

OCT. 1952

10 CENTS

NEW LIBERTY

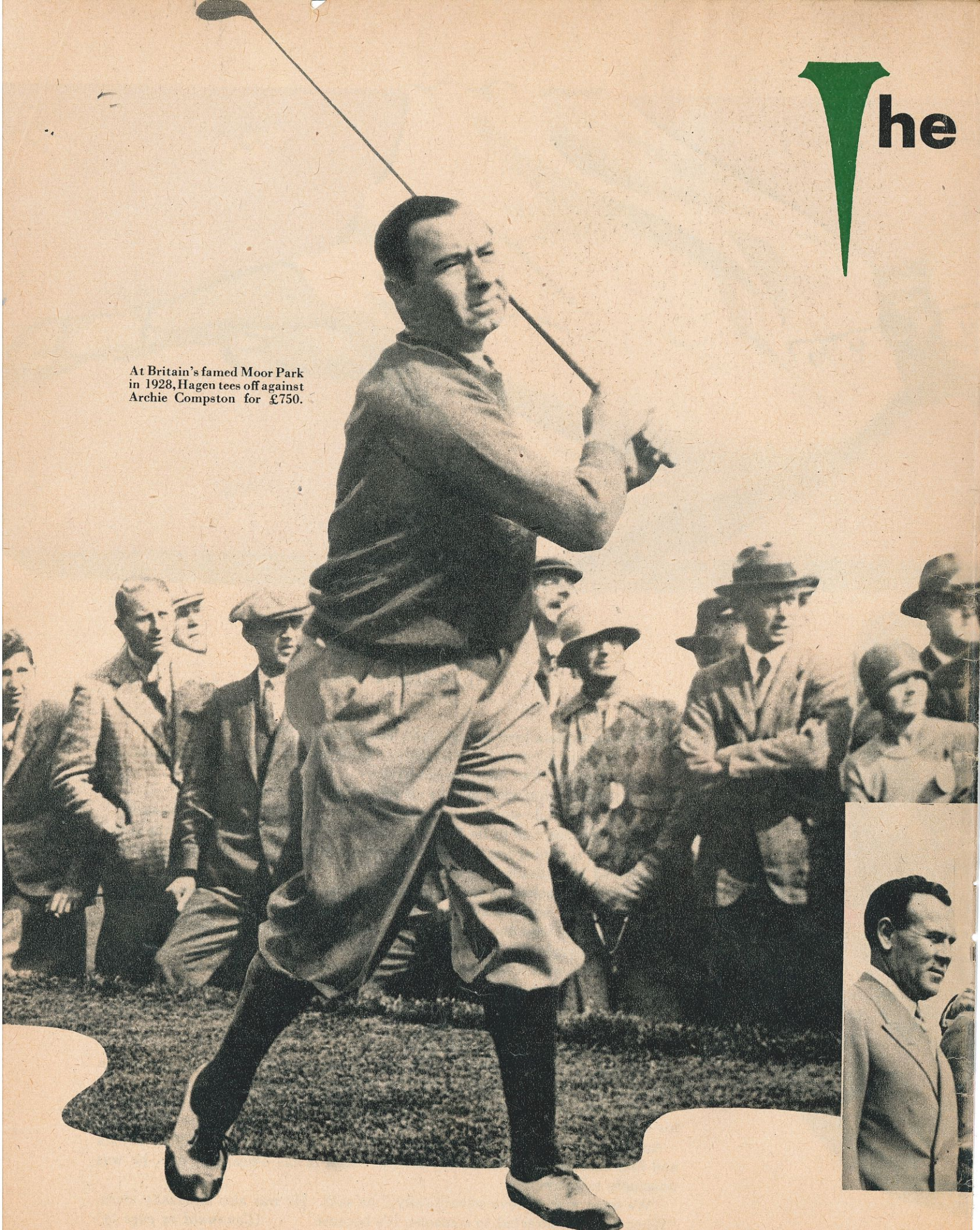


Photo by Karsh

LIBERTY
by R
Sheehan, g
Concurren
About Th
views and
and you can't
At the out
realize that all
republic in the

ING BUT IN NAME

SECRETS OF HELENA RUBINSTEIN



At Britain's famed Moor Park in 1928, Hagen tees off against Archie Compston for £750.

The

Greatest of Them All

*He knew an admiring king as "Eddie",
drubbed the brilliant Bobby Jones, won
and spent a million, and made the golf
links his stage. Here's Walter Hagen*

By **TED SHANE**

WALTER Hagen, the greatest professional golfer of all time, ranks alongside Babe Ruth, Jim Thorpe and Jack Dempsey in the Sports Hall of Fame. For 30 years this dashing, colorful pro strode across the fairways, setting records that probably will never be equalled, and collecting headlines and a fortune. Among the many major crowns he captured were two U.S. Open Tournaments (open to both amateurs and professionals of all countries) and four British Opens. He was *five times* Professional Golfers' champion. Now living a pleasant life in retirement in Detroit, he likes to recall his 70-odd important victories.

Hagen was the greatest golfer the world has ever seen—or was Bobby Jones?

Bobby Jones's 1930 grand slam of the four great championships—both the Amateur and Open crowns in both Britain and the United States—immortalized him and he won 13 top titles to Hagen's 11. Yet on the one occasion when Hagen and Jones met in match play, Hagen handed Bobby the worst drubbing he ever received.

Gene Sarazen, who played against both men, names Jones the World's No. 1 scorer, and Hagen the No. 1 match player. Jones was at his best when he concentrated on licking par; Hagen, when he could play his opponent.

(Continued on page 54)



Several times captain of U.S. Ryder Cup team, Hagen (rt) shows London sights to Turnesa, Sarazen, Horton Smith. Year: 1929.



Today at 60, Hagen lives in Detroit Athletic Club, hasn't played golf since retirement—not even a friendly round. He can't, he says, bear thought of possibly slipping into the 30s.

Satisfaction!



Fuller-knit, shrink-controlled and fade-proof... giving complete comfort and longer wear. Up-to-the-minute styling in wool and newest of man-made fibres. Ribs from 1.00. Argyles from 1.50. In better men's stores everywhere.

CANACRAFT
Hose

by **THE ANGORA MILLS LTD.,**
Montreal

Personal to you who are HARD of HEARING

"CAN I GET a hearing aid without anything in the ear?—without any attachment to the head?—that doesn't need batteries?—without a cord? Can I get an aid I can wear so that NO ONE will know I am hard of hearing?"

A new FREE booklet, "What Every Hearing Aid User Should Know", by the author of a 700-page text on hearing instruments, gives you the FACTS. It tells the truth about hearing aids and will save you many hard earned dollars.

DON'T BUY UNTIL YOU READ IT!—until you know what every hearing aid user should know.

L. A. WATSON, Pres. • DEPT. C8302
MEDICAL ACOUSTIC INSTRUMENT CO.
21 No. 3rd ST., MINNEAPOLIS 1, MINN.

Please send me FREE booklet in plain envelope on "What Every Hearing Aid User Should Know".

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

her to collapse perhaps. I felt rather like collapsing myself. She swayed, turning her horror-stricken countenance to mine. "Mr. Milligan!" she screamed aloud, then, her voice returning in full volume: "It's Mr. Milligan. All this time that's where 'e's been. And I never noticed it till now!"

She swooned away. The second figure faced the room, for the boat was in the position of being pushed by the oars, not rowed. The features were unmistakable... Half an hour later I sent a cable to Peking: *Two figures in boat.*

The real climax, I think, came three days later, when, with the picture safely in my rooms, I had arranged for "specialists" to call and examine it. A chemist, an experienced dealer, and a sort of expert psychic investigator were already upstairs when I reached my flat.

The picture was in my bedroom. I had examined it myself—examined Milligan's face and figure—hour after hour, my flesh crawling, my hair almost rising, as I did so. My guests were in the sitting-room, the servant informed me, handing me a telegram as I hurried up in the lift.

The Greatest of Them All

(Continued from page 27)

"The chief difference between them," a Hagenite explains, "is that everybody called Jones 'brilliant' but nobody ever spoke of 'the fabulous Jones'."

Fabulous was the word for Hagen! Known as Walter The Magnificent, as Sir Walter, or as The Haig, he was equally at ease with King and caddy. One day, playing in Nassau, he called to one of his companions, "Hold the pin, Eddie!" As the gallery gasped, the former King of England held the pin.

Hagen had charm, and he loved the Big Gesture. He earned a million dollars with his magic mashie, and spent it with a maharajah's abandon. He put flourish into everything he did, whether it was a 20-foot putt or a \$20 tip. While the ball was still rolling, he'd toss his putter nonchalantly to his caddy and start for the next tee. "He made every shot a drama," Sarazen says.

Walter was a natural athlete who disdained the drudgery of practice. That was for the peons. At his best when the going was roughest, he would recover from trouble with a miracle shot. "Hagen was most dangerous when you counted him out," a former rival says. "He was a man with a million tricks."

It is true that he used guile. In one PGA battle when Hagen's ball lay 15 feet from the cup and his opponent's only seven, Walter looked up with a broad grin. "What's the joke?" his rival barked.

"I was just thinking how much harder your putt will look after I've made mine!" He sank his—and the opponent missed by six inches.

Hagen always dominated the pace of play. If an opponent liked to lope around the course, Hagen would dally 50 yards behind, and vice versa. "He took charge at the first tee," mourns Tommy Armour. "Fast players, who didn't like to worry between shots, had a chance to worry; the ones who wanted time to think, couldn't." Sometimes Hagen would give the impression he was away off form; then he'd suddenly step on the gas and his adversary would crumple.

When he discovered that rivals would look to see what club he was about to use, then use the same one themselves, Hagen invented the art of Falseclubbing. He'd call loudly for a certain club, then surreptitiously switch to another one.

My three friends were already known to each other, and, after apologising for the delay, I brought in the drawing and laid it before them on the small table. I intended to tell them the story after their examination; the psychic investigator I meant to keep when the other two had left. Setting the drawing in front of them, I looked over their shoulders at it.

There was only one figure—the Chink. He sat alone in the little boat. He was rowing, not pushing; his back was to the room.

The dealer said the drawing was worth a shilling; the chemist said nothing; I, too, said nothing; but the psychic investigator turned sharply and complained that I was hurting him. My hand, it seems, had clutched the shoulder nearest to me, and it happened to be his. I allowed him to leave when the others had left...

I was alone. I remembered the telegram. More to steady my mind than for any interest I felt in it, my fingers tore it open. It was a cablegram from—Peking, signed by a friend of Milligan and myself:

Milligan died heart failure yesterday.
THE END

Despite all this, Hagen's sportsmanship was unassailable. "He won with a broad grin, and lost with a broader one," Grantland Rice recalls. "He never crabbed over bad luck, or crowded over good."

In a British Open one of Hagen's drives went into the deep grass. "Bad luck," a spectator sympathised.

"I put it there," Hagen replied. "That line should be hung up in every golf club in the world," commented a British writer.

The giddy 1920's were made for Hagen, and vice versa. When money and headlines poured in, and the ladies and tycoons lionized him, he built his fabulous reputation. A master showman—and something of a ham—he turned the links into a stage. Always well-dressed (he was the first pro to dress as well as the club members), he would stride down the fairways like an old-fashioned matinee idol—brilliantined black hair highlighted by the sun; handsome, round face deeply tanned. He chivvied the crowds and his opponents, and dripped *bon mots*.

WALTER CHARLES Hagen was born in 1892 on a farm near Rochester, New York. Papa Hagen, a German Lutheran, was a blacksmith. Walter inherited his father's powerful build and his mother's blue eyes. After school he



"Harold, you shaved!"

New Liberty

played baseball, or smacked scarred old golf balls around a four-hole course he improvised in a meadow, using a discarded club he'd found. Before he was bigger than a golf bag, wee Walter began caddying at the Rochester Country Club. At the age of 11 he played the course under 80.

He became the favorite caddy of the late George Eastman of Kodak fame. Eastman liked the well-scrubbed lad's homespun manners and eagerness to please, took him to his home and showed him his big game trophies. "Mr. Eastman opened the door of a new world to my Dad," says Walter Hagen Jr. "Dad decided then that he'd be somebody, someday, somehow."

Liking sports better than school, Walter became assistant to Andy Christie, the pro at the Rochester Country Club. He swept up, polished up the members' equipment and learned to make clubs. Soon he was shooting in the 70's.

In 1913 he entered the U.S. Open Tournament, did well, but won no laurels.

The next year Charlie Moran, then manager of the Phillies, asked Walter to come play ball for him. Baseball was Hagen's first love. He was the best player around Rochester. He could play any position; he could hit—and he could pitch well either right or left-handed.

Hagen was mulling over the offer when the Open came along. It is said he had to be practically shanghaied to Chicago—expenses paid by a Rochester fan. He staggered onto the links for the first round, ill from some seafood he had eaten—and shot a brilliant 68. On the 72nd (final) hole he sank a tremendous putt for a spectacular victory. He was 21, and Open Champion.

The big tournaments were abandoned during World War I. In 1918 Hagen became the pro at the Oakland Hills Club of Detroit, where motor millionaires do a lot of fluid driving. By now he had left all other native-born professionals behind; he was the most colorful shotmaker in the game. He was the favorite in the 1919 Open, but Mike (King) Brady, of Boston, tied him for first place. "I've never been beaten in a playoff," said Walter nonchalantly. The next day he defeated Brady and captured the Open crown.

The showman had come to life. His appearance, his mannerisms were becoming as familiar to the public as Ruth's or Dempsey's. "The Haig can make tying his shoelaces seem more dramatic than another fellow's hole in one," an observer commented.

In 1920 Hagen invaded England for a crack at the British Open. The British were then still supreme on their ancient courses. There golf belonged to the amateur—the British gentleman; the pro was looked on as a sort of butler with muscles. Hagen seemed to be in for a drubbing and a snubbing.

Sir Walter, with a secretary-manager, a valet-caddy and 17 pieces of luggage, put up at a swank London hotel. Next day, when he entered the tradition-crusted Deal Club, where the Open was to be played, Hagen was told that no professionals were permitted in the clubhouse but there would be a tent at the first tee for him to change clothes in.

On the first day of the tournament a big car stopped beside the first tee. A liveried chauffeur opened the door and Walter emerged in a polo coat. He climbed back into the car, pulled down the blinds and put on golf clothes. Throughout the tournament the car stayed there, serving as Hagen's dressing room and a symbol of defiance. But in this tournament Walter finished 55th in a field of 56.

In 1921 he captured his first PGA championship, a hatful of tournaments,

* Pie Making Simplified SENSATIONALLY NEW—



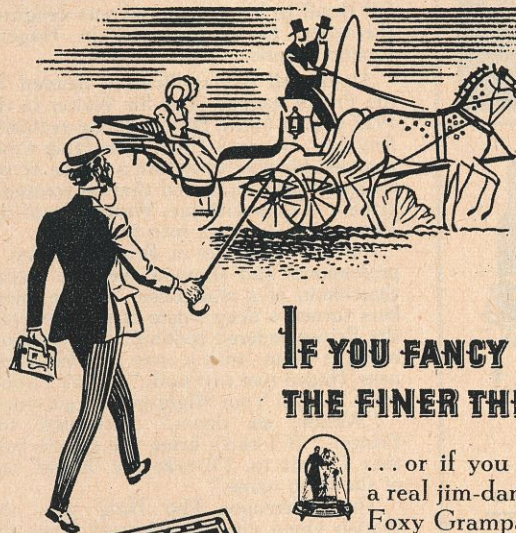
- Saves space in oven—in storage
- Just roll dough to easy oblong shape
- Easier pie making—less trimming and fitting
- Assures fresher pies—only one open side to dry out
- 6 generous servings—30% larger than standard 10" pie plate
- Aluminum guarantees flakier pastry



Certain stores feature Supreme Aluminum—others Lifetime Aluminum. Both are same quality and value.

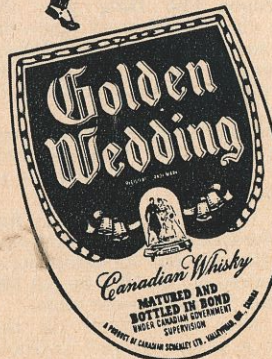


SUPREME ALUMINUM INDUSTRIES LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA



If YOU FANCY THE FINER THINGS...

... or if you haven't felt that there's been a real jim-dandy whisky on the market since Foxy Grampa was a best seller... then try Golden Wedding. M-m-m... there's a Canadian whisky that'll match anything the boys used to get back in the Gay Nineties. It's a whisky that will really bring you a touch of the good old days. Ask for... insist on... Golden Wedding!



100% DISTILLED, MATURED
AND BOTTLED IN CANADA
**Canadian
Schlenley Ltd.**

DISTILLERY Valleyfield, Que.

FAST, SPARKLING RELIEF

FOR HEADACHE AND INDIGESTION

Try Refreshing-Tasting **BROMO-SELTZER** FOR HEADACHES

CAT-TEX

SOLES outwear leather more than 2 to 1!

GIVES A LIFT TO *Any Lunch box*

PARIS-PATE PARIS BRAND MEAT PATTY

Shane's Crossword September Answer

T	A	S	S	M	O	U	S	T	A	C	H	E	S
E	C	H	O	E	N	T	E	R	O	U	C	H	
S	H	E	D	R	E	A	D	E	M	L	I	I	
T	O	E	P	M	H	A	M	M	A	N	N		
T	O	P	C	O	A	T	N	O	S	E			
A	H	E	I	R	S	R	A	N	D	O	M		
K	E	E	L	D	O	T	H	S	T	I	M	O	
E	R	G	O	S	T	R	U	M	A	V	E	S	
R	E	A	R	S	H	A	L	O	T	A	N	S	
S	A	L	O	O	N	P	L	U	T	O	A		
C	A	S	H	R	E	D	T	P	E	V	E		
O	B	E	Y	M	I	A	M	I	H	A	I	G	
T	O	L	L	A	G	R	E	E	A	R	C	H	
S	U	L	L	E	N	N	E	S	P	S	T	S	



"I thought you'd like to know 'to-morrow' is spelled with two R's."

was runner-up in the U.S. Open, and returned abroad for another try at the British Open. He finished sixth. It was on this trip that the Prince of Wales fell thrall to his charm and was delighted thereafter to be included in Hagen's tuneup rounds.

Almost all golfing Britain, headed by the Prince, tagged after Sir Walter in the 1922 British Open, played at the exclusive Royal St. George's Club. The Haig wind-jammed his way to within a stroke of the leaders, then announced that he wanted a drink. "Come with me, Walter," said the Prince, and led him into the club.

For the first time in British history, a professional had stepped over the sacred threshold of a clubhouse. As the members turned a deep shade of royal purple, the Prince ordered toddies. The Steward brought them, with a note for His Highness. Hagen rose and said, "I think I know what it says, Your Highness. I'll get out."

"Walter, sit down," exclaimed the Prince. "If I can't bring the people here that I want to, I'll take the 'Royal' out of the Club name."

That afternoon The Haig won the British Open championship at last—the first of four such victories. The Prince proudly presented the Cup to him. They filled it and drank from it—in the clubhouse.

Thanks to Walter—and the Prince—all British clubs eventually lowered their barriers and welcomed professionals to their sacred precincts.

The world was now in Hagen's hip pocket. Fees for endorsement of products, stock market tips, big pay for exhibitions, and flattery poured in. In 1922 he got 100 thousand dollars for exhibitions alone.

But there were two clouds on the horizon—one a piano-legged Italian-American, the other a Southern lawyer. That year Sarazen snatched the U.S. Open and the PGA from Hagen; the next year, Robert T. Jones, Mr. Perfection, beat Hagen in the U.S. Open.

IN 1926 Hagen and Bobby Jones met in Florida in a contest billed as a match for the U.S. Championship. Jones absorbed a horrendous licking; the match ended with Hagen 12 up (12 holes ahead of Bobby) with 11 holes remaining to be played. The Atlantan admitted gallantly, "When you have to look at shots coming from the bushes up to the pin on holes you felt certain you'd win, the shock on your nervous system does you no good. It was a most workman-like washing-up!"

The two gods of golf never met again in match play.

Hagen's four consecutive PGA victories is a record that stands less chance of being topped than Babe Ruth's 60 homers in a single season. The Haig's amazing defeat of 24 of the world's finest golfers in those PGAs—Sarazen, Wild Bill Melhorn, Jim Barnes, Joe Turnesa, Lighthorse Harry Cooper, and others—shows what a master he was.

He spent his money as fast as he earned it. "Champions don't travel second class," was his motto. He would take a suite at a glamor hotel and declare open house. Tycoons, caddies, generals, athletes, actors, dukes, politicians, parasites and plain citizens came to see him. He liked to eat in his rooms with a dozen companions, and chat the nights through.

Once when Hagen collected three thousand dollars for five exhibitions in Western Canada he wired a hotel in Winnipeg: "Warm up the chef, fill a bathtub with champagne, party is on me." The bill was three thousand four hundred dollars. To The Haig, savings banks were drab money-prisons.

In 1933 he took 15 thousand dollars and his son abroad, where he played some exhibitions. Five weeks later when they returned to New York, father was broke. Junior had won \$27 playing the ship's horses. Senior borrowed the money from his son, handed the steward \$25 and spent the other two dollars for a taxi to a hotel. "Dad took an entire floor, ordered a case

of Scotch, and had them send up \$500 and put it on the bill," Jr. told me. "Then he played a few lucrative exhibitions, paid a two thousand dollar hotel bill and was back in the black. I remember asking Dad about that big hotel bill. 'Son,' he said, 'we never worry about a three-foot putt!'"

The Life Luxurious never seemed to affect Hagen's game. One morning, after an all night wingding, he turned up for a tournament in evening clothes late for the tee-off time. Switching to golf togs, he did the course in an amazing 67. Movie star Fay Wray, in presenting the trophy, dimplingly referred to him as the "British Opium Champion."

In his thousands of rounds of golf, Hagen several times scored a hole in one. Oddly, none ever came during prize play. One day he announced he was about to make Golf's Dream Shot on a short hole. "For how much?" he was asked.

"For a dollar," he replied. He hit the ball and in it went. "Pay me, suckers!" he demanded.

Another time he vowed he would break 67, the course record, and backed his boast with three thousand dollars. On the last green he had a 12-foot putt for the money. While the ball was still rolling he tossed his club to his caddy and cried, "Pay me, suckers!" The ball rolled in.

Hagen explained his game thus: "Nobody ever won a tournament by playing perfect golf. The perfect golfer starts off brilliantly, then gets into trouble with a six. He wasn't looking for it; he broods—and he's through. I expect to get into trouble occasionally, and when I do I'm prepared."

The handsome Hagen collected as many admirers as he did dollars. This Barrymore of the brassie would stop during a tournament, pull an old lady out of the back row of onlookers, give her an autograph and a kiss, and install her up front where she could drink him in. Even at the height of an Open he remained accessible to all.

If The Haig had a failing it was his inability to keep a date on time. On one occasion he kept the Prince of Wales waiting at the first tee for two hours. He is known to have been early but once. That was when Walter Jr. got a three-page telegram from his father congratulating him on his 21st birthday. "He gave me a lot of good advice," Jr. said, "but he sent it a year too soon—I was only 20."

The pundits began retiring Hagen in 1915, yet in 1931 he won the Canadian Open; and in 1936, at the age of 44, he scored a 289 in the Canadian Open. Just 22 years before he had won a U.S. Open with a 290!

TODAY Walter Hagen lives in retirement at the Detroit Athletic Club. While he derives some income from the sale of the brand of golf clubs that bear his name, he is not as affluent as he used to be, yet he keeps perpetual open house in his rooms. He never plays golf—not even a friendly round. He says he can't stand the thought of possibly slipping into the 80's.

It is doubtful if the same combination of muscular genius, super-confidence and gay unthriftiness will ever be seen in an athlete again. He was perhaps the most colorful sports champion of all. And he enjoyed life to the fullest. Once in his later years he remarked to veteran sports reporter Grantland Rice, "Grannie, I've got only a medal and a dollar left. But boy, I've had it! My motto has always been: don't hurry or worry; you're here on only a short visit, so be sure to get a smell of the flowers!" THE END

What Strange Powers Did The Ancients Possess?

EVERY important discovery relating to mind power, sound thinking and cause and effect, as applied to self-advancement, was known centuries ago, before the masses could read and write.

Much has been written about the wise men of old. A popular fallacy has it that their secrets of personal power and successful living were lost to the world. Knowledge of nature's laws, accumulated through the ages, is never lost. At times the great truths possessed by the sages were hidden from unscrupulous men in high places, but never destroyed.

Why Were Their Secrets Closely Guarded?

Only recently, as time is measured; not more than twenty generations ago, less than 1/100th of 1% of the earth's people were thought capable of receiving basic knowledge about the laws of life, for it is an elementary truism that knowledge is power and that power cannot be entrusted to the ignorant and the unworthy.

Wisdom is not readily attainable by the general public; nor recognized when right within reach. The average person absorbs a multitude of details about things, but goes through life without ever knowing where and how to acquire mastery of the fundamentals of the inner mind—that mysterious silent something which "whispers" to you from within.

Fundamental Laws of Nature

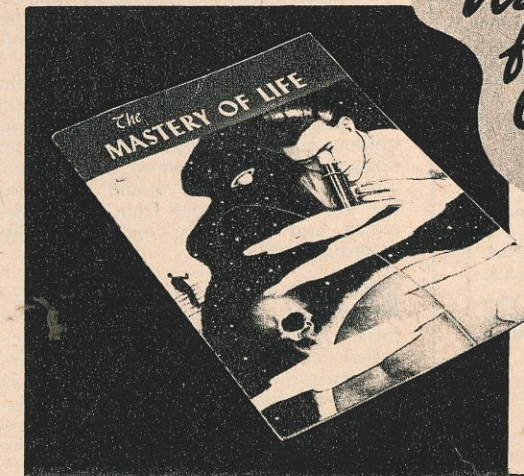
Your habits, accomplishments and weaknesses are the effects of causes. Your thoughts and actions are governed by fundamental laws. Example: The law of compensation is as fundamental

as the laws of breathing, eating and sleeping. All fixed laws of nature are as fascinating to study as they are vital to understand for success in life.

You can learn to find and follow every basic law of life. You can begin at any time to discover a whole new world of interesting truths. You can start at once to awaken your inner powers of self-understanding and self-advancement. You can learn from one of the world's oldest institutions, first known in America in 1694. Enjoying the high regard of hundreds of leaders, thinkers and teachers, the organization is known as the Rosicrucian Order. Its complete name is the "Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis," abbreviated by the initials "AMORC." The teachings of the Order are not sold, for it is not a commercial organization, nor is it a religious sect. It is a non-profit fraternity, a brotherhood in the true sense.

Not For General Distribution

Sincere men and women, in search of the truth—those who wish to fit in with the ways of the world—are invited to write for a complimentary copy of the booklet, "The Mastery of Life." It tells how to contact the librarian of the archives of AMORC for this rare knowledge. This booklet is not intended for general distribution; nor is it sent without request. It is therefore suggested that you write for your copy to the Scribe whose address is given in the coupon. The initial step is for you to take.



Use Coupon for free Copy of Booklet

Scribe K.B.L. The Rosicrucian Order (AMORC) San Jose, California.

Please send copy of sealed booklet, "The Mastery of Life," which I shall read as directed.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....