

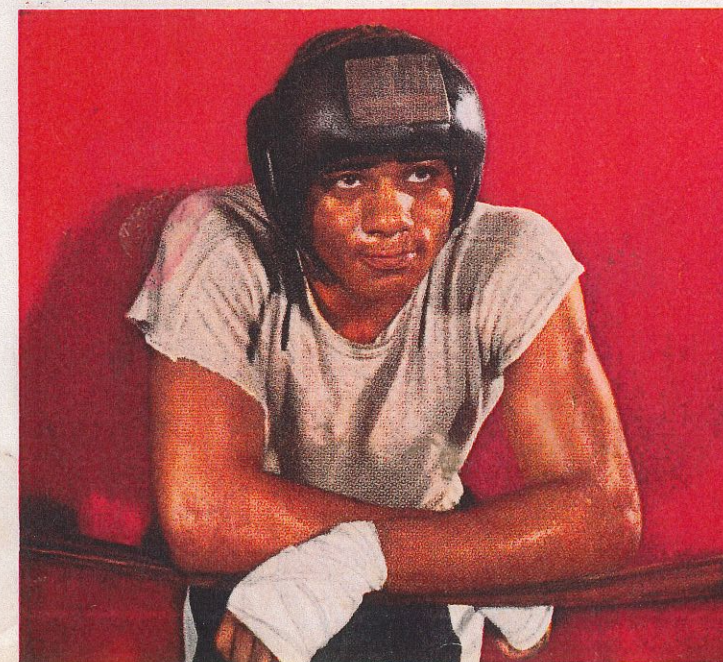
# SPORT

JUNE 25¢

**TED WILLIAMS'  
TEN GREATEST DAYS**

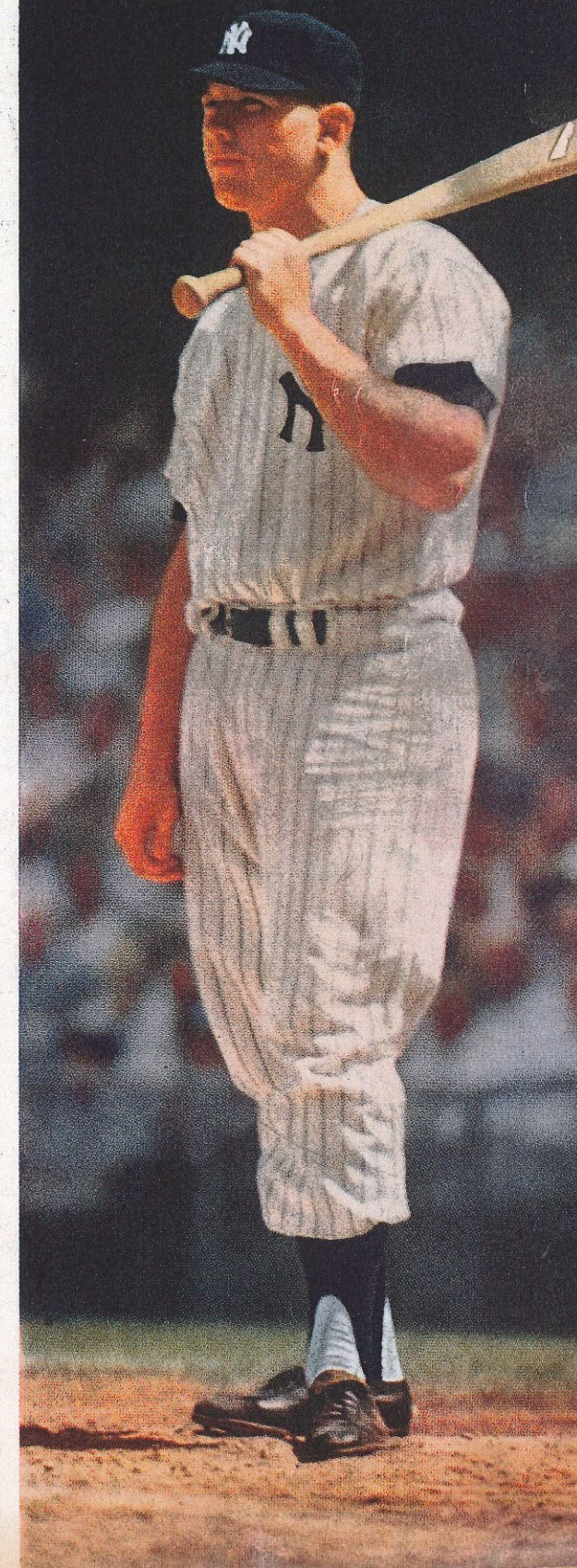


**WHAT FLOYD PATTERSON  
WANTS OUT OF LIFE**



**INSIDE THE CLUBHOUSE  
WHAT THE YANKEES  
THINK OF MANTLE**

By ROGER KAHN







SPORT'S HALL OF FAME #9

## THE HAIG

*It didn't matter how good a golfer you were.  
If you were a pro, you had to use the  
tradesman's entrance, until Walter Hagen came  
along and just knocked down the door*

By **HERB GRAFFIS**

**A**T GOLF'S LIVELY old pros' championship last January, a rumor popped up that Walter Hagen was seriously ill. It sped around the course at Florida's west coast resort town of Dunedin where the PGA Senior championship was being played, and as it moved from one foursome to another, they began holding premature memorial services for The Haig. Clubhouse bar business boomed. Everybody had a story to tell about the debonair First Gentleman of professional athletes, the man who was the Great Emancipator of pros in other sports as well as in his own game of golf.

None of the story-tellers bothered to find out just what was wrong with their hero, so it was left to an inquisitive reporter to telephone the Hagen home on Long Lake, a few miles out of Traverse City, Mich.

The drawl that answered the phone was unmistakable. The Haig was speaking.

"I heard you were in a hospital and breathing your last," the relieved reporter said.

Hagen laughed. "I hadn't heard that myself."

"Well, have you been in a hospital?" the reporter continued.

"No, I've just come back from a bar! Got into the house as the phone started ringing. Where are you?"

"At the Old Pros' tournament in Dunedin."

"I may run down in a few weeks and do some fishing in Florida. The snow is up to my ears out here. But I've got a freezer and two refrigerators packed tight, a comfortable stack of beer cases, some shells and fish-hooks, a mountain of firewood, a lot of music and

something to read. Does this sound like I'm in a hospital?"

Then Hagen laughed. "Remember me to the boys, will you?" he said.

The report of Walter's good health was relayed to "the boys," who said they never really believed The Haig was ailing, and then continued their story-telling about the most fabulous of all golfers.

Willie Hunter, now and for many years the pro at the Riviera Country Club on the fringe of Los Angeles, smiled as he heard the tales told about Hagen. Willie had won the British Amateur championship in 1921, the year Hagen won the first of his five PGA championships.

At the climax of one story, as laughter boomed, Hunter remarked to another veteran: "Maybe the young pros today can show the old boys how to make some new shots, but the old boys could show the youngsters how to live."

Hunter listened to another story, and said, "And Hagen taught us all something about living."

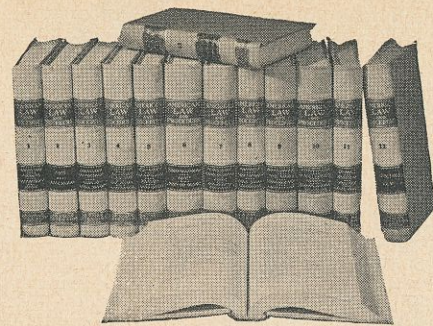
That judgment by a thoughtful pro expresses the opinion of pro golfers who have seen their trade develop from artisan status, honorable and humble, to a proud social level, and if not to the loftiest income bracket of pro sports, certainly to the plane where golf's professionals generally are well-to-do, and in a number of cases opulent.

In the pre-Hagen days, about the best that a professional athlete expected to do for himself financially was to own a saloon patronized by curiosity-seekers and free-spending loafers and staffed by intermittently honest bartenders.

There were gentlemen among the early heroes of professional sport, especially among the industrious imported and domestic golf pros, but the more genteel set in both America and Britain rarely recognized even the outstanding players as gentlemen. Looking down a long nose, one of the nobility could see a professional who might be patronizingly regarded as a worthy fellow, quite decent and all that, (—→ TO PAGE 86)

ILLUSTRATED BY ALTON S. TOBEY





**LAW TRAINING  
FOR BUSINESS**  
(In spare time at home)  
Earn LL. B. Degree

Thousands of men and women who never intend to practice Law are studying it in spare time at home as an aid to business advancement.

Today Law is involved in practically every business decision. In many lines of work it is almost indispensable. Law training develops keen, clear, quick, correct and decisive thinking.

You can study LaSalle's American Law and Procedure right in the privacy of your own home—progressing as rapidly as your time and ability permit. For more than 50 years we have helped over 1,400,000 ambitious people get ahead in the business world.

**A MOST UNUSUAL LAW LIBRARY**

This training includes the 14-volume LaSalle Law Library—AMERICAN LAW AND PROCEDURE—that is the basis of all our instruction service. This library has been compiled by leaders in the field of Law. It covers the whole field in an orderly and simple manner that is easy to learn and understand. Collateral reading and printed lectures, furnished at regular intervals, supplement the texts. Law instructors personally supervise your program. Under the LaSalle method you learn by actually solving legal problems—not just memorizing rules.

**WRITE FOR TWO FREE BOOKS**

Send the coupon below TODAY and find out how you can qualify for the many fine openings available to the law-trained man. In our FREE books "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" you will find answers to your questions about the study of Law and the LaSalle method.

Accredited Member, National Home Study Council

**MAIL COUPON TODAY**

**LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY**  
A Correspondence Institution

417 S. Dearborn Street Dept. 6306LA Chicago 5, Ill.

Please send me, FREE, "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence."

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

**THE HAIG**

(Continued from page 25)  
you know, but still. . .

All that was changed by Walter Charles Hagen, the leader and liberator, who was born at Rochester, N. Y., on December 21, 1892.

Hagen is the one who led professional athletes out of bondage and into the promised land, in the United States, Europe and all over the rest of the so-called civilized world. It was Hagen who impressed upon the gentry and the upper classes that the professional athlete was not invariably to be grouped with other mere muscular freaks such as those viewed by His Royal Highness, the future Edward VII, when he went, incognito, of course, to watch women prizefighters at the Old Mahogany Bar in Wellclose Square off Ratcliff Highway, a London thoroughfare.

Hagen won more than 75 golf championships. He played as a cherished visitor on more than 2,500 golf courses. His greatest achievement was in doing more for others than he did for himself, and you may be confident that Walter Hagen never did poorly for himself.

Details of Hagen's golfing achievements are in the libraries of record books. The stories of how he won his championships will live longer than any of the professional athletes he brought from the tradesmen's entrance to the front door. Now, if a professional athlete isn't the social equal of a gentleman dilettante in sports, it is the professional athlete's own fault in not being gentleman enough to belong, no matter how much the character may cry, curse and protest to the contrary.

Among Hagen's major championships were the U. S. Opens of 1914 and 1919; the British Opens of 1922, 1924, 1928 and 1929; the U. S. Professional Golfers Association champion-

ships in 1921, 1924, 1925, 1926 and 1927; the Western Golf Association championships in 1916, 1921, 1926, 1927 and 1932; the Canadian Open in 1931; the North and South at Pinehurst and the Metropolitan (New York) when the latter two were major events.

The 1914 National Open golf championship was Hagen's first and most important victory. When he won that one, he carried all other professionals in golf and other sports along with him to the first table. That championship detoured the Hagen career from baseball. A competent semi-pro pitcher in Rochester and an excellent hitter, Hagen had been promised, by manager Pat Moran, a tryout with the Phillies in the spring of 1914.

Walter was eager for the chance. He had been discouraged by his performance in his first U. S. National Open; the historic event at Brookline in 1913 when Francis Ouimet won in a playoff after tying with Harry Vardon and Ted Ray of England. The best that Hagen could do then was 307, which tied him with the notables, Jim Barnes, MacDonald Smith and Louis Tellier of France, three strokes behind Ouimet, Vardon and Ray.

That wasn't too bad for a 20-year-old lad whose only previous start in a major competition had been the year before in the Canadian Open when he had finished 11th. But Hagen never saw much of a future in finishing anywhere except first. He had plenty of bad rounds he had to write off before he became Number One. In his first start in a British Open—in 1920—he finished 53rd in a field of 54.

A combination of inexperience, bad luck and vanity had beaten Hagen at Brookline. The Open then was scheduled to be played in four days, 18 holes each day. A cold, whipping rain fell all during the day of the fourth round, September 19. Much of

the Brookline course was a sea of mud. It was the first time Hagen ever had played in the rain. He was very much in the match until he took a 7 on the par 5 fourteenth, slipping and slopping around in the white buckskin shoes with the thick red rubber soles that he had bought after he had seen a similar pair worn in a Canadian Open championship by Tom Anderson, Jr. Tom was the dude of golf in those days. He wore white flannel pants, a white silk shirt with wide, gaudy stripes, a red bandana around his neck and a cap of a violent plaid.

Walter learned something about the utility of golf footwear when he played in the slimy soil of The Country Club in Brookline. The next year, when he played in the Open at Midlothian, south of Chicago, Hagen was a regular fashion plate but with hobnailed golf shoes.

The Haig was acquiring the polish of a champion before he became a champion, but his arrival wasn't long delayed. At Midlothian in 1914 he started with a 68 and never was headed. He finished the winner at 290, beating Chick Evans by one stroke. It was Chick who said of Walter, "He's in golf to live, not to make a living."

Chick saw Walter's living really begin at Midlothian. There has been a lot of fiction told as fact about Hagen's conquest of the caste citadel, the Midlothian clubhouse. The truth is that his assignment to a member's locker and his reception in the clubhouse were by invitation. It was a natural reaction to the charm of the Hagen personality.

Hagen came of good German-American stock, the only son among five children. Where it counts, the country club set had nothing on his parents. He had been, to some extent, raised in the atmosphere of the Country Club of Rochester, whose members were wealthy, well bred, poised and quite naturally the city's socially elect. Walter had an aspiration and an instinct for these specifications.

There was nothing brash about the way he made his entrance as the first of the professional athletes to move upstairs into the baronial hall. Hagen had what was needed to hasten the revolution—good manners. These manners and a gentleman's sense of humor always have distinguished Hagen. He possibly has been subjected to more pressure by devastating bores than any other individual in public life, but he has remained calm throughout.

The dashing and literate Tommy Armour, Hagen's comrade in many of the sports more brilliant in the tireless Twenties than the story ever was before—or has been since—declares that Hagen was the composite of every quality that makes a sports figure great.

Armour talks about Hagen with the enthusiasm of a kid remembering stories about his sports idol: "Walter was strong, he had tremendous native and developed ability, he had the most perfect nervous system any golfer could have, he had a superb disposition for the game, and his flair for showmanship made golf a big business and a national game.

"Walter was the pattern of everything a great sportsman should be. He had class. He was a good, hard, clever competitor, generous both in victory and defeat. I burn when I hear some of the fables about his con-

**JUST WHAT FISHIN' FATHERS WANT FOR FATHER'S DAY!**

*Shakespeare*  
**PUSH-BUTTON WONDERCAST**

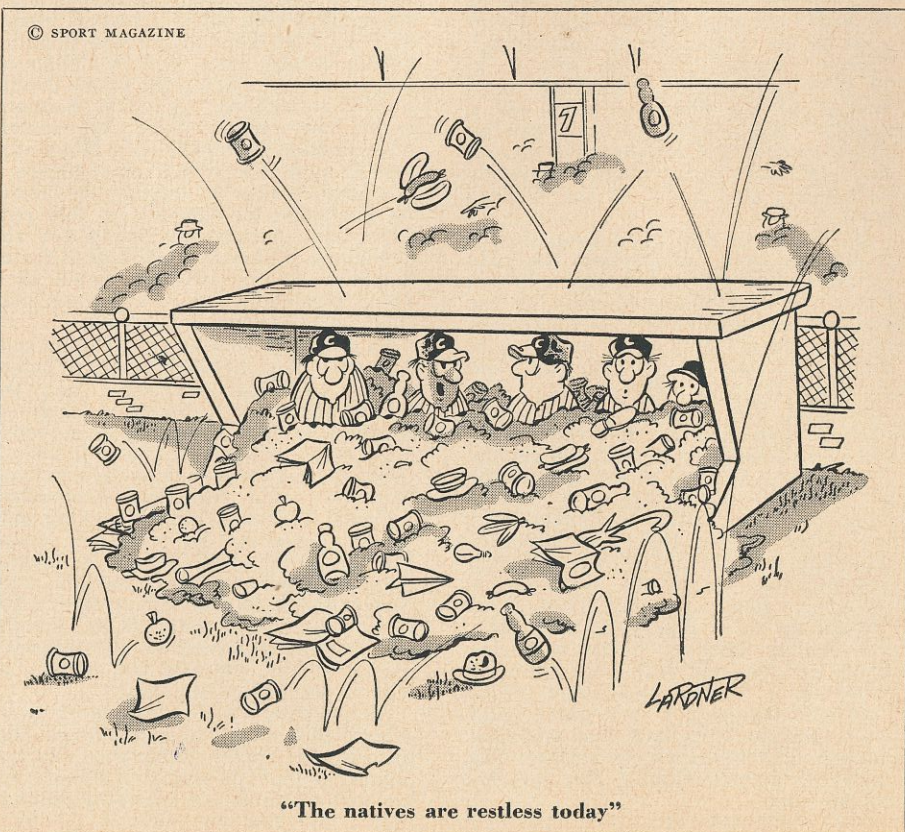
**EASY CASTS . . . NO BACKLASH!**

Fun ahead for Dad with a Shakespeare push-button outfit for Father's Day! Just a push of the button, s-w-i-s-h of the rod, PRESTO—PUSH-BUTTON FISHING. Long, easy casts every time—like magic—without backlash! The new Shakespeare heavy duty, level-wind, push-button Wondercast is built to bring home the big ones. Match it with a Shakespeare double-bill Wonderrod for an unbeatable fishing combination—in looks and performance. Shakespeare Wonderods and reels start at \$5.95. (Your dealer has Shakespeare gift certificates.) Shakespeare Co., Kalamazoo, Mich.

**No. 1797**  
Level-wind  
Wondercast \$24.95  
© Shakespeare Co. 1958

**No. 1579**  
Double-bill®  
Wonderrod  
\$17.95

**SHAKESPEARE — FINE FISHING TACKLE SINCE 1897**



duct. I was with him, socially and professionally, during many of the days and nights when he was at his zenith, and he always was a courteous, fine gentleman.

"Nothing ever seemed to ruffle Walter. He had amazing ability with every club. He could miss a shot better than most of his contemporaries could make one in a critical situation. There never was another golfer, not even the glorious Jones or the sainted Vardon, who could gear his game better to the circumstances. That's what makes a champion of champions—the capacity to do better than he knows how when he has to rise to the heights or be beaten. I speak from unforgettable experience about Hagen being able to open the throttle. I remember at Dallas. . ."

The Silver Scot leaned back in his chair as he was holding court in the grill room of the Winged Foot Golf Club where he spends his summers playing. He shuddered. "Remember?" he chortled. "How could I forget that third round at Cedar Crest in the 1927 PGA championship? I'd beaten Johnny Farrell, 4 and 3, in the first round and hadn't had any trouble with Tommy Harmon in the second round. I was going good and I got Tommy out of the way, 7 and 6. I was ready for Hagen who wasn't hitting the ball any too well. Hagen had beaten Jack Farrell, 3 and 2, in the first round, then Tony Manero, who didn't give any promise that he'd ever win the National Open (he won it in 1936) was mowed down by Walter, 11 and 10.

"After that I got in the way. I thought I was an able campaigner

myself but Walter made a burnt offering of me. Walter had beaten some fellows because they actually got afraid that they might beat him. They couldn't stand the strain of being ahead of him. They knew that beating Hagen didn't make sense. I didn't feel that way about it. I wanted to take Walter apart and see what made him tick. I broke 70 in the morning and in the afternoon went out in 32, but I still lost to Hagen. He simply got better when he had to. At a critical hole he was in a ditch with his second shot. I was on the green in two, uphill, well past the hole. Walter came out of the ditch two feet from the cup. He got down in one putt and I took three. That's the way it went before I bowed. Walter relapsed again in the next match but he still beat Al Espinosa, 1 up, and in the final match he beat Joe Turnesa, 1 up, for the fifth of his PGA championships. Don't forget, Hagen won 29 consecutive matches in the PGA championships. That record won't be equalled.

"When Hagen went out, the Big Show was over. He made tournament golf spectacular even after Jones quit. Hagen's finale in the National Open of 1935 at Oakmont—21 years after he had won his first big championship at Midlothian—was the twilight of a god, if you want me to get poetic about Walter."

Making due allowances for an older generation of athletes giving itself none the worse of it in making comparisons with its successors, it is unquestionably true that the color and excitement of golf began to dim when Hagen retired from competition. After 1957 the PGA abandoned its man-



## TAKE YOUR PICK! from this great line-up of RONALD SPORTS BOOKS



### Fishing and Boating—

- Angler's Guide to the Salt Water Game Fishes, *Migdalski* \$7.50
- Surf Fishing, 2nd Ed., *Evanoff* 3.50
- How to Make Fishing Lures, *Evanoff* 3.50
- Bluefishing, *Lyman* 2.95
- Fly-Rod Casting, *Leonard* 2.95
- Bait-Rod Casting, *Leonard* 2.95
- How to Tie Flies, *Gregg* 2.95
- Boating, *Allen* 2.95
- Start 'em Sailing, 2nd Ed., *Aymar* 4.00
- Skiing on Water, Rev. Ed., *Andresen* 4.00
- Canoeing, *Handel* 2.95
- Canoe Camping, *Handel* 3.00

### Baseball—

- Baseball Techniques Illustrated, *Allen-Micoleau\** 2.95
- How to Pitch, *Feller\** 2.95
- Softball, 3rd Ed., *Noren\** 2.95

### Tennis—

- Tennis for Beginners, *Murphy-Murphy\** 2.95
- Tennis Techniques Illustrated, *Mace-Micoleau\** 2.95
- Tennis Made Easy, *Budge\** 2.95
- Power Tennis, *Connolly\** 2.95

### Other Outdoor Sports—

- Archery, *Reichart-Keasey\** 2.95
- Winning Badminton, *Davidson-Gustavson\** 2.95
- Golf Illustrated, *Berg-Cox\** 2.95
- Swimming, *Kipphut\** 2.95

### Boxing-Wrestling-Body Building—

- Better Boxing: An Illustrated Guide, *LaFond-Menendez\** 2.95
- Boxing, *Haislet\** 2.95
- Wrestling, Rev. Ed., *Gallagher-Peery\** 2.95
- Weight Lifting and Progressive Resistance Exercise, *Murray\** 2.95
- Defend Yourself!, *Grover\** 2.95
- Physical Conditioning, *Stafford-Duncan\** 2.95

\*THE RONALD SPORTS LIBRARY—which includes the Barnes Sports Library—offers a "how-to" book for every sport. These books cover rules, techniques, equipment, and individual and team play. The clear explanations are illustrated with scores of action photos and drawings. Written by top coaches, players, and authorities.

At bookstores or order from publisher

(Clip this ad—check books you want. Send with remittance and your name and address.) sm-5

THE RONALD PRESS COMPANY  
15 East 26th Street, New York 10

to-man match play championship that had been established in 1919. The PGA championship at match play no longer drew enough customers to rate as a major event. The promoter who sold the program ads at the last of the pro championships of this type made more out of the affair than the club at which it was played, the PGA and nearly all of the contestants. In that drab way was closed a chapter that Hagen had made glorious for pro golf. In its altered form, as a 72-hole medal play tournament, last year the PGA championship made less money than Hagen used to tip bellhops.

Hagen was chivalrous in defeat. When he was knocked out in PGA championship match play he stayed for the rest of the competition as one of the gallery and was interested in what happened to the other players. Even as a spectator, the Haig drew a big gallery.

Gene Sarazen says that Hagen had the artist's attitude toward golf and amateurs alike. Gene is not one to live in the past, but he can replay every hole of the 1923 PGA championship final match at Pelham (N.Y.) Country Club. That match went 38 holes, two more than the scheduled number, before Gene won.

"Walter could make every shot dramatic," Gene says. "He was a magnificent field general, too. He'd let you beat yourself if you weren't smartly on the job. And if you were lucky enough to beat Hagen at his own psychological warfare, he'd be the first one to admit you had outsmarted him and he would congratulate you.

"Jim Barnes warned me that Walter was a wily battler and might beguile me into using the wrong club. We were both running out of holes in the match at a point where I'd outthit Walter a few inches and it was his turn to play. I hauled a wood out of my bag and was wagging it casually as though I was eager to have Walter shoot and let me get to my own work.

"Then Hagen took out a wood, hit a fine shot and the ball bounced over the green. I put the wood back into my bag, took an iron and slammed the ball a few feet from the hole.

"Walter looked at me as I was acting innocent and he grinned. "You were too cute for me that time. I got what I deserved."

"You've got to like a guy like that, a fellow who doesn't cry or kid himself. A Hagen today would have the boys playing for a million dollars more a year and the customers would be delighted to pay it."

There are big figures in the finance of tournament golf in these days of inflation but Hagen continues to hold the record as pro golf's top money-maker. Nobody knows (certainly not Hagen) how much money has passed through his hands. The late Bob Harlow, who succeeded H. B. (Dickey) Martin as Hagen's manager and was with Walter all through the golden years, once estimated that Hagen had taken in more than \$1,400,000 in the days when Uncle Sam didn't swallow such a huge bite of taxes.

Walter never was the hoarding type. When he was still in his teens, working as an assistant to Andrew Christy, the Country Club of Rochester professional, Walter bought his oldest sister a piano. It cost \$380, but to Hagen, \$380, or any other amount, always was to be spent so everybody could have fun.

Hagen's finances made golf and social history. He collected the first \$1,000 prize in golf tournament history when he won the Panama Exposition championship at the Ingleside club in San Francisco in January of 1915. He earned the biggest fee ever paid for a golf match in Britain (the equivalent of \$2,500) when he beat Abe Mitchell in 1926, and a like amount when he lost to Archie Compston, 18 and 17, in 1928. (Shortly after that Hagen got well completely, won the British Open and gave his caddy the first-prize money.) For playing Bob Jones in a 72-hole match in Florida in 1926, Walter was paid \$7,600. He won, 12 and 11. Jones, the amateur, got no money. Walter presented Bob with a \$600 set of diamond and platinum cuff links.

Hagen was paid \$30,000 for one season as playing professional for a Pasadena, Fla., real estate development in the winter of 1925-26. To that sum was added an expense account that his manager, Harlow, once estimated was not much short of the salary.

Harlow, the promotion genius who firmly founded the golf tournament circuit after blazing the trail as Hagen's advance man, was as casual about money as Hagen. Hagen always spent far more than he made on his numerous golfing invasions of Britain, and not the least of Harlow's feats as Walter's manager was that of arranging to have somebody meet them at the dock at New York with funds for tips and other items involved in bailing Hagen off the ship and into a hotel where he could start spending again.

Tommy Armour tells of an exhibition tour he made with Hagen when Armour was the U. S. Open champion. Harlow made astute arrangements for a series of matches, and the galleries were large. There never were two more colorful golfers and the spectators got more than they paid for in exhibitions of golf technique and in other entertainment. There was no fooling about the competition, though. Both played to win.

As the tour ended and Armour was leaving to keep other engagements, he thought it might be businesslike to balance the books between Hagen, himself and Harlow. That task proved to be quite easy. There was no money left to divide after one of the most

successful tours in golf's annals. None of the three could imagine where the money had gone and no time was devoted to vain regrets.

But even quicker action in getting rid of money was Hagen's performance on a trip with Joe Kirkwood, the famed trick shot golfer. The two were scheduled for a world tour combining golf, hunting and fishing. Before they boarded a ship at San Francisco for the first leg of the journey, Hagen had spent his advance money and Kirkwood had to take over, paying tabs for both of them.

Walter always believed that his friends and he should go first class. When he was captain of the Ryder Cup team that lost to the British professional squad at Moortown, England, in 1929, he politely turned down a clothing company's offer to outfit the American professionals with ready-to-wear sports garments. Instead, he instructed his teammates to go to the foremost sporting tailor in New York and order their outfits, regardless of expense. When the bill came in, the thrifty Scot, who then was treasurer of the PGA, almost collapsed.

Hagen's flair, though, wasn't limited by any profit-and-loss statement. He was, more than anything else, a glorious golfer. He wasn't the greatest driver in the game, or the finest chipper or bunker player, or the most masterful putter. But when it counted, he outplayed his opponents, no matter what the shot demanded. And no beating got him down. He could laugh at himself.

He won his first PGA in 1921, but then a piano-legged Italian kid named Gene Sarazen came along and took the title in 1922 and '23, topping Hagen both times. The word began to spread that the Haig was through. Sarazen was the new king of golf.

"What are you going to do about the kid?" Grantland Rice once asked Hagen.

"He's tough," Walter said. "But I like 'em that way. I guess I'll have to go to work again."

So Hagen won the PGA the next four years in a row, winning 24 consecutive matches against the best golfers in the world.

It excited the galleries to watch Hagen work, calm, confident, courageous and almost larcenous in the psychological edge he promoted for himself. In the Twenties, his rivalry with Sarazen was a bitter and persistent thing. It was in the 1923 PGA championship, at the Pelham Country Club, that the feud burned its brightest. Sarazen, labeled a flash in the pan, was out to prove otherwise. Hagen, the master who had lost in '22, was out to come back. They met in the final match, and were tied at the end of the regulation 36 holes, they were still even. Then, on the first extra hole, they both took par 4s.

On the next hole, though, the excitement began. It was a tricky fairway with a left corner bend. Hagen played safely, but Sarazen gambled and went for the long drive. His drive took a hook and landed in tall grass. But he recovered with his next shot, laying the ball about 15 inches from the cup.

Trying to get on the green with his second shot and thereby have a chance to keep the match tied, Walter drove his second shot into a bunker that guarded the front of the green.

They were both on their third shot

## FRONTIER STYLING OF OLD WEST Real Gun Feel and Accuracy with NEW Hahn Rifle and "45" Revolver



### NEW Hahn "45" BB Revolver

It's sensational... identical action, balance, weight and pointability of the famous Peacemaker of the old West. What a real fun gun! Perfect for fast draw, target shooting or fanning. Rips off shots as fast as you can fan the hammer. Holds 18 shots... gas-powered.

### NEW Hahn Super BB Repeater

Here's a new kind of shooting fun for every one with a real gun styled after famous lever action rifles of frontier busting days. Easy to load (holds 30 steel BB's)... easy to cock (fingertip action)... easy to shoot (CO<sub>2</sub> gas does all the work). What fun!

On display at Crosman Select Sporting Goods Dealers.

FREE Colorful literature tells the whole story. Write P. Y. HAHN Mfg. Company, Dept. PY-81, Fairport, New York.

### FASTEST SELLING BB GUNS IN AMERICA

In Canada: Crosman Arms (Canada) Ltd., Toronto.  
In Mexico: Armas Deportivas, Crosman de Mexico S.A., Manuel Maria Contreras 78, Mexico 4, D. F.

P. Y. Hahn Mfg. Company, Inc.  
EAST CHURCH STREET • FAIRPORT, N. Y.

now, Sarazen little more than a foot away from the cup, Hagen buried in a trap below the green. The Haig was to shoot first. He stepped down into the bunker, studied his problem, and then asked Sarazen's caddy to remove the flag from the cup. He was acting as if he expected to hole the shot from the sand.

And he almost did, too. The ball lofted perfectly, hit the back of the cup and stopped three inches away.

Of course, Sarazen holed out and won the championship—but what a show Hagen had put on.

Once at New Orleans, when he could get no bets on his match, he asked what the course record was. Someone said it was 68.

"I'll bet a thousand dollars I tie or break the record," Hagen said. His bet was quickly covered. Coming to the 18th hole, he needed a 3 for the bet-winning 68. He got his second shot to within 12 feet of the cup. He walked slowly to the green and looked around. The fellows who had covered his bet were watching him. Walter broke out in a grin and said to them, "Miss this shot? Not a chance."

He stepped up and tapped the ball. While it was still rolling, he turned to the crowd and yelled, "Get it up. I'm collecting." The ball popped into the tin cup.

Hagen is enjoying life as fully, though not as actively, today as he did when New York's Mayor Jimmy Walker used to greet him at the dock, as he arrived home with another British Open championship to his credit, and the party would begin. Hagen's income from the sale of golf clubs is substantial. He really works at designing his clubs and he's an old master

at the fine art of clubmaking.

Hagen doesn't play golf any more. He does hit shots when he's testing some of his ideas about club design. He will have a few dozen new balls sent to his place at Long Lake and hit them out into the water. The old Hagen swing still looks pretty good. His sensitive touch and keenness of vision continue to be extraordinary although he hasn't played for years.

You will see Hagen as a spectator at some of the major championships. He is one of the most acute appraisers of potential talent among the younger professionals and a most constructive critic when his advice is asked by a player who is having trouble.

Hagen continues to provide sprightly copy for sports writers. His observations are as fresh as the morning sun (which, as a late riser, he seldom sees) and he's got the gift of knowing what's news. Besides, he has a brotherly feeling toward the writers. They have been good to him and he to them. New York World Telegram columnist Joe Williams recalls that on one of his first golf assignments, a tournament at Youngstown, O., he had finished his labors late and was worrying about getting a ride from the country club back into town when out of the clubhouse came the immaculate and swaggering Hagen. Williams scarcely knew Hagen then, but Walter promptly asked Joe to ride with him in Hagen's car.

"He made me feel as though he had been waiting around just to have me as his passenger," Williams says. Williams has been a Hagen rooster ever since, and he has had an awful lot of company.

## \$3,000 IN PRIZES

### SCRAMBLED SPORTS STARS

Here's a wonderful chance for every sports fan to have fun and maybe make money at the same time. It continues in this issue of **SPORT**, and it's worth \$3,000 in cash and merchandise prizes.

An exciting puzzle contest, "Scrambled Sports Stars" will tax your skill as a puzzler and as a sports expert. Be sure to take a crack at it!