

Wing-tip scores with new styling

the Pedwin
cager

A brand-new folded
U-Wing tip... with a
hand-laced toe design.

Popular 3-eyelet
raglan pattern.

Pedwin Division,
Brown Shoe
Company, St. Louis.

995

Other styles
\$8.95 and \$9.95
Higher Denver West



Pedwin
YOUNG IDEAS IN SHOES

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED



FEBRUARY 14, 1955

25 CENTS

JIMMY JEMAIL'S HOTBOX



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

As a former Olympian,
what should the
United States do to win
the Olympics in 1956?

RALPH HILL, 5,000-Meter Run
Second, 1932



"By creating more interest in events in which we are traditionally weak. College meets should schedule events more nearly parallel to the Olympics. Business and industry should cooperate with athletes. This can be done by staggering hours and work weeks to allow time for training."

PARRY O'BRIEN, Shot-Put
Winner, 1952



"I've seen the Russians in action. They are geared for victory, to prove their way of life is better than ours. The games will be in November, when our athletes have had little or no competition. The way to victory is a revised competitive schedule so our athletes will be at their peak."

LOUIS TEWANIMA, Marathon
Second, 1912



"Young men now do not work hard to keep the body strong. They eat, play, smoke and drink too much. If young men want to win Olympics, they should begin now. They should get up early, go to bed early, run all the time. Young men must eat good food and have a clean mind."

BOB MATHIAS, Decathlon
Winner, 1948 and 1952



"We'll have to perform much better to win more medals than the improved Russian team. Their women are far ahead of ours in track and other events. We must field an all-round team. Not just an outstanding track team, but top teams in weight lifting, gymnastics, etc. in which Russians excel."

JOHNNY HAYES, Marathon
Winner, 1908



"Sorry to say that we have an excellent chance of losing to the Russians. Not enough of our young men devote the time and effort needed to excel in track and field events. Training is not fashionable. We have some good men, but not enough. What should we do? I'm not a magician."

HORACE ASHENFELTER, 3,000-Meter Steeplechase
Winner, 1952



"By developing incentive among our athletes. Money has never won a 100-meter dash. If we can give athletes incentive in the form of money, we can win."

CHARLIE MOORE, 400-Meter Hurdles
Winner, 1952



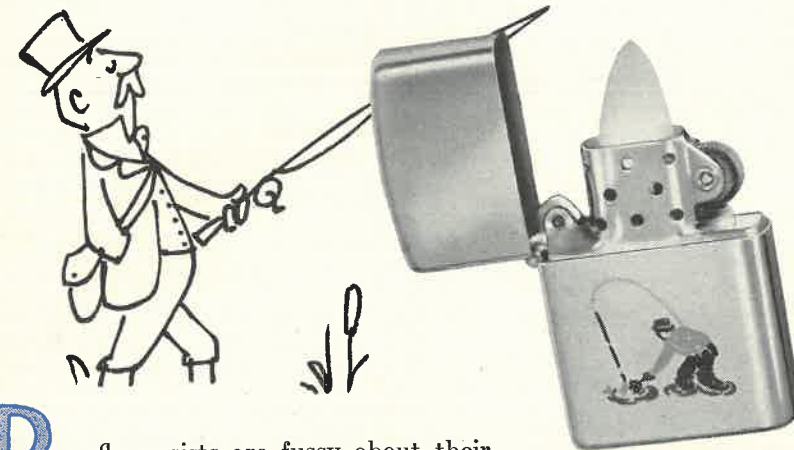
"By fostering enthusiasm at the family, school, college and postcollege levels. I received great support from my father. Cor-

JOSEPH PEARMAN, 10,000-Meter Walk
Second, 1920



"Material should be scouted now. Former Olympians should locate and help coach promising youngsters. Bernie Wefers of the

Sparks from a Sportsman's Zippo



Lifetime-engraved
in color!
Choice of sport. \$4.75

Dry fly purists are fussy about their fishing, but there are British anglers who go them a long step better. These gents will only "fish the rise"—cast to a rising fish. They disdain to "fish the water"—cast to any likely spot. No rise, no cast for them. For us, that would mean many a day with no fishing at all. (We've had many a day with no fish, but at least we've been *fishing*.)



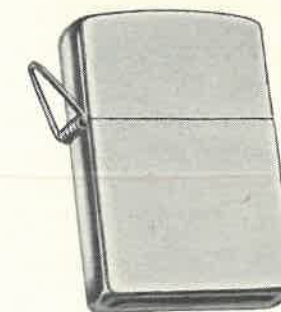
Of all sportsmen who value the wind-proof feature of Zippo, probably none gets more out of it than the outboard motor crowd. When you're doing thirty or so in a 12-footer and the water feels like broken rocks under the hull, it's a great comfort to get your light despite the worst battering the wind can give. One hand and one zip, too.



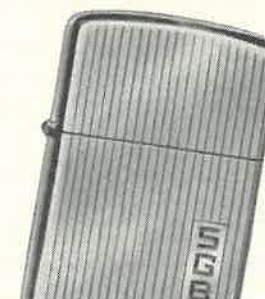
Incidentally, the wonderful recent im-



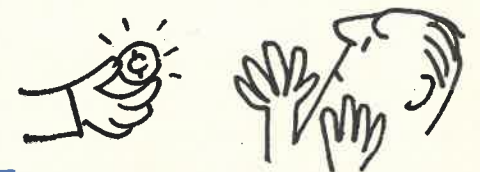
Rich, real leather.
Many colors. \$6



Loop for thong!
Can't lose it! \$4



plain their popularity. The truth is, the outboard is one of the few remaining mechanisms the average man can *tinker* with. The modern automobile calls for an expert. Most men can't do anything more with a modern refrigerator than get a beer out of it. But with an outboard, there are things to turn and things to press and you can do it yourself. We used to be a great country of tinkers. Nice to see some of it return.



While back we got to talking again about the Zippo guarantee. We fix all Zippos free, always, no matter what happens to them. No one, we said, has ever paid us a cent to repair a Zippo. Then we remembered the man who sent us a dollar—without giving his name and address. We had fixed his lighter and he wanted to show appreciation. But we couldn't return it because we couldn't locate him.

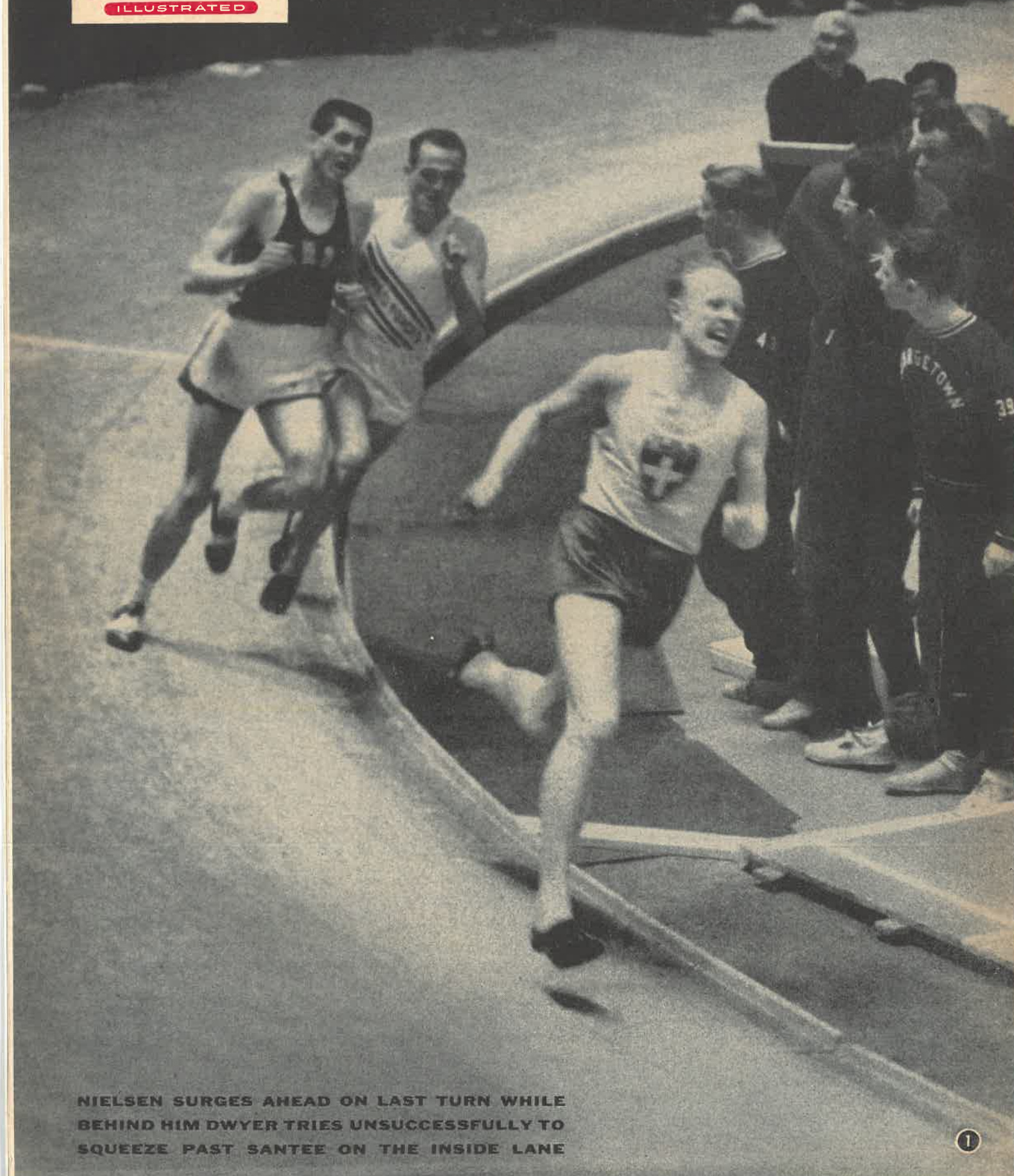


What did we do with the dollar? Framed it. It hangs in the President's office, where it's pointed out as part of the money no one ever paid us to repair a Zippo.

ZIPPO
ALWAYS WORKS—OR WE FIX IT FREE

FEBRUARY 14, 1955

SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED



NIELSEN SURGES AHEAD ON LAST TURN WHILE BEHIND HIM DWYER TRIES UNSUCCESSFULLY TO SQUEEZE PAST SANTEE ON THE INSIDE LANE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HY PESKIN

THE RIOTOUS WANAMAKER MILE

by **ROBERT CREAMER**

Gunnar Nielsen won the famous Mile and set a new world record of 4:03.6 in doing it. But hardly anyone noticed, for behind him Wes Santee and Fred Dwyer were wrestling each other down the stretch

NEW YORK

THERE ARE THOSE who say it was the best running battle the New Yorkers have seen since the Democratic Convention of 1924 took 103 ballots to nominate John W. Davis. There are others who say this is not so, that there has never been anything like it before.

It is necessary to understand the importance of the one-mile run to any indoor track-and-field meet and to understand that this was the Millrose Games, the most famous of all indoor meets; that there were 15,000 of the passionate, dedicated, perceptive breed called track fans in Madison Square Garden, and that the event was the Wanamaker Mile, the single most important indoor race in the world. As Wes Santee said in Washington just two weeks earlier, it is the race that everybody wants to win.

Last Saturday night to the Wanamaker Mile in the Millrose Games in Madison Square Garden came six men. All six wanted to win. But three *expected* to, in the way a man expects dinner when he arrives home from the office; there is simply no question about it; it is his natural due. This is called confidence, and it is a quality possessed to an extraordinary degree by the three young men in question: David Wesley Santee of Kansas, Gunnar Nielsen of Denmark, and Frederick Anthony Dwyer Jr. of New Jersey.

Wes Santee's confidence rested on cold logic. The record showed that he was best. No one had ever run a mile indoors faster than he; only the four-minute milers—Roger Bannister and John Landy—had ever run a faster mile outdoors. He had been beaten, true, by Nielsen's sprint finish in a slow race in Washington on Jan. 22, but a week later in Boston he had run Nielsen into the ground with a driving pace over the last half-mile that had left the Dane 35 yards behind without a sprint and Santee all alone at the tape with a new world record. And he had beaten Dwyer five times in five races.

"Why should I expect to lose?" said Wes Santee.

Gunnar Nielsen's confidence rested on his great sprint finish and a curious lack of regard for Santee. Nielsen was co-holder of the world half-mile record and he had, after all, defeated Santee in Washington.

"If I stay close to him," he said in his halting English, "I can outsprint him and win. I can beat Santee. The only man I fear in all the world is Bannister."

No one knew what little Freddy Dwyer's confidence rested on. He is a good runner, a fine runner, but he had never been able to beat either Santee or Nielsen. He was confident all the same.

"I can beat 'em both," he said, and it was obvious that he believed it.

As the start of the Wanamaker Mile neared last Saturday night, the early events of the evening were all but

continued on next page

BUTTED OFF THE TRACK, Dwyer continued to run inside of Santee around turn. Nielsen, far ahead, raced for the tape and a new indoor world record. Ollen (*left*) was a lap behind others.



picture sequence continued on next page



Back on the track, Dwyer, completely off the ground (3), clings to Santee after being spun all the way around toward startled crowd.



Dignified timers (4) stare in amazement as Dwyer and Santee break apart, almost fall, then continue to totter toward finish (5)



Dwyer twists away from Santee (6) and stays in front, but almost crashes into the timers (7) as he weaves his way along the track.



Exhausted Santee gulps for air (8) as he staggers across the finish line behind Dwyer, who throws his arms out to maintain balance



THE MILE *continued from page 9*

forgotten—the powerful Audun Boyesen's striking win over a splendid field in the 880; graceful Mal Whitfield's suddenly awkward struggle to stay ahead in the final yards of the 600; the commanding victories of Bob Richards in the pole vault and Harrison Dillard in the hurdles (the ninth consecutive Millrose triumph for each); Rod Richard's clear-cut win margin in the star-packed 60-yard dash. All were splendid performances. All were genuinely appreciated by the crowd. But all became of secondary importance as the time neared for the Wanamaker Mile.

The field was probably the best ever entered in the Wanamaker. There was Santee, the 4:00.6 miler, the indoor record-holder. There was Nielsen, conqueror of Santee, a great runner in his own right. There was Dwyer, who had won the Wanamaker and every

other important Eastern indoor mile in 1953 before he had gone into the Army. There was Bob McMillen, who had finished second to Josy Barthel in the record-breaking 1952 Olympic 1,500-meter run, and who was slowly working his way back into top shape. There was Billy Tidwell, who had beaten Santee at the mile in high school and who had beaten him again, in the half-mile, just last year. There was Dick Ollen, who had set a record-producing pace for Santee in Boston and who had been brought to New York to do the same thing in the Wanamaker.

THE PACE WAS PERFECT

Nielsen jumped into the lead at the gun, but Ollen took over quickly and led the field through the first quarter-mile in 58.6 seconds, brilliant time that brought an appreciative roar from the crowd. Santee, Nielsen and Dwyer followed Ollen in that order.

At the half-mile the time was 2:00.6, perfect pace for a record mile. Santee moved past the tiring Ollen just past the half-mile mark and took over the lead, Dwyer moving up into second place and Nielsen following in third.

Here, Santee lost the race. His sense of pace indoors is faulty, and his time for the third quarter-mile was a lackadaisical 63 seconds, much too slow to take the sting out of Nielsen's kick. Santee realized this belatedly and increased speed in the last quarter, but Dwyer and Nielsen stayed with him.

The crowd was all voice now, roaring its approval of Santee's driving pace, of Dwyer's persistence, of Nielsen's potential. On the backstretch of the last lap, 80 yards from the finish line, Nielsen moved out from the inside curb of the track to pass. With a tremendous, lifting burst of speed, he passed Dwyer and then Santee, just as they bent into the last turn. Santee was

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK KAUFFMAN

laboring and he bore out on the turn, possibly to hold off Nielsen, a common tactic in indoor running.

But Nielsen, his long hair flapping, his arms pumping across his chest, was suddenly three, four, five yards in front, his famed sprint wide open. Santee was through. It was obviously Nielsen's race, a great victory for him and a stirring thing for the crowd to see.

THE TROUBLE BEGINS

But before anyone could savor it, before anyone could really appreciate the scope of Nielsen's accomplishment, the strange events pictured on these pages began to occur. Dwyer, hanging like a leech to the fading Santee, tried to sneak past on the inside as they followed Nielsen around the last turn, a maneuver that is legal only if the man passing can get through without

interfering with the man being passed.

It didn't work; there simply wasn't room. Santee came back to the inside of the track and Dwyer was dead, squeezed between Santee and the curb.

When they banged together (Picture 1, p. 8), Chuck Hornbostel, the old Indiana half-miler who was serving as inspector on the turn, properly noted interference by Dwyer and called it to the attention of the chief inspector. Meanwhile, Dwyer, still running, was jostled off the track onto the infield (Picture 2, p. 9). He followed the curve of the track, staying abreast of Santee, and came back on the boards as they hit the straightaway, squeezing ahead of the weary Kansan.

Santee, seemingly unable to bear the sight of Dwyer in front of him, reached out a protesting arm and grabbed Dwyer's shoulder. Dwyer, in turn, infuriated by this violation of track ethics, turned angrily to thrust Santee's arm

off and grabbed him around the body. The crowd watched in amazement. Nielsen's great race was forgotten.

The two spun around on the track in each other's arms, almost fell, broke apart and then staggered across the finish line. At once they turned to each other in post-race exhaustion and with monumental incongruity shook hands.

The crowd, shocked by the travesty, was in an uproar. Its rumbling anger was obviously directed more at Santee than at Dwyer. What Dwyer had done—cutting through on the inside—is fairly common. It was wrong, the judges spotted it, and Dwyer was penalized for it, but it was understandable. But for Santee to reach out and hold an opponent was a glaring breach of conduct, particularly so for a great runner.

"That's not the way a champion acts," growled a spectator.

Indeed, when Dwyer's disqualification

continued on next page



BITING HIS TONGUE with determination, Pole Vaulter Bob Richards grips the pole, fixes his eye on the crossbar and churns down the runway. He cleared 15 feet 2 inches to set a new Millrose record as he won the pole vault for the ninth straight year.

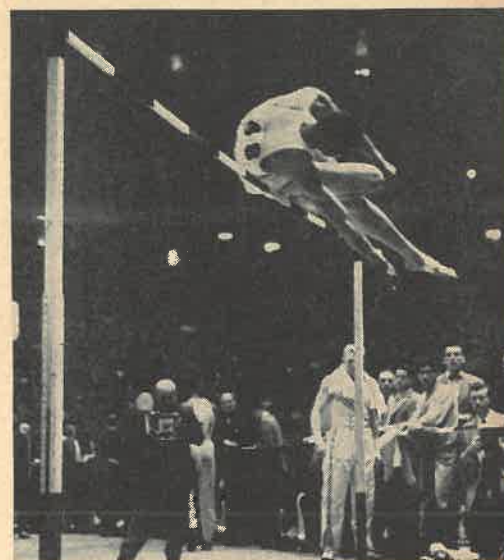
THE MILE *continued from page 11*

tion was announced, the crowd booed the disqualification. And when it was announced that Santee, who had finished third behind Dwyer, was being placed second, the boos grew louder. When Nielsen's world-record time of 4:03.6 was announced, the crowd seemed barely to notice it. Everyone was too busy talking about the fight. After the race Santee sought out

Nielsen and congratulated him, and photographers took their picture together. Santee seemed out of place in the picture. Then Santee went over to Dwyer and the two shook hands again. "I'm sorry you were disqualified," Santee said. "I'm sorry about the whole thing," Fred said. "Let's forget about it." He remembered the Baxter Mile scheduled for the Garden on Feb. 12. "There's always next week."



STRAINING FOR THE TAPE, the finalists in the 60-yard dash lunge for the finish. Rod Richard (*right*), his face



POISED IN MID-AIR, lithe Herman Wyatt seems to clear bar but knocks it off with his hip to miss new meet record.

"What's going to happen next week, Fred?" someone asked Dwyer. Dwyer, grinning, said, "I still think I can beat 'em both. Next week? Well, there'll be a fight." He stopped grinning. "I don't mean that literally," he added hastily. Santee sought out Dan Ferris and returned his second-place medal. "I gave it back because I don't think I finished second. Someone went past me." He paused. "I think we



strained with effort, flings his arms wide as he breaks the tape with his chest to win in 6.2 seconds, one-tenth of a second off the indoor record. Arthur Bragg (*left*) thrusts his head and

shoulders forward in a vain attempt to beat Richard. John Haines (*second from left*) and Arthur Pollard, running almost in step, follow Bragg across the finish line, a close third and fourth.



DETERMINED HARRISON DILLARD pokes his long, lean leg over the hurdle a good half-stride ahead of Charley Pratt (*foreground*) and Rod Perry, went on to win for ninth year in a row.



CLASSIC FORM is shown by sprinters in 60-yard semi-final as all five starters roar off mark with right legs driving, left arms flung back. Richard (*center*) won this and the final.

both should have been disqualified." He went back to his hotel, dressed, phoned his wife, changed his airline reservation from Sunday noon to Saturday night, ate and flew back to Kansas on the 1:30 a.m. flight. Meanwhile, at the Wivel, a Scandinavian restaurant in New York, Gunnar Nielsen drank Danish beer and ate headcheese and herring from the *smörgåsbord*. He said he was a little tired, that he had not been aware of the brawl

behind him, that "perhaps" he could continue to defeat Santee and Dwyer in the mile races yet to come this indoor season. He made an odd picture, this quiet, amiable winner of the world's most important indoor race. For despite his brilliant victory, his world-record time, it was not his race. To track fans, the 1955 Wanamaker Mile would always be the graceless Santee-Dwyer affair at the finish line. **END**

GUNNAR NIELSEN grins as he pours himself some Danish beer after record mile.

