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Stars in sports
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ROY CAMPANELLA

PHIL RIZZUTO

REG RICE

Stars ⁱⁿ Sports

by **dave warner**



FRANK LEAHY

MAUREEN CONNOLLY

LOU GROZA

PAT McCORMICK



BABE RUTH

FIFTY CENTS



EDDIE SHORE



SAMMY URZETTA

GENE TUNNEY



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Stars in Sports

by

DAVE WARNER

Sports Writer

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OUR SUNDAY VISITOR
Huntington, Indiana



Deacidified

CONTENTS

The Scooter (Phil Rizzuto)	7
Blessing in Disguise (Frank Leahy)	11
Dream of a Lifetime (Terry Brennan)	14
Mr. Basketball (George Mikan)	18
Mr. Five by Five (Greg Rice)	24
The Great Babe (Babe Ruth)	28
It Could Happen Only in America (Sammy Urzetta)	33
Campy's Big Chance (Roy Campanella)	37
Eddie Kept His Promise (Eddie Shore)	41
A Girl with Heart (Pat McCormick)	45
Gentleman Gene (Gene Tunney)	48
Little Mo, Queen of the Courts (Maureen Connolly)	53
Some Bandits Are Nice (Bobby Avila)	56
The Foot in Football (Lou Groza)	60

*To my wife, Anne,
the kind of inspiration
that some writers,
like athletes, need.*

PHIL RIZZUTO

The Scooter

THE moment was serious, as serious as any sports event could get in Yankee Stadium one September day.

Boston's hard-hitting Red Sox and the Yankees were all tied up in the eleventh inning in one of their usual tight games. Suddenly someone looking every bit as young and short as the Yankee batboy stepped confidently to the plate.

Over the stadium's public address microphone came the words, "Phil Rizzuto now batting for New York."

Two pitches later Rizzuto broke up the game by hitting a home run, his first in Yankee Stadium. The "Scooter," a nickname his quick legs earned him, recalled later, "It was just like a story book the day I hit that homer. My mother and sisters were in the stands. I must have had a hunch."

For nearly fifteen years little Phil, only five feet, six inches in height, was regarded the greatest shortstop in all of baseball.

He could dash like a rabbit after ground balls and could handle a bat as nimbly as a majorette handles a baton. He helped the Yankees win several world series and won numerous individual awards.

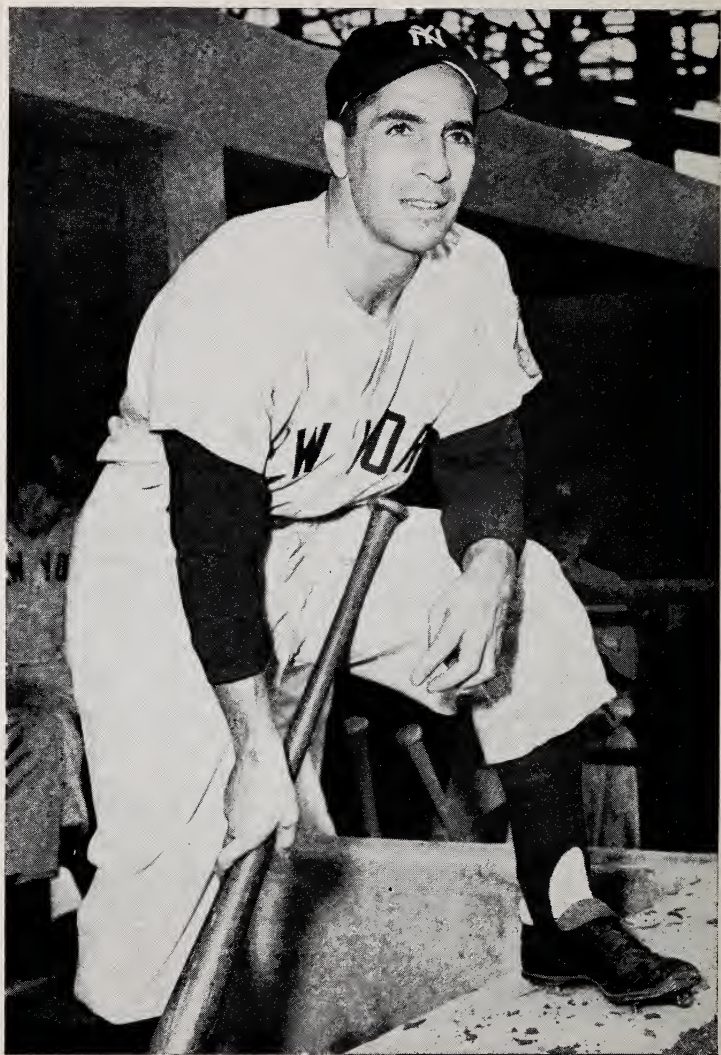
Watching a little fellow outplay so many bigger players, one might say to himself, "Anyone could do this."

But to be able to accomplish what Rizzuto did, you would have to have his determined heart, the will to fight against great odds.

After all, it is not the size of the dog in the fight, it is the size of the fight in the dog.

Go back to the day that Phil graduated from high school with a deep ambition to play baseball in the major leagues.

He tried to join the Brooklyn Dodgers and the New



Phil Rizzuto

York Giants. Both clubs told him that he was too small. One man even said, "Go get yourself a shoeshine job or something, kid."

Then Phil, thinking he had nothing to lose, tried the Yankees. But he got the brushoff here, too, until a Yankee scout saw that Rizzuto had a lot of promise as a player.

After several years in the minor leagues, Rizzuto arrived, a little scared, at St. Petersburg, Fla., the Yankees' spring training camp.

He was about to enter the team's dressing room when the man guarding the door stopped him, saying, "Where do you think you're going? No kids allowed in."

Phil was about to answer back when his friend Lefty Gomez, a Yankee pitcher, cut in, "Don't you know who this is?" Turning to Rizzuto, Gomez said, "Get in here quick before one of the ducks step on you."

That was how Phil Rizzuto became a Yankee. As he went on to become one of the greatest of all Yankees, he had to fight still another handicap besides height.

In the minor leagues he had suffered a serious leg injury. Often, while playing with the Yankees the old injury would flare up, causing Phil agony. There were many games that Phil played despite severe pain in the leg.

Phil says his formula for success is an old one. Here it is: First you must stay in shape. Get plenty of sleep. Be with a club that pays you what you're worth. Eat reasonably. Have some fun. Then later, marry the right girl.

Rizzuto has three daughters. When the last one was born Phil was asked what he was going to call the newest addition. He replied, "Gosh, I don't know. We had a lot of names picked out, but they were all BOYS' names."

Anyone who knows Rizzuto will tell you that he is a man of three strong parts—faith, family and baseball. He is regarded one of the most devout Catholics in sports. He particularly enjoys being a good example to youngsters and will go out of his way to give them tips on the game and living.

Of all the kind words said about Rizzuto, Phil holds one man's high above the rest.

When Phil tried to join the Dodgers fresh out of high school, Casey Stengel was the Brooklyn manager who told Rizzuto to take a walk.

Later that same Casey Stengel who became manager of the Yankees had to admit that his shortstop, Phil Rizzuto, was the greatest shortstop he had ever seen.

FRANK LEAHY

Blessing in Disguise

FRANK LEAHY'S biggest disappointment came as a Notre Dame football player, not as the Notre Dame football coach.

The blow struck in early October of 1930, two days before the opening game.

Coach Knute Rockne had put the varsity through a very tough workout in order to keep his squad from getting overconfident because of the unbeaten record the season before.

At last he dismissed the squad. The players dragged themselves to the showers. A number already had passed through the green gate of Cartier Field when they heard Rockne's voice bellowing out, "C'mon back boys. I want to try that end run once more."

Back they went. The play was not a new one, and it had worked fairly well against the scrubs earlier that afternoon.

Leahy's assignment on the play was to break from his tackle position and run down field for interference for the ball carrier.

The quarterback called the play. But Leahy never did get down field. Just as he started to pull out of position, his cleats caught hold in the grass, and he twisted his knee severely.

That accident ended his playing career. He faithfully visited doctors but got no satisfaction.

It was Rockne who broke the news to him one day. He called Frank aside, "Frank, I've been watching you and that knee. If there's one thing I admire in a player, it's courage. You're not short on that, but I'm going to give you some advice. Give up playing now. Come out and watch practice all you want but don't try to play. You might injure yourself



Frank Leahy

permanently. Maybe we can crowd you on the list for some of those road games.”

Throughout the rest of the afternoon Leahy was unable to concentrate on his studies. Not play football for Notre Dame. It was the emptiest feeling he ever had experienced. It was the end of the world. What chance would he have now to make a mark in coaching?

He returned to his room broken-hearted. The rest of the squad sensed the situation and were kind in their treatment. This attitude on the part of his teammates helped to ease the disappointment.

Gradually, Leahy came to regard the injury as a blessing in disguise. One night he sat thinking about his troubles. At first he had regarded his chances for a coaching career ended because he would no longer be able to play.

The thought suddenly came to him that he could not play but he was living with the greatest college players in the nation coached by the greatest coach of them all. Why not take a sideline coaching course in Rockne's methods.

During a game, he began to forget the contest and gave all his attention to Rockne. From his place on the Notre Dame bench Leahy noticed Rockne made an effort to remain cool. He noted the calm effect Rockne had on his players. It enabled them to go into the game physically relaxed, mentally alert.

Watching Rockne was a great help. This was the pupil learning from the master. Later when Leahy became coach at Notre Dame, he, too, was a master. And like Rockne, one of Leahy's former pupils, Terry Brennan, succeeded him.

TERRY BRENNAN

Dream of a Lifetime

NOTRE DAME'S football coach, Terry Brennan, learned early in life not to be a quitter.

When he was only a freshman in high school, he weighed but 115 pounds. This is considered light. But Terry wanted to try out for his high school team in Milwaukee.

His high school coach advised him to leave the rough game of football to the bigger boys. Brennan had too much confidence in himself to listen to the coach's advice. He stuck it out and became one of the greatest players his high school ever had known.

When Terry became a senior in high school he went one day with his father to watch a Notre Dame football game. As they watched the game, one big player after another was knocked to the ground.

"Come on," the father said to Terry, who was thinking of enrolling at Notre Dame, "We'll find another school where the players aren't so big."

But Terry would have none of that. "Just give me a new right knee, and I'll take care of myself."

He got the new knee—or, anyway, an operation that corrected an old high school injury—and went on to become one of Notre Dame's best halfbacks though he was among the lightest and smallest players on the squad.

Looking back, Terry's father has only one regret about his son's fine college athletic record. He missed seeing Terry run 97 yards for a touchdown in an Army game. Terry's father was standing outside the stadium waiting for tardy friends while Terry was running for his famous touchdown on the opening kickoff.

Brennan did not spend all his time on football at college.



Terry Brennan

He was an honor student, a champion boxer, pole vaulter and took part in many student and religious activities.

How is a student able to do all these things? Brennan has a simple answer. "Just keep sound in mind, body and soul," he advises.

St. Monica's Parochial School in Milwaukee and Brennan's parents gave young Brennan his strong foundation in the rules of life and sports.

Terry was the baby of four boys in the Brennan family, but he soon learned to take care of himself. Two of his brothers, like their father, are now lawyers. A brother Bill is a missionary priest.

Like many boys, Brennan, as a youngster, was sometimes forgetful.

His father recalls: "Terry always was a rough and ready kid. Not troublesome but willing. If the kids found a rain-made pond big enough to go wading in, Terry would be the first to join the fun. Off would go the shoes, and nine times out of ten that would be the last we'd see of them.

"The same would be true in the winter. Come the snow-ball fights, off would go the mittens. Mrs. Brennan often has said that if we had the money we spent on mittens and shoes for Terry we could retire in luxury."

Brennan graduated from Notre Dame at the age of 20, too young to sign a contract as coach of Mount Carmel High School in Chicago, a job which he had been offered.

He got the job with his father signing for him and soon convinced everyone that he was not too young to teach winning football.

At Mount Carmel Terry left behind him the finest coaching record ever made by a Chicago high school. His Mount Carmel team won the city football championship three years in a row. No school in Chicago ever had done that before.

All the while he was building a winner at Mount Carmel,

Terry was studying for his law degree at DePaul University in Chicago. He now has that degree. And some day in Milwaukee Terry may join his father and two brothers in a law firm named Brennan, Brennan, Brennan and Brennan.

Notre Dame followed with interest Brennan's fine job at Mount Carmel. It was about that time that his alma mater began to consider him seriously for the job from which Frank Leahy was to resign.

Brennan had learned his college football under Leahy. He had played on Leahy's national championship team of 1947. So to Brennan the idea of succeeding such a great coach was not only a challenge but the dream of a lifetime.

Notre Dame always had meant something more than a school where good football was played to Brennan. And he would have nobody saying anything against his school. Once when he was a student at Notre Dame, a national magazine printed something nasty about the school. Brennan sat down and wrote a letter to the magazine defending Notre Dame. It was so well written that the magazine printed the letter in a later issue.

Terry sums up his success in his own words: "Know what you want to do. Make sure it is worthwhile doing. Do it. And never ask anybody to do something you can do yourself."

GEORGE MIKAN

Mr. Basketball

NOBODY ever could convince George Mikan that basketball players are born, not made.

George became the world's greatest basketball player through hard work and a strong desire to want to be the best.

He always was bigger than most boys, which helps in basketball. But he had poor eyesight and had to wear glasses a quarter of an inch thick. He can't get out of bed without his glasses. And he was very clumsy when he played in parochial school in Joliet, Illinois.

George was lucky, though, that he had parents and a parish priest who encouraged him to play sports. There never was too much money in the Mikan house, but warm family love more than made up for any lack of money.

Like most boys, George had the usual ambitions as a youngster. He wanted someday to be a doctor, perhaps a piano player, a priest or maybe a lawyer.

At first he was most serious about wanting to become a priest. His parish priest, Father Violich, always had been one of his favorites and expressed the hope that George might one day study for the priesthood.

"George, I'd like to see you become a priest," Father Violich told him, "but if you feel you want to withdraw from the seminary life once you've started, feel free to do so."

George earnestly studied at the Quigley Seminary in Chicago for two years but decided that he had no vocation for the priesthood.

All things turn out according to God's will George believes. Perhaps the good Lord believed George could serve Him better elsewhere.

But the seminary did many things for George. For one thing, it taught him that he had a real talent for basketball.



George Mikan

At St. Mary's Parochial School in Joliet, George had played some football and basketball and once had won a marbles championship. Part of the prize for winning the marbles championship was a chance to meet and watch Babe Ruth play.

George tried out for the basketball team at Joliet Catholic High School. One day the coach, while talking to the boys, saw Mikan squinting.

"You, George, what're you squinting for?" the coach yelled.

"The light," George explained. "The light is in my eyes."

"None of the other fellows are bothered by the light," the coach said.

"I guess it is because I'm not wearing my glasses," Mikan said.

"That's too bad, George," the coach said. "You're tall enough. But if your eyes bother you, you can't play basketball."

This wasn't the last time George was to be discouraged from playing the game at which he became the world's greatest.

At Quigley he had begun to gain confidence in himself as a basketball player. He was playing regularly and had shown some promise as a scorer and a team player.

Many Catholic boys growing up around Chicago like to dream about playing sports at Notre Dame some day. Mikan was no different.

Once during Christmas recess, George made a trip to Notre Dame to try for an athletic scholarship.

The late George Keogan, then basketball coach at Notre Dame, watched Mikan work out. Incidents involving a great coach like Keogan and a player who later reaches the heights have a way of growing into legends. After the work out at Notre Dame, Coach Keogan was supposed to have told Mikan to forget about basketball. There is also an unconfirmed

legend saying that Keogan later admitted it was the biggest mistake he had ever made.

Mikan, of course, was saddened that he would not be able to play for Notre Dame. Then he met the man who was to change his entire life and thinking. George always had thought of himself as a big fellow for whom playing sports did not come easily.

Ray Meyer had once been a basketball star at Notre Dame and now was coaching basketball at DePaul in Chicago. A friend had told him about Mikan wanting to go to college and his desire to play basketball.

Meyer arranged for Mikan to go to DePaul. After watching Mikan stumble through the first basketball practice, Meyer took him aside.

“George, I like your spirit. You’re always trying. But you are the most awkward player I ever have seen.”

“I think I can help you to become a better player. But it will mean a lot of work for both of us. You will even get angry at me at times. But I’m willing if you are.”

“I’m willing,” Mikan said.

While the other players practiced shots, guarding and passing, Mikan stood off in a corner skipping rope and dancing. This was the coach’s plan to teach Mikan to overcome his clumsiness.

Meyer’s prediction was right. Mikan sometimes did grow secretly angry, but he never doubted that he knew what his coach was doing.

The lessons paid off. Mikan became an All-American basketball player. And more important he helped DePaul become one of the finest basketball teams in the nation.

It was at DePaul that George learned the greatest lesson in his life: never lose your temper.

George suddenly had found his name in every paper and on every All-Star team in the country.

Somebody thought it would be a great idea if DePaul were to meet another equally good college team in a benefit

game at New York. The game would be a sort of national championship game.

“This other team had a good player who was three inches taller than my puny 6 feet, 9 inches. We were delighted at the chance to prove we were the best college team,” George now explains.

“The coach had sent his star into the game with instructions to ‘get my goat.’

“Too bad, George,’ he would say when I missed a free throw. ‘Oops, sorry, George’ as he stuck his elbow into my ribs on a pivot play. ‘No offense,’ he would apologize when he would jar me off balance when I shot.

“While he was doing this, the boys on the bench were razzing me. ‘You’re up against a real basketball player now Mikan.’ Pretty soon the crowd near the bench was taking up the same cry.

“I lost my head. I jabbed deliberately at him with my elbow and when I nudged him in the pivot, it wasn’t a mere nudge. It was a push. All the time I was screaming at referee Pat Kennedy ‘Look what he’s doing to me.’ But Pat would just walk away.

“Well, I lasted just 14 minutes of the game, my five fouls came that quick.

“We lost. Afterwards Coach Meyer came to me in the dressing room, ‘George I thought you were smarter than that. I’d never think you would lose your head in a championship game.’

“Well, I couldn’t let him give it to me without giving it right back to him, could I?”

“Look, you’ve got to be smart when you’re playing basketball. I told you in the first place just what they were doing. Their whole idea was to get you so mad that you couldn’t see straight. And then you’d either foul out completely or wouldn’t be able to see the basket. If you’re going to be a

basketball player, you've got to play the game according to the rules. Never lose your temper while you're playing.

"Well, it registered, of course," says George, "I had lost my temper and the game because I didn't know enough to keep my big ears shut."

George never has let razzing bother him since. That's why he was able to become the king of professional basketball, helping the Minneapolis Lakers to numerous titles. Once he helped win a title playing with a fractured wrist in a cast.

That's why he became known to millions of fans around the world as Mr. Basketball.

Oh yes, and like he dreamed when he was a boy he also did grow up to be a lawyer.

GREG RICE

Mr. Five by Five

GREG RICE probably was one of the smallest distance runners in the history of American track. He stood only five feet, five inches. He often had to take five strides to the other fellow's four.

A famous coach watching Greg run once remarked, "He looks like a newspaper boy delivering papers on his route."

The coach wasn't far from wrong. Greg once had been a newspaper boy back in his home state of Montana. The little man from Montana who brought fame to himself and his school, Notre Dame, always kept trying no matter what the odds.

Greg's favorite event was the two-mile race. But it wasn't always that way. Back in high school in Montana he ran the sprints and the mile.

He was still fond of the mile when he came to Notre Dame as a freshman. But there Greg met the man who was to have a lasting effect on his life.

The late John P. Nicholson was track coach at Notre Dame when Greg enrolled. The coach instantly took a liking to little Greg. He liked Greg's spunk for such a little fellow.

Greg and Coach Nicholson became almost like father and son. When other students went to their homes during the holidays, Greg usually stayed at Nicholson's home because he didn't have enough money to get back home to Montana very often.

During one of those holiday sessions, Nicholson took Rice aside and told him that he was a good miler but would make a better two-miler.

The coach explained that very few runners had the makings of good two-milers but that Greg had the stuff to excel in the two-mile event.



Greg Rice

Greg followed his coach's advice. And in his first season running the two-mile he won the national collegiate title.

In fact, Greg got so good at the two-mile event that he became almost unbeatable. He won 17 straight races.

The start of Greg's famous string of victories which began at Boston was helped along by one of his former roommates at Notre Dame.

Just as the race was to begin, Greg's old roommate played a record of the Notre Dame Victory March over the loud-speaker.

Greg was pleasantly surprised to hear these words while he was running:

Cheer, cheer for Old Notre Dame,
Wake up the echoes sounding her name;
Send a volley cheer on high,
Shake down the thunder from the sky.
What though the odds be great or small,
Old Notre Dame will win over all,
While her loyal sons go marching
Onward to victory.

The more Greg caught the words, the faster he moved his stubby, little legs.

Every athlete has an idol. Greg's was Glenn Cunningham, the great miler from the University of Kansas.

Cunningham had become one of the world's greatest milers in spite of the fact that his legs had been burned severely as a boy. Glenn's success in the face of such a handicap made a great impression on young Greg while he worked his newspaper route in Montana.

If a boy who was burned like that could run through determination, why couldn't a little guy like me show the same courage, Greg reasoned.

Greg was right. He found out as long as one had confidence, he had any job half licked. The little boy who once

envied the great Glenn Cunningham became as famous as his idol.

The season that Greg was winning his 17 straight victories was a joyous year for him. But it was also a sad one.

Coach Nicholson had died suddenly. Only the week before his death, the coach and Greg had rejoiced over a victory in New York.

Everyone at Notre Dame had been saddened by Coach Nicholson's death. But Greg took it the hardest. It had been like losing his father.

Greg always has remained loyal to Coach Nicholson's memory. A year after the coach's death, many people tried to get Greg to run the mile.

But Greg said, "No" to all, remembering that his coach had said that his fame awaited him in the two-mile event. The mile would only ruin his timing.

Just to prove that he meant business about keeping his word, Greg went out and set a world record for the two-mile event shortly after his coach's death.

BABE RUTH

The Great Babe

NO athlete ever has been able to delight a stadium full of people the way Babe Ruth did.

When Babe came to bat you could feel the excitement swell. He made playing baseball look easy. Somehow you felt Babe could hit a home run anytime he felt like it.

But it wasn't like that at all. Later when Babe retired from baseball and just before he died, he admitted that he worked hard to learn baseball. Nothing worth working for comes easy. It just seems to look easy after you've learned your work well.

Baseball began to become Babe's business when he was at St. Mary's Industrial School in Baltimore.

But Babe wasn't known as Babe in those days. That came later. At St. Mary's he was known as George Herman Ruth.

Brother Matthias, who coached the baseball team at St. Mary's, and Ruth took a liking to each other almost at once.

Brother Matthias would stand by the hour hitting fungoes to his players while George stood by watching bug-eyed. He never had seen anyone so manly as Brother Matthias.

But Brother Matthias could be severe, too.

One day St. Mary's was playing a game in which the pitchers were having a rough time of it. One pitcher after another was getting knocked out of the box.

Ruth was the catcher. Finally it all seemed funny to Ruth. When the last pitcher began to be hit all over the lot, Ruth burst out laughing.

Brother Matthias called time immediately and walked over to his catcher who was still laughing.



Babe Ruth

"What are you laughing about George?" he asked in his strong but gentle way.

"That guy out there getting his brains knocked out," George howled, doubled over with laughter.

Brother Matthias looked at him for a long time.

"All right, George, you pitch," he said.

George stopped laughing.

"I never pitched in my life," George said, "I can't pitch."

"Oh you must know a lot about it," he said easily. "You know enough to know that your friend isn't any good. So go ahead out there and show us how it's done."

George knew he meant business. He surprised Brother Matthias so much that George pitched all the games in his remaining two years at St. Mary's.

Later he became a star pitcher with the Boston Red Sox, setting a World Series record in scoreless innings pitched.

It wasn't until Babe came to the New York Yankees that it was discovered his hitting was even more valuable than his pitching.

Babe liked to play all positions in baseball. But he also liked to play as often as possible. That's how he came to persuade the Yankees to let him play outfield. A pitcher rested three to four days between games. Babe wanted to play every day.

The change proved a wise one. Babe began to make baseballs disappear with his big bat. He won hundreds of games with his home runs and brought the Yankees and himself fame and fortune.

Of all the more than 700 home runs Babe Ruth hit in his major league career, he cherished four of them more than all the others.

When he became famous, he used to get hundreds of telephone calls at Yankee Stadium. Because he was a busy

man, Babe seldom used to accept a call unless he recognized the name of the caller.

But he took the call that concerned Johnny Sylvester because whoever picked up the phone and took the message said it was about a kid and it was urgent.

The man on the other end of the wire was Johnny's father. He told Babe that the boy had been in bed for a long time with a back ailment which had puzzled the doctors. The doctors had done everything they could for the boy.

Finally, they decided that the boy needed something inspiring that might help him out of his condition.

So his father thought of Babe. He thought of Babe because the kid was a great fan of the Babe's. The kid had saved Babe's box scores and stories and pasted them in a scrapbook.

Would Babe send the kid a letter or if possible an autographed baseball, Johnny's father wanted to know.

"Where's the kid," Babe asked.

"He's in New Jersey," the father said.

"I'll be out this afternoon," Babe said.

"But the World Series starts tomorrow," the man began. He seemed surprised Babe would come.

"But I've got the day off today," Babe insisted.

They didn't tell Johnny Babe was going to walk in on him and it was pretty much of a shock to little Johnny at that. His eyes popped out of his head.

Babe sat on his bed and gave him a bat, a glove and a ball he had brought with him. Babe told him he had to get off his back and play ball just like other kids and asked what else he could do.

Johnny swallowed and asked Babe if he could hit a home run for him in the World Series which was about to start with the St. Louis Cardinals.

Babe said sure, rubbed Johnny's head for luck and started back to New York. He hit four home runs in that series. He had no way of knowing, but Johnny improved not only from the hour of Babe's first visit, but each home run gave him a new lift. They were his.

Some twenty years later when Babe lay near death in a New York hospital, this same Johnny Sylvester had a chance to repay Babe's kindness.

Johnny was now big and strong and serving his Uncle Sam in the United States Navy. When he walked into Babe's sick room and announced who he was, it was one of the great moments of Babe's great life.

SAMMY URZETTA

It Could Happen Only in America

A LEAD pipe and an old, beaten up golf ball seem an odd start for a championship golfer.

That's how it all began, though, for Sammy Urzetta, who won the National Amateur Golf title at the age of 24.

Sammy was one of nine children in an Italian family which was raised in East Rochester, N.Y. He loved all sports, but he showed the most liking for golf.

But Sam's folks were poor. His father held down a janitor's job to support the family. A luxury like golf clubs for little Sammy was out of the question when there were eight other children to feed and clothe.

So Sam begged his older brother Joe for one of his old golf balls. Joe went his little brother's request one better. He shaped something to look like a golf club out of a lead pipe.

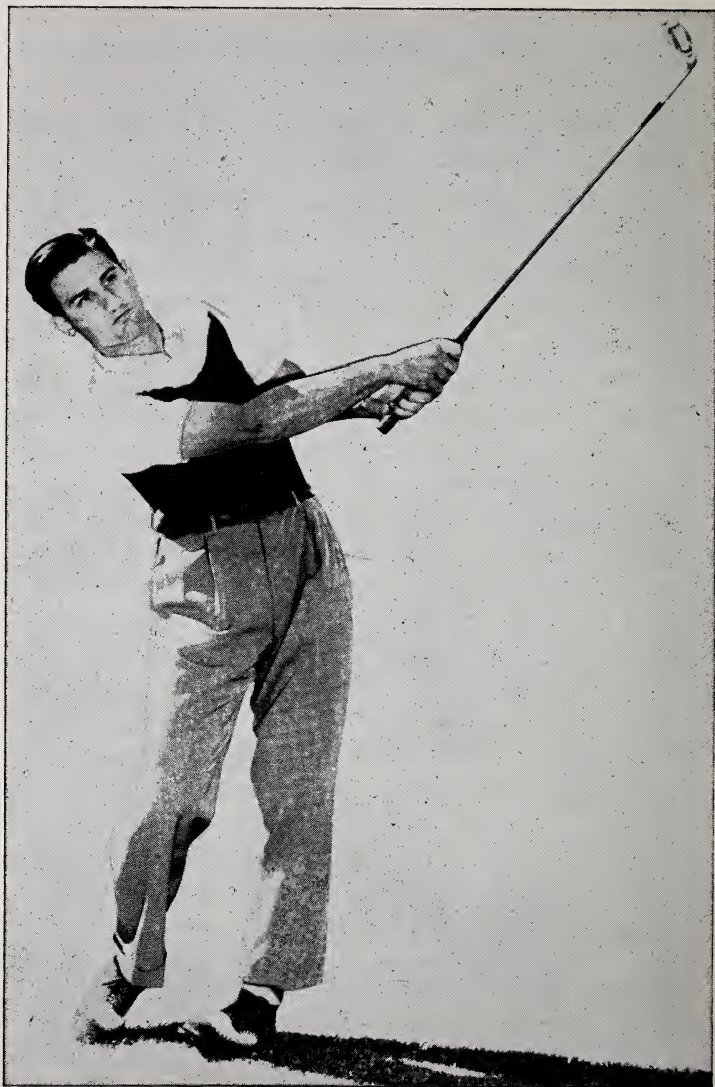
Sam could not have been more excited about his new gifts if it had been Christmas morning. Little Sammy, who was then only eight, and the lead pipe and the golf ball became constant companions.

From after school let out until dark he could be seen hitting the ball and chasing it in the vacant lots near his home.

Sam recalls now, "My folks used to moan when I came home late, and that was often. But my sisters and brothers always used to encourage me in sports."

Later Sammy became a caddy. Looking back, he thinks caddying helped him to become a great golfer more than anything.

"A boy can't get better training than caddying," Sam says. "As a caddy you have a chance to study so many different swings and ideas. You get a true picture of golf. You



Sammy Urzetta

learn to benefit by others' faults. Then, of course, you can copy the kind of golfer who is your ideal. But remember, once you learn the kind of golf you want, there is no substitute for competition."

His winning of the National Amateur Tournament in 1950 is, of course, the thrill of a lifetime to Sam. To make it more thrilling, Sam, the son of a poor family, defeated Frank Stranahan, the son of a rich family, in 39 holes, the longest match in the history of the tourney.

All this sudden fame helped make a different life for Sam and his family. He was given a big parade and dinners in his hometown. There was a telegram from Governor Dewey of New York State.

There was a trip to Europe and a private audience with the Pope which Sam says was a greater thrill than winning the National Amateur.

When Sam returned to the United States, a friend asked him if he had told the Pope he had won the National Amateur.

"Who, me?" Sam exclaimed, "Gosh, no. I was just a guy named Joe in front of the Pope."

Speaking of Joe, it was Sam's brother Joe who got Sam interested in spending much of his time as a youngster at St. Jerome's Parish Youth Center in East Rochester. He practically lived there.

Another of Sam's brothers, Nick, was the director there when Sammy was learning all about basketball and baseball, fair play and conditioning. To this day, Sam neither drinks nor smokes. Sam became such a good basketball player that he won a scholarship to St. Bonaventure University partly on the merit of his ability. It was at St. Bonaventure that he was acclaimed the national foul shooting champion.

Those, who follow golf, say that Sam is one of the coolest cookies they ever have seen. For example, during a very serious moment of his championship match with Stranahan, Sam noticed his brother Babe among the spectators.

Unknown to Sam, Babe had made the trip from Rochester to Minneapolis to watch his brother. This was the first time Sam had spotted him and his first words were: "Hi, Babe, I see you're wearing my shirt."

Most golfers at such a time might be so nervous they couldn't talk. Not Sam. He was as relaxed as though he were in his living room.

Since winning the National Amateur, Sam has played with all the great names of golf—Ben Hogan, Sammy Snead, Lloyd Mangrum, Charley Cole, Cary Middlecoff, Lew Worsham.

But his greatest thrill in sports still remains winning the National Amateur.

Right after he won that greatest of prizes in amateur golf, Sam said, "I won this tournament for my brother Joe. He was killed fighting in World War II. He was a greater golfer than I'll ever be. He was inspiring. Whatever I did here, I owe to him."

ROY CAMPANELLA

Campy's Big Chance

ROY CAMPANELLA grew up in a poor neighborhood in Philadelphia where youngsters liked sports even though they didn't have equipment.

Many of the boys played baseball without gloves. Often the ball had to be repaired with black tape.

Roy liked to play catcher in the games. Sometimes he took off his catcher's mask because it didn't fit well. And he got smashed in the face with the ball more than once.

His parents often scolded him for coming home with his face bruised and bloody. But Roy loved baseball. So he made a bargain with his parents.

"If I keep up my marks in school, earn my own spending money and attend church regularly, can I play baseball?" Roy asked.

His parents could not refuse his eager plea. Nothing ever came easy for Roy.

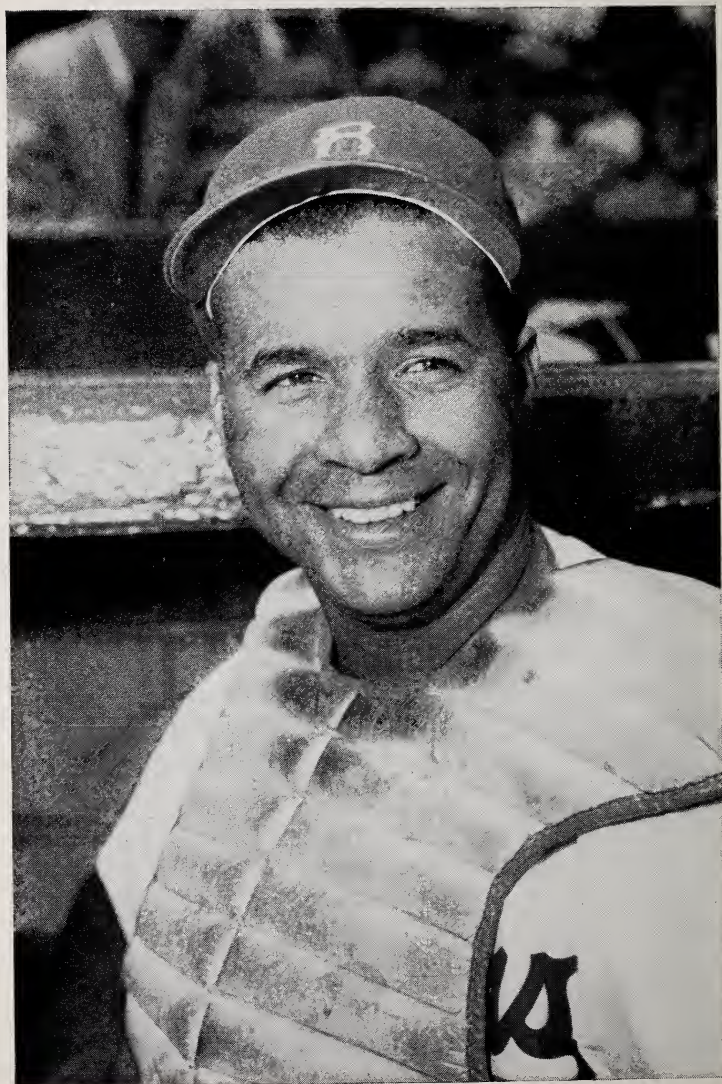
To earn spending money he helped his older brother deliver on a milk route, held down his own newspaper delivery route and worked with his dad on weekends selling fruits and vegetables.

But this was all easy compared to the job Campanella faced getting into the major leagues.

Roy is a Negro. And for a long time Negroes were not permitted to play major league baseball.

One day Campy, as he is nicknamed, was playing in a Negro All-Star game in New Jersey. After the game Campy was asked to report to the Brooklyn Dodgers' office the next morning.

Roy could not think of any reason why the Dodgers



Roy Campanella

wanted to talk to him. He couldn't sleep for thinking about it. His friend Jackie Robinson, later a Dodger teammate, eased the excitement by telling Campy that he was going to be asked to join the Dodgers.

The Dodgers signed Roy and sent him to a farm club in New Hampshire. His manager there was Walter Alston who later became his manager at Brooklyn.

Alston took an immediate liking to Campy's experience and alert mind. He appointed Roy captain of the team.

"If I ever get put out of a game, I want you to take over and run the team," Alston told him.

This gave Campy the confidence he needed. He knew then that his success or failure would depend on his ability and not on the color of his skin. He always has held Alston, a white man, in warm regard for that remark.

One day Campy did get his chance to run the team. Roy's club was behind one run with a man on base and the pitcher, Don Newcombe, scheduled to bat.

Newcombe, like Campy, is a Negro and was Roy's roommate.

"Hey, Newk," Campy called to his roommate, "Grab a bat."

As Newcombe passed Roy he grinned and asked, "Any instruction, Mr. Manager?"

"Yeah," Roy said, "Hit one out of the park."

Two pitches later Newcombe hit a game-winning home run.

As Newcombe crossed home plate, Campy kidded, "If you would have disobeyed my orders, I would have fined you on the spot."

Before Roy got to the big leagues the hard way, he played in the Negro leagues. This meant travelling for long dis-

tances in bumpy buses, sometimes playing as many as three games in one day.

But the experience paid off. He learned to study opposing batters' weakness, how to handle his pitchers and how to pick men off the bases.

This knowledge together with his dependable batting helped him to become the greatest catcher in the big leagues.

After the Negro leagues, playing in the majors was fun. In his first season with the Dodgers Campy caught the first game of a doubleheader against the Phillies.

His manager, Leo Durocher at the time, figured that Campy had worked hard enough in the first game and wanted to give him a rest in the second game.

"You don't have to catch the second game, Roy," Durocher told him.

"What's the matter? I do somethin' wrong?" Campy squeaked in his high pitched voice. Campy caught the second game.

With that attitude no wonder Campy later became the Most Valuable Player in the National League. Baseball people regard him the finest catcher in the game since Mickey Cochrane and Bill Dickey.

With all his success, Campy never forgot his parents. His parents always could count on financial help from Roy. Once when he was starting out in the big leagues, he was able to set his mother up in chicken farming.

It happened this way: A poultry farmer offered to give away 100 baby chicks to each player for every home run the player hit. Roy hit 13 that season and sent all the baby chicks to his mother.

EDDIE SHORE

Eddie Kept His Promise

EDDIE SHORE often is called the greatest hockey player who ever lived. Eddie doesn't play hockey anymore. He's too old for that now.

He spends almost all his time now seeing to it that hockey spectators get good hockey and that youngsters learn sound hockey.

Funny how sometimes we must be teased or pushed into bringing out our best talents. Well, Eddie Shore was like that, too.

He was born and grew up on a farm in Canada. Both his parents were Irish. He didn't like hockey at first. And this was strange, because most all Canadian boys take to hockey just as most American boys take to baseball.

Eddie liked soccer the best. Later when some American boys moved near the Shore farm in Canada, Eddie learned and liked baseball.

Eddie's older brother liked hockey. And often he teased Eddie that he didn't play hockey because he would never make a hockey player anyway.

This got Eddie's Irish up. He always had thought that anybody could play hockey if he just wanted to. Eddie just didn't want to.

But the more Eddie's brother teased him, the angrier he got. One day he got so angry that he vowed he would prove that anybody could play hockey.

After school he would practice for hours in weather that was below zero. The harder his brother teased him, the harder he practiced.

The farm had given Eddie's father enough money to send young Eddie to college. But now his father died, and the money was not so plentiful anymore.



Eddie Shore

Eddie stopped to think. He could no longer go to college. There was no money. Where could he earn a living? The farm did not produce enough for a living. Eddie had no trade.

Other boys he knew were making a living playing hockey in Canada and the United States. I could do that, too, he determined.

So Eddie set out to learn hockey well enough to make a living from it. At first, Eddie was a poor skater and he didn't know the finer points of the game. But he knew he could apply himself with hard work.

And everytime he felt like quitting hockey, he always thought of what his brother had said about him never making a hockey player. Whenever he thought of this, he dug his skates into the ice and tried harder.

One of the smaller teams in Canada liked Eddie's determination and signed him for a small salary. In one of the games, Eddie was knocked out three times. After the third time he was knocked out, Eddie woke up saying, "The game isn't over yet, is it?" He still wanted to play some more.

This kind of courage soon was rewarded. The Boston Bruins found out about Eddie. They liked the way Eddie not only showed courage but always was working to improve himself. They signed him to a contract. And Eddie soon was earning more money than he ever had seen in his entire life.

Eddie believed in playing hard but not dirty. But he was the kind of player who some fans like to come to games just to see get roughed up. Many fans admired his courage. But whether they liked Eddie or not, he was getting more people interested in hockey than ever had been interested before.

Hockey is no game for sissies. Eddie knew that when he was learning the game on an ice pond near his farm in Canada.

So Eddie didn't complain when he collected his bumps

and bruises. He had his nose broken 14 times and hundreds of stitches taken. But each time he came back to try to play better hockey.

He had chosen hockey as his career in life, and he wanted to be the best at it. And he did become perhaps the greatest hockey player in history.

Eddie now is an American citizen. He spends much of his time teaching kids hockey. He has a program he calls Pee Wee Hockey. It's for boys aged 10 to 16. He takes no money for his work.

He says all he wants to do is give the kids a chance to learn the right way to play hockey. He says nobody ever did as much for him and that he gets a kick out of teaching kids.

PAT McCORMICK

A Girl with Heart

MOST of us think of swimming and diving as easy, lazy fun at the beach during the summer time.

But when you have to compete in swimming and diving, it becomes more hard work than fun.

Take Pat Keller McCormick of Los Angeles. She dives from boards 33 feet high 25,000 times a year. She was the first woman diver to win three titles in a national tournament.

She won both the high board and springboard diving medals in the Olympic Games at Finland. But to win all these honors she has had to train seriously for 11 months of the year.

Funny thing about all this is that Pat is fearful of high places. Sometimes when she looks below standing on a high board she gets scared. But she never has refused to dive yet.

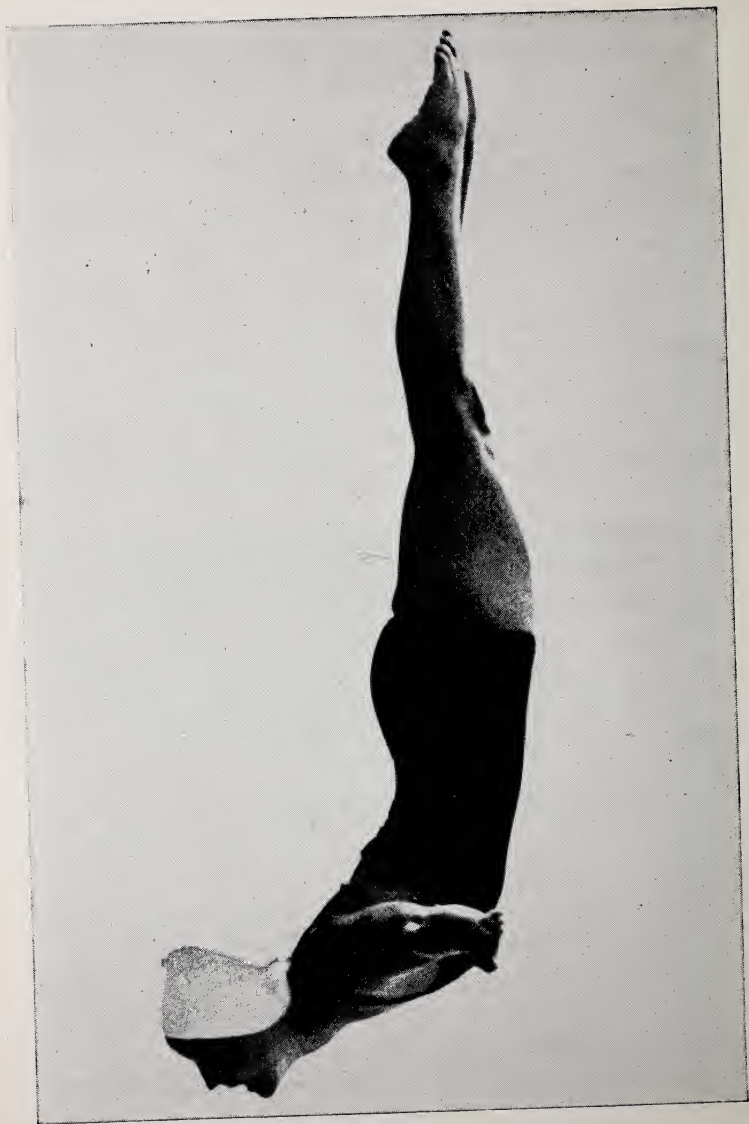
She was born near the Pacific Ocean at Santa Monica, California. As a tot she used to like to ride the waves. She showed unusual balance as her older friends tossed her about in the waves. She then started to think seriously about diving.

She went into serious training and at 14 won the Los Angeles city diving title. In one of her early meets she recalls that she was terribly nervous.

She tried a jack-knife, half-twist. When she came up out of the water, the crowd was laughing. Pat felt awful.

But later she found out the crowd was laughing because a wave had splashed the judges. Of course, this incident didn't help the judges vote in Pat's favor.

Diving titles can sometimes be decided on a girl's looks as much as her ability. This has been an unfair way of doing it.



Pat McCormick

Pat is a good-looking girl, but she prefers to get by on ability.

"It's funny," Pat says, "That the girls, who are competing, very rarely show poor sportsmanship. Too bad that some of the judges, coaches, parents and fans of the losers don't act better."

Pat likes to win more than anyone. But she has been known to be a sport even to the point where it has cost her a championship.

Once an opponent, Mary Francis Cunningham, pulled herself from a pool after a nice dive and burst into tears. Pat tried to make her feel better by saying that it was a nice dive.

Miss Cunningham sobbed, "Yes, but I didn't do the right dive. I did a pike one and one-half gainer instead of a flying one and one-half gainer."

Tournament rules call for a zero in such an error. But officials didn't notice and let it go. Pat remained silent. So did a lot of other contestants remain silent. They remained silent because they were jealous of all Pat's victories and didn't want her to win again.

Well, Pat lost the title to Mary Francis. Later, Pat's coach scolded her for not complaining to the judges about the error. Pat's only answer was, "Mary Francis is my good friend."

Nothing ever kept Pat McCormick from diving. She always kept coming back for more because she wanted to be the world's best diver.

And she was sure she was just that when she stood with head high while the band played the Star Spangled Banner at Helsinki, Finland, after Pat received her Olympic Medal as the world's greatest diver.

GENE TUNNEY

Gentleman Gene

WHEN Gene Tunney was a boy, other boys teased him by calling him sissy.

They called Gene sissy because he was kind to his parents, respected his elders, girls his own age and attended Mass regularly.

But Gene also was handy with his fists. His teasers soon found this out when Gene often challenged them to fights on the waterfronts of New York, near where he was raised.

The priests and nuns who had taught Gene in St. Veronica's Parochial School always had told Gene to work hard, play hard, pray hard, but be fair.

Gene never has forgotten that teaching. He remembered the teaching when he was in the fifth grade. He had been fighting with a boy in the eighth grade in front of Monty's Candy Store.

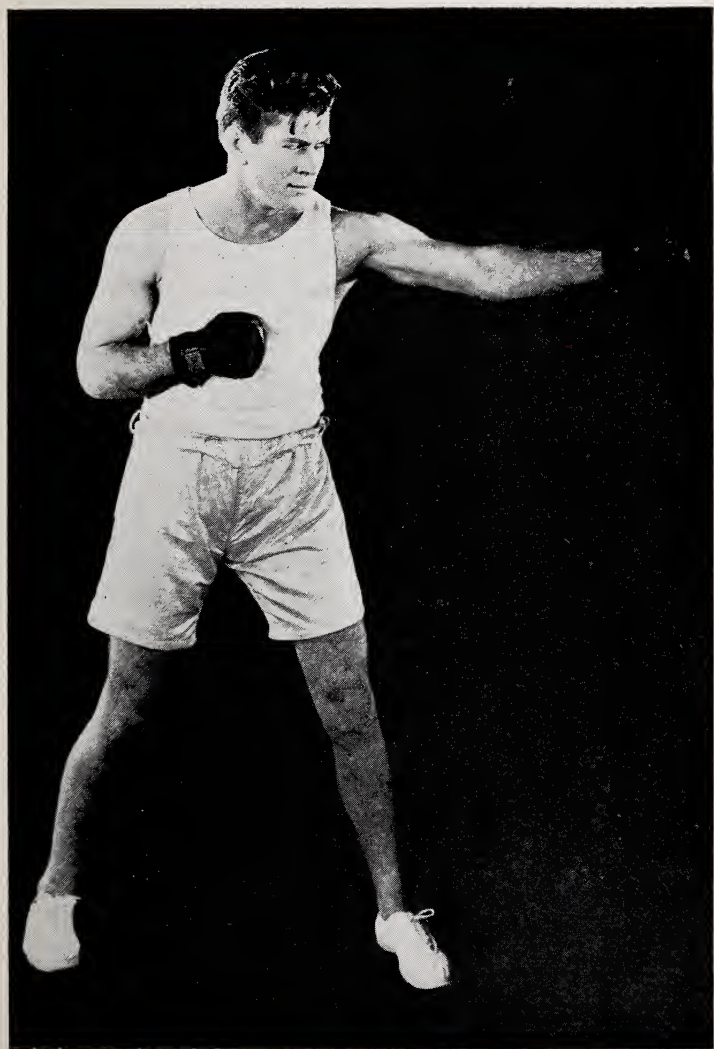
The older boy had knocked Gene to the ground. Before Gene could get to his feet, the eighth-grader kicked him in the teeth.

Gene's face grew red with rage. But he did not look for any sticks or stones. He rose to his feet, blood spilling from his mouth, and fought harder than ever with his two fists, forcing the older boy to quit.

Monty, who had been watching the fight from behind the smeared candy store window, came dashing into the street after the fight. Monty was holding a large bag of jaw-breakers.

"Gene," Monty gasped, "I'm so proud of your good example of sportsmanship that I want you to have this little gift."

Gene carefully placed one of the candies into his bloody



Gene Tunney

mouth, confident that he had won a major battle in his young life.

This convinced Gene that he not only could win but win fairly. Later when he joined the Marines and became a professional boxer, he practiced that principle. Sportsmanship was and is his goal even to this day when he is a successful businessman. That's how he got the nickname "Gentleman Gene."

Boxing is not the easiest of athletic careers. A boxer must keep himself in top physical and mental condition. He must be able to stand up to some opponents more rugged than he. He must be thrifty with his money, for boxing is comparatively a short career.

Gene was all of these. In the Marines he did not idle away his time or money. While other boys misused their spare time, Gene worked out daily in the gym and studied literature at night. He sent what little money he could save to his mother.

It was after he was out of the Marines that Tunney began his career as a professional boxer. He is called one of the smartest boxers ever to enter the American prize ring.

In a long career he lost only one bout. Where other boxers relied mostly on strength, Tunney depended largely on using his head as well as his muscles. He was even able to score two victories over the great Jack Dempsey, something no other fighter ever had done. The alertness of mind and body Gene had practiced as a boy and teenager served him well later.

Near the end of his pro career, Tunney married. It was then that Gene decided that he would quit the ring to devote more time to raising a family.

But Gene's manager talked him into one last fight with a certain Tom Heeney. Tunney won the fight. He won it very easily.

The victory always will live in Gene's memory, as much

as the two wins over the great Dempsey. The victory over Heeney was more than just a victory for a fighter fighting his last fight. It was a victory for sportsmanship, a principle Gene always prized.

Here's how it happened: Heeney was a courageous fighter. But Gene was eager to make a good showing in his last fight. He won by technical knockout over Heeney in the 11th round.

After the fight Tunney was surprised to learn that many fans were accusing him of backing away from Heeney.

The fans pointed out that Tunney could have finished Heeney in the eighth round. In that round Heeney had seemed helpless from a blow over the eye. "You were afraid of him," many fans jeered at Gene.

While changing into street clothes after the fight, Gene explained the situation to a friend.

"I've always been guided by reason. For everything I do I have a sound reason. When I moved back from Heeney, this was my reason:

"Once one of my friends in the Marines, a fellow named Frank, was the main attraction on a boxing show.

"Frank went the first three rounds very well, winning easily.

"At the beginning of the fourth round Frank stepped into a hard right punch that seemed to land on his forehead. Immediately Frank slowed up. He backed away. He clinched. He hung on.

"The referee had a hard time breaking them. The crowd booted. Frank was stalling. After the fight, Frank got a worse booping when he left the ring.

"I believed something wrong. I went back to the dressing room. Frank was weeping. The names he had been called had hurt. I asked him what had happened in the fourth round. This was his answer.

“I got a punch over the eye that didn't hurt much. I thought it closed my eye. I couldn't see with it. Between rounds I told my second that the eyelash was in my eye. I asked him to open the eye and turn the lash out.

“Your eye is open,” the second said.

“Stop kidding. I can't see a thing. Open it.”

“I tell you it is open,” the second insisted.

“It was then I knew I was blind in that eye.”

Suddenly Gene stopped talking. There was a long pause before he broke in with, “How could I hit Heeney?”

MAUREEN CONNOLLY

Little Mo, Queen of the Courts

MAUREEN CATHERINE CONNOLLY grew up only two blocks away from the city tennis courts in her hometown of San Diego, California.

Often on her way to the city playground, Maureen liked to watch the grown-ups play tennis, peeking through the fences to catch a glimpse.

It wasn't long before she was asking the man in charge of giving lessons at the tennis court if she could chase balls that his pupils were hitting out of the court.

The man agreed. One day the man in charge asked Maureen to stand on the other side of the net and return the shots his pupils were hitting. Maureen was thrilled.

She never had played much tennis. Swimming and horseback riding had been her favorites.

But the man soon became surprised at what he saw. The little, 10-year-old Maureen had a natural swing and unusual power for a girl her age.

The man forgot about his pupils, agreed to give Maureen free lessons. Maureen raced home to ask her mother to buy a tennis racquet.

Mrs. Connolly knew nothing of her daughter's interest in the game. But she had no objection either and bought her a cheap \$1.50 racquet.

Maureen's mother thought her daughter's interest was just girlish enthusiasm until Maureen's coach requested permission to enter her in a tournament. Mrs. Connolly happily gave her permission. And that's how Maureen's famous career as one of the world's greatest tennis players started.

Maureen managed to reach the finals of her first tournament even though she was so small she could barely see over



Maureen Connolly

the top of the net. She was nervous and scared and her little knees shook.

But she continued to practice. Her hard work made it possible for her to become the Women's National Champion at the young age of 16. She was one of the youngest ever to win this title. Little Mo, a nickname which has become as famous as her tennis, was on her way.

Little five-foot, four-inch Maureen works hard at tennis. "I love tennis," she says, "But if it keeps me from sleeping or eating or having fun, it isn't worth it. It's wonderful being champion. But it's a lot of fun being a teen-ager, too."

She made this remark after winning the Wimbledon title, which is a great honor for a tennis player.

This tourney, played in England, meant a lot to Maureen. Before leaving for England, she had promised that she would not let her country or friends down with a bad showing.

Every morning she attended Mass, asking not for victory but that she might make a good showing.

When she returned home victorious, Little Mo was greeted with a Maureen Connolly Day in her hometown. There was a parade, bands, ticker tape, speeches by city officials and gifts.

One gift she will never forget. It was one she accepted while choking back tears of joy. It was a horse she always had wanted to own.

BOBBY AVILA

Some Bandits Are Nice

PAPA AVILA used to like to sit back in his chair, puff his pipe and make plans for his youngest son, Roberto Gonzales Avila.

“Someday maybe we can send you to college where you can study to be a lawyer or engineer,” Papa Jose Avila would say.

But Roberto, called Little Beto, did not share his papa’s idea. Little Beto wanted to become the greatest bullfighter in all of Mexico.

Little Beto would spend hours showing his father in the living room how he was going first to tease the bull, then stab him, then take his bows before the cheering crowd in the most famous Mexican bull ring. And the President of Mexico will be there to cheer.

But Papa Jose would only laugh. “You know what would happen. You would get in the bull ring. And the bull would rush. And it would be *adios* Roberto,” Papa Avila would say.

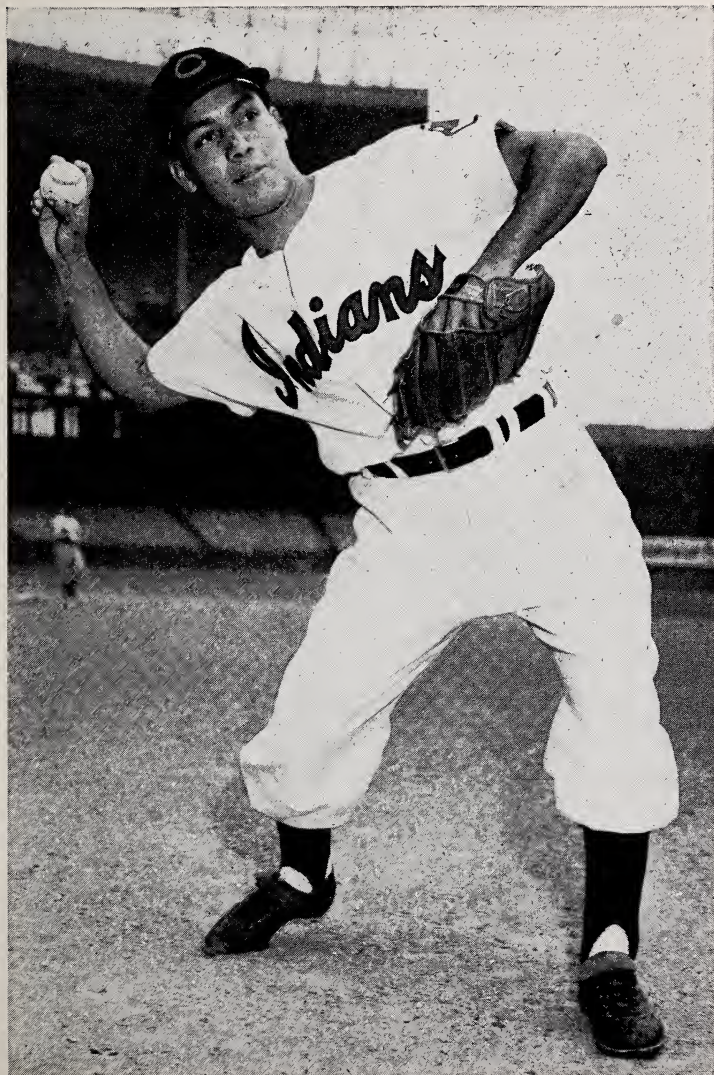
This would make Little Beto angry. He would run out of the room, muttering, “I’ll show him. I’ll show him.”

But something happened before Little Beto could show anyone what kind of bullfighter he was. He fell in love, madly in love, with the game of soccer.

In Mexico, where Roberto Avila was born and is still a citizen, soccer is the national sport just as baseball is the national game in the United States and hockey in Canada.

It wasn’t enough for him just to play soccer for his school team in Vera Cruz. At night he would steal out of his room and play soccer barefooted in the moonlight.

Moons can be very bright in Mexico. And so it wasn’t unusual for the boys to play long games at night.



Bobby Avila

Day and night Roberto would play soccer. His father never knew about the nights. Papa Jose didn't even like his boy playing soccer by day.

But at last, Papa gave in. "I don't like him playing soccer," Papa Jose explained, "but at least I always know where to find him."

Roberto had played some football in high school and later a little baseball. He forgot about soccer and football and grew very fond of baseball. He got a job playing baseball in the Mexican League.

He may have forgotten about playing soccer, but he never forgot the things soccer had taught him.

Later when the Cleveland Indians gave Bobby, as he is now known, his big chance to play in the major leagues, the Mexican lad used his soccer ability to good advantage.

Soccer is a game that calls for quick legs. And Bobby has quick legs besides a quick mind. Why not use my legs more in base sliding? Bobby thought.

That's how he came to develop his famous scissors kick when sliding into the base.

Avila is a very fast base runner. But even very fast base runners sometimes can be easy outs. Often when Bobby appeared to be an easy out coming into a base, he used his scissors kick and wound up safe.

It worked this way: The baseman would be holding the ball waiting to tag Avila. But Bobby would fool him. He would bring up one of his feet in a fast little kick to knock the ball out of the baseman's glove. Bobby became such a good base stealer that he was given the nickname of "Mexican Bandit."

"I not try to hurt somebody," Avila would say in broken English. "I kick with toe, not with spikes. You watch other fellow. He not bleed."

The Cleveland scout, who signed Bobby for the Indians, wired this message to his boss: "Bobby Avila can do everything but speak English."

At first Bobby didn't like the idea of leaving Mexico for such a far off place as Cleveland. Neither did his father and mother and seven older brothers and sisters, named Christina, Pax, Pancho, Laura, Andrea, Pedro and Dora.

But gradually Bobby began to prove he was a real baseball player. And Mexico grew prouder and prouder of him. Bobby became a national hero in Mexico.

The newspapers and radios there carried daily stories about the great Bobby playing baseball in the United States.

He made his country still prouder when he won the American League batting championship in 1954 and helped the Indians get into the World Series. It was his greatest year in baseball.

It seemed as though all of Mexico wanted to come see the little second baseman from Vera Cruz play in the World Series. Even the President of Mexico telegraphed Bobby for tickets.

Roberto Gonzales Avila was right about what he used to tell Papa Jose in the living room down Mexico way. Only in a different way.

LOU (The Toe) GROZA

The Foot in Football

IT was the afternoon of Christmas Eve.

A funny time of year to still be playing football. Especially in such a cold spot as Cleveland, Ohio, was that day in 1950.

But the Cleveland Browns were trying to win another world professional title. And this was the day which had been scheduled.

The Los Angeles Rams, whom the Browns were playing, had ideas of their own about winning the title. In fact, the Rams were leading by one point with two minutes left to play in the game.

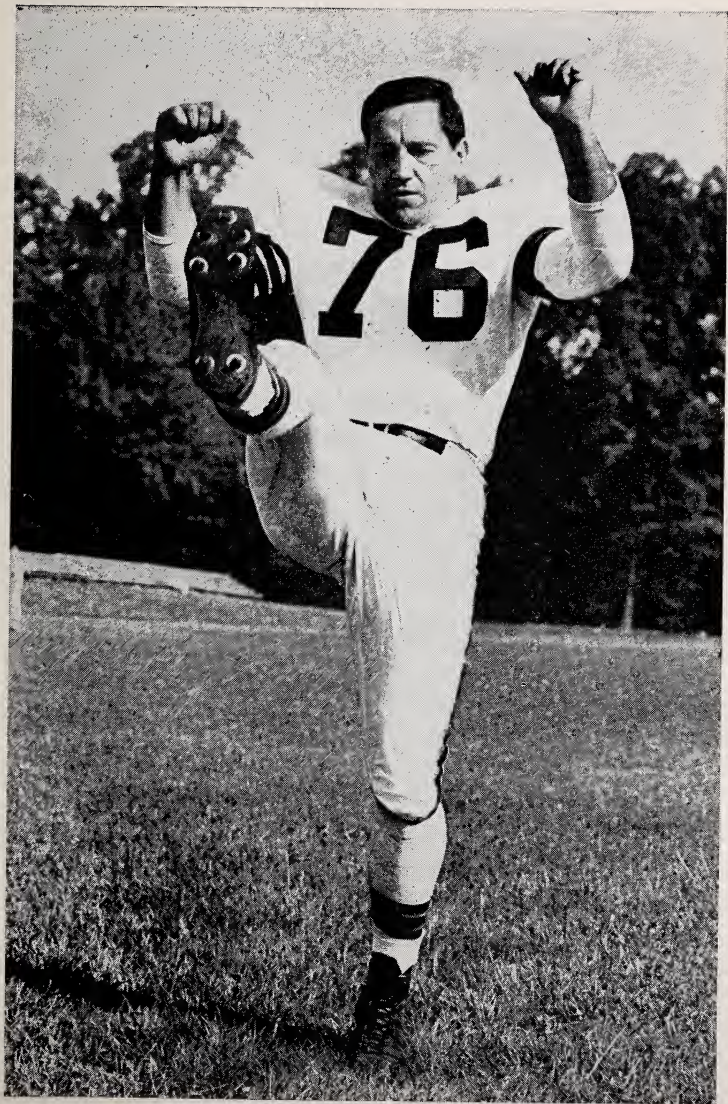
Now the Browns began to move the ball from deep in their own territory. With less than a minute to go, Otto Graham, the Browns' quarterback, got the ball to the Rams' 16-yard line.

On the next play, Otto again carried the ball. But he didn't even try to make a gain. Instead, he moved the ball to a point where it would be directly in front of the Rams' goal posts.

Only 28 seconds remained to play. But what's this? Here come the Browns' offensive team running off the field, whooping and hollering and throwing their helmets in the air as though the game had been won.

This is a strange way for a team, one point behind and 28 seconds away from defeat, to be acting. But the Browns only were showing Lou Groza how much confidence they had in his field goal kicking ability.

For Groza trotted on the field and calmly booted the field goal squarely between the goal posts. The Browns had won another title. Lou's teammates never had received a better Christmas present.



Lou Groza

Although he plays tackle and has scored only one touch-down in eight years of pro football, Lou Groza's name is often found among the scoring records in the National Football League.

The reason is that, in his first eight seasons of play, Lou or The Toe, as he is nicknamed, had scored close to 600 points with his foot alone.

His field goal kicking often has meant the difference between victory and defeat for the Browns.

Lou always had liked sports, all sports. He had first got interested in sports in his Catholic parish in his hometown of Martin's Ferry, Ohio.

Later in high school he won letters in football, basketball and baseball. He was captain of each of those three sports in his senior year in high school.

But his big dream in high school had been to become a famous sports star at Ohio State University. A lot of high school boys in Ohio have the same dream.

Lou got to Ohio State all right and made the freshmen football team. But he never got any farther.

This was about the time World War II broke out. And Lou went off and joined the Army for four years.

About the time Lou got out of the Army, Paul Brown was forming what was to become the greatest of all pro football teams—the Cleveland Browns.

Paul Brown had been the Ohio State football coach when Lou was a freshman there. He was sure that Lou could make good in the pro league. Coach Brown convinced Lou to try.

Lou took the advice and joined the Browns. For the first two years, Lou was used only as field goal kicker.

He had been in the Army four years. But he didn't let his kicking foot get rusty. When he was with the Army in the Pacific, he often built his own goal posts and practiced place-kicking in what little leisure time he could find.

But Lou wanted to play regularly besides just kicking field goals for the Browns. He worked hard trying to learn all the tricks of playing in the line against some of the toughest players in all football.

His hard work paid off. Two years after he joined the Browns, Coach Brown made him a regular offensive tackle.

This was a great thrill for Lou. But the greatest was yet to come.

It came in 1953. This was when Lou stood before a large banquet audience in Washington, D.C., and received the Touchdown Club's Award as the season's most valuable professional football player.

