit of Herald Tribune Fresh Air Fund
GREEN BAY PACKERS
PLUS
THE HERALD TRIBUNE
FEATURE PARADE
50¢
NEW YORK Herald Tribune
NEW YORK GIANTS
vs
EASTERN COLLEGE
ALL-STARS
EASTERN
COLLEGE ALL-STARS
vs.
NEW YORK GIANTS

Whatever your hobby

When day is done . . . you deserve SCHENLEY



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QUEENS COUNTY JOCKEY CLUB

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this page
subscribed by

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MEMBER STORES OF THE
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TO FASHION AS AN ART
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"My beer is RHEINGOLD —the Dry beer!"

says COLE PORTER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL HESSE

1. "My life reads like a Cook's tour," says Cole Porter, composer, lyricist, and man-about-the-world, currently represented on Broadway by the hit musical *Kiss Me, Kate*. "I've taken a plane or a train at the drop of a timetable . . .

2. "And I've tried beers in every country—from Nepal to Norway, from Nicaragua to the Netherlands. But here in New York I found the world's best beer—Rheingold Extra Dry. It's the tops!"

In New York, where more beer is sold than in any other city in the world, the demand for Rheingold Extra Dry is *greater* than for *any other* beer—domestic or imported. Yes—Rheingold's *pale crystal color*—symbol of superior quality—its bouquet, its *distinctive dry flavor* have made it New York's largest-selling beer!

It's beer as beer should taste— **DRY** *tells you why!*

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NEW YORK
Herald Tribune
All-Star Game Program

Irving T. Marsh, Editor

Table of Contents

The All-Star Football Game

The Nation

The World

The Arts

Sports

The Front Cover

Photo in color by Joe Engels, New York Herald Tribune photo department, and designed by George Greller and Paul Flayer, of the New York Herald Tribune promotion art department.

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SPORTSCASTING ISN'T AS EASY AS IT SOUNDS...

but when I sign off and relax . . . I am "Carriage Trade"

Question: *What is "Carriage Trade"?*
Answer: *Americans who demand something better and finer.*

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Speculation on June 26

By Frederick H. Lewis

It is plenty hot, this June 26. Appropriate for "Fresh Air." The radio has just announced that the thermometer stands at 96°—just below the all-time record for June. And the humidity—what makes New York heat so hard to take—is right up there around 90%. Your neighbor across the street has gone to the beach. The fellow next door just started out for eighteen holes of golf, so he says.

But some other people you know aren't going anywhere. They never do—because they can't afford to. They live in shabby tenement houses in East Harlem, in Brownsville, in Chelsea, in Chinatown.

No, there won't be any golf or beaches for a good many thousands today—or any day. They'll just sweat it out, relieved if they can only feed their children and keep them out of harm.

How many times have you heard people say on a day like today, "Gee, what must it be like in a New York tenement!" Somehow it makes a lot of people feel better, not so uncomfortable as they were. Fortunately for the children who have to live in one of those tenements, about 12,000 people who support the Fresh Air Fund feel more comfortable when they get out their checkbooks and write a ticket to the country for one of these youngsters.

To run its six summer camps and to cover the expenses of sending children to a thousand rural communities (Friendly Towns), the Fund has already committed itself as of today, June 26, to paying bills amounting to $300,000. If you will take a look at the Fresh Air story in "tomorrow morning's" Tribune (September 2), and note the total of contributions to date for 1949 (to which will be added the proceeds of this game—about $25,000), you will know what we in the Fund office would like to know this June 26, 1949.

It does not require a crystal ball to predict what their vacations this summer may mean to the future of the children who will have returned from Fresh Air camps and Friendly Towns by September 1. Seventy-three years experience with Fresh Air is enough for purposes of prediction. It is an experience filled with stories of people who came up the hard way, and who speak with pride about what a Fresh Air vacation meant to them years ago.

The Fund salutes these people—and we salute these who have dug into their pockets to make the vacations possible.

It might stay the advance of the gray hairs if we knew now what will be perfectly plain by the time football fans are shelling out four bits for this program at the Polo Grounds on September first, namely, whether two months from now the Fresh Air Fund will be in the red or in the black. It's awkward when your invoices exceed your bank balance.

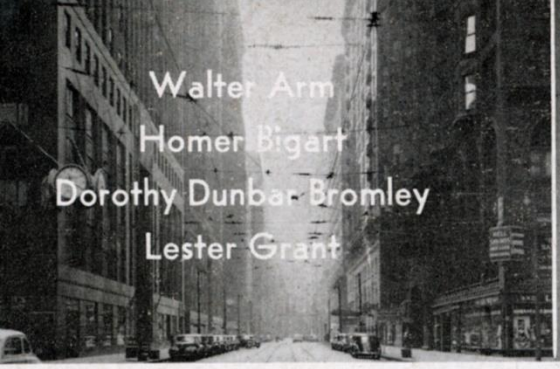
On the other hand, gray hairs or no, perhaps it's better not to know in advance. If we knew the worst, we might not have the courage to go ahead anyway—which the Fund has been doing successfully ever since the oldest living football fan was in knee pants. Faith has a way of accomplishing the impossible.

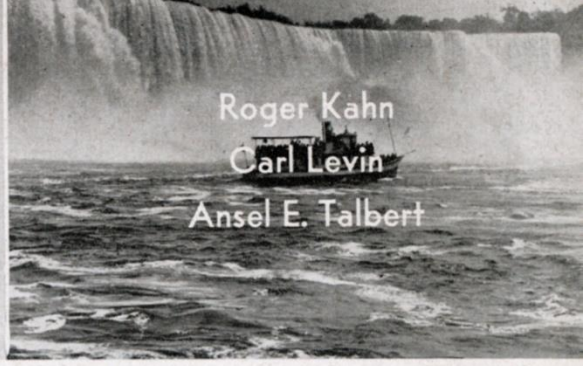
A safe prediction this June—as foregone as one of Mr. Pearson's—is that this summer the Fund will send out its three-quarter millionth Fresh Air vacationer. We have faith in our friends. We're on our way to a million.

Part of that three-quarter million may be cheering on the Giants or the All-Stars at the Polo Grounds. The Fund is anxious to know who they are. If you happen to be one of them, won't you give us a ring at Pennsylvania 6-4000, Extension 704, or drop us a note at 230 West 41st Street, New York 18.

Chances are that in the stands on September first will be many of the alumni of the All-Star game—some of whom bought tickets for the Phantom Games of 1943 and 1944. To you a special greeting and thanks from the Fresh Air Fund and from the Sports Department of the Herald Tribune, which goes all out twice a year to reach out a big helping hand to the needy kids of New York.

FREDERICK H. LEWIS is executive director of the Herald Tribune Fresh Air Fund.





Melody of Maladjustment

By Homer Bigart

WASHINGTON

I came back from the Balkans in February and it has taken me all this while to work up the proper attitude of frustration and gloom harmonious with life in the United States. Brother, was I maladjusted! Having spent the last six years in areas disturbed only by wars, dictatorships and a nagging shortage of potable liquor, I arrived in Washington with a normal pulse, all my teeth, no ulcers, no compulsion to write a book. I was out of the police states forever, and planned to spend my declining years in a free and happy society where the only thing to fear, so the man said, was fear itself.

It's a wonder I wasn't picked up as a subversive. For weeks I went around our national capital, my face shining wide open with stupid content. Let me make full confession: I couldn't view with alarm. I couldn't even deplore. I could stand at a bar for hours feeling no despondency except over the future of the St. Louis Browns. There were Cassandras all about, telling of treason in high places, of economic collapse, of the imminence of war and our unpreparedness for it. And there I stood, purring tunes from "South Pacific" and pouring down the martinis.

For a while I got away with it. Some of the Cassandras even bought me drinks. As the hours passed I began to have trouble focussing on objects and I guess they misinterpreted the glazy distressed stare with which I received their tidings of doom. They thought we were en rapport, as we used to say in Ljubljana, whereas it was only my usual two a.m. myopia. But inevitably they found me out. For one thing I could never quite believe that Judy Coplon, the girl who felled Johnny Waitkus with a pumpkin during that tense double-header at Shibe Park, was a secret agent for Lefty Gubitchev's Cincinnati Reds.

It may be oversimplification but, hell, I think Judy was a normal Philly rooter. If you know Shibe Park you appreciate the spiritual torment that prevails on rare occasions when the Phils are in the first division. One of the cruelest illusions of our time is the phantom belief that the Phils may be going somewhere. When Judy put Johnny out of action tension relaxed. Philadelphia could sleep again.

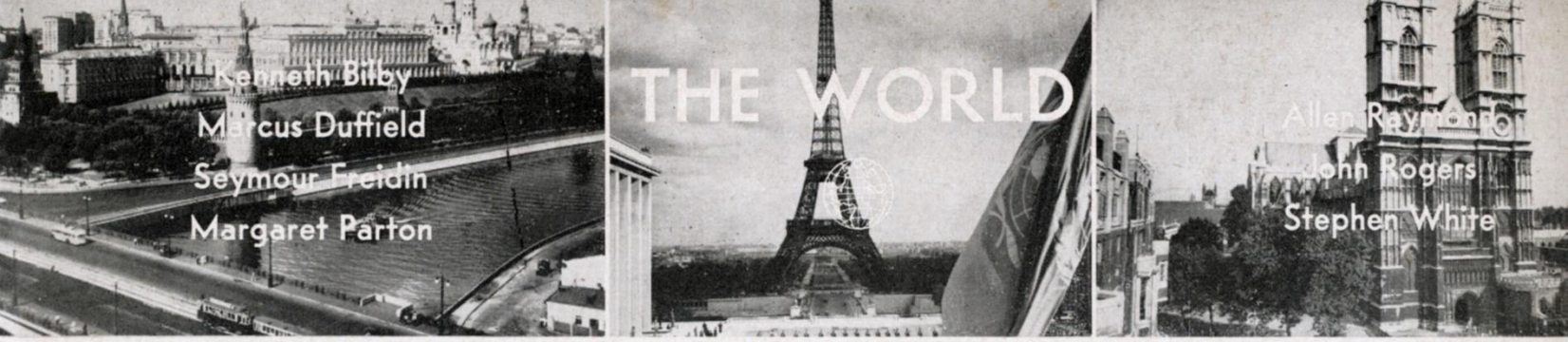
I further annoyed the Cassandras by suggesting that the appointment of Ruth Steinhagen, the gracious Georgetown hostess, as envoy to Luxembourg was not necessarily to be interpreted as a move to appease Marshal Tito. There is an excellent restaurant in Luxembourg called Stuff's, and Tito knows which side his bread is buttered on. There is no need to belabor the point, but as one diplomatic correspondent observed, the possibility of finding a good well-cooked modus vivendi at Stuff's is not to be excluded. Perhaps if Dean Acheson and Madame Kollantay would only sit down together in a quiet booth at Stuff's the whole sad story of Trieste would write itself in all its subtle shadings.

But the calm, sober approach is not fashionable in America these days and presently I found myself standing alone at one corner of the press club bar, shunned by scribes and buying my own drinks. It gets expensive. I do want to conform, and that's why I spent my vacation at Moosehead Lake, Maine, learning how to worry over the state of the nation. For holiday reading I had Arthur Miller's "Death of a Salesman" and George Orwell's "Nineteen Eighty-Four." They establish a certain mood. Then I went down to the junction each morning to buy "The Bangor Daily News" which carries Pegler. One morning Peg warned against the slinking Harvard-type intellectuals with icy hauteur and frosty smile who, it seems, have set up a sinister cabal in the White House and State Department with the object of peddling secrets to characters who age them in pumpkins.

After a week of Pegler I felt certain I was on the road back to sanity. My eyes were opened to treachery all around. True, the other guests at the inn didn't look intellectual and slunk (or is it slank?) only when dancing, but they didn't fool me. There was something fishy afoot at Moosehead, some dreadful enormity threatening the very foundation of our dearest ideals. For the third successive night some character with a crew haircut fed the juke box, playing endlessly that anthem of frustration, Ghost Riders in the Sky. Understand, I am not suggesting he's a Communist. I leave that to Pegler.

So I returned to Washington a mended man, alert to skullduggery in high places. Already I have that tendency to cry out against inevitable and crushing dooms. Dammit, that's what the readers want and I may as well cash in on it. I have salvaged a memoir of days in the Middle East. A truly dire little number, chock full of foreboding. It might be called "Coup d'etat in Kurdistan" or "Kurds A-whey—A Final Warning." If heeded, this book will change our whole foreign policy. Or at least suggest a modus vivendi.

HOMER BIGART, called "Cannon Mouth" Bigart by his fellow foreign correspondents during the war because of his predilection for popping up where the fighting was hottest, is now a member of the Washington Bureau of the New York Herald Tribune. He won the Pulitzer Prize for foreign correspondence in 1946 and the George Polk Memorial and Page One Awards in 1949.



What's My Month?

By Marcus Duffield

Sometimes it seems to me the things I don't write about are pretty good, too.

The way it stands, my job is to wrap up the really important events of the week—the stuff that goes into the history books—in a full-page package every Sunday.

Suppose for a change I write about the strictly unimportant events. Take a handful of months, all out of the past year, and wrap up some unhistorical events that happened in each one. Just to make it confusing we won't say which month is which, but will toss in a few clews. If you can't spot the month, look at the answers at the end of the piece.

Month No. 1

The Federal Communications Commission began grumbling about those radio shows that snare listeners by giving away $4 million a year—should they be suppressed as lotteries? "Amen!" shouted Fred Allen, who had seen his program popularity sink to a new low under the competition of "Stop the Music." Fred insured his listeners up to $5,000 if they lost any give-away money while tuning him in. . . . And a certain eminent citizen said: "On the day after election, some of the reddest faces in America will be those pollsters."

Month No. 2

It was just one of those crazes that sweep the country every so often—the Pyramid Clubs. You paid a buck, snagged two friends, went to a lot of parties, poured a lot of drinks down your throat, and won $2,048—theoretically. For a couple of weeks people were going mad all over the country; then the pyramids began crashing with a deafening silence. . . . In England they ran short of hair because the government gave away free wigs under the new socialized medicine system. . . . An American Air Force bomber flew all the way around the world without stopping (refueling in flight) in four days. . . . The Gallup poll came up with the news that only 49 per cent of U. S. husbands and wives would choose their present spouses if they had to do it over again. . . . And a Nevada assemblyman introduced a bill to sell divorces in slot machines. Punch the machine every day for 42 days, insert 200 silver dollars; out pops the divorce while the machine flashes colored lights and plays "America." . . . And in Los Angeles a young artist advertised her left ear for sale for $24,000 so she could support herself while painting. No takers.

Month No. 3

Two New Yorkers paid $50 fines for displaying a woman's hat, fifty-nine years old, in a store window; it had bird-of-paradise feathers on it, and that's against the law. . . . Scientists fell to worrying whether the world would: (a) capsize like and overloaded canoe; or (b) would run short of food to feed the dizzily expanding population. . . . New York bricklayers were happy; their wage went up to $27 a day. . . . And President Truman ate the champion breakfast of the year in Texas: fried chicken, ham, scrambled eggs, rice, hot biscuits, honey, and white dove.

Month No. 4

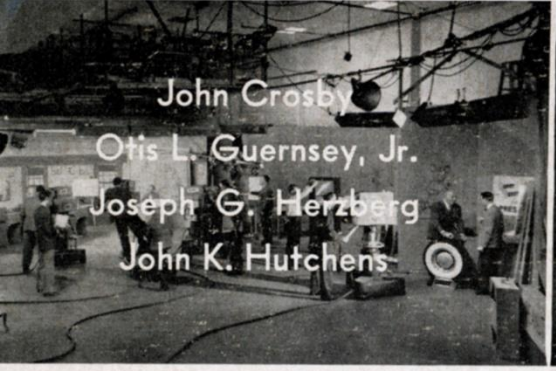
In Brooklyn, where anything can happen, police cut through a false wall in a third-floor apartment and there found a dark, secret cell about the size of a large clothes closet. In it thirty-three-year-old Paul Makushak had sealed himself ten years ago and had never come out; his mother had lowered food to him from a trap door in the ceiling. He explained, simply, that he hadn't liked the way the world was going; thousands of us felt the same way and were fleetingly tempted to crawl in with him. . . . Wall Street brokers were in a snit because nobody bought stocks; they put on a nation-wide selling campaign aimed at the ladies, figuring they were the ones with the dough. . . . And the telephone company was in a twit because people wasted time answering "hello" when they could just as well pick up the receiver and say, "Merrill, Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Beane, Inc. Good morning."

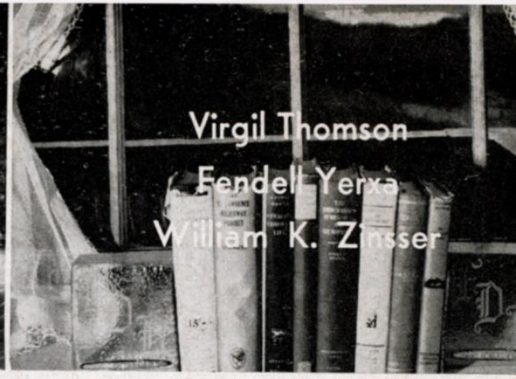
Month No. 5

We held our breath and wondered: was it really true that prices were coming down at long last? The nickel cigar came back to New York, and the five-cent glass of beer in a Bowery saloon. A housewife could buy for $3.29 a basket of groceries that would have cost her $4.19 a year ago. . . . Natives of Sierra Leone, West Africa, sent a missionary offering of $22.25 to Chicago to be spent in combating the "evils of civilization." . . . President Truman gave wide publicity to the letters "S. O. B." by using them in a speech. An Indianapolis furniture store said in a newspaper ad that the letters meant "See Our Bargains," but nobody believed it.

ANSWERS: No. 1—October, 1948; No. 2—March, 1949; No. 3—September, 1948; No. 4—April, 1949; No. 5—February, 1949.

MARCUS DUFFIELD writes "History in the Making," a full-page resume of world events, every Sunday in the New York Herald Tribune.





The Compulsive Drinker

By John Crosby

A bunch of boys were whooping it up in Bleeck's saloon the other night drinking more than was good for them and singing old folk songs and some of the more recent ones. About midnight the quartet, a seedy but determined bunch of singers, began, as is their custom at that hour, that old English chantey which goes:

"It's delicious yum yum yum.
"It's delightful. Order some.
"Now demand it. What's the name?
"Piel's light beer of Broadway fame."

After they finished, Fogarty, the red-headed bass of this outfit, said mournfully: "They don't write songs like in the old days." It's a complaint familiar to most of the drinkers there, especially after midnight.

"Now," he continued pugnaciously, "you take a grand old number like 'Pepsi-Cola Hits the Spot.' Nobody is writing songs like that any more." He began singing a snatch:

"Nickel, nickel, nickel, nickel."

"They took that out," Roberts, the tenor, reminded him. "It isn't a nickel any more. It's six cents."

"Inflation," said Fogarty sadly. "It's even ruining the old songs. And the new songs you can't sing at all. Now you take a song like this song I heard yesterday." He sang in his watery bass:

"When the values go up, up, up
"And the prices come down, down, down.
"Robert Hall this season
"Will tell you the reason.
"Low overhead. Low overhead."

He broke off in disgust. "What sort of song is that, I ask you. 'Low overhead, low overhead.' Sir William Gilbert would turn over in his grave. Man can't open his mouth on these new lyrics."

Roberts, a dreamy and timid little drunk, spoke up. "There's another one going the rounds that's even harder." He sang it.

"Don't be afraid to look at your hands
"When you get through scouring pots and pans.
'Use Ajax, new miracle cleanser
"With exclusive foaming action."

Everyone agreed that last line foamed in the wrong places. I watched Roberts closely after that one because he is a strange little guy, what the psychiatrists call a compulsive drinker. In fact, he suffers from a lot of funny compulsions, a pushover for an advertising man. Sure enough, he started looking at his hands guiltily. He probably never scoured a pot or pan in his life but the thought had been put in his mind that he was afraid to look at his hands. I bet anything he scurried around to the grocery store the next day and bought some of that miracle cleanser.

Every one of those songs that demanded you do something, Roberts went and did it, simply because he didn't believe in taking any chances. "Don't be half safe. Don't be half safe. Don't be half safe," was his philosophy, sung to the tune of "The Volga Boatman."

JOHN CROSBY writes a radio column called "Radio in Review" four times weekly in the New York Herald Tribune.

I feel sorry for this little guy because I think singing commercials have wrecked his life. I remember the night we were all sitting around the back room at Bleeck's singing. Roberts had this girl with him and Roberts, for no special reason, began singing—all by himself because no one else knew the words—that splendid old ballad:

"You can say yes to romance.
"Be dainty and don't take a chance.
"Soft as a lover's caress
"Vote for happiness."

Well, sir, this girl followed instructions to the letter; the following week she said yes to romance, married poor Roberts and has made his life miserable ever since. There's only one of these songs that ever did Roberts any good. That's the one that goes:

"Today is Tuesday. Today is Tuesday.
"Time for Adam, candy coated gum."

Up until the time that one got on the air, Roberts used to wander around all day Tuesday thinking in his confused way that it was Thursday. Now he's hep to the day of the week but, come to think of it, I don't know what good that does him either.

Just then the subject of these speculations spoke up: "I got to get home. Just one more, fellows." And he began and we all joined in on that rollicking little number:

Kasco! Kasco! Dogs all love it so.
"What a meaty treat is Kasco
"K-A-S-C-O.
"Oh where, oh where has my little dog gone?
"He's heading for the kitchen and his
"K-A-S-C-O."

"We Call Him Chief"

By Red Smith

On the day before the Harvard game last fall, Yale's football players went through their exercises in the colonnaded majesty of Harvard's Soldiers' Field and then deployed in a circle wide enough so they could get around their coach. Every one of them would have denied it fiercely, but the fact is every one of them was awed and maybe even downright scared down there in the lonely, unfriendly shadows on the eve of battle.

Silently they waited for a word from their leader, for some quip, some toast, some prayer for success, some assurance that this was, after all, only a game for kids and not Armageddon itself. Their leader cleared his throat, took a deep breath, opened his mouth, and cleared his throat again. When at length he began to speak, there was just the faintest quaver in his voice.

"Ye call me chief," he said, "and ye do well to call him chief who for twelve long years has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast which the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and yet never has lowered his arm. If there be one among you dare say in private fight or public brawl my actions have belied my words, let him step forth and say it! If there be three in all your throng dare face me on the bloody sands . . ."

Right on he went, through the entire oration of "Spartacus to the Gladiators," and for once Herman Hickman wasn't clowning. Fact was, he was a little scared that evening, too, and when he opened his mouth to talk to his guys, only the old, remembered phrases came out.

This was the champion elocutionist of Johnson City, Tenn., reverting to type. In his hour of stress, Herman Hickman became again the silver-tongued orator of the Little Smokies. And, as always, he held his audience enthralled.

The coach of the Yale football team, who is also coach of the Eastern College All-Stars, is a hawg-jowl-and-chitlin' comic who would have you believe he was shaken out of a tree and led to New Haven with a ring in his nose.

He spins his famous "kinfolk stories" end upon end, and if you wish you may believe his tale about never seeing an electric light until he was fifteen years old. That age was shoeing time down in the hills, and his daddy piled him into the wagon and drove him to town to get him shod proper.

Dusk had fallen before they topped the last rim of hills and saw the lights of Johnson City. Young Herman looked at his parent with a wild surmise.

"Cracky, Daddy," he said, "looks like the whole world done gone 'possum huntin'!"

Anyhow, that's his story. If you prefer the truth, Herman's daddy was a distinguished lawyer, his Granddaddy Feathers a chief justice of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, and Herman himself a figure of distinction at the age of fourteen. At that age his resounding recitation of "Jean Deprez," by Robert W. Service, won him the Barton Declamation Trophy, and before he finished the Baylor School for Boys he won the state oratorical championship with an eloquent homily entitled "Nathaniel Webster and the Constitution."

As a juvenile elocutionist he gave away as much as five years in age to his opposition, but he never had to concede weight. He was always a robustious lad, although not quite so ample of torso as he pretends now. If you asked, he'd tell you he weighed about 260 pounds when he played guard for the University of Tennessee. Actually, he was 220, fast and rugged. He just doesn't like to admit that when he blossomed into maturity he picked up a full 100 pounds.

Accustomed to public speaking since early boyhood, he can handle banqueting alumni like breaking sticks. He doesn't apologize for defeats. Blandly he assures Yale men that their team could have won a good deal oftener than it did last year, but he didn't want to set a standard that might be difficult to live up to. His aim, he says, is to lose just often enough to "keep the alumni sullen, but not mutinous."

He has an Elizabethan turn of speech which, probably, reflects a youth misspent in reading and reciting Shakespeare. This manifests itself when his soul is sorely tried, as on the day Dartmouth walloped Yale, 41 to 14.

"Now," quoth Herman, "I lay me down to bleed awhile, and rise again to fight."

Even in quieter moments, his speech is conditioned by his reading. He got awful sick and tired reading the papers last spring when every sports writer in America was writing about Joe DiMaggio's sore heel. After all, he pointed out, it wasn't the most famous heel in all history. "There was Achilles," he said, "and remember he had only one publicity man—Homer."

Even when he has stayed up most of the night reciting poetry, his working day begins at 7 a.m. He likes to confer with his assistants then, so he can get one important job done before the phone starts harassing him about 9 o'clock. First time he called a dawn conference at Yale, one of the assistants was tardy.

"Gentlemen," said Herman, "I might as well say now there are only two excuses I'll accept for anybody being late at these meetings. They are sickness or death."

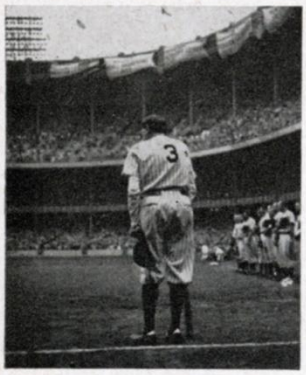
His eyes lit on Stu Clancy, an assistant coach who also operates as an embalmer in Branford, Conn.

"I mean private," Herman said, "not professional deaths."

WALTER W. (RED) SMITH is the sports columnist of the New York Herald Tribune. His column "Views of Sport" is known (and syndicated) from coast to coast for its literacy, maturity and quiet humor.

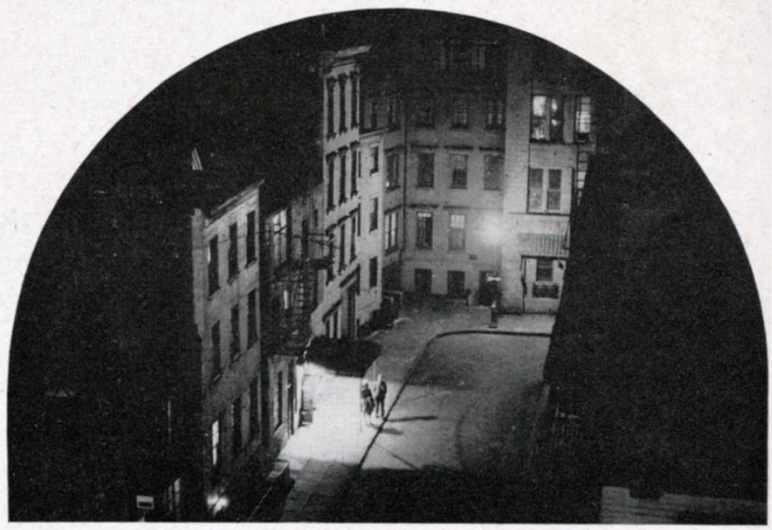
This Is New York

By Nat Fein



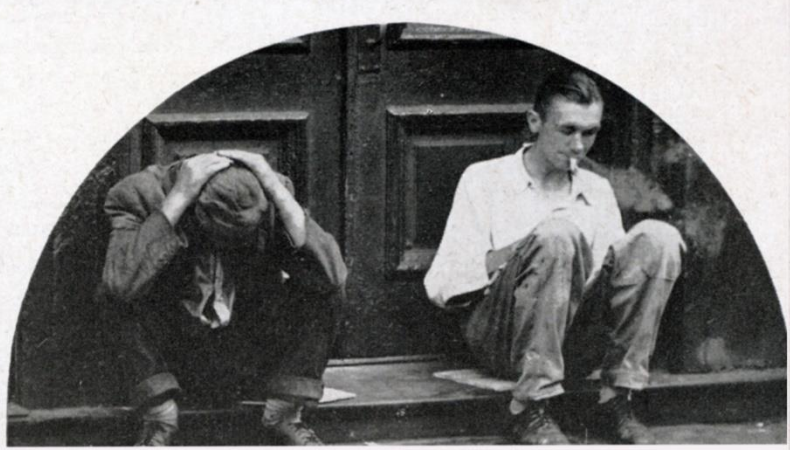
NAT FEIN is the New York Herald Tribune photographer who was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for photography this year for his picture of Babe Ruth in the Babe's final appearance at the Yankee Stadium. You've undoubtedly seen it. Its title was simply "No. 3," and it is reproduced in miniature here.

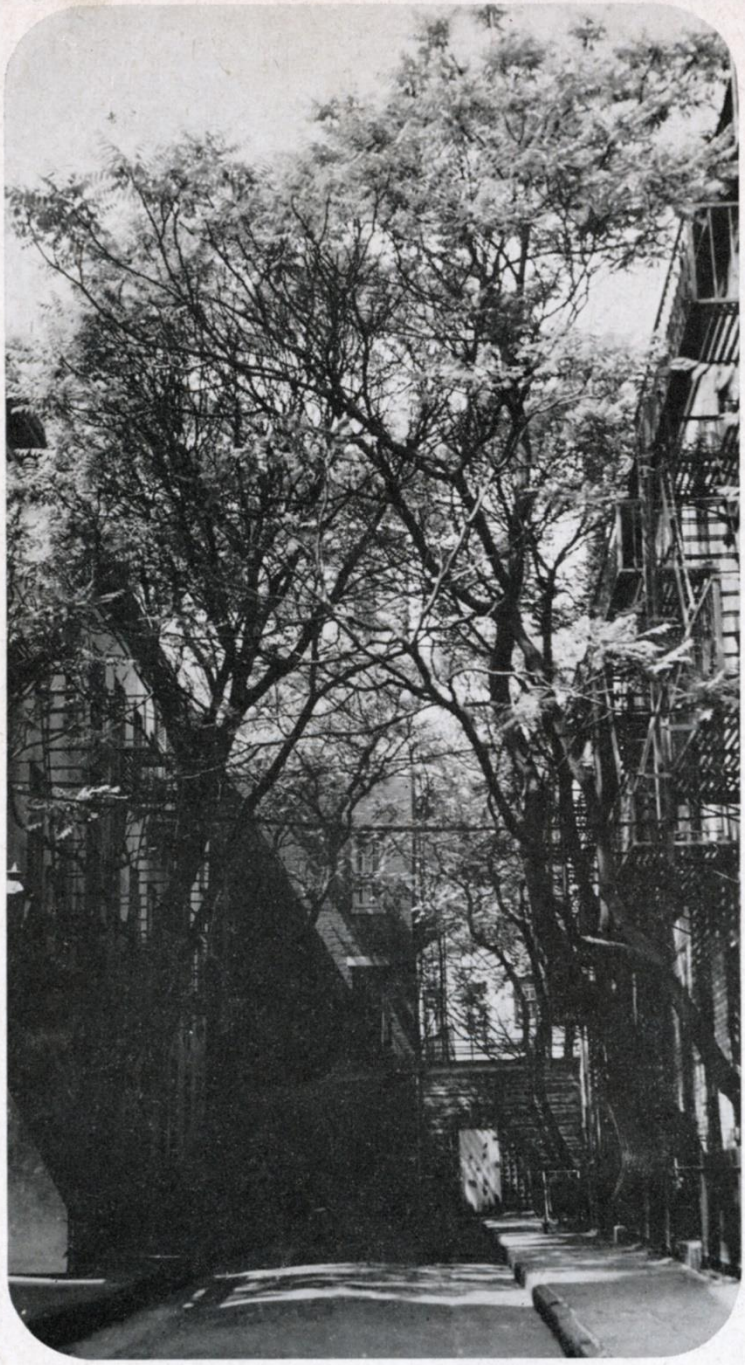
On this and the following two pages is the picture story of Fein's wanderings through the little-known and well-known byways of New York City. The pictures really don't need captions. Like all good pictures, as picture editors especially would have you believe, they tell a story more graphic than words. But just to identify them, in case you like to wander yourself:



Immediately to the right is Cherry Lane, in Greenwich Village, with the spotlight on the Cherry Lane Theater. Just below is the 72nd Street lake in Central Park, with New York's West Side in the background. Below that, to the left, is a New York hotel that used to be reserved for farmers only. In case you don't believe it, it's still standing at 102nd Street and First Avenue. Below to the right is a photo of another hotel, on derelict alley known as the Bowery. On the next page, upper left, is Patchen Place in Greenwich Village. Looks peaceful, doesn't it, but it's right behind a woman's prison. And upper right is Manhattan Island's only lighthouse, situated at Fort Washington Point at the foot of 180th Street and the Hudson River. That's the George Washington Bridge right above it.

Below that is another shot of Manhattan Island, this taken from the Empire State Building, looking south toward the Battery.





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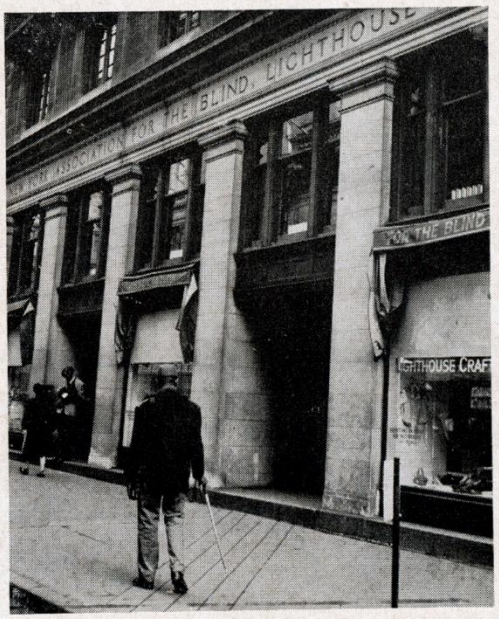
This Is New York

(Continued from page 15)



FEIN'S photographic eye has caught on film (and dramatically) a great many scenes that you've undoubtedly passed dozens of times and never noticed with any degree of interest.

Take, for example, the picture immediately to the right. It's a slice of pavement marked especially for the blind. See those lines on the sidewalk? Those marks are diagonal metal treads leading to the doorway of Lighthouse No. 1 at 111 East Fifty-ninth Street, which is the New York Association for the Blind. And the picture just below is a shot of one of New York's most fascinating places—if you don't have a too sensitive nose—Fulton Fish Market. Below that, and to the left, is New York's only sidewalk clock, stepped on daily by thousands of pedestrians and still keeping excellent time. It's situated at the entrance of a jeweler's shop at Maiden Lane and Broadway.

And to the right is a New York shop that specializes in tatooing (or is it tattooing?). It's situated, naturally, on the Bowery. If you look close enough you can see another legend on the window—"Black Eyes Made Natural." The address, the next time you walk into a door, is 4 Bowery.

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"Wait 'Til Next Year"

By Joseph G. Herzberg

Long before the rallying cry headlined above was requisitioned by Brooklyn Dodger fans, it was the property of an equally optimistic legion of fanatics—the backyard gardeners. And whether Flatbush has occasion to shout it again this year, the toiling thousands of rake and spade are already making promises to themselves for Spring 1950. "You know what I'm gonna do next year . . .?" and immediately the 75 x 100 foot Burbank gives up for this year and loses himself in visions.

No hope is as eternal as the hope of an amateur gardener. It gives him courage wholly foreign to him and it gives him persistence and strength of back to battle weeds, self-seeding annuals, heat, drought, too much rain, not enough sun, children biking over his lawn, dogs with no sense of propriety and guests with thumbs so green they could raise redwoods from a package of seeds (if you believe them). And don't forget the insects. Keeping a garden is a short course in understanding insect life. Green bugs, red bugs, white bugs, bugs that crawl, bugs that fly, bugs that burrow. Bugs and ever-increasing descendants, all with tremendous appetites, not only for succulent vegetables and fragrant blossoms but with sharply developed tastes for most forms of insecticides.

Against all these natural enemies our hero fights. Through July and August he has struggled against the attacks, first singly and then en masse, of these antagonists and as Labor Day approaches they have worn him a bit thin. Lost by now are the expectations that sprang from the bright promises of the seed catalogues and the Sunday garden sections. He can hardly be blamed for succumbing to the heat and getting just as hot as the pennant races.

It is much cooler listening to the radio or lounging near the television set. How much nicer to spend a weekend this way than to wander around a lawn now wholly conquered by crabgrass. Or to stare at roses chewed up by Japanese beetles, or to wonder how the beans might have tasted if the insects hadn't been at them first. There are some tomatoes but the juiciest ones have made salads for one of the ugliest worms in existence. And of course there are comments from the wife—why if she kept house the way he tends a garden, wouldn't he be the first to complain?

It sounds so discouraging. But is our gardener friend dismayed? He might be while the heat sticks around. Yet as soon as September cools and the leaves begin to fall, he'll be in there raking and burning, gathering brush, cleaning up. Long winter nights are ahead and without the distractions of night baseball, he will have many happy hours riffling through garden catalogues. Soon forgotten are the beans and tomatoes that were lost and on his daily train rides into the city he'll neglect to tell about the failures and the disappointments.

"Oh, you've never tasted beans unless you've had them right out of the garden," he'll boast, and his friends, who also never had the pleasure of gathering them by bushel baskets, will seek his advice.

And corn. "Say, have you ever had corn just picked and rushed into a pot of boiling water? Why, that stuff they sell in the stores ain't corn—"

Yes, yes, his flowers did very well, too, even though he didn't have time to give them those final touches that win flower show prizes. Sure, he had lots of zinnias, fine for cutting, especially if you arrange them in an old yellow pottery vase. Should have seen his snapdragons, marigolds, asters, petunias, poppies—a riot of color all summer. Did it all by himself, too, by setting out the seedlings from the coldframes.

Is he a fibber? No. Any gardener with the least respect for himself always sees his garden in his mind's eye. As the days shorten, so does his memory. Maybe he did lose a plant or two, and maybe the vegetables weren't so abundant. Maybe he didn't cultivate enough, didn't start spraying and dusting early enough and keep up a steady schedule. Perhaps he crowded the annuals and neglected to fertilize and seed the lawn so a good growth would hold down the weeds and crabgrass.

But just wait 'til next year! Even though his backyard pretty soon will be two feet deep in snow, he sees the neat rows of vegetables, insectless and bursting into ripeness. The flowers—boy! Not a weed in sight. And as he drops off to sleep on the cold and frosty nights, he dreams of all the neighbors strolling by his lawn, gawking in envious wonderment at a magnificent carpet of green.

Ask him all about it next September.

JOSEPH G. HERZBERG is city editor of the New York Herald Tribune. Even though, in this piece, he seems to be more interested in gardening than anything else, actually he is the office's most ardent Giant rooter and an all-around baseball fanatic.

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The U. N. In Sports

By John G. Rogers

A sports spectacle which draws tens of thousands of hysterical Americans to an arena anywhere from Portland to Portland is not necessarily attractive to a foreigner. At United Nations headquarters at Lake Success, I recently cased a few overseas colleagues on the subject of American sports and found them enthusiastically disinterested or critical.

Take Michael Fry, chief of the Reuter bureau. He is an Englishman who was born in Russia and schooled in the United States, Switzerland and France. Mike likes hot dogs, ice cream sodas and various other Americana and once he even wanted to be Babe Ruth when he grew up. But he thinks American football is crazy. It's not his cup of tea.

"There may be some sense in this tremendous confusion called American football," says Mike, "but it escapes me. The match is about to start. What are those enormous lumps of padding waddling onto the 'gridiron?' (What is a 'gridiron' anyway?) What are those prehistoric monsters with fabulous shoulders, hip-guards, knee-guards, nose-guards and other guards too delicate to mention?

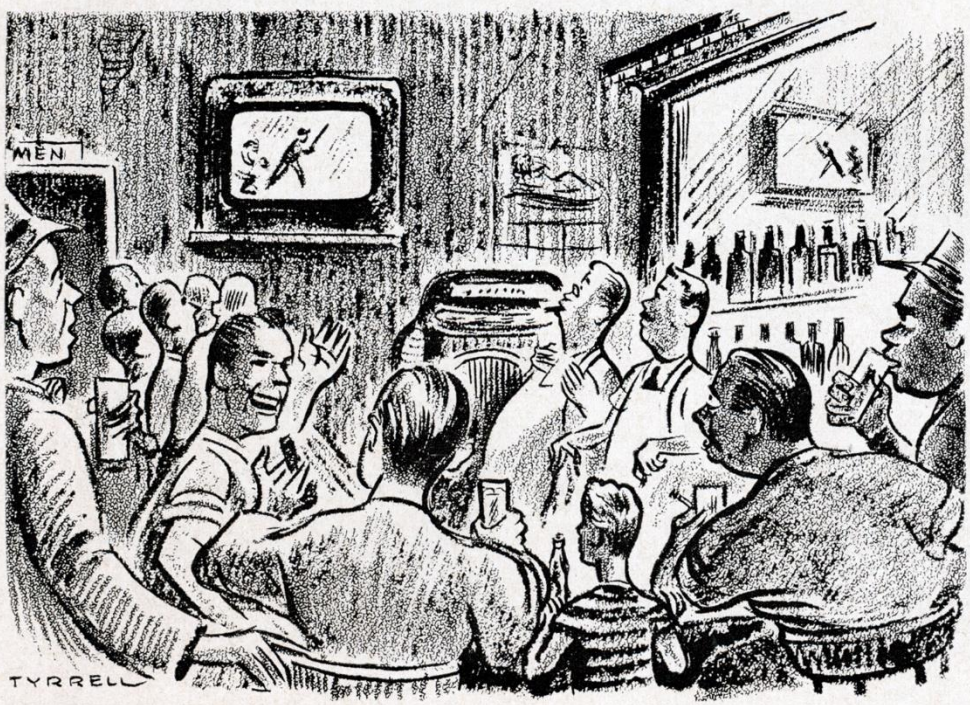
"They are padded like a Mae-Wested air force crew. They are helmeted like a suicide squad of paratroopers. They are riveted and reinforced and armored and taped and trained and after all this, they are replaced by substitutes every five minutes.

"The line forms. Men crouch opposite one another, gnashing their nose-guards and jaw-guards. The ball is propelled to the rear. The men tumble, grapple, wrestle, hurdle and hurtle over and around each other. The ground is littered with lumps of swaddled humanity. The crowd roars. The stretcher bearers await eagerly. The chap with the ball runs fiercely. He is tackled. He is down. An immense pile of bodies is immediately built over him as a kind of mausoleum. The stretcher bearers are delighted.

"And so on and on until a touchdown is made and until each original team has been entirely replaced by fresh men, and then the fresh men are replaced by fresher."

The next to take the witness stand was Miss Anne Weill, who writes for "France-Presse." Anne is a petite auburn-haired girl who loves music and conversation—provided the conversation is not about baseball. She has conducted a long fight against baseball. And, she reports sadly, she has finally lost it.

"There was a time," says Anne, "when I could get out of conversation about baseball, even if it meant talking to myself. I could stay away from Yankee Stadium. I could cover up the voice of the world series commentator with WQXR. I could miss the Babe Ruth movie. I could skip the sports pages. But the old era is gone —gone with television.



"My favorite place to eat is a little Italian restaurant under the Third Avenue Elevated. I used to love to hear the chef and his staff arguing in the kitchen over yesterday's veal parmigiani. I can even see his arms going up in desperation through the half-open door.

"Now the chef sits and drools at the bar, looking up at a game of baseball on a television screen. He has forgotten his kitchen and he even snarls at patrons or members of his staff who bother him about food.

"And there were people I loved to visit on Sundays. In the fall we walked in the woods and in the summer I romped in a bathing suit with their children under a lawn sprinkler. Now they take me directly to their mahogany painted basement. The curtains are drawn to obscure the friendly sun and the whole family, friends and neighbors added, sits in silence and awe watching the Dodgers and Pirates on the screen."

And, finally, I consulted Abed Bouhafa, who covers the U. N. for "Al Misri" in Cairo, and who spends a good deal of his time trying to promote freedom and independence for his native Tunisia. Abed is a keen student of the American scene. At the moment he is nervous and concerned over the impact upon American traditions of what he calls "a certain dame—Mrs. Television."

"As I understand it," Abed muses, "baseball is a factor in America's standards of health, high morals and fair play. Fresh air, sunshine and all those things. But I can almost hear my young American son, fifteen years from now, saying, 'Daddy, may I have a dime for a beer. The Giants are playing at Joe's Saloon?' "

Abed is also worried over the "black market" aspects of television. "The baseball game," he notes, "is played in a stadium but you can go to see it where Mrs. Television sets up her frozen face before the baseball fans in a dark smoke-filled bar where only the flies can move freely.

"Seriously, I would suggest that the House Committee on Un-American Activities should look into these apathy-inducing and narcotic tendencies of Mrs. Television, particularly in respect to the sovereign rights of baseball."

JOHN G. ROGERS (no relation to the John Rogers of Cornell who's playing with the All-Stars) is chief of the United Nations Bureau of the New York Herald Tribune.

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Fair Game, Fair Play

By Virgil Thomson

Why the music staff of a metropolitan newspaper covers one event and not another and why any given critic chooses, or is assigned, to cover one event rather than another are rarely explained to the reading public. They are not secret matters, however. The press simply forgets to tell, and the public forgets to ask.

The music department of the New York Herald Tribune considers a proper coverage to comprise all the professional music events taking place in New York City and charging admission. Non-professional events, such as student recitals and amateur efforts, it would not be fair to judge by professional standards. And since professional standards in art, as in sports, are the only ones generally considered proper to hold before the public, we do not review at all any occasion in which the participants are not fully prepared to meet them.

We limit our coverage to New York City simply because we have to limit it somewhere. Actually we rarely go outside the borough of Manhattan, since few musical manifestations in the other boroughs meet our standards. Brooklyn, of course, has excellent concerts; and we review these when they present a novelty interest. Any work or artist not otherwise available to us we will go to Brooklyn to hear.

Our policy about repeated events is to consider each season, roughly October through May, as a sort of continuous performance. We greet each artist on his first appearance of the season, thereafter only in connection with a novelty. If Artur Rubinstein, for example, gives three recitals in a season, only the first is reviewed, unless the program of a succeeding one should contain some work of major proportions new to New York City, be this a modern piece or a revival. In that case the *work* will be reviewed. Similarly, the season's first performance of any opera by each of the local establishments—the Metropolitan, the City Center, the Lemonade Opera or any other group giving professional-standard performances—will be reviewed as a matter of course.

The principle of not covering repeats during the season relieves us of assiduous attendance at outlying halls. Columbia University, the Juilliard School, the New School for Social Research, the Young Men's Hebrew Association and the Washington Irving High School all present musical programs of the highest interest. We review these, however, only when they are not duplicated, or about to be, in midtown. When there is duplication, we consider the midtown performance to be the one appropriate for review, even though this may take place after the other. When outlying premises house, as they often do, novelties or revivals of unquestionably high musical value, we take a subway, or charge a taxi to the paper, and review the event.

Church music is regularly announced on the musical pages, but we do not often review it. It is not fair game. It may be professional in quality, but it is not offered as a professional product seeking public favor. In principle, it is not offered to the public at all. It is offered to God. And His standards are not necessarily those of the professional world, since sincerity, in His eyes, may well excuse a faulty execution. When churches offer oratorios of a Sunday afternoon, we are likely to abstain too. Reviewing would be fair and, if favorable, most welcome to the church authorities.

And now for the assignment problem. Who covers what and why? Let it be understood right off that the Herald Tribune music staff reviews only one event at a time. When we go to a concert, we stay there; we do not cover two recitals simultaneously by hearing the first half of one and the second half of another. Let it also be understood that the first critic is a law unto himself, that he goes anywhere he feels like and that the more he departs from standard events of routine coverage the more he corrects the somewhat arbitrary scope of that coverage. Consequently, when he chooses, early in any week, the occasions he wishes to review during the next week, it may well happen that he will pick out certain events that would not be covered at all except for his fancy and others that by front-page standards would be considered definitely minor. The season's first performance of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra and that of the Metropolitan Opera Association are likely to receive his attention as a gesture of courtesy to institutions enjoying, as institutions, a justified public respect. On these occasions the program does not matter.

After the first critic has made his weekly choices, all the rest of the regular coverage is left to the staff. It is the music editor's duty to assign these events in such a way that each staff critic has whatever weekly days off management and the Newspaper Guild have agreed he is entitled to. Also, in such a way that unusual events fall to the staff-members best prepared to explain them. Anybody can review standard repertory who can review at all; but the public elucidation of what goes on in a concert of medieval music, of music for the Spanish guitar, of classical jazz, of bebop, of Hindu songs or of atonal string quartets requires special knowledge. Consequently, a kind of casting is practised, whenever possible, in the assigning of concerts for review.

Such casting is not consistent, because of time considerations, and also because it is desirable that reviewers learn to cover many kinds of subjects. An ideal flexibility would obtain if every staff member were capable of reviewing intelligently every musical event that is presented. Such a flexibility exists, in fact, with regard to standard artists and standard repertory. It makes no difference who covers Brahms or Beethoven, Toscanini or Horowitz. Grave injustice is not likely to occur. But novelties and the outlying regions of repertory can trip a reviewer not familiar with their particularities. Distributing the time of his staff in such a way that every event entitled to coverage is covered competently, that each critic's rightful leisure is preserved and that each is also allowed a maximum variety in his work is the music editor's difficult task. He must decide what is fair game and, with his staff, review it all according to the rules of fair play. His is the responsible job. The first critic merely sings a cadenza.

VIRGIL THOMSON is music critic of the New York Herald Tribune. A composer and musician in his own right, he has several times been guest conductor for well-known orchestras and wrote the music for "The Mother of Us All," Gertrude Stein's opera.

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Keeping Up with Chandler

By Bob Cooke

On April 23, 1945, while traveling on the shoulders of Larry MacPhail, creator of baseball commissioners, Happy Chandler "arrived" as czar of the diamond world.

The announcement that Chandler had been elected baseball commissioner by the major league club owners came as a surprise to the baseball populace because his name hadn't been entered in the lists until a few days before. MacPhail suggested that Chandler's name be added to the candidates and within a few days it was revealed that Happy had been unanimously elected.

Actually the word "unanimously" was stretched, because the owners of the two St. Louis clubs, Sam Breadon and Don Barnes, held out for their fellow townsman, Bob Hannegan. They agreed to change their votes in order to supply the election with an unanimous tincture.

It is common knowledge that Chandler was given a seven-year contract calling for $50,000 a year. It is also known that the club owners seriously considered buying up Chandler's contract a year or so later, because they guardedly believed they had made a mistake.

Almost four and a half years have passed since Chandler took office. His reign has been sauced with numerous untoward events. He has received poor publicity to a large extent but it would seem that he has gained some prestige in the minds of the club owners who once wanted to throw him out.

Whether Chandler will be re-elected in April, 1952, is a question which baseball fans can't help asking. The club owners of the sixteen major league teams will have to make the decision. It will be up to them to decide whether Chandler keeps his job or whether he will be returned to his Old Kentucky Home without portfolio.

When Chandler first accepted the job of baseball commissioner he had no conception of the importance of the position. In his initial year, he displayed inexperience with the tasks that came his way and he was severely criticized by baseball people in and out of the press.

An entirely different situation exists today. After a few years in office, Chandler began to discover the powers of his title and used them accordingly.

For a while during Chandler's regime, club owners talked openly of the commissioner and his legislation. If they felt that he had done wrong, there seemed to be little harm in saying so.

FUN-LOVING HAPPY: The commissioner snapped in the early part of his tenure when he really lived up to his name.

Nowadays, it is a rare thing to hear any club owner comment on the commissioner. There seems to be a feeling of fright whenever his name is mentioned. Baseball is afraid of its czar and this is not a healthy sign.

An example that comes to mind is the following conversation which took place the other day between a reporter and a club official.

"When does Chandler's contract come up for renewal?" asked the reporter.

"What kind of a question is that?" asked the club official in frightened tones.

"I just wanted to know."

"Well, it's in 1952 but don't quote me."

From the above incident, it would appear that the commissioner has a throttle hold on a number of his subjects, that they walk in dread of his next move and that they are nothing more than figureheads in the legislative scheme of baseball.

If a television company could sell the major league owners on the idea, it might make the greatest show in video history if the meeting to decide the next commissioner were telecast. At any rate, it's a cinch that club owners, who respect Chandler in the open today, may take a different view of him in the sanctuary provided by a conference room and closed doors.

The problem that faces the club owners is whether Chandler is good for baseball or whether they can find another man who would be better. Unfortunately, there is a political significance attached to the election and this may enhance Chandler's vote.

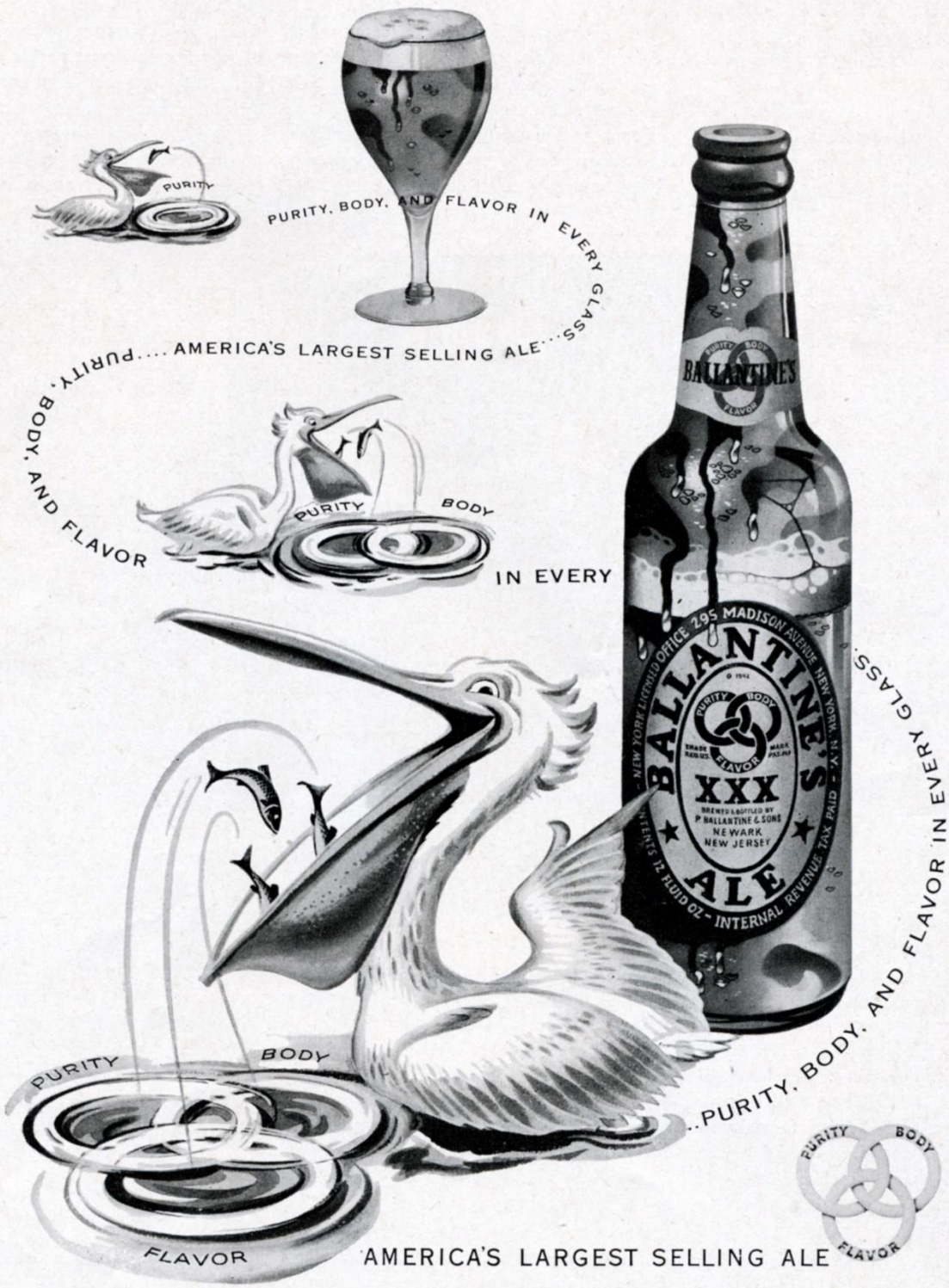
It is obvious that Chandler wouldn't have a chance to be re-elected if he didn't have any friends among the club owners. Consequently he must do them as many favors as possible without stepping on any toes.

The case of Sportsman's Park in St. Louis last spring was a ticklish one for the commissioner. The Browns wanted to eject the Cards unless they paid more rent. The Cards, however, had a long-term rental contract and refused to budge. Chandler put off a decision as long as possible in the hope that it would be settled amicably without official interference. He finally had to decide in favor of the Cards.

Everywhere, along the major league circuit, you hear different predictions regarding Chandler's fate in the elections of 1952. Some say he'll be re-elected unanimously. Others don't give him a chance.

Although names must remain off the record, it has been established by the writer that at least three clubs will not vote for him. And the canvass did not include half the major league circuit. On the other hand, Chandler also has his supporters, although who can tell how numerous they are?

BOB COOKE is the sports editor of the New York Herald Tribune. In addition to covering baseball, which is his favorite sport, he writes a column called "Another Viewpoint."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AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING ALE

One for Harry

By Carl Levin

Baseball players in Washington know that when they bat a ball into Harry Truman's back yard they have a pretty good chance of getting it back. For the President, in addition to being a nice guy, is a fan himself.

And don't think it doesn't happen. It is just as easy to get beaned on the south lawn of the White House as it is in the outfield, or near home plate in the Polo Grounds or at Yankee Stadium. Maybe that's why Harry takes his walks elsewhere.

Watch a baseball game on one of the diamonds in the public park known as the Ellipse, across the road from the White House, and just as likely as not you will see a ball fouled over the seven-foot-high iron fence enclosing the grounds of the executive mansion. The cry that goes up from the teams and spectators is always the same:

"There's one for Harry."

Harry, though, the regulars know, doesn't keep the balls, much as he likes to pitch them out on the opening day of the season. There is a regular procedure for retrieving them. It is just as routine as it is to get an assignment to one of the half-dozen public diamonds in the Ellipse, most of which are always busy so long as daylight holds out.

As a matter of fact ball players, particularly kids, enjoy a unique exemption from otherwise rigid White House security regulations. By the same token they share a unique obliviousness of security restrictions which make other people quake and stop.

Try climbing over the big iron fence someday when you aren't chasing a ball and, if you live, you'll spend the rest of your days pulling lead out of your southern exposure; chase a ball in and you are safe.

The reason is that Hobart W. Francis, inspector of White House police, has put out standing orders to his men on standard procedures for dealing with balls fouled into the boss's back yard.

The cardinal rule runs something like this:

"Don't shoot the ball player: he's doing the best he can."

Rule No. 2 is that guards on duty at the gates at the western and eastern extremities of the semi-circular grounds are to leave their posts, when the first family is not on the move, to pitch the balls back to the park. Lord help the guard whose wing won't reach that distance!

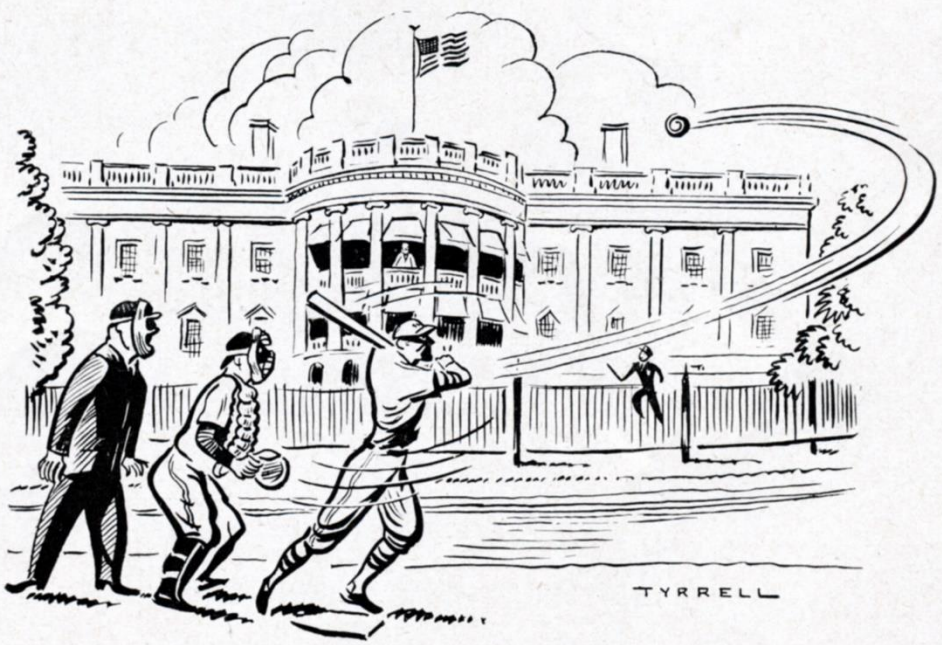
Rule No. 3 requires that guards finding balls during their regular rounds of inspection are to toss them back across the road if there are any ball players around to receive the trespassing sphere when it is discovered. Otherwise, it is finders keepers.

It used to be that the balls came over the big fence like buzz bombs riding the alley to Antwerp. Tourists have been known to drop their cameras in panic and run for cover at the sound of hard-hit balls whizzing overhead toward the executive mansion. One report once had it that flying saucers were invading the presidential grounds.

Washingtonians, grown used to fouled balls, have no such fears. But it did get so hazardous a bit back that Inspector Francis asked national capital parks officials to put a canopy on the backstop of the diamond closest to the south lawn. It's a little better now. But still the day hardly passes when at least one ball isn't lobbed over the fence into Harry's yard.

To date no windows have been broken, for the White House is set back pretty far. It is reliably reported, though, that the president itches to apply his ambidextrous pitching technique to the first ball that reaches the patio of his executive office.

When that day comes Clark Griffith, his Senators and Griffith Stadium are likely to lose their most renowned customer. For then the president will probably go out to the Ellipse to watch the hitter who reached his office.



CARL LEVIN is a member of the Washington Bureau staff of the New York Herald Tribune.

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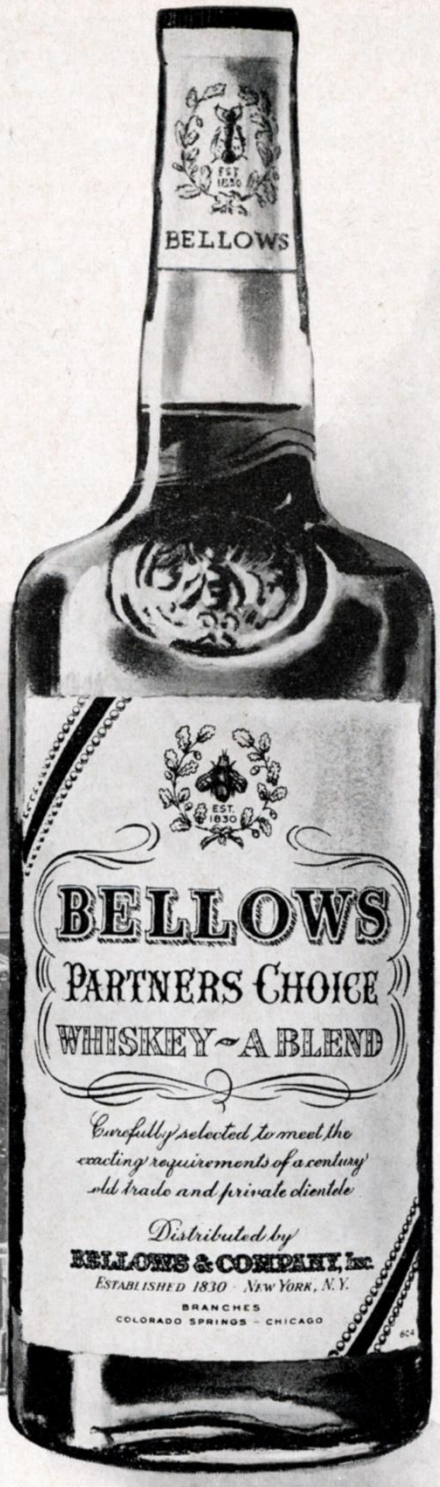

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Peace in Israel

By Kenneth Bilby

TEL AVIV MORE than a year after proclaiming its sovereignty, the new state of Israel has not yet found time to pause and take a deep breath. The problems confronting it are almost more perilous—and infinitely more complex—than those of May 14, 1948, when Great Britain ended its mandate and the armies of five Arab states began their march on Palestine.

Internally, the state is striving to repair the destruction of long periods of warfare and to find homes and employment for hundreds of thousands of uprooted Jews who have reached its shores in an unprecedented flood of immigration. It is seeking to create an industrial basis for an economy in precarious unbalance; it is gambling its human and material resources in an effort to spread fertility over a desert region which, since the time of Moses, has been nothing but arid wasteland.

Externally, Israel is faced by a baffling paradox. It has won a war yet it cannot dictate a peace. The army which it created almost overnight is the most powerful in the Near East; yet the Arab armies which it repelled are not destroyed, nor are the countries from whence they came permanently reconciled to the presence of a new non-Moslem state in the center of the Arab world.

Thus security and internal development go hand in hand as the two supreme problems facing Israel in its second year of existence. The state needs and hopes for a breathing spell of several years. If he can have a decade of peace, the average Israeli feels, a combination of skill, energy and driving ambition will push the state so far ahead of its neighors that the Arab will forget his dream of revenge. "By that time, he will be coming to us for advice and assistance," the Israelis contend.

In the few months since United Nations armistices stilled the historic battlefronts of Palestine, the new state has been humming with internal development projects. In the north, the rocky, shrub-covered hills of Galilee are sprouting scores of new collective settlements. The ancient cities of Safad and Tiberias, overlooking the fertile valley of Lake Hule and the Sea of Galilee, are being peopled with new immigrants. Shops, stores and apartment buildings are effacing the mud huts and flat adobe buildings which have characterized Galilee since biblical days.

KENNETH BILBY is Israel correspondent for the New York Herald Tribune. He has been there two years and covered the war between the Israeli and the Arabs.

More settlements are arising in the Emek Valley and in the long coastal strip linking Haifa and Tel Aviv, known as the Plain of Sharon. A whole new belt of fortress-like settlements guards the corridor between Haifa and Tel Aviv, across the Judean hills where fierce battles raged less than a year ago.

All of the important cities of Israel—Haifa, Tel Aviv, Jaffa, the new section of Jerusalem, Nahariya and Nathanya on the coast, and Rehovoth in the south central citrus belt—are literally bulging at their seams. The suburbs of Tel Aviv a year ago are now central residential districts. Scores of new three and four-story apartment buildings are increasing the city's boundaries at an astonishing rate to the east, north and southwest.

Still the building effort cannot keep pace with the immigrant inflow which increased Israel's population 20 per cent in one year. It will take years of massive endeavor to house all of Israel's populace according to minimum Western standards.

At the crux of Israel's dream of a state of several millions is the development of that vast southern Palestine desert known as the Negeb. Here the decisive battles of the war were fought last October and December between Israel and Egypt. Here, the new state must find room for expansion.

Already, scientific and engineering parties have wandered through the barren heart of the Negeb, probing for underground water, testing the potential productivity of the soil and assessing its mineral wealth. Already, towering cement circular water sheds with modern pumping equipment are being installed in central desert areas. Already, Beersheba is being developed as Israel's desert capital, equipped with storehouses and repair shops to cater to the network of isolated settlements in the extreme southern desert.

For the Negeb to support a planned population of one million, however, peace must be made with Transjordan. Then a mutual development scheme can be started, utilizing the abundant waters of the River Jordan. Then plans can be realized for great reservoirs in the lower Hebron hills, with regulated amounts of water sluiced into the far reaches of the desert.

Almost every Israeli plan, in fact, is contingent upon peace. Until a treaty is signed, the mistrust still so prevalent in the Near East will not begin to ebb. The borders separating Israel and the remaining section of Arab Palestine are an open invitation to aggression by irreconcilables on either side. In the central front the "international boundary" is a hastily strung barbed wire at the base of the Judean hills below the large Arab city of Tulkarm. Israel is only six miles wide at this point and the temptation for the Arabs to chop the state in half must be great. Conversely, the temptation for Israel to outflank Tulkarm and the Arab triangle, thus establishing a natural strategic boundary on the Jordan must be equally strong. If the peace treaty is long delayed, the temptation will increase and hostilities might again break forth.

Then the development of Israel—and consequently of the Near East—would be retarded, possibly for years. To both sides, as well as to the world, that would be disastrous.

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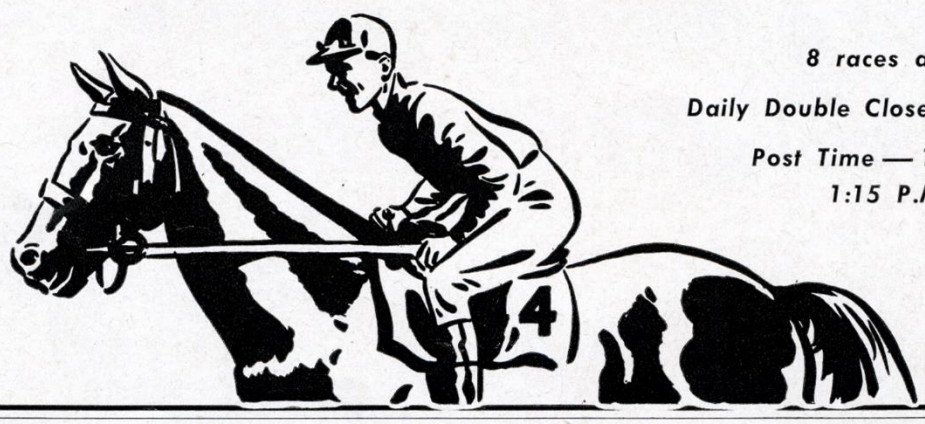
For your pleasure, America's most beautiful track, opening September 19th, features 15 classic races

Monday,	Sept.	19	Fall Highweight Handicap—all ages—6 furlongs, Widener Course	$20,000 added
Wednesday,	Sept.	21	Jerome Handicap—3-year-olds—1 mile	20,000 "
Thursday,	Sept.	22	The Broad Hollow Steeplechase Handicap—about 2 miles	10,000 "
Saturday,	Sept.	24	The Manhattan Handicap—3-year-olds and up—1 ½ miles	25,000 "
			The Matron Stakes—2-year-old fillies—6 furlongs—Widener Course	25,000 "
Monday,	Sept.	26	The Lawrence Realization—3-year-olds—1 mile and five furlongs	20,000 "
Wednesday,	Sept.	28	The Vosburgh Handicap—all ages—7 furlongs	15,000 "
Thursday,	Sept.	29	The Brook Steeplechase Handicap—about 2 ½ miles	12,500 "
Saturday,	Oct.	1	THE FUTURITY—2-year-olds—6 ½ furlongs—Widener Course	50,000 "
			The New York Handicap—3-year-olds and up—2 ¼ miles	25,000 "
Monday,	Oct.	3	The Ladies Handicap — fillies and mares — 3-year-olds and up — 1 ½ miles	30,000 "
Wednesday,	Oct.	5	The Sysonby Mile—3-year-olds and up—1 mile	20,000 "
Friday,	Oct.	7	THE GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE HANDICAP—about 3 miles	20,000 "
Saturday,	Oct.	8	THE JOCKEY CLUB GOLD CUP—3-year-olds and up—2 miles	50,000 "
			The Champagne Stakes—2-year-olds—1 mile	25,000 "



8 races daily

Daily Double Closes 12:55 P.M.

Post Time — 1st Race 1:15 P.M.

It Ain't Just the Looks

By Otis L. Guernsey Jr.

Hollywood's high-flying publicity campaigns certainly do sell pictures to a certain part of the movie audience, but at the same time they often give a false impression of what the picture-makers are really like. The glamor which reeks from the screen and turns many a potential story into a fiasco also helps to build an image of studios thronging with lacquered refugees from drug store counters. There's no doubt that the industry supports its share of male and female mannequins who have traded the fact of photographing well into a swimming pool. But, like every other field of human activity, pictures employ a lot of good people along with the mediocre.

A revue on Broadway last year, "Small Wonder," satirized the "average" American screen star as a doll with a loud voice and set expression who talked like a first-grader learning to read out loud. The satire was both amusing and recognizable; but for every one of these there is an ex-stage actor, director or writer who takes his job seriously, as an artist brought up in pictures who respects the medium as the greatest in the world.

Perhaps the best way to prove this is to let the movie people have their say. In the following paragraphs are excerpts from conversations with motion picture personalities in the past year. Let those who read them turn into critics and draw their own conclusions about what some movie-makers are really like.

Richard Widmark, screen villain who is gradually "going straight": "There's beginning to be a new technique in directing films. The younger fellows, like Elia Kazan, aren't satisfied any more with just a run-through and then a 'take.' They're requiring rehearsals of whole blocks of the script before any of it is shot.

"This makes sense. After all, acting is a sort of process of growing, and you need time and practice to develop full understanding of a difficult role."

William Wyler, director of "Wuthering Heights," "Mrs. Miniver," "The Best Years of Our Lives" and other hits: "I think an 'arty' picture is one which is made entirely without regard to whether or not the public will like it. In 'Best Years' we gave the public brutal realism,

Ingrid Bergman

but we balanced it wtih entertainment—and I think this is more realistic and true to life than total brute realism."

Ingrid Bergman, who recently appeared on the Broadway stage in "Joan of Lorraine": "I hope I never stay away from the stage so long that I will forget it, or become afraid to face a live audience like so many people who stay too long in films."

Milton Krasner, cameraman: "Our work receives more public attention than you would think. Interest in photography is increasing all the time and amateur photographers watch our work very closely. If I get a particularly good effect I receive hundreds of letters asking me how it was done."

Humphrey Bogart, who, like many in Hollywood, notices the lack of new young talent: "It's hard to explain the lack of young talent, but probably the studios felt satisfied with actors of my generation for a great many years and thought little about the future. There are a few good youngsters coming up, but there's going to be a hard time for about four or five years after my group gets out of pictures."

John Huston, director of "Treasure of Sierra Madre": "A successful director ought to have a part in the formation of the script. The blueprint and the building are parts of the same process, and the mural in the lobby must carry out the architect's design."

Alfred Hitchock, speaking of "Rope," which he directed: "What movie-making needs is to have its limitations increased. Limitations force you to use ingenuity, and ingenuity makes better pictures. We've been depending on cut, cut, cut ever since Griffith's day. I've made a whole picture, ten reels, with only four cuts in it."

James Cagney, who made and starred in "The Time of Your Life" in the role of Joe, but who ordered his own character played down: "The first work done on the script concentrated on Joe. This would have thrown the whole construction of Saroyan's play out of balance. In the final version by Nathaniel Curtis, Joe is where he belongs — always present but usually in the background."

John Ford, who made "The Informer" and "Stagecoach," pointing to one of his film characters, and explaining how he tries to achieve realism (and does): "This fellow isn't dressed in the regulation manner. He has suspenders over his captain's uniform. Why? Because he's learned that his gun and belt pants are heavy. He's not on a parade ground, and he's learned that suspenders are part of good soldiering."

George Stevens, director, explaining comedy: "You need an idea and a comedian. In the old days when men like Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd planned out their movies, you had a lot of good comedy. Nowadays, when the comedian and the director are not the same person, good comedy cannot result without lots of hard, intense work. Even then, the percentage of success will be much smaller."

Charles Brackett, writer-producer and president of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences: "Hollywood is the only summer resort in the world where there is something to do."

OTIS L. GUERNSEY JR. is associate film and drama critic of the New York Herald Tribune.

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Stars of the All-Stars

Eastern College Football ALL-STARS

By Jesse Abramson

Ten years, or rather, ten games have been completed in the Herald Tribune Fresh Air Fund series of football games. A ten-game cycle ought to be commemorated by a glance backward. We pause now to glance backward.

What we see is a somewhat doleful record for the All-Star ensembles. Mebbe that's why the All-Star coach doesn't last more than one year. Ha-ha, that's a joke, Herman.

There has been no popular demand to break up the All-Stars. The New York Giants attend to that business almost every year. They have won eight of the ten games played for the Fresh Airs. Against All-Stars their record is 6-2. Against other National League entries it is 2-0.

The only popular clamor noted has been for a return of the All-Star team as a foe for the Giants in this series, after the two post-war experiments of an intra-league exhibition game. Though the first of these games, in 1946, produced a peak production of touchdowns (Giants, 35; Packers, 21), the alumni, as polled by Dean of Admissions Irving T. Marsh, voted two to one to restore the All-Star theme of the contest on its pristine basis.

There's nothing wrong with the Eastern College All-Stars that a victory won't cure. Assembled on approximately three weeks of intensive training for a one-shot season, pieced together from a score or more of colleges, from T, single-wing and double-wing formations, the All-Stars are bumping heads with an organization. That's one asset the Giants always have in the Fresh Air annuals. Whether they are loaded with veterans or rookies, the Giants always have an organized core on which Steve Owen can depend. It has been demonstrated from year to year that it's difficult, though not impossible, to beat this organization. At least, you can try, and the All-Stars do try.

There's been no dearth of wonderful talent on the All-Star side in past games. Just as a reminder of same, and to wrap up the cycle already completed, we offer an all-star All-Star eleven, plucked from the heroes of the past ten games. Coach Emeritus R. Stanley Woodward who hand-picked all the previous All-Star squads, except the national road-company All-Star inaugural entry of 1936, and the Army All-Stars who whupped the Giants, 16 to 0, in 1942, offered to be chairman of the selection board and virtually its sole arbiter. As secretary and only remaining member of the selection board, your agent merely had to identify correctly who was meant by "that big end from Fordham," "that terrific tackle from Temple who later played with the Bears," "that end from Pitt who played golf," etc.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

All-Star Stars

Center—Si Titus, Holy Cross, 1940
Guard—Danny Fortmann, Colgate, 1936
Guard—Ed Franco, Fordham, 1938
Tackle—Ed Kolman, Temple, 1940
Tackle—Tony Matisi, Pittsburgh, 1938
End—Ray Riddick, Fordham, 1940
End—Frank Souchak, Pittsburgh, 1938
Quarterback—Sid Luckman, Columbia, 1939
Left half—Merlyn Condit, Carnegie Tech, 1940
Right half—Lew Elverson, Pennsylvania, 1937
Fullback—Bill Osmanski, Holy Cross, 1939

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The only rules governing these selections were that college reputations and subsequent professional records went for Sweeney. Only thing that counted was performance in the Fresh Air game. We couldn't use Junior. Glenn Davis played the 1947 game with a bum knee (subsequently operated) and took himself out after four minutes. That means he has fifty-six minutes of Fresh Air eligibility remaining, if Dean of Admissions Marsh could only sell the idea to the War Department. Junior would be willing, I bet. Anyway, Mr. Outside can't make our team. Nor can Doc. Blanchard who brooded over the injury to Davis, or something. He wasn't the man in our game two years ago (Giants, 21; All-Stars, 0) that he had been for Army.

Our center is going to surprise you. You'd never guess, but it's Si Titus, from Holy Cross. He was the star of all the All-Stars. He wasn't big, but he blocked and tackled and inspired his teammates like he was a Fresh Air kiddie. He had spirit and drive. He played on the evergreen 1940 team that beat the Giants, 16 to 7, for the first and only Eastern College All-Star success, if you want to discount the Army All-Stars who also beat the war-depleted Giants two years later.

At guard we offer Danny Fortmann, of Colgate, All-Star of 1936, and Ed Franco, of Fordham, All-Star of 1938. It's no coincidence that Franco's team held the Giants to no touchdowns, but was beaten by Ward Cuff's two field goals from the 43 and 42-yard lines. Franco was a defensive genius. If we were going to operate the two-platoon system, we'd probably get an offensive guard like Steve Petro, of Pitt, All-Star of 1939, or Ed McGee, of Temple, a 1940 stalwart.

Not much argument over our tackles. Ed Kolman, of Temple, from the 1940 game, and Tony Matisi, of Pitt, from 1938 (co-worker on defense with Franco).

The ends are Ray Riddick, of Fordham, another from 1940, and Frank Souchak, of Pitt, from 1938. Riddick, a converted tackle, was an impregnable wing on defense, a rip-snorting blocker on offense. He could also go get the passes, though he was hit on the back of the head by the first pass thrown at him in training camp. He didn't turn in time.

"What's the matter, Riddick, can't you catch passes?" shouted Tuss McLaughry, coach of the 1940 team.

"I don't know, coach, they never threw me any at Fordham," retorted Ray.

Anyway, we have the line—Riddick and Souchak, ends; Kolman and Matisi, tackles; Fortmann and Franco, guards; Titus, center.

And, in the backfield, Sid Luckman, of Columbia, from the 1939 team, at quarterback; Merlyn the Magician Condit, of Carnegie Tech, from 1940, at left half; Lew Elverson, of Penn, from 1937, at right half, and Bill Osmanski, of Holy Cross, from 1939, at fullback. Luckman, of course, played single-wing left half in 1939, but on our dream team of All-Stars we want him as T quarterback.

Now, Mr. Owen, choose up a team of Giants from the last ten games to play our All-Stars.

JESSE ABRAMSON, veteran reporter of the New York Herald Tribune, has covered every sport on the calendar, but specializes in track, boxing and football. He won the E. P. Dutton Sports Story Award for his piece on the Army-Navy football game of 1948.

The Eastern

Herman Hickman
Head Coach

Harry Jacunski
End Coach

Rodney Adams
Penn

Dale Armstrong
Dartmouth

Charles Bednarik
Penn

Edward Berrang
Villanova

William Booe
Yale

Goble Bryant
Army

Frank Burns
Rutgers

John Corbisiero
Middlebury

Robert Dean
Cornell

James Dieckelman
Holy Cross

Scott Emerson
Navy

Louis Ferry
Villanova

Edward Finn
Brown

Arthur Fitzgerald
Yale

Thomas Gannon
Harvard

John Geary
Wesleyean

Nick Kotys
Backfield Coach

Mitchell Holmgren
Trinity

Gene Hummel
Gettysburg

Charles Klemovich
Columbia

George Kuhrt
Canisius

College All-Stars

Harold Kopp
Line Coach

James Dunn
Backfield Coach

Louis Kusserow
Columbia

Randlett Lawrence
Navy

Frank LoVuolo
St. Bonaventure

Irving Mondschein
N.Y.U.

John Nork
Columbia

Charles Olson
Columbia

Michael Plaskonos
Albright

John Rogers
Cornell

Eugene Rossides
Columbia

Elwyn Rowan
Army

Eugene Shekitka
Columbia

Robert Sponaugle
Penn

Joseph Steffy
Army

Robert Stuart
Army

Joseph Sullivan
Dartmouth

Samuel Tamburo
Penn State

Ray Truncellito
Dartmouth

John Weber
Princeton

Kenneth Whalen
Union

Pete Williams
Navy

Ed O'Donnell
Trainer

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The Line-Up

Changes usually must be made in advance starting line-ups. In order to eliminate crossing out incorrect names and substituting others, the line-up has been left blank so that you may fill in the correct starting teams as they are announced over the public address system.

EASTERN COLLEGE ALL-STARS			NEW YORK GIANTS	
No.	Name	Position	Name	No.
.....	.....	Left End	.....	.....
.....	.....	Left Tackle	.....	.....
.....	.....	Left Guard	.....	.....
.....	.....	Center	.....	.....
.....	.....	Right Guard	.....	.....
.....	.....	Right Tackle	.....	.....
.....	.....	Right End	.....	.....
.....	.....	Quarterback	.....	.....
.....	.....	Left Halfback	.....	.....
.....	.....	Right Halfback	.....	.....
.....	.....	Fullback	.....	.....

Eastern College All-Stars Roster

No.	*Player*	*Pos.*	*Age*	*Wgt.*	*Hgt.*	*College*
12	Finn, Edward J.	B	21	180	5:11	Brown
14	Burns, Frank R.	B	21	182	5:11	Rutgers
15	Rossides, Eugene T.	B	21	170	5:10	Columbia
20	Williams, R. Pete	B	22	170	5:10	Navy
23	Nork, John	B	20	175	5:09	Columbia
24	Sullivan, Joseph C.	B	20	195	6:01	Dartmouth
25	Stuart, Robert J.	B	22	180	5:11	Army
30	Olson, C. William	B	21	180	5:11	Columbia
32	Gannon, Thomas	B	27	185	5:11	Harvard
33	Fitzgerald, Arthur	B	23	170	5:10	Yale
34	Dean, Robert	B	25	195	5:11	Cornell
40	Booe, William A.	B	22	152	5:07	Yale
42	Kusserow, Louis	B	21	190	6:00	Columbia
43	Rowan, Elwyn P.	B	22	185	5:09½	Army
44	Weber, John M.	B	24	210	6:01	Princeton
45	Corbisiero, John	B	22	193	5:11	Middlebury
50	Shekitka, Eugene	C	22	198	5:11½	Columbia
51	Whalen, Kenneth J.	C	25	225	6:01½	Union
52	Plaskonos, Michael	C	25	190	5:11	Albright
55	Bednarik, Charles P.	C	24	235	6:03	Pennsylvania
60	Klemovich, Chas.	G	26	210	6:00	Columbia
61	Kuhrt, George	G	27	206	5:11	Canisius
62	Steffy, Joseph	G	22	190	5:10	Army
63	Adams, Rodney J.	G	20	225	6:00	Pennsylvania
65	Truncellito, Ray	G	20	205	6:00	Dartmouth
66	Hummel, Gene	G	25	195	6:01	Gettysburg
70	Lawrence, Randlett	T	23	200	6:01	Navy
71	Bryant, Goble W.	T	23	200	6:01	Army
72	Geary, Jack C.	T	24	220	6:02	Wesleyan
73	Emerson, Scott	T	22	220	6:03	Navy
75	Ferry, Louis A.	T	21	236	6:02	Villanova
76	Holmgren, Mitchell	T	23	230	6:02	Trinity
80	Sponaugle, Robert R.	E	21	205	6:01	Pennsylvania
81	Dieckleman, James	E	21	197	5:10	Holy Cross
82	Rogers, John B.	E	25	200	6:02	Cornell
83	Armstrong, Dale L.	E	24	215	6:01	Dartmouth
84	LoVuolo, Frank	E	24	205	6:02	St. Bonaventure
85	Tamburo, Sam J.	E	22	200	6:02	Penn State
86	Mondschein, Irving	E	25	195	6:00	N.Y.U.
87	Berrang, Edward P.	E	24	210	6:02	Rutgers
	Cramer, Richard T.	B	22	160	5:08	Trinity
	Ponsalle, Joseph	G	24	210	5:10	Villanova

New York Giants Roster

No.	*Player*	*Pos.*	*Age*	*Wgt.*	*Hgt.*	*College*
12	Greenhalgh, Bob	B	25	200	6:01	San Francisco
16	Atwood, John	B	24	185	5:11	Wisconsin
20	Doran, Ralph	B	24	175	6:01½	Iowa
21	Sulaitis, Joe	B	28	215	6:02	Dickinson, H. S.
22	Nutt, Richard	B	23	190	6:00	No. Texas, Tchrs
30	Scott, Joe	B	23	200	6:01	San Francisco
31	Pipkin, Joyce	B	25	205	6:02	Arkansas
34	Macioszcyzk, Art	B	28	215	5:10	Western Mich.
35	Roberts, Gene	B	25	188	5:11	Chattanooga
37	Fischer, Cletus	B	24	170	5:09	Nebraska
38	Minisi, Anthony	B	22	190	5:11	Pennsylvania
39	Falcone, Carmen	B	22	185	6:01	Pennsylvania
40	Salscheider, Jack	B	24	185	5:10	St. Thomas
41	Cromer, Bill	B	23	205	6:01	No. Texas, Tchrs
42	Conerly, Charles	B	25	185	6:01	Mississippi
44	Patton, Mel	B	25	191	5:11	Santa Barbara
45	Tunnell, Emlen	B	24	187	6:01	Iowa
49	Coates, Ray	B	25	200	6:01	Louisiana State
52	Cannady, John	C	25	225	6:02	Indiana
55	Fennema, Carl	C	23	210	6:02	Washington
60	Erickson, Bill	G	27	210	6:02	Mississippi
61	Royston, Ed	G	26	220	6:01	Wake Forest
62	Butkus, Carl	T	27	245	6:01	G. Washington
63	Grothus, Joe	G	24	205	6:01	Iowa
67	Prince, Phil	G	22	205	6:01	Clemson
71	Hutchinson, Ralph	T	24	230	6:02	Chattanooga
72	Swisher, Forest	T	23	225	6:01	Salem
74	Ettinger, Don	G	26	215	6:02	Kansas
75	Austin, William	T	21	218	6:01½	Oregon State
76	Tullos, Earl	G	23	220	6:02	Louisiana State
77	White, James	T	28	225	6:02	Notre Dame
78	DeRogatis, Al	T	22	235	6:04	Duke
79	Coulter, Dewitt	C	24	245	6:04	West Point
80	Larsen, Bob	E	26	195	6:00½	Arizona
81	Swiacki, Bill	E	24	195	6:02	Columbia
82	Poole, Ray	E	27	215	6:02	Mississippi
83	Gehrke, Bruce	E	24	190	6:02	Columbia
85	Hensley, Richard	E	21	210	6:04	Kentucky
86	Kershaw, George	E	22	225	6:03	Colgate
87	Duden, Dick	E	24	212	6:03	Navy
88	Degyansky, Gene	E	23	185	6:00	Baldwin Wallace
90	Ward, Bill	C	26	230	6:03	Springfield

THE STAFF

HERMAN HICKMAN, *Yale*, Head Coach
HARRY JACUNSKI, *Yale*, End Coach
HAROLD KOPP, *Yale*, Line Coach
NICK KOTYS, *Yale*, Backfield Coach
JAMES DUNN, *Yale*, Asst. Backfield Coach
DR. E. A. WEYMULLER, *Nebraska*, Team Physician
DR. HUGH BARBER, *Columbia*, Asst. Team Physician
ED O'DONNELL, *Yale*, Trainer
DAN CASMAN, *Yale*, Asst. Trainer
CHARLES MURPHY, *Yale*, Team Manager
JOHN MARTIN, JR., Asst. Team Manager

THE OFFICIALS

Referee—EMIL HEINTZ, *Penn (9)*
Umpire—SAMUEL M. WILSON, *Lehigh (19)*
Linesman—JOHN M. HIGHBERGER, *Carnegie Tech (48)*
Field Judge—WILLIAM H. GRIMBERG, *Villanova (27)*
Back Judge—HENRY HAINES, *Penn State (21)*

THE STAFF

STEVE OWEN, *Phillips U.*, Head Coach
RICHARD (RED) SMITH, *Notre Dame*, Line Coach
AL SHERMAN, *Brooklyn College*, Backfield Coach
JIM LEE HOWELL, *Arkansas*, End Coach
CHARLES PORTER and SID MORET, Trainers
DR. FRANCIS SWEENY, Team Physician
DR. ARTHUR G. CROKER, Team Dentist

FOR OFFICIAL PENALTY SIGNALS SEE PAGE 40

And These Are The

Steve Owen
Head Coach

John Atwood
Wisconsin

William Austin
Oregon State

Carl Butkus
George Washington

John Canady
Indiana

Ray Coates
Louisiana State

Charles Conerly
Mississippi

Dewitt Coulter
Army

William Cromer
No. Texas Tchrs.

Gene Degyansky
Baldwin Wallace

Al DeRogatis
Duke

Ralph Doran
Iowa

Dick Duden
Navy

William Erickson
Mississippi

Don Ettinger
Kansas

Carmen Falcone
Penn

Carl Fennema
Washington

Cletus Fischer
Nebraska

Red Smith
Line Coach

Bruce Gehrke
Columbia

Robert Greenhalgh
San Francisco

Joseph Grothus
Iowa

Richard Hensley
Kentucky

New York Giants

Al Sherman
Backfield Coach

Ralph Hutchinson
Chattanooga

George Kershaw
Colgate

Robert Larsen
Arizona

Arthur Macioszcyzk
Western Mich.

Anthony Minisi
Penn

Richard Nutt
No. Texas Tchrs.

Mel Patton
Santa Barbara

Joyce Pipkin
Arkansas

Ray Poole
Mississippi

Phil Prince
Clemson

Gene Roberts
Chattanooga

Ed Royston
Wake Forest

Joe Sulaitis
Dickinson H. S.

Jack Salscheider
St. Thomas

Joe Scott
San Francisco

William Swiacki
Columbia

Forest Swisher
Salem

Earl Tullos
Louisiana St.

Emlen Tunnell
Iowa

William Ward
Springfield

James White
Notre Dame

Jim Lee Howell
End Coach

OFFICIAL SIGNALS ADOPTED BY NATIONAL COLLEGIATE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Silver Anniversary

By Rud Rennie

On Oct. 4, 1925, the New York Giants made their debut in the National Professional Football League. They played New Britain in Connecticut. Two weeks later, with ceremonies befitting the birth of a sports enterprise in the biggest city in the world, they played their first game within the confines of the Polo Grounds, which is their home grounds.

The Giants played the Frankford Yellow Jackets in their first home game, Oct. 18, 1925, and were defeated, 14 to 0.

Tim Mara, head of house of Mara which, this year, is celebrating its twenty-fifth season in professional football, does not recall whether he travelled to New Britain to see his team play its first game. The chances are he didn't, because Tim, in those days did not know a football from a foot stool. More, he wasn't particularly interested.

Tim was minding his own business, which was horse racing and promoting boxing matches, when, one day in the fall of 1925, he dropped in to see his pal Billy Gibson.

Gibson was not alone. Two characters by the name of Dr. Harry March and Joe Carr were with him, trying to sell him a New York franchise in the National Football League.

Gibson introduced these men to Mara and said:

"They want me to buy a football franchise."

"What's that?" asked Mara.

It was explained to him. He'd never heard of such a thing.

"How much do you want for it?" said Mara to Carr.

"Two thousand, five hundred dollars," said Carr, who was president of the league.

"I'll buy it," said Mara.

They shook hands.

"What do I do now?" said Mara.

"Leave that to me," said Dr. March, an enthusiast, who thereby became a sort of supervisor of playing personnel for the Giants.

Bob Folwell, of Navy, was appointed coach. Players were hired, including Jim Thorpe, the famous Carlisle athlete who was well past his prime but still a great name. The late Bill McGeehan, columnist for the Herald Tribune, on watching Thorpe running with the ball, slowly, straight up, and being tackled, remarked that Thorpe looked as if he was being measured for a suit.

Mara, less critical, watched Thorpe gain two yards and turned, beaming to Bill Abbott, now the Giants' publicity man, and slapped him on the back and said: "Gee, that's wonderful."

Abbott looked at him and said:

"Mr. Mara, you're sold."

COACH STEVE OWEN'S ALL-TIME GIANT TEAM

Years	Player	Pos.	Wgt.	Hgt.	College
1937-46	Poole, Jim	L.E.	225	6:3	U. of Mississippi
1942-44	Blozis, Al	L.T.	250	6:6	Georgetown
1941-46	Younce, Len	L.G.	210	6:1	Oregon State
1931-45	Hein, Mel (Capt.)	C.	235	6:4	Washington State
1932-34	Gibson, Butch	R.G.	210	5:11	Grove City
1930-33	Hubbard, Cal	R.T.	260	6:7	Geneva
1928-31	Badgro, Red	R.E.	215	6:3	U. S. C.
1938-40	Falaschi, Nello	Q.B.	195	6:1	Santa Clara
1934-39	Danowski, Ed	L.H.	200	6:2	Fordham
1936-43	Leemans, Tuffy	R.H.	195	6:	Geo. Washington
1933-46	Strong, Ken	F.B.	210	6:1	New York U

The Giants in the first game in the Polo Grounds in 1925 had Paul Jappe, of Syracuse, and Lynn Bomar, of Vanderbilt, at the ends; Century Milstead, of Yale, and Babe Parnell, of Colgate, at tackle; Joe Williams, of Lafayette and Art Carney, of Navy, at guard; Joe Alexander, of Syracuse, at center; Dutch Hendrian, of Pittsburgh, at quarterback; Hinkey Haines, of Penn State, at left half; Heinie Benkert, of Rutgers, at right half, and Jack McBride, of Syracuse, at fullback.

There were sixteen teams in the League that year. The Giants won eight games and lost four and finished fourth.

Mara was $50,000 in the hole, despite a jam-packed house for the Red Grange game, Dec. 19.

"There were 15,000 people in the Polo Grounds for our first home game," said Mara. "Fifteen hundred came from Frankford with yellow hats and chrysanthemums. The rest of the house was mostly paper."

There was no tax on tickets in those days. "Even so," said Mara, "I couldn't even give tickets away."

It took time, ceaseless effort and thousands of dollars to bring the Giants along.

Folwell was succeeded by Joe Alexander as coach in 1926. (There were twenty-two teams in the league that year.) Earl Pottinger coached the club in 1927 and 1928. LeRoy Andrews took over and coached from 1929 until half-way through the 1931 season. Steve Owen and Benny Friedman, two of the players, finished that season as co-coaches.

In 1932, Owen was named as head coach and the Giants started to climb.

The greatest impetus the struggling league had came in 1933 when it was split into Eastern and Western divisions and a play-off was arranged to decide the championship.

Mara, along with his other troubles in the early days, had two wars to fight with rival leagues, one with Pyle's league and the other with a league in which Doug Hertz had John Kimbrough as a star in Yankee Stadium.

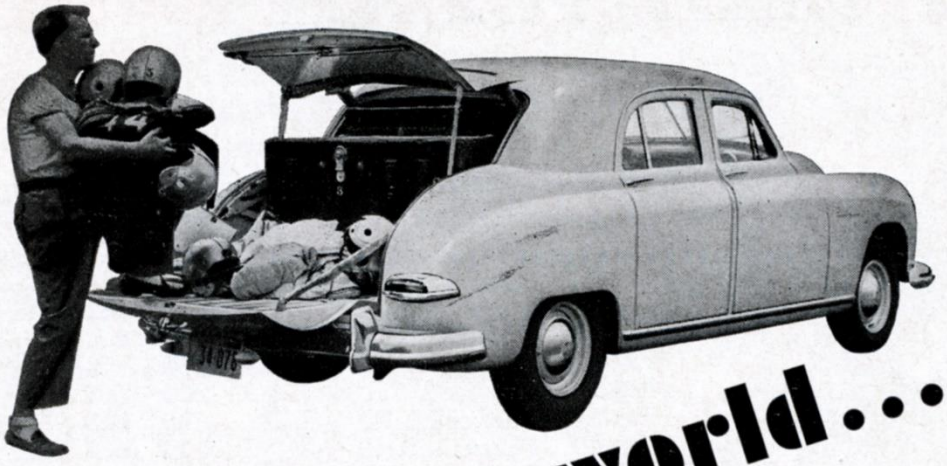
The Giants won their first championship in 1927 in a twelve-club league. They won twelve and lost one and tied one in 1929 but finished second to the Green Bay Backers who won twelve and tied one.

But, after the league was divided, the Giants won the Eastern championship eight times—1933, '34, '35, '38, '39, '41, '44, '46. And they gained the National League championship in 1934 and 1938.

Along the route, the Maras—John and Wellington, Tim's sons, later went into the firm—turned over approximately $2,000,000 from benefit games to various charities.

And by this time, Tim Mara, who did not know a football from a foot stool when he started, now knows all the dodges. His sons have taken over the business management of the team, but Tim's interest and enthusiasm are so great he is still in there, battling to make the Giants a noble contribution to the game of football in the city of New York.

RUD RENNIE, who covers baseball and football for the New York Herald Tribune, has specialized in professional football during the fall. He has covered the activities of the Giants since their inception and thus, in this article, speaks from first-hand experience.



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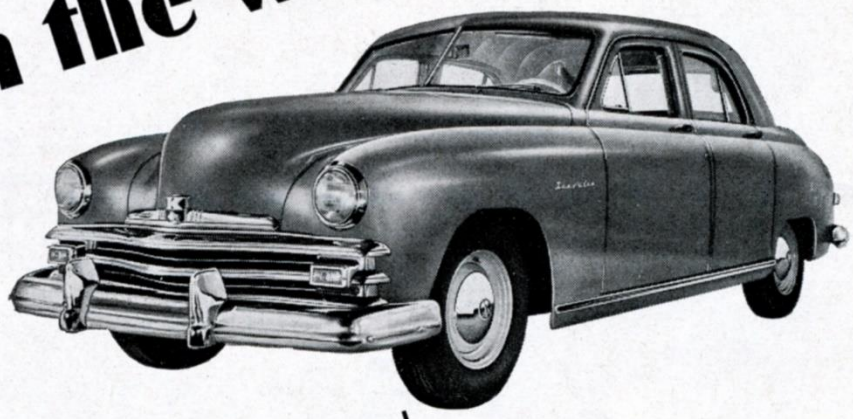

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Terrestrial Tennis Tourney

By Al Laney

The tennis tournament played at Wimbledon, in England, at the end of last June, drew an estimated quarter of a million spectators, which is more than all the other major tennis tournaments of the world combined attracted at the gate. This was, moreover, the best tennis tournament that has been held anywhere for ten years, perhaps a bit more. It was a better event than the last pre-war Wimbledon, which was won by Bobby Riggs, with a player named Elwood Cooke as finalist.

The fact that it was better this year than when the war put an end to sports activity in England, is taken by some to mean that Britain is on the way back to its former position in the international sports scene, with Wimbledon leading the way. This probably is partly true at that. Sports events in England were before the war, and probably will be again, of paramount importance in the calendar. But England's athletes probably are a long way from taking their old places in the games played by many nations, especially in tennis.

It should be remembered, in this connection, that the recent Wimbledon was the world's best tournament in spite of the fact that England had no player remotely likely to win either of the main titles and, in fact, no male player good enough to be seeded. But then no home player won the men's singles at Wimbledon between 1909, when A. W. Gore was champion, and 1934 when Fred Perry won. And there has been no home champion since Perry, so that only two Englishmen have won in forty years.

There was a long period too, when Americans won all, or nearly all the British golf titles and they have begun doing it again now that the war is over. But the British Amateur and the British Open remain two of the world's most important golf tournaments which players from all nations are most eager to win.

In the other sports not played on an international basis because all the nations do not compete in them, the events held in England are pre-eminent too. The cricket test matches, with the dominions competing against the mother country, are in every way comparable to our own World Series in baseball and the league soccer matches played through the winter and spring frequently draw crowds of 125,000 and larger with the whole British world intensely interested in the outcome of the finals.

In horse racing, although we tend to forget it, England still has the oldest and perhaps the biggest events, even though the purses do not compare with our own. The Derby, held at Epsom, is more than a hundred years older than our counterpart and a far more genuine test for three-year-olds. About a quarter of a million attend each year.

The race meeting held at Ascot each June is the greatest race meeting in the world for every race on every program is a stakes race and the Gold Cup, which American horses have been trying to win for a long time, one of the greatest tests for horse flesh the world over. Queen Anne inaugurated racing on this same Ascot course and that is a very long time ago.

No, there is little danger that British sports will decline merely because Britain no longer has international champions. These will be the titles that tennis players especially will continue to be most eager to win.

Sticking strictly to tennis, it is almost a foregone conclusion that American players will win at Wimbledon and elsewhere for some years to come, unless Australia comes up with a champion. There does not seem to be much chance of a great player emerging in England or anywhere on the European continent within the next few years.

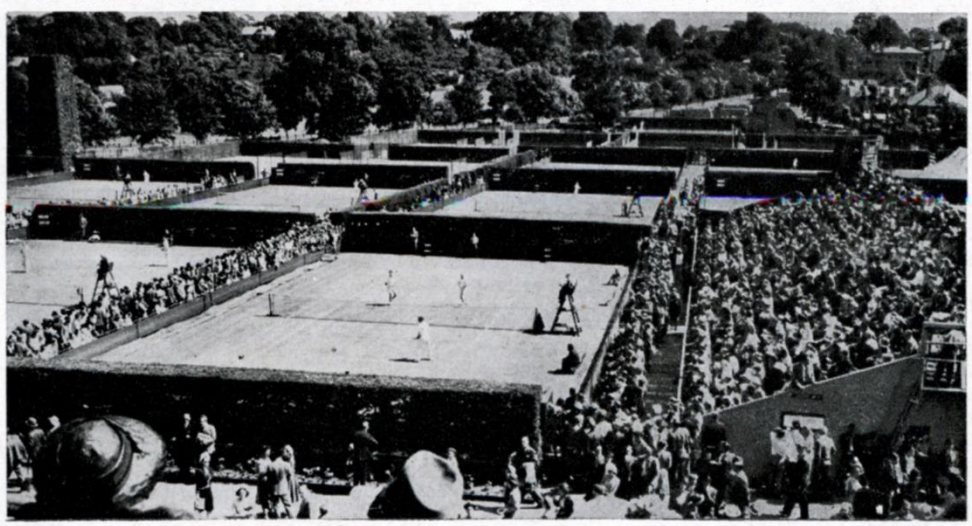
The reasons are obvious. No tennis was played anywhere on the other side for five or six years so that the players who might have been at maturity now had no chance. The younger ones had no better chance, partly, perhaps largely, because of the widespread suffering which left the very young undernourished everywhere.

And those still younger ones, who might be playing and learning the game now cannot find the implements. Rackets and balls all over Europe not only are scarce but the price is absolutely prohibitive. It is a rare young man over there who can find a tennis racket and what few balls there are for general use still are washed and re-washed and played with until ragged.

No player, however great his talent, can develop under such conditions.

Conditions in England are, of course, much better, but even there the average schoolboy is without racket and tennis balls. These implements simply have become too expensive and there does not seem to be much chance of their dropping in the near future.

In America, on the other hand, there are literally thousands of boys not only well supplied with the materials but with endless opportunities to play in tournaments. There are, as a consequence, a lot of promising youngsters coming along all over the country. It would be surprising if this country did not continue to dominate tennis for a long time.



SEAT OF TENNIS EMPIRE: General view of the courts at famed Wimbledon, annually the scene of the world's top tennis tournament.

AL LANEY, member of the sports department of the New York Herald Tribune, has covered sports all over the world. Before the war he made Wimbledon his specialty. Formerly night editor of the Paris Herald, he is the author of a book on it.

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It's A Crime To Be A Crime Reporter

By Walter Arm

Sometimes I think it's a crime to be a crime reporter. Not all times; but a lot of times. Especially when I think of a sports writer—they don't even call them reporters—lounging in the Southern sun, sipping long, cold ones and comfortably watching a bunch of ball players sweat off that winter lard. Or when Army plays Navy on a brisk and snowy day and I'm not at the game but covering a waterfront fire; where the wind is not brisk but downright hurricany and finds all the chinks in your armor; where the snow is not snow but good old New York slush with an uncanny faculty for creeping into shoe tops, and where fire hoses choose my face to burst in. Then—after a cop chases me away from the scene and I crawl into a pierside pub—I whack myself on the head with an empty shot glass and mutter: "Boy, what a chump you are."

Don't get me wrong, please, I'm not pleading poverty or throwing myself on your mercy. I'm not looking for sympathy. I'm just trying to guide ambitious would-be journalists. I like my job. But it is a job. A job with none of the glamour attributed to it by Hollywood writers—who were once reporters themselves. The excitement and thrills of crime reporting, when they come, are a little too so.

Sure, it's wonderful to solve a murder—but I never did; just like a lot of cops I know. And it's glorious to make a racketeer crawl—but I never did; just like a lot of etc. And it's marvelous to scoop the town with an eight-column banner story—but . . . I . . . never . . . did.

Oh, I've had good stories, slews of them. And I've had exclusives too. But what I'm trying to get across is that the job's no cinch, so keep reading. What I mean is—there are easier ones and, though my colleagues in sports may argue about the rigors of their work; such as watching pretty swimmers; or sailing in the Sound during a yacht race; or sitting at ringside at a championship bout—I'm looking their way as I write.

Seriously, did you ever hear of a sports writer being thrown out of a strike meeting on his gridiron? (Amid shouts of "Down with management!") Or of being spit on by an excited Communist? (Shouting "Dirty capitalist!"—who, me?) Or of being kicked down a flight of stairs by a red-faced Bundist ? (Shouting Dirty Red!) Or of being bounced into the gutter by a policeman's horse? (No shouts, for a change.)

Or of having a revolver barrel shoved into your stomach and shivering while watching a trigger finger actually itch?

Well, these things happen to crime reporters and quite a few of them happened to poor little me. They come under the heading of occupational hazard.

Now, while you're arranging that Navaho blanket around your girl friend's legs, let me give you the gory details of the case of the itchy trigger finger. It happened to be a cop's finger and, thank heaven, he was an oldtimer. It was back in '38 when I was younger and my nerves were stronger. I was covering districts, which on The Herald Tribune means night work. Our "day" started at 6:30 p.m. and ended at 3:30 a.m.

I was alone in the East Side reporters' shack. The other "journalists" had gone out on various missions—mostly non-journalistic, and I was listening to Stan Shaw's Midnight Matinee.

The phone rang. It was one of my fellow-philosophers at Police Headquarters. He called to say he had just received a police flash reporting a murder at Third Avenue and Fifty-first Street, across the street from the shack and only half a block from the station house.

Being young and still eager, I dashed over to the address and found the door leading to the flats above a saloon. It was 2 a.m. and plenty quiet. Also the hallway was dark. I was surprised to notice no cops around but, seeing a light on the first floor, figured I'd find them there.

I walked up the stairs to a doorway from which the light was streaming. The door was half opened and I opened it all the way. There were no cops in the room. There was no one in the room. No one, that is, except a woman on a rumpled bed. She was very bloody and very dead. (I learned later it was a suicide and not murder.)

I gulped twice and backed away, heading for the stairs. Halfway down a flashlight suddenly hit my eyes and a voice growled: "Stay where you are." Dimly I recognized it was a policeman and automatically I reached into my coat for my press card. A half-second later I felt the barrel of his .38 caliber S. & W. in my stomach. Honest, it felt as wide as the Holland Tunnel.

"Hold it," commanded the voice.

"I'm a reporter," I quavered.

"That's what you say. Come down and keep your hands at your sides."

When I finally reached the street—it seemed the longest walk of my life—I was able to convince him I was a member of the fourth estate—although I had been figuring it was my last estate.

Said the cop, a bit nervous himself: "You damn fool. You're lucky I wasn't a rookie. Never reach into your pocket when a cop stops you."

"Yes sir," I whispered.

I don't think I've shown my press card since.

WALTER ARM is a member of the city staff of the New York Herald Tribune. He specializes in crime coverage.

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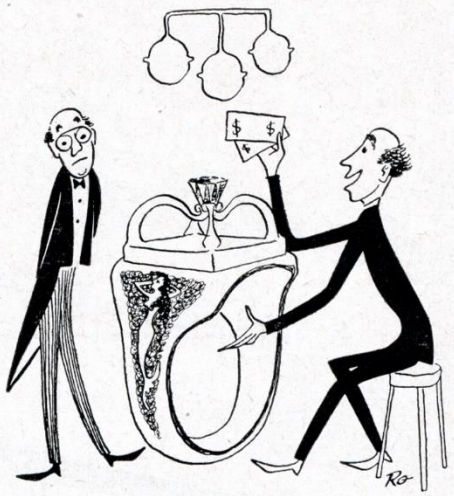
Don't let a SUBSTITUTE carry your high-BALL!

Snowball In Helsinki

By Stephen White



HELSINKI ONCE there were two men who were in business together as pawnbrokers. In the course of affairs, they accepted a rather attractive ring as security for a fifty-dollar loan, and a few days later the younger partner, admiring it, offered to buy it for $75. The sale was made. A day later the older partner "out of the goodness of my heart" offered to buy it back for $100. The resale was made. For weeks thereafter they bought and sold the ring to each other, jumping the price $25 or $50 at each sale.

The ring had reached $1,500 when the holder of the moment, in a burst of generosity, gave it away to a favorite nephew. A few hours later his partner approached him. "I like that ring," he said. "I will give you $1,600 for it."

"Impossible," he was told. "I've given the ring away.

"Good heavens," said the pawnbroker. "Given it away! Why, the profits we've been making on that ring is all that has been keeping us in business."

It isn't the best story in the world, but it would appeal to the Russian propaganda service. They have developed into a fine art the process of selling cheap rings to themselves. It may not be the only thing keeping them in business, but it helps.

The technique was amusingly displayed a few months ago in Finland, where the government walks a tightrope in its attempts not to anger the Russians. This particular tightrope act is a more than ordinarily difficult one, since the loud Finnish Communist minority passes most of its time trying to upset the acrobat of the moment.

One morning a Finnish Communist newspaper printed a vague little item. Karl Fagerholm, the Prime Minister, it reported, had been seen talking to the American military attache. This, in the eyes of the Communists, would be enough to prove without doubt that he was plotting with the Americans to attack Russia no later than a week from Tuesday.

The worst of it is that the report was enough to send Mr. Fagerholm into a minor tizzy. After all, the Finns are a small country with a powerful Russian Army on its borders, and they are trying desperately to maintain their freedom and their Social Democratic government, which is anathema to the Russians. They are desperately careful to give Russia no pretext for action against them. But the item was a small one, and raised no particular stir. For the moment it was ignored.

But it couldn't be ignored long. A few days later, the Moscow radio announced that a Finnish newspaper had reported that Mr. Fagerholm had been seen talking to the American military attache. What kind of goings on was this? the radio asked. Who did Mr. F. think he was? And more of the same.

The next day the Finnish paper had a long story quoting the Moscow radio to the effect that Mr. F. had been seen, etc. The paper got pretty wrought up about it. It hinted at dark plots being devised by the two men. It spoke darkly of bases in Norway.

A few days later, "Pravda" produced an even longer story in Moscow. This gave as its authority the most recent story in the Finnish paper. It was a violent attack on Fagerholm for conspiring with the Americans. The story was also broadcast by Moscow radio.

The Finnish paper promptly repeated the account of Mr. Fagerholm's devious plans, attributing it to "Pravda." It got pretty mad about the whole thing, and pointed out that if "Pravda" said it was so, no reasonable man could very well doubt it.

Obviously, this could have continued forever, and there were a good many of us in Helsinki who expected that we would have the story with us for at least six months, growing every time it appeared. However, just about this time some American newspapermen showed up in northern Finland to take some pictures of a wolf hunt. The Communists decided that they were really American spies in disguise, out to snap pictures of military positions above the Arctic circle. Baying after the new prey, the Communist press forgot all about Mr. Fagerholm and the American military attache. So did the Moscow radio and "Pravda." In a week they were so worked up about the wolf hunt that they couldn't think of anything else.

It is almost an irrelevancy, but it should be mentioned that the American military attache in Helsinki was somewhat baffled by the affair. He had not, it seems, laid eyes on Mr. Fagerholm. In fact, Mr. Fagerholm kept repeating this plaintively, but without any noticeable effect.

The beauty of this technique is that it can be used at will. All it takes is an inventive mind somewhere, and the snowball can begin rolling. Best of all, the Russians never give the ring away. Mr. Fagerholm's non-existent conversation with the military attache will haunt him all his political life. Whatever he didn't say to him, he shouldn't have.

STEPHEN WHITE is a member of the Paris Bureau of the New York Herald Tribune on roving assignment.

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1984—And Marriage

By Dorothy Dunbar Bromley

If George Orwell, the English novelist, can sketch the shadow of things to come in "Nineteen-Eighty-Four," a parlor sociologist may be forgiven if she twirls her own crystal ball and pictures marriage as it could be in that year of our Lord.

Do a little mental arithmetic and you'll see that 1984, which seems light years away to you and me, is only thirty-five years, or one generation, removed. Along about then, your year-old son will have married for better or worse and be rearing his own young.

To get on with this article, let's assume that Mr. Orwell turns out to have been a son of a Cassandra and that a totalitarian totality has not by 1984 ground every mother's son into a sad semblance of a human being, deprived even of transient transports vis-a-vis the other sex. Let's assume, too, that democracy rules the U.S.A. and even the home roost.

In 1984, believe it or not, young people no longer fly into matrimony as by jet propulsion. The thing happened this way. By the nineteen-sixties so many couples had fumbled on the ten-yard line that the courts had to drop all other business and grind out nothing but divorce decrees and annulments, which smelled as bad by another name.

With the family all but withering on the branch, the American people took stock. Advertisements, magazine stories, movies, soap operas changed their theme-song from "Marry and live happily ever after" to "Think thrice, marry once."

So the customs of the country underwent a sea change. Now, in 1984, no two young people outside the confines of a mental hospital would think of marrying without knowing more about each other than a Wasserman test reveals.

The more modern young couples take the elaborated Rorschach ink-blot test, first authenticated by the psychologists in the 1940's, to prove they are normally adjusted individuals with emotions that do not go into reverse. Others prefer the expanded Murray thematic test—a series of pictures which, when you write a short essay on each, reveal as much about your secret urges and values as hours of free association on a psychoanalyst's couch.

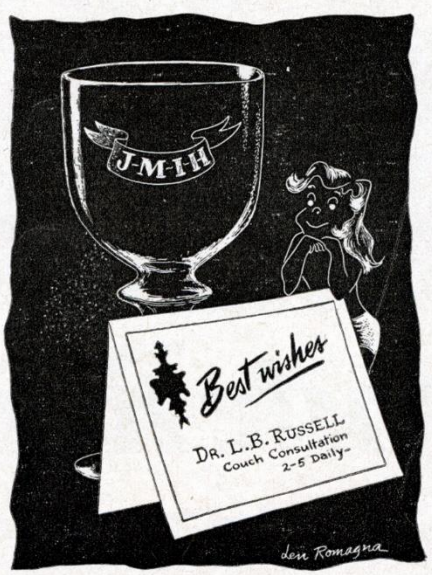
Less venturesome young people, taking a leaf out of the book of the nineteenth century, introduce their affianced to their relatives and try out a possible mate in a family situation for, say, more than a week-end. Some also talk with their ministers who have become practical psychologists.

DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY is a special writer on the New York Herald Tribune staff, covering social subjects.

When a young man and woman do marry, they file partnership papers. Dr. Marynia Farnham's "Lost Sex" idea that a husband will be unmanned if he is not the Mr. Big of his household has long been in the discard. It was briefly popularized in the late nineteen-forties by a rear-guard echelon of men and a few women who could not decide which sex team they were playing on.

The war between the sexes is as outdated as the cold war and honors as between husband and wife are even. If a woman is elected town dog-catcher or mayor or if she invents something superior to the atom bomb, maybe a ray for converting human animosities into love-thy-neighbor feelings, her husband's friends will congratulate him by two-way television.

Dr. Farnham's idea that a woman can only find herself by devoting twenty-four hours a day to children, kitchen and spouse, while she wears blinkers to the outside world, has become as outdated, by 1984, as travel by automobile. Housekeeping chores are done by push-button and cooperative nursery schools have supplied the cure for "Momism."



Families are larger, too—a throwback, some say, to the nineteenth century. But with a difference. Paternity classes in the diapering and dunking of infants are required courses in all the men's colleges and refresher courses are given for fathers at the lying-in hospitals.

Men have formed their own fast-growing Child Study Association. Eaves-drop on two males at lunch and you'll overhear talk, not about a business deal or a baseball score, but about feeding formulas, substitutes for spinach and the perennial problem, to punish or not to punish. Or you may hear another pair of men, the intellectual type, discussing whether a child's feeling of emotional security goes back to the time when the child was only an idea in the parents' mind.

Devoted to their calling, fathers are no longer without honor in the U.S.A. Veterans with half a dozen offspring to their and their wives' credit vie with each other to be named American Father of the Year. Poems are written about fatherhood and radio documentaries extol the new style American family. Only the sociologists are perturbed, caught in a semantic quandary, uncertain whether to call the 1984 social order a matriarchy or a patriarchy.

As a mark of mutuality, many young couples in 1984 join their surnames, as had, years previously, the Nobel prize-winners and French nuclear physicists, Frederic Joliot and Irene Curie, daughter of Madame Curie. The practice, however, is frowned on by the genealogists, the telephone company and all keepers of records. For when a daughter of the Jones-Mittendorfers grows up and marries a son of the Ittelson-Hathaways, the new surname in four parts will be anything but a handy handle. Then let a son of the Jones-Mittendorfer-Ittelson-Hathaways marry a daughter of the Maudsley-Rosenstein-Aylesworth-Templehofs and you see what you're running into. In another one-hundred years the new nomenclature may make marriage hardly worth all the bother, but that's Utopia for you.

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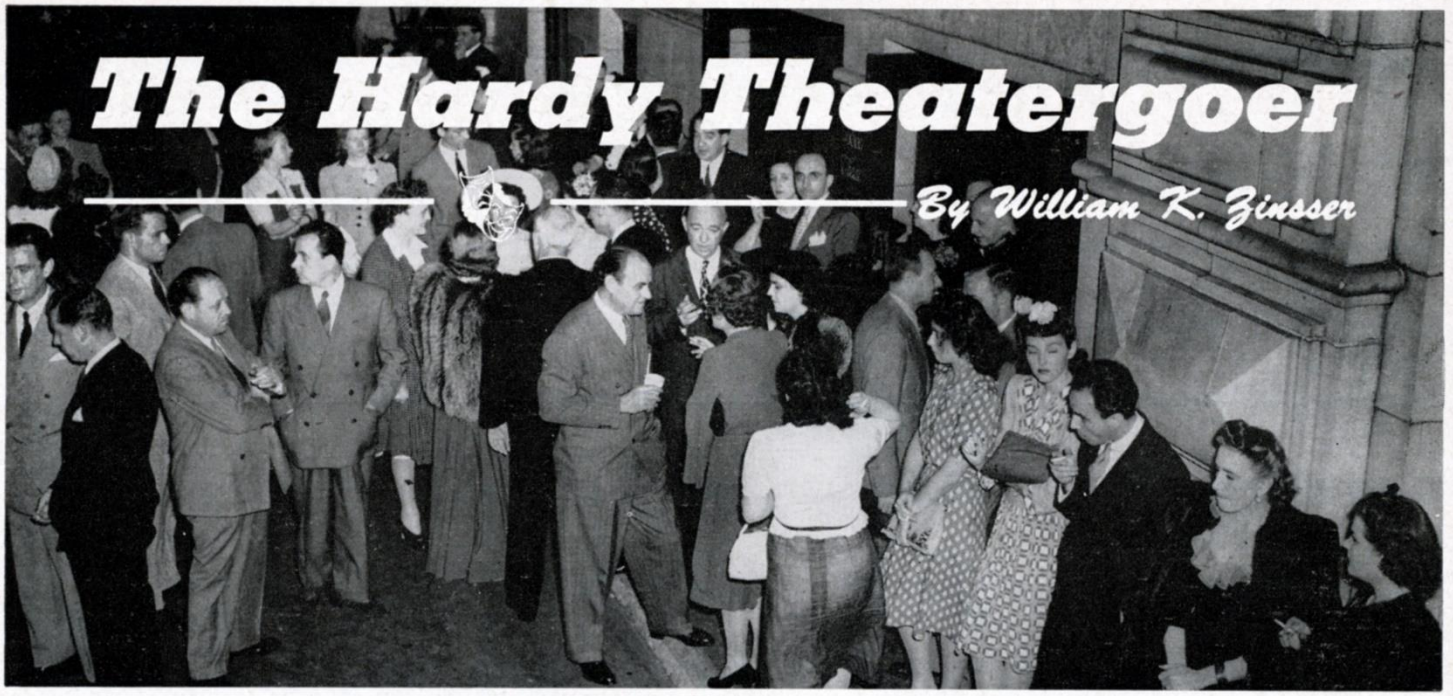

The Hardy Theatergoer

By William K. Zinsser

It is almost impossible to discourage theater people — both those who produce plays and those who go to see them. During the new season, which gets under way this month, producers will bring sixty or seventy hopeful plays to Broadway, but by June only about a dozen will be left. The mortality rate usually runs that high —and many of the shows open and close within the unprofitable interval of a few weeks.

Such a vast killing-off of dramas would convince most men that success is courted more easily in other fields. But producers, a hardier breed, return undismayed every fall, sure that this time they will bring to the stage the fugitive elements that make a great play. And even the investors, who put their money in such things as sets and costumes and don't always see it come back, return with surprising regularity at this season.

These men scorn the popular legend that the American theater is dying out—that the upstart television, grabbing off the city's legitimate theaters for studios and bringing its flickering plays into every living room, will eventually make the stage an obsolete art. Nobody in the theater, of course, takes this theory seriously.

The reason for their optimism is that the average theatergoer is also indestructible. He goes to plays on the hottest August nights; he comes to the Majestic at 8 a.m. with a camp stool to wait for the "South Pacific" box office to open; he competes all year in the bitter rivalry for seats, knowing very well that the theaters are small and the race is to the swift; he drinks the potion known as lemonade unflinchingly between the acts.

In the course of this year-long struggle, the playgoer comes to regard many people as personal enemies. The box office men, for instance. Theatergoers have long had an uneasy feeling that this ogre likes nothing better than to sell last-row seats. Nobody has ever proved that the treasurers harbor this fiendish desire, though New York City's Commissioner of Investigation Murtagh has revealed certain peculiarities in their method of keeping ledgers. But he has promised to bring them around to a more reasonable line of conduct, so they may yet achieve the lofty pedestal of respect.

Some of the playgoer's other personal enemies, however, are beyond the reach of municipal action. There is the person at the head of the box office line who takes a geographical interest in the location of his seats ("Will I be able to see Pinza's eyes better from F 16 or J 2?") and who therefore needs some time to conclude a deal. There is the inevitable woman a row or two ahead with the latest spiraling Paris hat. There is the couple who arrive late, forging their way over the incumbent's knees in what is surely one of the most difficult of human maneuvers (apologies murmured in the darkness).

WILLIAM K. ZINSSER is drama editor of the New York Herald Tribune.

But after they have done this in each of the three acts, you come to know them pretty well. And later, when you have shared the playwright's experience with them, as well as the business of stumbling over each other, you forget about the earlier fracas—and about the box office line and the lemonade—and feel quite good about the whole evening. You even tell the latecoming lady, as she prepares to leave, that she dropped her gloves under the seat. (Incidentally, the sight of 100 men searching on their knees for their ladies' belongings is an institution which binds at least the male half of the audience into a kindred feeling as they leave the theater.)

The play's the thing, though. Its special excitement makes the rival fields of movies and television seem weak indeed, and keeps bringing the theatergoer back in spite of the hardships he imagines.

In the gray light of morning he may write letters to the newspapers, railing against the lack of manners in the audience, the high price of seats, the villainy of brokers and the general decline of the theater since he was a boy. But at night, when the magic thought of seeing a play overcomes the morning's objections, where is he? In a seat down front, transported into a bright new world that is far different from his commercial daytime world.

He is like the producers and the investors—you couldn't keep him away.

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Travel Is So-o Broadening

By Harold Rosenthal

Most baseball hotels are geared to meet minor upheavals as part of their normal routine. Writers carrying around small personal menageries of white mice don't faze them too much. When women call the desk to say there are several men out on the fire escape they are advised that it's probably a bunch of the ball players slipping past the check-up man who starts noting delinquents after midnight.

Once in a while, however, a ball club, usually on an exhibition tour, lands in a strange hotel. Then things begin to pop. Take the case of the Giants down in New Orleans several years ago during a spring trip.

Everything was peaceful and the road secretary, after finally tucking everyone into bed, was prepared to inhale a soothing glass of iced tea. Suddenly the desk clerk appeared at his side wearing a worried look.

"Is there anything wrong with those two fellows up in 813?" he asked.

"Nothing," replied the road secretary. "Matter of fact they're two of the very best baseball writers in New York. Why?"

"Well, replied the desk clerk, "one of them just called me and demanded that I send up an extra Bible. He says his friend has nothing to read."

• • •

The late Shorty Laurice, a small man who led the weird cacaphonous musical aggregation at Ebbets Field known as the Dodger Simp-phoney, was one of the most loyal rooters Brooklyn ever had. In recognition, the club decided to treat him to a short trip with the Dodgers. They asked Shorty if he would like to come along on the next trip to Boston. Shorty leaped at the invitation.

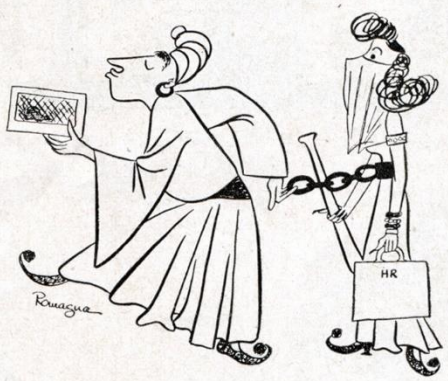
Like the rest of the members of the party, Shorty was given a berth for the post-night game ride to Beantown. The next day he sought out the club's road secretary and pleaded, "Say I know how nice you're treating me, but I got one favor to ask of you."

He was told just to name it.

"The next time we go anywhere can I have a seat to sit in instead of one of them berths. I like to see where I'm going."

• • •

The Phillies brought up a pretty good left hander from one of their Class B clubs a couple of seasons ago. Like all



new men, he carried his own glove and shoes, but unlike the rest, he had an additional piece of equipment. It was one of those big Ancient Mariner telescopes.

"What's that for?" the manager asked.

"Oh," replied the rookie, "I'm an astrologer, you know a star-gazer."

On the very first trip around, during a heat wave that was knocking people over right and left, the rookie sought out the club secretary and asked, "Say when we hit Cincinnati will you get me an inside room. I'm more interested in a view than in ventilation."

One of the major league clubs is equipped with a high official who can't go to bed until it's light. He was probably bitten by an electric eel when he was young.

That, in itself, wouldn't be too distressing, except that he demands company at all times while he is awake. A reasonably burly man, he usually corners some unfortunate in his hotel room, turns the key in the lock, pockets it, then turns around and says, "Now we'll have a nice, quiet conversation for the next five or six hours."

One late evening he cornered a small New York baseball writer in this fashion. Click went the door. The key slid into his trouser pocket.

"Let's talk," he commanded. The little fellow talked and talked and strangely enough after a while the mogul began to get a little drowsy. Presently he nodded and his head sagged forward on his chest.

"Now's my chance," thought the little scribe. Agile beyond his years, he dragged a chair over to the door, scrambled up to the top and squeezed through the transom.

Everything worked fine until he started to make his descent on the other side. His toe felt something hard. It turned out to be the head of the house dick, making his nocturnal rounds. Ham-like hands held the little man fast while a big square toe went to work on the door.

Presently the sleepy-eyed official opened it. "Whazzamatter?"

"Know this man?" demanded the house dick.

"Sure, verragood fren' of mine."

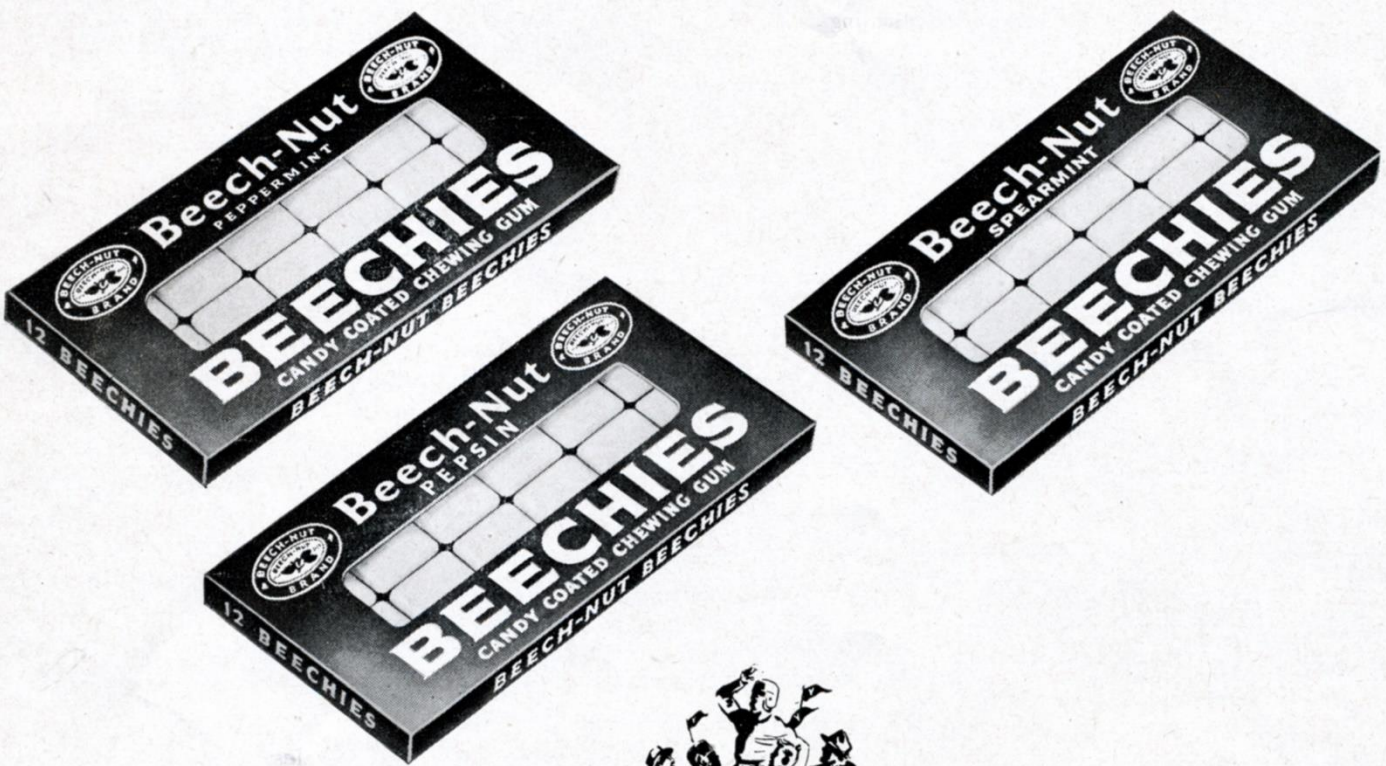
"What's he doing leaving your room through the transom?"

"Why," replied the official with offended dignity, "he always leaves that way."

HAROLD ROSENTHAL is a member of the sports staff of the New York Herald Tribune. He regularly covers the Dodgers.

SHIFT TO

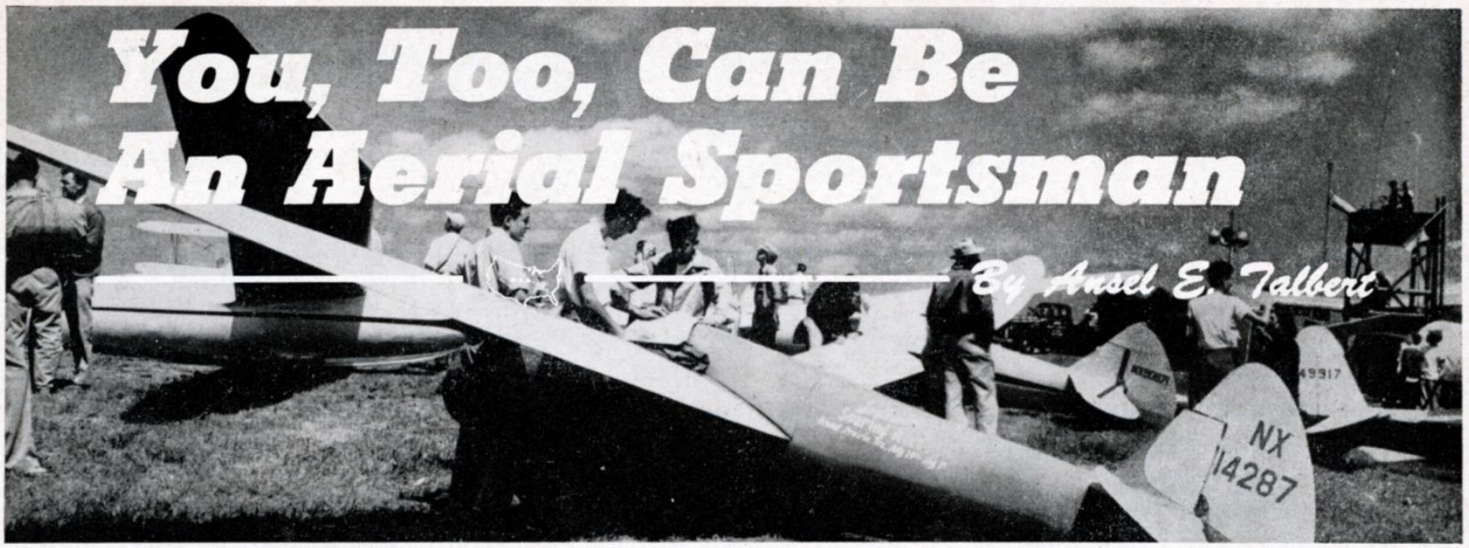
Beech-Nut FOR



WINNING FLAVOR

You, Too, Can Be An Aerial Sportsman

By Ansel E. Talbert



Back in the days of the Wright Brothers and Santos Dumont flying had a distinctly sporting flavor. This was so even for most of the adventurous characters who followed the aviation game on a full-time basis.

Advertisements for early production-job flying machines, illustrated with lithographs of dapper gentlemen at the controls with checkered cap on in reverse, nearly always stressed the theme: You, too, can become an aerial sportsman.

The James Gordon Bennett balloon races gave the international sporting set adequate annual excuse for meeting in agreeable surroundings usually not too far removed from Paris and other centers of genteel revelry. This event—and several others of lesser note—became for the gentry with aeronautical interests what the Derby is for those who admire horse-flesh.

A few dour individuals from the start saw military possibilities in the airplane and the dirigible airship, but it took at least one World War to convince most of the population that flying belonged in the realm of the practical.

At first glance it would seem that now all this is changed. Public discussion of aviation today customarily centers on the country's production potential for military aircraft or on esoteric matters which include the merits of the B-36 bomber in combat with jet fighters of low wing-loading, the efficiency of delta wing designs at high Mach numbers and others further outside the frontiers of sport.

This present picture is more than a little deceptive. The sporting side of flying, submerged during recent war years, is still with us—and if you don't believe it, drop up some afternoon to Harris Hill near Elmira, N. Y., when the national soaring contest is in progress. There are many other smaller places active as centers of soaring flight—probably the purest form of sport flying now in existence—throughout the nation.

Or if you prefer sport connected with airplanes having motors out front, go out to any one of the flying fields near New York where private pilots gather to shoot landings. (In bad flying weather they are more likely to shoot the breeze.)

Soaring is to the average heavier-than-air commercial or military pilot what yachting is to the captain of a Hoboken ferry boat. It takes a high degree of skill to guide a motorless sail plane on a soaring flight to high altitudes on rising currents of warm air known as thermals. Even more is required to hop from thermal to thermal on cross-country jaunts that stretch out to several hundred miles.

You will find at soaring meets outstanding air line pilots such as Kimball J. Scribner, of Pan American, the national aerobatic sail plane champion who performs outside loops with his tapering wing motorless aircraft. You will meet test pilots such as Bob Stanley of Bell Aircraft and military and naval men such as Captain Ralph S. Barnaby of the United States Navy, who years ago received the first soaring certificate ever issued to a United States citizen by the Federation Aeronautique International—and still likes to soar.

As is the case in most other sports, age and experience don't necessarily combine to create a soaring champion. The present national champion, now well into his second year as title-holder, is Paul B. MacCready, Jr., a twenty-three-year-old student at the California Institute of Technology.

MacCready had his first ride in a sail plane about three years ago and during the past two national contests has nosed out pilots who have been soaring longer than he has been alive.

Concerning aerial sportsmen who fly single-engined putt-putts, it is worth noting that the newest model aircraft designed for their comfort and convenience provide a close tie-in with several other forms of outdoor sporting activity. A fishing tackle or a brace of guns fits neatly into the baggage compartment and so does a bundle of provisions for a trip lasting several days. Floats for landing on small lakes are easy to obtain.

Out west they hunt coyotes from the air and in parts of the Canadian northwest, wolves, but in the effete East these sporting diversions have a less hardy substitute in the air tour. Groups of private pilots, like automobilists of an earlier era, are forever going somewhere for an extended week-end—to Miami, to New Orleans, to Niagara Falls or just out to East Cupcake on the tip of Long Island for a hot dog roast and overnight camp.

The day of the private airplane on every front lawn for recreation and sport probably is a long way off, but new personal plane types still in an experimental stage give promise of the first revolutionary changes in a couple of decades. The Koppen-Bollinger helioplane, for example, takes off in extremely short distances almost noiselessly, slows down to thirty miles an hour in the air without stalling and lands almost on a dime.

When they begin mass production of this and similar plane types, if you can only afford the down payment, you, too, can become an aerial sportsman!!

ANSEL E. TALBERT is aviation editor of the New York Herald Tribune.

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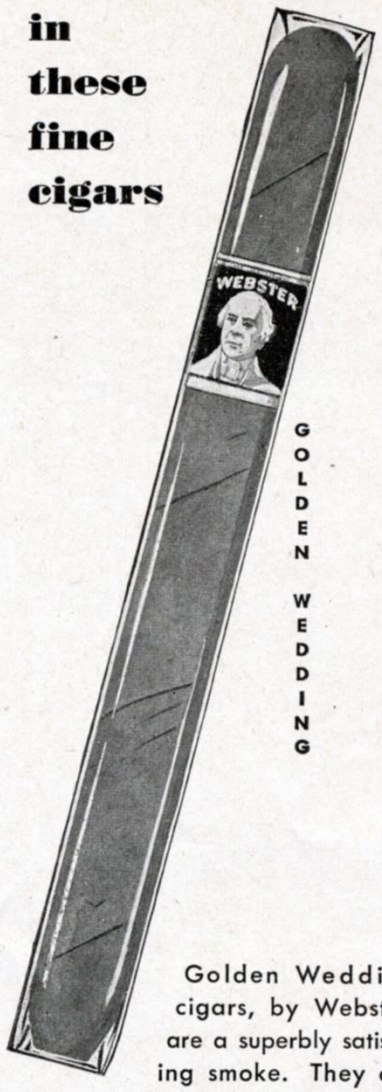

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Japan's in the Swim Again

By Allen Raymond

TOKYO THE Japanese sports world is jubilant now because of the re-admission to international competition of the nation's Amateur Swimmers Federation. According to Katsugi Ogawa, director of the Japan Athletic Association, this nation has several swimmers capable of holding their own in world competition, and one of them, Hirononin Furuhashi, has already bettered world's records in competition here.

Sixteen amateur federations governing competitive amateur athletics have applied since the war ended for re-admission to world federations with which they were affiliated before Pearl Harbor. Only the swimming federation has received the coveted approval of the international ruling authorities, but the Japanese ski federation has obtained approval by letter of its proposal to send competitors to an international ski meet to be held in the United States next winter.

Other Japanese amateur sports federations which are awaiting re-admission to sports abroad are those governing rowing, yachting, skating, cycling, wrestling, gymnastics, track and field, boxing, soccer, field hockey, basketball, riding, fencing and handball.

The war was a great disaster for Japanese sports, as well as for everything else in Japan, Mr. Ogawa has told this correspondent.

"We can hold our own in swimming at all distances between 400 meters and 1,500 meters," he says, "and we have a few good athletes of international calibre in track and field events. But we have no tennis players of pre-war quality, and we won't know how good our contestants are in other fields until we get a chance to try them under actual international conditions. We hope, however, by the time the Olympics of 1952 are held to have a good representation."

The Japanese swimming federation places its greatest confidence in Furuhashi, as the nation's outstanding star free-style swimmer. He has been clocked in better than world's record time over 400-meter, 800-meter and 1,500-meter courses, and in all these events he has been sufficiently pushed by other Japanese swimmers so that this country knows it can put a very good relay team for these distances into any pool, anywhere. The Japanese federation has received an invitation to compete in Hawaii, and all it awaits is completion of arrangements for the necessary dollars.

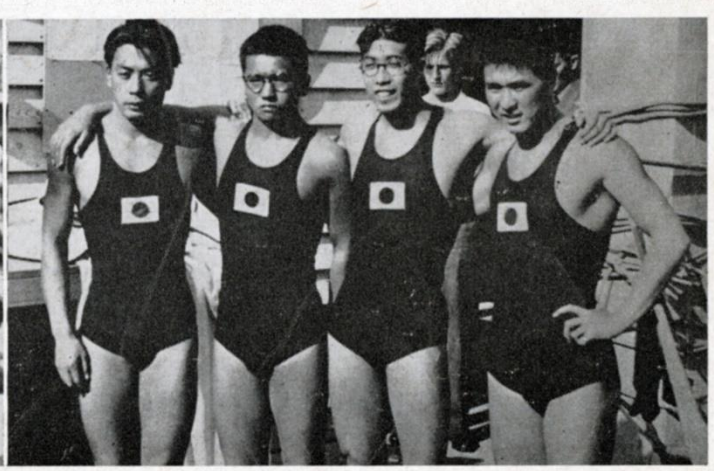
Furuhashi's best time for 400 meters was set in September, 1948 at 4 minutes 33 seconds, which is better than the world's record set by a Frenchman, Alex Jany, early last year. Furuhashi's best competitive time for 800 meters is 9 minutes 41 seconds, which clips almost nine seconds off the official world's mark, set by America's Bill Smith. A year ago Furuhashi won a 1,500-meter event here in 18 minutes 37 seconds. The official world's record, set fifteen years ago by our Jack Medica, is recorded here as 18 minutes 58.8 seconds.

In track and field, Mr. Ogawa says, Japan has a girl jumper whose high jump record is 1.51 meters, as against the world's record of 1.71; and whose best running broad jump is 5.88 meters, as against the world's mark of 6.25. Japan has a hop-step-and-jump man, one Keizo Hasegawa, who has covered 15.62 meters in this event, and who is looked upon as a likely successor to Maodo Tajima, another Japanese, who set the world's record at an even 16 meters in the Berlin Olympics of 1936.

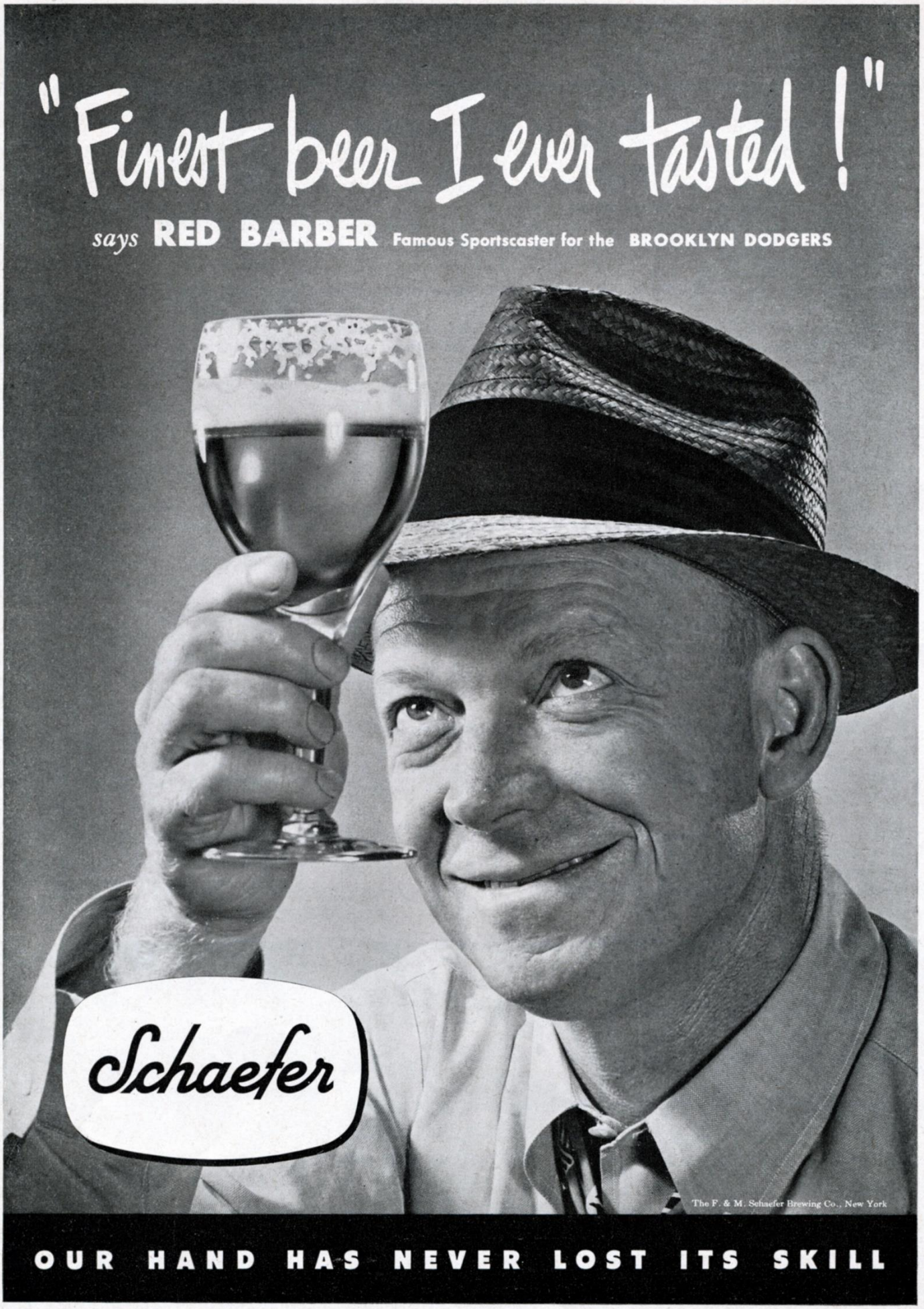
Mr. Ogawa said that because Japan no longer has any army this nation can no longer hope to make the showing it used to make in military riding events or Olympic riding competition. No non-military amateurs of Olympic quality exist in Japan today—nobody to compare with Japanese cavalrymen who used to show up well. Tennis was frowned upon during the war years as "foreign," and besides there was a lack of felt and rubber to make good tennis balls.

It will be a long time before Japan again produces good tennis players, Mr. Ogawa says. The country is now too impoverished, and raising the money for foreign competition is going to be difficult. Swimming races in Hawaii were probably the first to see Japanese contenders abroad as Furuhashi, Shiro Hashizume (who is almost Furuhashi's equal), Yoshiro Hamaguchi and a couple of other swimmers competed in Honolulu a couple of months ago.

ALLEN RAYMOND is a veteran member of the New York Herald Tribune's foreign staff. His current assignment is Tokyo.



***WHEN THE JAPANESE WERE THINKING OF SWIMMING:** Nippon did well in the swimming events at the 1936 Olympic Games in Berlin. Thus, for example, two of their entries, Shumpei Uto (right) and Shozo Makino (left) placed second and third in the 400-meter free style, which America's Jack Medica (center) won. They are on the winners' platform, receiving their awards. The picture at right shows the members of the 800-meter relay team, composed of Yusa, Suguira, Arai and Taguchi, that won the Olympic event in world record time.*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So Umpires Got It Tough!

By Fendall Yerxa

Big league photography, the competitive kind, is an indoor sport that must have been invented by frustrated umpire-killers. If it wasn't, it should've been. Surely, human cunning has never devised a more malicious method for putting thumb screws on one whose unhappy lot it is to be an arbiter.

The bleacher fan who sees a ball as plain as day, and then watches the long arm of a strike go up in the air, can hardly spend his venom adequately in the ball park. When the head linesman calls five for offside against the home team, and anybody can see, even with bifocals, that the big bum in the tackle spot on the other side pulled his man over the line, it doesn't really help the spleen to mingle one voice of derision with fifty thousand others.

So it must have been a sports spectator with a backlog of grudges who designed the photographic method for getting even with the miserable wretch who has to make decisions. In camera contests, held among rival clubs over a season that stretches from early fall to late spring, the man who lets himself be led into the mediation spot is called a "judge."

The fact that few photo judges also work behind the plate or in white knickers on the gridiron makes no difference. He still belongs to that category of persons whose job it is to make up his mind and render decisions.

In other words, he's a bum and blind, and has a face that not even his mother could love. Although his finger prints are not on file, and his only police offense was an overtime parking ticket he got while judging a contest, he's a robber.

All of this is made plain to him in his first session, which, if he has any sense, will be his last. It isn't done by bouncing coke bottles off his head, but more subtly, and far more effectively. The poor joker has to stay conscious all the way through.

The setting for a big camera club tilt is usually a smoke-filled meeting room, packed with photographers who have come to watch their pictures take the blue ribbon. The judge, with all eyes on him, is led in to the place of slaughter, a front row seat facing the lightbox where prints are displayed. He sits down with his back to the leering mob, wipes his sweating palms on his trousers, and they toss in the lions and tigers.

When they put out all the lights except those in the lightbox, and start running through the portfolio of prints, the judge goes on his own. He has it all figured out how he'll run according to formula—three points for composition, three for printing technique, and three for subject matter. That way, it'll be easy. Add 'em up, and the highest ones win.

He runs through the whole batch once just for a preview. What he's really doing is putting off the necessity for making a hard and fast decision. Then he goes through them again, still stalling by separating the prints into three piles—one for those which look good enough to win; another for the pictures he wants thrown out; and a third face-saver, labeled "maybe," or "undecided."

When a bad picture comes up—it's a cat picture, and the judge is allergic to cats—he bucks up, waves his right hand with thumb extended, and hollers, "Out!"

The crowd exhales behind his back, and the man behind him, probably the one who took the cat shot, blows down the judge's neck. The next print, with some hesitation, he waves "In!" and the crowd's breath comes back in through gritted teeth. Was he right or wrong on that one? Were they happy or hissing?

He doesn't know, and he's getting rattled. But, with a show of equanimity, he tosses everything in the "maybe" pile, and quiets the heavy breathing. Then he comes to the end, sooner than he expected, and discovers with a shock that he's just about back where he started.

On the third run, the poor sap finds that his system has broken down. There aren't enough points in his formula to separate 100-odd prints, good from bad, and better from best. Doggedly he plugs on, relying on instinct now, and sweating out the crowd's respiratory expressions. He wishes they wouldn't be so polite. Oh for the beneficent deliverance of a gallon jug of hypo heaved against the back of his skull!

Somehow, he gets down to the last half-dozen prints, and, with the crowd moving up on him from behind, he passes the time making inane critical comments; eliminating this one for a flaw in composition, putting it back in because it has something to say, trying hard to dazzle the spectators with footwork.

At length he picks a winner, and names second, third and fourth, with two honorable mentions for good measure. Then he settles back. The crowd maddeningly accepts the decision with polite applause. But the picture on the bottom of the list wins the most enthusiastic hand clapping of all. While it rings discordantly in his ears, the judge, feeling completely unfrocked, slinks away into the night.

If the Giants or the All-Stars, or both of them, want a tackling dummy next year for practice, there's an ex-photo judge in the market for some easy recreation.

FENDALL YERXA, a member of the city staff of the New York Herald Tribune, conducts a camera column every Sunday.


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All-Star's Little Brother

By Everett B. Morris

He's ten years younger than his football big brother, but little Mr. East-West College All-Star Basketball Game, to give him his full quota of names, has proved to be a robust as well as precocious member of the Fresh Air Fund family. Ever since he took his first step on the Madison Square Garden court in the spring of 1946 the infant has been a breadwinner.

He earned a place in the affections of New York's vast and discriminating hardwood public as a toddler and now, after his fourth performance under the big top, he is solidly established as a favorite.

And because they love the lively little fellow and all of the fun and color and excitement which seem to go with him as naturally as maple syrup does with buckwheat cakes, his admirers have been eager to encourage his efforts to keep the wolf from the Fresh Air door.

Only once in four years have they failed to pack the Eight Avenue sports palace by way of paying tribute to his gifts as an entertainer and the cause for which he labors. That was in 1948 when the East-West game had to be sandwiched into the Garden between the final of the N. C. A. A. tournament and the opening of the Olympic trials. By that time, New Yorkers had had a surfeit of basketball and some of them must have been hearing whistles in their sleep. The four-year average, though, is 17,675, an attendance which certainly smacks of something approximating devotion.

The basketball counterpart of the East-West football game played in San Francisco for the Shrine Hospital for Crippled Children has come to be as much of a fixture on the sports calendar as the Andy Kerr chef d'ouvre.

Collegians closing out their careers on university courts all over the country eagerly await invitations to participate in the Herald Tribune's presentation. Coaches regard it as flattering recognition of their ability when they are selected to direct the squads. And the fans mark the date in their engagement books as a "must" because they know they are going to see the very best players in the land striving to win for the honor of East or West in their last game as collegians.

The very first East-West basketball game set the pattern for its successors when an overmanned, outreached Eastern organization lasted just long enough to earn a one-point decision. Seven-foot Bob Kurland, who went on to fame with the Phillips Oilers; Don Otten, a giant who is now one of the stars of the National League; little Kenny Sailors, whose extraordinary dribbling, ball stealing and shooting almost pulled the game out for the West, and Dave Strack, an unheralded Michigan lad who suddenly got a hot hand, were among those whose efforts were not quite good enough to overcome the inspired work of Ernie Vandeweghe, Colgate's all-time court hero; Sid Tanenbaum, of New York U.; Bob Myers of Dartmouth, and Hank (now Dr.) Zeller, of Pittsburgh, and their colleagues.

The West got even next year when Hank Iba's smoothly coordinated operatives mowed down an Eastern outfit which Nat Holman could not seem to get untracked. Then came 1948 and a really good scrap from which the East, coached by Navy's Ben Carnevale, emerged with a good margin of victory over the West, which wanted so much to play well for Moose Krause that it was tense and overanxious.

The 1949 thriller was played from the lines of the 1946 script but embellished with a few flourishes which only such an all-star cast could provide. With four of Kentucky's famed champions bowing out in glory, the East staved off a terrific Western rally and nursed a one-point margin down to the final buzzer.

That was the best of all East-West battles. It will be difficult to match it in the future. But it could happen again with a break or two on the hoop. We know that we'll have great players again and the best of coaching. We know that all hands will go all out to make their final appearance as collegians an occasion to remember. We know that we'll have good organization and direction and officiating. The rest is up to the Fates.

EAST MEETS WEST: The two squads of 1949, East and West, greet each other at their first practice last Winter. Adolph Rupp, of Kentucky (left) was coach of the East and Vadal Peterson, of Utah (right), coach of the West.

How do we select players for the East-West game? In the first place we scout the outstanding senior performers the country over. We consult their own coaches and coaches whose teams have played them. We ask that he not only be a superb court technician, but that he be a gentleman, a sportsman and a real competitor who will lay it on the line for the Fresh Air kids.

With players of that stripe it is easy to put them together in the short space of a week into units which operate cohesively and with true team spirit. But it never ceases to amaze this agent that such a miracle can be made to come to pass.

The All-Americans themselves get a big boot out of it, too. Meeting and playing with or against men who merely have been names to them until they reported for practice in New York is a genuine thrill for lads whom you would excuse for being blase about the whole business. But they aren't blase. That is why they are great athletes. That is why the East-West basketball game is the great event the fans believe it to be.

EVERETT B. MORRIS covers basketball, football and yachting, in season, for the New York Herald Tribune. For the annual East-West basketball game at Madison Square Garden he is charged with managing the teams.

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ENJOY IT AFTER THE GAME . . .
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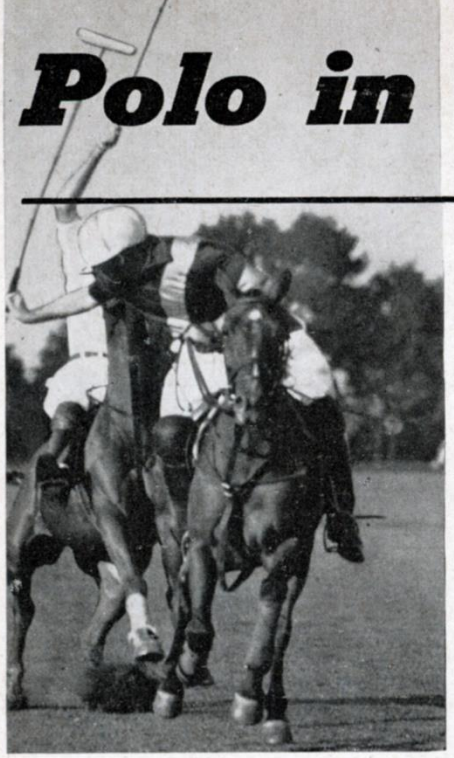
OR AT HOME

Polo in the Rough

By Margaret Parton



Nomal, Gilgit Agency.—Polo, the sport of Indian princes and wealthy Westerners, is still everybody's game in these small villages of Northern Kashmir, where Rajas' sons, farmers and goatherds tangle weekly in a breathless scramble of equestrian roughhouse.

For more than 300 years polo, which was brought to these remote mountains by the Moghuls, has been the popular sport of the people, and no village is too small to have its own field and its own star players. For 100 years the best village teams have competed at an annual championship match at Gilgit—an event which was not held during the last two years only because many of the local sportsmen were absent at the fighting farther south in Kashmir. Nevertheless, in the villages the game continues unabated.

Trekking into Nomal the other day we found that a match was scheduled in honor of Ganoni, the festival of the reaping of the first barley crop. Juma Khan, our cook, and Mir Badshah, our guide, as distinguished visitors, were invited to play. Since there weren't enough ponies in the village to make up a really interesting game, their horses were invited to play too—and despite the fact that the horses and men had come fifteen miles over the mountains that day, they all seemed eager.

The field, set amid green pastures and poplar trees, was long and narrow—150 yards long by fifty feet wide. Around it was a low stone wall, on which sat the men and boys of the village in the white cloaks and round hats with rolled edges, which are characteristic of this part of the world. Many of the boys had dyed their hands bright red in honor of the festival.

On a platform atop the wall at one side of the field sat the visitors and the local Raja, a shrewd old man whose ruling powers are non-existent but whose prestige is immense. He wore gold-rimmed spectacles, and his head and beard were dyed with henna—a decoration he is entitled to adopt since he had once been to Bombay to see the Aga Khan, Moslem potentate who is worshipped by many of the people in this area.

On the other side of the field the band played merrily, as it did throughout the game. The instruments consisted of a large drum, two smaller ones, and two flutes which sounded like a combination of bazooka and bagpipe. The music, the Raja said, varied with the game, and was designed to "encourage or shame the players."

The game we saw, which was more or less typical of polo as it is played in Gilgit, would have whitened the hair of any polo umpire in the west. There was no umpire and there were almost no rules. At the beginning of the game there were five men on one team and six on the other, but this figure varied from time to time as men dropped out to have a cigarette, repair a stick, or chat with friends on the sidelines.

The riding performances of the sturdy farmers who were playing would have done credit to any rodeo, and needed to, for it obviously took a great deal of skill just to stay alive. Twice a player was knocked from his pony, but on both occasions he got up and rode again despite the fact that the horse had rolled right over him.

In wild rushes the teams swept from one end of the field to the other, ponies crossing in front of each other in crashing abandon, the players dodging the swinging mallets, which frequently splintered from the impact of the game. On the sidelines three men worked feverishly, repairing sticks and making new ones—flimsy affairs of twisted handles and tilted heads. Since the stone wall edged the field, the ball frequently ricocheted from it in unexpected directions, or flying high, grazed the heads of the spectators.

Whenever the teams were temporarily occupied at one end of the field, young men would climb down from the sidelines to dance impromptu in front of the band, and little boys would emerge at the other end, with miniature polo sticks of their own. Everyone scattered, however, when a goal was scored, for this was immediately followed by a rush down the field, a member of the winning team carrying the ball in his hand. Halfway, riding like a windstorm, he would throw the ball into the air and crack it down the field toward the opposing team's goal, which changed after each goal was scored.

Players are also permitted to catch the ball in their hands whenever possible and to ride it down the field for a goal. If this happens, however, there are no holds barred and other players may try to brain the rider with a polo stick, grab his pony's reins, or knock the rider off his horse. When one of our men at Nomal managed to carry the ball triumphantly through the goal posts the feat threw the audience into an ecstacy of whistles, and sent the band into cascades of flutings and drummings.

Unlike the game as it is played in India and the West, where chukkers last seven and a half minutes, Gilgit polo in some cases goes on without interruption until one side scores nine goals or, as the old Raja says, "until some of the horses drop dead." At our game, however, the Raja stopped the play after forty-five minutes so that his visitors could enjoy tea and hard-boiled eggs, and witness some Gilgit dancing. Among the dancers were several of the polo players, one of them with a bleeding nose and a cut across his face from a hard-swung mallet.

"He is a farmer, as we all are," said the Raja, whose palace is a mud and stone farmhouse just behind the polo field. "Farmers have to be tough to grow anything in these mountains. So we're all tough, and we all play polo from the time we're twelve years old. I'm over fifty, and I only stopped two years ago."

The game went on for half an hour more after tea, and only ended when one team had finally scored its ninth goal. There was great rejoicing because Juma Khan, our cook, had hit the winning goal, and the admiring band played a special tune in his honor. Inevitably, dinner was late that night—but the polo was worth it.

MARGARET PARTON is India correspondent of the New York Herald Tribune. She has been there for two years and formerly was stationed in Japan.

You Can Go to Your Right?

By John K. Hutchens

It isn't exactly ready for public inspection yet, but I have been working on a little theory to the effect that the authors and publishers of baseball books are about to put the minor leagues out of business. In another year, say. You got good hands and you can go to your right? Then there isn't anything you could learn in the Texas League that you can't get out of a book these days, and easier and faster, too.

What have you got to gain playing the nickle-tip and all-day bus circuit when you can stay at home and take a course under Prof. Joe DiMaggio ("Baseball for Everyone"), Prof. Robert Feller ("How to Pitch"), Prof. Lou Boudreau ("Infield Play")? Where else do you think all these kids are learning when their only playing experience is a season with the Missoula County High School team before they are snatched from the cradle and sent to the Boston Red Sox with a bonus of $875,000?

Maybe the same kind of thing is going on in football and hockey, too. I haven't checked on those, because nobody has time for everything, and, besides, since last March I have been too busy digesting Prof. George Sisler's instructions (in "How to Play Baseball") on where the first baseman should be with a runner on second, the ball hit to right, center or left, and a possible cut-off play coming up. After all, guys like Earl Torgeson and Mickey Vernon aren't going to last forever, and if Lou Perini and Bill Veeck are shopping around for a new first baseman who has read all the books . . .

You say age or previous experience might have something to do with it? Professor Sisler doesn't say so. What Professor Sisler says is that "the intelligence, or thought, put into playing first base will determine how expert a first baseman can be." That's all. Anybody can get in on this who can read.

Some of the books take more thought than others, being illustrated by diagrams that roughly resemble the structural design for a rocket ship, but you can put those aside to look at later as a kind of post-graduate course. The fundamentals are no trouble. No trouble at all.

For instance, on the same faculty with Professor Sisler, in "How to Play Baseball," is Prof. Roger Hornsby, who gives a course in hitting which pained and startled National League pitchers for nineteen years. In a notable lecture that ought to fill the training camps next spring with middle-aged gents bearing Louisville Sluggers last used the year they didn't quite make the varsity at Nevada State Normal, Professor Hornsby says: "The baseball prospect is advised that it is possible for him to become a smart, tricky batter, a long-distance hitter, and a batter who will make his mark in the game if he will overcome his weaknesses, study every word of these instructions and practice batting at every opportunity."

Room for all of us there, what? Professor Hornsby's instructions are easy, too. Keep your eye on the ball, swing only at the good pitches, and watch your follow-through. The book doesn't say you get your money back if you fail to wind up with a lifetime average of .358, like the Professor. But, after considerable reflection, I don't see why you shouldn't.

In fact, once you have gone through the bulk of this literature, the only remaining tough decision is to choose the position you want to play when you have reported to Manager Casey Stengel and been told to take your pick of jobs. ("You say you're an ex-book reviewer, well over 18, and you've mastered Dr. Boudreau on infield play? We've been waiting for you, Mr. Smithers.") Assisted by an advisory board comprising Carl Hubbell, Bill Dickey, Frankie Frisch and Art Fletcher, Professor DiMaggio (in "Baseball for Everyone") makes this task of selection tougher by writing a book that covers everything. The danger here is, of course, that somebody else who has also read the book and made up his mind quickly will get there before you do. But that, too, is part of the course. All the books say that in this business you have to think fast, like the late John McGraw.

Speaking of Mr. McGraw and other titans of the great past, another branch of the current baseball literature has something to say to readers who, for one reason or another, would rather sit in the grandstand. These are the baseball histories, replete with Homeric deeds that overshadow the present even while you are looking at it. The excellent works of Tom Meany, John Durant, Fred Lieb and others are welcome grist to the ancient, in whose testy view there has not been a really first-rate control pitcher since Babe Adams or a throwing arm worthy of the name since Bob Meusel's.

Does Dominic DiMaggio bunt neatly down the third base line and beat the throw by a step? Cobb would have taken second, third and, with a favoring wind, home. Does Dominic's brother Joseph go to the flagpole and pull down a long smash with peerless grace? Speaker would have done the same thing more impressively, because he would have started his long run from shallow center field where he loitered in wait for Texas Leaguers.

JOHN K. HUTCHENS is associate book reviewer of the New York Herald Tribune. He conducts a weekly department called "On the Books" in the Sunday Book Review.

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They're Made in the Fall

By Joe E. Palmer

Spring is for the brilliance of classic three-year-olds. The hot months of summer produce a mixed bag—the three-year-olds under weight differentials, one handicap after another at distances from a mile and an eighth to a mile and a quarter, and the tentative unveiling, at Saratoga, of the faster two-year-olds. By fall a good deal of the new has worn off, a good many of the customers have got a little track sore, as have a good many of the horses, and the rising tempo of football is pulling the headlines away from the race tracks. But fall racing is for the connoisseur.

The comparison isn't exact, but just as a baseball team begins to show its real mettle under the strain and tension of a pennant drive, so the class of the thoroughbred defines itself as the distances lengthen, and the pull of a long campaign of training begins to drag at muscles and courage.

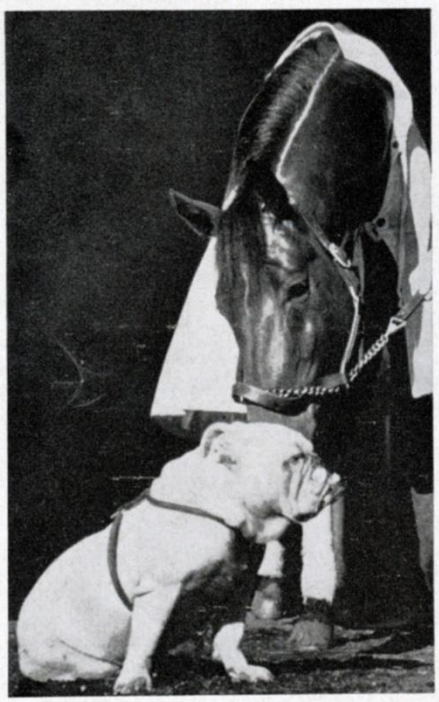
It doesn't ask much of a fresh young two-year-old, for instance, to whirl a sparkling five furlongs down the Widener chute in the spring. Sheer speed and condition will do the trick, and the faint-hearted glitter as promisingly as the genuine. Pull the distance out, and the two come apart.

At this time last year, for instance, only a few confirmed racetrackers could have identified Capot, and these could have told you only that he was a moderate Greentree colt about which nothing was known except that he had a little speed. No handicapper would have ranked him with the first fifty. The talk was of Mr. Busher, of Blue Peter, of Olympia, Ocean Drive, and others that are now forgotten.

But at this time last year none of the youngsters had gone more than six and a half furlongs, and most had gone only six. Came the one-mile Champagne Stakes at Belmont in the fall, and it was Capot that moved out of the pack in the stretch. Came the mile-and-a-sixteenth Pimlico Futurity a little later, and it was Capot again.

You will remember that last spring it was Capot which ran Olympia off his legs in the Kentucky Derby and pricked the growing bubble of invincibility, it was Capot which held off Palestinian in the Preakness, and it was Capot which lasted out the testing mile and a half of the Belmont Stakes against Ponder and the others. It was, in brief, fall racing in 1948 which pointed out the leader of the three-year-old division in 1949.

This time last year Citation was a brilliant three-year-old, by far the best of what many observers thought was a bad crop. Nobody questioned his ability in his own division, but again and again came the question, "What did he ever beat? What would he do if a good horse got hold of him?"



CHAMPION AT PLAY: Calumet Farm's Citation nudges Butch, but to no avail. The bulldog just doesn't speak to strangers.

So in the fall, at weight-for-age, Citation went against Phalanx and Conniver and the other older stars, over the searching routes of the two-mile Jockey Club Gold Cup and Empire City's international race at a mile and five furlongs. When he got through beating fields like these, with the same frictionless stride that the three-year-olds had found unmatchable, there were virtually no sceptics left, and by the time of the Pimlico Special nobody wanted any part of him. The more conservative said, "The best since Man o' War." The majority said, "The best we've ever seen." Again it took the long routes of the big fall races to give the real accolade.

So now, with the tentative rankings of Saratoga established, racing comes to another fall, with another crop of two-year-olds to sort out for grit and stamina. And yet another crop of three-year-olds has the chance to go up against the proved older horses and to show, to get back to that earlier comparison with baseball, whether they can hit big league pitching.

Predictions are always tentative in racing, for one false stride at racing speed, one wrenched muscle leaving the starting gate, or even one bit of bad judgment by a trainer or a jockey, can put a horse out of racing for months, or even forever.

But as these lines are written, Citation is galloping soundly after three-quarters of a year of rest. Assault is back in training after more than a year of retirement. Stymie, his broken sesamoid apparently entirely healed, is scheduled for a return. The odds are against any one of them, and almost prohibitively against the successful return of all three. But if even some of these can be pitched in against the more successful of this year's handicappers, and against such of the three-year-olds as have proved themselves best, the racing of this fall will be the best of the year.

Just now the racing scene is at Aqueduct. But presently it moves to Belmont. When the Champagne Stakes, the Lawrence Realization, the Futurity, the Ladies' Handicap, and the Jockey Gold Cup have been run we'll know a great deal more about this year's horses than we do now. The spring and summer sort out the finalists. Racing in the fall picks the champions.

JOE E. PALMER, racing writer for the New York Herald Tribune, is one of the nation's top authorities on thoroughbred breeding. In addition to his racing coverage, he conducts a weekly column called "Views of the Turf" every Monday in the Herald Tribune.

Pate de Foie Gras

By Lester Grant

In the days before the liver treatment for pernicious anemia, the disease was considered incurable and the death rate for this affliction was rising steadily—from 12 for each 100,000 of the population in 1921 to about 18 for each 100,000 in 1926. Then Drs. George Minot and William Murphy, of Boston, found that the taking of a half-pound of liver daily would control the condition.

Dr. Minot had been concerned for a number of years with a missing "something" in pernicious anemia patients and he came across a number of references on the value of liver as a food. In 1922, Dr. George H. Whipple, at the University of Rochester School of Medicine, conducted a series of feeding experiments on dogs made anemic by bleeding. The experiments showed that liver was exceptionally valuable in restoring the blood to normal.

The upshot of all this was that Dr. Minot, in the early twenties, began asking some of his patients to try eating liver regularly, and in a few years the treatment became an established form of therapy.

Had not Minot, Murphy and Whipple gone to work on the problem then, there's no telling how long it might have taken for science to bring the disease under control. Yet there were clews in the literature before the Boston doctors started their experiments, and, indeed, it was on the basis of these clews that these doctors began their investigations.

LESTER GRANT is a member of the city staff of the New York Herald Tribune who specializes in medical reporting. He won a Nieman Fellowship at Harvard and studied medicine and its background for the 1947-'48 academic year there.

One clew—not found in the literature—concerns a delicacy, familiar to all gourmets, which is known as pate de foie gras, or goose liver.

There is a story that made the rounds in New York about a woman who had pernicious anemia. The woman, like some women, liked to eat and by eating and without knowing what she was eating, kept herself alive in a way that astonished a doctor.

The story starts thirty years ago. Perhaps by this time it has become apocryphal, if not just plain exaggerated. But anyway here it is:

During World War I, a sick woman visited a New York doctor and was told that she had pernicious anemia and that there was no specific treatment for the disease. She was advised to take the routine measures of the day and go about her business as best she could.

She left the doctor feeling badly but got along, as best she could, for about five years. Then she returned to the physician. He remembered her case, was quite surprised to see her, told her again that he could not do much for her. She left a second time, returned in about three years. The date of the second return was about 1926.

The doctor was astonished to see the woman again, wondered how she had managed to keep going, but on this third visit, he had encouraging news for her. The conversation between doctor and patient (we shall call her Mrs. Brown) went something like this:

"Well, Mrs. Brown, this time you are in luck. I can do something for you. Some Boston doctors have shown that the eating of liver will control pernicious anemia. . ."

"Liver? Did you say liver?"

"Yes, liver."

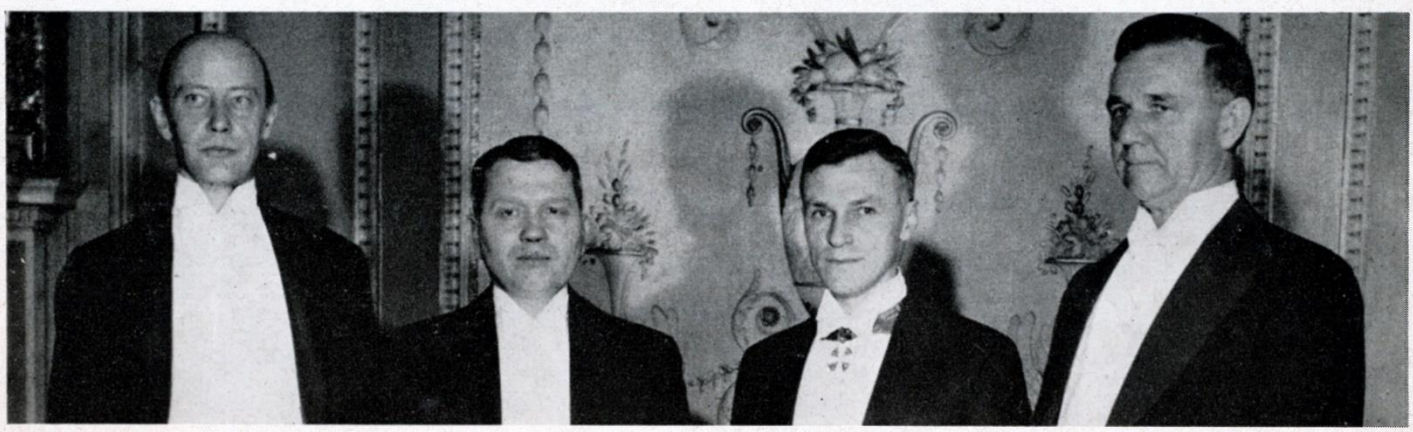
"Well, doctor, that explains everything."

"What do you mean, it explains everything?"

"I mean that when I first saw you eight years ago, I felt quite badly about the diagnosis, as I did three years ago. When I feel badly, I try to do things to cheer myself up. One of the things I love to do is to eat. . . ."

"Yes, you love to eat. So?"

"And one of the things I love to eat is pate de foie gras."



NOBEL PRIZE WINNERS: Left to right are Dr. George R. Minot, Dr. Harold C. Urey, Dr. William P. Murphy and Dr. George H. Whipple, when they were awarded Nobel prizes in science in 1934. Drs. Minot, Murphy and Whipple gained medical awards for their work in pernicious anemia. Dr. Urey took the chemistry prize.

Football 'n Vodka

By Seymour Freidin

About this time of year in Vienna the hirsute young men in the American occupation forces will be breaking out a few new footballs in a little bowl they named "Pot O' Gold."

They'll belt each other around with more zest than technique. A couple of lads will have their features slightly adjusted. The Viennese will cluster in the little stadium for the fifth consecutive year. They'll cluck at this needless waste of energy and wonder if whipped cream will ever come back for coffee.

And, for the fifth consecutive year, if he's still in town, a little blondish man with a big notebook and a fountain pen will be standing on the sidelines scribbling furiously.

He's a keen observer, but he's not a scout. Out that way, nobody bothers about scouting a team. But, by the diligence of his scrawling, the ears cocked for every phrase that might boil out from among the GIs watching, you might think he was getting ready to submit a full report on some rangy kid who could smother a ball carrier, or maybe instinctively mousetrap a tackle.

He'll probably be wearing a light topcoat over a black suit. That suit matches his eyes, which are black, penetrating, intelligent. The scribbler was once a colleague of mine. He's a Soviet newspaper man. We belonged to the same journalists' social club. Out there, you're a journalist.

We swapped soda pop for vodka. Perhaps because I got the vodka things turned out the way they did. We weren't exactly bosom pals, but we were pretty friendly. As friendly as two characters far from home who didn't believe in the same things could ever get.

Once, though, we decided that we should attempt to learn everything we could about each other. Then, some understanding could be reached. I guess we thought that way because we both drank vodka that night. Or, it could have been that we were both fed up arguing ideology. It seemed a safe enough bet that neither "imperialism" nor "Communist infiltration" could get very far in a football game, European or American style.

He came around and called for me at the crack of dawn. It seemed I had only left him twenty minutes earlier. We talked about football, American style, because that's what we were going to see. And he had a bottle of vodka along with him. I also had told him of some of the quaint Americana that accompanied the game.

It's a short haul from the center of town to the "Pot O' Gold." My friend wondered about the derivation of the name. He spoke English very fluently, but that name stymied him a little. He made some notes.

We arrived in time to see a couple of battalion-level teams warm up. They were fairly husky boys. Some of them handled themselves as if they had played the game for quite a while. My friend's ears pricked up when he heard a little of the talk in the stands. Some of it was ribald; some went like this:

"We'll beat your ears off today," "That fullback we got'll take that club of yours apart," "You'll have to pick up the pieces when we get through."

My friend made some notes.

Both teams had new uniforms. One was caparisoned in bright blue pants and gold helmets. The other had dark purple pants and red helmets. My friend asked about the uniforms. He made some notes.

Intensely, he watched the kick-off, saw a little scat-back in a gold helmet duck for the sidelines, cut over and go about thirty yards before he was nailed. A hubbub of chatter suffused the stands.

The little fellow was apparently the brains of the blue and gold. He set up the plays, out of a box formation, which I tried to explain. His club moved steadily in five yard chunks towards pay dirt. Then, he drifted back to pass. He was trapped by a couple of big linesmen who sloughed through.

"Hit him, hit him," a couple of GIs howled.

My friend looked at them. He took some notes.

The little back was hit hard, two on one. He went out cold and time was called. He rose shaking his head, staggered off to the bench for a respite. My friend took some notes.

The game continued. It was kind of desultory. A few times each team managed to get within the ten-yard line, but stalled. A few more boys were belted out, but left under their own steam. My friend kept taking notes. It wound up a scoreless tie and we all trooped back downtown.

My colleague asked me if this game was fairly prevalent in the United States. I said Americans loved it. I told him that for some big games 80,000 or more frenzied partisan fans paid fancy prices to get a seat. He took some notes.

We shook hands and parted, promising to see each other soon. As often happened, we had to get off on something that prevented another quick meeting.

When I returned, a friend in a liaison section held up a newspaper in the Russian language. It was locally distributed for Soviet troops. He also had a translation of a story that seemed to make quite a splash on page one. I read the translation, which began:

"American Barbarism in Vienna: Eyewitness account of a primitive sport favored by the United States."

It went on about how the American spectators tried to get drunk; how they tried to spur the opponents on to mangle each other; how they wore war-like uniforms even in games and how their love for gold was so overpowering that they even named their stadium after the stuff.

Every year since, my colleague attends the opening game at "Pot O' Gold." As the cold war gets more congealing, so do his descriptions of football, American style.

I've seen him many times since, but I've never really taken him to task for his stories. Besides, I'm a little sad. We never did nip at the vodka that afternoon. And I was never taken to a Russian football game. So, I couldn't take notes.

SEYMOUR FREIDIN formerly was a member of the foreign staff of the New York Herald Tribune and has had first-hand experience with the Russians. He is now a free-lance writer.

TOP OF THE EVENING

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