

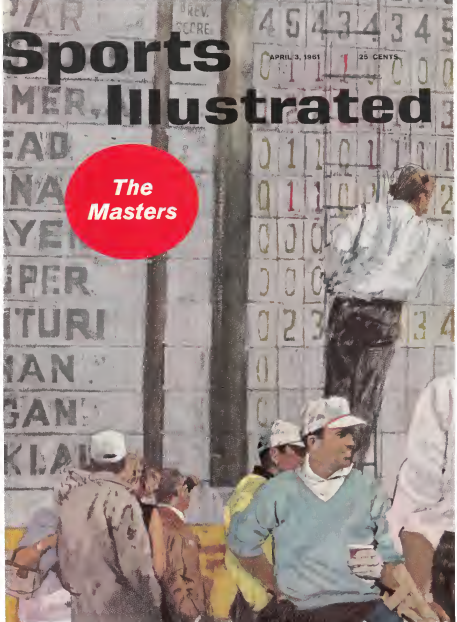
REV. SCORE

Sports Illustrated

APRIL 3, 1961

25 CENTS

*The
Masters*





Now there's a man who knows how to dress!

(The modest soul wears Van Heusen® "Pleasurewear" sport shirts in jersey of 100% Acrilan®)

Those jersey knits on Jerry Coleman are obviously good-looking. And splendidly comfortable. And incredibly easy to wash. Thanks to Acrilan acrylic fiber, you just toss them into the washer and dryer and they're ready for action again. Van Heusen has these "Pleasurewear" shirts in two styles: an open mesh jersey (left above) called "Fashion Acrl-Crepe" that features ribbed cuffs. And a close knit jersey called "Prescott" with plain cuffs and contrasting braided placket. In each style you have a tremendous selection of colors. S, M, L, XL. \$4. See them at your favorite men's store.



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SAM

starts a new season right

Spring visitors to The Greenbrier take lessons in hat-wearing, as well as golf, from famous resident pro Sam Snead.



Sam's hat: The Circuit, a new telescope-crown style for spring '61. \$9.95, in black, antique or char-brown.

This spring, they'll see [him] in the freshest, trimmest hats yet . . . the new Mallory styles for spring '61. Stop by your Mallory dealer's and see for yourself . . . the newest styling, exciting spring colors, new narrower bands with smaller, neater bows . . . a new spiral-stitch brim trim . . . a new comfortable-as-air mesh lining. All in durable lightweight felts.

Mallory
MALLORY HATS/FIFTH AVENUE/NEW YORK

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by TIME Inc., 441 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill., except two year-end issues numbered. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. U.S. and Canadian subscriptions \$6.75 a year. This issue published in national and separate editions. Additional pages of separate editions may be added or deleted for an inflow or outflow, K1-K4 and West, M1-M4.

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Next week

The special Baseball Issue presents for the seventh successive year a report from the spring training camps on the strengths and weaknesses of the 14—so, 18 now—major league teams. George Fitzgibbon, one of the editors of the *Paris Review*, tells exactly what it is like (not much like Walter Mitty) actually to pitch against Willie Mays, Richie Ashburn and an entire team of major league All-Stars. Plus a story on the Chicago Cubs' experiment with no manager this year, and a 12-page picture essay on the strange grace and excitement of big league ball.



The practical magic in **AMF** Ben Hogan clubs

"A long time ago," says Ben Hogan, "I realized that even for the finest player a perfect golf shot is a great rarity.

"You might say golf is a game of 'misses.' And that every shot is missed to a smaller or greater degree.

"The reason lies in the variation of the swing from stroke to stroke.

"This simple fact has been my guiding theory in designing clubs.

"It's why I have engineered into my clubs the maximum of what might be defined as the *positive tendency of the clubs to swing correctly despite human error.*"



1. All AMF Ben Hogan woods have the exclusive Speed Slot feature that breaks up "air drag," contributes to head speed, and results in greater distance. You may choose heads of fine-grain persimmon or Dura-Ply. This is a new laminate that can be shaped like solid wood, has the same "feel," yet repels moisture, lasts practically forever.

2. AMF Ben Hogan irons are called Power Thrust for several reasons. First, the blade weight has been shifted from top and sole to head center. This reduces "drag," because 25% less of the sole area comes in contact with the turf. "Toe flutter" is ended. The shift of weight from toe to impact area eliminates torque that could open or close the club head during the down-stroke.

3. The AMF Ben Hogan Exact Balance putter spares you the disturbing effort of combating torque and blade twist at impact. And there is a new ease of alignment and follow-through. All this—because the weight is so distributed that it balances perfectly on the knife blades shown here.



4. On most of these clubs, you have a choice of two exclusive grips. The Slip-Proof Grip has a recessed spiral design that gently locks your hands to it, almost like a vacuum cup. All AMF Ben Hogan calfskin leather grips have a permanent, tacky finish. It's a new development that clings softly to your hands, gives confidence and sureness to your

shots. Which grip should you have? Let your professional help you decide.

5. All AMF Ben Hogan golf equipment—clubs, balls, bags, gloves, head covers, umbrellas—is made to Ben Hogan's exacting specifications.

6. This collection of golfing magic is available only through golf professional shops. "All golf clubs," says Ben Hogan, "should be carefully fitted to the individual characteristics of the golfer. There is no one who can do this exacting job except the golf professional."

7. We suggest that you tool up for a lower handicap with AMF Ben Hogan equipment. The Ben Hogan Company, Fort Worth, Texas, a subsidiary of American Machine & Foundry Company.



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July 1967, Sporting Advisory Staff Number, 1967 P. W. A. Winner

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Distance, distance, distance—and besides delivering the yardage you want, DOTs are tops for trueness. They're true on the fly—true on the green, and they stay whiter and scuff-free far longer.

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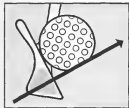
THE QUALITY MARK
TO LOOK FOR



Sam Snead is a member of the Wilson Advisory Staff.

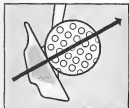
How new Wilson Staff irons help you play better golf

Sam Snead shows you how Wilson Dyna-Power helps put all your power into every shot



ORDINARY IRONS WASTE POWER with their weight concentrated along the sole plate, below the true power-impact area.

NEW WILSON DYNA-POWER moves the weight out and up the club face to put all your power directly behind the ball.



Thousands of golf fans watch Stamming Sam Snead every week. They cheer his famous long drives, and they suffer with him on those agonizing short putts.

But how many of them realize that Sam Snead is as consistently accurate with iron shots as he is long off the tee.

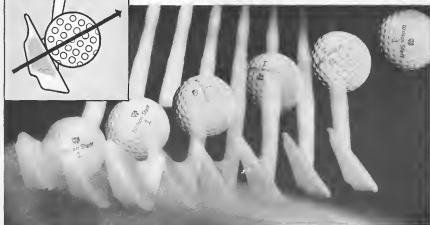
Every iron in Snead's bag is a new Wilson Staff . . . the same clubs you can select at any golf professional shop. Sam has already won well over 100 professional tournaments with Wilson golf equipment, and he intends to add

to his winnings this year with the greater accuracy of the new Wilson Staff irons.

Wilson turns dead weight into live hitting power

"That new Wilson Dyna-Power design alone is worth cash money on the circuit," Snead says. "It puts all the power and control where it ought to be, right behind the ball."

Sam knows the ball rides up the face of every iron club before leaping off. That's how the ball takes its backspin. That's why Wilson has



SEE HOW DYNA-POWER WORKS. Ultra-speed photo shows how the ball has climbed up club face, then leaped away with good backspin. This Wilson Staff iron was

sprayed white to catch each strobe-flash exposure of 1/10,000 sec. Photographed in the laboratory of Edgerton, Germeshausen & Grier, Inc., Boston, Mass.



SEE THE NEW SHAFT FLEX through the impact area to add a new power-kick to your golf swing. The new Wilson Staff-Pro shaft controls this flex with minimum

torsion for clean shots. Here you see this shaft action for the first time in these photos taken from movie film shot at an astounding 28,000 frames per second.

distributed the weight in a balanced flare, out and up the iron blade, directly behind the broad hitting face.

Wilson's Dyna-Power turned dead weight into live power for more accurate shots.

New shaft action adds a power kick into the ball

The new Wilson Staff-Pro shaft is another power feature that puts more live action into your golf swing, according to Snead.

"I was sure I could feel the shaft flex through the hit area, and now I've seen it in Wilson's new high-speed movie."

This new flex-action is controlled to reduce torsion so the club face can make firm contact with the ball during that split second of impact. The result is greater accuracy on every shot.

Sam Snead urges you to get the feel of the new Wilson Staff irons at your golf professional shop. That's the only place they're sold. Then relax, keep your head down, and let these great new clubs do most of the work for you.

HIT THE FAMOUS 'LONG BALL'.

Drive for distance with the dazzling new Wilson Staff ball, the 'long ball' that leaps off the club face 40% faster than you can swing. New cover stays white for life.

PLAY TO WIN WITH
Wilson



Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago (A subsidiary of Wilson & Co., Inc.)



TACKY-SOFT CALFSKIN is cut extra thick and narrow, then is wound over cork to give you a sure grip, and firm confidence that your hands won't slip.

GET THE FLUID FEEL of these new Wilson Staff irons (right). Feel how Wilson's exclusive Dyna-Power design has removed dead weight from the heel area and put all the live power behind the full club face. Notice the rounded contour sole at both heel and toe of each iron. This helps you get clean hits from irregular fairway lies. See your golf professional and outfit yourself with these beautifully matched Wilson Staff irons.





Meet the Pepperell Family on Cotton Cay—imaginary island in the Sun

father Pepperell puts the finishing touch on the new family homestead

Above you see Father, proud as punch, about to plant his heirloom weather vane on the family's new abode. Mother is overjoyed, too. Both with her new home, her new life as a civilized beach-comber, and with her foresight on insisting that all the family's sports clothes be tagged Pepperell.

According to Goodwife Pepperell, here are some of her reasons. She knows these fabrics will machine-wash. Won't fade, shrink, or wrinkle.



And need just a touch of the iron. All this and they're 'Sanforized Plus,' too.

Furthermore, she just dotes on the exciting, island-inspired colors and shrub-and-shell textures.

And, of course, she has supreme confidence in Pepperell wash-wear. For these fabrics come from the same company that has been making fine Lady Pepperell Sheets for her mother, her grandmother, and even her great grandmother.

SCORECARD

THE SINKABLE ADMIRAL JOHN

Last week the management of the New York Rangers hockey team dismissed its coach, Alfie Pike. Pike had been criticized by malcontents among the Ranger players who tried to blame him for their own ineptitude. One of them cracked, "Pike couldn't fire up a furnace."

Well, maybe not, but he was certainly eminently fireable. Pike was, in fact, dismissed to appease New York fans who are angry because their city has such a poor team. Admiral John J. Bergen, president of the Rangers and chairman of the board of Madison Square Garden, apparently is not depressed about the Rangers, perhaps because his club plays to a captive audience. (The nearest big league hockey rival is in Boston.) The Rangers charge the highest ticket prices in this country or Canada, and a peculiarity of the National Hockey League is that the home club takes all the receipts for its games. Thus it doesn't worry the Admiral that when his team is on the road it has probably the puniest drawing power of any of the six teams in the league.

The firing of Alfie Pike is not going to tighten Admiral Bergen's ship one bit; but we doubt that he or the Garden Corporation cares whether the Rangers sink or swim as long as the deck is awash with admission money.

MELTED SUGAR

The announcement by Sugar Ray Robinson that he intends to fight again gives us a curious little shock of disappointment. For years Robinson has stood far off from failure, examined it and led everyone to believe that he would never be part of it.

Throughout his years, in the ring and out of it, Robinson has been busy building the Robinson illusion. That illusion is a shrewd mixture of Robinson the dancer, Robinson the gag man, Robinson the soft touch, Robinson the *houleurdard*. But the mixture was always held together by

the abilities of Robinson the boxer. He was, as so few boxers ever were, a prize fighter.

Anyone who saw Robinson's recent fights, either in person or on television, came away with the feeling that age had melted away his verve and that the sting was gone from his punches. We hope Robinson hangs up his mittens now. Of all people, he should be able to recognize the fact that the illusion itself is still there, fragile but durable, and probably worth a lot of money in other fields besides boxing. Nothing can really destroy it except two or three bad or embarrassing fights.

PROFIT AND PREJUDICE

George Preston Marshall, the owner of the Washington Redskins, has never employed a Negro football player. Last week, his new landlord (the Interior Department) served notice on Marshall that he would not be allowed to play in the just-completed stadium in Anacostia Park unless he ended discriminatory practices. Asked if Marshall would have to field a Negro player next season to comply, Interior Secretary Stewart L. Udall replied: "I'm not going to sit by an entire season. I may inquire and reach judgment by Oct. 15." That is the tentative date of the Redskins' home opener and dedication of the stadium.

"We have been drafting our players primarily from colleges in the South," Marshall said, "and they don't have Negroes. We have made an effort to appeal for southern business."

Real reason behind Marshall's racial policy may be found in latest population figures for Washington, D.C. which show that more than 50% of the city's population is Negro. Marshall knows that a Negro star on the Redskins would bring out Negro fans by the thousands. He believes this might drive away the hard core of white fans—200% white—he has developed over the years. Worse, his southern TV network might suffer.

TOWSER UNLEASHED

Hotels and motels sometimes frown on dogs and even children. So that dogs, at least, may know when they are welcome, the Games Dog Research Center has put out a directory entitled *Touring with Towser* (25¢ postage). It contains the names, addresses and accommodations of 6,000 hotels and motels that allow dogs. There are no stars as in *Baedeker*, or *Auxile cursive* notations as in the *Guide Michelin*. But *Touring with Towser* does give such restrictive warnings about certain places as "small dogs only" and "dogs accepted during annual dog show only." We recommend the directory to tourists who love dogs—and those who hate them.

TWIN DATESLINES

Minneapolis and St. Paul may be baseball twins, but as cities they are bitter rivals. Now that they are sharing a major league franchise they are jealous of the publicity that will come once the season starts. A grave problem has arisen over whether Minneapolis or St. Paul should come first in the dateline on baseball stories. Mediators recently gathered at A.P. and U.P.I. and arranged for



"Minneapolis-St. Paul" to be the dateline for the first half of the season and "St. Paul-Minneapolis" in the second half. The exact changeover days are still to be thrashed out in conference. Fears were expressed in the Twin Cities before the Great Compromise that terse sports copy-desks might chop off one or the other of the rivals in datelines. Now everybody is more or less happy. However, the ball games will be played in Metropolitan Stadium, located in

continued

SCORECARD continued

Bloomington, a Minneapolis suburb, and patriots in both cities are worrying that the dateline may sooner or later become merely "Bloomington," thus causing confusion with Bloomington, Indiana. If the Twins make a good strong run for the American League pennant it may be necessary to renegotiate Compromise Dateline.

SQUEEZE ON THE PROS

The current college basketball investigation has put the pros in a difficult position, though none of their teams and players are involved. The NBA had scheduled its annual college draft for this Monday. When the news of the fixes broke, NBA owners were strongly inclined to postpone their draft, to avoid choosing players who might later be implicated.

Harlem Globetrotter Owner Abe Saperstein, however, was going right ahead with his plans to set up a new, rival pro league, and was starting to sign players. Caught between Saperstein and the scandal, the NBA decided to go ahead with the draft.

Now, having made their selections, the club owners are sitting around nervously like horseplayers without form sheets, hoping their choices won't be scratched (i.e., jailed) before they are called to the post.

TURNABOUT IN MOSCOW

Mikhail Tal won the chess championship of the world last year (at 23) by decisively beating Mikhail Botvinnik, who had held the title for 11 years. Tal won it by playing a dazzling, imaginative and unorthodox chess that experts said promised a new era—one in which bold sacrifices and daring play would replace the cautious and methodical accuracy of Botvinnik's game. Tal and Botvinnik are currently approaching the mid-point of their return match in Moscow, and while it is too early to do more than guess at the outcome—the match may run 23 games, or two full months—the experts have already been proved correct. Except for one thing.

A new chess era has opened, all right, but it looks as if Botvinnik has become the master of Tal's style of play. They met for the first game at the Variety Theatre in Moscow, with 1,500 spectators cramming the

balconies, police pushing back the crowds outside and chess players all over the world discussing and analyzing their games. The crowd was thrilled by the spectacle of Botvinnik, a gray-haired, bespectacled electrical engineer of 49, fluttering and dancing in the breeze of every imaginative inspiration, sacrificing, creating new combinations and freely departing from established practice (much of which he established) with a springtime levity and good nature, while Tal moved woodenly and methodically toward defeat.

Writing in the British publication *Chess*, Botvinnik recently said that chess is a science and that we shall soon have chess-playing machines. He declared there would be two international championships, one for men and one for robots—"This is not fantasy!" But Botvinnik was ahead in the first week of his return match by playing the least mechanical chess of his long career.

BALANCED BOOK

The Elite Turf Club in Reno, a licensed bookmaking establishment, has published a list of odds on the year's baseball races:

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Minneapolis 2-1
Pittsburgh 5-2
Los Angeles 3-1
San Francisco 3-1
28 Runs 9-1
Cincinnati 25-1
Philadelphia 33-1
Chicago 100-1

AMERICAN LEAGUE

New York 3-22
Baltimore Chicago 5-1
Cleveland 30-1
St. Louis Detroit 15-3
Boston Kansas City 50-1
Los Angeles
Washington 100-1

Even in the eyes of a bookmaker, apparently, the National League has the better balance for 1961.

'KOMATTA NA!'

Interest is booming in the eastern U.S. in the 4,000-year-old game of go, which some say was invented by the Chinese Emperor Shun to exercise his son's mind. Whizzes from Japan are scheduled to pay New York City a three-week visit in early April, and a tournament for high-ranking players in the East starts at the Nippon Club on April 23. The winner of the tourney will play for the title of Eastern U.S. Champion (there's no national champion) against the present holder, C. S. Shen, a Formosan studying at the University of Maryland. Shen's likely challenger will be either Kihong Sung, a Korean attending Bates, or Takao Matsuda, a Hawaiian-born commercial artist.

According to Jay Eliasberg, vice-president of the American Go Association, no American stands much chance against the Japanese visitors, all ladies and all pros. They are the Honda sisters, Sachiko and Teruko, and Reiko Kitani. The Honda girls are of the third dex (ninth dex is tops among the pros) and Miss Kitani is of the second. During their American stay the ladies will visit other go hotbeds like Princeton, Washington, D.C., Chicago and San Francisco. America has 5,000 devotees; Japan has 8 million.

Go is played on a cross-ruled board with 19 horizontal and 19 vertical lines. Players take turns placing "stones" (either black or white) on the intersections. The main objective is to acquire territory, the second is to capture pieces—both by encirclement. A game may last as long as 32 hours (with time-outs) and as many as 300 stones may be used. Go is said to be as easy to learn as checkers but it contains all the complexities of a squeeze bunt with men on first and third. Common exclamations by players at the Nippon Club are "Atori!"—meaning something like "Check!"—and "Komatta na!"—meaning "What a mess I'm in." The thumb is not used in placing a stone because it might bump other stones; the forefinger and middle fingers are used. You can always tell a go player, says Mr. Eliasberg, by the way he hands a bus driver a quarter.

THE ACTIVE AMERICAN

Once sports fans were willing to spend many hours in front of their television sets watching baseball games, afternoon or night. Many still do, but not as many as used to. Sponsor, the weekly magazine of TV and radio advertisers, reports that the hunt for sponsors is becoming the advertising agency exercise. Where, previously, two sponsors might split the cost of televising a game, the agencies now have to assemble a whole gaggle of advertisers to get nine innings on the air. Two major league teams have as many as 12 sponsors for their games and many of those that used to have two now have three or four.

While prices for televised baseball are higher, ratings are lower, for these reasons (says Sponsor): "The daytime viewer is playing more golf, boating, hitting the outdoor trail; the night-

FACES IN THE CROWD



MORRIS SIMONSON, 11, of Takoma, Wash., won the downhill and giant slalom (in 1940 and 1945 respectively) in Junior National Alpine ski championships at Kingfield, Me., finished second in the slalom in 1944, 3/16 second behind Sandy Sheehy-worth of Burre, Idaho.



ROGER REIMAN of Kewanee, Ill. won the American Motorcycle Association's 200-mile national experts' race at Daytona Beach, Fla., averaged 42.25 mph over road course on his Harley-Davidson, finished 35 seconds ahead of Donald Burnett of Danvers, Mass.



DOTTIE O'NEIL of Norwich, Conn., won the Women's Middle Atlantic badminton championship at Philadelphia by beating Defending Champion McGregor Stewart of Baltimore 3-11, 11-6, 11-7, regained the title that she had relinquished in 1969.



FRANK GREALOCK skipped his Seattle four-man rink to victory in U.S. men's curling championship at Grand Forks, N. D., defeating the H. Douglas McNabb rink of San Francisco 10-4 in the final, finishing four-day meet with a 6-2 win-loss record.



BOB KOVALSKI, basketball center at tiny (55 boys) South Academy in Haxfield, Mass., led team to Western Massachusetts school-boy title for second straight year (against schools with enrollment up to 2,596, was top New England scorer with 38.2 average).



DICK BLIGH of Bakersfield, Calif., Olympic gold medalist, won 100-yard freestyle swim in 59.7 (tying National Association of Intercollegiate Athletics record), 200-yard in 2:04.4 and 400-yard in 4:35.9 (setting N.A.A. record) in N.A.J.A. swim meet at Detroit.



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time viewer is going out to the trotters, or barbecuing steaks and awaiting flies in his backyard." Viewers are also showing interest in other spectator sports: basketball, football, hockey, bowling and even jai alai.

The new major league clubs are considered better buys than the older ones because of the verve in cities which have landed franchises. Such canny characters as Walter O'Malley, Sponsor reports, foresaw the development of new magnets for sporting men. The arrival of the new Yankees Raceway and the refurbishing of the Roosevelt Raceway were among the reasons the Brooklyn Dodgers became residents of Los Angeles.

Last year 160 stations carried radio broadcasts of daytime baseball on the Mutual network. Forty-five of these have dropped out for 1961. League expansion means there will actually be more baseball available to viewers and listeners this season, but the audience will be spread thinner. Put more brutally, there will be less good baseball this year, and fewer people at home to watch it.

THE REGIMENT'S DISGRACE

The Explorers Club, whose members have been everywhere—the top of Everest (Sir Edmund Hillary), the bottom of the Pacific Ocean (bathyscaphe diver Jacques Piccard) and the White House (Teddy Roosevelt)—held its annual banquet at the Commodore Hotel in New York the other evening. It was evident from the dishes on the buffet table that here, indeed, was a group of men to whom no adventure was too perilous, no risk too great. Spread out in fragrant profusion were platters of fried worms, Alaskan seal flippers, roast monkey, raw calves' eyes, whale steaks, iguana tail, roast South American rodent, fried grasshoppers, fillet of boa constrictor and other toothsome hors d'oeuvres. The Explorers plunged into the delicacies with the courage of, well, Explorers. To a visitor, they seemed to have done handsomely—but after dinner, one of the club's officials rose and, sweeping the room with a truly arctic stare, announced that 18 raw calves' eyes had been returned to the kitchen un eaten. No man moved. No man spoke. But over the banquet hall there lay a sense of shame.

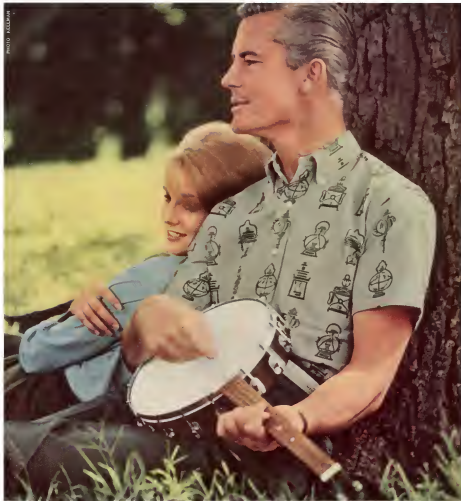


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COMING EVENTS

March 31 to April 6
All times are E.S.T.

★ Cable television ♦ Teletext ■ Network rerun

Friday, March 31

GOLF
Ardra Open, \$12,000, Winstage, N.C. (through April 2)

Saturday, April 1

AUTO SHOW
Innovated Show, New York (through April 2)

BASKETBALL (over)
NBA playoffs, 2 p.m. (NBC)

BOATING
Foster Island ocean race, Long Beach, Calif. (also April 2)
McMillan Cup, Annapolis, Md. (also April 2)

BOWLING
Bowling Stars, Webi vs. King, 4:30 (NBC)

BOXING
Taret vs. Griffin, welter title bout, 11 rds., Miami Beach, Fla., 10 p.m. (ABC)

GOLF
All-Star Golf series, Colgate vs. Bowdoin, 5 p.m. in each time zone (ABC)

HARNESS RACING
The Californian, \$20,000, Santa Anita

HORSE RACING
Arkansas Derby, \$25,000, Gulfstream Park
California Derby Trial, \$40,000, Golden Gate Fields

Florida Derby, \$100,000, Gulfstream Park
Sports Network regional TV

Wrestlemania II, \$25,000, Aqueduct (Sports Network regional TV, NBC rerun)

FIGHT RAGE MEETING
The Carolina Cup, Camden, S.C.

ROWING
Oxford-Cambridge race, London, England

Sunday, April 2

BASKETBALL (over)
NBA playoffs, 2:30 p.m. (NBC)

CHAMPIONSHIP BRIDGE
Art Gled and Nancy Kaplan vs. Walter Jacobs and George Raper, 1 p.m. (ABC)

GOLF
Celebrity Golf series, Sam Snead vs. Vic Danelino, 5 p.m. (NBC)

SWIMMING
Sander Norris Sprinter, National AAU Swimming and Diving Championship, 2:30 p.m. (CBS)

Monday, April 3

BASKETBALL
Natl. Women's Championship, St. Joseph, Mo. (through April 5)

ICE HOCKEY
Natl. Championship, White House lawn, Washington, D.C.

HORSE RACING
Crestview Handicap, \$20,000, Aqueduct

TENNIS
Meyers Invitation, St. Petersburg, Fla. (through April 5)

Tuesday, April 4

WRESTLING
AAU Champs, Toledo (through April 5)

Wednesday, April 5

TABLE TENNIS
World Champs, Peking, China (through April 14)

Thursday, April 6

BOWLING
WUSA Championship Tournament, Fort Worth, Ind. (through May 25)

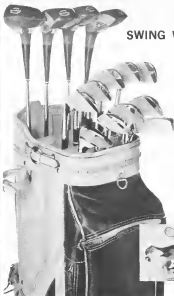
BOXING (overcast)
AAU Champs, Pocatello, Idaho (through April 5)

GOLF
The Masters, Augusta, Ga. (through April 9)

HARNESS RACING
The USA Turf, \$25,000, Yankees

SWIMMING
Natl. Women's Indoor Champs, Hialeah, Fla. (through April 5)

*See last listing



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	City _____	State _____

A REAL BARN-BURNER IN KANSAS CITY

by RAY CAVE

Photographs by Neil Zeffe



That's how Ohio State Coach Fred Taylor would describe the basketball game in which OSU lost the national title to Cincinnati's Bearcats

When 504 basketball coaches arrived in Kansas City last week for their annual convention and the game's national championship they were not really surprised to learn that everything, as the song goes, was up to date. Gone was the lurid and lively Kansas City of the '20s and '30s when Tom Pendergast ran the town. Then gambling joints were conveniently located in the downtown business district, saloon doors didn't have locks because they never closed, and in nightclubs naked (that's right, naked) waitresses served the patrons their beer and spiced shrimp.

The Municipal Auditorium, where Cincinnati, Utah, St. Joseph's and "unbentable" Ohio State were to play for the championship, was constructed in those days. With its massive walls and vaulted roof it contains the highest percentage of concrete of any building in the world. Tom Pendergast owned the Ready-Mixed Concrete Company.

The modern Kansas City, the coaches found, has been ventilated. Its citizens sedately boast of their

LOSER'S TEARS are concealed under towel by Ohio State Captain Larry Siegfried.

art gallery and university, their symphony and their straits. Which makes it altogether fitting that the biggest thrill Kansas City had to offer last Saturday night was not supplied by a spicy shrimp, but rather by the most memorable basketball double-header ever played in a national championship.

It began at 7 p.m., and by the time it ended nearly five hours later the 10,700 limp patrons in Tom's concrete vault not only had seen a consolation round first game that went to four overtimes, but had witnessed a nery bunch of underdogs from Cincinnati outfight, outplay and eventually outscore that nonpareil of college teams, Ohio State.

The Ohio State team, as unemotional as a machine, came to Kansas City unbeaten in 31 consecutive games played over the past two years. Winner of last year's title, the Buckeyes' greatest strength was their composure. They always took the floor as if the thought of losing had never occurred to them.

In Jerry Lucas the team had the best basketball player of the era. When opponents attempted to double- or triple-team Lucas, Larry Siegfried, the captain, and Mel Nowell would shoot from outside where they averaged nearly 50% of their field-goal attempts. On defense Ohio State had John Havlicek, a onetime high school quarterback who was as smooth as Johnny Unitas and as tough as Bobby Layne. He always guarded the opposition's toughest man and usually stopped him cold.

The only exception to the Buckeyes' peaceful aplomb was Siegfried. "He's a bit of a role player," Ohio State Coach Fred Taylor has said. Siegfried often would wave his arms, telling the team what the defense was and moving men around. The team had already recognized the defense, but Siegfried was showing he was captain. When Lucas began putting inner soles in his shoes so did Siegfried. Lucas wore his sweat pants when introduced before a game. So did Siegfried. When Richie Hoyt, a forward, got a cast for an arthritic condition that hampered his movement, Siegfried asked for a special hip pad. But if Siegfried was a bit

continued

WINNERS' SMILES are flashed by Coach Jucker, Players Thacker and Wisenbahn.



of an actor, he was also a superb basketball player.

Taylor, of course, was responsible for his team's workmanlike attitude. Only 34, he was named Coach of the Year last season and was given the honor again last week. A year of having every opponent point for his team had left him tired and tense, but had not marred the color of his speech. "A real barn-burner," he said when his team beat Louisville by a single point. He took his players back to Columbus for three days of furious and exhausting practices. "Now they're head bunting again," he reported Friday.

The first available head belonged to St. Joseph's, the team Ohio State played in the first semifinal game Friday night. A surprise champion in the East, St. Joseph's is a small school that had never before gone so far in the NCAA tournament. When it won at Charlotte its balding, insomniac coach, Jack Ramsay, forgot his limited budget and promised his team new basketball shoes for Kansas City. Then, carried away, he bought them all hats too. In the small dark hours of Friday morning he had a nightmare that he was standing on the bench shouting for time out, but nobody would stop the game. That's about the way it turned out against Ohio State Friday night. St. Joe played poorly, and the Buckeyes won 95-69.

Oscar brought no championship

A clue to what would happen in the finals came in the second game Friday night when Utah, the western champion, was harassed to distraction by Cincinnati's defense. This Cincinnati defense was the most intriguing and unexpected basketball development of the year. For the past two years the University of Cincinnati had expected to win a national championship with its one-man team, Oscar Robertson, only to fail in the semifinals each time. This season Ed Jucker, in his first year as head coach after seven years as an assistant, decided on a major change.

He junked the traditional run-and-shoot style of Cincinnati ball, replacing it with a controlled offense and a defense that would do credit to the Baltimore Colts. Instead of using one man he used five. The change took time. Cincinnati lost three of its

first eight, one by 17 points to St. Louis. After that fiasco, alarmed Coach Jucker held a team meeting, said a prayer and told his players they could still win the Missouri Valley Conference if they got tough. Not even he thought about the NCAA championship. But after a loss to Bradley, Cincinnati got tough indeed, and won 20 straight.

The toughest Bearcat was Bob Wiessenhahn, 220 pounds of burly bruiser who averaged 10 rebounds a game. He got help from the even more noticeable Paul Hogue, a 6-foot-9 bespectacled tree trunk. The tailor who cut the gray flannel blazers that Cincinnati wears when traveling added a fourth button to Hogue's coat. Three didn't look right. Thanks to this pair, Cincinnati had only been outrebounded once this year. In addition, the team had Carl Bouldin and Tony Yates, whom one West Coast coach calls the finest pair of guards he has ever seen on the same team. Jucker was understandably delighted when his defense ruined Utah's famed fast break and produced an easy 82-67 win. After the game, the Cincinnati band, coeds and all, oomphed its way into the dressing room to high-light an enthusiastic celebration, complete with hugs, kisses, cheers and singing of the alma mater. "Just one more," roared the team.

By contrast, Ohio State's dressing room after the St. Joseph's game was as staid as a bankers' meeting. There was a quiet discussion of plays and strategy before the team walked back through the streets to the hotel. If these were head hunters, they were grinding their axes silently.

Saturday afternoon Fred Taylor gave Ohio State its scouting report on Cincinnati. "Much of their success is credited to their rebounding," he wrote in the report. "Hogue and Wiessenhahn particularly will bomb the offensive boards and will push and shove to get up over you. Hogue is a bit gay with his ability as a duke man [he got in two scuffles in the Utah game]. Make him foul." By game time, State, with no mean defense of its own, was a solid favorite.

Kansas City, which had scheduled Van Cliburn ("6 feet 4 and what a pair of hands," observed one coach) in an adjoining auditorium Friday night, came back with Ribb Stevens on Saturday night, but the best



CINCINNATI STRATEGY IN ACTION.

showstill was on the basketball court.

It took two and a half hours to play the quadruple overtime consolation game between St. Joseph's and Utah, with St. Joseph's winning, 127-120. The fans had barely settled down from that remarkable contest when the championship game began. In a very few minutes Cincinnati let everybody know that this game, too, would be a contest.

Lucas, at his impassive and exquisite best, was forced to play 15 feet from the basket to be effective. He kept the game close by hitting one-handers from there, but the rest of the Ohio State offense looked strained and slow. Plays failed as Cincinnati made use of a special strategy of switching defensive assignments before Ohio State could test a foe's weaknesses and traits. The Bearcats maintained reasonable control of the backboards, took only the exceedingly good shots and forced the game



OHIO'S LUCAS (11), KEPT OUTSIDE, IS CONCEDED SHOOTING ROOM BY HOGUE (GLASSES) WHO FOULS WHEN GUARDING CLOSELY

into a pattern they liked, that of a grudging defensive battle. At the half the score was 39-38, Ohio State.

Each team showed its nerve under pressure in the second half. With 11 minutes left to play, thanks to five baskets on jump shots by Bouldin ("best outside shooter," Taylor's scouting report had said), Cincinnati was ahead by six points. Ohio State stormed back to go ahead by five, only to lose the lead again before the regulation game ended 61-61. Cincinnati got quickly ahead in the overtime and didn't give Ohio an opportunity to get even. The final score was 70-65, and Cincinnati was the new national champion in a truly stunning upset.

It was a beautiful basketball game, played by both teams with the pure poise and aggressiveness that the sport demands at its finest. A champion had been beaten, but by no fluke. There would be no second-guessing or sour grapes because there was simply

nothing to second-guess. Cincinnati had played its new style of basketball to perfection. It had run its offense with extreme care, making adjustments quickly in the face of changing Ohio State defenses. For example, when Bouldin made his five straight shots from outside, Siegfried was forced to stop helping guard Hogue and to concentrate on his own man, Bouldin. Bouldin didn't waste a shot finding out Siegfried was playing him closer. He began at once to pass the ball to the now more-open Hogue.

In a burst of early enthusiasm Cincinnati made four charging fouls, then didn't make another after it learned how closely the referees were watching for this violation. The Bearcats made only two other errors that cost them possession of the ball before they could shoot, compared to Ohio State's 11. Though the Cincinnati defense couldn't stop Lucas from getting 27 points, it forced the nor-

mally fast Buckeye offense to become fatally cautious. Ohio State averaged only a shot a minute through the second half and the overtime.

The trophies were awarded immediately after the game, and the Ohio State players, unaccustomed to defeat, mirrored their personalities with their reactions. Calm, gentlemanly Jerry Lucas, with another season yet to play, quickly smothered a half scowl with smiles of congratulations for the winners. And battler Larry Siegfried, the huge second-place trophy clutched dismally to his chest, threw a towel over his head to hide himself from the crowd, and cried.

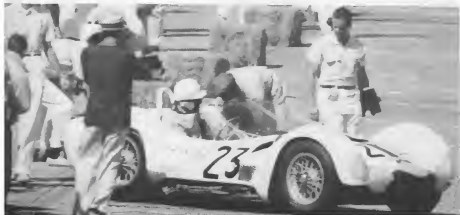
At the same time, the Cincinnati team screamed, howled, pranced and danced as it received its trophy. It had every reason and right to do so. To borrow a phrase from Fred Taylor, the Bearcats had not only beaten the best, they had done it in a barn-burner. **END**



WINNING CAR (NO. 14), DRIVEN BY HILL, WAS FRONT-ENGINE FERRARI . . . BUT MOST



REAR-ENGINE FERRARI (NO. 27) . . . MOST DISAPPOINTING WAS MOSS'S STRANDED





EXCITING CAR WAS A



MASERATI (SEE BELOW)



A FIESTA FOR FERRARI

by KENNETH RUDEEN

The swift Italian autos won most of the prizes at Sebring, a sure omen of things to come

As all probers and seekers of status know, sports cars are in. Owning them, or having the cardrums numbed by exposure to their exhaust noise at a race, automatically lifts one a cut above the Joneses. Among the sports cars most securely in are Italy's Ferraris. Whether they are the all-out racing models or the less violent touring versions, they are perennially swift, and they are always handsome and expensive.

Last Saturday, an object lesson in the pursuit and capture of in-ness was given by Ferrari in this country's foremost sports car race, the 12-hour endurance run at Sebring in the Florida midlands. Through a hot, cloudless day and into the moonlit evening hours the Ferrari exhaust shriek—a baleful sound like no other in racing—rose above the baritone and bass rumble of the competing cars. And at the end, a scoop-nosed red Ferrari co-driven by California's Phil Hill and Olivier Gendebien of Belgium stood at the head of one of the most distinguished sports car packs ever to race in this country. As a begrimed Hill and a chipper, spruced-up Gendebien drank celebratory champagne from the trophy cup the scorers totted up the Ferrari day's work: a new record of 1,092 miles run at a speed of 91.806 mph for Hill and Gendebien; a sweep of the first four places and seven of the first 10; victory in the touring class by the New York Journalist Denise McCluggage.

It was a Ferrari fiesta and a clear warning that the Maranello firm in-

tends this to be a Ferrari year in international racing. The archrival Italian Maseratis were not able to keep up and eventually all, except one car in a smaller-engined class, retired with mechanical disorders. Moreover, Ferrari turned up with perhaps the fastest sports racing car the world has seen. A new, rear-engined machine, it was easily superior to all other cars during the practice rounds and led the 12-hour race for more than two hours before succumbing to a break in its steering system.

This Sebring saw. It was also impressed by what it heard. For one thing, the Ferrari team drives spoke warmly of a new rear-engined car, which will be ready for the Grand Prix season—one expected to be more powerful than those from England and Germany and capable of restoring Ferrari to the first rank, after two years of British leadership.

(For readers who haven't explored the maze of road racing categories, a few words of explanation: Grand Prix cars are open-wheeled single-seaters conforming to a set of international rules. Their drivers compete for the world driving championship, and there is a world title for the builders, too. Sports cars, on the other hand, must have fenders, headlights, full windshields and other touring-car appurtenances. Some, like the Hill-Gendebien Ferrari, are meant only for racing. Others are built primarily for the highway but are also raced, as at Sebring, against purely racing cars. These are called Grand Touring cars—the Chevrolet Corvette is one.)

Sebring was buzzing over the news that Phil Hill would, if all went well, drive a Ferrari in the Indianapolis

continued on page 29

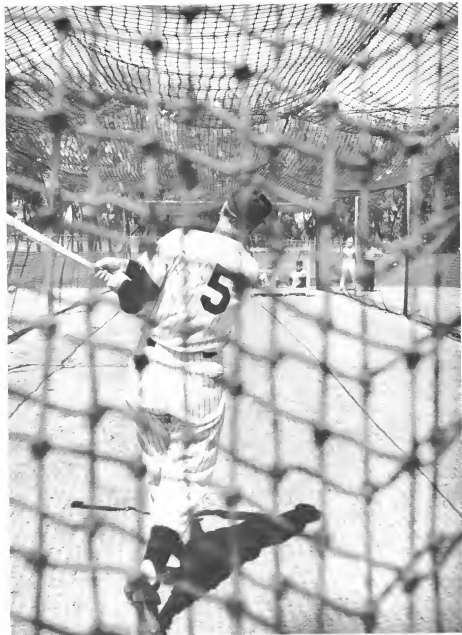
Photographs by Boston McNeely



MM Meets No. 5

Photograph by Art Eustachy

When Marilyn Monroe first met Joe DiMaggio, famed No. 5 of the New York Yankees, she didn't know who he was. As a matter of fact, she didn't even know what he was, for Joe had already retired and Marilyn had never seen a ball game. Nevertheless, they married and lived together for nine months. Now, after another marriage (to Playwright Arthur Miller) and another divorce, Marilyn has been seeing Joe a lot in St. Petersburg, Fla., where he has been acting as batting coach for his old team. There last week MM (*above and opposite*) saw Joe in his old Yankee uniform for the first time ever. It was, she breathed, "exciting."







Arguing with Aristotle

According to Aristotle, who knew even less about baseball than Marilyn Monroe, courage consists mostly of knowing when to sidestep danger. Most baseball players would find the 245 pounds of Ted Kluszewski a danger well worth sidestepping every time. But John Orsino, a youthful rookie catcher for the San Francisco Giants, is no philosopher. When Big Klu, now an L.A. Angel, came galumphing toward home plate at full speed in Palm Springs last week, Orsino set his own 295 pounds four-square (elbow, forearm, foot and knee) against the invasion and waited calmly while Kluszewski plowed in. Kluszewski and the legend that he is the strongest man in baseball were exploded together. Flat in the dust on his broad-beamed back, Klu was quietly informed that he was out.

GOLF'S FIRST SUMMIT

It is reached each year in Augusta at the Masters tournament, which next week will celebrate its 25th anniversary. Along with the Open

in June, this is one of the two pinnacles of golfing prestige in America. Here Sports Illustrated presents two aerial photographs of the Augusta National course, plus a portfolio of portraits of some of the distinguished competitors who will play in this week's event. These photographs and paintings decorate a preview of the things to expect and think about as the tournament unfolds, and detailed analyses by the players of the strengths and weaknesses of their respective games at Augusta

by ALFRED WRIGHT

Next week the Masters Tournament celebrates its silver anniversary at the Augusta National Golf Club, where Robert T. Jones and Clifford Roberts performed the obstacles during the second month of the second year of the first term of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Consider the year it was: John Dillinger was gunned down by the FBI in 1934. President Von Hindenburg died, and Adolf Hitler assumed the title of *Reichsführer*. Max Baer knocked out Primo Carnera for the heavyweight championship. Cavalcade won the Derby. Lawson Little first won both the U.S. and British amateur golf championships.

Now the tournament that began so modestly amid all these notable events has become one of the two summits of our golfing year. The other is, of course, the Open. But in many ways the Masters has already overshadowed the Open. It is played, year in and year out, on a very special course that is a far subtler, more devious and more versatile opponent than most of the doctored landscapes used for the Open.

The beauty of the rolling Georgian hills and their springtime tapestry of tall pines and bursting azaleas provide the Masters with a priceless setting.

Even the gallery at the Masters is something special—quietly respectful of the players' problems, cameraless, un-

complainingly confined to the nonplaying areas of the course, where its members can watch comfortably without stampeding either themselves or the contestants. A few weeks ago Jimmy Demaret, a three-time winner at Augusta, summed up the feelings of many of the more mature golfers when he said, with a touch of hyperbole, "Compared to the Masters, the Open is Tobacco Road."

The Augusta National course is invariably in superb condition at Masters time, as the aerial color photographs opposite and on the following page so veridically testify. It is no accident that this is so. Jones and Roberts first planned the tournament for a time of year when the climate of northern Georgia is friendliest toward the grass and foliage of the local countryside. On the morning of each day's play—and not the night before, as is the custom at so many other tournaments—the Bermuda and Italian rye grass of the fairways and greens receive the last-minute loving attention of the greenkeepers' tools.

It's no wonder, then, that the Masters does something for and to the contestants long before the first Thursday in April. Early this March, for instance, Mike Souchak, who has firmly established himself in the front rank of modern golfers, was hitting some practice shots before playing a round at the Pen-

sacola Open. Souchak had been away from the winter tour for a few weeks, and he didn't yet feel he was hitting the ball with the power and precision that he would like. "It's all right," Souchak was telling a bystander who had asked him how he was playing. "I've still got four weeks to get ready."

"Four weeks? Four weeks to get ready for what?"

"Four weeks before the Masters," Souchak said, punching out another seven-iron. "I always begin to feel the Masters about now—right here." He patted his stomach.

"They're all beginning to feel it," Souchak went on. "Palmer's in there filing down the edges of his clubs. Hogan's at Seminole sharpening up. Notice how all the boys are out practicing a little more each day. Everybody's beginning to feel it coming."

continued

The 16th is a shrewish 190-yard hole that brings infinite grief. Its tee is at bottom center, its green on the upper edge of the pond. A gallery surrounds 6th green at the top; the 15th green appears at the lower right.

Photographs by John G. Zimmerman





That same morning at Pensacola, Ken Venturi was on the practice green with his putter. Venturi, being the sound, all-round golfer he is, has played some of the finest competitive golf of his career at Augusta, because it is a course that requires all the skills and all the shots. Twice—once as an amateur in 1956 and again last year—Venturi came within a whisker of victory but each time lost it because of a disastrous 42 on the back nine holes. Talking about his plans for the coming few weeks on the tour, Venturi said he would soon begin to practice with only the Masters in mind.

"How will you practice any differently for the Masters than you do normally?" he was asked.

"I start adding distance," he said. "I lengthen my shots in practice. You've got to have distance on that course to stay in the running."

Late in the afternoon of the same day Art Wall, the 1959 Masters champion who had finished his round in the Pensacola tournament, was down on the practice tee pitching wedge shots. Because of a bad knee, Wall was unable to defend his Masters title last year, and he had been a forlorn sight standing in the gallery in the green blazer that is the sartorial privilege of a Masters champion. Wall is now well again and playing very capable—if not yet his best—golf.

"I'll hit three bags of balls just like this every day for a while now," he said. "I've been up home for a few weeks and haven't touched my clubs. I'll get my feel back this way. I've got just about the right amount of time to get ready for Augusta."

It is one of the delights of the Augusta National golf course that the infinite variety of its 18 holes lends itself to so many interpretations. Such holes as the 11th, the 13th, the 15th and the 16th, those climacterics where so many Masters have been won—and lost—must be dealt with like an errant child. You have to understand their mood of the moment and your own strengths and weaknesses

At the 18th green, scene of dramatic finishes, huge gallery lines slopes of natural amphitheater. Practice green and clubhouse are at upper left, with cottages used by General Eisenhower and Bobby Jones to right of club.

in order to cope with their problems.

Recently, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* asked a half-dozen outstanding Masters-contenders—four of them past champions—which holes they find to be the most crucial during the course of the tournament. You will find some recent paintings of each of them on the pages that follow, but first, here are their answers:

Arnold Palmer: "The 15th [520 yards, par 5] is probably the hole that I can gain the most on.

"Any time I have the slightest premonition that I can reach the green, I'll go for it. I always figure I'd rather be in the water in front of the green and make six that way than play it safe.

"On an ordinary day with little or no wind, the second shot is a two-iron or three-iron for me. I'll hit the ball toward the center of the greens and cut a little to get it up in the air and fade it into the right side of the green, the safest place to aim for."

Doug Ford: "I figure I have an advantage over most of the field on No. 5 [450 yards, par 4] and No. 11 [445 yards, par 4]. Five is one of my best holes because of the way I hit an iron—real low. My second shot is usually a long iron, played low as I said, that runs up the hill and on.

"I'd also choose the 11th as a good hole for me because of my chipping. Actually, I never care too much whether the ball gets on the green or not. I figure my chipping gives me an advantage over the others and that I can always make my par. The year I won the Masters I hit a real beaut here on the final day—a two-iron that hooked in 10 feet from the hole."

Art Wall Jr.: "I've thought about it a long time and finally decided on the 16th [190 yards, par 3] as the hole that gives me the greatest advantage, because I'm always willing to play it conservatively. It usually requires a four-iron or five-iron, and I always go for the center of the green. If the pin is in the left corner of the green up near the water, I'll hit the ball out to the right with a bit of draw on it to bring it back into the center, always allowing plenty of margin for error. If the pin is on the right near the trap, I'll hit a shot favoring the left, with just a bit of fade to bring it back into the center. It's a good hole to make your par on and get on about your business."

Bill Casper Jr.: "If there is any hole that I play as well or better than anyone else, it would have to be the 11th. The best way to play this hole is with a low second shot. I try to put my drive in the center of the fairway. Then I aim my second at the 12th green, which is visible behind the 11th just a shade to the right. The banking on the right very often kicks the ball on. It's especially important to have enough club on this hole or you're in the water."

Dow Finsterwald: "If I don't do well on the greens at Augusta—and by that I mean exceptionally well—I won't score well. It's very hard for me to reach the par 5s in two shots like some of the other fellows, and this puts me at a strong disadvantage. On the 5th, the 14th [420 yards, par 4] and 18th [420 yards, par 4], for instance, you're in real danger of three-putting unless you can get very close to the hole on your second shot.

"Sometimes, steady, accurate driving can make a few of the holes play much shorter. On No. 2 [555 yards, par 5], 5, 10 [470 yards, par 4] and 13 [475 yards, par 5], for instance. On 2, a nice draw around the corner can give you 30 to 50 additional yards because the ball will kick down the hill on the left. On 5, you can also save a lot of yardage by cutting the left-hand corner. I don't usually try it on these holes, however, because the risks are too great."

Ken Venturi: "I'd have to say the 12th [155 yards, par 3] is the most unpredictable hole on the course. I think it has always been a deciding hole in any Masters tournament. You can watch other members of the threesome take six-irons or seven-irons and then find, when it's your turn, that the wind has shifted enough to require a four-iron. Sometimes the wind changes when your ball is in flight, and a good shot goes sour. There is water in front, and it is a long, narrow green. The green itself has a tendency to get crusty, and it doesn't hold your ball the way other greens do. I'd take four 3s on that hole in advance of any tournament and walk happily to the next hole."

Absent from the group of witnesses above is an apple-checked, raven-haired South African named Gary Player, who, next to Palmer, is a man to watch this coming weekend, even though he looks young enough to be carrying home the school books of his best girl.

continued

So far this year, Player has been the most successful golfer on the tour. His only victory was at San Francisco, where he had a marvelous last round of 65 in the pouring rain, but no one else has had his extraordinary week-to-week consistency: tied for seventh at Los Angeles, third at San Diego, tied for sixth at Tucson, tied for third at Baton Rouge, tied for fourth at New Orleans, second at Petasacola and third at St. Petersburg. Despite Palmer's victories at San Diego, Phoenix and Baton Rouge—a run of success that is beginning to pale even the most dominant years of Nelson and Hogan—Player's consistency has put him well ahead of Palmer in earnings (\$20,685 to \$17,425).

The Augusta course, especially when the weather is perverse, will be just Player's dish of tea if he can hold his competitive edge. Last year he finished in a tie for sixth and the year before that in a tie for eighth, so there is no question about his ability to get around the course. And

there is just enough flamboyance in him to make him rise to dramatic occasions such as the Masters.

But when beads finally are counted, the man everyone will be watching next weekend is Arnold Palmer. He has had a brilliant winter tour, and one only hopes that he hasn't already exhausted himself trying to accommodate all the people who continually want something from the champion—a picture here, an endorsement there, now an interview on the radio, tomorrow a little run downtown at 10 p.m. to appear on the local TV. No sporting celebrity of our time has ever been more accommodating to such requests, and this friendly warmth is one of the things that makes Palmer such a compelling personality. But if he is to achieve the four great victories for which everyone is pulling—the Masters, the Open, the British Open and the PGA—he is going to have to conserve his energy. This weekend will tell whether 1961 is to be the year of his Grand Slam.



Golf has a way of accenting the individuality of an athlete. It is not just his dress, although the distinctive clothes of various professionals frequently become a trademark. The way they move and stand, their very personal expressions of pleasure and disgust and anguish are so familiar to the galleries that most of the leading pros can be characterized by a gesture. Sam Snead (above) is shown at the finish of his classic swing, squinting grimly at the ball in flight, his coconut straw hat cocked over his right eye. Ken Venturi (at right) waits on the putting green, his omnipresent white cap square on his head, his feet casually crossed. Venturi dresses in somber colors that have become as much a part of his public image as his purposeful, duck-footed stride down the fairways and his graceful, effortless style.

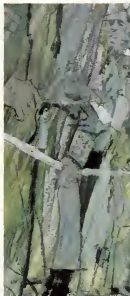
Paintings by Bernard Sachs





There is about Art Wall Jr., Masters champion and Golfer of the Year in 1959, an almost religious dedication to his work as he marches unsmilingly through a round of golf. One of the two topnotch golfers who eschews the Vardon grip, Wall has a lovely upright swing with a strength in it that belies his slight build. An immaculate dresser, Art favors the peaked golf cap.

One reason the gallery adores Arnold Palmer is that it understands him. Just like every weekend golfer, he hits the ball as hard as he can, taking the wildest gambles. He twists and turns in a ballet of body English, trying to make the ball go where he wants. His handsome features, usually unconcealed by a hat or cap, always tell the story of the emotions he is experiencing.





Haste is the word for Doug Ford, the 1957 Masters champion. He plays quickly, he walks quickly, and so he spends a lot of time waiting for the slower players, of whom there are too many to suit him. Ford taps his foot and peers impatiently from under his peaked cap while waiting for the players ahead to get out of the way.





Serenity seems to wrap itself around Bill Casper Jr., the 1959 Open champion, and it goes well with his clubby features and comfortably rounded waistline. On the golf course he seems to be the jolly fat man enjoying himself. Standing as he is here, surveying the green, you would think he hadn't a care in the world. But the tidy, well-groomed Casper suffers all the agonies of his more demonstrative colleagues.



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'IN LEFT FIELD FOR BOSTON...'

'... is Carl Yastrzemski.' As Ted Williams' replacement Carl is a threat both to pitchers and announcers

by WALTER BINGHAM

In Scottsdale, Mesa, Phoenix and Tucson, in Palm Springs and San Diego—towns where the Boston Red Sox have played exhibitions this spring—the men who announce the lineups over the public address systems have been faced with the problem of pronouncing Yastrzemski. It is not an easy name to pronounce, but anyone who has mastered Klusznowski and Mazerowski should be able to make it. It has three syllables, accent on the second. Say Yuh-straz-skee. It is a name worth learning, for Carl Yastrzemski, a rookie with the Red Sox, is going to be a star.

Yastrzemski will play left field for the Red Sox this season. No one has come out and told him this, and for that matter his name isn't even on the roster, but it is typical of his quiet confidence that he is already thinking about housing in Boston this summer for his wife and infant daughter. Carl's father and mother share this confidence. Carl Sr. has calculated that it will take him about six hours to drive from his home on eastern Long Island to Fenway Park in Boston. Hattie Yastrzemski, looking at the Red Sox schedule, moaned when she discovered that the Sox will be in Kansas City in late June, for it means that Carl will miss his brother Richard's high school graduation in Bridgehampton.

continued

YASTRZEMSKI'S EASY SMILE SHOWS CONFIDENCE

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Maine Guide goes off with jackets of Cone Mills combed cotton, treated with "SCOTCHGARD" Repeller to shed rain and stains. Washable "Riseabest" (left) has knit wrists, elastic bottom, pebble green, tan. "Risecheater" has nylon lining, knit underarms, wrists and bottom, pebble green, olive, tan. At Jordan Marsh Co., Boston, B. K. Baker Co., Cleveland; Lord & Taylor, N.Y.; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, E. W. Edwards Co., Syracuse.

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YAZTRZEMSKI *continued*

The Yastrzemskis have a right to feel confident. Signed to a generous \$100,000 bonus two years ago, Carl hit .377 at Raleigh in 1959 to lead the Carolina League by 54 points. Last year with Minneapolis, a Triple-A team, Carl hit .339, losing out on the American Association batting title in the final days of the season. Now, with Boston's greatest hero, Ted Williams, in retirement, left field at Fenway Park awaits him.

It is inevitable that Yastrzemski will be compared to Williams. Where Williams wore No. 9 for two decades, the Boston management has pointedly given Yastrzemski No. 8. Both men hit left-handed. There is no question that Yastrzemski, who has a good arm and can run quite fast, will be a better left fielder than Williams was. But it would be folly—and unfair to Yastrzemski—to expect him to hit like Williams. He is not nearly as big as Williams—only 5 feet 11 inches and 175 pounds—and though his strong arms and wrists give him some power he is not a pull hitter. Many of his good drives go straight to center field for outs.

But the Red Sox—and Ted Williams, who spent spring training with the team as a batting coach—would not dream of changing Yastrzemski's style. His swing is smooth, and the low line drives he hits are marvelous to see. Other players stop what they are doing to watch him take batting practice, the ultimate tribute.

"All Ted says to me is, 'Be quick,' and, 'Study the pitcher,'" Yastrzemski said recently. "I'll pam Ted going into the shower and he'll say, 'Be quick, be quick.' That's all."

Carl Yastrzemski, at 21, is not handsome, but his black hair, dark piercing eyes and bony nose give his face an alert, eager look. He is a farm boy. His father, only 43, grows potatoes on a 60-acre farm in Bridgemanpton. In batting practice recently, after Carl laced two straight pitches to right field, a teammate sighed, "Man, those potato-picking wrists." Carl said nothing but later explained that he didn't actually pick potatoes. "I moved irrigation pipes and helped store bushel baskets of potatoes," he said.

It was hardly an accident that Carl became a ballplayer. His parents have always been crazy about the

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YASTRZEMSKI continued

game. Carl Sr., a wiry little man with a leathery, weathered face, was a good semipro infielder, a hero in the summer leagues on Long Island. Hattie Yastrzemski, nee Skonieczny, watched every game and kept a scrapbook. When young Carl was 5 his father gave him a bat, which he dragged around behind him wherever he went. A photograph in the family album shows Carl at 4 being taught the proper batting stance by his father, who is dressed in a baseball uniform. Carl remembers long summer evenings, chores finished, supper over, playing catch with his father.

"He taught me the fundamentals," says Carl. "He told me only to swing at good pitches. But about the time I became a sophomore in high school he stopped. And that probably helped me more than anything. Sometimes you have to work things out for yourself."

When he was old enough Carl, too, played in the summer leagues, several times on the same team with his father. One year they had a family team, five Yastrzemskis and four Skoniecznys. Carl played shortstop, his father second base; in one game they hit back-to-back home runs. One summer a league in which Carl was playing folded. So that he could play, the Yastrzemskis drove him to

another league 50 miles away every Tuesday and Saturday evening, never returning before midnight.

Carl was a senior in high school when the pro scouts started coming to see him. Almost all the major league clubs offered him a bonus to sign, but Carl decided to go to Notre Dame instead. In his freshman year he studied business management and learned how to play bridge. ("Is this what he's going to college for?" his mother asked.) He also was introduced by his roommate to Carol Casper, a pretty little blonde from Pittsburgh. Carl dated her for two years before they were married.

When Carl came home for Thanksgiving vacation in his sophomore year, the baseball scouts came around again, and this time Carl decided to sign. He wanted to play for an eastern team—Boston, Philadelphia or perhaps Cincinnati. Neither he nor his father cared much for the Yankees after Carl, having worked out with the team, was made to dress with the hat boys instead of the players, and Mr. Yastrzemski, hoping to see his son, was told he couldn't get in without a pass. In the end Carl chose Boston and a \$100,000 bonus, largely because he felt the Sox men he met were the most considerate.

The Red Sox players kid Carl about his bonus. Some players call him Cash. One night the Red Sox ate



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dinner in a restaurant outside San Diego that was divided into two rooms. "Just the important players eat in this room," said the veteran Vic Wertz. Lou Clinton, a young outfielder, pointed to Yastrzemski. "Yeah," he said, "important players and the club owner." But as one member of the team said, "No one's going to ride him too hard. After all, he could make a lot of money for us all."

fifty-fifty

The Red Sox are paying Carl his bonus over a five-year period—"just around Christmas," Carl says. The money is banked in a joint account in the names of Carl and his father.

"I'm giving my father half the money," Carl says. "I only want enough to complete my education [he still goes to Notre Dame in the off season] and to put a down payment on a house. My father's healthy now, but someday he may need it.

"There's another reason, too. Too much money might spoil me. I want to keep driving hard. I want to be the very best player I can be."

"I can believe it," said a teammate recently. "Do you know what he did once last year? He played in a double-header and went 3 for 8. That's good enough for most people, but Carl went out after the second game and took extra batting practice."

There were five Yastrzemskis in Scottsdale this spring—Carl and his wife and his daughter and his father and his mother. The five of them lived together in a motel apartment near the ball park. Not a workout nor an exhibition game took place that did not find Mr. Yastrzemski, wearing his Red Sox cap, and Mrs. Yastrzemski watching from seats behind the Red Sox dugout. When the team made a trip recently to San Diego and Palm Springs, the parents went along. Carl Yastrzemski, who knows very little about baseball, stayed in Scottsdale with the baby. "I think Carl's beginning to understand the game," says Carl's mother.

"She'll never understand it," says Mr. Yastrzemski.

"I don't mind her not knowing about baseball," says Carl. "I don't like to talk about the game when I get home. It doesn't matter whether I get four hits or none. Once in a while it's fun to forget it." **END**



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Part I

A NEW DIMENSION IN SAILING

by **MORT LUND**
with **GEORGE O'DAY**

Drawings by Tony Rasielli

The powerful hull at right, surging ahead like a surfboard, is one of an exciting new type of sailing craft called planing boats. Capable of moving at triple the speed of conventional boats, they have advanced the art of sailing into a truly new dimension. Until planing boats were developed (SI, April 28, 1958), the speed of a sailboat was limited by the length of its waterline. Every boat moving through the water made a bow wave and a stern wave (*top diagram, right*). And once the boat reached a given speed, it could not go any faster, because to do so it would have to climb up its bow wave. Because of weight and the shape of the bottom, the conventional displacement hull could not rise out of its own wave trap. The planing boat, however, is designed to escape the trap. Light in weight, with powerful sails and a flat stern, it behaves like a displacement boat in light winds (*center diagram*). But when a puff hits, the force of the wind, counterbalanced by the weight of the crew, pushes the boat onto the bow wave. Then the flat bottom, instead of mashing down in the water, forces the light hull toward the surface until it pops out of the trap and skims along (*lower diagram*) on the crest of its own bow wave. The key man in the development of planing in the U.S. is George O'Day of Marblehead. As a salesman he has distributed more than 900 planing hulls. As a racing skipper he has won the Men's North American championship in a Thistle-class planing boat. Last summer, using the skills he refined in planing, he won an Olympic gold medal in the displacement-type 5.5-meter boats at Naples. At right and on the following pages, O'Day, with the help of his Olympic crewman, Dave Smith, demonstrates these skills both for planing sailors who want to master their high art and for sailors of conventional hulls who can use some of these same advanced techniques to make their own boats go faster.



DISPLACEMENT HULL, TOP SPEED



PLANING HULL, LOW SPEED



PLANING HULL, TOP SPEED





SPECIAL GEAR FOR PLANING

The S-6-5 carries all the equipment and has the design characteristics commonly found in planing boats. She has a flat stern to help her get onto a plane. She weighs 280 pounds (compared to 425 for a comparable nonplaning class, the Snipe) and has 156 square feet of sail in her mainsail and jib (a Snipe has 115). Because of her light weight and her big sails, she needs special gear to keep her upright. The most potent piece of equipment is the trapeze (1). This consists of a wire attached to the upper part of the mast, with a wide belt that snaps on at the lower end. In heavy winds the crewman dips the belt to the wire and hangs out over the windward side (above). There he can start three times the leverage of a man perched on the windward rail. The less spectacular hiking straps (2) are canvas belts under which the legs can be hooked to allow both the skipper and the crew to lean (hike) over the water from the hips up. The extension tiller (3) lets the skipper control the boat while he is hiking. The boom vang (4) is a short wire that holds the mainsail in its best shape. The trap-door bailers (5) are a pair of hinged flaps held by elastic cord (upper diagram, right) that can be released (lower diagram) to drain the fast-moving hull if she shape water.



BAILERS CLOSED



BAILERS OPEN

CONTINUED



1 Ready to plane, O'Day and Smith sit on rail. Wind is broadside. Smith holds jib sheet; O'Day holds mainsheet and extension tiller, while he watches for dark patch on water that means strong puff of wind is coming.

2 Wind hits and boat accelerates. Both men move outboard, bringing their ankles up against the hiking straps and leaning out quickly. At same time O'Day stacks mainsheet about a foot, ready to pull it in fast to help pump the boat onto a plane.



TAMING THE TRAPEZE



Trapeze is used only when wind is blowing so hard that hiking with straps, as O'Day and Smith are doing in gentle gusts above, will not keep hull flat. Crewman, however, wears wide foam-padded belt continuously, whether it is attached to wire or not. The wire—actually two wires, one on each side of mast—is held secure at lower end by elastic cord. Getting out over water is fast, tricky work. Here O'Day momentarily

relinquishes tiller to show proper procedure. First, with belt hooked onto wire, O'Day, jib sheet and wire in right hand, slides back (A) to brace left leg stiffly against trapeze block. Then (B) O'Day pulls jib sheet taut and pushes off with right leg. Next he swings over water (C), keeping left leg stiff, right leg relaxed to act as shock absorber. Coming back in (D), he slips foot under hiking strap before removing belt wire.

GETTING THE BOAT TO PLANE

Getting a boat to plane is fun in any circumstances, but in a race it is absolutely essential, for the first boat up will double the speed of its rivals. Therefore the skipper and his crew must watch the wind and learn to feel when the boat is going almost fast enough. In a 5-0-5 this will be at about 6 knots and requires a wind of at least 10 knots. The instant they feel conditions are right, the men must lean far out, pump the sails and try to bounce the boat out of the trough created by its bow and stern waves and get it up onto a plane.

The most important factor in planing, as in all sailing, is the direction and strength of the wind. A planing boat resists most efficiently to wind coming in from slightly forward of broadside. Therefore, in the sequence at left and below, O'Day and Smith bring the 5-0-5 broadside to the wind. As a puff hits, they do a precisely timed, simultaneous backward and outward hike to keep the boat on its feet so its broad stern can help lift it up. On a gusty day, when the wind first drops below planing strength and then rises again quickly, the 5-0-5 will go on and off plane repeatedly. The skipper and crew then have to move in and out constantly to keep the hull flat on the water. If they move out too soon, the boat will tip awkwardly to windward, spilling wind from the sails and losing way. And if they move out too late, the boat will miss the chance to get up; or at worst it will flip over, leaving all hands paddling in the water.



3 Breaking onto plane, O'Day pulls sail in quickly, and both men hike far outboard. Boat now surges ahead on top of its own bow wave, leaving typical flat wake as 5-0-5 jumps speed from 5 knots to 10 or more.

CONTINUED

STAYING ON A PLANE



1 In steady wind, the boat planes perfectly, kept flat by hiking of O'Day and Smith.

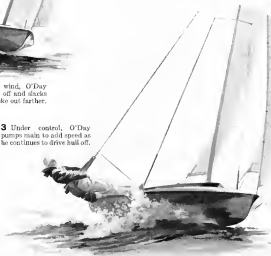


2 In rising wind, O'Day drives (veers) off and stacks main. Both hike out farther.



APPARENT WIND shifts forward and then back, forcing boat to drive off and then return to its original course.

3 Under control, O'Day pumps main to add speed as he continues to drive hull off.



Once the boat is on a plane, keeping it there calls for finesse and judgment, especially in maintaining the best, most powerful angle with the wind. As the 5-0-5 accelerates, the direction of the wind experienced on board shifts toward the bow (small arrows in diagram below left), even though the direction of the true wind over the water (heavy arrow below) remains the same. This new and varying wind direction is called the apparent wind and is a combination of the true wind and the air which naturally flows back as the boat moves rapidly forward. If the boat is not handled properly, the apparent wind will eventually swing so far toward the bow that the boat will slow down and drop off its plane. Therefore, as the boat accelerates, O'Day keeps the apparent wind at the correct angle, by driving off (veering downwind). In the diagram, the second and third hulls from the top show how O'Day keeps the apparent wind coming over the side of the hull at a constant angle. As the boat speeds up, both men have to hike out farther. For not only does the apparent wind change direction, but the increasing speed of the boat itself adds to the power of the apparent wind. When the wind drops off, however, O'Day must sense the change immediately and swing the boat back to the original course. The snake-like path that results from driving off and coming back is typical of a well-skipped planing hull. The enormous advantage of keeping the boat driving at top speed more than makes up for the curving passage through the water.

IN AN EARLY ISSUE

O'Day shows the techniques of planing downwind: how to ride the waves and handle a spinnaker.

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President Kennedy is a walking—or rather running—testament to the principle that people who are active in sports during youth and continue their activity as adults are likely to remain vigorous as they grow older.

As each of us grows from childhood (when exercise is organized) to maturity (when it is likely to be sporadic) we find ourselves losing stamina, tending to tire and injure ourselves by over exercising in sudden spurts.

The continuing factor that can lessen such tendencies is something that I like to call "muscle memory," the effect of early conditioning carried over into maturity. As an example of muscle memory, remember how long it took you to learn to ride a bicycle? Yet you never forgot the skill, once you had it, even if you hadn't bicycled for years. The same holds true for

other "carryover" sports learned in youth, such as golf, tennis, swimming, bowling, skating, skiing and horseback riding. Once the memories are established, the skills may become rusty through lack of use, but in a short time they can be "recalled" and you'll manage nearly as well as before.

Muscles without the right memories, on the other hand, will prove clumsy at jobs they never knew. Of two middle-aged people taking up tennis, the one who played in childhood will find his natural strokes returning with comparative effortlessness while the other strains more with less effect. If you once learn a coordinated movement you don't have to think about it again. But if the muscles never learned these lessons in youth, never acquired the athletic skills of free movement, then it becomes exceedingly difficult and even dangerous to attempt them later on. When you learn new physical skills in the adult years, you are likely to suffer strains and sprains.

For this reason, every parent should do his or her best to see that children train and develop muscle memories while they are young, and not just in team sports like football and baseball, but in the carryover sports that will serve them all their lives.

But what of those of us whose parents have neglected to take this early precaution? Are we automatically

doomed to be sedentary because we never learned tennis and played only tag?

The answer to the last question is an emphatic no, provided we seek a sport not too far removed from whatever muscle memories we may have established—and provided we don't drive ourselves too hard or expect too much.

In the United States we have become, in a sense, victims of the demand for excelling in sports. The goal instead should be physical excellence, achieved through sports. I suspect that a thoroughly healthy nation depends on a solid "middle class" of athletes who never win a championship but who, on the other hand, have skills just adequate to enjoy whatever sport they pursue. We in the United States have no such solid middle class; we've lost it because of too much emphasis on winning. The result has been excellence of the few and neglect of the many. This begins in school and college athletics, where much is done for the proficient and not enough for the rest. It continues into maturity, where many sit watching while few play the game.

One of the fundamental health problems facing our nation today is that of getting our young people to develop proper exercise habits, so that their muscles are trained for sturdy use in later life. Another problem is getting ourselves to keep those

continued

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The neglected horse

Part III of a series on racing problems reveals the appalling lack of interest in animal care

The American race horse has an arduous life. He is expected to run nearly 12 months a year, to retain his normal form while being shipped all over the continent by van, train and plane and while performing on all kinds of track surfaces and under all weather conditions. Only an iron horse can meet these obligations, and there are precious few of them around in any season.

For the rest the answer is a never-ending series of treatments by veterinarians, some of whom have no idea what they are doing to a horse beyond "doctoring him up" for a particular race. U.S. horsemen have a huge financial stake in the sport itself but have paid comparatively little attention to the creature that makes it all possible.

One Kentucky horseman says, "It is unnecessary to me that the smart businessman will pay staggering prices for a horse and do so little to improve his condition, welfare and usefulness." A veterinarian in New Jersey describes the result of this neglect: "If we scratched all the sore horses going to the post there would be no racing at all. Easily 75% of all horses running today have something wrong with them. The other 25% are perfectly sound but have one drawback as racers—they can't run fast."

The patching up of ailing horses is as old as racing. Most of the methods, such as icing and the use of poultices, liniments—and more lately an assortment of vitamins—are as legal as giving an animal his daily ration of hay, oats and water. The complications that cause much of today's con-

troversy arise because of the widespread use of drugs and the fact that in many states they are not clearly identified as stimulants, depressants, or neither.

A few years ago racing authorities were concerned with only half a dozen drugs: morphine, heroin, cocaine, strychnine, caffeine and codeine. Today there are more than 350, some of which cannot be detected by the routine saliva and urine tests. The most controversial of the new drugs is Butazolidin (SI, August 1). It is one of many medicines originally developed for use by human beings and now applied to horses. Vets who have used it say that Butazolidin alleviates aches and pains of an arthritic nature and permits a horse to run to his normal capacity but does not stimulate him. Dr. Jordan Woodcock, former president of the American Association of Equine Practitioners, supports this view. He points out that there was no noticeable difference in the percentage of winning favorites among those horses using—or not using—Butazolidin at Chicago tracks, where the drug was allowed last year. "The fact that 130 horses came off the Butazolidin list and kept their form proves that the drug did some good in certain individual cases. Other trainers soon found out that Butazolidin doesn't always help every horse and they stopped using it."

Arguments against use

Butazolidin now can be administered legally to horses scheduled to race in three states, Illinois, Kentucky and Florida. Elsewhere, authorities oppose it largely on the ground that, as a temporary reliever of soreness and unsoundness, Butazolidin must have some effect on a horse's running condition. In other words they believe that using or withdrawing it could result in a horse running "hot



RESEARCHER NEEDS SUPPORT

or cold." This is the same effect, although to a lesser degree, obtained by any of the already-prohibited narcotics.

The principle involved here is prevention of unfair competition, but it is not easy to get an official, uniform policy on medication. The National Association of State Racing Commissioners can suggest uniform rules, but only the individual state commissions have the authority to implement them. There are many competing factions. More and more horsemen are in favor of a permissive list of drugs, including Butazolidin, in order to get every last bit of run out of their horses. Vets for the most part are in favor because it brings them more business. Track managements in some areas use political pressure on state commissions to permit Butazolidin, pointing out that this would guarantee large fields, would lead to bigger pari-mutuel handles and bigger tax take-out for state treasuries.

Keene Dangerfield, former president of the Society of North American Racing Officials, takes another view. "There appears to be an irreconcilable difference between the laudable sentiment that 'a horse which needs medication should be racing' and the constant expansion of

racing. More days of racing, more races per day, the continuing competition for the tax dollar, have placed an intolerable burden on the horses themselves. Hard tracks, overracing of 2-year-olds, failure to breed for soundness, incompetent trainers and exercise riders all contribute to the situation, but basically it is year-round racing which has led to the present deplorable death of sound horses."

Aside from the question of drugs, the efforts of veterinarians to improve the care of horses have been severely hampered by a lack of adequate financial backing. The Racing Chemistry Research Fund, not even established until 1958, was set up under a bare minimum budget of \$50,000, which was expected to last two years. The Grayson Foundation, founded in 1940 in Lexington, Ky. to support basic research in the equine field, operated on initial grants of \$50,000 annually, but this sum has slipped to an average of only \$45,000 for the last three years.

Before World War II most research in this field was conducted by the U.S. Army Remount Service. Now it is largely in the hands of the Grayson Foundation, headed by onetime Greentree Stud manager Clarkson Beard. Grayson plans to work chiefly in four general areas: the unsoundness of joint, tendon and bone; nutrition; diseases of virus abortion, influenza and parasites; and breeding problems. Other research is being conducted through special grants at a number of colleges and universities. Unfortunately, not half enough is being done.

We believe it is high time the whole racing industry and the state commissions got behind a program of research in this field. Furthermore, we repeat that the sensible course to follow on Butazolidin is to ban it everywhere until the present study (under Dr. John E. Martin at the University of Pennsylvania) is completed and all the facts about its properties are established.

More than \$85 million will be given away in purses at U.S. tracks this year, compared to the \$43,000 that will go into research at Grayson. This is a ridiculous imbalance. If racing doesn't begin to show more regard for the horse, it will forfeit all right to be called a sport instead of a gambling wheel.

END



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SWIMMING / Arlie W. Schardt

Big noise from Winnetka

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ASSISTANT COACH (LEFT) AND TEAM STARS

The three boys were only 9 years old, but their tanned bodies looked strong and muscular as they crashed through 25 yards of the difficult butterfly stroke, arms flailing, red suits glistening. Hardly anyone in the crowded pool took notice of the unusual swimming ability of the little boys, however, for it was Wednesday night in Winnetka, Ill., and that means family night in the New Trier high school's huge, brightly lighted pool. It is a time to swim, not watch.

The time for watching would be later, when and if the boys earn places on the New Trier varsity swimming team. They will be worth watching, too, for New Trier not only has the best high school swimming team in America, it has the best high school swimming team in history. It is so good, in fact, that there are currently only three college teams in the entire country—the Olympic-seasoned squads from Indiana, Southern California and Michigan—capable of beating the high schoolers in a dual meet. Five New Trier seniors have posted times that would have placed them either first or second in last year's national collegiate championships. It is easy to understand why 24 college coaches, athletic scholarships in hand, attended a recent dual meet at New Trier.

Located among the meticulously landscaped homes of Winnetka, New Trier is a township high school supported by five villages along suburban Chicago's wealthy north shore. It elicits a collegelike loyalty from

its alumni, who return year after year to the imposing red-brick school building which is itself like a compact college campus, having a separate wing for music, a separate wing for art, a completely equipped FM radio station which broadcasts seven hours a day to the Winnetka area, a plush new auditorium, an indoor track the same size as the one in Madison Square Garden and, of course, the swimming pool. Naturally, it is the biggest indoor pool in any high school in the country. Eight separate aquatic programs, of which the varsity is only one, keep the water rippling year round. The programs are coordinated by 35-year-old Dave Robertson, a swimming coach who abhors being called coach, preferring instead the title: Director of Swimming, New Trier Swimming Organization.

Peering through the large window that separates his tiny, pale-green office from the wide, spotless decks of the pool (it is absolutely forbidden for anyone wearing shoes to set foot on the deck), Robertson regards his aqueous world with the restless satisfaction of a man who has reached his goal early in life. His New Trier teams have won 10 state championships in his 15 years as coach. Speaking softly—he has to, because his voice is usually hoarse from teaching and coaching all day—he says: "I wanted this job when I was in high school. I've always known what I wanted. I want to run a program that's so good it'll infect the whole community."

To handle the huge teaching load for the high school and grammar



WATCH AS ROBERTSON SHOWS TECHNIQUE

school swimming programs, Robertson has an honor corps of 57 carefully chosen students called The New Trier Guard, which includes 25 girls. "They are fantastic teachers," says Robertson. "They come in here as sophomores and juniors, and by golly if they don't turn out to be the top kids in their classes. Last year five of our senior girls had the five highest offices that girls can hold in the school." Honor notwithstanding, the fact that the girls who are Guards have the best chance to date the varsity swimmers does not hurt the program's desirability. "Oh, yes," acknowledges Robertson quickly, "the swimmers are the elite at New Trier, and the girls who are Guards get first chance to date them. They're assured of a successful social program."

Triangle factory

Robertson's remarkably efficient mass teaching techniques also provide a broad base of talent from which to choose his teams. He calls it "building a big triangle." (Rival coaches call it "a factory.") At the top of that triangle is his current team, the cream of the staggering total of 482 boys who tried out last fall. Robertson and his hunky, crew-cut assistant, Ray Essick, keep 120 swimmers after the final cut. Four squads—freshman, sophomore, junior varsity and varsity—are formed, and every boy competes in from eight to 20 meets per season. Like all Robertson operations, the team practices are masterpieces of organization. All administrative announcements are mimeographed.

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and posted daily in a glass bulletin board outside the pool. A swimmer is about as likely to forget his own name as to forget to read that board.

Once the competitive season has started, Robertson spends little time on individual technique. "The main thing is condition," he says. "We just do basic things that we teach them way down at the beginning level. The rest is hard work and discipline."

And psychology. Robertson has been known to step to the microphone during an important meet and announce that so-and-so from New Trier would attempt to break a national record by swimming at such-and-such a pace. "That's just to add spectator interest," he says. Doesn't it also tend to unnerve an opponent? "Well, if it does, I can't help that. I'm not in this to inflate opponents." Every season starts with a big intrasquad meet, which unfailingly draws a capacity crowd of 1,800—as does every meet during the wintertong interscholastic season. Every swimmer competes in three races in the intrasquad meet, and that night a father-and-son banquet is held, where "I tell every parent what must be done to make his boy a swimmer." Twice a year, after dual meets, a "cocoon hour" is held at school, attended by at least 450 swimmers, parents and girl friends, and the season is climaxed by a huge banquet.

This year's New Trier team is clearly the best ever. It includes five seniors who have broken over half of the listed national high school records. Robertson attributes this team's particular success to the presence of one boy, Dale Kiefer, whose father Adolph was the Olympic backstroke champion in 1936. "Dale came to us as a completely polished swimmer," Robertson relates, "and his influence on the other boys was immediate. He was already a veteran who knew the value of things like summer training, and he was best of the group in every stroke. The result was that everyone on that freshman team set out to beat Dale in at least one event." Today the quiet, blond Kiefer is still the best all-round swimmer at New Trier, having just broken his own national record in the individual medley, that odd race which includes all four strokes—butterfly, backstroke, breaststroke

and freestyle. But in the other events, the individual strokes, there is now someone else, someone who has succeeded in beating Dale Kiefer. Fred Schmidt has swum the 100-yard butterfly faster than the national collegiate record set by 1960 Olympic Champion Mike Troy. Roger Goetsche is a fraction shy of the NCAA backstroke mark. Dave Lyons has swum the freestyle sprints faster than last year's NCAA championship times. And Terry Townsend is currently just three-tenths of a second away from becoming the first high school swimmer to break four minutes in the 400-yard freestyle.

Man of distinction

Many people wonder why Robertson doesn't become a college coach. The answer is not complicated. "With all the swimming programs I run, plus my teaching salary, I earn more than some Big Ten football coaches." And he enjoys being recognized as a civic leader, a man of importance in the community.

Last month he was so besieged with ticket requests during the week the state high school swimming championships were held at New Trier that the school switchboard operator had to tactfully ward off ticket seekers. The meet was broadcast but enthusiasts not content to hear it on the radio appeared outside the pool offering as much as \$10 for one ticket. There were no takers. Inside, a small pep band played Dixieland, banners waved, cheers resounded, and the New Trier swimmers came through like bona fide champions to win the meet with a record point total. Their performance was so impressive that 14 of them are traveling to New Haven this weekend for a head-on meeting with the big boys in the AAU championships at Yale.

Even as they exulted in victory, the nation's best high school swimmers paid attention to their coach and assembled in their locker room to hear a prayer of thanks. Then the swimmers headed home as Dave Robertson manfully tried to overlook a shoe-scuff mark that had somehow violated the pool deck. He leaned forward against his desk, gazed through his big window at the shimmering water and slowly shook his head from side to side. "I love to win," he said softly. **END**



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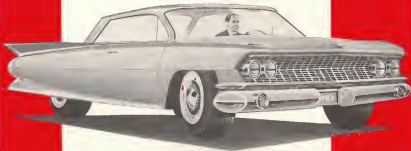
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FERRARI FIESTA

continued from page 22

"500." He and Australia's Jack Brabham, the world champion driver, would give the old Brickyard its first serious foreign-car competition in years. Brabham, for whom two cars are being built by the English Grand Prix campaigner John Cooper, has already astounded the inbred "500" circle with a performance in a standard, small-engined Grand Prix car that would certainly place him high in the Indianapolis qualifying field (SL, Oct. 31).

Sebring, finally, was chattering about the probability that this would be the last year in world championship competition for sports racing cars—those of the stripped-down and sauced-up kind driven by Hill and Gendebien. The FIA, governing body of auto racing, has been attempting to transfer the championship series to Grand Touring cars, and the betting is that it will finally do so in the fall. In practice, the new class of cars could become nearly as special as today's racing sports cars but would at least have glass windshields and hardtops and look like cars you might buy in the showroom.

Mostly, to be sure, Sebring was concerned with its own unique 12-hour race. There are those who say the true Sebring buff is a masochist. They point out that the 5.2-mile racecourse is flat and ugly, that its long straights followed by abrupt turns torture brakes and transmissions beyond reason, that the pits are primitive, the grounds a dust bath in dry weather and a bog in wet, the access roads pitifully inadequate, the typical racing lineup an odd mixture of big and little cars and of professional and amateur club drivers. But nowhere else in the U.S. can followers see the world's best sports cars, driven by the finest drivers, for 12 long and, to them, delicious hours. In short, Sebring may be miserable for those who go there, but it is in.

Those who arrived early saw the cars practice, too, and what they saw included some sports cars as bizarre as any ever built. Last year brought the "bird cage" Maserati and its intricate, weird frame of small-diameter tubing. Now came the rear-engined bird cage, with a frontal area that, except for a sheet of Plexiglas extending back from the nose approximately

to the driver's chin, is as open as a bathtub. Britain's Graham Hill, who practiced in one of two entered, didn't mind the exposure but thought the car handled untidily, "as if the front wheels had no relation to the rear wheels."

Considerably prettier than the Maseratis but ungainly-looking beside the sleek older models was the rear-engined Ferrari assigned to Californian Richie Ginther and Germany's Count Wolfgang von Trips. Ginther, a slight, freckled test-and-team driver for the Ferrari works,



YOUNGEST RACER. Ricardo Rodriguez, 19, placed third with brother Pedro, 21.

was openly in love with it. He had reason to be. The big snout and ugly hump at the back were the result of wind tunnel testing to reduce drag (said to be Ferrari's first wind tunnel experiments). The V-6 engine—really a detuned, or gentled, 1960 Grand Prix engine of 2.5 liters piston displacement—oozed power and, said Ginther, the car handled more sweetly than anything he had ever driven. "If you do something wrong," he said, "it doesn't turn around and bite you." Ginther quickly bit off practice laps in three minutes 14 seconds, a solid three seconds faster than the record Sebring lap made in last year's race by Britain's Stirling Moss, the fastest man in road racing.

Students of Sebring form, heeding Olivier Gendebien's wise counsel that the secret of Sebring "is not to be in the mood to lead the race, but to pamper the car and finish," confident-

ly picked Gendebien himself and Partner Phil Hill to win. As endurance drivers they are unsurpassed, rapid enough to be in the first flight anywhere, polished enough to nurse a car gently for hours on end. Each had won at Sebring twice before; each had triumphed in a twice-as-long marathon at Le Mans.

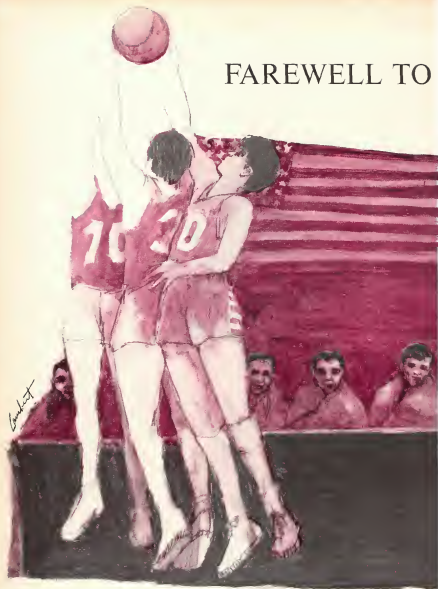
At 10 a.m., Saturday the 65 starters slithered away, wheels spinning and tails wagging, in the usual Los Angeles traffic jam. Moss, who can be atrociously unlucky, was left at the starting line unable to get his Maserati moving. By the time his dead battery was replaced he was hopelessly behind. Up front the customary opening sprint was under way as Maseratis and Ferraris mixed it willingly, but after an hour the wispy Ginther, almost hidden in the rear-engined Ferrari's big cockpit, drew away, demonstrating his machine's great potential. Duelling for second place were Hill and the gifted Mexican Rodriguez brothers, Pedro, 21, and Ricardo, 19. Watching from the pits with parental affection—and some parental anxiety—were Papa (a wealthy businessman) and Mama Rodriguez.

When Ginther's machine had to be retired after three hours while Von Trips was at the wheel, the Rodriguez car took command. Amazingly, the bouncy brothers held on for no less than six hours. But then their generator failed. Replacing it cost them the race, and they finished third.

As twilight deepened, the Hill-Gendebien Ferrari, which earlier had lost time and let the Rodriguezes slip away during badly managed refueling stops, made the Sebring track seem a pleasant but car-splitting stretch of superhighway. At the finish it was two laps—more than 10 miles—ahead of the next racers in the Ferrari procession, Ginther and Von Trips, who had taken over a front-engined car from Giancarlo Baghetti and Willie Mairesse. A little German Porsche gallantly placed fifth—another was first in the handicap classification. A big American Corvette earned a quite satisfactory 12th place.

But the day belonged to Ferrari. Answering a question about the midday heat, Phil Hill said later that it was "brutal." Well, the Ferrari heat's on, and brutal may be too mild a word this year for those who have to race against it. **END**

FAREWELL TO



SHANNON BROWN

by BARBARA HEILMAN

Illustrations by Saul Lambert

Sports have become the weapon with which the Jesuit fathers and Franciscan sisters of St. Stephen's Mission in Wyoming are waging a battle for their Indians. The fight is going well but, as in other battles, not without some losses



The flat Wyoming country between the Wind and Little Wind rivers and the Wind River Range is bleak in winter. The sagebrush peaches the snow and the tumbleweed is caught disconsolate in the fences as the land rolls somberly back until it achieves the beauty of the mountains. This is the Wind River Indian Reservation, and it takes 100 acres of it to support a horse.

"No water," said Father Kurth as we lurched along the winter-rutted roads on a tour of the reservation. "Only one family out of 25 even has a well—the rest have to come to the mission for water. It's about 125 feet down. Our well is big, and we had to go down 500. Costs about 55 a foot to sink one, depending on the width. Some of the Indians wash their clothes in the irrigation ditches and hang them along half a mile of barbed-wire fence to dry. . . . I've never known how they got them off again," he mused. "All in one piece, I mean. There's where Shannon lives." He pointed, and I could see the house a long way down the little side road, mean and boxy, like all the Arapaho houses in the flatlands. I couldn't see the rusty frame of the abandoned three-year-old car, or the outhouse or the dogs, but they probably were there. For the next few miles I watched the sides of the road and looked into passing cars, hoping for Shannon Brown on his way home, but he eluded me again.

He was not my business any more, strictly speaking. I was visiting St. Stephen's, a small Indian mission, to find out something about the mission teams as such. St. Stephen's Father Torres had written us:

"Last year our high school teams lost only one contest in the three

continued

sports in which they compete. Unlike many parochial schools, we do compete in league competition against public schools. The one defeat was a 14-13 loss to the state football champion. Our basketball team was undefeated in 28 games, winning the state final game by a 71-55 score over a team that had won 25 straight. The track squad also won the state championship, and this year our football team. . . ."

Straight achievement, duly respected. But about Shannon the letter had said:

"... might be the Indian angle. A good example is Shannon Brown. This boy has been an All-State basketball player for two years and is one of the greatest in the history of the state. And yet he quit school this year with his third and greatest All-State season undoubtedly coming up. He is a real paradox.

"On the court he is poised for beyond the average high school athlete.

He has never played a poor game in an important situation. Last year in the state final before over 10,000 fans in the Wyoming U. field house he scored 30 points, rebounded beautifully and generally demoralized the opposition. Yet he is so shy off the court that it took him about a year to get to the point where he would speak extended sentences to one of his teachers.

"Once he split his trunks in a game and walked off the court without calling time, without saying even a word to his coach. When the coach noticed we were playing with only four men he looked down at the far end of the bench and there was Brown, looking straight ahead. 'Shannon, for heaven's sake what are you doing off the court?' All Brown did was point statically at his seat. That's all he would do when the coach questioned him further. Finally one of the other boys on the bench told the coach

what had happened. Brown was rushed to the dressing room for a quick change, for to play without him is like Cincinnati playing without Robertson. The coach waited. He waited. Finally he asked one of the fathers to please see what the holiday was. Shannon was seated immobile in the dressing room. His explanation: there were no more white trunks with red trimming left. Only white with no trimming. If he put these on, the people would notice that he was different and would guess that he had split his pants. Father had to run to the laundry here at the mission, sew his pants and run back again, and then Brown went back into the game.

"Yet the Wyoming press writes of him only in superlatives (the dancer-graceful Indian, the fabulous Shannon Brown, the much-discussed Brown, etc.) and, as I have written, besides his remarkable accuracy his forte on the court is his poise. His

continued



Casocked but capped, fathers coach the boys.



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failure to return to school this year was almost the death of his coach, but it was only one of a long series of harrowing experiences. The coach is a 28-year-old named Bill Strawnigan who tells anyone who will listen to him, without a trace of jokefulness, that Shannon has made him prematurely grey. For one thing, Shannon likes to break wild horses. For another, up until last year, Strawnigan never knew him to show up for a game more than 10 minutes before the beginning. . . ."

Shannon had looked out at me from innumerable newspaper clippings, solemn and shy under his astonishing hair—brushed back on the sides, forward in front, in a sudden and complex swoop, his own invention and particular pride. He was 6 feet 2 and except in the action

shots was shy up and down every inch of it.

But if Shannon wasn't my business any more, he was not an irrelevancy either. In him were typified the problems and condition of his nation and what the mission was trying to do about them—and what the mission was trying to do about them was the explanation of the mission teams. So everything was really safely of a piece.

Shannon's nation is the Arapaho. They share the Wind River Reservation, unenthusiastically, with the Shoshoni—about 2,200 Arapaho in the flatlands to the east and 1,600 Shoshoni to the west, against and into the mountains. Though the land lacks water it was found to have oil, which yields the inhabitants approximately 540 a month apiece. This would probably be enough, if saved and

continued



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applied wisely, to irrigate the land and allow something toward the purchase of farm machinery, but it is seldom so saved and applied. The Arapaho and Shoshoni have for the most part subsided into that apathy, almost an ethnic despair, which so often marks the grand job the U.S. has done on the Indian. It is rare that one of them here summons the spirit for a sustained try at anything. The successfully cultivated land or the healthy herd of sheep is almost invariably the work of a white man leaving the land. ("What is Shannon doing now?")



Shannon's hair is his pride, an Indian tradition, if not worn in the original style.

I asked one of the sisters. "Nothing," she said. "When Sister says an Indian is doing 'nothing,' " I asked one of the fathers, "what does that mean exactly?" "It means nothing—staying in bed and reading comic books, going into town and standing on the corner. . . .")

St. Stephen's is concerned physically and sociologically with its people, as well as spiritually, and has for years been trying to help them up and out of this sort of "nothing." It is a small mission, which has been on the Wind River Reservation since shortly after the government designated it as such, where Jesuit fathers and Franciscan sisters minister to the Indians, Catholic or not. A great many of the Arapaho are Catholics, having been converted in the late 1800s by a Father Jutz and continuing in the faith in their own erratic fashion. The specific dictates of the Church regarding marriage, for example, are somewhat less specific in the

minds of the Indians than they are in the minds of the fathers, and liquor still brings on the old mayhem—as in the case of two boys who undertook to get a friend home and decided on tying him by one leg to the back of the car. "He was dead by the time they got to the Lander bridge," Father Kurth said gloomily. "But the boys meant well."

The first step on the road to anywhere is always the education of the children. The fathers have undertaken it, but they do not regard lightly the idea of transposing a people from one culture to another. The mission is a most active force for the preservation of Arapaho skills and traditions. It encourages the old dances and the powwows; the interior of the mission church is decorated in vivid Indian designs and colors and so, on occasion, is the exterior of Father Kurth, in vestments magnificently worked in Indian beading. Father Torres has said he wonders, sometimes, what they are doing, training the placid Indian

to the "hurry, hurry-up pace of the white." But the Arapaho cannot go back, or even stay where he is, and, that being true, all that those trying to assist him can do is to equip him to go forward. Hence the work of educating him and the opening of the mission school to white children, as was done several years ago.

"We are cooperating with the government in its effort to integrate the Indian into American society. In order to spare him the shock of coming into sudden contact with the white man upon leaving the reservation we brought the white man to the reservation so that our Indians can become accustomed to white ways under less disturbed circumstances. . . ."

St. Stephen's had figured out the best thing to do. The only trouble was hanging on to anybody long enough to do it. The Indians didn't stay very long in school.

By nature the Arapaho are a shy, quiet, good-tempered people, eager to please. But they are also proud and not to be put upon, and not given to doing anything they don't care to do. To maintain a relationship in which anything is hoped or required of them takes a great deal of experience, delicacy and infinite patience. If you rant at an Arapaho at Mass, he is less apt to repent than he is to simply leave and not come back. If you chide him too harshly in class, he may give up coming to school. And he may give up coming to school anyway, since he doesn't care for schooling particularly, and who's to make him come? Indian parents love their children extravagantly, and deny them little. They aren't apt to force school on them when it may seem as unnecessary to the parent as to the child, and as unnecessary to the Indian truant officer as the parent. "They just drift away from school," Father Zummach said, a little tiredly. "Nobody is sure why. Some teacher may

continued



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Indian boys start "basketball" almost as soon as they walk.

SHANNON BROWN *continued*

have bowled them out and hurt their feelings, who knows?"

It is schooling, therefore, pretty much by consent of the schooled. This means that the fathers, in addition to devoting their lives to teaching and their spare time to building the school to do it in, had to find something that would draw the children to school and keep them coming and get them to study the lessons that didn't interest them. However intelligent, the Indian is not extremely quick and responsive—his heritage is one of reserve. And though the functioning of his culture may be out of date, his nature is still rooted in it, and the study of, say, geometry may not seem particularly applicable to life on the reservation. So the children had to be lured into an education predicated on the white man's goals, not on their own. It was Father Zummach who realized that the lure should be basketball.

Basketball already existed as a disorganized passion among the Indians. No Indian house was, or is, without its rim on a cottonwood tree in the yard. There is no backboard and no net, and the rim is often not regulation size but sealed to the proportions of the rubber ball a boy

can have from the dime store. Philip (Little Star) Warren, St. Stephen's junior high coach, remembers practicing with a wire hoop and live-and-ten ball.

Father Zummach, as a start at mining this vein of motivation, began the Termitte and Midget teams, for the 8-to-10- and 11-to-13-year-olds. Before long, boys so little that they had to be helped into them had their own uniforms and warm-ups. St. Stephen's exists by charity, which is to say it is poor, and the expense of uniforms for the present five basketball teams is no small matter. But they blaze in rows in the locker room of the new gymnasium, a powerful inducement to not cut school. ("It has surprised us that they get the 'no study, no eligibility' concept as effectively as they do.")

All in all, the Termitte and Midget competition worked out very well, and in time the county athletic association adopted the classifications. More important, little St. Stephen's was laying in crops of bullplayers who reached varsity age with eight years of competitive experience behind them and, most important, boys who reached varsity age—and were still in school.

Then in 1957 Bill Stammigan arrived

continued

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Rudy Weber, Highland Golf
Dave Beards, Ottumwa
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Bob Lavender, Sublette
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SHANNON BROWN *continued*

out and get jobs, they'll have to know how to listen, and maybe be scolded." Occasionally the boys will quit even basketball, though. Sometimes Strannigan knows why and sometimes he doesn't, but he knows when they will. "It's their tennis shoes. It's all right if they take them home before a game, but if they take them home on a Monday, watch out!"

But progress had set in. A few of the Indian boys began to take showers without their underpants. A few of them parted with the knee pads (which the fathers had finally figured out they were wearing over dirty knees). Three years ago there had been one graduate from St. Stephen's, the year after that, two. Last year there were 14; and now at St. Stephen's there is George Spoonhunter. George is 17, characteristically shy, but very obviously a quick, bright boy. He is an all-round athlete—a pillar of the football, track and basketball teams. And an eager student. George Spoonhunter is thinking he would like to be a lawyer. The mission has almost an air of holding its breath, like a child who planted the seeds and did all the things it said to on the package. . . .

The difficulty is that Shannon wasn't planted soon enough. When he got to St. Stephen's he could hardly read, and it hurt his pride. He fell behind in English and would have had to make it up in summer school. And his 20th birthday fell on March 8—he would have been ineligible for the state tournament in any case. Father Dillon went to his house from time to time to bring him back—followed him down across the creek, into the brush, across the hedgerow, where Shannon would have gone looking for his father's buckskin horse—but still the mission lost him.

Of course, he's no more lost just because he was almost saved, I tell myself. And after all, it's not the most important thing. The mission is on the way to succeeding with the children and doing the whole community a great deal of good, and there is George Spoonhunter, who may go to college, maybe even beyond. So I congratulate the mission and wish the best for George—but somebody, give my love to Shannon Brown. **END**



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Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

After 14 weeks of competition, closing with an ugly scandal that threatened to spread to some of the nation's leading teams, the 1961 college basketball season ended in a rush of excitement. **Cincinnati's** streaking Bearcats successfully disposed of the notion that they were nothing without Oscar Robertson, trimmed Utah 62-67 and shocked mighty Ohio State 70-65 in overtime to win the NCAA championship at Kansas City (see page 18). Hustling **Providence** beat St. Louis 62-59 for the NIT title in New York.

THE HIT

Late last Saturday afternoon, **Providence** Coach Joe Mullaney, haggard and emotionally drained, embraced his assistant coach, trainer and every Friar player he could reach, then walked wearily but happily to mid-court in New York's Madison Square Garden to accept the NIT championship trophy. Even this standard procedure was greeted with a roaring cheer from the most exuberant and vocal band of rooters ever to invade the Garden.

That's the way it was all week. Three times the speedy Friars, urged on by supporters who kept the arena rocking with noise and song, had come scrambling from behind to win. Jaxxed up by 5-foot-8 Vinny Ernst, a snub-nosed, pudgy peewee with a lust for hustle, and John Egan, an exciting dribbler, driver and shotmaker, whose daring often led to costly errors, Providence seemed to take delight in tantalizing its opponents with a brief let-down and then overpowering them with a late rush.

Nagars thought it had the Friars trapped in their own carelessness when it led 36-28 at half time. But Egan, restrained by tenacious Al Butler in the first half, skillfully maneuvered his tormentor into screens and began to bat with jumpers and drives. He wound up with 25 points to go with 15 each by Ernst and 6-foot-10 Jimmy Hadnot, and Providence won 71-65.

Halp Cross, with a fine pop-shooter in skinny Jack Foley, but lacking the height to annoy big Hadnot, almost had Providence on the run. Trailing by eight points with 1:44 left, the Crusaders rushed in three quick field goals and four fouls, and suddenly the score was tied, 75-75. Ernst, fouled at the buzzer, missed his free throw, but he scored eight points in the subsequent overtime, passed off to Egan for four more, and the plucky Friars won again, 90-83.

Meanwhile, competent St. Louis, defending superbly and attacking carefully, methodically beat Dayton 67-60 in the other semifinal. The Flyers, who had squeaked by Temple 62-60 two nights earlier, made the mistake of trying to break through the middle against the Billikens' taut man-to-man defense. While Gordon Hartweg maintained a tight rein on Dayton's Gary Reggenbark, the other Bills batted the ball away, forced the Flyers into many mistakes and then outshot them at the other end of the court.

In the final, played before 15,673, St. Louis slowed down Providence's usually scrambling offense but had trouble piercing the Friars' shifting zone defense. However, Tom Kieffer and husky Bill Nordmann got through often enough to give the Billikens a seven-point lead with 10 minutes to play. Then, while the Friar boosters (aided by sympathetic Holy Cross fans at the other end of the arena) chanted, "Go, Friars, Go," to the rhythm of a bass drum, Providence began to move. George Zalucki, Tim Moynahan and Egan soon pulled the Friars into a 49-49 tie. Egan found the range with his jumpers, Ernst (chosen later as the Most Valuable Player) harmed the St. Louisians with his ball-stealing. Hadnot stuffed in two quick baskets and two free throws and, almost before the startled Billikens knew it, Providence had the ball game 62-59 and the championship.

THE PROS

While the embryonic American Basketball League bravely announced plans to begin play with eight teams next fall, the NBA was still weaving tortuously through its extended playoffs amid howls and angry words.

However, **Boston's** Eastern leaders, after surviving a player-fan fight in Syracuse, moved a full step ahead of the Western Division. The Nats, hopeful after beating the Celtics 115-96 at Syracuse, soon discovered that Boston was as tough as ever. The Celtics won the next two 133-110 and 120-107 and, with the Eastern title in sight, went all out in the fifth game at Boston. The pesky Nats managed to stay close for a while—in spite of Big Bill Russell's magnificent shot-blocking and rebounding (he got 33). But oldtimers Bill Sharman and Frank Ramsey set loose with a last-quarter burst of points, and Syracuse succumbed 123-101 to give Boston the series, 4 games to 1, and a spot in the final playoff.

In the West, first-place **St. Louis** and **Los Angeles** were all tied up after four games. The Lakers won the first, 122-115, as Elgin Baylor scored 44 points. In the second game St. Louis fans were at their raucous worst. Stirred up by a bitter exchange between Owner Ben Kerner and Referee Sid Burgin, they doused Laker Jim Krebs with beer, and he retaliated with his fists. When the rioting was stopped the Hawk front line (Bob Pettit, Clyde Lovellette and Cliff Hagan) did some posing of its own, drowned the Lakers with 66 points, and St. Louis won 121-106. The two teams then moved on to Los Angeles, where the Lakers won 118-112. But Saturday night the Hawks pulled themselves together behind Pettit's 40 points, won 118-117 to even the series at 2-2 when St. Glenn and rookie Len Wilkens scored five points in the last minute.

THE NATION'S LEADERS

(NCAA Statistics)

SCORING					REBOUNDING						
G	FG	FT	PTS	AVG	G	REB	AVG				
1	Burgess, Georgia	26	304	234	842	32.4	1	Dellandrea, Detroit	27	514	19.0
2	Chilton, E. Tennessee	24	295	181	771	32.1	2	Thurmond, Bowling Green	24	469	18.7
3	Smith, S. Brunswick	28	327	179	830	29.6	3	Belamy, Indiana	24	428	17.8
4	Duchinger, Purdue	23	215	228	648	28.2	4	Coker, William & Mary	24	424	17.7
5	McGill, Utah	31	343	178	884	27.9	5	Lucas, Ohio State	27	470	17.4
FIELD GOALS					TEAM OFFENSE						
G	FGA	FGM	FT	PCT	1	PTS	AVG				
1	Lucas, Ohio State	27	431	256	625	1	St. Bonaventure	28	2,479	88.5	
2	Gunter, Seton Hall	24	325	200	615	2	Loyola (Ill.)	23	1,980	86.5	
3	Youngkin, Duke	28	253	146	577	3	West Virginia	27	2,125	86.1	
4	Duchinger, Purdue	23	373	215	576	4	Virginia Tech	22	1,874	85.7	
5	Lundy, Lafayette	24	303	174	574	5	Ohio State	28	2,383	85.1	
FREE THROWS					TEAM DEFENSE						
G	FTA	FTM	PCT		1	PTS	AVG				
1	Sherrard, Army	24	194	135	69.7	1	Santa Clara	27	1,324	48.7	
2	Call, DePaul	25	184	101	55.5	2	San Jose State	25	1,254	50.2	
3	Kaiser, Georgia Tech	26	203	176	86.7	3	San Francisco	27	1,383	50.2	
4	Thompson, Wakehead St.	31	208	180	86.5	4	California	22	1,152	54.2	
5	Carlton, Arkansas	23	117	101	86.3	5	Portland	25	1,415	56.6	

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

FIXING LINE

Sirs:

In your article and editorial on the basketball fixes you refer to "a tremendous amount of betting on all sports" (*The Facts About the Fixes*, March 27).

One fact that I think contributes tremendously to the betting volume is the obvious availability of betting facilities. Even a newspaper as respectable as the *New York Herald Tribune* has carried on its sports pages for the past year or so an item entitled "Betting Line." Here for everybody to see and think about are the point spreads on the college invitation basketball games, the professional basketball playoffs, etc., etc.

I consider it somewhat sickening that newspapers should bring their readers editorially about fixes and then publish information to encourage betting, which is the basic reason for a fix.

JOHN R. HOWSLL

Stamford, Conn.

HAVOC AND HOUSTON

Sirs:

Zany Zinzer is a jawper and a yelper (*The Fix Crisis Hoax*, March 26).

Who is he to tell us that baseball should never be played big league except in the East? Who is he to say that no one, ever again, can become attached to a certain ballplayer or team? Who is he to say that this great game should not be played in Minneapolis, San Francisco or Houston?

The facts are that we in the Midwest are ready for big-league ball, and we will show him just how much when the season is finished.

ERNEST A. SILBER

Manchester, Minn.

Sir:

Baseball must make room for all the great new young talent and, most important of all, for all the new people who want to see it.

RONALD GRIEBOLD

Corning, N. Y.

Sirs:

For years I have survived on box scores and statistics based on two eight-team leagues.

Alas! What now?

D. R. DANIELS

Hamilton, Ont.

Sirs:

Alas, only the best of our loyal baseball aggregation know how well Mr. Zinzer hit the nail on the head. Indeed, our national pastime has become a financial farce.

BOB BAINTER

St. Louis

RIGHT TREE

Sirs:

I just read the *Tombles of a Prosperous Sport* (Feb. 13, March 26) and think you did a fine job. On May 13 last year I wrote George Willoner a letter which said in part, "As an inevitable result of adding a ninth race to the program at Belmont Park, an order went out on the opening day to eliminate the walking ring except for the feature race. To your everlasting credit you were a part of rescinding that order. Other tracks have eliminated the walking ring because they wished to put on extra races. Others have not even bothered to put in a walking ring because business was so good. I believe this has alienated many real friends of racing. . . ."

I send this letter along to you because I think you are backing up the right tree.

BYARD TUCKERMAN, JR.

Boston

Sirs:

In the story *Pat Shute and Meglen* (March 26), you say that the action portrayed in the pictures is "indoor handball" . . . and that it "resembles hockey played with a volleyball on a basketball court."

Factorially you may be correct, but in sports coverage you are way off base. The story, interesting if it were accurate, should actually state the fact that it is a re-bred version of soccer, played indoors, using hands instead of feet.

AND KORSOWER

Chicago

POOL PIGEONS

Sirs:

Jack Olsen's article *The Pool Hustlers* (March 26) brought to my mind memories of another class of hustlers. They were the professional foot racers that flourished around the turn of the century.

In those years, about every town of any size at all had a local foot racer, a hundred yards being the regular distance run. Every summer matches were made with the champions of the nearby towns and quite a lot of money would usually change hands.

The touring professional would drop into a town he usually had a trade that would enable him to get a job) and, before long, by some means work up a match with the local boy, beat him and then proceed to a match with the best man at one of the neighboring towns. Those fellows, or most of them, could really run, kept themselves in top shape but did not always win. They had a lot of ways of getting beat and nearly always were on the end where the money was.

BRUCE E. NOWLEN

St. Paul

Sirs:

I cannot recollect when I have read an article so entertaining in its subtle humor and revelation of petty chicanery. It is evident that the author did much research. In fact, the story is written so well that I suspect the writer's involvement—possibly as the mark or, more accurately, the "pigeon."

THOMAS W. HUGHES

Los Angeles

Sirs:

As I was reading the story, I came across my father's name, spelled wrong as Willes. I'd sure thank you if you would print his name correctly. It's Wilis, and he's from Canton, Ohio, not Cleveland.

I enjoyed most of the story, but I have to disagree with a lot of it. For a person "one step higher than a pigsticker" my father supported a wife and six children pretty damn well. I don't know what your ideas of a hustler are, but he's a damn good man. I feel that I have a right to be proud of him.

PFC. DON WALSH, JR.

Fort Bliss, Texas

GEORGE'S BOYS

Sirs:

If I am not mistaken, the player sitting in front of George Weiss in the photograph of the New Haven club of 1922 (*Mon of Silence Speaks*, March 13) is Jimmy Wilson. He went to the Philadelphia club in 1923 and wound up in Cincinnati in 1946, and there, in the World Series, surprisingly, stole the only base. (They gave it to him to take home and treasure.)

Others who went to the majors in 1923 were Harry Rice, who played for Connie Mack, and William (Finky) Hargrave, who went to Washington. Donovan, the manager, was Wild Bill, a great Detroit pitcher (25-4 in 1907), who was at or near the top from 1898 to 1918. He died in a wreck near Erie, Pa. on December 9, 1923, the first bad wreck the 30th Century Limited ever had.

CONRAD G. KRITH

Longmeadow, Mass.

SKY CHAMPS

Sirs:

Thank you for giving some much-deserved recognition to a group of dedicated sportsmen (*Past Pass at 5,000 Feet*, March 26).

The world championships of sky diving are to be held in this country for the first time at Orange, Mass., in 1952. The success of this event will insure a greater popularity and hence a higher caliber of competition in jumping for future international meets.

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1961

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PAT ON THE BACK



LEW LALAK

'A great way to make friends'

Whenever Chief Petty Officer Lew Lalak, assigned to the Congo on liaison duty between the U.S. Navy and the United Nations, gets a few free hours he heads for one of the villages around Leopoldville. His purpose: teaching the local kids how to play basketball. "It's a great way to make friends," says Lew, who at 5 feet 8 was too short to play high school basketball, so turned to officiating instead. Despite the fact that he knows only two or three words of their language, Lalak has had little trouble explaining

the game to his enthusiastic recruits. "Once you've convinced them to pass the ball instead of kicking it," he says, "they get the hang real quick."

So far, Lalak's only handicap has been lack of equipment. His Congo midgets have to use a battered tire rim borrowed from the Air Force as a basket, and a soccer ball as a substitute for the real thing. "With a dozen real balls, hoops and backboards," says Lew, "we could really go places. In this place a good basketball is worth 20 guns any day."

TENNIS SCHEDULE

Major tournaments through April 22

APRIL 1, 2, 9, 9

Veterans Tournament, Saratoga Tennis Club, Saratoga, Calif.

North Bay Junior Tournament, Vallejo Tennis Club, Vallejo, Calif.

APRIL 3-9

Masters Invitational Tournament, St. Petersburg Tennis Club, St. Petersburg, Fla.

APRIL 6-9

River Oaks Junior Invitational Tournament, River Oaks Country Club, Houston.

APRIL 7-8

Lufkin High School Invitational Tournament, Lufkin, Texas.

APRIL 7-9

Florida Gold Coast Junior Championships, Bath and Tennis Club, Pompano Beach, Fla.

APRIL 10-16

Easter Interscholastic Tournament, Abilene, Texas.

Clearwater Sun Open Tournament, Clearwater, Fla.

River Oaks Invitational, River Oaks Country Club, Houston.

APRIL 13-15

Florida High School Championships, University of Florida, Gainesville, Fla.

APRIL 14-16

Pompano Beach Adult Tournament, Pompano Beach, Fla.

APRIL 16, 18, 22, 23, 29, 30

Northern California Championships, Golden Gate Tennis Club, San Francisco.

APRIL 20-22

Dallas Country Club Invitational, Dallas Country Club, Dallas.

APRIL 22-23

Florida Yacht Club Junior Invitational, Jacksonville. **END**

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YESTERDAY

The day the coach played goalie

At 44, Lester Patrick put on goalie's pads for the first time to play an NHL game

by DAVE ANDERSON

On April 7, 1928 Lester Patrick, 44 years old and silver-haired, stood beside the New York Ranger bench in the Montreal Forum, watching intently the moves of his blue-shirted players. Two years earlier he had come down from Victoria, B.C. to pioneer the organization of the Rangers as their manager-coach. As a player he had been an outstanding defenseman for 20 years on various teams throughout Canada but, except for brief comebacks the previous two seasons, he hadn't played regularly for six years.

The Rangers were playing the Montreal Maroons that night in the final round of the Stanley Cup playoffs. They had been shut out 2-0 two days before in the opener of the best-of-five series and had failed to score again in the first period of the second game. It was still a scoreless tie early in the second period when suddenly the puck smashed into Ranger Goalie Lorne Chabot's left eye. Minutes later, in the dressing room, a doctor lifted a blood-soaked towel from Chabot's face. "The eye is bleeding badly," he told Patrick, who had rushed from the bench. "Get yourself a new goaltender."

In such an emergency, it was then customary for the other team to permit the use of any available goaltender. Patrick knew that Alex Connell, the star goalie of the Ottawa Senators, was among the spectators in the Forum. "I'll use Connell to finish the game," he told Eddie Gerard, the manager-coach of the Maroons.

"Not so fast, Lester," Gerard shot back. "You're not going to use Connell in this game and beat us." Patrick

then asked for permission to use a minor league goalie named Hugh McCormick, but he was turned down too.

In the Ranger dressing room a few minutes later, Patrick angrily told his players how the Maroons had vetoed both Connell and McCormick. "Somebody here will have to put the pads on," Patrick said. After a few seconds of silence Leo Bourque, a squash-nosed defenseman, spoke up, "I'll do it, Lester." But Frank Boucher, the Ranger captain, and Right Winger Bill Cook protested. "Look, Lester," Boucher said, "if Leo goes in the net we'll be short a man. You've done everything in hockey, and you're still in pretty good shape. You can go in there yourself. We won't let them get a good shot at you."

Patrick shrugged his shoulders; there seemed nothing else to do. Chabot's skates and equipment fitted him perfectly. He jammed Chabot's black baseball cap on his head and stiffly skated onto the ice for a warmup.

As a player, Patrick had often gone into the net when his team's goalie was penalized. Once, he had cleared a shot and skated the length of the rink to score. But now, with nearly 30 pounds of equipment strapped to him, it was different. Awkwardly he tested the heavy, thick goalie's stick as the Rangers glided in easily and flicked soft shots at him. "Make sure you shoot right at him," Boucher had whispered to his teammates. "If you put one by him now it'll ruin his confidence."

At the other end of the ice, the maroon-and-white uniformed players smiled at the sight of Patrick. They were ready to strafe him. Before the playoffs began, the Maroon club directors had promised each player a \$3,000 bonus, in addition to their usual playoff money, if they won the Cup. Gerard sensed his team's overconfidence. "It won't be as easy as it looks," he told his players. "They'll check like hell for Lester."

continued

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GOALIE-COACH *continued*

During the 40-minute delay Odie Cleghorn, the coach of the Pittsburgh team, had wandered into the Ranger dressing room. "Do me a favor," Patrick had asked him. "Run the bench for me." Now, as the Rangers gathered around Cleghorn before the face-off, he tilted his black bowler and said, "Stay back to protest Lester. Don't let 'em get close. Wait for a break. If you can protect Lester one goal might win it."

Playing cautiously, Boucher and the Cook brothers bounded the Maroons. The defensemen, Taffy Abel and Ching Johnson, checked fiercely at mid-ice. As a result, the Maroons were forced to fire long, harmless shots, which Patrick easily stopped. The second period ended with the two teams still tied 0-0.

Two big goals

Thirty seconds after the start of the third period, however, Bill Cook suddenly scored for the Rangers. The goal loomed larger and larger as play went on, but then, with less than six minutes to play, the Maroons' Nels Stewart flipped a long shot along the ice. It skidded slowly toward Patrick. He dropped to both knees, but the puck slid between his pads for the tying goal. When the third period ended with the score 1-1, the game went into sudden-death overtime.

In the overtime the Rangers intensified their mid-ice defense. The Maroons took a few long shots, but Patrick blocked them easily. On one, a chest-high shot, Patrick took no chances. He dropped his stick and caught the puck with both hands. Then, at the seven-minute mark, Ching Johnson slid a pass up the ice to Boucher. He took it at full speed, skated around a defenseman and shot the puck behind Goalie Clint Benedict. The Stanley Cup playoff was tied at one game apiece. The Rangers on the ice rushed toward Patrick. The others swung over the boards to get to him. They all carried him off the ice on their shoulders.

The next day New York was given league permission to bring in Goalie Joe Miller, who had some NHL experience with the New York Americans. Lester Patrick retired again and, with Miller playing the last three games, the Rangers went on to win the 1928 Stanley Cup. **END**

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