1950
FRESH AIR FUND
FOOTBALL GAME

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NEW YORK Herald Tribune

1950 FRESH AIR FUND GAME

N. Y. FOOTBALL GIANTS vs LOS ANGELES RAMS

1950

POLO GROUNDS

Thursday—SEPT. 7, 1950—8:30 P.M.

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL HESSE

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NEW YORK
Herald Tribune
Fresh Air Fund Game Program

Irving T. Marsh, Editor

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The Front Cover

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Full House

By Frederick H. Lewis

Executive Director
THE HERALD TRIBUNE FRESH AIR FUND

Can you imagine the spectacle of the Polo Grounds filled, every nook and cranny of it, by youngsters five to fourteen—50,000 of them! If you have weak nerves, this may not be a wholly intriguing thought, especially if they were your personal responsibility. But now imagine that the place is emptied and filled up again fifteen times—and you have some idea of the number of needy children the Herald Tribune Fresh Air Fund has sent on country vacations during the last 74 years.

From where you sit perhaps you can see the small fraction of almost 10,000 summer vacationers of 1950 seated in the boxes at the west end of the field. Some of them went to a Fresh Air camp and others were guests of private families in "Friendly Towns."

How did these children get to the country? Because people like you dug into their jeans for more than three hundred thousand dollars, and because of two ball games, tonight's and the annual basketball classic at Madison Square Garden.

Perhaps in buying a ticket for tonight's affair your interest was solely that of viewing the respective talents of the Giants and the Rams. A survey made at a recent Fund benefit game revealed that 34% of the clients knew before the game that it had any significance beyond an athletic one—despite the banners visible to all. By game's end, however, 92% were aware of what it meant. The fact is that were it not for the twelve annual September games like this one, several thousand tenement kids would have missed the greatest adventure of their young lives.

A large number of the faithful are very much aware of what this game means to the children of New York City. When World War II interrupted this series in 1943 and 1944, seats were sold—all of them on the fifty yard line—for a "Phantom Game," a contest that existed only in the mind of Stanley Woodward, then Sports Editor of the Herald Tribune. During the months preceding tonight's game, many a fan who could not be on hand for this affair sent in his money anyway, asking that it be given to the Fresh Air Fund.

It takes a lot of generous people to keep the Fresh Air wheels rolling. The program involves hundreds of volunteers without whose aid the Fund could not operate. For example, during the past few weeks you have undoubtedly heard many an announcer or disc jockey at one time or another on practically every radio station in town speaking about this game and urging support of the Fresh Air Fund. These people are but one group of Fresh Air volunteers whose only pay is the satisfaction of having brought some happiness into the lives of the children who live in the seamy part of this asphalt jungle composed of the five boroughs.

Under the threat of world explosion, Americans are unified today to a degree that we seem to achieve only in times of national emergency. But war or peace, year in and year out, the Herald Tribune Fresh Air Fund has been a force for unity ever since 1877—which is before most ticket holders at this game were born.

With full respect for the diversity among New Yorkers as to race, belief and national origin, the Fund has not only served all comers who are in need but has drawn its financial support from people in every walk of life and every political persuasion.

The record of Fresh Air should be a source of comfort for those who have been confused and disturbed about the "welfare state." Certain people among us seem to believe that we, the people, are not seriously enough interested in the needs of those in need nor capable of doing much about them—hence the "all wise" government should move in on a broad front and take over. If this should happen we might as well join up with Joe Stalin right now for that is the way he runs his country. On the other hand, despite the fact that our nation is a big and complicated organism requiring

(Continued on Page 76)






The Year Between

By Red Smith

Last time football players snatched at one another's eyeballs for the greater glory of the Herald Tribune Fresh Air Fund, the world was more or less at peace and the only warfare of note involved the St. Louis Cardinals and Brooklyn Dodgers in the National League, the New York Yankees and Boston Red Sox in the American.

Now, a year later, there is still fight in the Cardinals and Dodgers, Red Sox and Yanks, but not so much as in the Phillies and Braves, the Detroit Tigers and Cleveland Indians.

In September, 1949, mighty Michigan swaggered in the show window of American college football, winner of twenty-five consecutive games. A few weeks later headlines carried the score: Army, 21; Michigan, 7. When the season ended, Army, Notre Dame and Oklahoma were accepted as the best college football teams in the country. This year the best college football teams in the country are expected to be Army, Notre Dame and Oklahoma.

A year ago, stagnation lay upon the fist fight industry. Joe Louis was in retirement and Ezzard Charles, a Cincinnati music lover, was recognized as heavyweight champion by all states save New York, Jake LaMotta had won the middleweight championship from a crippled Marcel Cerdan and was successfully disguising his enthusiasm for a return match with Cerdan. The match which the public wanted most to see was a bout between Willie Pep and Sandy Saddler, who had won the featherweight title from Pep and then lost it back to him.

Since then, one major title has changed hands in the ring. (Flyweights don't count, inasmuch as they are members of an exclusive boys' club, not a weight division.) Joey Maxim, a boxer whose principal asset is prudence, won the light-heavyweight championship from Freddy Mills, a minor English poet.

Other divisions have maintained the status stagnatus. Joe Louis is in training for a bout with Ezzard Charles, who never wanted to fight him. Cerdan is dead and LaMotta is matched with another Frenchman named Laurent Dauthuille. The public awaits a meeting between Pep and Saddler. All states save New York recognize Charles as heavyweight champion.

The most violent warfare in professional football in 1949 was fought at the box office as the National League and All-America Conference bled each other white in a struggle for gate receipts. Most furious disputes in the saloons concerned the relative merits of the Philadelphia Eagles, champions of the National League, and the Cleveland Browns, perennial despots of the All-America.

September, 1950, finds the All-America Conference a cadaver and box office rivalry a thing of the past. When championship competition begins among the pros, the first big match will bring together the Eagles and the Browns, now members of the same league.

Twelve months ago the biggest name in golf was Ben Hogan, although he was not then a contestant for any title. He was down home in Texas, recuperating slowly from an almost fatal automobile accident.

He is still recuperating from that accident. But in the meantime he has played in, and won, the National Open championship, thereby accomplishing what may be the most remarkable triumph in the whole history of competitive sports.

Reading hastily through the hastily written paragraphs above, one gets the impression that nothing of significance has happened in a whole year in the whole sports world. This is a mistaken impression.

Last time we all gathered in the Polo Grounds, the St. Louis Browns were locked in a spirited struggle with the Washington Senators for last place in the American League. Since then, great advances have been made. It became apparent to the St. Louis brainbund that the seat of the Browns' trouble was their libidos.

Immediate steps were taken. For the first time since Abner Doubleday did not invent baseball, a major league club retained a psychiatrist-hypnotist to mesmerize the athletes singly and in massed formation, sublimating their psychic rillarae and transmuting the paramic fortisan to fersteth.

As a result—and nobody but a snide will attempt to odvert this in any formath whatsoever — the St. Louis Browns are now locked in a spirited struggle with the Philadelphia Athletics for last place in the American League! This is the biggest thing since penicillin.

Surveying the sports scene, one notes changes in even the loftiest brackets. A year ago, Mayor William O'Dwyer was recognized as New York's First Gentleman of the Turf, he having put the bite on the city's horse players for five cents out of every betting dollar.

There came a day when Hizzoner spoke with warm approval of all forms of gambling, including bets on hockey games, which bookmakers won't accept. There came another day when Mr. O'Dwyer spake shudderingly of sin, crying that all race tracks should be put to the plowshare.

As of this moment, the Mayor is packing his tropical worsteds. He is now Senor

(Continued on Page 76)

RED SMITH, sports columnist of the New York Herald Tribune, is author of a recently published book, "Out of the Red."

Mature's Greatest Fight

By John Crosby

JOHN CROSBY is perhaps the nation's outstanding commentator on radio and television. He conducts a column on these matters four times each week in the New York Herald Tribune.

Cecil B. De Mille's great movie excess, "Samson and Delilah" which John Steinbeck reviewed succinctly in a single line ("Saw the movie. Loved the book"), contains one episode which has already attracted considerable well merited attention. That's the one where Victor Mature leaps out of a charlot in pursuit of a lion.

"You forgot your spear," Hedy Lamarr shouts at him.

"It's only a young lion," replies Mr. Mature, and forthwith dispatches it.

To you younger fight fans and even to some of you older ones who haven't followed Mr. Mature's fighting career, this bit may smell faintly incredible. The veterans among us who have watched the boy since his early days knew it was no contest to start out with. The lion never should have been matched against Mature. You wouldn't throw Willie Pep against Lee Savold, would you?

Me, I've been following Mature since way back when he was acting—well, appearing, then—in "1,000,000 B.C." which was loudly acclaimed on its first run as the worst motion picture ever made, anytime, anywhere. I consider that claim sweeping. There have been a great many motion pictures perpetrated since Thomas Alva Edison committed the error of inventing that terrible machine. I think it rash to elevate any single picture to such high honor. One of the ten worst, maybe. Not necessarily the worst.

Normally, pictures don't fall into my purlieu. (If you don't know what a purlieu is, you ought to be reading Nick Kenny. A purlieu, as any fool can easily discover by a trip to the dictionary, is afforested land, severed from the royal forest by perambulation, and disafforested so as to remit to the former owners their rights, subject to certain forest laws and restrictions. Let's press forward men).

I repeat. Normally, pictures don't fall into my purlieu. They fall, by perambulation, into the purlieu of the movie critics. However, there is a statute of limitations on these things. When a picture gets on television, the movie critics wash their hands of it. As far as "1,000,000 B.C." is concerned, the movie critics washed their hands of it the day it appeared, some of them washing their hands uninterruptedly for four days running. And anyhow, "1,000,000 B.C." along with the other nine worst pictures ever made, is now on television, where, if you're sufficiently agile, you may catch the early fighting Mature. (If you want to refer to him as the immature Mature, go right ahead. But leave me out of it.)

He had three fights in this picture, all of them, if you're a student of the game, interesting. The first was with a saber-toothed buffalo, weighing in at 1,200 pounds. It was a good fight. The two of them, Mature and the buffalo, disafforested about half an acre of timber before Mature, in the first minute of the second round, severed the beast permanently from the royal forest.

You could tell the kid was green. He wouldn't keep his left up and his footwork was slow and uncertain. But he was game, aggressive and willing to learn. Trouble with the first fight was it made the kid cocky. He insisted next on a match with an elephant, weighing in at twelve tons and clearly out of his class. In the first ten seconds of the fight, an elephant pitched him 1,000 feet—straight down—into a river. The late Carole Landis had to wade out and rescue him.

That contest sobered him. He buckled down to serious work. His next time out

(Continued on Page 74)

Here's Victor Mature in a couple of his better battles in "Samson and Delilah." At left, he's smashing furniture. In center, he's been subdued, but it won't be for long. The picture at the right may not completely fill the category, but how else could we run Hedy Lamarr's picture.

This Is Baseball?

By Joseph G. Herzberg

"We got more players and less talent than I ever seen before."

—Dizzy Dean

Far be it from me to pretend I know anything about baseball. When you work on the local side of the City Room, you learn right away not to venture into the Sports Department. Whatever opinion you express, you get your head bitten off, especially when you make the statement that ballplayers are not what they used to be.

Maybe I am getting old, and if advancing age makes me bitter, at least I am glad that I lived long enough ago to have seen ballplayers whose like we don't have around today. I also know that a lot of pink-cheeked boys are going to read this and dismiss it as the rosy memories of a guy who isn't what he used to be, either.

We will begin with statistics. On Sunday, July 16, 1950, fifteen games were played in the major leagues, so-called. Sixty-eight pitchers held the opposing teams to 188 runs, compounded of 337 base hits, including thirty-seven home runs. The persons who masquerade as pitchers nowadays handed out ninety-five walks.

My rapidly deteriorating mind goes back to the Sunday of July 2, 1933, when a pitcher named Carl Hubbell outlasted the St. Louis Cardinals' Tex Carleton and Jesse Haines and gave the Giants a 1-0 victory in eighteen innings. He yielded six hits and nobody got to first on a walk. And he wasn't facing a bunch of cripples, not with Frank Frisch, Joe Medwick, Pepper Martin and Rip Collins swinging bats. In the second game that same Sunday, Roy Parmelee beat Dizzy Dean by the same score in nine innings. The Friday before, Dean beat Hal Schumacher, 1 to 0.

I hear a lot of talk about this or that present-day second baseman but where would he have been with infielders like Charlie Gehringer, Rabbitt Maranville, Frisch, Rogers Hornsby, Billy Herman, Tony Lazzeri, Max Bishop and Hughie Critz, the little man who had no more trouble going left or right to put away ground balls than he had with the pebbles he was always picking up and stowing in his pockets. And whatever happened to the first basemen? The only ones they have around now are mostly converted catchers and outfielders. Who is there now cast in the heroic mold of Gehrig, Greenberg, Foxx, Terry, Charlie Grimm, George Sisler and Bottomley? This fellow Dropo may be in the mold but we can't tell by one season. Notice I am sticking to my own age and haven't mentioned Hal Chase, Stuffy McGinnis, Joe Burns, Joe Judge, George Kelly at first or Lajoie or Eddie Collins at second.

Shortstop is the place where I will grudgingly admit that modern baseball comes closest to having people who resemble their ancestors. Rizzuto, Boudreau, Marion, Reese and perhaps one or two more stack up pretty well with Travis Jackson, Glenn Wright, Joe Cronin, Billy Jurges, Frank Crossetti and Leo Durocher. An earlier day had Davey Bancroft, Everett Scott and Roger Peckinpaugh, and before them was the legendary Honus Wagner. But these modern shortstops must feel pretty let down when they look over toward third. Where Pie Traynor, Joe Dugan, Luke Sewell, Red Rolfe and Freddie Lindstrom were kingpins there is now only George Kell to keep the tradition. Nobody would ever say that Pepper Martin was another Traynor yet with the help of his legs and chest he did better than most of the third basemen around today.

And the catchers! How anyone should pay good money today to watch some of the backstopping somebody else must explain. Seeing some of them floundering under a pop foul makes me weep for Ray Schalk. A fellow named Cy Perkins would be the best catcher around now but he couldn't even get into the game because the Athletics had Mickey Cochrane. Even Mickey had tough competition for the title of the best. Disputing it with him were Bill Dickey, Gabby Hartnett, Al Lopez and Rick Ferrell.

When Musial and Henrich are not playing first they belong in any outfield. So does Slaughter, the DiMaggios, Ted Williams, Ralph Kiner and a couple more if you stretch a point. They are pretty good but they can't be judged fairly by infants who never saw Ruth, Meusel and Combs, the Waners, Sam Rice, Heinie Manush, Harry Heilman, Eddie Roush, Al Simmons, Earl Averill, Joe Medwick, Goose Goslin, Roger Cramer, Mel Ott, Chick Hafey, etc., etc., etc. I saw the fading Cobb and Speaker, too, if you want any more references.

I'll not say much about pitchers. Just find me some lefthanders like Hubbell, Herbie Pennock, Bill Hallahan, Lefty Grove and Lefty Gomez, or even one who can't hit worth a dime but is as good on the mound as Babe Ruth. My first great hero was Ferdie Schupp, the next was Artie Nehf. Name me a leftie today I can worship. For right-handers, I can remember afternoons at Yankee Stadium or the Polo Grounds when Charlie Ruffing and West Ferrell opposed each other, or Schumacher or Fitzsimmons battled either Dizzy or Paul Dean. Put down the name of a right-hander this season who could pitch with Dazzy Vance. Ted Lyons, Lou Warnecke or George Earnshaw. And who today is as good in his twenties as Urban Faber or Jack Quinn or Sad Sam Jones were in their forties—or was it fifties? The way people talk, you would think there never was a relief pitcher the equal of Joe Page. Ever hear of Wilcy Moore or Firpo Marberry?

Even the managers. Why if McGraw was still managing those Giants. . . .

JOSEPH G. HERZBERG is city editor of the New York Herald Tribune with a deep interest in baseball, particularly, as you may note, in the "good old days."

Passion Play

By Barrett McGurn

ROME In ancient little hill villages like Sezze fifty miles south of here, American correspondents have had an opportunity in recent weeks to see the struggle between Communist and non-Communist ideas now going on among millions of persons along Europe's Iron Curtain.

Sezze is slightly larger than Ticonderoga, New York, and claims an age only four centuries less than that of the Eternal City itself. According to Sezze's people, almost all of them petty farmers, the village was founded 400 years before the birth of Christ.

On a casual visit Sezze seems quiet and undisturbed. Housewives try to make ends meet by buying milk a cupful at a time from a woman who balances her whole supply in a five-gallon can on her head. For two or three cents the milk woman swings the big can to the ground, pours a cupful from a spigot and then hoists the container back to position on coiled cloth on her head.

Only in conversations in the village squares or in the texts of wall placards would a visitor be likely to sense the amount of headway Communism has made. As in many similar communities the Mayor, Italo Ficacci, now is a communist. Proportions as high as three to one have gone to Communists or pro-Communists in postwar elections. When Communist leaders in Rome or in cities far outside Italy itself have called for campaigns in behalf of "the dove of peace" or against the atomic bomb, Sezze's squares and house walls promptly have reacted, Communist agitators reciting the slogans in the squares, Communist "action squads" busily posting up the new propaganda placards on the walls.

The current ran particularly heavy in the Communists' favor when the latter got control of a patch of farmland more than a mile square which belonged to an Army veterans organization during Fascism. Land-hungry farmers joined the Communist Party and many received part of the precious patch of ex-veteran soil to work. "If I could only get a piece of land like that, I could transform the situation," the leader of Sezze's Christian party asserted.

Several months ago the situation changed. Since then the future has become anyone's guess. Sezze has left no doubt, however, that it has not forgotten the anti-Communist traditions which were long rooted deeply before the post-war rise of Russia's supporters.

The change occurred about the time that several of Sezze's religious leaders proposed that the village revive its ancient Passion Play, a tradition in the village nearly seven centuries old. The last previous Passion Play was in 1940. Even Mayor Ficacci raised little or no objection. The people "feel" the old tradition. They are Catholics "as well as Communists," the Mayor decided.

A cast of 1,500 quickly was reassembled. At least half, or perhaps even three-quarters of the players were Communists or Communist supporters, although most of the main roles, except for that of Moses, were taken by members of the Christian party or "independents." Pietro Pasqualucci, a fifty-one year old municipal accountant, now a political independent, who lost his job in the postwar expulsion of Fascists, resumed the role of Christ.

Laura Calderozzi, a handsome thirty-four year old farm woman, mother of five children and a member of the Christian party, took up again the role of the Madonna which she has played ever since she was an unmarried girl of eighteen. Loreto Biagini, a shoemaker, an amateur saxophonist, and another member of the Christian party, agreed again to play the part of the traitor, Judas, a part that seems to transform him for the five hours of the play.

Although most of the leads were played by Christian party members, Carlo Vaiardi, fifty-three year old sharecropper who dresses in an exact replica of Michael Angelo's famous sculpture of Moses, found no incongruity in accepting a leading part. "We are not in the (Communist) Party for ideological reasons," he said of himself and of the hundreds of Communists and Communist supporters who accepted minor roles. "We are Communists for social welfare. We're Catholics. If you (Americans) do well by us we'll be for you."

"Judas," who knows his fellow villagers, agreed.

"You can explain it all (the villagers' Communism) by the need for work," the impersonator of Judas expressed it. "You can begin with me. I've been unemployed several months."

When Dante Tasciotti, the assistant director, tried to get 300 villagers to take the part of a crowd shouting for the crucifixion of Christ none of the villagers, whether Communist or members of the Christian party, wanted to accept. "We had to explain to them that some one had to play the parts," Tasciotti says.

Sezze's mayor is still a Communist but the anti-Communists think they would win now if another election were held. What the last chapter of Sezze's story and the story of all Europe will be is still impossible to predict. But there is no doubt that recent events have proved that the religious faith which opposes Communism is still alive. Even the chins of Sezze Communists have begun again to sprout the beards which long have been the badge of the village's Passion Players and a testament of their faith.

BARRETT McGURN is chief of the Rome Bureau of the New York Herald Tribune.

No Matter What

By Richard F. Crandell

RICHARD F. CRANDELL is picture editor of the Herald Tribune and an assistant professor at the Graduate School of Journalism, Columbia University.

The Herald Tribune doesn't have the largest number of staff photographers in town, yet no matter what the assignment they always manage to come up with something diverting, pictures that you as readers have long admired, pictures that have won many prizes and widespread recognition in the trade.

There are times when the Herald Trib misses or omits pictures of the Broadway Bandit making his getaway or the chorine pointing to the very thigh pinched by the Broadway Playboy. Yet the Herald Trib was the first New York paper to come up with a Pulitzer Prize in news photography.

Where there are only eight photographers (an "octet of lens luminaries" as sports would say), there can be no specialists. For instance Joe Engels, a master of table-settings and chops in the institute, has been detached from pictures of lampshades to fly out to the Mississippi to make flood shots and Jack Frank, who makes many prize-winning sports shots, has been switched from the Dodgers to Atom spies with ease.

Ted Kell, who makes many aerial shots, wins prizes for football and is the only photographer in town who lost a whole suit to a fighting gibbon at the Bronx Zoo. Don Rice likes to cover children's pictures but his horse-racing and basketball shots are some of the best in town.

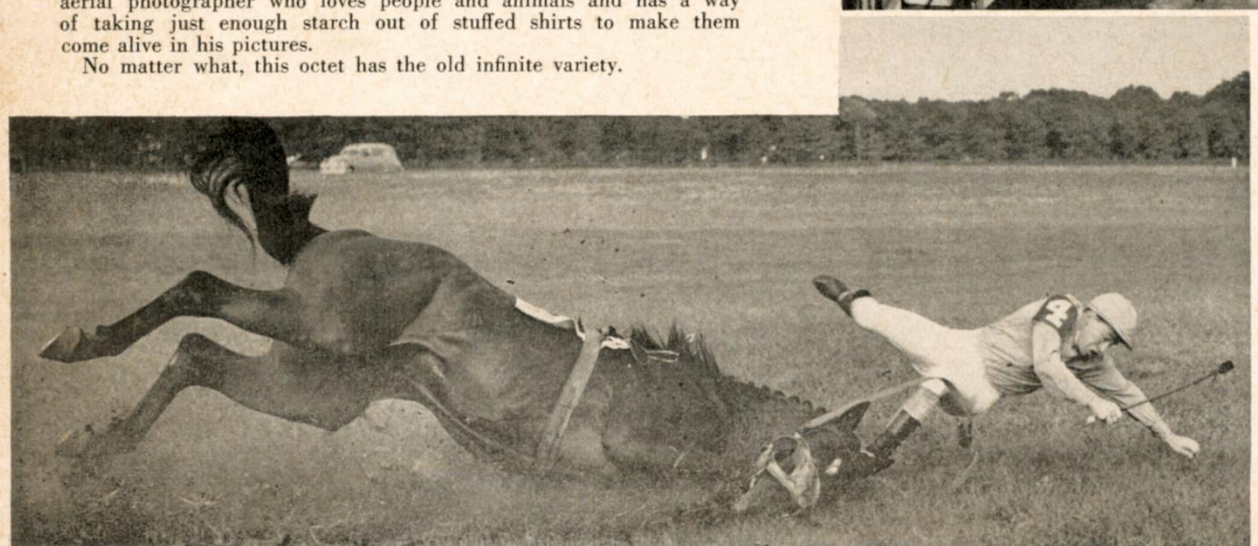
Jimmy Kavallines, who in his spare time translates Greek beautifully for the Herald Tribune, has pictured every politician in the country and manages to come up with a prize-winning cover shot for Irving Marsh's "Best Sports Stories of 1950." Ira Rosenberg, known for 14 Pacific landings as "First Wave" Rosenberg, takes most of the Herald Tribune fashion pictures, yet with equal facility covers City Hall, aerial views or tracks meets.

Morris Warman, of a family of notable photographers, took his first picture for the HT while still in uniform, slid off the roof of City Hall trying for an angle shot and came up with a whole skin, whole camera and a good picture.

Nat Fein, who took a Pulitzer Prize in 1949, is a former Army aerial photographer who loves people and animals and has a way of taking just enough starch out of stuffed shirts to make them come alive in his pictures.

No matter what, this octet has the old infinite variety.

Ira Rosenberg caught this group of bathers lolling on Fashion Beach



Don Rice clicked a spill at Belmont Park

"The Bully," won world acclaim for Nat Fein

"Old School Try" won top prizes for Jack Frank

Rosenberg Kell Fein Kavallines

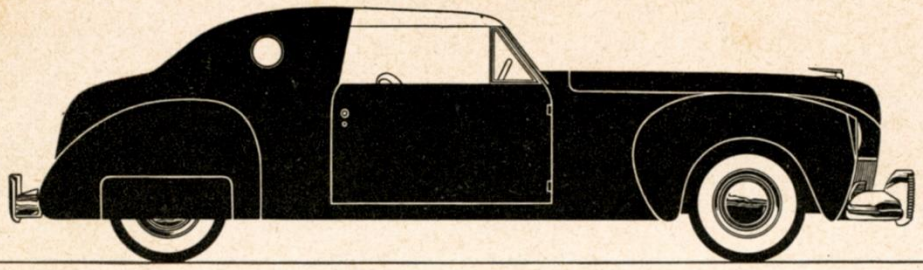
Frank Rice Warman Engels

"Big Blizzard" by Morris Warman

"Winnipeg Floods," by Ted Kell, The Human Torch in Aerial Shots

Joe Engels catches a clambake

"Sonja on Ice," by Jimmy Kavallines



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Grid Grist

By Jesse Abramson

The Giants-Rams game out there on the Polo Grounds turf herald-tribunes the launching of another football season, which indicates a refresher course on the impending campaign is in order. On the varsity campaign, that is. Owing to limitations of space and knowledge, the prospects will be confined to a score of the Eastern powers.

Which means that 1950 will start where 1949 finished, with Army as the East's contender, and a potent one, for national acclaim. Red Blaik's precision-geared double platoon is riding a streak of twenty straight (with two ties). The cadets have lorded it over this section in five of the last six years, with five unbeaten seasons in that stretch.

Cornell, picked to win its third straight Ivy League title, is as loaded with veterans and good backs as is Army and may challenge the West Pointers for sectional leadership though they do not meet. Princeton will menace Cornell in the Ivy set.

Navy is launching the new regime of Eddie Erdelatz, who gets good personnel from the powerful plebe teams of the last two years. Possibly more important to Navy in the long run was Congressional action during the summer that placed Navy's system of appointments on the same plane as Army's, permitting flexibility in selecting alternate candidates (who could be bright football stalwarts).

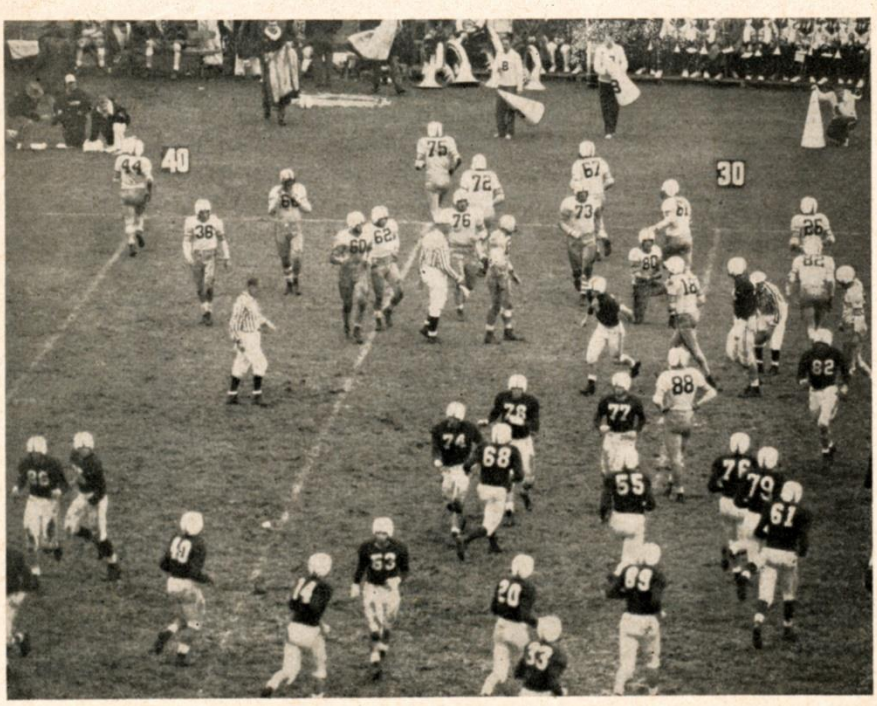
Among other independents Villanova, which barely missed a perfect season last year, and Boston University will be formidable. Others, including Boston College, could be good though their rough schedules will militate against unbeaten seasons.

The turn-over in coaches since a year ago has been greater than usual. Navy, as noted, has a new coach; so have Harvard (Lloyd Jordan) and Brown (Gus Zitrides) in the Ivy League, N. Y. U. (Hugh Devore), Pitt (Len Casanova), Penn State (Rip Engle), and Holy Cross (Dr. Eddie Anderson). All teach the T formation or winged T except Jordan, who sticks basically to the single wing.

The two-platoon system will have a greater vogue, though some coaches, notably Columbia's Lou Little and Yale's Herman Hickman are chiefly concerned with development of a first-string and claim they do not have the personnel for complete offensive and defensive units.

Reasons for Army's No. 1 position going into the 1950 season are obvious and numerous. Foremost are the cadet backs—halfbacks Jim Crain and Frank Fishl and fullback Gil Stephenson in one offensive unit, halfbacks Vic Pollock and Jack Martin and sophomore fullback Al Pollard, the 195-pound speedboy from Loyola of Los Angeles. Directing one or both units will be Bobby Blaik, the coach's son, who understudied Arnold Galiffa last year and is ready to step into his shoes fully armed. He hasn't Galiffa's gorgeous physical assets, but unlike his predecessor he is a quarterback born to the purple. As an instance of what to expect, Bobby, in a spring game, completed 11 of 14 passes for 280 yards and five touchdowns.

Coach Blaik has a new offensive line in which end Dan Foldberg is the lone holdover. It includes former reserves, a couple of sophomores and some converted backs. No Army team in any category lost a game last year, which suggests an ample



JESSE ABRAMSON, veteran sports reporter of the New York Herald Tribune, is top man in his fields of football, track and boxing.

reserve of material. Except at guard Army's defensive unit is intact. The cadet defense was brilliant. If you can't score on Army, how you gonna beat 'em. Watch for a brilliant sophomore quarterback named Gil Reich!

Navy, too, has come up with new guards, and has two thirds of its letter men back. With a new coach and its usual back-breaking schedule, however, Navy's progress will be slow. Sophomore Bob Cameron, from California, will supplant Bobby Zastrow at quarterback.

Cornell, like Army, is loaded with veterans. Lefty James will miss only Hillary Chollet, though he has a fine sophomore left half coming up in Bob Engle to team with fullback Jeff Fleischmann and right half Moose Miller. Rocco Calvo, who was supposed to take over last year before a knee operation sidelined him for the season, is the quarterback-elect. James has scads of seasoned linemen for his two platoons, a star at center in Paul Pierik.

Princeton also is missing only one "indispensable," namely George Sella at wingback, but Charley Caldwell has a great sophomore prospect in Bob Unger to replace him and seasoned veterans in Dick Kazmaier, George Chandler and Jack Davison to round out his single-wing backfield. Holland Donan, 6:5 225-pound defensive tackle, is a line star.

Dartmouth's first-line material was heavily depleted particularly in the line and at end, but Tuss McLaughry starts with an all-senior backfield led by quarterback ace Johnny Clayton. Penn, slipping from its Ivy fortress in recent years, is in for another .500 season or worse. George Munger doesn't have the backs, particularly fullbacks, that he's had, though Bernie Lemonick, Jerry McGinley and Lou Roberts will stiffen the line, particularly at guard and end.

That leaves Brown, Columbia, Yale and Harvard to battle for probable second-division berths in their set. Brown dropped only one game last fall, but few are back. Yale was decimated by graduation, leaving fullback Bob Spears, with a newly repaired knee, quarterback Stu Tisdale, end Brad

(Continued on Page 73)

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WESTBURY, LONG ISLAND

Fabulous Invalid?

By Otis L. Guernsey, Jr.

Pamela Brown and John Gielgud in a scene from the production of Christopher Fry's verse play, "The Lady's Not for Burning," scheduled for this fall.

There are two forms of public exhibition that open their seasons at about the same time: football and theater. While linemen and fast-stepping backs are getting the kinks out of their muscles under the hoarse-voiced guidance of the coach, the people of the theater are brushing the summer circuit straw out of their hair and warming up for the Broadway season under the coaxing of directors. Meanwhile, the raccoon coat of the football spectator and the white tie and tails of the first-nighter are brought down from the attic in preparation for another year.

The theater has been nicknamed "the fabulous invalid." With some of its houses taken over by radio, television and the movies; with Hollywood waiting to pounce on every new talent that raises its head above the crowd, and with production costs making it hard for anything but a smash hit to show a profit, the number of shows per season has dwindled in the past few years. But let's not forget that word "fabulous." There's going to be a theater season in 1950-'51, as there was in 1949-'50. Maybe the drop in the number of shows just means fewer flops, as it did last year; anyway, the hits will arrive as they always have, and Broadway will still be a good place to celebrate or forget defeat on the night after the big game.

At this time there are about 150 scripts optioned for production. There is many a slip between the first contract and the first night, of course, and probably not even half of these will manage to take the step from paper to proscenium arch. Taking a long and speculative gander into the future, it nevertheless looks as though a respectable majority of the ones described below will grow to life size before next spring.

Ethel Merman going over her tunes with Irving Berlin during rehearsal of "Call Me Madam," a musical scheduled to open in mid-October.

First, out of politeness, let us consider the visitors who will be attracted to the West Forties in 1950-'51. From London will come John Gielgud and Pamela Brown in "The Lady's Not for Burning," a poetic comedy by Christopher Fry which has been the rage of Piccadilly for more than a year. Also Westward bound from England is Dame Edith Evans, who will make an appearance here in her London hit "Daphne Laureola"; and Flora Robson, who will do "Black Chiffon."

Also on the visitors' team will be representatives of Hollywood, making personal stage appearances to brush up on their art and reacquaint themselves with the thrill of facing a live audience. Celeste Holm and Reginald Owen expect to do a comedy called "Affairs of State." Louis Calhern, a veteran traveller on the Broadway-Hollywood express, hopes to revive "King Lear." Basil Rathbone will probably give another suave performance in Aldous Huxley's "The Giaconda Smile," and John Garfield will be back in a Paul Green adaptation of Ibsen's "Peer Gynt." There is little doubt that before the season ends other movie personalities will decide to have a fling here. There is also little doubt that a Broadway theater which has enough magnetism to attract artists from London and Hollywood cannot be as infirm as is supposed in some quarters.

Now for the home team; its outstanding playmaking combination, the Messrs. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein will be doing business as usual during the coming year. One of their productions will be a musical version of "Anna and the King of Siam," with Gertrude Lawrence as Anna. Broadway's own Ethel Merman will also return to face the applause of her admirers in "Call Me Madame," a new Irving Berlin musical. This one was written by Howard Lindsay and Russell Crouse and will be directed by George Abbott.

Jessica Tandy, recently of "A Streetcar Named Desire," will do "Hilda Crane." Wolcott Gibbs, "The New Yorker's" noted drama critic, has dramatized his Fire Island stories collected in a book titled "Season in the Sun," and he will face the judgments of his colleagues when Courtney Burr and Malcolm Pearson present it here. Burgess Meredith will direct it, and Richard Whorf and Nancy Kelley will head the cast.

Garson Kanin will direct his wife, Ruth Gordon, in a Paris model called "The Amazing Ardell." Uta Hagen is slated to star in a new Clifford Odets script, "The Country Girl." Among other local names mentioned in the news columns for definite or possible assignments this season are Faye Emerson, Lee Tracy, Franchot Tone, Jose Ferrer, Jack Haley, John Charles Thomas, Phil Silvers, Sam Jaffe and Eddie Foy, Jr. In the playwright, director and producer categories, aficionados of the theater will find the following notables on the active list: Joshua Logan, Eddie Dowling, John C. Wilson, Leland Hayward, George S. Kaufman, John Steinbeck, Guthrie McClintic, Gilbert Miller, Alfred de Liagre, Jed Harris, Dwight Deere Wiman, Michael Todd, Jean Dalrymple, Tennessee Williams, Sidney Kingsley, Lee Sabinson, Kermit Bloomgarten, Elmer Rice, Clare Boothe Luce, and, of course, the Shuberts.

(Continued on Page 76)

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

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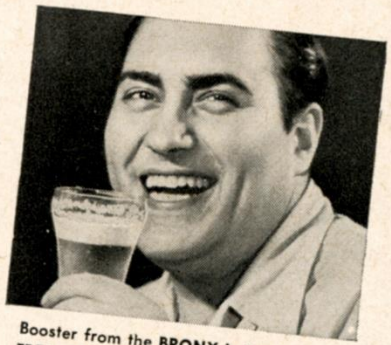

Booster from the **BRONX** is Ruppert fan **FRED CERFEDA. FRANK CUFFARI's** fine photo also was worth $250 in Ruppert's Photo Search.

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The Fluff— Our Mortal Enemy

By Richard L. Tobin

No one on the radio day after day sleeps very well. He may go to bed at the same time as others, stay in bed as long, and close his eyes for the prescribed eight hours. But he doesn't sleep as well. Somewhere in the subconscious of every human being on the radio is a little voice that keeps saying night and day, "You're going to fluff, watch out, don't make a mistake, don't fluff on the air!" Which is what happens, of course, all the time.

There's no cure for fluffs. The best air voices fluff and sometimes theirs' are the worst when they come. Milton Cross, the finest voice in radio and winner of more elocution awards than any other three announcers, once introduced the Maestro as "Atrosco Turanini—that is, Toscuro Artanini." He'd announced Toscanini for years, knew him well. But, unlike the printed word, he couldn't go back and correct his typos. That's why people on the air live in mortal terror of the banshee Fluff. That's why they don't ever really sleep.

Harry Von Zell, as good an air man as they come, once opened with: "Ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United States—Hoobert Heever." CBS, as careful as any network production-wise, broadcast: "Place the sports and foons—I mean the sporks and phoons—of course, what I mean is, the porks and soons. . . ." A harried wartime voice said: "The Battle of the Bulgian Belch," and Burl Ives thanked for an award with: "I want to thank Brussel Rouse for this screwl."

Ad libbing sometimes is dangerous, and Lou Gehrig endorsed, in no uncertain terms, the qualities of Wheaties on the Grape Nuts program. Conversely, Don Ameche had to say the line: "I'll shoot you," but the gunshot never came. Again Ameche said: "I'll shoot you," and the sound effects man couldn't make it work. So Ameche thought fast and said, "On second thought, shooting's too good for you, I think I'll stab you," and the victim's scream was so real nobody outside the studio ever knew it was a mistake.

But they're not all as smart as Ameche.

A famous Vatican broadcast began with the announcement: "His Holiness, Pipe Poess. . . ." Andre Baruch opened his show one night with, "Good ladies, evening and gentlemen of the audio radiance." Mel Allen, whose ad lib is fantastically accurate, once started his show: "It's smipe-poking time." An ABC announcer began a news program with the date each day, and one day he said: "October 11, 1492." He was a day early.

Lowell Thomas can be relied upon to walk cold into a studio and read the most difficult script without error, except he has his days like all of us. Remembering that Joe DiMaggio once dropped three fly balls in one afternoon we don't worry as much as we should, I guess, but Thomas's fluffs one evening began to mount to a point where he became self-conscious. So he slowed down and began the new page with: "In London, Sir Stifford Craps. . . ."

Names are the worst. You're unfamiliar with many of them and they hit you, sometimes, without preparation. When the Nazis were sailing through western Russia, capturing one unpronounceable town and fort after another, the newscaster's job was on the bargain counter. Harold L. Ickes was once called "Mr. Icksie," the famous play was called "Lice With Father," and not so long ago that I can't remember it in the middle of the night I said, in the heart of a very serious piece on Russia, "the Iron Country Curtains." But fluffs are funny, I never got a single letter about that one.

Westbrook Van Vorhees, whose sonorous voice made the "March of Time," began to cough one night on a cigarette program, coughed so he couldn't be heard at all, and finally excused himself with: "Guess I've been smoking too much."

Andre Baruch, one of radio's most experienced, was reading a bakery commercial one morning and out came: "Demand the breast in bed." Frank Knight, whose voice pours over watch commercials like the finest spring oil, ended his show one night with: "Clean Sunday followed by Monday late tonight."

Actually, the percentage of fluffs is very small. Two or three misspoken words or parts of words in a fifteen-minute broadcast is about par, and that's two or three out of two thousand, a better percentage than a first baseman. Sometimes you'll go along for weeks of nights without a single mistake of any sort, then you'll fluff three times in the same sentence. It's more like playing shortstop; so many chances come at you so fast you're bound to muff a few, but also you can go along like Buddy Kerr for weeks without error. Then tomorrow night you'll say what the Mayor of South Bend, Indiana, said as a famous automobile company began sponsorship of a new series of Notre Dame games: "I congratulate you! For eighty-four years you have been turning out a product equal to few and superior to none!" Or you may say, in your haste, what one of the most careful sportscasters said one night in haste: "Notre Dame seven, Northwestern six, and once again the Fighting Irish have eked out victory by a narrow virgin!"

You seldom fluff anything hard, you're prepared for that. The ones you boot are the relaxed pushovers — your network identification for instance. One night in the middle of a hot summer the WOR announcer began to make the station break, but his mind was elsewhere. Said he: "This is the Musical Broadcasting Symptom. . . . I mean the Suitual Moadcasting. . . . Mutual prevents—"

D'ya wonder we don't sleep good?

RICHARD L. TOBIN, director of radio for the New York Herald Tribune, also is the voice that presents the Herald Tribune news show each Saturday night over WOR.

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Colonel Cup and The Saucer

By C. B. Allen

To put it mildly, the Air Force's Colonel Cup was fed up. It was bad enough, with such a name, to have been one of the hapless officers assigned by Washington to what the Pentagon's phrase-loving flyboys had decided to call "Project Saucer"—the Air Force's determined attempt to track down and evaluate hundreds of reports from all over the United States of mysterious "flying discs" or other strange and unidentified objects sighted in the sky. There had been plenty of quips from his brother officers about "Good old Cup being just the man to bring back a 'saucer' "; there was a bitter and abiding suspicion in the colonel's heart that, somewhere up the line, he had been deliberately victimized by a mis-guided sense of humor.

But, worse than this, was the fact that he had been forced to drop the really constructive work he had been doing at Wright Field on an improved-type anti-tank aircraft rocket and bundled off willy-nilly to Bright Sands on this "headquarters brainstorm" at the peak of the blistering desert summer season. Although "flying disc" reports were pouring in from all parts of the country (and from the rest of the world, too, for that matter), a high proportion of them had been coming from the region in which Bright Sands was located. Consequently, Colonel Cup's superiors had said, this area promised to provide the most fruitful hunting.

Privately, Colonel Cup had come to the conclusion almost at the outset of his desert-duty exile that there was nothing strange about the prevalence and persistence of "disc sightings" in the vicinity of Bright Sands. Indeed, even in his official reports, he had made no secret of his conviction that, between the blinding heat and frequent sand-storms of the area, it would be little short of phenomenal if the people there "weren't seeing things all the time." This, he felt, was particularly true when you added to the "inferno" conditions under which men had to live and work the fact that military and scientific personnel assigned to Bright Sands almost constantly were straining their eyes into the blazing skies in an effort to follow the rockets and guided missiles which they launched into the heavens.

But, regardless of his by now somewhat jaundiced personal convictions on the subject, Colonel Cup was a conscientious officer, as well as an unusually well qualified one in scientific matters and he was far from having shirked the new duties suddenly assigned him. He had, in fact, nearly worn himself out in tracking to their source the reports that came his way every time another "saucer" was said to have been sighted in the skies above the vast and dusty domain that had been allocated to him. At the moment, he was just back from the latest of a long series of arduous—and fruitless—desert automobile trips to interview a vague but loquacious foreman on a remote ranch who had assured the editor of a weekly newspaper that he had seen not one but a dozen "saucers" cavorting through the sky. Colonel Cup's objective view of the matter, after questioning the foreman exhaustively, was that his story had been inspired in its entirety by a particularly sensational "saucer" broadcast by a widely-known radio commentator the preceding week and by an equally lurid article on the same subject in a copy of "Slime and Strife" magazine which the Colonel had observed on the foreman's bunk.

Now, in a state of near physical collapse from the gruelling day he had gone through, Colonel Cup wearily started to write up his official report on the trip. He had barely made a beginning when the telephone at his desk jangled. The man who had been cited for "extraordinary coolness and steady nerves" in one of World War II's most critical air combat emergencies jumped like an over-wrought housewife. He grabbed irritably at the telephone.

"This is Colonel Cup," he growled, wondering as he spoke whether this was still another "saucer" report that would have to be run down.

"It's long distance, sir," the base operator told him. "Just a second and I'll put her on."

Before Colonel Cup had been able to make the ominous decision whether it was Wright Field or Washington that was bothering him this time, the long distance operator came on the line.

"New York is calling the officer in charge of Project Saucer at Bright Sands," she said. "My party says it's a Colonel Pup but I think he may have the name wrong." She paused anxiously.

Colonel Cup's sun-cooked face turned even a shade redder. He struggled to get control of himself and then said stiffly:

"This is Colonel Cup—C-U-P, like a drinking cup—and I am the officer in charge for Project Saucer at Bright Sands. Who is calling from New York?"

"It's a Mr. Swoose, sir," the operator informed him. "His secretary says he's the publisher of 'Slime and Strife' magazine and that the call is terribly important."

A moment later the booming, self-confident, even arrogant voice of Mr. Swoose was dinning the same theme against Colonel Cup's aching eardrum. Mr. Swoose,

(Continued on Page 75)

C. B. ALLEN is a member of the Washington Bureau of the New York Herald Tribune who specializes in aeronautics.

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Baseball's Vanishing Bonus Rule

By Bob Cooke

Although the baseball public doesn't think the game's administrative side deserves as much attention as the latest box score, one piece of legislation has gained so much publicity during the last few years that the majority of fans have included it in their portfolio. We refer to baseball's laughable bonus rule.

The bonus idea, created in December, 1946, was obviously designed to protect the financially embarrassed club owner from the big money men in the game. In order to prevent wealthy magnates from out-bidding all comers with a stroke of the pen on their checking account, the big leagues passed a law which classified precious prospects as bonus players. Concurrently, it was agreed that all bonus players would be permitted only one year in the minors, after which they would have to be promoted to the varsity or be sold for the waiver price. In this manner, it was thought that the rich clubs would be curbed from heavy spending and every club would get a fair deal.

As events proved, the bonus rule turned out to be a good idea with the one drawback that it was lousy. It hurt the young, potentially great star, because it deprived him of his normal course of experience in the minors.

Frank House, the kid catcher with the Detroit Tigers, is a typical example of a bonus player who may never become a certified big leaguer because of the bonus statute. House, a phenomenal prospect in high school, was signed by the Tigers, over the bids of numerous other clubs, for $65,000. He played with Flint, Michigan, a year ago and has been with Detroit throughout the current campaign.

House hasn't been any more valuable to the Tigers than their bat boy in the American League pennant race. At this writing, he had appeared in one game, a game which was hopelessly lost. The Tigers were behind 10-to-4 in the eighth inning of a game with the Yankees at the Stadium in July when House made his major league debut for one inning.

If it weren't for the bonus rule, House would have been playing every day with a Detroit farm team. As the legislation now stands, however, he must be carried by the Tigers who don't dare use him at all because of his limited experience. By restricting House to inactivity, the bonus rule is directly impairing the boy's future.

You have only to ask a number of baseball talent scouts to get an honest opinion of the detrimental side of the bonus question.

"No high school catcher, with one year of experience in Flint, will ever become a great ball player," said Paul Krichel, the Yankee ivory hunter, to this correspondent one afternoon in regard to House.

"Take Bill Dickey," said Paul. "He became one of the game's greatest receivers but he never would have been a major leaguer if he hadn't had training, and lots of it, in the minors. If I had a boy, I wouldn't let him sign as a bonus player, regardless of what he was offered. I'd insist that he get his training first, and then earn the money."

BOB COOKE, sports editor of the New York Herald Tribune, writes a column called "Another Viewpoint."

Major league rosters are dotted with players like House, but the big league owners, realizing that the bonus clause was ruining their fledgling stars, have found a way to circumvent the legislation. Consider the story of a Giant scout who was bent on signing a great pitching prospect somewhere in the mid-west.

"I'd heard about this kid for two years. I followed him and watched him throw. I knew he was big league material and I'd been told to bid higher than the next guy," said the scout.

"On the day the boy graduated, I was in his home town and went around to see the boy's parents. As I got to the door, a lump came to my throat. I saw the boy's father and mother get into a brand new Cadillac and drive away. In other words, I was late and that kid didn't sign as a bonus player."

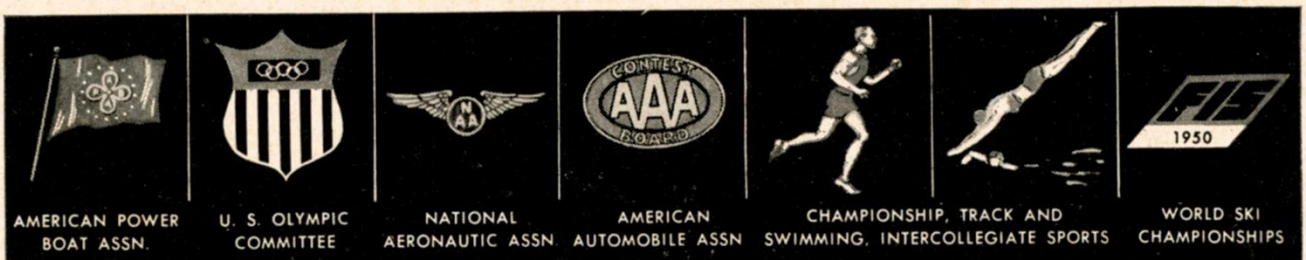
The scout merely pointed out, in his succinct way, the methods which big league clubs have adopted in order to defeat the bonus rule. Instead of offering a kid big money, as was the custom a year ago, the club makes under-the-table overtures, persuades the boy to come to terms, and then announces the acquisition as a non-bonus player. Any sum given to a boy above $6,000 puts the recipient in the bonus category.

Meanwhile, Happy Chandler, baseball czar, has permitted so many obvious violations of the bonus rule that they are too numerous for the commissioner's office help to tabulate. Any baseball executive will be only too happy to point a finger at the doings of another club and explain an indiscretion.

As a sample case, there is the dossier of Arnold Portocarrero, a pitcher in the Class B Florida-International League. Believe it or not, numerous big league ball clubs were familiar with Arnold's ponderous last name months before he graduated from George Washington High in New York. Arnold was offered sizable amounts of cash, far in excess of the $6,000 non-bonus limit, by several clubs, but finally signed with the A's for $6,000.

Baseball writers in the Florida League will tell you that Arnold won't discuss his dealings with the Athletics any further, and they will also tell you that the Athletics actually gave the boy a large honorarium, in addition to the announced $6,000. But Happy Chandler doesn't bother to look into the matter.

It's fortunate for baseball that the big league owners plan to abolish the bonus rule at their mid-winter meetings. In view of the way Chandler was enforcing it, the rule was rapidly becoming as beneficial as the commissioner himself.



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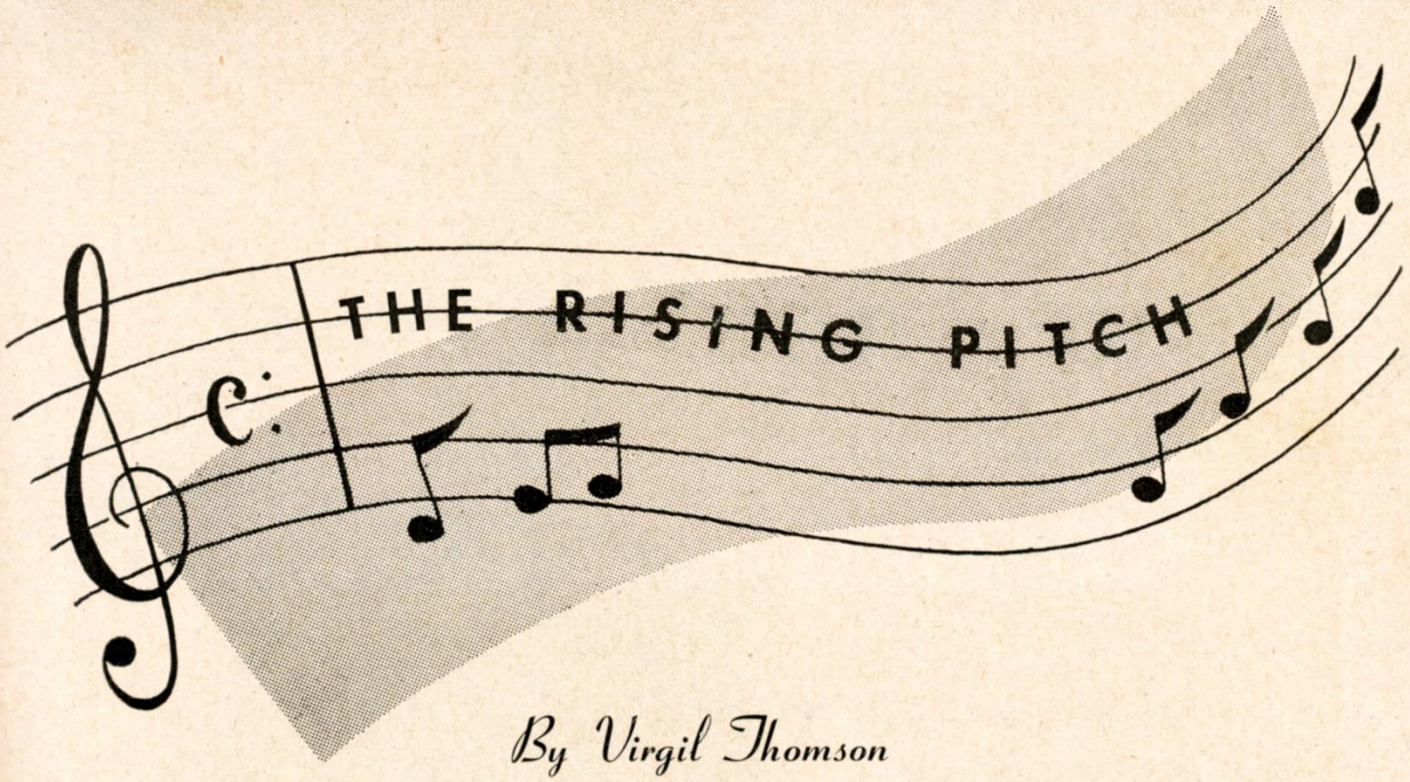

By Virgil Thomson

Musical pitch has been climbing for two centuries now. The level most commonly employed today places middle A, the one represented on the second space of the space of the violin clef, at 440 cycles per second. At the time of Sebastian Bach's death, according to René Dumesnil, music critic of "Le Monde," the same written note was commonly sounded at about 410 cycles per second. The difference represents a rise in pitch of three-quarters of a tone. The Boston Symphony Orchestra has of late years been using the even higher diapason of 444. And since any orchestra rises in pitch while playing (the wind instruments getting warmer), it is easy to suspect that a good deal of classical music now sounds a full tone higher than it did when written.

It is certain that such a rise adds brilliance, but it is equally certain that it creates a desperate difficulty for singers. The choral passages at the end of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony never were easy for the sopranos, but today they cannot be sung with a musical sound or without injury to the voice. Many of our most celebrated opera singers require transposition downward of high-lying passages, in order not to risk an unpleasantness. The Valkyrie's Battle Cry in Wagner's "Die Walkuere" and the end of Act I from Puccini's "La Boheme" are famous high-C's rarely heard any more.

Such transpositions save the singer's prestige momentarily; but they violate the composer's modulation design, the tonality-pattern of a whole work. They are tolerable only in the theater. No reputable concert conductor would offer a classical work, even one involving vocalism, in a tonally distorted version. He would prefer not playing it at all to risking the unfavorable comment that would certainly follow.

A lowering of the standard international pitch has lately been proposed by a body known as the International Institute of Sound. A referendum is being taken now among musicians and physicists as to the feasibility of such a change. Th pitch proposed is middle A at 432 cycles per second. A similar congress of 1859 had accepted 435. Our present 440, standardized by a London meeting of 1939, is generally agreed to be too high. Musicians would mostly prefer to lower this little by little. The physicists, however, greatly prefer 432 to 435, since the latter number, being indivisible by 2, gives, in acoustical calculations, far too many fractions for convenient handling.

Acceptances of the proposed standard is, of course, a voluntary matter among conductors, executants and the manufacturers of instruments. International agreement is obviously essential to an art based on an international repertory and the international exchange of artists. Putting the pitch down to that of Bach's time is not desirable, since works more recently composed, and supposing a higher pitch, have their rights too. Once lowered, moreover, the pitch will probably tend to rise again, since conductors and string soloists can rarely resist the temptation to offer their public the brilliance that unquestionably results from a heightening of the accustomed tensions.

That the present international pitch should not be allowed to rise further is agreed, I think, among musicians. That it is already too high for the satisfactory execution of older music is the conviction of many. That a voluntary agreement about its lowering can be completely enforced is doubtful. Too many musicians find it easy to impress the public by playing just a little bit higher. But there is every reason to believe that musicians and physicists, meeting together once a decade and informing the music world of their deliberations, can prevent troublesome variations from becoming ingrained in concert custom and in the practices of instrument manufacture.

VIRGIL THOMSON, music critic of the New York Herald Tribune, is a famed composer and leader in his own right.

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On Buying A House

By Stephen G. Thompson

A well-meaning but obviously naive hand in the sports department asked this writer if he would prepare a short article for the program for tonight's ruckus over an inflated piece of pigskin on the innocent-sounding subject: "Tips on Buying a House." (Or *could it really be* that behind this friendly and seemingly guileless approach, the sports department has come around at last to recognize that there is no greater sport in America today than buying a house!)

In a sporting, if not a horse-trading mood, the writer accepted the challenge; subject to one trifling qualification. It shall be our privilege anytime, and more particularly when in a wagering frame of mind, to call upon the Sports Editor and his staff experts for some reciprocal, authoritative, crystal-clear, unhedging: "Tips on Picking the Winner of Tonight's Fresh Air Fund Game," or "Tips on Picking the Kentucky Derby Winner," etc.

House-buying today, it should be understood from the start, is no mere spectator or passive, sissy sport, like football, for instance. Nor are the stakes, or purses, or the side fees, commissions or other emoluments, small. Few dwellings these days sell for less than $7,000; most in this area for $8,000 to $9,000 or more.

With busy builders erecting close to 1,000,000 new houses a year (not to mention sales of old houses), the active participants in this game—including buyers, sellers, sales agents or brokers, mortgage lenders, attorneys, appraisers and title guaranty officials — add up to a grand player pool numbering several millions. As distinguished from some of the more formalized sports, however, there is very little team or match play, the game being mostly an "every-man-for-himself" contest.

As the amateur, or buyer, will discover early in the game, each transaction or purchase, is really a tournament consisting of two separate contests: (a) the game of finding a structure that satisfies him and his wife in its physical attributes: construction, color, size, locations, etc., and (b) the "deal," or the game of wits in reconciling the structure to the price, and then slugging it out with the professionals to clear all the hurdles of sales contract, mortgage financing, deed restrictions, title search, possession, closing, and whatnot.

The first, or qualifying match, might be described as a "house vs. house" bout, and the player doesn't need any more skill, talent, discretion or good temper than an Army-Navy game referee, a World Series umpire, or a Westminster Kennel Club show judge. Here the player is matched merely against inanimate objects—buildings—and the contestant scores the winning goal any time he has satisfied himself that he has found a good, substantial, attractive, well-constructed dwelling, and that there is a reasonable chance that the price might be in his division if he is still eager for the second bout.

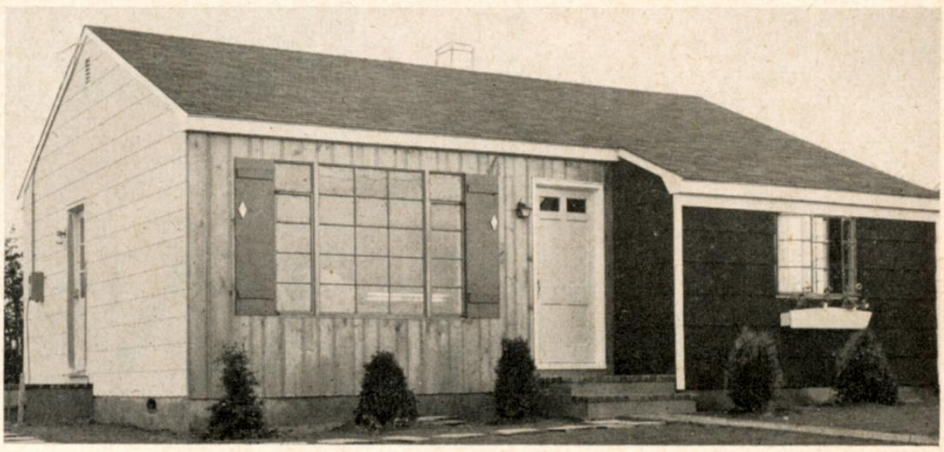
If he advances to the finals, or the "deal," the average amateur will find that this is the most involved part of the sport, and doesn't lend itself at all to a list of "tips." It has more intangibles than a horse race—beginning, for instance, with the very matter of price.

Finding a gold solid house may be as simple as finding a seat that won't collapse here at the Polo Grounds. But "location," varying from street to street and town to town, counts tremendously, and identical houses in different places shouldn't be expected to cost the same any more than identical chairs for tonight's game on the fifty-yard line and in an end zone.

Then there are taxes (not unlike ground rules), which will vary in each different municipality or special taxing district according to each different set of "assessments" and each different town's tax rate. Like a golfer's handicap, an assessment

(Continued on Page 73)

STEPHEN G. THOMPSON is real estate editor of the New York Herald Tribune.



OLDTIME FEINT IN HOME-SELLING GAME—Here is an artist's sketch and actual photograph of the same house! An unusually large number of builders still resort to the primitive and outdated feint on a super-glorified artist's sketch to entice prospects to come and inspect their wares. Since the recent invention of a device called the "camera," however, a number of more intelligent ones have given up this trick play. Many prospective home-buyers, it was observed, were only put on guard against further clever maneuvers once they recovered from the let-down and disillusionment of seeing an actual house that was over-glorified.

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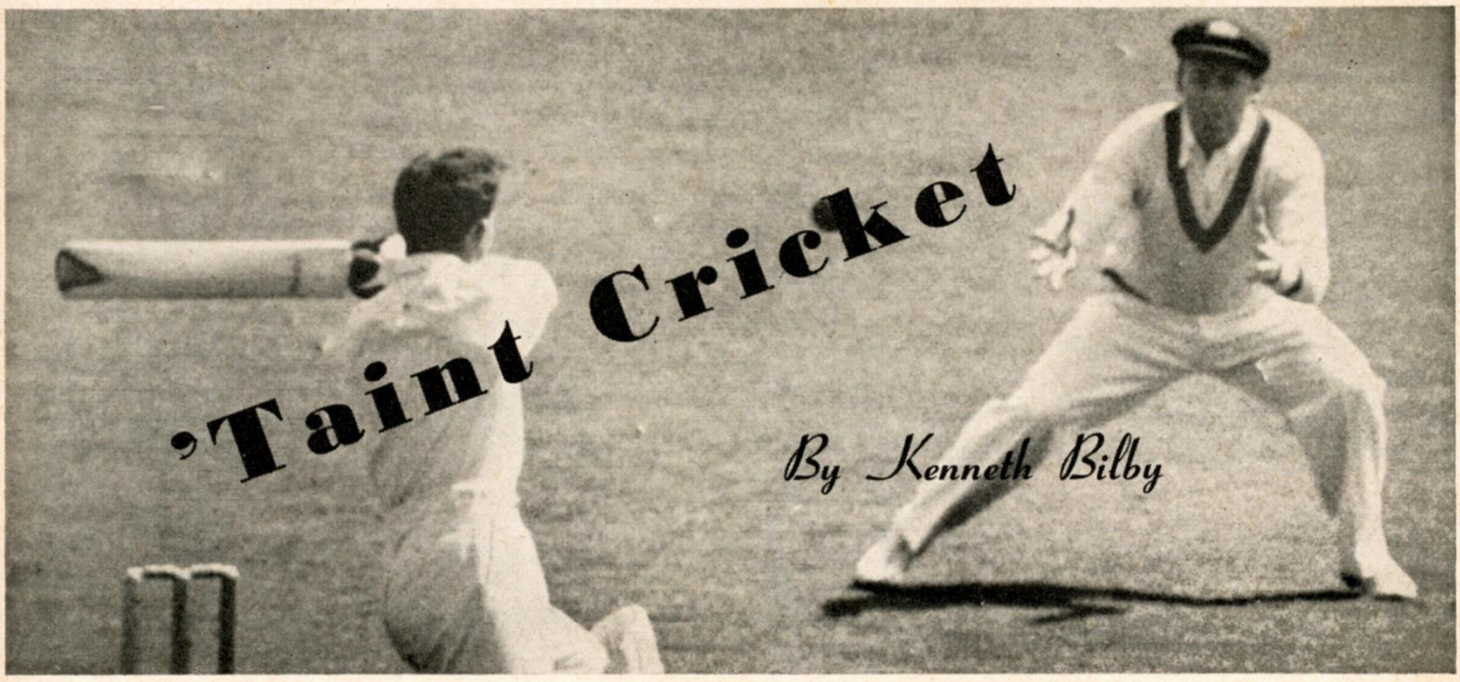

'Taint Cricket

By Kenneth Bilby

LONDON Not since Dunkirk have the British encountered such tragedy, such defeat. First it was track, then golf, tennis, boxing, horse racing, soccer and—most painful of all—cricket. The first half of the year 1950, the year Britain was to begin its sporting renaissance, became the most humiliating, the most disastrous in the island's long history.

"This is the end," shuddered "The Daily Express" in page one headlines after Britain had lost, 1 to 0, to a pick-up United States soccer football team. Tennis and golf, okay, but whoever heard of an American soccer football team? Soccer was a British institution long before the U. S. A. was a gleam in George Washington's eye. The British press unanimously donned sackcloth and ashes.

This record of unmitigated defeat, even in sports where Britain should have the upper hand, has produced some interesting transformations in the normally reticent and placid British character. Take the boxing match at White City stadium between England's third-rate heavyweight champion, Bruce Woodcock, and America's third-rate challenger, Lee Savold. It was billed as a world's heavyweight championship affair, a joke which the British in normal times would readily have appreciated. But the mere thought of winning a title, even a bogus one, prompted the British press to devote endless columns of speculation on the chances of their white hope. With grave anxiety, the sports writers lectured Woodcock on how to eliminate his "inferiority complex" toward Americans. You can win Bruce, if you'll forget he's an American.

Announcers of the British Broadcasting System are impeccably impartial—most of the time. But the yearning for a champion overcame the B. B. C. commentator at White City, where 50,000 fans yelled their heads off for the home boy. When Woodcock reached the aged Savold's wide-open chin with a few feather dusters, the announcer breathlessly reported "smashing" rights and lefts going home with absolute accuracy. I expected Savold to crumple any second.

The tip-off came in the commentary between the third and fourth rounds. The B. B. C.'s boxing expert spoke of "ominous" developments; Savold had managed to get over a punch or two. Sure enough, in the next round old-man Savold planted a glove on the soft scar tissue of Woodcock's pendulous brow, opened a large slice and blinded Bruce with blood. The fight was halted and Britain found itself gallingly saddled with an American world champion, British version, unrecognized by America.

In the Derby Stakes at Epsom Downs this year, no British horse had the faintest hope of victory. But the press copiously noted that the favorite, American-owned Prince Simon, was British-bred and British-trained. That did it! The Prince took an early lead but faded in the stretch and Galcador, a French importation, came on to comfortable victory.

It has been 1930 since England's women tennis players have won a Wightman Cup match from the United States. The matches this June ended in the usual 7-0 rout, but the score did not make the headlines. Britain's No. 1 player, Betty Hilton, surpassing her usual game, managed to take a set off the reigning Wimbledon queen, America's overconfident Louise Brough. "Gallant Defeat," "Moral Victory" said the sports writers.

It was the same story at Wimbledon. Britain's No. 1 man, Tony Mottram, who would perhaps be in the second ten in the United States, went out in the quarter finals after a stiff five-set battle. More newspaper paeans of the Stout Fella variety.

In this not unnatural desire to sip victory after so many arid years, the British have turned toward the Dominions for comfort. Australia has been the great source of sporting solace, particularly in tennis, as Wimbledon again bears witness. The greatest set of the last tournament was between Patty and Trabert of the U. S. and Sedgman and MacGregor of Australia. It was run out at 31-29 by the Americans, the longest set in the tournament's history, and the gallery was almost frantic for an Australian win. I sat next to an elderly Britain of the retired Indian army type. Decades of training in the stiff upper lip school could not overcome his muttered groans when the Americans volleyed or smashed a winner.

When it comes down to an All-American final, as it frequently does with golf or tennis, the British, with their fine sporting tradition, will inevitably pull for the underdog. This affinity is particularly intense now because Britain has almost forgotten what it feels like to be top dog.

Support of the dominions or colonies is fine, but sometimes they turn on the home team. The cricket test match, for example, at Lords, when the West Indies overwhelmed Britain. The newspapers printed pictures the following day of jubilant native calypso singers streaming across the hallowed cricket turf, plunking guitars.

(Continued on Page 76)

KENNETH BILBY is a member of the London Bureau of the New York Herald Tribune.

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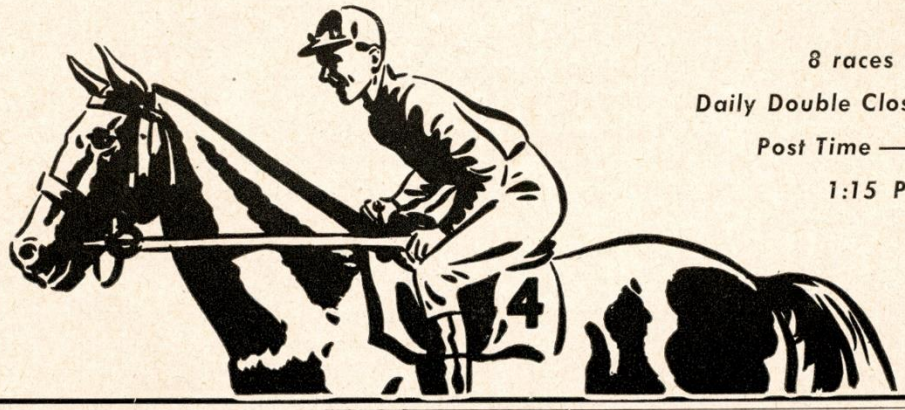
Friday,	Sept.	22	The Broad Hollow Steeplechase Handicap—about 2 miles	10,000 "
Saturday,	Sept.	23	The Manhattan Handicap—3-year-olds and up—1 ½ miles	25,000 "
			The Matron Stakes—2-year-old fillies—6 furlongs—Widener Course	25,000 "
Monday,	Sept.	25	The Vosburgh Handicap—all ages—7 furlongs	15,000 "
Wednesday,	Sept.	27	The Lawrence Realization—3-year-olds—1 mile and five furlongs	20,000 "
Friday,	Sept.	29	The Brook Steeplechase Handicap—about 2 ½ miles	12,500 "
Saturday,	Sept.	30	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 "
Wednesday,	Oct.	4	The Ladies Handicap—fillies and mares—3-year-olds and up—1 ½ miles	25,000 "
Friday,	Oct.	6	THE GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE HANDICAP—about 3 miles	20,000 "
Saturday,	Oct.	7	THE JOCKEY CLUB GOLD CUP—3-year-olds and up—2 miles	50,000 "
Monday,	Oct.	9	The Champagne Stakes—2-year-olds—1 mile	25,000 "



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He Calls This Work! Ha!

By Gordon Allison

The cocktail party hostess who had been talking to the bronzed, bull-chested sales executive excused herself to go fetch another tray of those damn canapes and this, of course, left a chink in the otherwise impregnable fortress of his conversation. To plug it up he turned to me and asked disinterestedly: "Just what is it that you do down there at the paper?"

Well, I told him just what I did down there at the paper. "Write pieces about gin mills," I said, getting to the bottom of a martini. Then I braced myself for what was coming next, only not hard enough. He grinned, showing most of his thirty-two pearly white teeth. And he gave me a playful shove that rammed me into a bookcase, which in turn lodged a cocktail onion in my throat. So I didn't really hear what he said. But I can guess. They all say it:

"Going to night clubs all the time—you call that *work?* Ha!"

It's that "Ha!" that's worse than anything. The effect is like living next door to a cymbal player in a symphony orchestra who practices the same piece every day. He takes a thirty-two beat rest and then WHAM. Well, thirty-two beats and WHAM are the same thing in my book as "You call that *work?* Ha!"

The only reason I bring all this up, anyway, is because nobody ever gives me a chance to answer the question. After they say "You call that *work?* Ha!" they usually go off into peals of derisive laughter, or they poke you in the stomach and say, "Lookit how fat he's getting—eating all those thick steaks." Or the men wink knowingly and drool, "Lotsa cuties to look at, hey?" And then, of course, there's that old favorite: "Nothing to do but sit around and lap up all the liquor you can hold; boy that's tough work."

To nail this thing to the wall once and for all, it just so happens that I *do* consider it work. And I'll bet a Fig Newton that lots of people with jobs that constantly put them in touch with some of life's little pleasures feel the same way about it. I'll bet drama critics who go to shows all the time, sportswriters who spend five days a week at the ball park, counter girls in candy stores who labor in a paradise of peanut brittle, and bankers who are surrounded by big piles of wonderful, crisp, green money, all consider that what they're doing is work. So what's so all-fired Elysian about being a night club reporter?

For instance, did you ever stop to think of some of the occupational hazards? Well, then, let's name a few. There's the danger of impaired vision from spending so much time in dark cellars filled with smoke. There's the danger of rickets from excessive lack of sunshine. There's deafness, from listening to dozens of brassy-voiced dames shouting into microphones turned up so loud that the Black Tom explosion pales in comparison. A year or so of it and you can't even hear the sweet voices of your children thaying—er, saying, that is—"Get up, Daddy. You have to go to work. It's nighttime."

Also there's the peril of cracked ribs from the crush created by headwaters who (for a slight fee, of course) jam two dozen people into a space that wouldn't comfortably accommodate an undergrown three-year-old boy. Remember, too, the dyspepsia from food which, if you put any credence in ads saying "Just like mother used to make," explains a lot of juvenile delinquency. There's tortocollis, or wry-neck, from constantly having to look around pillars and posts. There's sinusitis from summertime air conditioning which will freeze you stiffer than a box of Birdseye raspberries. And then there's vertigo, lordosis, drop foot and sprue, although, to be honest, any fool can get these whether he's a night club reporter or not.

Let us not forget the mental hazards, either. I've picked up at least a dozen brand new complexes since getting into this dodge—or, rather, profession—and every one of them is a dilly. There the Kinsey Report Complex which is fairly common in this line of work. One colleague of mine—in this business there are no co-workers; only colleagues—says he has heard so many bum jokes about the Kinsey report that the whole topic of sex strikes him as being about as spicy as Farina. He doesn't even intend to read the second report, he says.

Another of my complexes is the Suspended Phrase Complex brought about by singers who introduce their songs with "And now. . . ." The other night I woke up shouting "And now. . . . And now WHAT, dammit?" Scared my wife stiff.

Also there's Amnesiaphobia which is a morbid fear of being afraid you don't know where you're at. This comes from going into a night club and seeing a lot of people, then going into another night club and seeing the same people, and so on. You get to muttering to yourself, "I musta been in here already tonight." You haven't been, of course. It's simply that night club regulars all seem to look alike.

This once drove another colleague of mine into such a mental state that he jumped on top of a table while a ballroom dance team was on the floor (dance teams all look alike, too, but that's not necessarily the point) and screamed:

"Go home, all of you. Go to your homes, before it's too late!"

I have heard he is recovering his health slowly at a quiet little place in the country. They hope to take off the restraining jacket in a couple of weeks.

GORDON ALLISON, member of the city staff of the New York Herald Tribune, writes a weekly column called "Dining and Dancing."

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And Now 13

By Rud Rennie

The National Football League's Record and Rules Manual for 1950 says under the heading of "History":

"1949—Bert Bell, Commissioner of the National Football League and J. Arthur Friedlund, representing the All-America Conference, announced a merger of the two leagues. Baltimore, Cleveland, and San Francisco joined the ten teams in the National Football League (December 9).

"1950—Upon advice of counsel and unanimous consent of the member clubs, the Commissioner announced that the League would use the name National Football League divided into National and American Conferences.

"The American Conference includes: Chicago Cardinals, N. Y. Giants, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cleveland and Washington.

"The National Conference includes: San Francisco, Chicago Bears, Detroit, Green Bay, Los Angeles, N. Y. Yanks and Baltimore. (March 3)."

In this matter-of-fact manner, the Record and Rules Manual notes for posterity the end of four years of war between the Conference and the old National League, and the heartaches and the confusion, and the millions of dollars lost in the longest and costliest strife in the history of sports.

Nothing is said about what happened to the broken pieces after the Conference surrendered and peace, with all its bitter complexities, came to professional football in the quiet of the morning of Dec. 9, 1949.

There were seven teams, doggedly hanging on in the fourth year of the Conference's existence. Almost forgotten is the fact that Brooklyn and the Yankees were a combined team in that final year. When surrender came, three Conference teams were deemed worthy of incorporation into the new league which, before advice of counsel, was called the National Football Conference.

The Chicago Hornets went out of existence. The Los Angeles Dons were combined with the Los Angeles Rams of the National League.

Bert Bell at work

The Buffalo Bills were merged with the Cleveland Browns, four-time Conference champions. The Brooklyn-Yankees were acquired by Ted Collins, owner of the N. Y. Bulldogs, and the name was changed to New York Yanks.

It sounds easy. But it wasn't easy. Every club involved had more than 100 players included on its roster and reserve lists. There were coaches, trainers, office help, and countless financial and legal loose ends to be straightened out amicably.

How to dispose of the players: how to proceed with the drafting of new men, how to arrange the thirteen teams in the new league and work out a satisfactory playing schedule—those were the live problems. Anyone with a dead problem was at the mercy of victorious National League with its 10 to 3 advantage in the new set-up.

A meeting was called in the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel in Philadelphia on Jan. 19, 1950 to put the new league in working order.

The survivors of the Conquered Conference came to this meeting filled with trepidation, not knowing what to expect. Arthur McBride, and Dan Sherby and Paul Brown were there from Cleveland. Tony Morabito and his coach, Buck Shaw, represented San Francisco, but Buck was taken ill and lived in a hospital. Abraham Watner and Bob Embry were there for the Baltimore Colts, skeptical of the plan which had them as the thirteenth team—the "swing team."

The fans of Buffalo, having subscribed $177,000 to keep a team in the league, were represented by Albert O'Neill, vice president of the Niagara-Mohawk Power Company. He made a noble plea, and bowed out with fine dignity when his plea was rejected.

The cities of Oakland, Cal., and Houston, Tex., sought in vain to obtain franchises.

For five days and nights the club owners in the new league wrangled and fought over the problems confronting them. There were two times when it was touch and go as to whether McBride and the other men from the defeated Conference would not call it quits and walk out.

Bell, the Commissioner, tired, hoarse, and near exhaustion from the night and day effort, first of bringing about the surrender and then trying to bring the owners together for a peaceful solution of the victory, was magnificent at this difficult merger meeting.

He convinced the conquered Conference delegates they would get a square shake. Twice he issued ultimatums to the squabbling owners, when after hours of argument they were getting nowhere.

On Jan. 21, when the owners could not agree on anything, Bell arbitrarily set up the procedure for distribution of the players.

On Jan. 23, he stopped the noise with his gavel. The owners could not agree on the make-up of the divisions. "I'll give you five minutes," he said, "or I shall arbitrarily make up the divisions for you."

At the end of five minutes, George Halas, owner of the Chicago Bears proposed the present make-up of the new league. Jack Mara, president of the Giants, seconded the motion. There was one dissenting vote. George Marshall, owner of the Washington Redskins, left the room and gave Bell his proxy. Bell cast a negative vote for Marshall.

Thus the National Football League won its toughest war and began the thirty-first chapter of its history with thirteen teams, including three from the dead-and-gone Conference.

And the first game in this first concerted football program since 1945 will be a thriller between the four-time Conference champion Cleveland Browns and National League champions, the Philadelphia Eagles, on Sept. 16 in Philadelphia, the scene of the surrender and the merger.

RUD RENNIE, member of the sports staff of the New York Herald Tribune, has covered professional football virtually since the inception of the National League.

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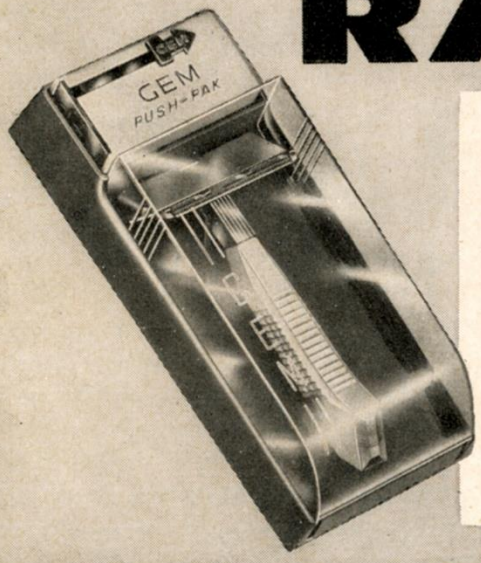

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What Makes Giants?

By Bill Lauder, Jr.

As you sit here tonight watching the Giants battle the Rams in the twelfth annual Herald Tribune Fresh Air Fund game you most likely are inclined to take for granted—if you give it any thought at all—the teams which are entertaining you. The coaches, you reason, are just fellows who map out plays, decide when a substitute is to be sent in and instruct in some nebulous manner the method of play.

But, there's much more to it than pushing buttons. Let's take the Giants through training camp and see how a football team is made.

This year forty embryo Giants reported to the Saranac Lake, N. Y., training camp on August 1 and the first order of business, after breakfast, was a thorough physical examination by Dr. Francis Sweeny, the Giants' regular physician, and then the boys trouped down the hill to the dressing room in the local high school, were outfitted and were ready to start work.

Steve Owen, the coach of the Giants, started the ball rolling by introducing his assistant coaches—Al Sherman, who handles the backs; Ed Kolman, boss of the linemen, and Jim Lee Howell, the former Giant star who teaches the ends—and then told the boys:

"We're starting out on what well may be the roughest and toughest football season any of you have ever put through. We have a chance to have a good team, but it all depends on you. We're going to work hard, twice a day and those of you who don't will soon find yourselves somewhere else. If there is something you don't understand ask us. We don't mind a fellow making a mistake as long as he is hustling, but the man who makes a mistake and doesn't hustle isn't of any use to us."

The work day is composed of a two-hour morning session in sweat clothes, two hours in the afternoon with full equipment and a skull session in the evening which can run from an hour to an hour and a half. By that time most of the boys are ready to hit the sack.

To facilitate and expedite matters, the linemen, ends and backs start work separately as three groups, running through their plays and assignments and after the individual assignments have been learned the groups are brought together to run the plays as a team, fitting the cogs together.

Offensive and defensive alignments are worked out by the coaches and given to the boys and each player has his own personal "play book" in which he marks his assignment on a diagram for each of the numerous plays and variations of plays. This work is done in the evening after the players have run through the plays during the daytime works.

"Know your assignments and don't depend on someone else to tell you," Owen tells the players. He then told the boys about a former Fordham tackle who played a fine game but one day when the coach ordered him into the contest he said he couldn't go in. When pressed for a reason, he answered, "Lansing isn't in there at end and I can't play unless he is. He's the only guy who knows my plays."

The players are given a reason for everything they do. Under the T formation fakes by possible ball handlers and ends are very important for the success of the play and downfield decoys by ends and half backs serve to draw the defense out.

Owen, however, has definite ideas and one of them is, "I don't like the word 'decoy.' I feel that a man going down the field into the secondary is more of an explorer. He's finding out something about the defender. How he reacts to a fake. If he'll follow you to the sideline, or inside or if he'll stay put. All this acquired knowledge helps the so-called explorer when he isn't faking and when he is to receive a pass. He has a pretty good idea of what the defender will do and how he can beat him. That's one reason why a man must carry out his fake all the way, why he should be in every play all the way and never stop hustling."

As the training season progresses it becomes easier to sift the men from the boys. Once the pads go on and the fellows start hitting for keeps the caliber shows. But this year making any eliminations from the squad was rough. The boys reported to camp in fine physical condition and all were determined to make the team, which must be cut to thirty-two men by the time the Giants open their National Football League season in Pittsburgh on Sept. 17.

Moving pictures in slow motion play a great part in the training period and are shown to the boys at the end of the evening skull session. These are pictures of other games and during the season pictures of games of future opponents. From these films the coaches can point out to the squad the mistakes they have made or the plays used by opponents, something tangible to supplement scouting reports.

One of the most interesting pictures shown this year was one of the highlights of former Giant seasons and, in particular, shots of Tuffy Leemans carrying the ball. There was an object lesson which Owen didn't let pass.

"There," he said, "was a player who always put out that second effort and second effort is the thing that marks the difference between gain and loss, winning or losing. There is one big difference between a good player—one who has that second effort—and a bad one. The difference is one short movement. The good player is on his toes, the bad one on his heels."

The spirit is typical of that shown by John Rapacz, the big center who played with the A. A. C.'s Chicago Hornets last year. He said, "I've played on some bad teams in my pro career and now at last I'm on a squad that can be a winner. There's nothing I want more than to be on a real good team before I quit pro football and with this bunch I feel pretty sure I've made it. We'll be tough."

BILL LAUDER JR. is a member of the sports staff of the New York Herald Tribune who covered the football Giants during their training period.

It isn't work exclusively at a football camp. Here are some other activities at the Giants' Saranac Lake base this year. First, a little game of dominoes on the porch steps between tackle George Roman and back Eddie Price. Then there's the favorite camp occupation, eating, as demonstrated by Bill Austin and Joe Zurich, 220 pounds and 240 pounds on the hoof. Third, there's muscle relaxation, with Joe Kelley, ex-Wisconsin center, giving it a whirl in the whirlpool bath. And then there's another kind of relaxation, too, as John Cannady, center, shows after a busy morning practice.

The New York Giants

Bill Austin, guard (6.2, 221, 21), has been switched to guard from tackle this year, his second with the Giants despite his youth. He was a regular for four years at Oregon State.

●

Jon Baker, guard (6.2, 215, 27), joined the Giants last year during the latter stages of the pre-season exhibition tour and quickly showed why his line coach at California tabbed him as the best guard he has ever coached.

●

Fritz Barzilauskas, guard (6.1, 230, 29), Yale's All-America of 1945 and star in 1946 joined the Boston Yanks after graduation, and has had three successful pro seasons despite injuries. The Giants got him last year.

●

Dave Beeman, end (6.5, 215, 23), one of the biggest ends in Eastern football at Dartmouth last year, Beeman emerged as a pass-catching star only as a senior. A fine defensive end and offensive blocker, he'll probably play offense for the Giants.

●

Carl Butkus, guard (6.1, 245, 28), another converted tackle, Carl played the middle of the line on defense as a rookie for the Giants last year. He attended George Washington and was sent to the Giants by Tuffy Leemans.

●

John Cannady, center (6.2, 225, 26), in his fourth season with the Giants, John is firmly established as one of the N. F. L.'s toughest line-backers. He was a back while at Indiana and played in the Giant backfield at first, too.

Randall Clay, halfback (6, 195, 22), a rugged right halfback at Texas last year, where he ranked second to Doak Walker in Southwest Conference scoring, Clay was an early draft choice of the Giants. Big, fast, a fine runner, he kicked extra points too in college. A good pass receiver.

●

Charley Conerly, quarterback (6.1, 185, 26)—Few forward passers in football history have smashed records as consistently as Chuckin' Charley, who rewrote the collegiate record book at Mississippi in 1947 and has been making new marks for the Giants since. Last year, with no break in his statistical pace, he made the difficult switch from single-wing tailback to T-quarterback. He's also a first-class punter and fine runner.

●

Al Derogatis, tackle (6.4, 240, 23), was one of the South's best linemen while at Duke in 1948, and came to the Giants last year where he quickly established himself as one of the league's better rookies.

●

Joe Diminick, halfback (5.8, 170, 22)—"Joe the Jet," despite his short stature, led Boston College's running attack last year. He was a leading pass receiver, also.

●

Don Ettinger, guard (6.2, 215, 27), the fiery red head from Kansas joined the Giants in 1948 and immediately made a hit with coach Steve Owen for his old-style "rock-em sock-em" toughness.

THE GIANTS' COACHING STAFF

Ed Kolman, line coach; Steve Owen, head coach; Al Sherman, backfield coach, and Jim Lee Howell, end coach.

Tom Finnin, tackle (6.3, 230, 22), an outstanding lineman at Detroit University in 1947 and 1948, Tom was ineligible for pro football when he left school last year and is now with the Giants as a rookie and fine prospect.

●

Forrest Griffith, halfback (5.11, 190, 21), another outstanding running back and one of the Giants' first four draft choices, Griffith was all-Big Seven at Kansas for three years. As a sophomore, he was a teammate of Ettinger and Schnellbacher.

●

Steve Hatfield, fullback (6, 205, 25), fullback on offense, halfback on defense, big Steve, from Shippensburg Teachers, is a rookie with a fine track and field record. He has broad-jumped 22 feet, high jumped 6-1 and pole vaulted 12-8.

●

Robert Hartley, halfback (5.10, 179, 23), a rookie from Marshall College, Bob is the brother of Howard Hartley, a former Giant now with the Pittsburgh Steelers. In the last two seasons he gained 6.3 yards a try and last year punted 44 yards per kick. Also a place-kicker.

●

Dick Hensley, end (6.4, 210, 22), came to the Giants last year after being out of football a year following a brilliant career at Kentucky. He finished last season as regular offensive end, played defense too.

●

Ralph Hutchinson, guard (6.2, 220, 25), another of the numerous sophomore linemen on the Giant roster, he starred at Chattanooga in 1948 and made the first Little All-America team.

●

Bob Jackson, fullback (5-11, 210, 25)—"Stonewall" is, appropriately, a line-backer who earned his nickname at North Carolina Agricultural and Technical College. Despite his size, he's a ten-second man for 100 yards.

●

Joe Jurich, tackle (6.3, 245, 25), like end Al Schmid, Joe is a fancy high diver and a bright rookie prospect with size, speed and spirit. He played for West Chester State Teachers last year.

●

Joe Kelly, center (5.11, 207, 26), a rookie, Joe backed up Wisconsin's line for the past two years and was considered one of the toughest defensive centers in the Big Nine.

●

George Kershaw, end (6.3, 225, 23), last year, his first in pro football, George played defensive end for the Giants. He started out as a back at Colgate but was switched to end because of his size and power.

●

Tom Landry, halfback (6-1½, 195, 25)—Tom starred on defense with the Yankees last year, and Owen intends to use him as offensive fullback—his Texas position—this year. He is a topnotch punter, with a 44.1-yard average on 51 kicks last year.

John Mastrangelo, guard (6.3. 235, 24), another former Yankee star, the ex-Notre Dame star was considered the best defensive guard in the All-America Conference last season. Before joining the Yankees, he played a year for the Pittsburgh Steelers in the National League.

●

Kelley Mote, end (6.2, 190, 27), obtained in a trade with the Detroit Lions during the summer, Mote has three years of professional experience behind him. In 1946, as Duke captain, he was considered one of the South's greatest ends.

●

Jim Ostendarp, halfback (5-8½, 178, 25)—Jim was one of the country's best small-college backs at Bucknell last year, amassing 828 yards rushing and scoring ten touchdowns in eight games.

●

Ray Poole, end (6.3, 215, 28), an outstanding performer on offense and defense, Ray was Charlie Conerly's principle target at Mississippi and has been catching Charley's passes with the Giants for two years. He caught 25 last year for 277 yards.

●

Eddie Price, fullback (5-11, 190, 25), another prize 1949 college back drafted by the Giants, Eddie gained over 1,100 yards rushing in each of the last two seasons at Tulane, the only college back on record to reach that total twice. He has power, durability and open-field speed, and was the Giants' No. 2 choice.

●

John Rapacz, center (6.4, 265, 25), even bigger than Mel Hein, John was All-America at Oklahoma in 1946 and 1947, and won all-A. A. C. honors with the Chicago Hornets last year, where he also played tackle. He was the Giants' first choice in the June draft of A. A. C. players.

●

Gene Roberts, halfback (5-11, 188, 26)—"Choo-Choo" from Chattanooga was plagued by injuries as a Giant in 1947 and 1948, but blossomed forth as the Giants' best running back and second highest scorer in N. F. L. history last year, when he racked up 17 touchdowns for 102 points. He ranked fifth in the league in rushing last year.

●

George Roman, tackle (6.4, 250, 25), although new to the Giants, George has five N. F. L. seasons behind him, with the Boston Yanks-New York Bulldogs. Last year, the huge Western Reserve alumnus was considered one of the top linemen in the league.

●

Harmon Rowe, halfback (6, 182. 27), another former Yankee, Rowe is one of pro football's top defensive backs. He played at Baylor in 1941 and, after Navy service, San Francisco in 1946, and has three years of professional experience.

●

Ed Royston, guard (6, 220, 27), an outstanding lineman at Wake Forest in 1947, Ed was traded to the Giants by the Chicago Cardinals before the 1948 season opened, and has been a regular offensive guard ever since.

Jack Salscheider, halfback (5-10, 185, 25), as a rookie last year, Jack attracted attention with some sensational kick returns. He was a little All-America in 1948 at St. Thomas College, Minnesota. Against the Cardinals last fall, he ran back a kick-off 95 yards to a touchdown.

●

John Sanchez, tackle (6.3, 241, 28)—The Giants obtained John from the Washington Redskins after the third game last season, and immediately put him to work as an offensive tackle. He was captain of San Francisco University in 1946, when he was a Little All-America.

●

Alfred Schmid, end (6.1, 215, 23), versatile and rugged, Al, who was born in the Bavarian Alps, played defensive halfback, offensive end and kicked off for Villanova's successful team last fall. He is also a high, and fancy diver with Aquacade experience.

●

Otto Schnellbacher, end (6.2, 185, 27), is called "The Claw" because of his pass-grabbing, since he excels in interceptions as a defensive halfback as well as in orthodox receiving. He played with the Yankees of the All-America Conference the last two years after starring in basketball as well as football at Kansas in 1946 and 1947.

●

Joe Scott, halfback (6-1, 194, 24), the big speedster from San Francisco has played right half and fullback for the Giants the past two years. An injury stopped him the last half of last year, but he's ready again this season.

●

Tom Skladany, fullback (6, 213, 24), a linebacker who can also play center, Tom was recommended to Owen by his Temple coach, Ray Morrison. His brother played with the Philadelphia Eagles last fall.

●

Joe Sulaitis, fullback (6-2, 215, 29)—Now in his seventh season as a Giant, Joe has played every backfield position as well as end. He can handle the ball at T-quarterback, pass, receive and run, but excels particularly as a blocker. He is one of the few players who made the jump to big league pro football without college experience.

●

Bill Swiacki, end (6.2, 195, 25)—Bill's diving, spectacular catches in Columbia's 21-20 shattering of Army's unbeaten streak of 32 games helped him to All-America honors in 1947, and in the last two years with the Giants he has continued to set pass-catching records. One of the most elusive and glue-fingered receivers in football.

●

Travis Tidwell, quarterback (5.10, 185, 25)—Tidwell joins the Giants as a rookie with almost as great a college reputation—at Auburn—as Conerly had. Playing varsity football as a freshman in 1946, he led the country in total offense. An ankle injury slowed him in 1948 but was the star of two all-star games last year. A fine passer, he is an experienced and polished T-quarterback. He was No. 1 college draft choice of the Giants.

●

Emlen Tunnell, halfback (6-1, 187, 25), a great passer, receiver, runner and punter at Iowa, Tunnell developed into one of football's outstanding defensive backs with the Giants in two seasons. With Schnellbacher, Rowe and Landry, he gives the Giants some of the strongest pass defense in the league.

●

Arnie Weinmeister, tackle (6.4, 235, 27), considered one of, if not THE, top tackles in pro football the past two years with the Yankees. Arnie should bolster the Giant forward wall immensely. At the University of Washington, he played fullback as well as in the line, proving he has speed and mobility to go with his power.

●

Jim White, tackle (6.2, 230, 29), is starting his fifth season with the Giants, whom he joined in 1946 and won all-league honors as a rookie. Before that he was an All-America tackle at Notre Dame.

●

Dick Woodard, center (6.2, 225, 24), a member of the Los Angeles Dons last year, Dick was drafted by the Giants in June. He was one of the Big Nine's leading centers at Iowa in 1947 and 1948.

The Giants 1950 Championship Schedule

September 17—Pittsburgh Steelers, at Pittsburgh.
October 1—Cleveland Browns, at Cleveland.
October 8—Washington Redskins, at Washington.
October 15—Pittsburgh Steelers, at Polo Grounds.
October 22—Cleveland Browns, at Polo Grounds.
October 29—Chicago Cardinals, at Chicago.
November 5—Washington Redskins, at Polo Grounds.
November 12—Chicago Cardinals, at Polo Grounds.
November 19—Baltimore Colts, at Baltimore.
November 26—Philadelphia Eagles, at Polo Grounds.
December 3—New York Yanks, at Polo Grounds.
December 10—Philadelphia Eagles, at Philadelphia

Home Games Away Games

L.S./M.F.T.-Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco

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.

NEW YORK GIANTS			LOS ANGELES RAMS	
No.	*Name*	*Position*	*Name*	*No.*
.....	.....	Left End	.....	.....
.....	.....	Left Tackle	.....	.....
.....	.....	Left Guard	.....	.....
.....	.....	Center	.....	.....
.....	.....	Right Guard	.....	.....
.....	.....	Right Tackle	.....	.....
.....	.....	Right End	.....	.....
.....	.....	Quarterback	.....	.....
.....	.....	Left Halfback	.....	.....
.....	.....	Right Halfback	.....	.....
.....	.....	Fullback	.....	.....

New York Giants Roster

No.	*Player*	*Pos.*	*Age.*	*Wt.*	*Ht.*	*College*
8	Skladany, Tom	FB	24	213	6:00	Temple
12	Clay, Randall	HB	22	195	6:00	Texas
16	Ostendarp, James	HB	25	178	5:08	Bucknell
20	Tidwell, Travis	QB	25	185	5:10	Auburn
21	Sulaitis, Joe	FB	29	215	6:02	Dickinson, H. S.
22	Rowe, Harmon	HB	27	182	6:00	San Francisco
23	Hatfield, Steve	FB	25	200	6:00	Shippensb'g Tchrs.
30	Scott, Joe	HB	24	200	6:01	San Francisco
31	Price, Eddie	FB	25	190	5:11	Tulane
34	Jackson, Bob	FB	25	210	5:11	N. Carolina A&T
35	Roberts, Gene	HB	26	188	5:11	Chattanooga
37	Diminck, Joe	HB	22	170	5:08	Boston College
38	Hartley, Bob	HB	23	179	5:10	Marshall
40	Salscheider, Jack	HB	25	185	5:10	St. Thomas
41	Griffith, Forrest	HB	21	190	5:11	Kansas
42	Conerly, Charles	QB	26	185	6:01	Mississippi
45	Tunnell, Emlen	HB	25	187	6:01	Iowa
49	Landry, Tom	HB	25	195	6:02	Texas
51	Woodard, Dick	C	24	225	6:02	Iowa
52	Cannady, John	C	26	225	6:02	Indiana
53	Rapacz, John	C	25	260	6:04	Oklahoma
55	Kelly, Joe	C	26	207	5:11	Wisconsin
60	Baker, Jon	G	27	215	6:02	California
63	Barzilauskas, Fritz	G	29	230	6:01	Yale
64	Jurich, Joseph	T	25	240	6:04	W. Chester Tchrs.
66	Mastrangelo, John	G	24	235	6:03	Notre Dame
70	Sanchez, John	T	29	241	6:03	San Francisco
71	Hutchinson, Ralph	G	25	225	6:02	Chattanooga
72	Finnin, Tom	T	23	240	6:04	Detroit
73	Weinmeister, Arnie	T	27	235	6:04	Washington
74	Ettinger, Don	G	27	215	6:02	Kansas
75	Austin, Bill	G	21	220	6:01½	Oregon State
77	White, James	T	29	230	6:02	Notre Dame
78	De Rogatis, Al	T	23	240	6:04	Duke
79	Roman, George	T	25	250	6:04	West. Reserve
80	Mote, Kelley	E	27	190	6:02	Duke
81	Swiacki, Bill	E	25	195	6:02	Columbia
82	Poole, Ray	E	28	215	6:02	Mississippi
83	Schnellbacher, Otto	E	27	190	6:02	Kansas
85	Hensley, Dick	E	22	210	6:05	Kentucky
86	Kershaw, George	E	23	225	6:03	Colgate
87	Schmid, Al	E	23	210	6:01½	Villanova
88	Beeman, David	E	23	215	6:05	Dartmouth
—	Milner, Bill	G	27	225	6:01½	Duke

Los Angeles Rams Roster

No.	*Player*	*Pos.*	*Age.*	*Wt.*	*Ht.*	*College*
4	Fletcher, Art	E	25	203	6:03½	Washburn
7	Waterfield, Bob	QB	30	200	6:01½	U. C. L. A.
9	Barry, Paul	HB	25	210	6:00	Tulsa
11	West, Stan	G	23	245	6:02	Oklahoma U.
13	Younger, Paul	FB	22	220	6:03½	Grambling Coll.
14	Smith, John	E	24	190	6:01	Arizona
17	Sims, George	HB	22	170	5:11	Baylor
18	Gehrke, Fred	HB	32	190	5:11	Utah
20	Huffman, Dick	T	27	256	6:02	Tennessee
22	Statuto, Art	C	25	220	6:02	Notre Dame
23	Naumetz, Fred	C	28	222	6:01	Boston Coll.
24	Kalmanir, Tommy	HB	24	175	5:08½	Nevada
25	Van Brocklin, Norm	QB	24	190	6:01	Oregon
26	Lange, Bill	G	22	238	6:01½	Dayton
27	Lazetich, Milan	G	29	214	6:01	Michigan
28	Erb, Charles	QB	23	180	5:10	California
30	Lewis, Woodley	HB	25	185	6:00	Oregon
31	Hoerner, Dick	FB	28	220	6:04	Iowa
32	Towler, Dan	FB	22	225	6:02	Wash. & Jeff.
33	Williams, Jerry	HB	26	175	5:10	Wash. State
34	Stephenson, Dave	G	24	235	6:02	West Virginia
35	Vasicek, Victor	G	24	225	5:11	USC, Texas
36	Pasquariello, Ralph	FB	23	235	6:02	Vi'lanova
40	Hirsch, Elroy	HB	26	190	6:02	Mich., Wis.
41	Davis, Glenn	HB	25	171	5:11	Army
44	Thompson, Harry	G	23	225	6:02½	U. C. L. A.
45	Reinhard, Bob	T	29	235	6:04	California
54	Yagiello, Ray	G	27	220	6:00	Catawba
55	Fears, Tom	E	26	215	6:02	U.C.L.A.,SantaCl.
56	Zilly, Jack	E	28	215	6:02	Notre Dame
57	Paul, Don	G	25	230	6:01	U. C. L. A.
58	Finlay, Jack	G	29	215	6:01	U.C.L.A.
62	Barber, Doug	HB	24	195	6:00	Dakota Wesleyan
63	Brink, Larry	E	27	235	6:05	No. Illinois State
65	Klein, Bill	E	25	208	6:02	Hanover
66	Bouley, Gil	T	28	235	6:02	Boston College
72	Murray, Don	T	21	250	6:02	Penn State
75	Kilman, Harold	G	24	216	6:02½	Texas Christian
77	Smith, Vitamin T.	HB	26	175	5:08	Abilene Christian
79	Smyth, Bill	E	28	245	6:03	Cincinnati
80	Boyd, Bob	E	22	205	6:02	Loyola
81	Moje, Dick	E	24	210	6:03	Loyola
86	Champagne, Ed	T	27	240	6:03	Louisiana State

THE STAFF

STEVE OWEN, *Phillips U.*, Head Coach
ED KOLMAN, *Temple*, Line Coach
AL SHERMAN, *Brooklyn College*, Backfield Coach
JIM LEE HOWELL, End Coach
SID MORET and JOHN JOHNSON, *Trainers*
DR. FRANCIS SWEENY, Team Physician
DR. ARTHUR G. CROKER, Team Dentist

THE OFFICIALS

Referee—EMIL HEINTZ, *Penn (9)*
Umpire—SAMUEL M. WILSON, *Lehigh (19)*
Linesman—JOSEPH R. LEHECKA, *Lafayette (45)*
Field Judge—GEORGE VERGARA, *Notre Dame (33)*
Back Judge—CARL REBELE, *Penn State (8)*
Clocker—FRANK J. DOLAN

THE STAFF

JOE STYDAHAR, *West Virginia*, Head Coach
MEL HEIN, *Wash. State*, Line Coach
HAMPTON POOL, *Stanford*, Backfield Coach
ED KOTAL, *Lawrence*, Asst. Backfield Coach
HOWARD HICKEY, *Arkansas*, End Coach
WARREN CLEMENS, Trainer
BILL JOHN, Asst. Trainer

FOR OFFICIAL PENALTY SIGNALS SEE PAGE 42

The Los Angeles Rams

Doug Barber, halfback (6.0, 195, 24), won All-Conference honors twice at Dakota Wesleyan, prodigious kicker, averaging 70 yards in one game.

●

Paul Barry, halfback (6.0, 210, 25), among nation's leading ground-gainers at Tulsa in 1946, All-Conference back 1946-50. Big, rugged runner.

●

Gil Bouley, tackle (6.2, 235, 28), All-American at Boston College, starting tackle for Rams past five years. Tremendous speed for his size.

●

Bob Boyd, end (6.2, 205, 22), won NCAA 100-yard dash championship this year. Has official time of 9.5s, set at Compton Relays. Considered great prospect as offensive end.

●

Larry Brink, end (6.5, 235, 27), one of best defensive ends in league. Makes life miserable for opposing passers, has improved each year with Rams since 1947.

●

Ed Champagne, tackle (6.3, 240, 27), last aggressive lineman who plays both offense and defense. Shares tackle duties with Bouley.

●

Glenn Davis, halfback (5.11, 171, 25), Mr. Outside back in action at last. Fabulous Army career included three years as All-American, every major football award, three NCAA grid records—20 touchdowns in one year, 11.51 average carrying ball, 11.74 average per play, passing and running. Running with all the speed and agility which he had at Army.

●

Charles Erb, quarterback (5.10, 180, 23), played in Rose Bowl game against Ohio State. Lettered at California three years.

●

Tom Fears, end (6.2, 215, 26), has led the NFL in pass receiving for past two years. Set new record last year with 77 catches, erasing 74 mark set by Don Hutson. One of greatest receivers in game.

●

Jack Finlay, guard (6.1, 215, 29), one of five U. C. L. A. players on Ram squad. All-Pacific Coast tackle during career with Bruins and one of fastest linemen on the team.

●

Art Fletcher, end (6.3½, 205, 25), surprise of training camp this year. Came unheralded to ask coaches for tryout and proved to be good defensive end. All-Conference four years at Washburn College.

Fred Gehrke, halfback (5.11, 190, 32), the "Old Pro" of the Ram squad is playing his 7th season for LA. Has a lifetime average of 5 yards per try as a ball-carrier.

●

Elroy Hirsch, halfback (6.2, 190, 26), All-American at Wisconsin and Michigan, and star of 1946 College All-Star game at Chicago, in which he scored two touchdowns to help beat Rams, 16-0.

●

Dick Hoerner, fullback (6.4, 220, 28), all-pro fullback last year, Dick led the NFL fullbacks in ground-gaining. Considered finest running fullback in league.

●

Dick Huffman, tackle (6.2, 256, 27), has been an all-pro tackle each of the three years he has been in the NFL. Made nine All-America squads his final year at Tennessee.

Tommy Kalmanir, halfback (5.8½, 175, 24), had best average gain per carry of Ram backs in his freshman year last season. Picked up an average of 7.53 yards per try.

●

Harold Kilman, guard (6.2½, 216, 24), All-Southwest conference lineman at TCU. Carries nickname "Killer" from ring prowess. Won 146 of 147 amateur fights, 140 by knockouts.

●

Bill Klein, end (6.2, 208, 25), led nation's small college receivers two years in row at Hanover, gathering in 52 passes one season.

●

Bill Lange, guard (6.1½, 238, 22), from Dayton University, he made Catholic All-America last year and has been one of the standout rookies of the 1950 training camp.

●

Milan Lazetich, guard (6.1, 214, 29), all-pro defensive guard last year. Converted from tackle when he joined Rams in 1946. Plays middle guard, sure tackler.

THE RAMS' COACHING STAFF

Hampton Pool, backfield coach; Eddie Kotal, assistant backfield coach; Red Hickey, end coach; Mel Hein, line coach, and Joe Stydahar, head coach.

Woodley Lewis, halfback (6.0, 185, 25), had astounding 43 yard average on kickoff returns for Oregon last year. Returned three for touchdowns and will probably resume duties as kickoff returner with Rams. Plays defensive halfback

●

Dick Moje, end (6.3, 210, 24), making strong bid for job as defensive end. Played at Loyola, asked for tryout with Rams this year.

●

Don Murray, tackle (6.2, 250, 21) was regarded as best lineman on the Penn State squad last year. Knee injury has slowed him down in training camp, but is beginning to come into his own now.

●

Fred Naumetz, center (6.1, 222, 28), is the Ram team captain and an all-pro choice last year. One of the most explosive tacklers in football and a great linebacker.

●

Ralph Pasquariello, fullback (6.2, 235, 23), was considered the best pro prospect in the East and was the Rams' first draft choice. All-East last year and selected most valuable player in the North-South game.

●

Don Paul, center (6.1, 230, 25), is playing his third year for the Rams. He earned All-Pacific Coast honors at U. C. L. A., and was recently characterized as the toughest player on the squad by one of the coaches.

●

Bob Reinhard, tackle (6.4, 235, 29), gives the Rams the finest pair of tackles in football with Dick Huffman. All-pro for two years with the Los Angeles Dons, he was the Rams' first choice in the draft of AAC talent.

●

George Sims, halfback (5.11, 170, 22), is one of the greatest defensive halfbacks in the business. As a rookie last year, he picked off nine enemy aerials and batted down countless others. Hails from Baylor in the pass-happy Southwest Conference.

●

John Smith, end (6.1, 190, 24), had a tryout with the Rams last year but was sidelined with a bad shoulder. Blessed with tremendous speed, he will probably play as an offensive wingman.

●

Vitamin T. Smith, halfback (5.8, 175, 26), was a Little All-America halfback at Abilene Christian College and led the NFL in punt returns last year. He's a 9.6s sprinter.

Bill Smyth, end and tackle (6.3, 245, 28), is a jack of all trades for the Rams and master of most. Plays offensive or defensive tackle or end on either side of the line.

●

Art Statuto, center (6.2. 220, 25), came to the Rams from the defunct Buffalo Bills. Will probably handle most of the offensive duties at center because of fine blocking.

●

Dave Stephenson, guard (6.2, 235, 24), was a center when he reported to Ram camp from West Virginia, alma mater of Ram mentor Joe Stydahar. Has made change to guard well.

●

Harry Thompson, guard (6.2½, 225, 23), was called by Ram Coach Red Hickey "the finest rookie guard I have ever seen report to a pro football camp." Came to the Rams on recommendation of U. C. L. A. Coach Red Sanders after having been overlooked in college draft.

●

Dan Towler, fullback (6.2, 225, 22), was one of the leading scorers in the East in 1948 when he tallied 133 points for Washington & Jefferson. A tremendous runner, he has been a sensation in training camp for the Rams.

●

Victor Vasicek, guard (5.11, 225, 24), is a much-traveled gridder who came to the Rams via USC, Texas and the Buffalo Bills. Played in the Rose Bowl, Sugar Bowl and Orange Bowl.

●

Norman Van Brocklin, quarterback (6.1, 190, 24), led Oregon into Cotton Bowl in 1948 and earned nickname "football's Joe Page" with Rams last year when he pulled three games out of the fire with sensational scores late in the contest.

●

Bob Waterfield, quarterback (6.1½, 200, 30), led the Rams to a world championship in his rookie year, 1945. Has been named an all-pro QB three of his five years with the Rams and is regarded as one of the finest all-around players of football's modern era.

●

Stan West, guard (6.2, 250, 23), earned All-America selection on 12 different teams last year at Oklahoma and was the second choice for the Rams in the draft. Every coach who played against Oklahoma last year singled out West for special praise.

●

Jerry Williams, halfback (5.10, 175, 26), is one of the best running backs on the Ram squad, but his great defensive ability has kept him out of the game most of the time on offense. He is due to see more duty carrying the ball this year, however.

●

Ray Tagiello, guard (6.0, 220, 27), came to the Rams as a Little All-America tackle from Catawba and was shifted to guard. Plays offense, and is a fine blocker.

●

Paul Younger, fullback (6.3, 225, 22), was the most improved player on the Ram squad by the end of last season. Hails from little Grambling College, where he earned Negro All-America honors two years.

●

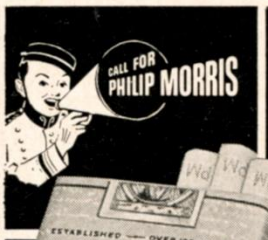
Jack Zilly, end (6.2, 215, 28), is one of the best all-around flankers in football. He played for Frank Leahy at Notre Dame, and although he is a good offensive end, he really shines at rushing the passer on defense.

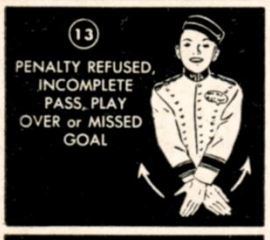
The Rams 1950 Championship Schedule

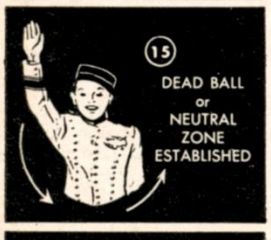
September 17—Chicago Bears, at Los Angeles Coliseum.
September 22—New York Yanks, at Los Angeles Coliseum (night).
October 1—San Francisco 49ers, at San Francisco.
October 8—Phialdelphia Eagles, at Philadelphia.
October 15—Detroit Lions, at Detroit.
October 22—Baltimore Colts, at Los Angeles Coliseum.
October 29—Detroit Lions, at Los Angeles Coliseum.
November 5—San Francisco 49ers, at Los Angeles Coliseum.
November 12—Green Bay Packers, at Milkaukee.
November 19—New York Yanks, at Yankee Stadium.
November 26—Chicago Bears, at Chicago.
December 3—Green Bay Packers, at Chicago.

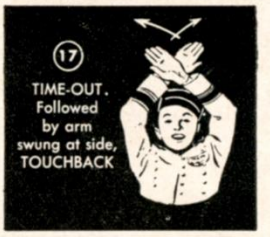
Home Games Away Games

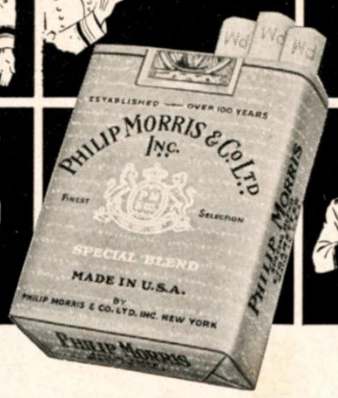
OFFICIAL SIGNALS ADOPTED BY NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE











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Catching the Rams

By Leonard Koppett

Bob Waterfield

Bob Boyd

Tom Fears

Elroy Hirsch

For the first time in five years, professional football will have an undisputed champion this fall—and there's a good chance you're seeing it down on the field right now in Los Angeles Ram uniforms.

Ever since 1946, when the All-America Conference sprang into being as a major league to rival the well-established National, there has been the annual indecisive discussion about which league's champion is the stronger and, therefore, the best pro club. The N. F. L. went along blithely ignoring the A. A. C. and calling its own play-off winner the "world champion," while the A. A. C. constantly and vainly kept challenging the N. F. L. champion to a game with its own title-winner.

This year, all that is over. The A. A. C. merged with the N. F. L. last winter, forming one league again with thirteen teams in two divisions. After the two division winners clash on Dec. 17, there will be no pretenders left to disturb the one that earns the throne.

The Rams' chances of grabbing that seat are better than many people think. Most pre-season speculations pin the "favorite" tag on the Philadelphia Eagles, N. F. L. champions the last two years, or the Cleveland Browns, who won permanent possession of the A. A. C. by sweeping four titles and losing only four of fifty-four games in four years. Both clubs are rich in talent, winning tradition and experience.

But so are the Rams, who lack very few, if any, of the elements found in championship elevens. They have a fine balance of veterans and rookies, a powerful line, tremendous backfield speed, a highly-geared passing attack on both the throwing and receiving end, a proven defense and adequate reserves.

What's more, they have assists from the schedule and—for what it's worth—poetic justice. The Rams, you see, are the last team to win an undisputed championship. In 1945, representing Cleveland, they won the N. F. L. title.

The schedule's help is more tangible. The new N. F. L. consists of an American Conference and a National Conference. Both the Browns and Eagles are in the former while the Rams are in the latter. Los Angeles plays the Eagles once and the Browns not at all during the regular season. The Eagles and Browns play each other twice, as well as two games each with the New York Giants, Pittsburgh Steelers, Chicago Cardinals and Washington Redskins. This shapes up as a tougher group, on the whole, than the Rams' division, which includes San Francisco, the Chicago Bears, Detroit, New York Yanks, Baltimore and Green Bay.

At any rate, regardless of other considerations, the Rams have the stuff to hold their own in any company. The principal elements of last year's team, which took first place in the N. F. L.'s western division and lost to the Eagles, 14 to 0, in the final play-off, are back. In addition, there are some brilliant newcomers.

Joe Stydahar, who played on several championship Chicago Bear teams, starts his Ram coaching career able to call upon some tested-under-fire talent. The team's T-formation attack is directed from quarterback by Bob Waterfield, who led the 1945 Rams to their title in his first year out of U. C. L. A. Bob is still at his peak as a bewildering ballhandler and feeder, and one of the league's top passers.

Capt. Fred Naumetz

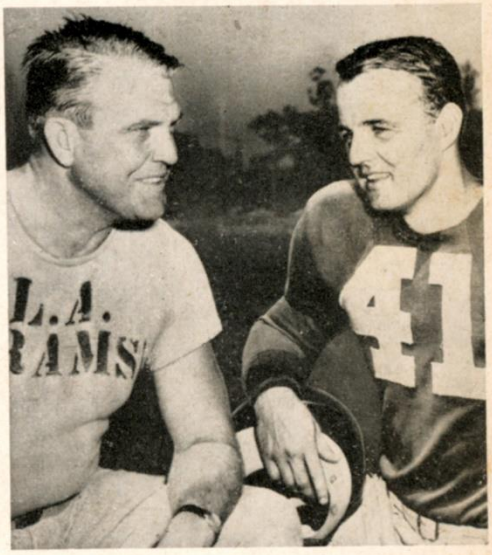
On the receiving end, the Rams have Tom Fears, the league's leading pass-catcher in 1948 and 1949. He caught 77 last year, setting an all-time N. F. L. record.

In the line, helping both on offense and defense, the Rams have what is probably the outstanding pair of tackles in football: Bob Reinhard and Dick Huffman. Both have won all-pro honors the last two years, Huffman with the Rams and Reinhard with the Los Angeles Dons. Then there are Gil Bouley, formerly of Boston College, and Ed Champagne, of L. S. U., to help out in those positions. Jack Finley and Milan Lazetich are experienced guards and Fred Naumetz is one of the game's best centers.

Much of the Ram power, however, stems from the running attack. Dick Hoerner, in his fourth year, and rookies Ralph

(Continued on Page 74)

LEONARD KOPPETT is a member of the sports staff of the New York Herald Tribune.



Glenn Davis (right) with backfield coach Hampton Pool

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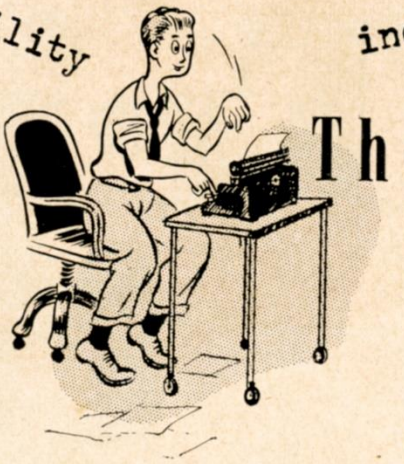

impenetrability

heterogeneous

The Myth Makers

By Lewis Gannett

There's a legend that the best writing in the U. S. A. today is done by the sports writers. The legend, I think, consists mostly of the memory of Ring Lardner. Sometimes the myth makers throw in the name of Heywood Broun, too.

Ring Lardner was a good sports-writer, a good story-writer, and also, though it isn't always remembered, the best and the bitterest radio critic before that Crosby boy arrived on the scene. But when you've named Lardner you're done. The rest of the sports writers turn out, on examination to be juveniles. There isn't a really first-class sports novel in all the annals of American literature. It took a woman, an Englishwomen at that, to write, in "National Velvet," a good novel about horse-racing.

Heywood Broun was a utility man rather than a sports writer. He wrote sports for a time; he also took on the theater, and even served a term of servitude as a book critic. Broun became the legendary hero of newspaperdom, however, when he slugged his column "It Seems to Me" and began writing about Hale Lake, H. 3d, Sacco and Vanzetti, poker and Heywood Broun, or whatever came into his head. You can't call Broun a sports writer. He was a "columnist," and a columnist can only be defined as anybody who writes anything, regularly, for the newspapers.

There are those who include Damon Runyon among their sports-writing heroes. He may have been a good sports writer; I am not competent to judge. But as a Writer with a capital W Runyon just wasn't in Ring Lardner's class. There has never been another Ring Lardner. There have just been Runyons and Gallicos and Peglers. Westbrook Pegler, indeed, is the classic example of what happens to a sports writer when he sheds his uniform. Pegler is a great slanguage-slinger, and as long as he stuck to sports-writing that seemed to be enough. But when Pegler succumbed to the illusion that his mission in life was to run against the ghost—and the family—of Franklin D. Roosevelt for the affections of mankind, the slanguage wasn't enough. The basic poverty of intellect exposed itself; what had seemed joyous irresponsibility sounded merely irresponsible and sour.

Perhaps a tendency to irresponsible exaggeration is the basic weakness of sports writing. The sports writer too often hunts not for the precise word but for the big word, the novel word, the word that biffs the reader in the eye. He suffers from hyperthyroid congestion of adjectives; he is a dope fiend for forced similes. He forgets what relaxation is. He tries to turn every ball-game into a Jack and giant-killer saga, and every clean hit into a cloud-swiping swat. He wants every word to sizzle. He strains the English language. Maybe that's what the fans want, but when a sports writer carries those word-warping techniques into other fields of writing, he sounds like a small boy boasting in big words. It becomes plain that the legend that sports writing is good writing won't wash.

That's why I like Red Smith. He doesn't stutter; he doesn't shout; he doesn't croon; he doesn't try to jitterbug in type. He seems actually to use his mind when writing, not to attempt to write with his muscles.

Also, Red Smith doesn't always keep his eye on the ball. That, I am told, is the cardinal virtue of ball-players, but it is also, I am certain, the monotonous vice of sports writers. Maybe a mere book critic should not presume to discuss the esoteric art of sports writing; probably he would do well to keep his ignorant heresies to himself. Yet I suspect that even the fans enjoyed it when Red, watching a Harvard-Yale football game, chose to write about the small boy who snatched the umpire's cap rather than about the behemoths of the Ivy League. I suspect they also appreciated it when Red, watching Rocky Graziano train at a mountain camp, paused to listen to the white-throated sparrow piping in the hills.

When Mr. Knopf, the highest-browed of publishers, collected a batch of Red Smith's pieces and made them into a pretty book—entitled, oddly, "Out of the Red"—they bore rereading. They were good reading even for those who hadn't read them on the sports page. They had a varied pace. They bore traces of thought.

And honestly, isn't it rare—and sweet—when you can say that of sports writing?

LEWIS GANNETT is book reviewer of the New York Herald Tribune and author of several books, the latest of which was "Cream Hill."

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The Great Unknowns

By Herbert Kupferberg

Anonymity is the hallmark of the editorial writer and sets him apart from his fellow newspaper men. Even outsiders sometimes wonder what contentment can possibly lie in thinking out little essays on the affairs of the day, polishing them up as gracefully as one's abilities permit, and setting them before the public with as little personal ownership as the weather report. Reporters, foreign correspondents, columnists—even photographers—all sign their work, it is pointed out. Only the editorial writer never sees his name in print. Sometimes, people think, the editorial writer even must have doubts himself.

Sometimes, perhaps he does. The present writer, being only an occasional editorial writer, can't speak for the regulars. If he could, he would have, first of all, to leave his signature off the article, for it is a point of honor with the true editorial writer never to sign anything, except, of course, things he absolutely has to, such as a second mortgage on his home.

Editorial writers have had a long and generally honorable history, for people have always liked to tell other people how they should feel about things. Of course, when you *say* something, no matter how flatly, you can generally deny it the next day if you have to, because nobody bothers to remember exactly what you said. When you *write* it, however, caution is advisable, because your few words can be clipped out from the page (some people actually do this) and returned to you with a suggestion that you eat them.

That explains why circumspection, if not circumlocution, is a desirable trait in an editorial writer. Nobody can be sure of everything, and editorial writers, the good ones at least, will cheerfully admit that they may wrong from time to time.

Perhaps the first editorialist in recorded history was Abraham, the Biblical patriarch who, it may be remembered, once told his nephew Lot: "If thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou take the right hand, then I will go to the left."

Abraham was indicating a desire to work things out to the advantage of all concerned, to examine both sides of the question, to evolve some sort of satisfactory solution—all of which are requisites of a good editorial. Furthermore, he was indicating some familiarity with the phrase "on the other hand," a working knowledge of which is essential to all editorial writers, though it is not, as some critics would make out, the cornerstone of the craft.

There *are* two sides to a good many questions, even though it sometimes annoys a reader to have that harsh fact pointed out to him; the trick is to recognize the cases that have only one side, and take the right one.

Outsiders (and insiders, too) sometimes raise the interesting question of whether there aren't more enjoyable ways of earning a living in the newspaper business, such as being a crime reporter or a sports writer. Most editorial writers would reply: "De gustibus non est disputandum" thus crushing the questioner and at the same time displaying their knowledge of Latin (occasionally to its fullest extent). It all depends, of course, on whether you prefer to wear out your legs or your brains first. After all, when an editorial writer gets tired, as he often does, he gets tired sitting down.

But there can be no doubt that editorial writers, however carefully they may cherish their feet, show no compunction at all about being faceless. They may wrestle with the problems of the universe, they may solve riddles that have plagued man from the beginning of time, they may discover the very secret of life — but they must do it without affixing their names to their findings. They are not even permitted to utter the word dear to all men—"I." An honest editorial writer would tear out his tongue rather than say (in print) "I think," or "it seems to me." He says instead "We think," or "it seems to us," and by thus doubling his pronoun he reduces his identity to zero.

On the other hand (to slip gracefully into the oldest of editorial habits), there are compensations. In a world that has been ruined by the I's it is not always a bad thing to be a We. Emperors, kings, popes—rulers and leaders of men in all ages — have always styled themselves in their decrees as "we." The humble editorial writer may be unable to associate himself with these illustrious personages, but at least he can count on the support of such worthies as Tony Weller of "The Pickwick Papers," who once remarked (under altogether different circumstances, it is true): "Put it down a we, my Lord, put it down a we."

When the editorial writer says "we," as a matter of fact, he means something more important and imposing than himself. It no longer is you speaking, it is your newspaper, that great journal which attempts to mold man's thoughts and is satisfied at least to stimulate them. You hardly recognize your own voice at times.

"I" could never suggest things to the President of the United States, or to the United Nations, or even to the people who decide about bus fares. "We" do it as a matter of course, and the strange part is that "they" sometimes listen to us—though not as much as they should, of course. And sometimes, when we write about the rain, or the sun, or the loveliness of trees blossoming in the spring, it is almost as though we were talking to God Himself. Some people might think that anonymity is too great a price to pay even for that. We —on the other hand—don't.

HERBERT KUPFERBERG is a member of the editorial staff of the New York Herald Tribune.

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—a delicious lemon soda

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

PRESSED DUCK de Paris

By Russell Hill

PARIS Along about the first half of July, Paris' great annual double migration takes place. By July 4, many thousands of tired businessmen, tireless students, school teachers and others from the United States have managed to arrive in Paris. Apparently they want to be at the Independence Day party given by the Ambassador. All Americans, including the resident population of artists, writers, newspapermen and Marshall planners, are invited to this affair. Just in case they don't get their invitations, a blanket invitation is put in the newspaper (the European Edition of The New York Herald Tribune —*Advt.*) They all come.

The second part of the migration is the exodus of Parisians. This starts in earnest on *their* Independence Day, July 14, so there is a period of about ten days of hectic overcrowding when you see both Frenchmen and Americans about. A few Parisians hang around until the end of the month, but they would consider it a great social blunder even to be seen in Paris in August. If, for some reason one of them can't get out of town, he hides. The swimming pool and tennis courts of the fashionable Racing Club in the Bois de Bologne are empty, because members who are in town are afraid of being seen there. It is not quite clear who would see them, but they are taking no chances.

All the restaurants are now filled with Americans looking for French atmosphere. All the restaurants, that is, which are not having their "fermeture annuelle." Since the restaurant owners are more interested in getting out of Paris than in cashing in on the height of the tourist season, a lot of them just close their doors. That makes the others all the more crowded with Americans, who have all the less chance of discovering French atmosphere. They would do better in a French restaurant in New York, except that in Paris they can have the thrill of paying with thousand-franc notes instead of dollar bills.

Some of the American residents here share the tourist illusion that they may find atmosphere. What they look for is an "unspoiled" little place over on the Left Bank. They exchange in whispers the names of these little out-of-the-way places, and when they sneak down to one they are likely to run into their second cousin from Kansas who got into town three days before.

I, personally, prefer my little neighborhood restaurant. As I sip a cocktail in my living room, I can look across the river and see its bright twinkling lights and its merry diners. I think about strolling over after one more cocktail. Then I think again, because the place is called the Tour d'Argent, and it has — deservedly—the reputation of being the biggest-scale sucker-joint in town. It claims to be the oldest restaurant in Paris, and that in itself is ominous. It means that ever since Richelieu's day it has been getting practice not only in how to squeeze juice out of ducks but in how to squeeze those extra 5,000 francs ($14.27) out of the man who is trying to impress his girl, or his visiting fireman.

I haven't been in the Tour d'Argent since 1947—when somebody was good enough to try to impress me. I console myself with the thought that I have the same view and pay much less for it, and if I really get a craving for pressed duck I could probably get a carpenter's vise and do the job myself. Of course, you don't have to pay those prices. You can get a very decent meal in one of the smaller restaurants for $2.50. And it is not true that there are special menus for Americans in French restaurants. There is only one price. Didn't I say that only Americans eat there?

RUSSELL HILL is chief of the Paris Bureau of the New York Herald Tribune.

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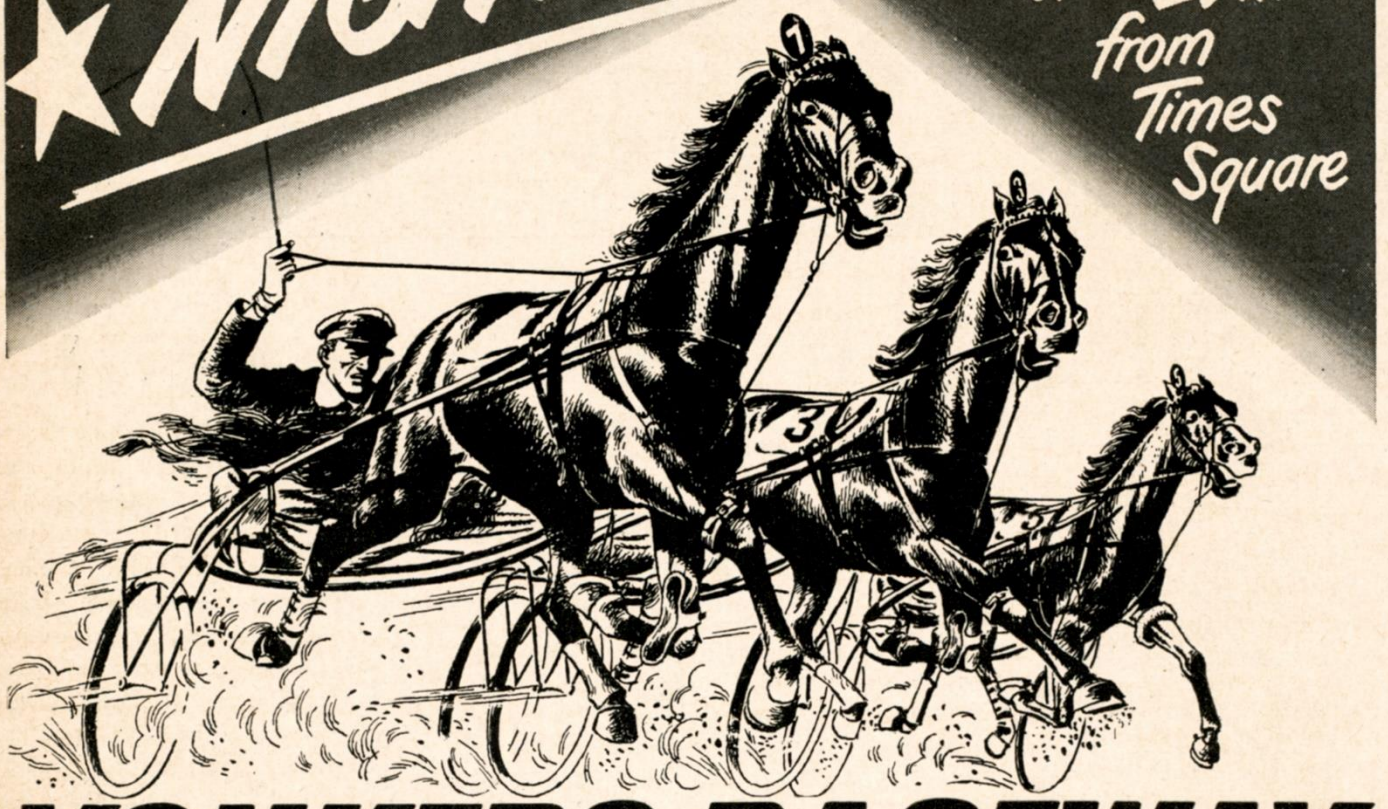

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Brooklyn, Departmentalized

By Harold Rosenthal

Applied Semantics Department: The wildest game played in Ebbets Field during 1950 probably will turn out to be that early-spring job involving the St. Louis Cardinals. The Dodgers scored four runs in the eighth, five in the ninth, to win, or maybe it was the other way around. Tommy Glaviano, the Cards' third baseman, committed three errors in a row in the ninth and lost the ball game.

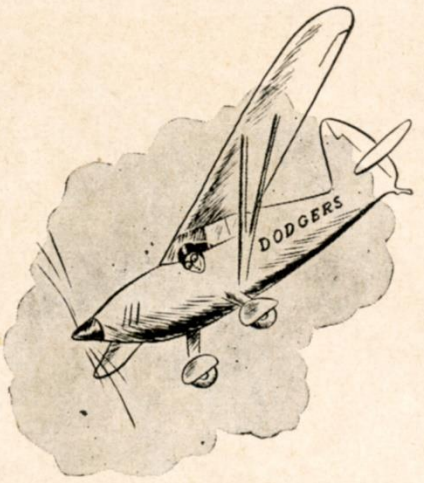
A Cards rooter, anxious to get back to his mid-town hotel to wash his sorrows away with repeated soothing applications of Old Lightning-Bolt, decided the Brighton Beach subway wasn't fast enough. He hailed a cab. His grief was great but not great enough to prevent his inquiring what the fare would be to Times Square.

The cabbie had just been listening to the game and was taking his time descending from the Olympian heights. "Times Square?" he repeated as though he was hearing the phrase for the first time.

"Times Square? Somewhere in the vicinity of between two dollars."

Wild-Blue-Yonder Department: First of the pilots for the Brooklyn Dodgers' private twin-engine plane after the war was Peter Gring, a mild-mannered ex-Navy flier. Gring's job was to whisk Branch Rickey and other club officials where they wanted to go in a hurry.

One night the Dodger president decided he had to get to Omaha in a hurry, so off they went, to Omaha. A couple of hours out Rickey looked up from the blank verse submitted for his annual poetry contest by Messrs. Tommy Brown,



Carl Furillo and Gene Hermanski, and noticed the plane was descending.

"Omaha so soon?" he called to Gring.

"Nope," replied Gring, "Chicago."

"Chicago?" Rickey sounded perplexed. I wanted to go to Omaha."

"Look outside," advised Gring. "Not in this stuff."

"But," insisted Rickey, "I want to get to Omaha. In fact, Peter, I got to get to Omaha."

"Okay," replied Gring, "I'll land you in Chicago, and you can take a train or a bus or something."

Rickey sat back, pulling on his cigar thoughtfully. Suddenly he had it. He leaned forward.

"Peter," he announced, "You go ahead and fly me to Omaha. *I'LL TAKE THE RESPONSIBILITY.*"

Distinguished Alumni Department: George Magerkurth was one of the most popular umpires ever to work at Ebbets Field. That's because he was built like a concrete cabana, had villainous looks and a flaring temper to match. He also had a joyous habit of picking up any polysyllabic words or phrases that happened to be lying around, to be sprinkled immediately into his on-field or off-field conversations.

"Maje" has since retired but every once in a while some strange arrangement of words or syllables brings the big guy back to mind. He's credited with coining the word "fraternate," used in describing the off-field relationship of ball players and umpires.

"We often put up at the same hostelries," Maje once said, "but we do not fraternate."

Out of baseball for a couple of seasons now, retirement probably is beginning to irk big "Maje." Last spring he advertised in a baseball paper thusly:

Semi Pros

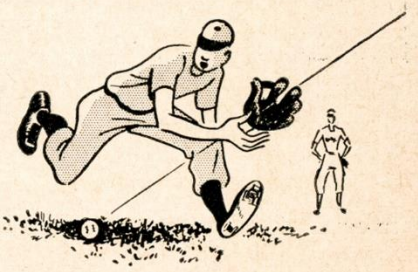
Let me umpire some of your games.
Let me speak to your fans.
Have a gala day.
I am out to promote and to *PROMULGATE* Baseball in every possible way.

Applied Strategy Department: During Spring training at Vero Beach the high command split up the Dodgers into several squads "managed" by a number of the regulars. Pee Wee Reese was given one, Billy Cox another, and so on.

One afternoon Reese's club was playing Cox's, and it was a close game with an inning or two to go. A newspaperman wandered over to the players' bench, noted the score, sized up what he thought was the situation then began handing out advice to Reese.

"Pee Wee," he declaimed, "it's the eighth inning, there's only one out, the score is tied and there's a man on second. You got a good running ball club. Why don't you let the man on second steal third so that he could come home on an outfield fly?"

"Buddy," replied Reese, "I got news for you. It's two out and that's my club out there on the field."



HAROLD ROSENTHAL, member of the sports staff of the New York Herald Tribune, covers the Dodgers during the baseball season.

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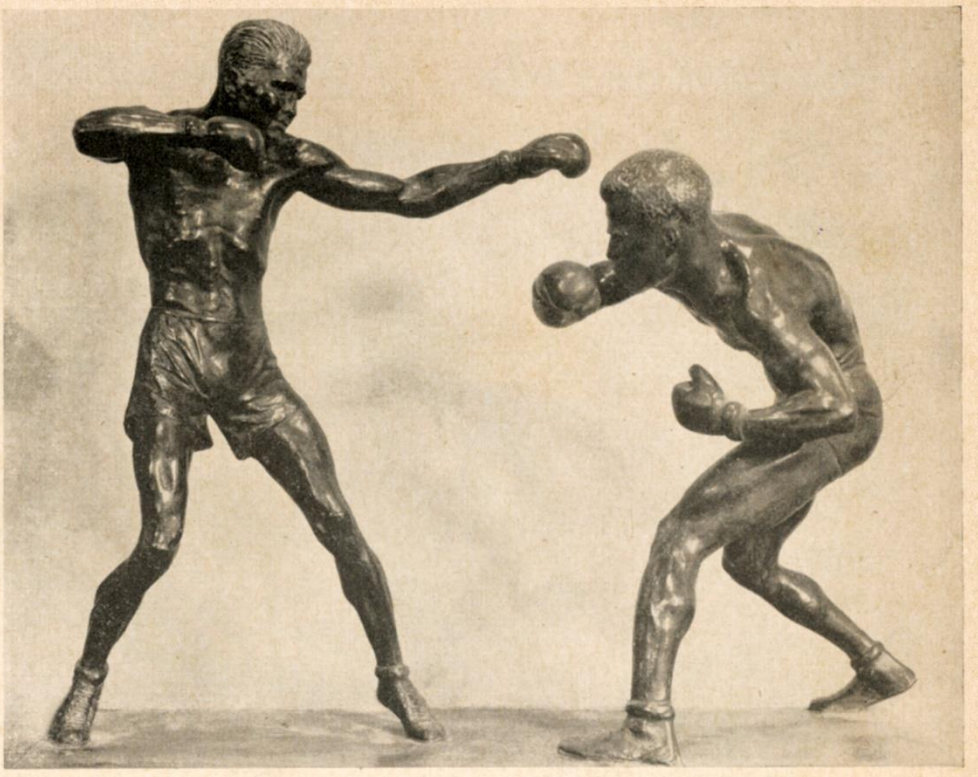
Long Hairs and Crew Cuts

By Emily Genauer



"Two Bantams" by Mahonri Young

I see by the paper where somebody "caught a blooper" yesterday, somebody else is against the "two-platoon system" and a third man "carded a net best-ball." What any of this means I cannot imagine, but it strengthens my conviction that to an art critic the most useful part of a newspaper is often its sports pages. They provide the most effective method available of silencing testy readers who occasionally complain that the vocabulary of art criticism is too technical for the general public. Call a carper's attention to the "language" he takes for granted, and with relish, in sports stories, and even "chiaroscuro" will seem, in comparison, plain as light (and shade).

This, to be sure, is not the only instance of sports serving the cause of art. For more millennia than man has been able to chart, artists have looked to athletes for material and inspiration. Some 20,000 years before Spain's gift to modern art, Pablo Picasso, began to manhandle the human body the way no referee would permit in any wrestling match, his paleolithic ancestors were covering the walls of caves in Northern and Eastern Spain with superb paintings of hunting scenes. In that dim day, of course, good hunting meant the difference between survival and death, rather than a lively sport. Yet it is hard to believe, on viewing photographs of the still visible murals, that those splendid bison and bowmen, every line of their bodies charged with power, tension and movement, represented to their ancient limners nothing more significant than a record of yesterday's menu.

The reasons why artists have always been fascinated by athletics are clear enough. Though it seems a debatable point, man is generally regarded as a pretty impressive animal, God's noblest creation. Until modern times the artist's inquiry into man centered chiefly on his physical aspect (even in the most searching and introspective art of the past, man's inner conflicts were portrayed as they were reflected in his face, his expression, his attitude). Came the camera, however, and after that Freud's poking around the back corners of the mind, and soon many artists shifted their attention from the outer to the inner man. At this point aesthetes and athletes began to part company.

There remain, however, a considerable number of artists who, over-optimistically perhaps, believe that the human body is here to stay, and continue to portray sports subjects because in them the body in action may be observed with greater freedom than anywhere else. Also, they recognize and respect the balance, control and co-ordination which are necessary to successful athletic performance as counterparts of the qualities they must themselves develop if hand and mind are jointly to produce masterpieces.

There is no field of athletic activity which they and their predecessors have overlooked during the centuries. This being a once-over-very-lightly of a vast, fascinating and complex subject, it is patently both impossible and unprofitable here to do more than mention some of the specific sports artists have "covered," along with a handful of outstanding examples of their achievements in these areas.

In hunting, the oldest and among the best accounts were rendered on the already mentioned walls of the Altamira caves. If you'd rather look closer to home, there are always the elegantly caparisoned hunting parties gleaming as brightly as they did when woven in the fifteenth century into the magnificent French unicorn tapestries which are the pride of the Cloisters, in Fort Tryon Park.

Boxers, evidently, have been slugging each other for thousands of years. In the Metropolitan Museum is a reproduction of the famous Boxer vase, a horn-shaped stone vessel carved in Crete four thousand years ago with four encircling bands of Fighters. They are hardly less spirited in their action than the principals in George Bellows' famous painting of the Dempsey-Firpo fight, or Mahonri Young's bronze figure of a fighter standing (as the Tunney-Muldoon trophy honoring the heavyweight boxing champions of the world) in the inner lobby of Madison Square Garden.

Wrestling? I give you Pollaiuolo's stirring bronze statuette, in the Bargello, Florence, of Heracles gripping Anteus in what appears to be a bone-crunching body-lock.

In racing the field is wide open. Take Degas' scenes of the track at St. Cloud, or Toulouse-Lautrec's, or, if your tastes run to more "official" renderings, with emphasis on the attributes of the thoroughbreds rather than on the color of the spectacle, there is the whole school of English horse-portraitists to choose from. Favorite of many horse and art lovers alike are Herbert Haseltine's sculptures of Arabian stallions (two of them turned up at his Paris studio one day, shipped there by an Indian Maharajah who wanted the astounded sculptor to do them from life).

Rembrandt's etching, "A Game of Golf" is admissible in that field even though the club and ball are hardly regulation size. For bull-fighting there are the works

(Continued on Page 73)

EMILY GENAUER is art critic of the New York Herald Tribune.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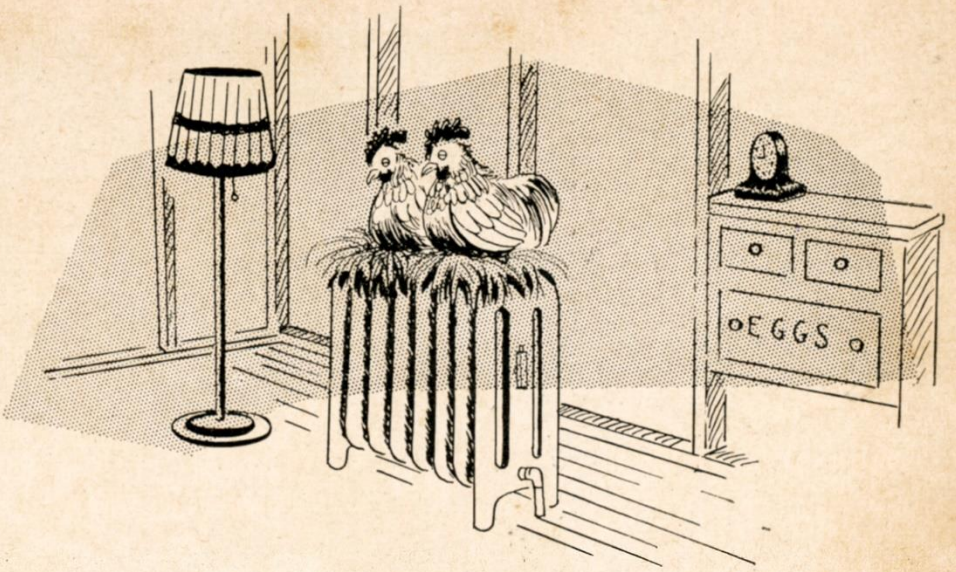
Solons At Play

By Murray Snyder



Too many people think of politics as a means of making a buck or remaking the world. Politics is fun; it affects people like the fabled fountain of youth. For instance, when the workday is over in the State Capitol in Albany, the pranksters go on the prowl. Sometimes the targets are freshman legislators and sometimes they are veterans grown cocky with the years. Sometimes they are lobbyists.

In past years the ribbing often consisted of the introduction of a phony bill bearing the victim's name. An old standby was a cure for rear-end collisions on the state's railroads—a requirement that the last car be dropped from all trains.

One April Fool's Day they dropped a neat package in the bill box for a Senator who year after year sponsored proposals to give exclusive, professional status to chiropractors, opticians and such groups. This bill created the mythical, restricted profession of "Turkish bath rubber." Of course the newspapermen were well aware of its implications, and didn't write the story.

A Manhattan Assemblyman who bravely sponsored a birth control bill, never popular legislation, found someone had put in a measure for him designed to make night life pleasanter for hens. It compelled farmers to equip their coops with steam heat and shut off the electric lights at 9 p.m. so his fowl could get adequate rest.

Introducing a phony bill in someone else's name is more difficult today than it used to be, as the personal signature of the introducer is now required on the first draft.

A bumptious New York Republican was bowled over by an unexpected telephone invitation to speak at the Albany Republicans' annual Lincoln Day dinner, a sumptuous affair. He had no dinner clothes along, but rented a suit and gaily mounted the dais on the big night, taking a seat amid the flower of his party. He barely had time to exchange nods with some of his Assembly buddies at the front tables before being chased by a master of ceremonies who didn't appreciate the joke.

A Queens Senator wondered for weeks whether his wife was likely to confront him any day with photographic plates of a definitely non-political scene inside his hotel room. No pictures were ever taken, however. Two of his colleagues in the room upstairs merely inserted a photographer's flash bulb in a floor lamp, lowered the contraption out the window until it was opposite the Senator's and set off the flash.

Whenever possible, the gagsters arrange to have an audience. Ten chaps saw one of the toughest little guys who ever came out of Brooklyn get "taken." He was enjoying a nap before dinner when one fellow gently looped a belt around his ankles. Another lit a torch made of newspapers and blew the smoke into the sleeper's face. As he stirred to semi-consciousness, one of the jokesters yelled "Fire!" as loud as he could. The victim leaped out of bed and fell flat on his face.

In recent years three dialect artists have pulled the wool over the eyes of hundreds of politicians from Albany to Brooklyn, usually to appreciative audiences of former victims. One was a deputy county clerk who masqueraded as a Swedish Ambassador; another was a news photographer who double-talked in broken Italian and a third, now a respected judge, who liked to play the role of a refugee German scientist.

Among those fooled by this spurious "Dr. Adler" was a lobbyist who boasted one night at the lawmakers' rendezvous, Keeler's, that despite his age, fifty-five, he could out-box men much younger. The "doctor" gave him a tongue-lashing, warned him that no man that age could risk such strain on his heart and thoroughly scared the fellow by telling him he showed signs of heart disease in his face.

When they got back to the hotel, the lobbyist begged him for a thorough examination. They went to the sitting room of a big suite, where the "doctor" made the victim of the rib strip completely and then shadow box in the nude before a wide-open window. While the cruel winter wind whistled in, a dozen convulsed legislators took turns watching through the keyholes of adjoining bedrooms.

State and national conventions furnish opportunity for the gagsters to deflate many a chesty politician. The small-fry party leader who gets an emergency summons to see the state chairman in Room 666 at 3 a.m. to discuss the nomination for lieutenant governor may be greeted by a pitcher of ice water instead of the big boss.

One delegation to a convention in Albany traveled up river by steamer and was housed in the boat for the duration of the meeting. Two delegates had it in for the party secretary who was getting all spruced up in his cabin for the big reception for the nominee for Governor.

As he prepared to leave, with no time to spare, his chums jammed a deck chair against the knob of his cabin door, which opened outward, and thoroughly hosed down the interior of the cabin through its wall ventilator grates with a couple of seltzer bottles borrowed from the ship's bar.

Phone or telegraph summonses from the Governor's secretary send political hearts thumping madly with hope that "the man on the second floor" is at last planning to pay due recognition to a party stalwart.

Some years ago the subject of parole came up at a conference of legislative leaders with the Governor, and a fledgling Assemblyman, attending his first such meeting, sounded off in an authoritative manner that annoyed his seniors. They said nothing, but several days later the Assemblyman received this wire at his New York office: "Governor wants to see you Saturday on parole bill."

(Continued on Page 76)

MURRAY SNYDER is a political reporter for the New York Herald Tribune.

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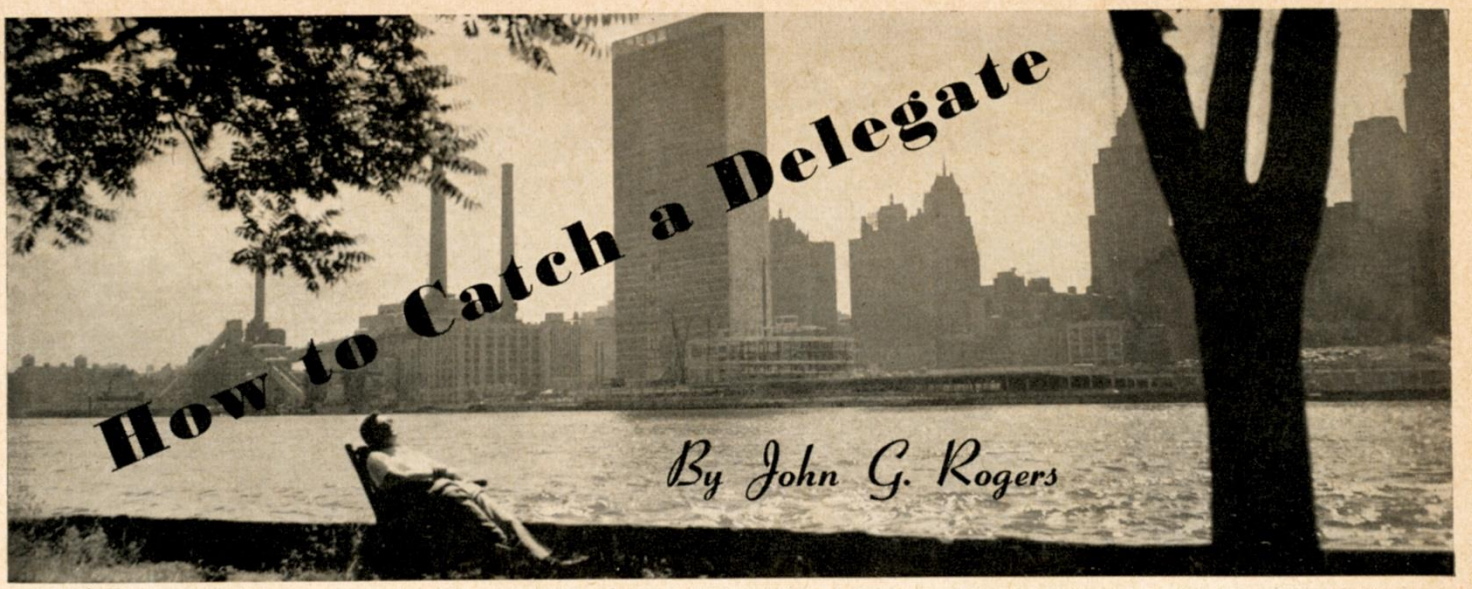

How to Catch a Delegate

By John G. Rogers

A delegate, says the dictionary, is somebody sent by another to transact business. United Nations headquarters at Lake Success is full of delegates. They come from all over and they speak many languages, including double talk. Most of them speak English—when they want to. A delegate may say, in fine English, "How about printing the text of my speech in your paper?" Then the next day the same man may shrug his shoulders, indicating no possibility of communication, when you ask him, "Who was that Foreign Minister I saw you with last night?"

Newspapermen at Lake Success are constantly hunting delegates to try to find out what business they are cooking up for whoever sent them. The best place to hunt delegates is in the delegates' lounge. This is a broad H-shaped room, with a real bar for the crossbar, and it is manned by some very pleasant drink makers named Clyde, Phil, Wally, Dick and Vic. They are always serving drinks to Foreign Ministers and very important persons and you always wonder whether they've overheard a lot of hot inside stuff. But so far as I know, none of them is planning to write a book.

There are two fairly good ways to spot a delegate. First, he must carry a brief case in which he keeps his secrets. (Although one delegate admits that on Fridays, whenever he is going away for the weekend, his brief case contains nothing except a clean shirt.) Second, delegates must be constantly shaking hands. They do this mechanically, murmuring, "So nice to see you." Sometimes two delegates wander about the lounge for ten or fifteen minutes, shaking hands politely each time their paths cross.

Delegates gather in the lounge before a meeting. You can see them in sinister huddles all over the room. You think they are busy putting over deals or arranging loopholes, and sometimes they are. Or sometimes a delegate from a big country is twisting the arm of a delegate from a small country, convincing him to vote a certain way. After one such experience, a small country delegate sent in an expense account to his government that included the item — "Loss of personality — $300." Asked to explain this, he wired back, "I'm not the same man I was when I came here." Delegates always congratulate each other on their speeches. But privately you can hear them mutter, "Botcho of Illyria made a lousy speech today."

In ancient times when the U. N. was very young, say in 1946, there were certain rules about hunting delegates. At first newspapermen were forbidden entrance to the delegates' lounge except when invited in by a delegate. But these delgates just love their publicity. So in no time at all, every newspaperman had a standing invitation from just about every delegate, and segregation was doomed from the outset. However, it was agreed that if a delegate was on the right hand side of the room, as you faced the bar, he was to be left in privacy, presumably to put over a deal. If he was on the left hand side, he was not putting over deals and was fair game for any newspapermen. One day, however, a delegate was discovered in the act of putting over a deal on the *left hand side* of the bar. Obviously, the deduction was that sometimes when he was on the right hand side, he was *not* putting over a deal, and that rule fell by the way. Today, there is no place that a delegate can hide from a newspaperman, unless they are of different sex.

When delegates are trying to be unattainable, they usually pretend to be in a hurry. Then it is necessary to resort to all sorts of wiles. The most ingenious method of capturing a delegate was invented here last year by a correspondent from "The Weekly Wadi," of one of the Middle Eastern countries. The equipment was so elaborate, however, that he was able to work the trick only once. From that time on, all other delegates were forewarned. Here's the way it was done:

It was a time of tension and all the delegates were hurrying. The man from "The Weekly Wadi" had to figure out how to slow one of them up, and then grab him. Into the lounge he brought a small blackboard, a piece of chalk, a chair, a pair of tweezers, a telescope and an empty jar with a screw top.

He set up the blackboard beside a trail frequently traveled by delegates, and on it he wrote, "Two plus two equals five." He put the chalk in his pocket and sat down in the chair to wait. Delegates began hurrying past. They glanced at the blackboard and the first few of them saw nothing wrong. But pretty soon a delegate came along who took one look at the blackboard and stopped. "Two plus two do not equal five," he said, and he began to look around for the chalk so that he could correct his mistake.

While the delegate was thus preoccupied, the correspondent grabbed the tweezers with his right hand, stuck the jar between his knees, and picked up the telescope with his left hand. He then peered at the delegate through the wrong end of the telescope and this made the delegate appear to be very small. In these favorable conditions, the correspondent quickly picked up the delegate with the tweezers, dropped him into the jar, screwed on the top, and hurried off with the captured delegate, from whom he eventually extracted quite a scoop for "The Weekly Wadi."

JOHN G. ROGERS is chief of the United Nations Bureau of the New York Herald Tribune.

Tall Tale Of a Timber Topper

By Joe H. Palmer

This is a retelling, not to be the final one in all probability, of one of the more improbable tales of a sport in which the improbable is the rule rather than the exception.

On September 29, 1941, eighty-year-old Thomas Hitchcock, head of a famous family of horsemen, supervised the schooling of his jumpers as usual. Late that afternoon he was dead. Obituaries spoke of his Grand National victories with Annibal and Good and Plenty, and of such great brush horses as Cottesmore and Ossabaw and Amagansett and Rioter. He was buried at Aiken, S. C., in whose development he had had so large a part, on October 1.

There was resident at Aiken at the time a young man named Kent Miller, a native of Louisville, Ky., and a relative of the *Courier-Journal's* fabulous editor, Henry Watterson, who had once accomplished the feat of putting the nation's largest state into a sentence: "There are more rivers and less water, and more mines and less ore, and you can see farther and see less than in any damned country in the world."

If you live in Aiken you must ultimately, in self-protection, get a horse. If you lived in Aiken in 1941 you had, in common with the rest of the community, an almost reverential attitude toward what Thomas Hitchcock could do with a horse. Miller wanted a horse, and because he had known and respected Hitchcock, he wanted one of the Hitchcock horses. So when the thoroughbred holdings of the estate came up for disposal at Pimlico on November 10, he was one of the bidders.

He met some fairly rough company, because in bidding for the horse he wanted he had nobody to shake off except Mrs. Dodge Sloane's Brookmeade Stable and John Hay Whitney. But he was a somewhat purposive young man, and when he bid $7,000 the opposition died. For that sum he got a 3-year-old gelding named Elkridge, by Mate — Best By Test, by Black Toney. The gelding had started once, on the flat, and had won.

On June 30, 1950, this same Elkridge, now twelve years old, rose triumphantly to the last fence of the Indian River Steeplechase at Delaware Park, carrying the high weight of the field—154 pounds —with some of his rivals down on the course behind him and the others laboring vainly, and under Frank (Dooley) Adams came away to win by nine lengths. It was something of an anniversary, for Elkridge had won the race in 1942, again in 1945, and also in 1948 and 1949.

He earned $8,400 for this feat, and this pushed the earning record for a steeplechaser to $214,330. Long before, in 1948, Elkridge had broken Jolly Roger's record ($143,240) for a jumper's earnings, and for two years, almost to the day, every dollar he earned had created a new record. He had raced in ten seasons, he had gone 109 times to the post. And his story is not yet ended although, because there was to be no more steeplechasing until Saratoga's August meeting, this was the last race which could be included in these notes.

The startling part of this record is that, after the Hitchcock sale in 1941, when Kent Miller looked at Elkridge and Elkridge at him, the horse had an actual advantage. He had been trained by people and he knew a little about them. Miller, on the other hand, had never trained a race horse—flat racer or steeplechaser—and what he knew about horses he had picked up, by osmosis, from his friends in Aiken. The chances are even yet, with Elkridge at the top of the jumpers, that he learned more from the horse than the horse did from him.

"The first time I ran him," Miller has reported since, "he ran a hundred lengths last. I thought, "Well, I guess I don't know what I'm doing." But I ran him again. He was last that time too, but it was only by fifty lengths. So I thought, 'Well, I'm on the right track.' So I kept on."

Steeplechasing is not a very safe occupation, but for anyone who engages in this mischancy occupation, the safest place he can be is in Elkridge's saddle. The length of jumping courses varies, starting out with "about two miles" in the spring, with twelve jumps, and getting up to "about three miles" with eighteen jumps in the fall. The average, possibly, is about fifteen jumps. But since no record is kept of schooling, there isn't any way to estimate accurately how many times Elkridge has come to a fence. With 109 starts to his credit, the number has to be over 1,500 in public, and an indeterminate number in his morning training. At a guess, say it's 1,800 times that the big Mate gelding has risen to a fence. Just once, at the age of ten, when he may have been getting careless, has he been on the ground.

He wins his races largely by the perfection of his jumping, but he has surprising speed for his age. Sometimes he loses his races because he decides, against the will of his jockey, that it is time to go when actually he ought to wait for another fence or two. But it was a grand thing to see him eat up his fields in a couple of fences, even when he moved too soon.

An attempt to rank him, in Miller's affections, with the owner-trainer's wife and children would probably benefit nobody. At Camden, where the family now winters, Elkridge is almost literally a household pet. Miller's daughter, in her early 'teens, hacks him through the pine woods when he is "legging up" for a coming campaign. Complete strangers can walk under him and pick up his feet and inspect the honorable scars and bumps that ten years of racing have left on his legs without getting kicked into the hereafter, as the writer, under the influence of Miller's hos-

(Continued on Page 74)

JOE H. PALMER, racing writer for the New York Herald Tribune, is an outstanding authority on the turf who also conducts a weekly column called "Views of the Turf."

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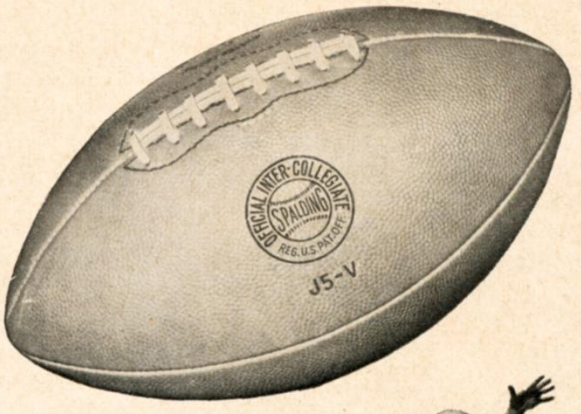

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The Unwritten Law

By Milton Lewis

This happened shortly after Burton B. Turkus helped break up the Murder, Inc., mob.

Burt went into private practice. He soon became as successful a defense counsel as he had been a Brooklyn prosecutor. Only now he was able to afford to eat desserts and send his laundry out.

From force of habit, he still occasionally leaves his Brooklyn home in the morning with a sandwich in his pocket (hero size), put together on top of the Maytag.

Naturally, a good piece of his business came from the type of criminal he helped send away — two- and three-time felony losers who were well aware they were bucking for free, life-time, albeit cramped, tier accommodations, where gray is the order of the day, every day.

Many mobsters have dough, to coin a cliche. But occasionally—as happened in this instance—the guy had nothing but the title: 'Racketeer No. 4 in the United States."

The guy had the title, all right. But he was broke. He was grabbed in California and brought back to New York on a charge of conspiring to obstruct justice in a murder inquiry splashing all over Page 1.

He needed a good lawyer bad. He also knew that good lawyers don't come cheap. And he couldn't even afford a cheap one. So he did what a lot of others have done —he took a pauper's oath and asked the court to assign a lawyer.

Turkus was assigned, and since "Racketeer No. 4" was only charged with a misdemeanor—not with murder—Turkus knew he would receive no fee from the state. But as an officer of the court, Turkus had no choice but to accept the assignment.

He went to the cell of his non-paying client, who was unable to post any kind of bond. "No. 4" was delighted to see Turkus and began to regale him, after offering the lawyer a cigar with real tobacco in it, with details of Hollywood—how he and the Mickey Cohen of that period had entertained the movie capital's great of all sexes.

Turkus was singularly unimpressed with this chit chat, but listened for the better part of an hour before asking a most pertinent question.

"What," Turkus asked, "is your defense?"

"The unwritten law," snapped the client, unblinkingly.

Turkus made believe he didn't hear the answer, brought the conversation back to Hollywood and Vine and after what he considered a propitious time, asked again, "What is your defense?" He got the same answer—"The unwritten law" . . . on a misdemeanor charge!

Turkus, being conscientious, went to the man's family and pointed out that if their kin wanted to help he would have to explain himself. Two days later the man's sister called Turkus and told him to visit her brother again, things would be different this time.

Turkus wasted no time on his visit.

"What's your defense?"

"I'm levelin' with you—The unwritten law."

The case subsequently went to trial. There were numerous witnesses put on the stand by the prosecution, all of whom were having a telling effect on the jury. The testimony was all damaging and one witness, who knew Turkus's client well, told of his early days and how he never learned to read or write.

Finally the case went to the jury. Turkus turned to the defendant and said, "Well, I did the best I could for you on cross-examination."

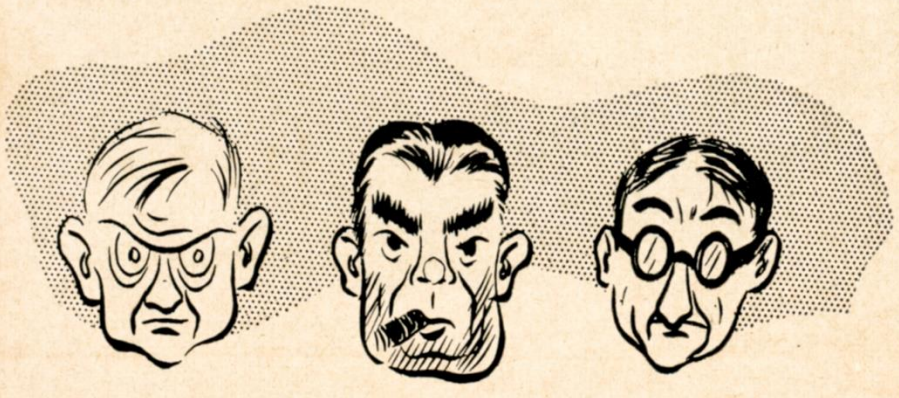
"You were fine, you were fine. I got no complaints."

"Now that it's all over, will you tell me why you kept your defense a secret?

"A secret? I told you my defense the first day you visited me in jail."

"What do you mean?"

"Didn't you hear it come out in the testimony—how I can't read or write? Don't you call that the unwritten law?



MILTON LEWIS is a member of the city staff of the New York Herald Tribune who specializes in crime reporting.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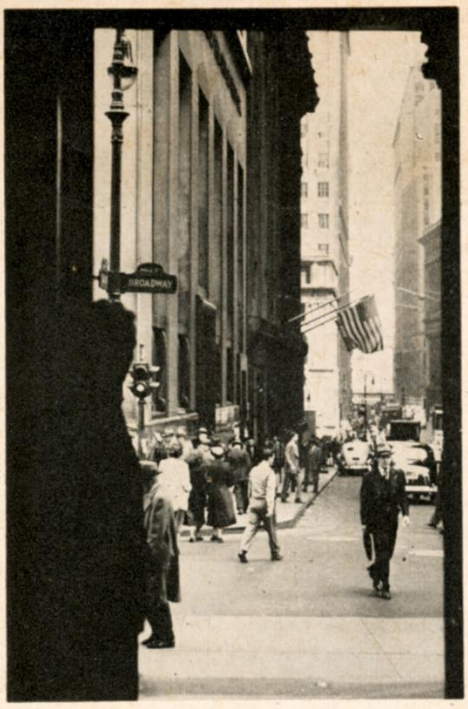


That Menacing Canyon

By M. C. Blackman

A friend of mine, no capitalist, works for "The Wall Street Journal," so in a fraternal spirit I went down the other day to take a second look at that menacing canyon which, more and more, sounds like an epithet when it is mentioned by the men in the Kremlin and their misguided minions here. (The "Journal" is not on Wall Street, but that's in the city's perverse pattern: few Broadway plays are ever shown on Broadway, for example.)

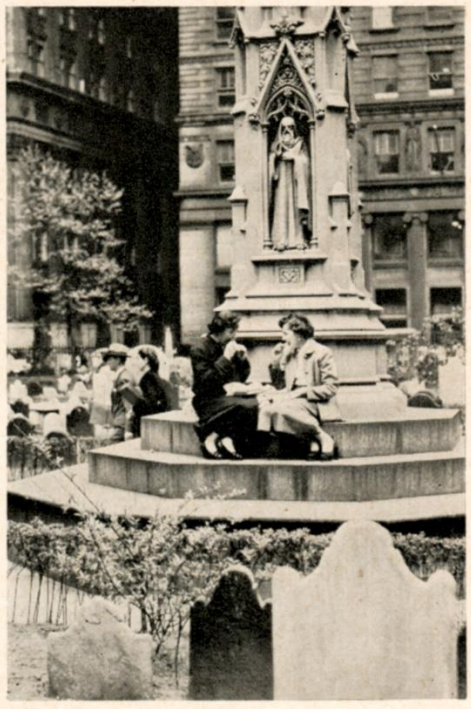
My casual tour of the financial canyon had an auspicious deep-summer overture. As I emerged from the subway in front of Trinity Church on Broadway, I heard a bird call. Probing my fallible memory, I tentatively identified it as that of a Baltimore oriole.

Trinity Churchyard seemed the most likely course of the trilling, but I was able to spot therein only a pair of pigeons and a couple of stenographers having picnic lunches (separate checks, please). After a few minutes I traced the bird music to a sidewalk vendor who had bird whistles for sale. He sold none while I watched, but he seemed to be enjoying himself.

I looked in bucolic awe at the facade of the New York Stock Exchange, where, early in 1929, it cost as much as $625,000 to sit down, and, after that year, a trifling $85,000 top price for a seat. Then I moved on to a commodity within my means and comprehension: the merchandise of a Good Humor man who had paused for business at the corner of Wall and Nassau Streets.

We completed our financial transaction in short order (a dime offered and twelve cents demanded and received), and I crossed Wall Street for a closer look at the squat, gray, five-story building at No. 23. There was no identification of the structure that I could see, but I knew it to be the Morgan Building, home of America's most fabulous private banking firm.

The sidewalk directly in front of the entrance in the cater-cornered facade is as private as the bank. Tiny brass plates



embedded in the cement on both sides of the entrance warned:

PRIVATE PROPERTY LINE
CROSSING AND USE BY
REVOCABLE PERMISSION ONLY
AND AT RISK OF USER.

Nobody revoked my permission and I crossed safely.

On the steps of the Subtreasury Building across the way, George Washington looked both grand and shabby in his bronze suit that hadn't been to the cleaners in a long time. A man sat on the steps below him, squinting at a newspaper in the afternoon sunshine.

I peeked. He was not reading my friend Bob Stitt's "Journal" nor even the financial section of the New York Herald Tribune. He was poring over the racing charts of "The Morning Telegraph" for clews to another but not entirely different kind of speculation.

Wall Street, which—it is often remarked—begins at a graveyard and ends at a river, is but little more than a third of a mile long, and there really isn't much to see in its narrow confines, unless you are an enthusiastic admirer of the exteriors of banks. I have learned to get along with banks, but I can't say that I admire them (or they me).

At 68 Wall Street, I looked in vain for some marker of the buttonwood tree under which twenty-four brokers are said to have drawn up in 1792 a trading agreement that was the beginning of the Stock Exchange. Not even a button.

It was a sunny day, but there were almost as many umbrellas as brief cases in evidence on the street, indicating either that Wall Streeters are cautious men or that May weather is unpredictable. Liveried chauffeurs lounged against the fenders of limousines exhibiting the unrelieved boredom peculiar to chauffeurs. Mail men staggered along under burdens of communications far weightier than their shoulders knew.

On South Street, a man I took to be a seaman turned his back on the financial capital of the world and gazed dreamily at the shipping in the East River. Here were peace and quiet and there adventure beckoned.

If there is a bar on Wall Street, I didn't find it. Hey, Bob, is that why you come to Bleeck's so often?

M. C. (INKY) BLACKMAN, veteran newspaper man, is a member of the city staff of the New York Herald Tribune.

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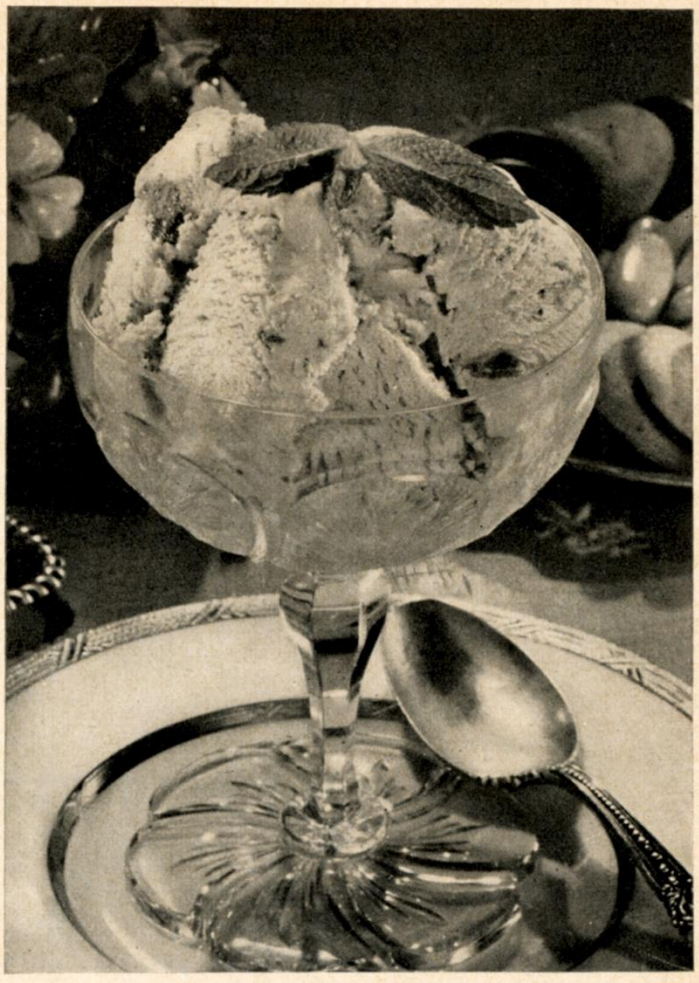

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OR AT HOME

Sand Storm

By Ralph Chapman

ARABIA This is about a sand storm in southwest Arabia, in the desert that makes up the greater part of the Aden Protectorate.

The day began normally enough. A cloudless sky, brilliant sun and temperature in the high nineties by 8 a.m. The never-ending glare from the sand seared our eyes as we rolled away from Hajar Bin Qohlan in the direction of Beihan.

There were three of us in the command car—Dick Bowen, an engineer from Pawtucket, R. I.; Friso Heybroek, a Dutch geologist, and I. We were going to Naqd Margad, a guard post and customs station near the border of the Yemen. But first we had to pick up Sherif Hussein Bin Ahmed El Habili, regent of the area and our guide to the remote spot where no American had ever been. There is a well-defined track to Beihan, where Hussein makes his headquarters, and we bounced along at what is a good speed for those parts.

Hussein, attired as usual in red turban, striped silk shirt, white jacket and futah (a long, bright-colored skirt worn by desert Arabs) was waiting for us. After the proper number of rounds of tea flavored with cardamon seed Hussein and his inevitable bodyguard piled into the car with us and we set off.

For a few miles we followed the road back to Qohlan but suddenly our guide waved a hand and we turned off to the left. In a matter of minutes we were in a trackless waste of high sand dunes with small mountains in the distance. There was no track of any sort. There were no discernible landmarks. There was just nothing but sand and an occasionable patch of scrub. Bowen, a brawny young man, wrenched at the wheel of the heavy vehicle as Hussein, apparently blessed with some sixth sense, directed him first this way, then that.

At one moment we were climbing so steeply it seemed certain we'd go over backward; seconds later the car would be plunging down what appeared to be a sheer cliff. We lurched around turns at angles of forty-five degrees or worse. Conversation was impossible. My legs began to ache from keeping them constantly braced. All of us were soaked in perspiration.

Then it hit us.

First came light puffs of wind. Stronger, steady wind followed. And finally the sand. From brilliant sunshine we went directly into a grim, rather horrible twilight. The mountains to our left disappeared entirely. Visibility in any direction decreased to a hundred yards or less. There were no side curtains for the command car and the gale-driven sand seemed to hit us from every direction.

It filled our eyes, our noses, our throats. Our perspiration-drenched clothes became crusted with it. One felt that suffocation must surely come soon if the storm did not die down.

The wind became hotter and the wall of sand more impenetrable. The sun was still visible but it looked like a pale, silver disc, adding to the nightmare quality of our jolting ride. The roar of the motor grinding in low gear, the howl of the wind and the rattle of sand against metal combined to make a din almost unbearable.

I had to hold my wrist watch six inches from my gritty eyes to read the dial. It was 11 a.m.

At the same time the unruffled Hussein turned from the front seat and offered us sticks of the British chewing gum which he invariably carried. He grinned with a flash of perfect teeth between black mustache and beard; then wrapped part of his turban around his face until only his eyes showed. I parted my lips a fraction of an inch for the gum and got a mouthful of sand. I groped for one of the metal canteens and took a swig. The water was bath temperature.

Suddenly we turned left again and were in the lee of a mountain. The wind died almost at once but sand still filled the air. Visibility gradually increased until we could see a quarter of a mile.

An hour later we sighted Naqd Margad. It was a small, whitewashed Beau Geste-like fort set high on one side of a boulder-strewn pass between two mountains. The path to it was so narrow and precipitous that we left the car at its foot and plodded up on foot. Threading our way through a group of particularly surly looking camels, we reached the fort entrance. A captain of the guards greeted us and took us

(Continued on Page 74)

RALPH CHAPMAN is a member of the staff of the New York Herald Tribune on special foreign assignment.

STRIPERS *ON THE MOVE*

By Edmund Gilligan

Now that the time comes when the greenery of the mountainsides begins to flare with the trees changing to the colors of autumn, scarlet and gold and saffron, the fishermen turns from the salmon pools of the far Margaree and the riffles and deeps of old Esopus, to the rollers and surf of the Atlantic, where the striped bass romps after the bait-fish.

The tides of autumn are strong, and they run stronger still when the full, red moons of harvest-time roll up from the dark horizon to dominate the sea. The moon, with her cold iron, draws the vast sea to her and, in passing, sends it down; thus the autumnal tides, like the tides of spring, strike with force into the mouth of the Shrewsbury and, when they violently withdraw, the shoals of fat bait-fish, overcome by the tide, are hurled into the Atlantic at Sandy Hook, the best of all our beaches, strewn always with the hulls of bass-skiffs that met disaster in the surfs of other springs.

The savor of the bait-fish flows through the tide and flavors the salt, just as melting butter savors a broiled steak for us, and this rich, marshy flavoring, borne far and wide from the mouth of the river, pleases the great stripers, and seems to make them famished in an instant. At times, they are ravenous, and they become so reckless that they strike into the surf itself for their prey. The multitudes of bait-fish—mullet and many other species—turn before the onrush of the bass, and seek the shelter of foam, spray, and shallows. There the bass venture, striking and gulping in their swerving charges, and often the onslaught carries them onto the beach itself, where you may see them desperately rolling over and over in the receding water to find a deep again.

There's no better sport in all the fisheries than a campaign against the stripers when such a moon is due and the storm signals are flying along the coast. The moon gives you striking fish and a pleasant start; for the anglers of Staten Island, a noble breed of men, like to rise long before moonset and leave the wharf at Princess Bay while the moon is at her best. They go in skiffs powered with big motors, and these can lift the boat to thirty knots, an exciting speed through waters marked with wide moonglades and ornamented by the crimson lights of great ships at anchor and the running-lights of other skiffs racing to the surf of Sandy Hook. This is an hour for foul-weather clothing and for a keen eye at the tiller, because the harbor is not without dangers to a wooden hull flying at those knots. Even in a calm and starry night, the fast run is an excellent beginning, but when the signals are up and more cautious skippers stay abed, Billy Brown, my Staten Island friend, grins widely and drives away, knowing that the breakers at Sandy Hook will be high and the surf empty of other skiffs.

Billy makes the long run and, when the beach heaves black and yellow under the moon, the rods are set up and the Blue Mullet lures are broken out. He comes in fast from the sea, peers ahead for the flat whirl near the Boiler (actually a boiler of a great wreck) and there the word is passed. The Blue Mullets go over the stern, the lines are paid out briskly, and Billy steers nimbly between the rollers, which lift you high and bring you down in a swift descent to the troughs and there you glide until up you go again toward the red moon in an easy motion for which the bass-skiff is skillfully designed.

It is there, if you have luck, that the violent strike against the lure tells you most emphatically that the stripers are on the move. The striper hits hard and begins his first run and, again if you are very lucky, you may see a pretty sight: the great fish breaking in a glitter of moonlit spray, leaping once (but not more) like a salmon of the Codroy, and then sounding for the real, striper battle against you and your gear. Down there he tugs like a Maine squaretail and rips off toward the beach and back again to deeper water, and away he dashes, from one roller to another, until, at last, the rod compels him boatward and Billy Brown, grinning with pleasure, leaves the tiller and takes up the gaff, unless you have made it clear to him that you wish to gaff your own fish, which is the best thing to do since there may not always be somebody at hand to strike the blow.

Sometimes the setting of the moon puts the fish off, but the striper is like every other fish in that he has no rules to follow and does what he pleases. If the darkness stops him in his hunt for food, he is apt to stay hungrier than he likes to be. He will wait for the break of day and, at the first glance of sunlight, his forays begin again.

EDMUND GILLIGAN, novelist and short story writer, is Rod and Gun editor of the New York Herald Tribune.

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Fall Harvest

By Henry B. Aul

Fall is just about the best time of the year to work in the garden. It is propitious for planting or transplanting most types of ornamental material and the weather is such that the gardener feels like doing it. He may even be moved to start (or finish) that terrace paving, pool or fireplace, an early season dream that the hot days of July and August dissipated.

Work is carried on amid beautiful surroundings. Chrysanthemums, asters and calendulas contribute to the brilliance of Indian summer days and the turning foliage and fruit of shrub and tree carry these colors high into the clear autumn air. There have been tomatoes to pick, peppers, pumpkins and lima beans and apples hang heavy on the bough. Fall is building-planting time and harvest time in the garden.

Lawn building and re-building are among the early autumn accomplishments. The season for rank weed growth is past but September rains encourage a quick, thick turf that will be in a strong position to withstand the heat and drought of the following summer. Established lawns are fed in the fall to take advantage of these same rains to regain vigor sapped by summer heat.

Broad-leaved evergreen shrubs and narrow-leaved evergreen trees are moved with complete success in the early fall. Among the shrubs are the rhododendron, andromeda, mountain laurel, azaleas and leucothoe. All are spring and early summer bloomers of the highest order. They require a peaty, acid soil and a cool, moist, but well drained root-run.

Taxus, juniper, spruce, pine, arborvitae and other of the needle-type evergreen trees have stopped growing, have hardened the growth of the season just passed and are in ideal condition to be moved. They and the evergreen shrubs are dug and transplanted with a ball of earth held securely around their roots. This insulates the roots against drying out.

Plants in both groups are watered copiously when they are planted and watering is repeated every week or ten days that it does not rain—until cold weather comes and the surface of the ground freezes. Both must go into the winter well filled with water. After the ground freezes a mulch of straw, peat moss, salt hay or oak leaves can be placed around the base of each plant to lessen alternate thawing and freezing.

All through the fall, hardy spring flowering bulbs—tulips, daffodils, hyacinths, snowdrops, crocus, scillas and others—are planted. Some of them can go right in as the tender summer flowering bulbs are taken out. Wherever the gardener places them he can be assured of a splash of spring color for he is planting a flower everytime he plants a bulb. Lilies, too, are planted at this season.

Hardy perennials, particularly the spring flowering ones, are planted in the fall. Peonies, primroses and phlox, bleeding heart, oriental poppy and candytuft are leading candidates for October and early November attention. Established plants of this type and such others as mertensia, trillium, aquilegia, arabis and alyssum can be divided and replanted. They are mulched after the surface of the ground freezes, to reduce thawing and freezing and the danger of being heaved out of the ground. But the ground is warm until freezing weather and root growth is active until then to give the plants an early spring start.

You may even sow annuals in the fall. Such winter-hardy ones as cornflower, larkspur, cleome, poppy and nasturtium are planted late, right where they are to flower. In the spring the plants are thinned to stand the proper distance apart and the resultant growth and flowers will be the best you have ever grown.

Roses, deciduous shrubs and trees are planted after they have become dormant in the late fall. The warm, moist soil that prevails at this time is ideal for planting nursery stock that is dug and moved with bare roots. The roots are, of course, kept moist and covered to prevent them from drying out while they are out of the ground.

Roses are planted and after an adequate soaking are banked up with soil just as is done in the winter protection of established plants. Large trees and shrubs are staked or guyed to prevent winter winds from loosening them in the ground or blowing them crooked. They are watered until the ground freezes and then mulched.

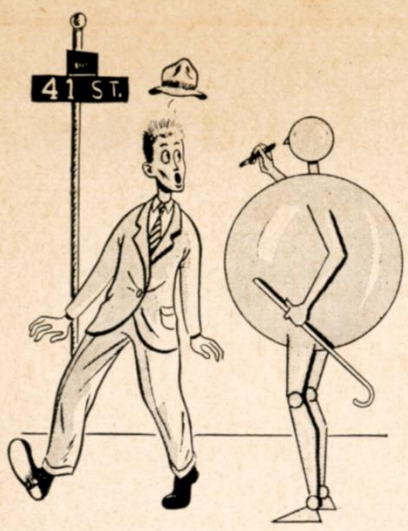
There are all sorts of advantages in fall planting and only a few disadvantages. Nurserymen and plant dealers are not too rushed in the fall to give your order prompt and expert attention. Their plant lists are full so that your order with its choicest selections can generally be filled.

Many plants, such as roses, deciduous trees and shrubs, including fruit trees which normally are dug and sold with bare roots, are dug in the fall and kept in cool storage to fill spring orders. Your plants dug and delivered in the fall are planted and go through the winter in the soil—not in storage. They are in position to start into growth early in the spring—before the ground is dry enough to handle in planting operations.

Plants that you put in this fall can be checked off your list of jobs to do next spring when there always seems to be more things to do than time in which to do them. The same applies to terraces built, lawns made and borders revamped.

It is true that fall-planted plants need protection from heaving out of the ground or being blown crooked during the winter. It is a good plan to shade evergreen plants from bright winter sun after the first of the year. A few trees and shrubs —magnolias, sweet gum, dogwood, beech, birch, hawthorn, butterfly bush — transplant best in the spring, along with chrysanthemums, asters, anemones and other fall flowering plants.

HENRY B. AUL is assistant horticulture editor of the New York Herald Tribune.



My Pal Prometheus

By Earl Ubell

Did you ever meet an electron on the street? I mean the kind that might tiptoe up behind you, tap you on the shoulder and ask, "Got a light, bub?"

I did. I remember it distinctly.

It was a slow day for regular news at the Herald Tribune, so as third assistant science reporter, I was assigned the job of investigating certain scientific situations.

First I perused Dr. Albert Einstein's new electromagnetic relativity theory. I compressed the whole thing into three lucid paragraphs for the Sunday paper. Somehow it slipped by the city desk, but another perspicacious editor read the first paragraph, changed the second to suit his taste, cut out the third and threw the whole thing on to the obituary page.

Later that day I interviewed a Nobel prize winner, Dr. Hideki Yukawa, Japan's top theoretical physicist. Dr. Yukawa carefully explained his nine dimensional theory theory of the electron. As he spoke, interchanging l's with r's and th's with s's all the way, I had considerable difficulty hanging on to my three dimensional chair. The story appeared. Nobody understood anything except that something had been done "with them there electrons."

For the rest of the afternoon I read two biological reports: "Peptides released in enzymatic conversion of ovalbumin to plakalbumin" and "Sex difference in proteinuria of normal rats." The first turned out to be trivial and the second was not the lurid account I had expected on the basis of the title.

Tired but happy I said good night to the editor and trudged out of the building to the street. The sun was setting over the Hudson, and I, third assistant science reporter for the Herald Tribune, had also finished a day of enlightening the world.

As I walked down Forty-first Street away from the office, I felt a light tap on my shoulder. It wasn't exactly a tap but more like a heavy itch or an electrical shock. I turned round and there it was.

"Got a light, bub?" it said.

"No," I said perceiving a red haze in front of me.

"No matter," it said, "I just wanted to talk to you. You're the chap that's always writing about electrons for the Herald Tribune? Aren't you?"

"Yes," I said. A queasy, defensive feeling gripped me by the stomach.

"Well," it said, "some of the others and I have not liked the way you handled those articles. We think you've been double-dealing us."

"Us?" I cried.

"Oh, do pardon me. Permit me to introduce myself," it said, bowing low and sparking fire in all directions, "I am Prometheus IX, so named because I was materialized out of a pair of stray X-rays and attached to a lump of iron in a printing press."

"Y-y-you must excuse me," I stammered, "I should have recognized you sooner."

"That's quite all right," it said, "but let's get down to business. Because of my peculiar situation I am always able to find out in advance what gossip you have been spreading about us. Most unsatisfactory!"

At this point I could easily make out a head, a shining rotund body, and, unless memory fails me, a cane that it carried upside down. To emphasize any word, it, Prometheus IX, would brandish the cane at me.

"But what is wrong, Mr. Prometheus, I said, with a feeling that after all something *could* be wrong with my articles."

"Just call me Prometheus," it said and added, "It's the spirit in which you do the work. First of all you describe us as just a bunch of charged balls. Right?"

"Well that's what J. J. Thompson said fifty years ago," I countered.

"J. J. Thompson!" it said derisively. "Well! But let me go on. Then you say we do nothing all eternity long but revolve around the central cores or atoms. Around and around and around in circles, like runners on a track. You know who spread that rumor about us don't you?"

"Well E. Rutherford proved. . . ."

EARL UBELL, member of the city staff of the New York Herald Tribune, specializes in science reporting.

"Proved nothing," it said indignantly, "did he ever consult us? No! And then there was Nils Bohr—what calumny—oh my heavens. He had the nerve to say that we had no freedom, that we couldn't run in just any circle we wanted but only in special ones. And we didn't even exist in between certain circles. That was forty years ago and we still haven't lived it down."

"There are experiments to show," I said getting very angry, "that electrons traveling in circular orbits about the central nucleus exist only at certain positions and when they jump from one orbit to another they give off X-rays."

"Experiments. Experiments," it said. "You, as a reporter should know that the best way to get information is through an interview. And has any of those high and mighty scientists ever interviewed us?"

"But how are they to get to you. They estimate that you're less than .000 000 000 000 04 of an inch big," I said.

"Look at *me*," it said. Prometheus stood six feet tall and was at least three feet wide.

"And now," it added, "the supreme insult. Dr. Yukawa says we're nine-dimensional. Preposterous."

"But these men gave the world the information on good faith," I said, "what *is* your beef?"

The electron dropped its head. What appeared to be a tear lingered under one of the two dots that served as eyes. My heart jumped. I almost knew in advance what it would say.

"In all your writings," it said sadly, "have you ever mentioned the fact that we have character, a love-life, ambitions, dreams, or even a soul? Have you ever told how we cry, or laugh, or suffer or play? You don't even make us the least bit glamorous, yet without us the world would wither and die."

I looked at Prometheus closely. It seemed to quiver around the edges. The head shook disconsolately. The cane

(Continued on Next Page)

Earl Ubell

(Continued from Preceding Page)

drooped like a melted candle and its aura seemed considerably dimmed.

"My dear Prometheus," I said at length, "I would want to be the last to offend you. But I just didn't have the information available. If I had had it, believe me, I would have written about you in a much different manner. But it's too late now. I can't change the conception of the electron. Think of the havoc. No more experiments. Just interviews with individual electrons. No more mathematics. Just Kinsey reports on the mutual attraction between electrons and protons. Fifty years of work would go down the drain."

Prometheus grew thoughtful.

"Perhaps," it said at length, "you could just tell about one or two things. Just to set the record straight. If you could just announce my engagement."

"Your what?"

"I'm engaged to be married to a little positive electron, named Positron II. The ceremony will be held any second just as soon as pappa Proton lets her get out of the core of the atom."

A rosy glow spread over Prometheus. The fire seemed brighter.

"Gee I'm awfully sorry," I said, "our society columns are packed now with all sorts of weddings and engagements that were set up long ago."

Prometheus looked a little crestfallen.

"Well I didn't expect it really, but I thought there would be someplace you could tell the story of the electron as it should be told."

I thought for a moment.

"Well," I began, "perhaps the program of the twelfth annual football game held for the benefit of the Herald Tribune Fresh Air Fund would give you electrons a break. It might not work but it's worth a try."

"That's just the place. That's just the place," it cried, jumping up and down, striking the sidewalk with its cane. "You're a real pal. I'll never forget you. Let me take you in for a drink sometime. I know a place over on Fifty-second Street where they serve an atomic coktail that'll knock your eye out. You're a real pal."

With that Prometheus slowly waved its cane over its head. Prometheus began to spin. It spun faster and faster and grew smaller and smaller until at last it was .000 000 000 04 of an inch. I shall always wonder where my pal Prometheus had that atomic cocktail. I don't know. I tried all that afternoon to find it. Maybe now I shall find out.

Stephen G. Thompson

(Continued from Page 27)

can be either good or bad, in a relative way. Or as an appraisal "pro" recently summed up the crazy effects taxes and assessments can have in the housing game: A house normally worth $15,000 may be worth $20,000 if assessed for $5,000 (if annual expenses for taxes are correspondingly low), but the same house be worth only $10,000 if assessed for $20,000 (because the expenses then would be so high).

With thousands of dollars of each player's funds at stake, many also wonder these days if housing prices are going to go up, or will decline; what prices may be three, four or five years from now, and whether *this* is a good time to buy.

"Tips" or answers to any of these questions are impossible, however, because prices will be governed by all sorts of odd conditions: wars, changes in the general economy, the prices of stocks and bonds, what Congress or the Administration do —or don't do—to accelarate inflation or to bring about deflation. With Wall Street and the general economy no more predictable than Congress or the Administration—and with any Congress or any Administration even less predictable than the result of the next forward pass, the next pitch, or the next race at Jamaica—every player has to make his own decision in this matter.

There are a wise and knowing and super-intelligent few, and you're lucky *you're* one of them, who really do know who's going to win this game tonight, and the American and National League pennants, and the World Series this year, etc.

But buying a house; there's a game for you to try one of these days that will really exercise and tax every bit of your intelligence, resourcefulness, imagination and courage—truly the greatest sport in America today.

Jesse Abramson

(Continued from Page 15)

Quackenbush and tackles Joe Finnegan and Walt Clemens as a nucleus.

Columbia didn't have much success with its sophomore team last year and normal improvement will not make the Lion roar too menacingly. Harvard can't go anywhere but up after losing eight last year, the Crimson also lost most of its team.

Villanova lost nine of its first team but the Wildcats nevertheless look for another big year, with Pete D'Alonzo spearheading the attack at fullback and Nick Liotta at guard lending strength to the line. Boston University is virtually intact, led by left-handed Harry Agannis at quarterback. Boston College has a big team, also a schedule to match. Pitt bumps into rough going from the first gong, and has a brand new backfield to boot. Penn State has virtually nothing left from its post-war years under Bob Higgins.

Harvey Harman also has a rebuilding job at Rutgers, though he's glad he has 210-pound Leon Root to play center and back up the line. Georgetown is in a similar spot and Bob Margarita will rely heavily on the passes of Frank Mattingly and Bob Deacon.

Dr. Anderson, back at Holy Cross after a dozen years, has the task of repairing the Purple following its disastrous 1-9 record under Bill Osmanski. Colgate lacks depth and its defense will not be up to its offense led by Alan Egler, halfback. Syracuse has passer Bernie Custis who will be surrounded by nearly an all-sophomore cast. Floyd Schwartzwalder looks for more speed, however, from his new Orangemen.

Locally, Fordham expects increased steadiness from a veteran team which, despite subsequent failings, did give Army a rugged battle for almost a full half. N. Y. U. has a new athletic policy which promises considerably more support for Hughie Devore than the mixed-up Violet gave Hook Mylin, though the policy will not bring dividends this fall. C. C. N. Y. and Brooklyn will continue to stress scholarship.

Emily Genauer

(Continued from Page 53)

of Goya. For discus-throwing, what else but Miron's "Discus-thrower"? Boating? There are Thomas Eakins' series of paintings of the Biglen Brothers sculling on the Schuylkill.

Baseball is modern, of course, and American, and that limits the field of choice, somewhat. Still there are plenty of baseball subjects around, among them Reuben Nakian's shining aluminum statue of Babe Ruth at bat, paintings by Fletcher Martin and James Chapin, and, best-known of all, the Currier & Ives print, "The Great American National Game of Base Ball."

Artists haven't been satisfied to stay put on the side-lines. George Bellows, for instance, played semi-pro baseball and was also a starring member of the Ohio State University basketball team when it won the championship of the Big Ten Conference. Lee Townsend, well-known contemporary American painter of horses and race-tracks, was himself a trainer.

Nor have athletes been content in their native habitat. Mickey Walker has taken to painting fairly respectable landscapes. Joseph Gatto, less well-known than Walker as a fighter, is far better-known as an accomplished painter. Bob Zuppke, coach of the University of Illinois football team, turns out landscapes. Helen Wills Moody has exhibited her still-lifes.

We're a long way still from that golden day in ancient Greece when artists and athletes formed a mutual admiration society, with Homer and Pindar, Phidias and Miron singing and carving the glory of Athens' great athletes, and the athletes, presumably, marching off to their Olympic games chanting Homeric hexameters. At that, I think maybe the rift between the long-hairs and the crew-cuts has been grossly exaggerated.

Ralph Chapman

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to a fourth-floor room where lunch was to be served.

Ordinarily this room commands the entire valley and one can see several miles in either direction. Camel trains can be seen in plenty of time for the customs inspectors to go down and close the wooden gate. But today peering from the slit windows was like looking out of a lower Manhattan office at the blank wall of an adjoining skyscraper. Dust formed a gray-white curtain possibly a mile high. We could hardly see the ground at the foot of the fort.

After an Arab lunch of mutton and rice we made the cursory inspection which was all that weather conditions would allow. Binoculars and cameras were useless, of course. It was just possible to see across the narrow pass. Heybroek spent some time tapping rocks with his geologist's hammer. Bowen took a few measurements. I looked at a camel and at a yellow flower and found the latter easier on my sand-coated eyes.

Halfway back to Qohlan we ran out of the dust cloud as quickly as we had run into it. The sun shone brightly again and the sand was where it belongs—underfoot. It is impossible to explain the relief, the relaxation of nervous tension which followed at once.

Back at our base in the early evening, we stripped and took "showers" by dipping lukewarm water from an earthen jar with empty tobacco tins. It felt better than any tiled bath I've been in.

Joe H. Palmer

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pitality, once proved.

It is the custom at most stables, after one set of horses has been got out and worked, for the trainer and exercise boys to knock off for coffee and a bite while a second set is getting ready, and this is true of Miller's stable. It is the steady rule that some horrible piece of pastry must be brought back from the track kitchen for Elkridge. The more jelly and whipped cream and goo there is to it, the better he likes it.

But he's ice and iron and business when he comes to those fences in the afternoon.

Leonard Koppett

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Pasquariello (Villanova), Dan Towler, (Washington and Jefferson) and Paul Younger (Grambling) give the team four fullbacks of unusual speed and size (all weigh 220 or more).

For halfbacks, there are Glenn Davis, the former Army wonder man playing his first year as a pro, who had no peer in college as an elusive broken-field runner and all-around back; veterans Fred Gehrke, Elroy (Crazylegs) Hirsch, and rookie Paul Barry. Vitamin T. Smith and Woodley Lewis are two first-class defensive halfbacks, too.

Speaking of defense, the Rams may have one of the league's brightest stars in Larry Brink, 6 foot 5 inch giant who plays defensive end. And in the other direction, end Bob Boyd—N. C. A. A. 100-yard dash champion—will be mighty hard to catch.

In fact, all the Rams may be hard to catch.

John Crosby

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he matched—there were some pessimists like John Lardner who claimed he was over-matched—against a dinosaur. It was a fight that still brings a far-away look to the eyes of those few oldtimers who saw it. Outweighed, outreached, outclassed, Mature stayed in there punching, wore the beast down in the eighth and kayoed him in the tenth.

If Miss Lamarr had seen that battle, she never would have made that silly remark about the spear. She'd have shouted instead: "You come back here, you big bully, and leave that poor little lion alone."

C. B. Allen

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it seemed, was a great friend, not only of the Air Force ("You remember the big picture spread we gave you on the B-36, don't you?") but also of the Air Force's Chief of Staff. ("Mrs. Swoose and I had him and his wife up for cocktails and dinner last night before taking them to see 'South Pacific' ".)

"We're getting ready to do a story and picture spread on flying saucers," Mr. Swoose boomed on, "and Hoyt told me you were right down there where their activities have been thickest and could give me the low-down on the matter. We know the saucers are real but the Air Force press officers at the Pentagon and Wright Field have been trying to give my staff writers and researchers the brush-off and the run-around. I'm an old hand in this business and they can't do that to Hank Swoose; besides I know a real story when I see one and this one is absolutely sensational. Hoyt told me to pass the word — I want the real facts, not the hokum they're handing out everywhere else."

As Hank Swoose talked on and on, ignoring Colonel Cup's occasional efforts to make it a two-way conversation, the Air Force officer's face slowly resumed its sun-burn red. He relaxed visibly as he waited for Mr. Swoose to run out of breath. For the first time in months, maybe even in years, a diabolical twinkle that would have forewarned those who knew "Chet" Cup lighted his eyes.

"Now, what I want to know," Hank Swoose was saying in a final peroration before he had to pause or suffocate, "is whether you've really got your hands on a flying saucer yet?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Swoose, as a matter of fact, we've hit pay dirt this afternoon for the first time. You really must be psychic or have a nose for news that amounts to the same thing, calling up like this just when you did. I — — —" A veritable Swoose explosion at the other end of the telephone cut him off.

"You *have?* Colonel, that's wonderful. Where did you sight it and how close were you able to get to it?"

The Chief of Staff of the Air Force had passed through Bright Sands the previous afternoon on an un-publicized visit to secret installations on his route from Washington to the West Coast and had chatted briefly with Colonel Cup about the project to which he was assigned. Now, Colonel Cup managed to throw a worried and confidential tone into his telephone voice.

"Mr. Swoose," he said, "I'm sure you will protect me on this, because you know the Chief so well and are such a friend of the Air Force. (The slimy skunk, he thought; did everything he could to wreck the B-36 program with his lies and insinuations.) This information simply must not get out, unless and until, it is released from Washington. I said we'd hit pay dirt—the saucer I'm talking about is right here on the airport now."

"What!" roared the publisher. "Was anything left of it after the crash?" (Always has to have a crash, thought the Colonel bitterly.)

"It didn't crash, sir; came in to a very neat landing, in fact."

"This is sensational!" revelled the booming voice in New York. "I'll charter a special plane, bring my own photographers, writers and researchers; be at your field first thing in the morning. Oh, by the way, have you determined how the thing operates—what guides it?"

"Its crew," Mr. Swoose. "There were twelve aboard."

The Swoose voice reached a shriek in its excitement.

"This is stupendous; man, it's colossal! It's the news beat of the century; we'll give it our entire issue. But the crew, what are they like?"

"In general, sir," said the Colonel, still in his tone of guarded confidence, "they're very much like our own people, though only six or eight inches tall, and apparently have a very superior order of intelligence. Quite friendly, too. Indicated they needed food and willingly let us take them to the Post Exchange after approving my immediate orders for a cordon of guards around their aircraft. But we struck a snag at the PX! wasn't a thing there they'd eat, in the restaurant or on the shelves—even after I had my men eat some of everything to show them it was all right. We were really stumped but I think we have it solved now.

"You see, Mr. Swoose, one of my resourceful sergeants, who is quite an amateur artist, hit on the idea of communicating with them by drawings when our sign language failed to get anywhere. One of their little chaps turned out to have the same talent and in about five minutes we found out what they eat. So now we're trying to get them fed."

"Wonderful, wonderful, Colonel. My assistant tells me the plane and my working staff are ready; we'll be on our way in a half hour at the most. Of course, I'll expect you to meet me when we arrive and have a crew to service my plane so that we can fly back immediately with our pictures and story material; your boss won't forget any help you give me, you know. One more thing, Colonel, before I shove off; what on earth *do* these saucer people eat?"

"Mr. Swoose," said the Colonel, "I scarcely believe this myself, even after seeing the look of relief and gratitude in their famished eyes when they realized we finally knew what they had to have, and I certainly don't expect you to believe it. But the answer, Mr. Swoose, is that they eat nothing whatever but mouse milk."

There was an explosion of incredulity and joy at the other end of the wire. Before it could resolve itself into words, Colonel Cup hurriedly but firmly added:

"And, Mr. Swoose, I had better tell you that you can't count on us to service your airplane or even to meet it; that simply will not be possible."

"What?" roared Mr. Swoose. "*Why* will it be impossible? Don't you realize who I am and the importance to your service of cooperating with 'Slime and Strife' magazine? Haven't I told you that I am a close personal friend of the Chief of Staff?"

"I am sorry, Mr. Swoose," said the Colonel with finality, "but it still will be impossible. You see, sir, there won't be a man on the base except the guard I've posted around the saucer. Every other man, woman and child we've got—and I was just about to join them when you called—are, and will continue indefinitely to be out running down mice for our little visitors!"

Frederick H. Lewis

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many governmental actions to see that everyone gets a fair shake, some people rebel at everything the government does and holler "socialism" whenever it is proposed that tax money be used to meet basic human need.

Somewhere between these two extremes lies the thinking of the average American, and squarely in the middle lies the operation of the Herald Tribune Fresh Air Fund. Entirely independent of financial support or direction by any agency of government, the Fund is nevertheless knee deep in what properly can be called "welfare." It does not supply the needy with food, clothes or money for the rent for this has come to be recognized as a governmental function. It does supply the children of the poor with important things denied them by poverty—an experience of mountains, lakes and open country, an opportunity to learn about a more secure kind of life, a sense of freedom that comes with having a real vacation.

The Fresh Air vacation program is a practical example of what we mean when we say that our design for living has it all over that of the politburo—and it is one in which concern for those in need arises from no compulsion save that of doing unto others.

During the summer just passed several thousand rural families within a four hundred mile radius of New York City invited to visit them through the Fund a needy city child whom they had never met. The rail fare was paid by people who gave the money voluntarily. Where else in this strifetorn world would you find such a demonstration of practical brotherhood?

At the same time six Fund summer camps were giving other thousands of children a successful experience in living together where in groups of twelve children with two counselors the fun of camp life was set in an atmosphere of free democracy—and all made possible by loyal contributors.

For most Americans life is indeed full—of good things and happy memories. For those Americans whose houses are not so full there is a continuing responsibility. With your help, the Herald Tribune Fresh Air Fund will continue to shoulder part of that responsibility.

Murray Snyder

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The Governor's secretary not only knew nothing about the invitation when the breathless young legislator reported at the executive offices that hot summer Saturday; he nearly laughed himself sick at the rib.

The late Alfred E. Smith was plagued, as Governor, by imitators of his hoarse, New Yorkese diction. He was a good sport, however, and took it well. One day, however, one of his mimics who made a career of it, got a genuine call to see the Governor in the morning.

"How are you, Governor," he beamed, extending his hand, as he was ushered in, thoughts of a cabinet appointment fluttering through his freshly-barbered head.

"I'm fine," Smith snapped in reply, "but you're going to be suffering from a broken neck if you don't stop imitating me in every barroom in Albany. Goodbye."

Red Smith

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O'Dwyer, Ambassador to Mexico, where the ponies run and even the simplest peon owns a ticket in the national lottery.

Does anyone doubt that the more things change, the more they are the same? Consider, then, that the biggest crowd that ever attended a Fresh Air Fund football game came out to see how Glenn Davis, of West Point, would go against pros like the Giants. Glenn was hurt in that game and played only four minutes.

What came tonight's crowd to see? How Glenn Davis would go against pros like the Giants, naturally.

Kenneth Bilby

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Contemporary legend has it that the volume of "Har-r-ruu-mphs" in the Union Club doubled that day.

The reasons for Britain's sporting decline have been debated endlessly. Most people agree that the severe manpower drain from the war, and the subsequent near-collapse of the national economy compelled the nation to center its energies on survival. Whatever the reason, it is unlikely that a nation which produced Fred Perry for tennis, Jack Lovelock for track, and Bob Fitzsimmons for boxing will not again achieve sporting eminence.

Until new stars arrive, however, the condition of the British sports fan will continue to be desperate. The extent of that desperation was indicated in a cartoon printed by "The Evening News" of July 7, 1950. It showed two young women and a walrus-moustached old man on a small boat near the finish line of a rowing regatta. As the racing craft neared the line, the old man stood at the boat's edge, a massive rock weighted around his neck. One young woman said to the other:

"Let's hope England beats somebody at rowing. Your father's taking these continual defeats rather to heart."

Otis L. Guernsey, Jr.

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Invalid the theater may be as compared to the days when vaudeville was in flower, but this fabulous fellow will offer plenty of varied entertainment in 1950-51. There is only one seasonal shortage that can be predicted at this time: tickets to "South Pacific," which is still going as strong as in the first week it played here. But no matter for that now; all of you lucky people, from Fresh Air Alumni to Fresh Air Freshmen, have tickets to the Giants-Rams game. Let the football season, and the theater season, commence!

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