



THE NATIONAL

# BILLIARD NEWS

DEDICATED TO BUILDING BETTER SPORTSMANSHIP

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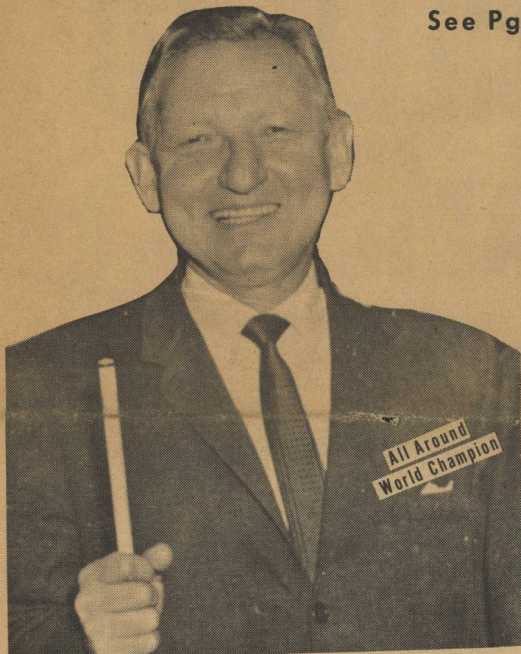
150,000 Readers

APRIL 1965

## \$30,000 STARDUST OPEN

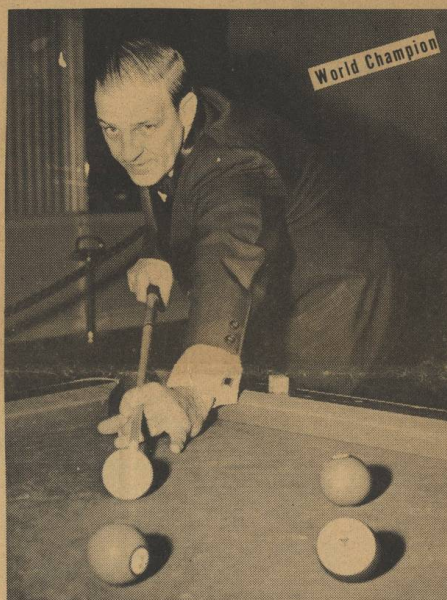
Jansco's was able to get every top name in Stardust Cue Classic

See Pg. 2 and 3

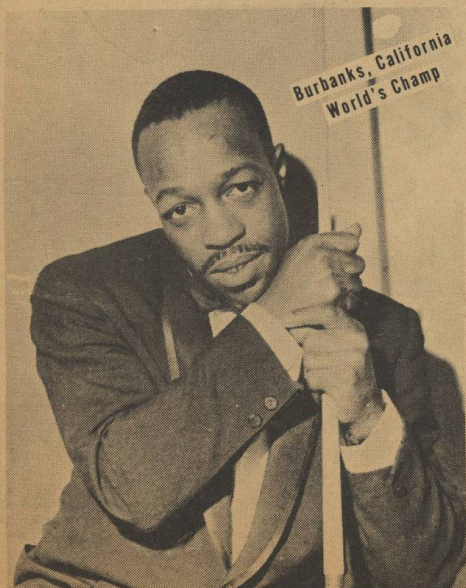


The Honey Of A Bear

**Eddie Taylor**



**Joe Balsis**



**Cicero Murphy**



**Arthur (Babe) Cranfield**



Enter the 1st Annual

# STARDUST OPEN

All-Round

# POCKET BILLIARD TOURNAMENT

3 Tournaments in 1: Straight Pool—Nine Ball—One Pocket—to determine  
All-Round Pocket Billiard Champion

Sanctioned by Billiard Congress Of America (14-1 Rack)

Endorsed by Professional Pool Players Of America

Endorsed by Billiard Players Of America

# \$30,000.00

Guaranteed Prize Money—Plus Trophies  
Open to Everyone

## June 2 to June 16

at the

## STARDUST HOTEL

Las Vegas, Nevada

Tournament Consultants: Jansco Brothers, Johnston City, Ill.

FOR DETAILED INFORMATION AND ENTRY BLANKS, WRITE OR PHONE EITHER:

BOB SMALL  
Stardust Hotel  
Las Vegas, Nevada  
(702) 735-6111

(or)

GEORGE JANSO  
J & J Ranch  
Johnston City, Ill.  
(618) 983-8062





George

## The Jansco Brothers Tournament Consultants Of The Stardust Show



Paulie

### "STARDUST OPEN" ALL-ROUND POCKET BILLIARD TOURNAMENT Details and Information

Dear Sir:

Thanks for showing interest in the "Stardust Open All-Round Pocket Billiard Tournament." Enclosed are entry blanks, procedure of play and rules of the tournament.

This is the 1st annual Stardust Open All-Round Pocket Billiard Tournament. Play will consist of the three leading Pocket Billiard Games which are, "Straight Pool (14 and 1 rack)", "Nine Ball," and "One Pocket."

Players will compete for Thirty Thousand Dollars (\$30,000.00) in cash prizes. There will be fifty (50) cash prizes plus trophies for each division and a trophy for the final "Stardust Pocket Billiard Championship."

#### STRAIGHT POOL

Prize Money	\$ 9,500.00
Entry Fee	125.00
A match consists of 125 points.	
1st Prize -Two Thousand Dollars	2,000.00
2nd Prize -Twelve Hundred Dollars	1,000.00
3rd Prize -Eight Hundred Dollars	800.00
4th Prize -Seven Hundred Dollars	700.00
5th Prize -Five Hundred Dollars	500.00
6th Prize -Five Hundred Dollars	500.00
7th Prize -Five Hundred Dollars	500.00
8th Prize -Five Hundred Dollars	500.00
3rd and 4th place in each division.	
Three Hundred Fifty EACH	350.00

It will be played in Four Divided Divisions, Round Robin, with the winner and runner-up in each division advancing to a final eight man Round Robin for the Straight Pool Title.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### NINE BALL

Prize Money	\$ 9,500.00
Entry Fee	125.00
A match consists of 11 best out of 21 games.	
1st Prize -Two Thousand Dollars	2,000.00
2nd Prize -Twelve Hundred Dollars	1,200.00
3rd Prize -Eight Hundred Dollars	800.00
4th Prize -Seven Hundred Dollars	700.00
5th Prize -Five Hundred Dollars	500.00
6th Prize -Five Hundred Dollars	500.00
7th Prize -Five Hundred Dollars	500.00
8th Prize -Five Hundred Dollars	500.00
9th thru 16th prizes-	
Three Hundred Fifty Dollars EACH	350.00

It will be played in Double Elimination, (meaning a player lose two matches before being eliminated.)

#### ONE POCKET

Prize Money	\$ 9,500.00
Entry Fee	125.00
A match consists of 4 best out of 7 games.	
1st Prize -Two Thousand Dollars	2,000.00
2nd Prize -Twelve Hundred Dollars	1,200.00
3rd Prize -Eight Hundred Dollars	800.00
4th Prize -Seven Hundred Dollars	700.00
5th Prize -Five Hundred Dollars	500.00
6th Prize -Five Hundred Dollars	500.00
7th Prize -Five Hundred Dollars	500.00
8th Prize -Five Hundred Dollars	500.00
9th thru 16th - Three Hundred Fifty Dollars EACH	350.00

It will be played in Double Elimination, (Meaning a player must lose two matches before being eliminated.)

\*\*\*\*\*

Then, the three champions (Straight Pool, Nine Ball and the One Pocket) will meet in a three man Round Robin, playing all three different games for an extra fifteen Hundred Dollars (\$1,500.00) The winner will receive One Thousand Dollars-- (\$1,000.00) plus a trophy and the runner- up will receive Five Hundred Dollars (\$500.00) Thus it is possible for one player to win as much as Seven Thousand Dollars (\$7,000.00).

This is a high-class affair and players must wear tie and coat while playing. Unruly conduct and abusive language will not be tolerated. The rules, regulations, and governing body for the tournament will be the Billiard Players Association Tournament Rules Committee.

Failure to show up for a match constitutes immediate disqualification.

All contestants eligible for prize money will reside at the "Stardust Hotel."

All three tournaments will be played at the same time. Players may enter any one, or all three of the tournaments. Please send entry fees as soon as possible, as I need them to draw up a schedule and scoreboard, also for publicity papers. The first 24 entries will be given a spot in each division. The late entries will qualify for the remaining 8 spots in each division.

Thanks,  
George Jansco  
J & J Ranch  
Johnston City, Illinois

## Entry Applications

See Pg. 7 Column 3



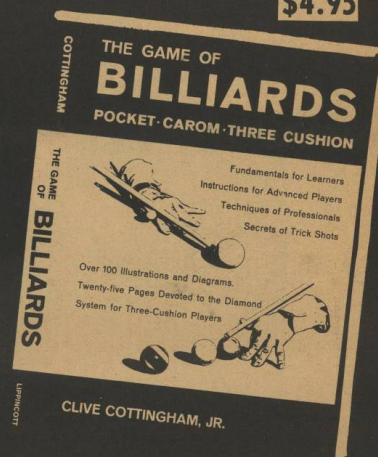
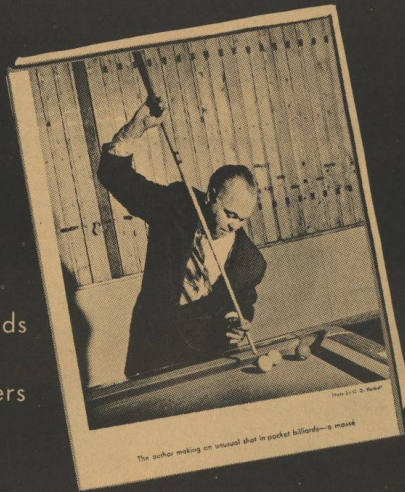
# THE GAME OF BILLIARDS

**HERE  
NOW**

The latest edition on  
the Game of Billiards

Fundamentals for Learners

Instructions for  
Advanced Players



**\$4.95**

**YOU CAN PURCHASE THIS FINE  
BOOK AT DESK IN THIS ...**

*Family Billiard Center*

## Ralph Greenleaf Magic The Year 1922



MR. BILLIARD - infuriated because he had erred - in TITLE MATCH - 1922 -- the year of 1922 he defended HIS CROWN three times and the fourth time he was declared Champion by forfeit.

### HIS MAGIC

He broke the worlds record high run record in final game with former Worlds Champion Thomas Hueston 100 balls and Challenger's Match (450-133):

### CHALLENGER'S #Two

On May 6th, he defeated Walter Franklin (450-216) in New York City.

### NEW MARK FOR GREENLEAF

He made the worlds record run of 124 at Pocket Billiards Ralph Greenleaf, The World's Pocket Billiard Champion set a new world record for a continuous run at the National Academy this afternoon when he added ten more to his unfinished run of 114...made last night in this special 1200 point match with Charles Harman. The total of 114 beats his own previous world mark of 100 made in New York against Thomas Hueston three months ago while the grand total of 124 tops any previous mark by 13 points, Greenleaf (1200); Harman: (782)

The Champion peevish when HIS MAGIC topped Allen with cue. He miscalls Ball in closing moments first total game Ralph Greenleaf formerly of Illinois, but now an adopted son of New York City since acquiring the National Pocket Billiard total, is leading Bennie Allen the millionaire crack cue expert from Kansas City 158 points to 90 in their 45 Challenger's match to be contested at Hudson 60 tables plush wall to wall carpet, the Tournament Director, Edward Mayer, Referee 19 times, Pennsylvania

State Champion Morris Fink. Greenleaf conclusively that he is a realist by exhibiting all of the signs of a peeved prima donna last night. The light did not suit him. Neither did the table, and worse of all, the balls - particularly No. 7 and No. 3, so closely resembled chromatic gemini that even his trained eye could not distinguish between them. Throughout the evening's play Greenleaf was restive. He constantly wandered from the players chair in the corner of the rectangular arena to a seat in the stands which surround the glowing emerald cushions or clear out of the lime-light while his opponent was clicking off points. But the climax of this exhibition of temperament came toward the close, the score stood 139 points to 68 Greenleaf leading by 71. When he called the No. 7 ball and sent No. 3 rattling into a corner pocket, Allen immediately called the attention of referee Morris Fink to the error and was sustained. Greenleaf was so infuriated because he had made the error in calling the wrong ball, he walked out of the roped area, dispursing audibly of the rules for the violation of which he had been penalized. Every one knew Greenleaf had made an error, even his Father who was seated among the fans. Asserted Ralph had been careless and should watch the balls closer No. 7 and No. 3 are very much alike, but the numerals are plainly marked upon them and there was no excuse for the error except that Greenleaf was so overconfident he couldn't be annoyed looking at the numbers Allen then began a run which lasted until he had pocketed 22 balls, after which Greenleaf not only ran out for the even-

ing's 150, but added 8 more to his strings.

On Oct. 28th he pocketed the 450 balls to Allen's 257. And now back to Empire City for his final challenger's of 1922.

GREENLEAF takes cue title without pocketing a ball.

Drastic action follows refusal to play open block of 450 points Ralph Greenleaf yesterday; Dec 2nd 1922.

Mr. Billiards takes cue title Medal. Pocket Billiard championship contest with Church. Church is declared forfeited. Declined to start Match; Greenleaf yesterday, Dec. 2, 1922 was awarded permanent possession of the \$1000 diamond Medal emblem of the Professional Pocket Billiard Championship at the Strand Billiard Academy. Charles Klein who was promoting the matches, Kline in behalf of Brunswick Balk Calendar Co. gave Greenleaf medal and they will have a new one made. (The Challengers).

Church put up a beef because he could not play with his set of balls, he had just won State Championship in Lawlers - Brothers Academy in Brooklyn N.Y.

This was the payoff for Mr. Billiard Magic. A packed house. Sell out. Hundreds and hundreds turned away. He befeered some more finally, the set of balls arrived from Lawlers Bro. the ones he used in the State Tourney. He did not want to play with the type of balls that Mr. Billiard had been playing all the other challengers, so the door opened and Mr. Kline informed him that he was declared forfeited.

Following the meeting Mr. Greenleaf said "I regret this

(Continued on Page 5)



## The Late Nick Olivea And Cris McGehean



(Continued from Page 4)

very much." "I never hit a ball with this type of balls. I'll be glad to play with any set of balls," well Mr. Billiard left the big town and he went on a long road trip.

Mr. Church stated after he forfeited the Challenge, "I did not know that this would happen or I would play with his type of ball.

J.B. of Detroit writes - "How do you rate "Don Willis" so high? I never heard of his winning any tournaments!

Don never entered a tournament, so naturally hasn't won any. We will try to answer your question.

In talking to dozens of top players over the years, almost

without exception they rated "Don" as either the best or as good as any nine-ball player in the country. For example we will give you a few quotes.

Jimmy Moore - one of the top players of all time, "In 35 years I only lost once for money. I lost to Don Willis in Louisville, Ky."

### Answer To J.B.

#### By Don Willis

Al Costlosky, veteran Philadelphia player who won the World nine-ball title a few years ago says "Every Worlds Tournament I attended Willis had an open challenge to play anyone nine-ball." Luther Lassiter, considered the best money player of all time "Don Willis has the heart of a lion, if he were to play regular, he is subject to beat anyone". Harold Worst Worlds Champion Three cushion player in Sports Illustrated Mar 20, 1961 - "Don Willis in my opinion is the best nine-ball player in the World". From the files of the Canton, Ohio Dailey Newspaper.

Erwin Rudolph	35
Willis	125
"High run Willis 88"	
Bobby Moore	33
Willis	125
"High run Willis 48"	
James Caras r 97	
Willis	100
"High run Willis 87"(unfinished)	
Ralph Greenleaf	40
Willis	125
"High Run Willis 66"(unfinished)	
Willie Mosconi	65
Willis	125
High Run Willis 70 (unfinished)	

J.B. we still say Don was a pretty fair player even though he never won a tournament.

joke even if it is all in fun. "Minnesota Fats" was betting on the side. After the game DeCoy said to "Fats" that he thought "Fats" should give him some of the money. Fats called DeCoy over and whispered to him, "Did you have the best of it sonny? What were you playing, marked balls?" Don says Fats is one of the funniest guys in the world. One time "Fats" sent Don to a town and when "Fats" showed up they told him that some heavy guy was around here yesterday. He will be back today. Fats acted like he was trying to figure out who I could be. "I'm the only fat guy in the world that can play any pool" said "Fats". "No one else that weighs a ton can make a ball." The next day when Fats saw me supposedly for the first time he said to the guys, "I thought you guys said a fat guy, this guy is only a half-ton." He said to me "Where do you get off around here posing as a ton, your only a half-ton. From then on everyone in town called me half-ton. Some years back I was playing Jimmy Moore in Louisville Kentucky, we were playing nine-ball for big money and "Fats" along with a dozen or so of the top players in the country was watching the match. At the start of the match Jimmy was murdering me, running out on me every game. He was making a rack boy out of me. As I was racking the balls I would glance up and always see "Fats" staring at me. After a while I got a few lucky breaks and finally wound up beating Moore the match. After the match I said to "Fats", "What were you searching my soul for every-time I glanced up at you?" I was looking to see how much dog

(Continued on Page 6)

#### By Don Willis

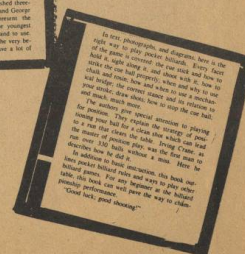
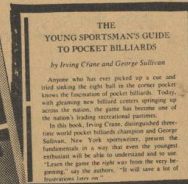
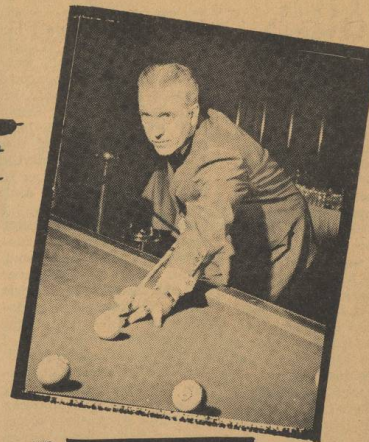
We received so much favorable response to the humorous stories written by Don Willis last month that we asked Don to see if he could think of a few more. Don says that a lot of the best ones involve personalities and a lot of players don't care to be the butt of a

## Authentic Facts BY 3 TIMES WORLD'S CHAMPION IRVING CRANE CO-AUTHOR OF THE YOUNG SPORTSMAN'S GUIDE TO POCKET BILLIARDS

This Fine Book Can Be  
Purchased at Desk in This

Family  
Billiard  
Center

\$2.75





# The Modern Guide To Pocket Billiards

THE MODERN GUIDE TO POCKET BILLIARDS  
by Luther Lassiter

This is the first handbook ever to be published explaining the fundamentals of pocket billiards—on any level—that is currently enjoying a remarkable renaissance.

The 1963 World's Pocket Billiard Champion, Luther Lassiter, the gentleman generally regarded to be the best all-around pocket billiard player in competition today, reveals the playing methods that have helped to make him a top-flight professional in his book, THE MODERN GUIDE TO POCKET BILLIARDS.

Mr. Lassiter analyzes such fundamentals in the sport as the proper stance at the table, the bridge, and the stroke. All of the essential elements necessary to proper hitting and aiming are explained.

"Be natural," he yells: "is Luther Lassiter's advice to prospective billiard champions, and using these words as his guide, he takes the fledgling player from the basic stroke to the more advanced shot situations.

Mr. Lassiter has ranked high among the world's leading billiard players for the past decade, and he is said to be the greatest champion the sport has ever known. He excels in his "shot" with a

swifter's touch and eye," said The New York Times of his mastery.

Luther Lassiter won the World's Pocket Billiard Championship during competition held at New York's Hotel Commodore early in 1963, and later the same year he successfully defended his title against Jimmy Moore, the leading contender for the crown.

THE MODERN GUIDE TO POCKET BILLIARDS also contains a brief history of pocket billiards—often called the "art of the cue"—from the time it served as diversion in the court of Louis XIV to the present. The official rules and regulations of the three most popular pocket billiard games—8-Ball, 9-Ball, and Rotation—are also given.

Here is the complete handbook of pocket billiards, written to assist every player of helpful hints for both the novice and

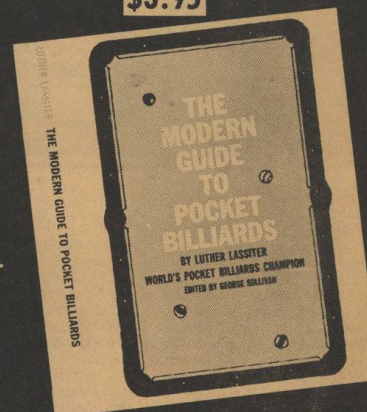
Proper "Fundamentals" by

# LUTHER LASSITER

World's Champion  
1963 - 64



\$3.95



By Don Willis

(Continued from Page 5)  
you had in you" said Fats. Did you find any "Fats"? I asked him? "No you're O.K. kid said "Fats". Coming from Fats who has publicly stated that Mosconi and Lassiter are both bums I guess I should probably consider that the greatest compliment of my life. Johnny Irish who just passed away was one of the most popular players in the game. Also one of the wittiest. Although not as outspoken as "Fats" he would come up with some of the funniest things you could imagine. Johnny and I were going to a spot in Chicago to play and he said to me, "Watch out for the "cardboard balls". The new plastic balls were making their first appearance and there was really a great difference. He called them "cardboard" because they were so light. "I was in Florida a few years ago, said Don, and a bunch of the players were kibitzing and telling stories in the bar. "Doc" Hazard, a swell guy and good player, from New Jersey was telling about playing anyone on his home table which had 4 in. pockets. The more "Doc" drank the smaller he was making the pockets. He said he would play anyone on 3 1/2" pockets—I told him "Doc I'll tell you how you can play Mosconi or Lassiter even up." They can't spot you a ball. Play them on a table with 2" pockets and you'll get a sure tie, (no one could make a ball. The balls are 2 1/4 inches). I beat a player in Warren, Ohio and he said to me "Listen kid I know where you can make a ton of money" I'll take you to Canton, Ohio and play Don Willis, I'm sure

you can beat him the way you shoot" "Are you sure I can beat him?" I asked, "I ought to know he replied "I know him real well and he never could shoot as good as you do." One time in Chicago, the "Bulala Kid" was there and the local pool detectives knowing that I had beaten him in Louisville one time converged on me to find out his speed, "I don't know how good he plays" I replied. "I never saw him shoot!" You beat him in Louisville didn't you? They insisted, "What do you mean you never saw him shoot?" "You're right I said, "I broke him in Louisville but I did all the playing I never did see him shoot, I don't know how good he plays!" They still tell that one in Chicago. One time I was with Ray Dickerson, the "Rochester Kid" from Rochester, Pa. Ray was as good a money player those days as anyone in the world. He was the original "Ice water kid" Ray who hardly ever said a word while he was playing, was playing a player in Olean, N.Y. They were playing 75 points of straight pool for pretty fair money. The fellow Ray was playing was a good player but no matter how many he ran or had Ray would always beat him. He even ran 72 the first shot one game and still lost. After playing about 8 hrs., the guy layed his cue on the table and said to Ray, "Listen Buddy I don't want you to think I'm a hard loser or anything like that, you're a swell player and more power to you but here is ten dollars, just say one word, any word at all, but say something, you haven't said one word all day, just say some-

thing and then we'll play some more." I guess Ray said a word but I'll bet he didn't say much more. To show you how some players react to getting beat Ray and I went to Detroit one time, Ray who wasn't too well known stopped in the outskirts while I went uptown. That evening I was talking to a group of players when I walked "Skeeter" Somerall. A real good player in those days. "What do you think of the tough break I just got" he said, "I played some farmer on the outskirts who couldn't make a ball" he said, "He beat me out of my last \$300 the lucky stiff" How many did he run? someone asked, "Oh the goof ran 125 on me" said Skeeter, Marcel Camp who was in the group whispered to me "Not a bad run for a farmer who can't make a ball." Some years back when Jimmy Moore was in his prime any pool hustler going from New York to Los Angeles used to either go by way of Canada or Mexico to keep from going through Moore's home town of Albuquerque. One time in Toledo Ohio during the height of depression when three dollars was a fortune a hustler called "Squink" got a sucker playing 5 dollar nine-ball. This guy couldn't make a ball no matter where it was, "Squink" was beating him every game. Finally after winning about 25 straight he thought he had better let the guy win a game. So he lagged the nine ball right up to the pocket and the guy won the game. The guy quit and hung his cue up announcing "I made up my mind to play till I won a game, if it took me all summer" They had to restrain "Squink". He was going to kill himself.

"Fats" Hammond was quite a character and a real good short game player. One time in Canton, I broke "Fats" playing nine-ball. I almost hate to tell you how much beer he drank. You can hardly believe it. They counted them. He drank two and one-half cases during the five hour match. When it was all over I said kind of kidding "Come on "Fats" I'll buy you a couple of beers." Believe it or not he drank another case and a half. All the time regaling the boys with funny pool stories. What a guy he was. The absolute tops for something funny in my life was about 40 years ago when I was a young boy. I still have to laugh when I think of it. "Altoona Slim" was a pool hustler who played what was then called the "Duke" I'll explain it. You ask a guy if he'd care to play a game of slop. The player thinks you are just playing a game of rotation for fun. You let him get a couple of balls and then you pay him so much for each ball he has. Usually the player will keep the money especially if he has a little larceny in him. You would be surprised how many people have larceny and keep the money. They are then in a trap. Well "Slim" started playing this fellow and let him make the one, two and three balls. He then gave him eight dollars, explaining that all the odd balls were worth 3 dollars and the even ones two dollars. This farmer took the eight dollars. Now "Slim" was supposed to start beating him back but this fellow, although he couldn't play at all, started lucking the balls in. He kept lucking them in and "Slims" bankroll kept

getting smaller. He only had about thirty dollars to start with. Well, you never saw anything like it. The farmer lucked every ball in except the 15. Slim was sweating blood because he could not pay off. The fellow hung the 15 ball right in the pocket. When he missed the 15 ball "Slim" jumped out of his chair and danced around shouting and shaking hands with guys on the sideline. "What's the matter?" said the farmer, "why you just missed the grand prize ball" said "Slim." "What do you mean the grand prize ball" said the farmer, "Didn't I tell you said Slim, the last ball gets all my money back and twenty dollars besides" Believe it or not the guy paid him and kept on playing. I never quit laughing for a month. When I think back of the players I was on the road with, I believe I should qualify for a "degree" in Medicine. Lassiter, Irish and Ray Dickerson were sick practically every day. If I would have had any sense I would have traded my car in for an ambulance. Dickerson was the prize "invalid" of all time. He was six foot and about 210 lbs, and strong as an ox. He would complain all day long about his stomach and then invariably eat "Hungarian Coulash" for dinner and drink beer the rest of the evening. We would hit a town and I would have to play because he couldn't play on an empty stomach. After he would eat he couldn't play on a full stomach. He played quite a few guys so he must have managed to play between meals somehow.

(Continued on Page 9)



# EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK



## Billiard Doings

Pocket Billiards at a glance—N. S. E. and W. The West is in the head lines, Stardust open all-round Pocket Billiard Tournament.

Three Tournaments in one, Straight Pool - Nine Ball - One Pocket.

To determine all-round pocket champion \$30,000, open to "Everyone". Johnny Drew, Al Benedict, Mr. Reon, (Directors and Sponsors), Johnny Drew most responsible for this type of competitive cue all star classic.

Tournament consultants: - Jansco Brothers, George and Paulie, Johnston City Ill. Their all around champion, The Honey of a Bear; Eddie Taylor, from down in Davey Crockett State, Knoxville, Tenn will play in this show. We are sorry that the Honey of a Bear is in poor health, we are pulling for him to be at top health as he is a crowned pleaser, and he has that soft Southern talk and manner of a Southern gentleman at the table, this great State and City are each famous, Nevada, is known for its light air. Great for all those Pocket players with Asthma and Sinus trouble. Las Vegas is known for that circulation of "Pot of Cash". The Jansco are the only ones who know how to run a Classic like Stardust Open. They run five annual tournaments of their own in Johnston City, Ill. They do a great job as

they train more Cue Stars than all the rest of Cue Show put together. The tell us in last year's tourney a player came from Texas, (10 gallon hat texas-style cowboy boots, he looked real sharp, he only entered the One-Pocket tourney and there was another Cue Star from New York State, he only played in Straight-Pool tourney and one came from New Mexico he played only in Nine Ball. We write this just to show that the players play the game he likes. We feel they play better.

How about that 13 year old Cue Star Ned Moon, his father put up the entry fee to give him experience and learning.

We will have a headline story in the June issue that will be a "Cue Star Thriller" and every one concerned with the Billiard sport. The B.R.P.A. is putting a Billiard magazine out.

Last Week we had the pleasure of seeing "Peter Falk and Joe Balsis" play in New York City, Mr. Falk is a great friend of Pocket Billiards. His acting and stance at the table was just right for the fans. Balsis played that smooth game and good run that won him crown title fame.

By the way, Balsis will be in Penna. in June, so says his booking agent. Call VI 4-8945 ask for Mr. Alt.

The B.B.I.A. are having their annual meeting in Hotel Hilton this week, N.Y.C.

**WORLD'S  
CHAMPION  
ALL-AROUND  
POCKET  
BILLIARDS**



THE HONEY OF A BEAR-ED TAYLOR

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## One Of Pocket Billiards Most Popular Stars

Entry Blank For Straight Pool

### "STARDUST OPEN"

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Pocket Billiard Tournament  
\$30,000.00  
Guaranteed Cash Prizes,  
Plus Trophies  
JUNE 2ND - 16TH, 1965  
Mail Entry with \$125.00 fee to  
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(Tournament Sponsors)  
(or to)  
GEORGE JANSKO  
J & J Ranch, Johnston City,  
Ill. (618) 983-8062  
(Tournament Consultants)

Entry Blank For One-Pocket

### "STARDUST OPEN"

All Around  
Pocket Billiard Tournament  
\$30,000.00  
Guaranteed Cash Prizes,  
Plus Trophies  
JUNE 2ND - 16TH, 1965  
Mail Entry with \$125.00 fee to  
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(Tournament Consultants)

Entry Blank for Nine-Ball

### "STARDUST OPEN"

All Around  
Pocket Billiard Tournament  
\$30,000.00  
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## "BEAT HIM"

A group of players were cutting up jackpots and telling all kinds of "pool stories". One of the funniest we will send along to you.

A couple of years ago at the Florida State Open Tournament Jack White the promoter had a meeting of all the players with the idea of incorporating them. Eddie Taylor, Weenie Beene, Junior Goff, Don Willis, Johnny Irish among others were in attendance.

White gave each player a large sheet of paper on which to write their various accomplishments such as titles, etc. After collecting the papers which were almost all full, he noticed one paper by "Don Willis" which only said "Undisputed Champion of 4th St. in Canton, Ohio". He said to Don "Come On Don, as many people as you beat, put something down". "OK" said Willis. "Outside of being the champion of my family, I don't hold any titles but I'll give you something" With that he pulled out a paper of a player who shall remain nameless but which was filled with all kinds of titles and championships. At the bottom of this paper Willis wrote, "Beat Him" signed "Don Willis".

Needless to say it broke up the meeting.

## THE BILLIARD NEWS

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## Marcel Camp

One Of Don Willis' Favorite People





## Cisero Murphy

The Greatest Negro  
Player in the game  
today Pocketed the  
\$3,500 1ST Prize  
in the 36th Day  
World Pocket  
Billiards  
Championship  
March 7, 1965  
Burbank, California

When he wasn't practicing it was a safe bet he was either giving an exhibition performance or competing in one of the many local tournaments around.

In one of those tournaments Cicero found himself entered in the North Bergen Golden Q-Ballantine Tourney of Champions.

In that field were such stars as Irving Crane, Tony Oliveri, Jack Colavito, Onofrio Lauri, Mike Eufemia, Al Gassner and Jack (Jersey Red) Brett.

The format of the tourney called for one loss and out and when the final match position came about only Cicero and Lauri were left with unbeaten marks.

It was a best of three play-off but Cicero only needed two matches to win the title. In the first match he rallied from a deficit to top Lauri, 150-129. The next night he beat Lauri, 150-123, and had the title in his pocket.

Next came the All-around Championship at Johnston City. Here Cicero was finally stopped winding up in a third place tie in the straight pool competition and sixth overall. He handed Luther Lassiter his lone defeat in straight pool.

Cicero returned to New York and under the guidance of Jackie Cannon, who is acting as his manager, started once again, to engage in King of the Hill Tournament. Cicero easily won 80 percent of his matches and came through with some unbelievable performance in these events.

Just before leaving for Burbank he engaged in a match with Abe Rosen in Hicksville. Abe got the first shot and missed. Mr. Rosen never did get to the table again as Cicero ran 150 and out and it was all over.

Burbank presented Cicero with an ideal chance to pit his skills against all of the top players in the country. The field had 21 players and the tourney was scheduled to run 36 days. Cicero won his first 14 games

and appeared to be on his way to the crown. Then the youngster faltered badly losing three straight and falling into second place behind Balsis. However, showing stuff that champions are made of, Cicero came back to win his next three matches, over Irving Crane, Jimmy Moore, and Balsis and won the title.

Upon his return to New York City Murphy received a surprise. His friends at Random Billiards in Brooklyn gave him a party and there were banners declaring that he was tops in their hearts.

Now came the BRPAA's tourney.

Cicero started off by playing against Lou Butera, the Pennsylvania State Champion. Cicero defeated Lou, 150-32.

He then was matched against Joe Russo, the New Jersey State Champion. And it was in this match that Murphy discovered one of the real frustrations of the sport of pocket billiards-- that of sitting by and watching your opponent hit you with a high run.

And Russo did hit Cicero with a run-- 112 to be exact.

"There's just nothing you can do about such a run," Cicero said. "When a man is running high you just sit there. It's like

you are in the electric chair waiting for the Governor to call."

Murphy did come back with a high run of his own but it fell short of the mark and Russo won, 150-106.

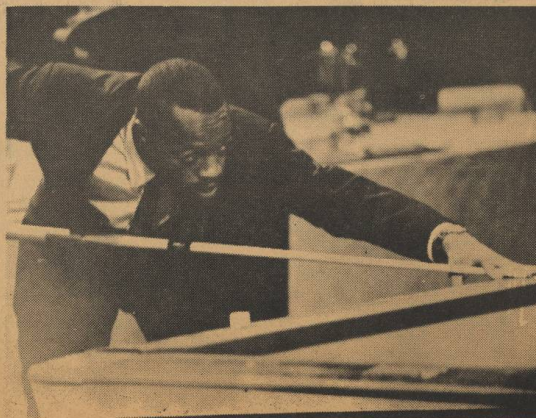
Now Cicero was in trouble. "In order to win such a tourney like this you have to beat the players you are expected to. A loss here in the beginning counts as much as a defeat at the end of the tourney," Murphy said.

On the second day of the tourney Murphy started to come on strong. He defeated Al Gassner, 150-125. The following day he

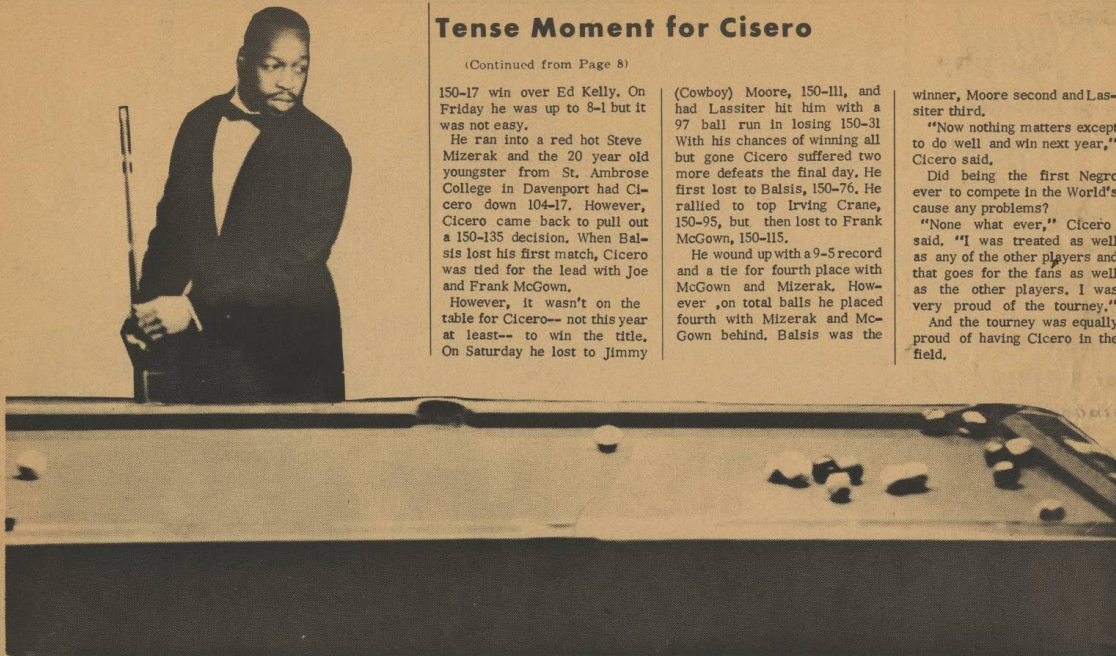
took Dan (Young Greenleaf) Gartner, 150-117, and then found himself against Jersey Red. The Red Raider took 111-53 lead and Cicero's hopes of winning the match appeared dim. However, he countered with an amazing display of rail and triple combination shots and pulled the match out, 150-138 to give himself a 4-1 record.

Murphy really got going on the fourth day by ripping Onofrio Lauri, 150-19, and then beating Mike Eufemia, 150-99. He upped his mark to 7-1 the next day with an impressive

(Continued from Page 9)







## Tense Moment for Cicero

(Continued from Page 8)

150-17 win over Ed Kelly. On Friday he was up to 8-1 but it was not easy.

He ran into a red hot Steve Mizerak and the 20 year old youngster from St. Ambrose College in Davenport had Cicero down 104-17. However, Cicero came back to pull out a 150-135 decision. When Balsis lost his first match, Cicero was tied for the lead with Joe and Frank McGown.

However, it wasn't on the table for Cicero-- not this year at least-- to win the title. On Saturday he lost to Jimmy

(Cowboy) Moore, 150-111, and had Lassiter hit him with a 97 ball run in losing 150-31. With his chances of winning all but gone Cicero suffered two more defeats the final day. He first lost to Balsis, 150-76. He rallied to top Irving Crane, 150-95, but then lost to Frank McGown, 150-115.

He wound up with a 9-5 record and a tie for fourth place with McGown and Mizerak. However, on total balls he placed fourth with Mizerak and McGown behind. Balsis was the

winner, Moore second and Lassiter third.

"Now nothing matters except to do well and win next year," Cicero said.

Did being the first Negro ever to compete in the World's cause any problems?

"None what ever," Cicero said. "I was treated as well as any of the other players and that goes for the fans as well as the other players. I was very proud of the tourney."

And the tourney was equally proud of having Cicero in the field.

by Bruce Alexander

Cicero Murphy, the first Negro player ever to compete in the World's Pocket Billiard Championship, has made a promise to himself and his many followers in the New York area.

And Cicero, who placed fourth in the March tournament at the Hotel Commodore in New York City, is determined to go all out to keep that promise.

When Cicero accepted the check for his fourth place finish he took a look at it and said, "I'll be back next year and I'm going to win the big prize."

Less than 24 hours after finishing the rough eight-day event at the Hotel Commodore Cicero Murphy, the man that only two weeks before the BRPAA Championship got underway in New York and won the Burbank, Calif. version of the World's title, was back on the table practicing and playing exhibitions.

"All the practice and exhibitions I give from now on," Murphy, the father of two children, who lives in Brooklyn, said, "will have just one aim. And I don't have to tell you what that is. But in case you don't know-- it's to win the BRPAA Championship next year."

I've never wanted something so badly in all my life. Winning the Burbank tourney was a great accomplishment but the one title that every player in the game today wants is the BRPAA Championship. I'd gladly switch five Burbank titles for the one that I let get away from me at the Hotel Commodore.

"I was so close and yet so far away in successfully fulfilling a dream that I have always had. That of one day being the World's Champion."

To realize how deeply Cicero 30, has entertained that one dream a look back into his beginnings in the sport is needed.

Like many other youngsters in his neighborhood, Cicero was not born into a home that had a billiard background. That's the background that players like winner Joe Balsis, Steve Mizerak and Lou Butera had.

Like any other normal happy kid, Cicero at one time entertained high hopes of becoming a professional baseball player.

At the age of 11 Cicero was

already making quite a name for himself in several of the Little Leagues.

"I really enjoyed playing baseball and later softball where I developed into a pretty good pitcher and outfielder," Cicero recalled. "I really don't know why I never went after the baseball career but I'm happy the way that it has worked out."

Cicero might have added happy and frustrating. Because the route to competing in the World's Pocket Billiard Championship hasn't been easy for this softspoken man.

When he was 13 Cicero went into one of the many well-organized Police Athletic League programs in which every sport is played by all participants.

Cicero might have added the PAL program had been billiards-- and that's where Cicero really started to shine.

Cicero really didn't pursue the billiards once the PAL program he was engaged in stopped. He did play a little in practice and did play several matches with friends. Then a stroke of luck that one day might carry Cicero to the coveted title hit him.

"In my opinion the greatest Negro player of all time was James Evans," Cicero said. "In 1959 I was playing quite a bit and Mr. Evans came over to me and said that I have a great future in this game if I would work at it. Coming from a man like Mr. Evans I had to believe it."

"So right then is the time that I made up my mind to try it and see what happens."

"Everything else was forgotten. Billiards became my life. I worked on every possible shot and situation which I might encounter. It was tough. The hours were long but if you are to succeed in anything then you must work at it. And believe me I had made up my mind to be successful."

Cicero started to enter some small local tourneys and the titles started to pile up.

In 1959, the year he actually made up his mind to become a professional player, Cicero entered the New York State Pocket Billiard Championship. And in his first big test in tourney competition the player from Brooklyn emerged victorious.

He continued to play in tourneys and was winning quite regularly when 1963 came along.

"Now was the time to really go out and prove myself. To find out if I really did have a future in the sport. That's why I entered the Eastern States Championship."

Cicero was pitted against some of the best players in the country in the '63 Eastern States.

In the field were such world renowned players as Mike Eufemia, Frank McGown, Al Cassner and the Dean of Pocket Billiards, Onofrio Lauri.

When the smoke had cleared and final tabulation of the standings showed Cicero with an 11-1 record and the championship.

"I expected to be invited to compete in the '64 World's," Cicero said. "But it never came about. Bob McGirr informed me that there were some technicalities involved about the Easterns and I was told that I wasn't eligible for the World's."

"At first I was pretty bitter about not being invited," he continued. "I just couldn't see why the players that I beat in the Eastern could be allowed to compete in the 1964 World's and I wasn't invited."

As bitter as Cicero was it was nothing compared to a few local civil right's group's reaction.

When the 1964 BRPAA Tournament got started pickets started to parade in front of the Hotel Commodore claiming that Cicero wasn't allowed to play in the tourney because he was a Negro.

However, immediately after the pickets had started to parade Cicero went into a conference with Mr. McGirr and Stanley Markeson, the BRPAA's Executive Director, and emerged from the room with the feeling that the racial issue wasn't the reason for his failure to be invited.

"McGirr told me to get a sponsoring room of the BRPAA to get me into the Met Summer Tournament and if I won that event there was his personal guarantee that I would play in the '65 World's."

From that moment Cicero became a tiger on the table practicing every spare minute he had for the Summer tourney,

which is run by the New York State Chapter of the Billiard Room Proprietors Association of America.

The tourney was broken up into two sections.

Cicero was in the Bronx-Brooklyn Manhattan Westchester Division.

Right from the start Cicero gave evidence of his strength winning matches with great ease. He copped the crown with an unbeaten mark.

He was then pitted against Bud Gronroos, who had won the Nassau-Queens-Suffolk Section. The stakes were on the table for all to see. The winner gets a shot in the '65 World's and the loser just a runnerup trophy.

The urge to win was so strong for Cicero that at first he appeared nervous. But once he took the cue stick in his hands the nervousness left and the skill came to the front.

Cicero took Gronroos, 125-56 in the first match of the best of three. In the second encounter it was never a contest as Cicero ripped Bug, 125-23. And with the win came the knowledge that no matter what happened from that point on Cicero had won his way into the World's-- the first of his race over to do so.

However, preparing for a title tournament like the World's is no easy chore. Cicero knew that he would be facing the challenge of 14 of the top players in the world-- and he worked day and night at it.

(Continued from Page 6)

"Udgy" which were supposed to do wonders for the stomach.

There was a national advertising campaign on and he could get them free in each town. So that trip he hustled "Udgy" tablets and I hustled pool. He was also the laziest guy alive. He actually hated to see his opponent miss because then it was his turn to shoot which was work. Don gets quite a kick out of the players attempts today to disclaim any "hustling". Known pool hustlers today are known as Pocket Billiard experts. Don heard one player telling a reporter in a "Little Lord Fauntleroy" voice "I don't approve of gambling at Pocket Billiards". Don says

he should have added "unless my opponent is half drunk, has plenty of money and can't shoot." Don admits that the game has been cleaned up as it should be. Pocket Billiards is such a wonderful game that it deserves to be on the high level it is attaining says Don. George and Paulie Jansco have contributed vastly to the game, publicizing it and giving the players a chance to make a living. The World's tournament in New York couldn't be run by more knowledgeable or higher class fellows than Cy Kamlett - Stan Markusen and Bob McGirr says Don. Also, Joe Balsis is a real good player and very clean cut and worthy of being champion. I wouldn't be at all surprised to see pocket billiards get on a level with bowling some day. It deserves to be.

**WATCH  
FOR  
JUNE  
ISSUE  
WE  
BELIEVE  
IT WILL  
HAVE THE  
GREATEST  
BILLIARD  
NEWS  
EVER  
PRINTED**



## 'Round About Town

Opinions which may be expressed in this column are those of individual staff members not necessarily those of the owners of the newspaper.

### CHAMP IN THE MAKING

Steve Mizerak Jr. didn't win the world's pocket billiards title in the tournament that came to a conclusion Sunday at the Commodore Hotel in New York City, but he did beat both the old and new champions on successive days. That well may have been an unprecedented feat.

Steve wound up in fifth place with a 9-5 log, compared to the champion's 12-2 record.

The 20-year-old collegian, son of Mr. and Mrs. Steve Mizerak of Thomas Place, Metuchen, first bested defending champion Luther Lassiter, 150-136, on Friday then followed up with an even more spectacular triumph on Saturday over Joe Balsis of Minersville, Pa., 150-79. In his opening match, Mizerak took the measure of three-time world's champion Irving Crane, 150-141.

Balsis, recovering from the mizerak setback on Saturday, after winning nine matches in succession, went on to dethrone Lassiter in a Sunday head-to-head match. Balsis had an incomplete run of 53 to put Lassiter away, 150-70, in the decisive match of the eight-day tournament.

A week ago Mizerak's father, owner of Madison Recreation in Perth Amboy, thought "Steve might be in over his head" against this field of 15 of the best pocket billiard players in the world.

### Convinces Father

After seeing the St. Ambrose (Davenport, Iowa) College junior polish off the best, pater Mizerak has come up with some second thoughts about junior.

"He's met the test and has proved himself," Steve Sr. proudly declared yesterday after driving the young pocket billiard wizard to the airport. Junior is resuming his studies today after enjoying what must be a unique college-sponsored leave of absence — 10 days off to shoot pool.

In addition to besting three world champions, Mizerak did better than all right in every match he entered. As a matter of fact, with a break here and there he might today be the world's champion.

### Way Out in Front

Two of his five defeats came after he had the competition in his "hip pocket", losing to Jimmy Moore after being in front, 139 to 30; and bowing to Cicero Murphy after piling up a 117-4 lead. Moore went all the way with a 116 run to teach Steve a lesson he'll never forget — "You can't let up on a single shot against the top men in the game."

Mizerak, in addition, was credited with one of the five high runs of the tournament, a string of 101 in his winning match against Frank McGown of Brooklyn. Tops in this department was the 129 run made by Crane.

There are other world championship tournaments ahead and things look bright for the youngest of all competitors in the recently concluded tournament.

### Exhibitions at 12

Mizerak started shooting pool as a pre-teen ager and at the age of 12 was giving exhibitions under his father's tutelage through New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania.

"When I taught him all I knew," the eight-time New Jersey champion said, "I turned him over to Willie Mosconi and that master made him ready for

top-flight tournament competition."

Obviously, Steve Mizerak Sr. and Mosconi, one of the most famous of all pocket billiard players, turned in a masterful job between them.

With pocket billiards zooming as a competitive and spectator sport young Mizerak is coming into prominence at the right time.

A lucrative job as travelling representative for the Brunswick Corp. could be the stepping stone to world-wide renown and riches to match after he gets his degree at St. Ambrose College a year hence.

(Continued from Page 11)

were in the house, Alvarez had just finished shooting, and had made his way over to the painted garden and was seated precariously on his imaginary bench.

When Saylor walked to the table, he found his ball frozen to a size cushion. As he took his stance for the shot he could see he was fuming to himself. He drew back his cue to make the preliminary waggle. The but struck against the little railing that surrounded the table, on which the wine glasses of the ring-side spectators rested.

Saylor had a fiddling stroke, that see-sawed back and forth a good deal before he released it. Now as he fiddled, every time he drew back the but of his cue tapped the railing.

Howison nudged me, and I began to giggle. We were both youngsters at the giggling age, and once we started, nothing could stop us. Saylor heard us, and turned around. He glared up at the gallery. He glared at Alvarez, sitting placidly on his leg. Then he turned to the railing.

Crash! With one sweep of his cue he cleaned the board. Red wine, white wine, port wine and beer, bottles, glasses and all went tumbling into the laps of the astonished French spectators. Howison and I got up quietly and tip toed down the back stairs. We went down to the Olympia Music Hall underneath the Academy, where "The Prince of Pilsen" translated into French was playing, and spent the rest of the afternoon listening to musical comedy. But we didn't see anything half as funny as Ben Saylor's burst of temperament.

Later we learned that the management had Saylor apologize to all of the patrons who had been drenched, and the house bought a drink all around. Alvarez won the game.

Eddie Foy, the American comedian, was a familiar figure around the Paris academies. An enthusiastic billiard player himself, he was on hand for every important match.

They tell a story about a great contest between Frank Ives and Maurice Vignaux, play-

ed at the Olympia in 1892, before my time. It was the custom for the French spectators to occupy the tiers of seats on one side of the table, and the foreigners to occupy the opposite side. The French player would sit in a chair in front of his own countrymen, and his opponent would sit across the way.

Ives was not a temperamental player. It took a good deal to disturb his poise. But on this occasion, soon after the match began, he observed a strange commotion in the French gallery. While Vignaux was at the table certain spectators were pointing over in his direction and whispering among themselves. Ives wondered whether they were pointing at him, and if so, what was wrong.

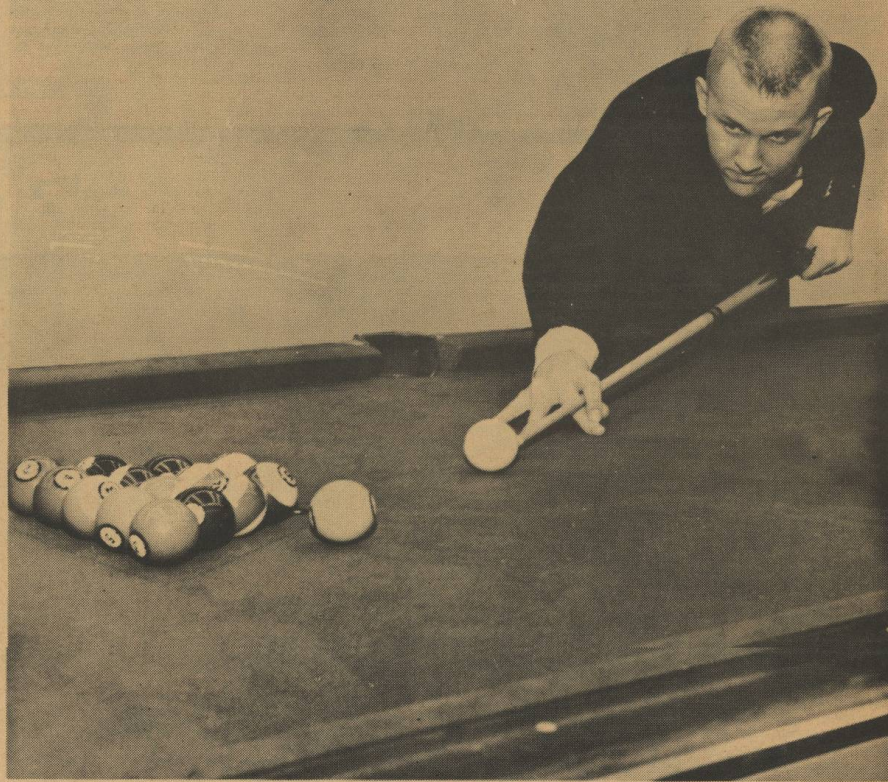
He had several turns at the table, but was unable to get the balls rolling right. Every time he took his seat he would glance up at the French gallery. The agitation among the spectators persisted, and it began to get on his nerves. The whole French side of the audience was engaged in whispering, pointing and laughing. They seemed to be paying very little attention to the game. Was it a conspiracy to rattle Ives and throw him off his stride?

Finally, he chanced to turn around and look over his shoulder. Up midway in the American "Bleachers" was Eddie

Foy. He was carrying on a little billiard game of his own, imitating the old Frenchman, Vignaux. Every time Vignaux would toss back his lion-like mane of hair Eddie would throw his head back in the same gesture. And as the majestic Frenchman marched around the table, studying the balls from various angles, Eddie, with great seriousness followed his every action in pantomime.

Ives caught the comedian's eye, smiled in recognition, and waved him to be quiet. The commotion in the French gallery ceased abruptly and spectators and players turned again to the game. It seemed that Foy had bet a substantial sum on Ives, and was contributing his own talents to the distraction of the French player. But his little plot nearly proved a boomerang.

On that first trip the management of the Olympia arranged a Jeune Maitre Tournament, for a championship of the Young Masters, and that I won without the loss of a single game. It was intended to make it an annual competition, subject to challenge, but my contract expired soon afterward, and I returned to the United States without being called upon to defend it. So in addition to various other titles it happens that I am the Jeune Maitre champion of France.



STEVE MIZERAK, JR.

MEMBER OF THE BRUNSWICK ADVISORY STAFF OF CHAMPIONS





## Boy Wonder Is Growing Up

As a result of Jacob Schaefer's negotiations, I sailed for France in October, 1902, to begin a series of engagements at the Olympia Academy in Paris. The trip was too expensive for my father, so he stayed at home. It was arranged that John Kammerer, Schaefer's father-in-law who was returning to Paris at the same time, should look out for me on the journey across, and I was to live with the Kammerers at their home in Paris.

My father and mother, Frank, and my two sisters were at the pier to see me off. My father delivered a lot of last-minute instructions to Kammerer just before we went on board. I must practice two hours every morning and be in bed by 10:30 every night. No gallivanting around the boulevards; no smoking, no drinking. My salary was to be sent back home every week, after deducting just enough to pay my board and incidental expenses.

With these final admonitions ringing in my ears, and my mother trying to comfort my sisters, who were crying as heartily as she, we set sail. I caught a last glimpse of my family as the Fuerst Bismarck swung out in mid-stream and headed down the bay. They were standing in a group at the end of the Hoboken pier, waving hankiechiefs and shouting farewell messages which I could not hear, but only guess at. And yet I knew what they were calling to me, however faintly the sounds came floating across the water.

My mother was telling me to be a good boy and say my prayers. My father was telling me to remember and practice at least two hours every morning. And Franks farewell was something like this: "Beat those Frenchmen, Willie, or don't ever come back!"

Mr. Kammerer, undisturbed by any sentimental reflections, settled himself comfortably in the smoking room as the steamer dropped down the Narrows. As soon as the New York sky

line had disappeared I went on a tour of exploration. The first thing that occurred to me, of course, was to look for the billiard room. Surely every first class ocean liner would be equipped with a couple of billiard tables, and I looked forward to putting in several hours of practice each day on the journey across.

I must have traversed several miles of passageways, and climbed a dozen flights of stairs looking for that billiard room. But there wasn't any. Finally, when I asked Mr. Kammerer about it, he explained that they hadn't yet been able to find a way to keep the ocean smooth, and as long as the ship rolled and tossed, you couldn't get the billiard balls to stay in one spot long enough to make a shot.

So, for the first time in seven years, I had a vacation from the billiard table.

Mr. Kammerer and I used to take long walks around the deck, and he would tell me about the famous French players, Maurice Vignaux, the old Master, and Louis Cure, Firmin Cassagnol, a young player who was said to possess perfect form at the table, Sanchez and Alvarez. He used to compare these French experts with his son-in-law Jacob Schaefer, who excelled them all, especially in the masse, and of whom he was very proud.

Deck shuffleboard and quoits helped me to pass the time on our journey, and also served to keep my eye and hand in trim. The seven days crossing passed quickly enough, and before I could realize it, we had landed at Havre and were on a train, bound for Paris.

I had heard a great deal about the French academies. They were altogether different, I found, from the billiard rooms I had been used to in the United States. The Olympia, where I was under contract to play twice a day for three months, was upstairs over the Olympia Music Hall in the Boulevard des Capucines, just off the Rue

Scribe, a quarter well known to all American travellers.

Instead of a large public room with billiard tables all about, the Olympia Academy consisted chiefly of an amphitheatre surrounding a single billiard table, with seats arranged in tiers all about, and little tables scattered about where the spectators could sit and drink their wine.

No admission fee was charged but every patron, upon entering and taking his seat, was visited by the waiter and he had to invest in at least one drink to the value of a franc. The Frenchmen could make this initial drink go a long ways. One glass of port wine would last the average Parisian billiard enthusiast through two-hundred points of balk line, twenty points of three cushions and a dozen games of rouge, or red ball.

Upon our arrival in Paris, Mr. Kammerer took me to the manager of the Olympia, and when the introductions were accomplished, he arranged for my first exhibition in public. I was to be given three days for practice, to become accustomed to the new conditions of cloth, balls, lighting, surroundings, etc., and then I was to be matched against the young French player, Fournil.

Meanwhile placards were posted in the cafes, announcing the arrival of "Le Jeune Americain, Willie Hoppe, Garcon Extraordinaire," who would meet all comers at the Olympia.

The ivory balls used in France are a fraction of an inch larger than our billiard balls, and the cloth has a heavier nap. Otherwise, the playing conditions are substantially the same. It did not take me long to get my bearings and recover my stroke, after the sea voyage, and when I stepped to the table one October afternoon for my first match against Fournil, I was confident of giving a good account of myself.

French billiard fans had turned out in force to see the "young American in short pants," and there was quite a sprinkling of Americans in the gallery, too. By this time I was thoroughly accustomed to playing before an audience, and the size of the crowd didn't bother me.

More than anything else I missed my father. I had played so long under his watchful eye, that it seemed strange not to find him there at my elbow every time I sat down, to receive a stern reproof if I had played badly or a good word if I had done well.

The match was close, but I managed to make a good showing. After playing 200 points of balk line, we changed the game as is the French custom, and played three cushion caroms and red ball.

The referee counted the points in French, "un, deux, trois," etc. Along toward the end of the game he would say, "et pour trois," meaning "and for three"; "et pour deux" "and for two," and finally "et gagner!" - "and he wins!" Thus the game reached its climax and the referee dramatically gave warning when the finish was near.

I had my first experience, that afternoon, with the French system of betting on the games. When the players are announced, the patrons sitting around the amphitheatre are privileged to come forward and place bets on their favorites. If one player is considered greatly superior, so that the betting on him is top heavy, the odds of the game are shortened to give the poorer player a chance, and this handicapping goes on until

the public's judgment is equalized with the player's skill.

A croupier, presiding at the table, takes all bets; and the odds are marked on a board on the wall. This croupier is a remarkable person. He never takes a patron's name or makes any elaborate memoranda. - Knowing most of the patrons by sight, he keeps track of all the bets in his head, and he pays off with never an error.

If a newcomer should venture a wager, the croupier merely refers to him as Monsieur X, or Monsieur Y., takes his money, and the transaction is complete. His memory of faces is so good that he never pays the wrong man.

It was the custom to stage several minor balk line matches at the Paris academies early in the afternoon, but these were desultory affairs. The real activity commenced between four and five. At that hour your Parisian sportsman is returning to the boulevards from the numerous race courses around the city, all of which are within a half hour's taxi ride. He desires more action, and so he repairs to the billiard academy.

The red ball games, with three players entered, provided a quick and effective method of providing action for the boulevardier. The games were limited to ten or fifteen points and lasted only a few minutes. Betting was lively, and the players received a percentage of the amount wagered on them if they won. The management also took a share.

Red ball is a tricky game. You have to make all your points by striking the red ball first, then completing the carom on the other white ball. Occasionally one of the players would get a lucky streak and run his string out from the break, and the gallery would noisily demonstrate its enthusiasm. Then again, when a player would trip up on what looked like a simple shot, with only one point to go, his backers in the gallery would groan, and protest that they were being tricked, double-crossed and swindled.

You couldn't blame a fellow if he had had a bad day at the race track for being a bit disgruntled when he saw his last handful of francs being swept away by the unlucky roll of a billiard ball, and their hisses were only a natural consequence.

I can remember how Vignaux, the distinguished old Frenchman used to behave on those occasions. He would turn to the gallery, raise his arms and throw back his huge head with its flowing mane of white hair, calling upon whatever gods lurked in the Olympia's dim, smoky ceiling to witness that he had done his best, and hadn't missed the shot on purpose.

Louis Cure, on the other hand, was never perturbed by hisses from the gallery. He would resume his seat and glare at the enraged Frenchmen as much as to say:

"Well, what if I did miss? It is my privilege. What are you going to do about it?" He was utterly impervious to criticism.

As a matter of fact, the games were absolutely on the level. The players couldn't afford to become involved in any crooked work, because the academy management and the public would be quick to detect and denounce them.

I had a tragedy of my own during one of those red ball sessions. One afternoon two distinguished gentlemen came and sat down near the table. One of them called me over just before the red ball game started,

"Willie," he said, "I'm an American. I've just bet \$500 on you to beat that Frenchman. If you win, it's yours."

I went back to my seat in a daze. Leonard Howison, another young American player, was standing nearby, and I said to him, "There's a party over there who says he's just bet \$500 on me, and will give it to me if I win. Is he kidding?" Leonard looked across the room where the two strangers sat.

"Hell, no," he said. "That's Charles M. Schwab, the big steel magnate. The other man is his physician. He means it. Go ahead and win."

In the next few minutes, I had figured out all the things I was going to do with that five hundred dollars. First I was going to buy my father the finest meerscham pipe in Paris. A diamond ring for mother, some dresses for my sister, and a big yellow walking stick for Frank completed my shopping list.

But when I stepped to the table to shoot, I found I couldn't see the balls, much less hit them right, and I lost the game by a lop-sided score. I never did understand clearly just what happened, or how I came to lose, in an instant, all the billiard instinct I had acquired through seven long years.

I went over to Mr. Schwab and tried to apologize, but he slapped me on the shoulder and didn't seem to mind at all.

I have the satisfaction of knowing that Mr. Schwab was present at another billiard match when I gave a better account of myself. He came to the Pennsylvania Hotel on the last night of the challenge match with Young Jake Schaefer, in March, 1923. Every seat was sold and the standing room space behind the gallery was jammed. But somebody at the door recognized Mr. Schwab, and they found a place for him inside. Then he saw me play one of the finest matches of my career.

## TEMPERAMENT AND PANTOMIME

Among the American professionals playing in Paris that year was a man named Ben Saylor. When conditions were just right, he could play great billiards, but he was more easily affected by trivial things than any billiard player I have even known. He didn't want the other professionals sitting in the gallery on the days when he was playing. The slightest untoward circumstance would upset his game.

At one end of the Olympia billiard amphitheatre was a back drop, painted to represent a garden scene, and down in one corner was a painted bench. Alvarez, a Spanish professional had a stiff leg. It was a peculiar property of this leg that enabled Alvarez to sit upon it without requiring a chair or any other support.

During his matches with Saylor, Alvarez, instead of taking his usual seat in the players' chair would limp over to the painted back drop and pretend to sit down upon the painted bench, supporting himself on the hinge of his crippled leg.

This little by-play would always distract the spectators' attention and throw Saylor off his game.

One afternoon Leonard Howison and I, celebrating an off-day, climbed the little stairway leading to the gallery and seated ourselves in the topmost row of benches, to watch the game without letting Saylor know we

One time they were giving away in the drugstores all over the country some tablets called

(Continued on Page 9)



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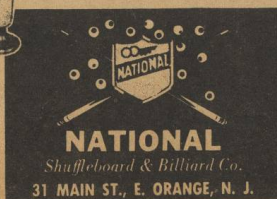
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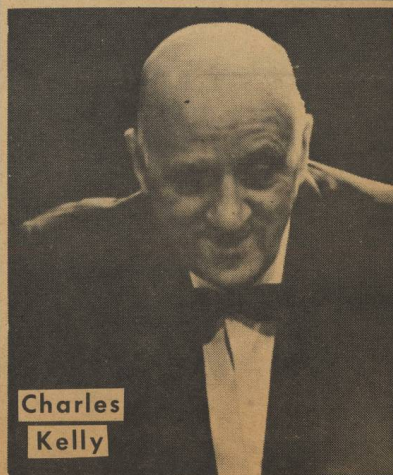
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