



The pitcher rammed the ball at Harry. His arm caught in between Harry's left arm and his body, and the two of them spun completely around

## Base Runners Need BRAINS

The sports writers wanted the Ravens to get rid of Harry, and he was too slow. Maybe he was. But when it came to thinking, he was the fastest man on the team

By CHARLES EINSTEIN

PERHAPS no one in baseball was more aware than Harry Elmo of a geometric curiosity attached to Hathaway Park, the home of the Ravens. There, a straight line, drawn from center field through the exit gate in left, led directly to a junk yard across the street from the ball park. Harry Elmo, the outfielder, found himself traveling in that direction and already halfway there. It saddened him.

For thirteen years, throughout a career that was totally fine as baseball careers go, Harry Elmo had played center field for the Ravens. Now it was spring once more—spring for most, late autumn for Elmo. Up from Class A had come a superman, complete with cape and the ability to fly (if you believed the sports pages). The new man's name was

Duane Christie. He was twenty-one years of age, as opposed to thirty-five for Harry Elmo, and young Christie had taken center field the way Grant took Richmond, only more so. Grant, as Harry Elmo pointed out bitterly to a sports writer who fecklessly had used the analogy, bypassed Richmond.

Indeed, there was the ever-present possibility that Harry Elmo, en route to the junk yard, would bypass left field. Over his head like a willing sword there hung the prospect of being benched. McCall, the manager of the Ravens, had in some respects an old lady's ways about him. He handled Harry Elmo the way an old-maid aunt handles a living-room rug that has outseen its usefulness. The aunt takes the rug out of the living room and tries it in the spare bedroom for an extra year's wear—if that

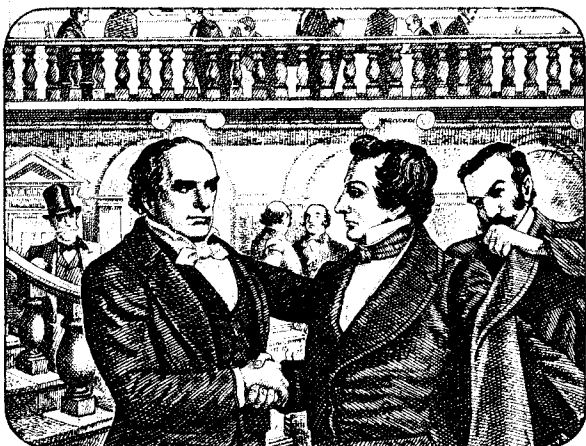
much. McCall took Harry Elmo out of center field and put him in left for an extra season's wear—if that much. Nobody thought it would be that much: not the sports writers, not the Ravens' front office with its widely heralded youth movement, and not Harry Elmo. Harry Elmo waited for the sword to fall. He felt old.

But no one could gainsay Duane Christie. He was a fine young ballplayer, and, to boot, he was a splendid young man. Everybody said so. Everybody included a young lady named Judy Simms.

Harry Elmo tried to think of Judy as little as possible, and in this case, as little as possible was a great deal. When he put on his baseball uniform, he wore the emblem of the Ravens—a bird, wildly smiling—upon his sleeve, but it might as well have

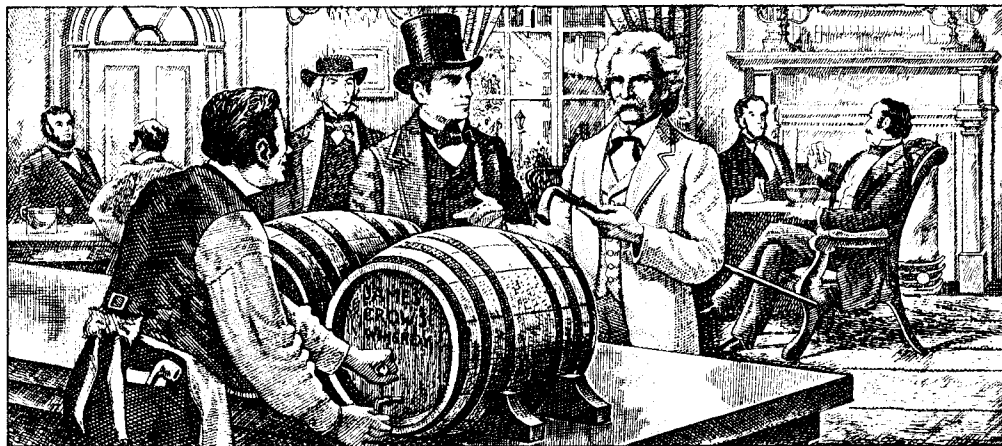


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been his heart. He had known Judy Simms for a year now, in the gathering dusk of his baseball lifetime. Knowing her brought him a wondrous joy, for she was warm and gentle, Judy was.

She had black hair, and she was a tall girl. Her forehead came softly against the tip of Harry Elmo's nose, and he was six foot one, hard of muscle, tired only in the face, where night ball and sleeper jumps had etched their own indelible lines. And she was beautiful for him to see, Judy was, with figure of lambent splendor, and a look of gentleness, with lips that were red and eyes at once soft and afire.

But she was twenty-five, almost ten years younger than Harry. He told himself that, like everything else for him in life, she had come along too late. He told Judy that too. A hurt came into her eyes when he said it, but he believed telling her was for the best, and he went away to spring training in Florida, which benefited him not at all.

It benefited the Ravens hardly more. They had finished fourth the season before. Bulwarked by the acquisition of two new pitchers and the disposal of a relief man—whose leading claim to immortality the season previous was that he pitched better drunk than the rest of the bull pen did sober—they still displayed little more than hope.

But Duane Christie had joined the club. For which, huzzas, and the frank prediction in two out of four local papers that this was the Raven's pennant year.

Christie hit .457 in the Grapefruit League. He made catches that Willie Mays might make, but no one else. Harry Elmo admired him. He also knew that Duane Christie had a good amount to learn.

**I**T SHOWED up in the opening game of the season, against the Lions. Flags fluttered in the April breeze and a baseball-starved 40,000 crowd shoved its way into Hathaway Park to watch the Ravens get off winning.

It was a slow getaway, but there were signs of promise. The Lions had it 3 to 2, but in the last of the eighth the Ravens' leadoff man singled. Duane Christie singled him to third, and Harry Elmo, fouling off seven—count 'em—seven, drew a walk to load the bases with none out.

The Lions changed pitchers, but the Ravens' next hitter slapped a ground ball up the middle of a drawn-in infield. The man from third loped home with the tying run. Christie, seeing the ball go through to the outfield behind him, took off from second and bumped smack into the close-playing Lions' shortstop.

The latter was delighted at the encounter. Expertly, without moving his feet, he let Christie have the shoulder and hip. Off balance, the rookie base runner disengaged himself at last and was en route again. Waved around third, he headed for the plate—and was out on a not-too-close play.

Led by Manager McCall, the Ravens charged upon the umpires.

It was the third-base umpire's call to make. His name was Phelps. He had been around a long time, and was known, in varying degrees of respect, as Honest John.

"He give him the butt!" McCall yelled.

"Your man ran into him," Phelps said smoothly.

"It was open-and-shut obstruction!" McCall yelled.

"Then why," Honest John inquired, "didn't you have your man stop at third

instead of sending him home? If it was open-and-shut obstruction, then he would have been entitled to home plate anyway, wouldn't he?"

"You're off to a great season, Honest John," McCall said.

"That I am," Phelps said. "Opening game, and all that. The mayor of your fair town threw out the first ball, and in just about five seconds flat, I am going to throw out the first manager."

The score stayed tied—till the next inning, when the Lions got a run to win, 4 to 3.

McCall got Harry Elmo to one side in the clubhouse after the game. "That was obstruction," the manager observed sadly.

"I know it," Harry said.

"But I couldn't beef too much on it."

"I know it," Harry said.

"You tell Christie, will you?" McCall said. "He looks up to you."

Harry Elmo gave his manager a dispirited look. But then he went on over

"You cost us that ball game with your base running."

Christie's eyes flickered. "Yeah?"

Harry nodded. "Afraid so."

"How?"

"On that obstruction play."

"Don't you think it was obstruction?" Christie asked.

"I think probably it was."

"Then how was it my fault?"

"You ran right into him," Harry Elmo said.

"What if I did?"

"Well," Harry said, and he found this almost painful, "you were out at home."

"The coach sent me home," Christie said. "If he don't wave me in I stop at third."

"He waved you in," Harry said, tiredly, "because of two things. One, he figured you had at least a chance to score. Two, he figured he couldn't win an argument on the obstruction play."

"You know an awful lot about what

whether I try for home or just stop at third depends on whether it goes through or not."

"No," Harry said. "That's not up to you. That's up to that third-base coach you were talking about a minute ago."

"Uh-huh," Christie said.

"You get it? You understand it?"

"Sure," Duane Christie said. "Who was that lady the waiter was talking about?"

"A girl I used to know," Harry said. "She lives a couple of doors down from here. We used to stop in here a lot."

"If she was as pretty as that one," Duane Christie said, and pointed toward the doorway with his fork, "I'd say you had quite a thing going."

Harry Elmo turned and looked.

**I**T WAS wrong. It should not have been this way. He was through with this girl, because he did not think he had any right to be otherwise, and the least he desired was not to see her again. She was here now. It was Judy.

Their waiter was escorting her to the table now. Harry Elmo and Duane Christie stood up. Looking at Judy, Harry did not see the expression on Christie's face. It was just as well, perhaps, that he didn't.

She smiled at Harry and rested a gloved finger momentarily against his cheek. "Hello, baseball player."

"Hi," he said. He would make it sound as easy as she did. "What brings you here?"

"I wanted to ask Leon about my ivy plants," she said. Leon was their special waiter. He knew about gardening. Now, he brought a chair for the girl, and she sat down. "What brings you here?"

"Supper," Harry Elmo said.

They were both lying.

They looked at each other for a time, and then Harry said, "Oh, I almost forgot. Duane Christie. This is Judy Simms."

Christie nodded, smiling. He's handsome, Harry thought. He's young.

They ordered supper, and Harry Elmo was surprised to find Duane Christie as nice as he was. He took my job away from me, Harry thought, and now he's working on my girl. Why is it I tell myself I like him?

"Harry was explaining to me," Duane Christie said to Judy, "a play I messed up in the game today. It cost us the game."

"Everybody thinks a lot of you," Judy said to him, and smiled. "I've read wonderful things about you."

"You can thank the old man here," Christie said. "He's taught me three quarters of everything I know."

"He's not so old," Judy said.

"I didn't mean it that way," Duane Christie said.

And, gallantly, when the coffee had come and gone, Christie offered to pay for the supper. And then, the offer refused, he rose, said good-by, and departed.

"Now, there," Judy said, watching him leave, "is a nice young man."

"Everybody says so," Harry said.

"Are you nice to him, Harry?"

"Sure," he said. "Like I was saying to myself before, I love him. He takes away my job. Before he's through, he'll probably take away my girl."

"Oh?" Her voice was soft. "Am I still your girl, Harry? That's why I came here tonight, you know. Is that why you came, Harry?"

"Come on," he said, "I'll take you home."

She looked at him, not moving.

"We've been all through this," Harry



COLLIER'S

"Doorman; fancy food; bustling waiters; you wouldn't catch me dragging my wife into a place like that . . ."

PHIL INTERLANDI

to Duane Christie's locker and said, "How about supper?"

"Fine with me," Christie said.

"You don't seem upset about anything," Harry Elmo said.

"I'm not," Christie said. "I went three-for-four, didn't I?"

**H**ARRY ELMO took the young outfielder to a little restaurant that he knew. It was a quiet place some blocks past the main section of town. The waiter knew Harry and smiled at him and said, "Where's the lady?"

Duane Christie looked up from his menu. "Lady?"

"Girl I used to come here with," Harry Elmo said shortly. "You want to start with tomato juice?"

"All right," Christie said, and went back to the menu.

"The skipper wanted me to talk to you about something," Harry said.

"Go ahead," Christie's eyes still were on the bill of fare.

he figured," Christie said. "Is the steak all right here?"

"Look," Harry said, "I'm trying to tell you this so you won't do it next time. Bases loaded, none out, you're on second base. Guy hits a ground ball, you run with your head turned around watching the ball and you bang right into the shortstop. That's why we couldn't win the argument. Sure, he gave you the butt, but he didn't have to move. You ran into him."

Christie looked up, his eyes directly upon Harry Elmo's face. "What does that prove?"

"The bases were loaded," Harry said patiently. "That means you have no business watching to see where a ground ball's going to go. No matter where it goes, you've got to run. The rules say so. So the least you can do is watch where you're going, instead of looking behind you."

"I wanted to see if it was going through," Christie said. "After all,



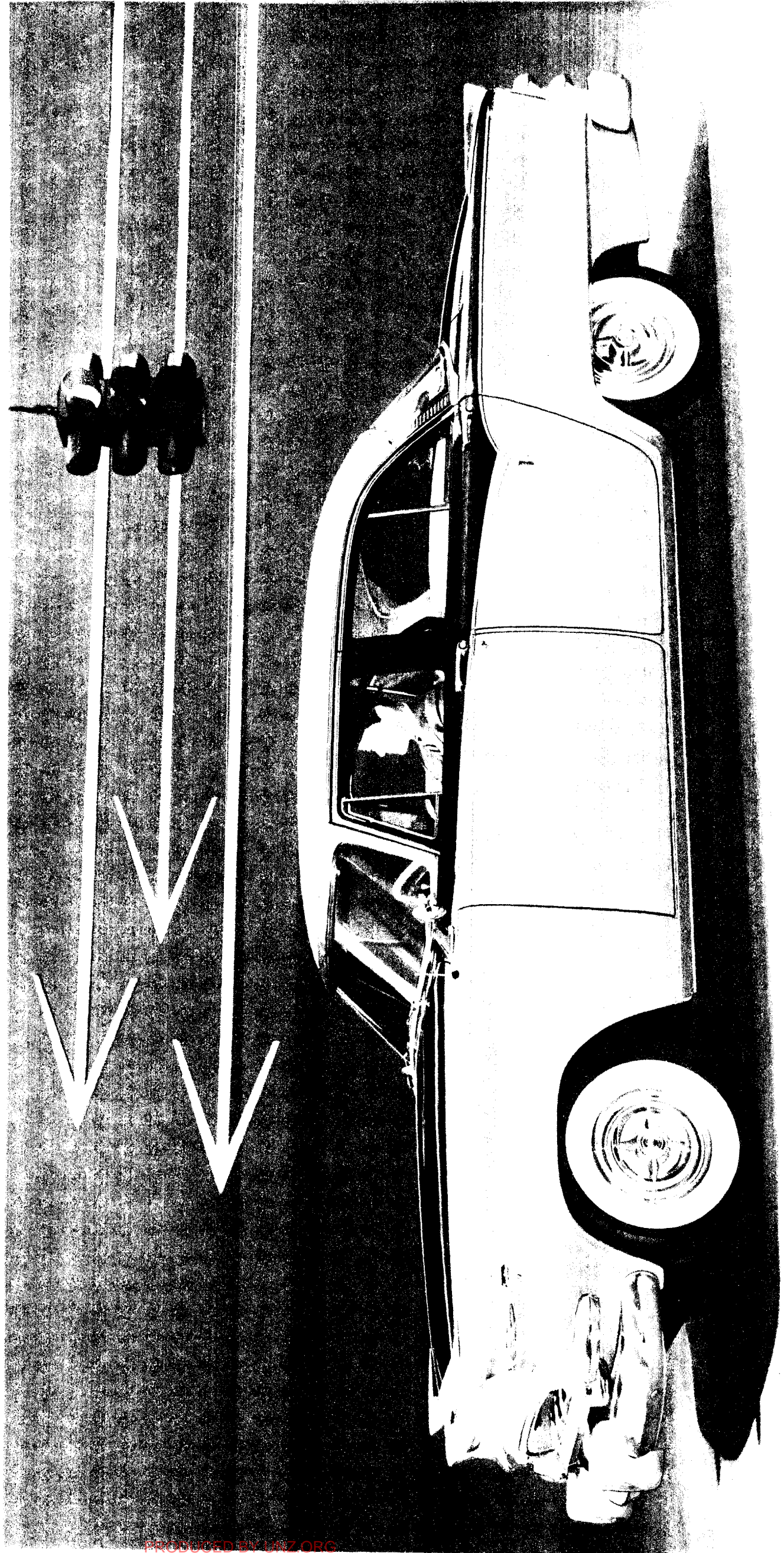
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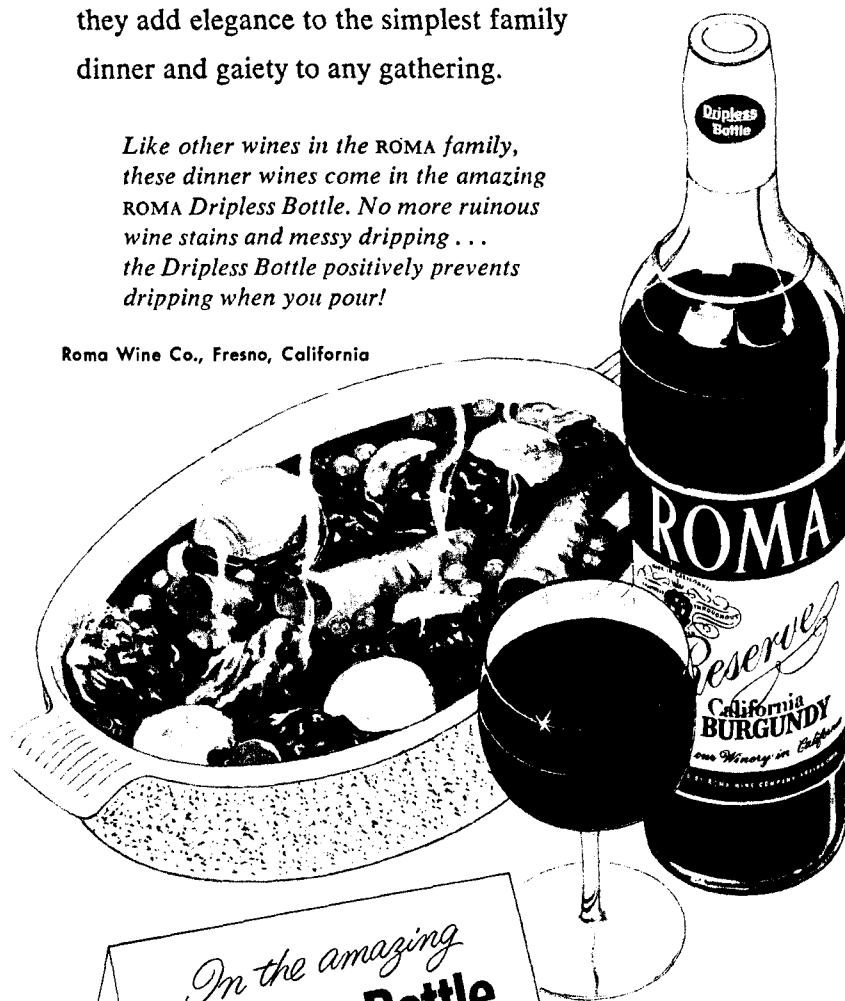


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THE FINE WINES OF **ROMA**

Elmo said. "Let's not go through it again." . . .

He said hello to Christie at the ball park the next morning, but Christie failed to return the greeting. Harry wondered briefly about this; then Christie went into the next room for a rubdown, and Harry saw that he had left a newspaper behind, opened to the write-up of yesterday's opening game. Harry picked it up. It was the first paper he had seen since the game.

He read the story, and then he did not have to wonder about Christie any more. It began:

*Old Out-to-Pasture Elmo figures to cost the Ravens many a ball game this season, if McCall persists in using him, but not even the most devout pessimist thought Old Harry would start right out in the first game.*

*He did, though. Cost the Ravens what could have been the winning run against the Lions in yesterday's opener at Hathaway Park. Bases were loaded, and our side was behind 3 to 2 with none out in the home eighth. On a single through the middle, the tying run scored. Duane Christie, on his way in from second with the potential lead run, was openly interfered with by the Lions' shortstop. If he'd stopped at third and protested, the umpires would have had to give the Ravens the decision and award an extra base—and the lead run—to Christie.*

*But he didn't stop at third. Know why? Because our dear friend Harry Elmo, who'd been on first base when all this started, was running right up Christie's back. If the rookie had stopped at third, there would have been a convention there.*

*But he couldn't stop, because the thirty-five-year-old Elmo wanted to show everybody he can still run, which in any other situation he can't. So Christie was out at home, no protest was feasible, the Lions won it in the top of the ninth, and thank you, Harry Elmo.*

It was not true, of course. Coming around second base, Harry Elmo had looked automatically for the third-base coach, had watched him wave Christie around. If the coach had stopped Christie at third, Harry could have got back to second. But there was no telling the sports writers—or, apparently, Duane Christie.

ON THE field before the second game of the opening series with the Lions, McCall said to Harry, "Did you have that talk with Christie?"

Harry nodded.

"Do any good?"

"I don't think so," Harry said. "He was sort of fresh about it, but I didn't dislike him for it."

"He's quite a young ballplayer," McCall said.

Harry nodded. "I even found myself liking him. We had supper."

"But you don't think your advice took?"

"It might have, if it hadn't been for the papers this morning."

"Ah," McCall said. He seemed very unhappy. "The papers."

"You read them too?"

"Not only I," McCall said, "but Shaughnessy." Shaughnessy was the president of the Ravens.

"Say no more," Harry Elmo said.

"I'll say a little more," the manager said. "Shaughnessy wants me to put you on the inactive list. He thinks you can't make the plays any more."

"What do you think?"

"I think you can," McCall said. "I

told him that. He said he was sure you knew a lot of baseball, but he didn't think you had it on the field."

"And what'd you say to that?"

McCall shrugged. "I got sore. I told him you could come up with plays in the field that he'd never even seen before."

"And Shaughnessy—"

"—doubted it," McCall said. "But he said he'd leave it up to me, for the rest of this series anyway."

"That's nice," Harry Elmo said. "So, if I use my little flying saucer and break up the ball game, then I can still play. Otherwise, the junk yard back of left field."

"No," McCall said, "I'd use you as a coach."

"It's all the same," Harry said.

"Well, don't be bitter about it," McCall said. "How's Judy? You seen her since we're back in town?"

"Last night," Harry said. "She seems to be another contribution I am making to the eventual success of Duane Christie."

THE line-up for the second game was the same as for the opener, with one mild alteration. McCall himself decided to take over as third-base coach.

In the very first inning, Duane Christie singled and Harry Elmo, batting behind him, tried for the hit-and-run. The second baseman managed to knock it down; there was no play at any base.

But Duane Christie had gone sliding into second anyway, jarring the waiting shortstop, his antagonist of yesterday. That was all anybody needed. In a trice, Christie and the shortstop were wrestling on the ground.

"Oh-oh," Harry Elmo said.

"My sentiments exactly," Phelps the umpire said, and together they raced over to try to separate the combatants. Just as Harry Elmo reached the embattled pair, he felt a hand reach out and grab him by the sleeve. He turned and saw it was the Lions' pitcher, a legendary hothead named Quinn.

"Look out, Quinn," Harry said.

"Look out yourself," Quinn said, and leveled a haymaker at Harry's jaw. Harry made a mental note not to get involved in this sort of fracas any more, and ducked. He wondered why he wanted to stay on the active list at all.

Soon cooler heads prevailed. Honest John Phelps, the umpire, put hands on hips. "Boys, boys," he said. "It's so early in the season."

"My man apologizes," McCall said.

"As well he might," Phelps said.

"Ah, well, it's spring. Shall we say one more chance for everybody?" His voice changed to a throaty roar. "And then I throw you all out! Every last one of ya!"

Play resumed. Once again the two teams were running it out with a close score—1 to 1 this time.

Then, with one out in the last of the seventh, Christie led off with a double.

Harry Elmo was next at bat. McCall put the bunt on as a matter of course, signaling from third base. It was a good play. It almost had to move the runner to third, if the ball was bunted so that nobody but the third baseman could make the logical play on it. Because if the third baseman made the play, then he'd have to leave third base to do it.

Quinn, still mad, studied Harry Elmo and then threw a duster that put Harry on his pants in the batter's box.

"Mad at me?" Harry called.

"Try this!" Quinn yelled, and threw a strike.

Harry bunted it. But the bunt did not

Collier's for May 13, 1955

go as expected. It trickled toward first base instead.

It seemed the catcher's play to make—if not his, then certainly the first baseman's. Both charged the ball on the foul line.

But this was too good an opportunity for Quinn, the pitcher. He charged toward the first-base line, picked up the ball and, without even a glance for Christie going from second to third (where a play was unlikely anyway), he rammed the ball into Harry Elmo's ribs. His arm caught, in fact, in between Harry's left arm and his body, and the two of them spun to the dirt together.

Harry retained contact with the angry pitcher only so long as he felt was necessary. Then he rolled away from him, thinking to himself: If only he's got the brains...

He was referring to Christie, of course. Now, when he looked, he saw that Duane Christie's base running certainly had improved—whether Christie's doing or McCall's as coach at third. But whatever, the fleet Christie was rocketing toward the home plate that Quinn, in his zeal to make the play himself and tag Harry, had left unprotected.

The Lions' first baseman, with the play in front of him, gave a roar of dismay and dashed to cover. Quinn threw to him, but both of them were late.

"I think he broke my rib," Harry said to McCall as the latter came to the dugout to investigate the general welfare.

"Never mind," McCall said. He looked at Christie. "Did you read the papers this morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you believe them?"

Christie swallowed. "No, sir."

"What'd you just make?"

Christie swallowed again. "Two bases on a bunt."

"Never forget it," McCall said to him. "And consider it a privilege to have this man in left field alongside you. All season long."

"Yes, sir," Christie said, and grinned at Harry Elmo.

**H**ORRIFYINGLY strapped up and taped, in the wake of what was just another game of baseball, Harry Elmo was among the last to leave the clubhouse. He found that Judy was outside, waiting for him.

"Ah," he said to her. "Come to examine the remains or wait for our bright rookie flash, or maybe both?"

"Poor baby," Judy said to him. Gravely, she put her hands up alongside his temples and drew his face down to hers and kissed him very completely upon the mouth.

"It so happens," Harry said, "that I am taped to a fare-thee-well, thanks to Quinn, who hit me, and Kelley the trainer, who took care of the repairs."

"Poor lover," Judy said to him.

"Yes," Harry Elmo said. "Poor baby, poor lover, poor nothing. You are looking at a man who is going to play outfield for the Ravens this season."

"Yes, dear," Judy said.

"Every last blessed game of it," Harry said.

"Yes, dear," Judy said.

"Drunk or sober," Harry said.

"Married or single," Judy said.

"Married or single," Harry said.

"Can you stand a young man like me around the house?"

"I don't like them too young," Judy said. "Do you shave?"

"Hourly," Harry Elmo said to her. "I am just worried whether the marriage-license people will believe me when I tell them I'm over twenty-one."

She kissed him again. "It's all right," she said happily. "I have my mother's consent."

—CHARLES EINSTEIN



COLLIER'S

BEN THOMPSON

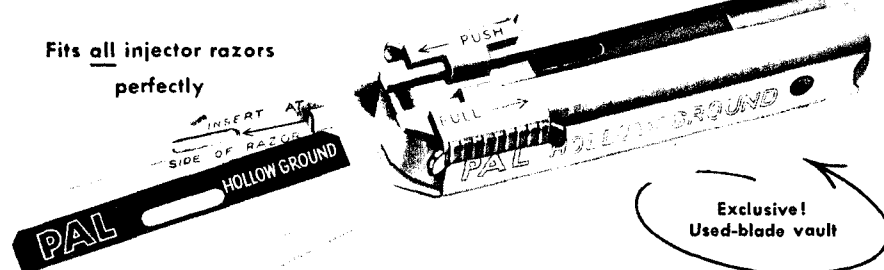
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# WARM WEATHER SKIING

*During winter, nature stockpiles immense quantities of snow in Tuckerman Ravine, 5,000 feet up famed Mount Washington in New Hampshire. Comes spring and skiing fun begins just when it ends almost every place else*

FOR most winter-sports resorts, the robins of spring sound a gloomy note indeed. Gone is the snow. Gone is the ice. Gone are the customers. But it's then, when most slopes elsewhere are nearly bare, that the skiing season gets under way at Tuckerman Ravine, a giant half-bowl, nature-carved high on New Hampshire's Mount Washington. It's a season which begins in mid-March and continues until the last traces of white finally disappear into the green earth about mid-June.

There's no skiing on Tuckerman in winter. Biting winds and bitter cold make sport impossible on the ravine, which stretches 3,800 to 5,000 feet above sea level. But while Eastern skiers are using warmer and lower trails during the cold months, the stage is being set for the Tuckerman season. Tons of snow blown from the higher reaches of Mount Washington settle in the ravine. By early spring, the snow is 50 feet deep and more in places, and packed hard. Now it's ready for the ski addict.

And the 50,000 skiers who test Tuckerman each season must be real enthusiasts. There's no ski lift, so they face a 2½-hour uphill hike to the ravine from the Pinkham Notch camp of the Appalachian Mountain Club—the nearest point where cars can be parked. Some visitors return each night to the AMC huts. The majority either camp out in the three open shelters at the base of the ravine, or bed for the night on the snow in sleeping bags.

First-time guests join the regulars in insisting that the fun is worth any hardship. The corn snow—hard-grained as a result of melting during the day and freezing at night—is lightning-fast, enabling top skiers to hit speeds of 50 to 60 miles an hour.

By May, college students from the New England area, who always make up most of the Tuckerman vacationing population, are whizzing downhill wearing shorts and protected by layers of sun-tan lotion. And before the snow melts away, there's even time to combine another sport with their favorite. After a hot day of skiing, the late-spring visitor can always dive into a crystal-clear spring nearby and cool off.

—HOWARD COHN

A trio of skiers—lightly dressed because of warm spring sun—trudge up Tuckerman Ravine. It's 2½-hour hike from the camp