

# WHAT PEOPLE WANT TO KNOW ABOUT ME

By Gene Tunney

THE two questions I have been asked most frequently since I won the world's heavyweight championship are, surprisingly enough, not concerned with boxing at all. The questions are not always phrased just alike, but in general they run something like this:

"Are you going to be married soon?"

"What are your favorite books?"

I like to laugh off the first question as a joke. I may change my mind later, but at present I intend to give my undivided attention to my job as champion. That doesn't mean I am a woman-hater.

I am not engaged. I bet a thousand dollars with a friend of mine a short time ago that I would not marry in five years. If I happen to change my mind that privilege ought to be worth a thousand.

My friends, knowing that I have had the fortunate privilege of becoming acquainted with some of the charming and wonderful women in the movies and on the stage, ask me whether I would prefer to marry an actress or a woman from non-professional life.

That's hardly a fair question. As I have been told, Cupid doesn't call his shots, so I'm not going to make predictions. I have seen too many good men go wrong in telling what they would do, or what they wouldn't do, in affairs of the heart.

When Mary Garden told the ship news reporters in New York on her return from Europe last October that I was a nice boy and that she wouldn't mind being engaged to me, I laughed at the joke along with Mary and the rest of the world. I certainly got razzed enough over Mary's little chat with the newspaper men.

Growing out of the question about my marrying is this other one: "Do you get many mash letters?"

Some of the letters I receive from the ladies have me guessing. I don't know whether they are spoofing me or not. Some merely ask for autographs or signed photographs. Some of the letters might be considered proposals. When I am ready to get married I don't want the girl to propose. I hope to do that myself.

This business of being champion still seems strange to me. People ask me questions about my private life that I would have resented a few years ago. Now I know that people claim the right to ask a champion boxer anything. That's one of the penalties of being a champion.

Those who discuss books ask me to name my favorite authors and want to know how in the world I, a mere boxer, acquired a taste for literature.

Right here and now let me say that I am primarily a boxer. I don't want the reputation of a bookworm. The talk about my liking for books has been overdone. I take the blame myself for it. During my training days for the Dempsey bout, some visitors, seeing me reading in my spare moments, had a little fun in their conversations with me by using big words. Taking up the joke, I answered back in polysyllables. I'm afraid some of the innocent bystanders took me seriously and thought I was parading my knowledge. One of the lessons hammered into me in school was to use the proper

word for the occasion, a big word if necessary, but preferably a small one.

Being a boxer, my reading attracts attention. Some think I didn't begin the talk about books. Others did it to make conversation. Many put me through a cross examination, a quiz to test my literary knowledge, as if I were an infant prodigy of eleven applying for admittance to college. I answer out of politeness' sake.

Still, I have a genuine interest in books, or rather the ideas contained in them. It is a hobby with me, just as Jem Mace, a bare-knuckle champion of the 1860's, played the violin, and Jem Ward, another prize ring holder, painted pictures. Because a man is a boxer it doesn't follow that he has to be illiterate.

I have always had a taste for reading. In school I read books as a part of the course in English, including several of Shakespeare's plays. When I went to work I continued my reading. I finished the works of Shakespeare from cover to cover in an old set. I particularly like "Henry IV," "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice," "Macbeth" and "Othello."

By reading anthologies and collections, I became familiar with the works of many English, Irish and American poets. I have a good memory and had no difficulty in learning to recite many passages by heart.

I have read considerable history. I struggled through Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." And I have read Hendrik Willem Van Loon's "Story of Mankind," and believe me, it's a lot easier than Gibbon.

I have read much of Cooper, Dickens, Dumas, Victor Hugo, and Bulwer Lytton. I have read Samuel Butler's "The Way of all Flesh," a book that had a tremendous influence on George Bernard Shaw. I am familiar with the works of Jack London, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Jeffery Farnol—just as almost every man is who likes a good story.

Like thousands of others, I promise myself to read a long list of books that I have heard discussed, or read about in reviews.

I have answered the two questions I am asked most. But there are plenty of others. In discussing them here, I necessarily must make a selection because of limited space. I shall follow no regular plan but merely answer those that come first to mind, just as I recall them in casual conversation.

Some questions, such as the date of my next fight and the name of my next opponent, I shall leave to Father Time to answer. Here is a frequent question, and my answer:

"Did you and Dempsey talk to each other during your fight?"

We did very little talking. Early in the bout Dempsey hit me a low punch. He did it unintentionally. He fought a clean, sportsmanlike fight. As the blow fell below my belt, I merely called his attention to it by saying:

"Keep them up, Jack! Keep them up!"

Dempsey said in acknowledgment: "Excuse me, Gene."

During a bout some boxers talk to their opponents. The classic example was Young Corbett in his fights with



"I am primarily a boxer. I don't want the reputation of a bookworm. Some think I am highbattin' the boys when I talk literature. I am not. I didn't begin the talk about books. Because a man is a boxer it doesn't follow that he has to be illiterate."

Terry McGovern. He talked and chatted to rattle McGovern.

At Hartford in 1901, according to the story, Corbett, on his way from his dressing room to the ring, stopped before McGovern's dressing room, rapped on the door and shouted over the transom to the featherweight champion of the world: "Come on out and take your beating, Terry."

During that bout Young Corbett irritated Terry by discussing his family and his ancestors between punches. Terry became so boiling mad that he fought with increased fury but with lessened judgment, so that he became an easy prey for a knockout in the second round.

I seldom talk in a fight. If I do speak I say something on the spur of the moment, as I did in my fight with Tom Gibbons at the Yankee Stadium in New York City in 1925.

We mixed near the ropes in an early round. Gibbons sent over a clean right-hand shot to my jaw. It did not have any damaging effect, which led me to remark: "If that's all you have, Thomas, you won't get very far."

Here's another question: "Did you talk to your seconds between rounds in the Dempsey fight?"

Up to the fourth round I said only a few words to them. As I sat on the stool in my corner they could see that I had the situation well in hand. At the end of my first round my manager, Billy Gibson, asked: "How do you feel, Gene?"

"I'm all right," I replied.

I did no talking from the fourth round to the gong that ended the contest. I was perfectly content to remain quiet, and for a very good reason. It hurt me to talk.

During the fourth round I decided to shift my attack from Dempsey's face to his body. I drove a right over his heart. At the same instant he led a left hook for the point of my jaw.

I saw it coming. Dempsey was shooting out his most effective wallop—the one he had used to flatten Willard, Carpentier, Firpo and a score of other boxers.

Since I did not have my arms in a position to block the hook, due for its destination in a fraction of a second, I knew I must



The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

MARCH, 1927



fighting in preliminary bouts. True, Bill McCabe, Bill Roach and other close personal friends predicted with a great deal of confidence that I would some day become the champion of the world.

Such predictions weren't news to sport writers. In 1919 many managers took the sport writers aside and in strictest confidence told them that they had the coming champion in their stables. Today managers are telling the sport writers the same thing: "I have the boy who'll be the next champion."

To the writers of 1919 I had my reputation to make. I had to develop and acquire ring experience. As time passed they saw me in a few poor performances and remembered them rather than my victories over Spalla, Madden, Carpentier, Greb, Levinsky and Gibbons. They saw me develop before their eyes. They didn't seem to notice that I was improving and adding weight. Their opinion of me was the opinion of a father who sees his son every day and becomes so familiar with him that he doesn't notice his growth. Some fathers look on a thirty-year-old son as a boy who still needs counsel and guidance before he can take a single step.

The day when I knew that I was ready finally came. I had experience. In all I had boxed in seventy contests, winning half of them by knockouts. Jeffries won the championship from Fitzsimmons in his eleventh professional battle. Yet some persons thought I hadn't had enough experience.

I knew that I had mastered my trade. I had the size. I was ready to fight any man in the world. In my heart I knew that I could whip Wills or Dempsey.

I had a hard time to make the world share my belief. When I signed papers permitting Rickard to match me with either Wills or Dempsey, many laughed. When I knocked out Bartley Madden, whom Wills couldn't defeat, some cried fake.

I had a difficult time trying to overcome the early opinion that many experts had formed of me. They only remembered me as an up-and-coming light heavy. They seemed to forget that Jim Corbett weighed only 166 pounds when he fought the famous sixty-one-round draw with the two-hundred-pound Negro Peter Jackson at San Francisco in 1891, and yet the next year Corbett had taken on fifteen pounds or more when he fought and whipped John L. Sullivan at New Orleans for the championship of the world.

Some men in various walks of life are overrated and some are underrated. Some have a hard climb to the top. Others get there with less difficulty. Some live on their past reputations.

A reputation helps many a man to win, whereas if he had to depend on his mere ability he might lose. In making their predictions, the boxing experts were perhaps blinded a little by Dempsey's past reputation.

They did not pick Dempsey to win because they disliked me. I don't know of an enemy on any newspaper. Those who said I would lose were not criticizing Gene Tunney, the private citizen, but gave their opinion of what they thought of his professional skill.

They did not care who won the fight. They played no favorites. They arrived at their conclusion by comparing our records and by what they saw in our training camps.

What if nearly all the newspaper experts did make a mistake in their predictions? We all have made errors. The old saying, "Differences of opinion make horse races," is just as true of boxing contests.

In picking Dempsey, the experts did not consider all the factors. I did not disclose my plan of attack while they were looking on as I worked out in training.

For instance, that first right-hand blow that I landed on Dempsey at the start of the fight, the one that missed his jaw but landed on his cheekbone, I perfected in secret. Only a few of my intimate friends knew that I would use it at the very outset of the bout.

I often tried it out while doing road work. As I ran along breathing in the mountain air in the Adirondacks and later in the Pocono Mountains, I would stop stepping at the double, halt and test my

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly



With a group of youthful admirers



"When Mary Garden told the reporters on her return from Europe that she wouldn't mind being engaged to me, I laughed at the joke along with Mary and the rest of the world. I certainly got razged enough over Mary's little chat with the newspaper men"

either duck my head and allow Dempsey's gloved fist to overshoot, pull my head to one side or the other to allow the blow to slip harmlessly over a shoulder, or jerk my head back out of danger by a fraction of an inch to allow the blow to whiz past my face. I jerked my head back, getting my jaw out of the way in time, but Dempsey's left glove thudded against my Adam's apple. He had his whole body behind the punch—his shoulder muscles, his legs, his arm.

In all my career I have never felt a blow so hard as that left hook. Don't let anyone tell you that Dempsey can't hit. I thought his fist was going clean through me.

When I walked to my corner at the end of the round my seconds gave me a gargle mixture of water and peppermint which burned so that I had to spit it out.

Ordinarily I would not have noticed it, but as my throat was raw from the blow, it seemed as if I were gargling hot lead. Naturally, since talking was painful, I kept quiet. I couldn't talk above a whisper for days.

I am frequently asked what I thought of nearly all the boxing experts picking Dempsey to defeat me. In answer, I ask you to put yourself in the place of many of the New York writers who said Dempsey would win, and look at it from their viewpoint. Most of them saw me at the start of my boxing career in 1919, after I left the service. They knew me as a long-legged kid weighing about 165 pounds, a light heavyweight well within the 175 limit who could possibly with a little effort reduce down to 160 pounds, the middleweight mark.

To them I was only one of twenty other promising young ringmen



"Some questions, such as the date of my next fight and the name of my next opponent, I shall leave to Father Time to answer"

timing and judging of distance by delivering the blow at the imaginary jaw of an imaginary Dempsey standing there in the roadway.

I have often been asked about my physical and mental reactions while fighting an opponent in the ring. How do I build up opposition to fight? What are my feelings when I answer the gong to begin a battle? Do I hold animosity toward an opponent?

To make clear my views about my physical and mental reactions when boxing an opponent, I shall first ask any reader to recall a time in his life when confronted with a crisis calling for great physical exertion. As you look back on the event, you know that you outdid what you believed to be the limit of your physical strength. You did it because you had to do it. Afterward you discovered wounds or bruises, and wondered how you got them, and why you didn't feel them before.

Modern scientists explain how nature helped you in your moment of danger. The nervous system commanded the heart to pump more blood and the lungs to supply more oxygen as fuel to aid the muscles in their work. At the same time, the nervous system halted the functions of the stomach and intestines so that the digestion of your food was suspended while the other organs were helping the muscles. What happened may be compared to a city street when the fire gong rings. Ordinary traffic halts and

draws to the curb to allow the fire engines the right of way.

When I am going into the ring I help nature get me keyed up to a fighting pitch physically and mentally by training to make lungs, heart and muscles function more easily. On the day of battle I do not eat much food. I know that I cannot digest it. No matter how phlegmatic a boxer, he can't properly digest a heavy meal while anticipating a battle, with all its uncertainties and doubts. Old trainers know this and don't cram food into a boxer just before a bout.

Even Battling Nelson, the Dane who won the lightweight championship around 1908, a man of unusual stamina and strength, felt the evil effects of a beefsteak he ate a few hours before a contest. He rightly blamed the leaden and undigested sirloin for his poor showing.

Incidentally here is a health hint: If you are preparing for an important physical or mental crisis, do not eat a heavy meal. Do not let persons force food on you. Take something light.

The night before I fought Tom Gibbons I moved from Saratoga Springs to a hotel near the Yankee Stadium. As this was an important battle, I naturally was wrought up to a high pitch. I foolishly took a cup of strong tea before going to bed. I had cut tea and coffee off my menu while training. Ordinarily it would have had no effect on me, but that night I didn't sleep a wink. I blamed it on the cup of tea. Twelve (Continued on page 89)



# What People Want to Know About Me

(Continued from page 17)

minutes before I left my dressing room at the Sesqui Stadium for my corner, the director of the bout, a state boxing commission official, knocked on my door and cried out:

"Be ready now, any minute."

The commission doctor had examined me, the referee had dropped in to explain and discuss the rules. In addition to my ring costume, I wore a sweat shirt to ward off any danger of getting stiffened muscles. I rested my back against a wall. In the dozen remaining minutes before I received the signal to begin my journey ringward, I dozed for at least six minutes.

Overseas eight years before, my friend Bill McCabe and I had discussed my chances of some day fighting for the championship. He predicted that I would be champion.

He and I mapped out a fighting and training schedule. He told me that it would be entirely up to me whether or not I fulfilled my life ambition. I had to do the fighting and the training and no one else could do it for me. All plans would be useless unless I worked hard and gave up many pleasures and comforts.

Now I was ready for the big test.

As I sat in my corner, a close personal friend of mine—I won't mention his name—who had been let in on the secret that I intended to win the battle with the first right-hand smash shouted to me:

"Don't forget that, Gene!"

I knew that he wanted final assurance that I would follow out my plan, so I reassured him by saying:

"It's all right. I'll do it."

When the gong rang to start the battle, the moment that I had been preparing for over many years had arrived. I shall never forget the sound of the gong that sent me walking toward Dempsey. I landed the first blow of the bout, a right-hand smash that took Dempsey by surprise. That blow won the fight even though I missed the point of the jaw and landed high on the cheek bone.

After that I warmed up and was ready for the fight of my life. I was past that dangerous moment that some boxers experience—slowness in warming up to a fighting pitch.

Some have gone in stale from too much work and anxiety. Some have gone in sluggish and have been knocked out before they could untrack themselves. Willie Ritchie used to spar a few rounds in his dressing room in order to answer the gong ready for action. Pitchers warm up before a game for the same reason.

For a long time some persons said that I was not vicious enough in the

ring, that I looked more like a theological student than a fighter, that I was not a killer.

If by killer they meant that I do not like to beat up sparring partners just for the fun of it, then they are right. Some bystanders watching me train for Dempsey were disappointed because I did not try to knock Jimmy Delaney out every day we sparred. Now wouldn't I be foolish to cut a man to pieces who was doing his best to get me into condition?

If by killer they meant that I don't like to hurt an opponent needlessly, then they are right. Yet when the gong rings to start a battle and I walk out to meet an opponent, my attitude toward him is the same as a pitcher's attitude toward a batter in baseball whom he is trying to outwit, or that of a half-back trying to win his way to a rival goal line.

Although I have hammered and battered men in the ring and some have hammered and battered me in return, still my opponents and I have remained friends outside the ring. In my first fight with Harry Greb he collided with me, breaking the bridge of my nose, cutting my eye and mouth until the blood almost choked me.

In our other meetings I smashed his ribs and gave him a general beating. But I always respected him as a fighter and a man. Outside the ring we could shake hands and talk over our fights and joke about them. I grieved at his death and was a pallbearer at his funeral. He was a great fighter and a sportsman.

In my battle with Dempsey I closed his eyes and cut him up, but outside the ring I bear no animosity toward him and he bears none toward me.

I know that some boxers carry feuds from the ring into private life. I don't know any boxer whom I ever fought that I am unfriendly with.

Several million people heard the returns of the bout over the radio, among them many of my friends who could not get to Philadelphia.

"How," said one friend, "did the announcers' remarks affect you? Weren't you a little embarrassed to hear them come out so bluntly? How did Dempsey like it? Did the expression of his face change? I suppose you heard every word the announcers were saying?"

My answer surprised him and shattered a belief that he had long held about boxers in the ring being able to hear the announcers at the ringside talking into the mike.

"I couldn't hear the announcers," I said. "Neither could Dempsey. We did not know (Continued on page 90)



## What! Leaking again?

**M**AN, you were careless. You very likely said, "Bill, put some dope in this blame radiator." Now, be cranky about it. Insist on Radiator Neverleak and put an end to your troubles. It's the *guaranteed* permanent hole plugger. Kind to metal and rubber. Chases rust and scale. Does not clog. Glycerine, alcohol, water all look alike to it. If your dealer is sold out send 50c for Ford size, 75c for larger car or \$1.00 for truck. Carry a can in your car. Remember there is only one Radiator Neverleak.

**LIQUID VENEER  
CORPORATION**

2813 Liquid Veneer Bldg.,  
Buffalo, N. Y.

Permanent as the Pyramids!

# RADIATOR NEVERLEAK



## Don't Let Any- Body Bully You

### Learn Scientific Tricks of Physical Mastery

By a few simple tricks you can have any assailant at your mercy quick as a flash. The astounding secrets of self-defense, used by the New York Police, are revealed in the marvelous, officially recognized system—

## Capt. Wallander's Course All Complete in PHYSICAL TRAINING MANUAL

By Capt. A. W. WALLANDER, Commander Physical Training, New York Police. A complete course in physical culture. Scores of gripping action photos showing just how to throw a bigger man and overpower him—disarm a holdup thug—build up muscle—keep in fighting trim. Hundreds of health hints, too; care of the feet, prevention of colds, correct posture, walk without fatigue. This is the genuine book used by the New York Police, now available TO YOU.

**Easy to Learn** Let Capt. Wallander give you his great secrets and detective tricks. You'll hardly believe that such valuable knowledge could be learned so easily. **ALL YOURS IN WORLD'S MOST AMAZING COURSE** In Physical Culture and Police circles this volume is world-famous. Send immediately for your copy. **DON'T SEND MONEY NOW.** Send coupon today. When volume arrives, pay postman \$1.97, plus a few cents postage. If you are not satisfied return volume and get money back.

**SIEBEL PRESS, 36-E. W. 20th St., New York.**

Send me Capt. Wallander's Physical Mastery Course as contained in the "Physical Training Manual."

Name

Address

City  State

(\$2.25 U. S. Cash with order outside the U. S. A.)



## Where to go after the big Convention!

See Britain—the birthplace of the American nation—visit wondrous York, Edinburgh, and the many other historic places located on the track of the "Flying Scotsman"—shortest and swiftest route from London to Scotland. You can have a round of pleasure in England and Scotland and you will be understood, for the language is *yours*.

Send now for free illustrated booklets

H. J. KETCHAM, General Agent

**LONDON &  
NORTH EASTERN  
RAILWAY**

309 Fifth Avenue, New York

**\$2  
DOWN**  
and  
it's  
**Yours**

Send \$2 with this Ad, and this guaranteed 15-Jewel 14 karat gold filled JOLT-PROOF Gent's Strap Watch with radium hands and numerals will come for a 15 day trial. If satisfied, pay \$2.30 monthly until \$25 is paid. Otherwise, return and your money will be refunded. Prompt delivery—no red tape—everything confidential.

**FREE**—Golden Jubilee Booklet showing 3000 other bargains. Send for it.

**L. W. SWEET, Inc.**  
Dept. 1097-H 1660 Broadway, New York

**JOLT-PROOF  
Strap  
Watch  
\$25**



**Sensational  
Money Maker!**



Trousers—Made-to-Measure by Hutchins of Cincinnati—offer you best opportunity to make big money cleanup. Men buy two and three pair soon as they glimpse rich patterns. Factory prices. Collect big profit in advance.

**\$20.00 A DAY EASY**

Just show line—that's all. You'll write orders fast. Segal made \$33.00 in one day. Records show even bigger earnings for scores of men. \$10.00 to \$20.00 a day easy. No experience necessary. We show you how.

**FREE OUTFIT**—Send no money for big new outfit showing actual samples of latest Spring and Summer styles, finest fabrics. We send it FREE, because we know you'll make good. Ask for Free Pants Offer. No obligation.

**HUTCHINS PANTS COMPANY**  
Dept. 180-C Cincinnati, Ohio

**Save 1/3 to 1/2  
AT FACTORY PRICES**



**RANGES  
\$37.75 UP**

New FREE book quotes **Reduced Factory Prices**. Introduces sensational **5-Year Guaranteed Bond** on Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces. 200 styles and sizes. Beautiful porcelain enamel ranges and combination gas and coal ranges. Mahogany porcelain enamel heating stoves. Cash or easy terms. 24 hour shipments. 30 day free trial. 360 day test. Satisfaction guaranteed. 26 years in business. 600,000 customers. Write today for FREE book.

**Kalamazoo Stove Co., Mfrs.**  
2066 Rochester Ave.  
Kalamazoo, Mich. (

**A Kalamazoo**  
Trade Mark Registered  
Direct to You

## What People Want to Know About Me

(Continued from page 89)

what the broadcasters were describing, even though, to you and the other listeners on the other end, it seemed as if not only Dempsey and I in the ring, but everyone in the stadium within sound of an ordinary speaking voice, could hear them. An operator speaks into a special transmitter. Those sitting a short distance away cannot hear what he is saying to the microphone."

After the bout, when a friend told me that he watched me win, I told him that I remembered seeing him sitting in the second row. He was astonished.

"Do you," he inquired, "recognize those you know around the ringside?"

I told him that I recognized at least twenty persons in the first few rows, and could tell on which side they sat. Of course during the progress of the fight I did not gaze out into the rows, but before the battle and between rounds I relaxed enough to glance around me and bow to a few here and there.

The battle, as everyone knows, was fought in a driving rainstorm. It soaked the ring covering, our gloves, our shoes, not to mention our bodies. It even soaked the stool on which I sat between rounds.

It wasn't the last word in comfort to sit on such a stool. A friend in the crowd hearing me say "That seat is wet" handed up a large dry handkerchief to cover the stool. It helped.

He reclaimed it after the bout, but two months later he sent it to me as a souvenir. I have it in my trunk.

I am asked if people recognize me on the street and elsewhere. When I walk on the street I am often recognized instantly. I walk into a haberdasher's to buy a necktie and a crowd will gather outside the door. Many war-time buddies come up and greet me.

While driving through Newark, New Jersey, in a car, some kids playing baseball spotted me in a traffic jam and surrounded my car. Kids recognize me quicker than grown-ups.

It is not surprising that people recognize me. My face has been made familiar to the world in hundreds of newspaper photographs and in motion pictures. When I look at a newspaper it surprises me to see myself in so many different poses. Some I didn't know had been snapped. Others I have patiently posed for at the direction of news photographers, many of whom I have seen so much that I know them by name. When I received a first lieutenant's commission in the Marine Corps

Reserve on the city hall steps in New York, photographers halted the ceremonies for ten minutes while they snapped me.

Many want to know how I pronounce my name. There are two ways, both correct: Toon-ee, the first syllable rhyming with moon, and Tun-ney, the first syllable rhyming with sun. I prefer the latter pronunciation.

Am I fond of other sports besides boxing? Yes. I like to skate, dance, swim, play golf, baseball and tennis. I have even played a few chukkers of polo.

Ever since I was a small lad in Greenwich Village, shooting miggs and playing one-old-cat with a home-made yarn baseball, I have had a strong liking for sports. I particularly like to watch football and baseball games.

I am asked if I receive much mail and many requests for photographs or autographs. After my victory over Dempsey I received enough letters and telegrams congratulating me to fill two large clothes hampers. I received

fifteen hundred letters and telegrams from Legion posts alone. I have writer's cramp from autographing books, photographs, menu cards, fight programs, rain-checks, boxing gloves and note paper sent through the mail.

I am away behind in my correspondence, but I found time to write a personal note to twenty boys and girls in an English class in George Washington Child School in Philadelphia who had sent me letters of congratulation. They asked and received the consent of their teacher to let the work count as part of their lessons. I prize these letters, and I answered all of them.

I have to forego discussing some of the other questions I am asked: Do I believe in astrology and will I kindly send the exact year, day and hour of my birth? How tall am I? Did I get my commission in the Marine Corps Reserve for winning the title? When will I fight again, whom will I fight? Do I prefer blondes or brunettes? What am I doing next Wednesday night? Will I drive or drop over to an informal party? Where do I buy my suits? Was I ever in Coblenz? Who gave me my hardest fight? Do I like to act in the movies? Since I was born in Greenwich Village, do I know So-and-so, and So-and-so? How does it feel to ride in an airplane before a fight?

Questions or no questions, it's great to be champion.

