SALE SALE

Ashburton brick bungalow: Two bedrooms, two baths and finished attic. Asking price: \$28,500. The agent is not a block-buster.



This three-bedroom brick colonial is typical of many Ashburton houses. Offered for sale at \$25,000 by an ethical real-estate firm.



White stucco and brick, ten rooms: \$29,000. One of the area's more luxurious homes, it is handled by a reputable Negro agency.



Estelle Sachs. As real-estate agent in nearby Windsor Hills she urges whites to buy in her area to keep the area biracial.

When a Negro Moves Next Door

By ELLSWORTH E. ROSEN with Arnold Nicholson

A Baltimore resident tells how his neighborhood welcomes Negro homeowners—and keeps white families from moving away.

I live in what is known as a "changing neighborhood" in Baltimore. In short, a Negro family has bought a house down the street.

The color of my neighbor's skin does not bother me at all. His income and behavior are just about the same as mine. But the economic threat his presence has created for me, and for the entire community, is disturbing. A lot of people who live somewhere else have assumed that our pleasant, middle-class neighborhood is headed for all-Negro occupancy and rapid deterioration as properties pass from financially strong hands to less responsible ownership. The pattern is a familiar one in many big cities of the North.

We were enmeshed in the initial, frightening stages of this process just a year ago. "The dark cloud," we were told, "had descended." Our neighborhood, however, has refused to accept this verdict for the future. We believe that a mixture of white and Negro families is both inevitable and compatible with good living, and have succeeded, after quite a struggle, in proving our point to date. The all-Negro "cloud," we hope, may never descend simply because we and increasing numbers of Baltimoreans understand the forces at work, the threat to the future of the city and are agreed that some solution must be found.

The most heartening support for our acceptance of racial integration has come from the Greater Baltimore Committee, a group of nearly 100 of the city's business leaders. These men, until they were confronted with the problem of "changing neighborhoods," had concentrated their energies on the rebuilding of downtown. Now, thanks largely to G.B.C., a city-wide private agency is being created to work with neighborhoods like ours.

We do not think for a moment that all the members of G.B.C., or even a majority of Baltimore citizens, presently share our personal biracial views. But they are at least willing to listen and to consider our proposals for a solution. Neither can they deny that we have shown a (Continued on Page 139)



The author (right) and his neighbor Sam Daniels, who is a director of Maryland's Commission on Interracial Problems.



Photographs by Larry Fried



Ashburton boys, after school. At present, only five per cent of the families are Negro.



The author's four-year-old daughter Joy (above, right) and neighborhood playmates.



"A mixture of white and Negro families is compatible with good living," says Rosen, whose son Danny (above, left) is shown here with Tyrone Carroll, a neighbor's child.

Below: Otho Pinkett (left) of the Ashburton Area Association reassures fellow residents. "To protect your way of life," he says, "continue living in your own home."



When a Negro Moves Next Door

(Continued from Page 32)

measure of success. Enough of us, in enough "changing neighborhoods," are fighting the all-white, all-black concept to bring the topic soberly out in the open, in the press and over the air, rather than have it confined to bitter words about "the black tide" or about segregation, voiced by one race or the other.

The battle in our neighborhood, known as Ashburton, began with a young lawyer and myself. We and our wives—who got us together in the first place—were not content to sit, like birds mesmerized by a snake, and watch our hopes and homes wrecked, not by Negroes, but by blockbusting real-estate agents and speculators. Block-busting, incidentally, in its simplest form consists of placing on a street a family whose class or race excites fear or prejudice in the neighbors, and then deliberately exploiting this prejudice to create panic and to depress real-estate values. It had become almost epidemic when we called a score of our neighbors together, organized the Ashburton Area Association, the first local association avowedly open to both races, and invited the rest of the community to join. Two letters, mailed early in 1958 to about 1100 homes, enrolled 400 members.

Our meetings have been confined to small groups, covering Ashburton block by block. We had a typical evening gathering just a few months ago only two streets from my house. About twenty men and women met in the large living room of our block leader's home. They were a fair cross section of any substantial middle-class neighborhood. Two of the men were doctors; one was a lawyer. One of the businessmen was reputed to be a millionaire. Most had school-age children. There was a widow in her early fifties.

"If you want to protect your home and your way of life," they were told, "a simple solution lies open to you. You don't have to join the Army and face death on foreign soil. You don't even have to risk bodily injury. All you have to do is to continue living in your own home."

The speaker was a Negro. Intelligent, soft-spoken, articulate, but a Negro, and the only one in the group.

"Don't think you can escape the problem simply by putting your house up for sale and running away," Otho P. Pinkett said. Pinkett lives in Ashburton and manages an 815-unit public-housing project in another part of the city. "Times are changing faster than most of us realize. Even if you move far out in the suburbs, I can virtually guarantee that by the time you finish paying off your next mort-gage—and it will be a lot higher than the one you have now-you'll face the same situation. There will be Negroes living near you.

'As a matter of fact," he added with a smile, "if this area turns all Negro, I plan to move out to the suburbs with you."

I think Otho Pinkett is right, and so apparently did some of my neighbors by the time that meeting was over. Two families who had indicated they intended to move said they would hold on for the time being.

Pinkett is a vice president of the association which I serve as president. He is the big gun in the arsenal we have mustered either to change or to reinforce our neighbors' attitudes. It is shock treatment, as a rule, when a Negro walks into a supposedly all-white meeting—and the shock, in turn, heightens the subsequent realization that Mr. Pinkett's intelligence, sense of values, desires and plans for the community are no different from those of others in the room.

Melvin J. Sykes, the young lawyer I mentioned, and I also spoke to the block group, explaining our association's campaign through the press, radio and TV against block-busting and our successes, as well as failures, in selling homes in the area to white families.

I have participated in almost thirty of these block meetings in the past year. Two years ago I only vaguely knew the meaning of the term "changing neighborhood." I had come from Hartford, Connecticut, to a public-relations job in Baltimore. The high percentage of Negroes living within the city limits was obvious-the figure is close to 30 per cent today-and my first impression of a "changing neighborhood" was that of a slum, or near slum, old and deteriorating.

My wife and I, at the time we purchased our home, just couldn't relate

what we had seen elsewhere to Ashburton. It is a suburban-type neighborhood only fifteen minutes' drive from downtown. Tall trees line the streets. The houses, built twenty to twenty-five years ago, are almost all single-family, detached dwellings, well kept, with ample lawns and gardens. Our home is one of the few "semidetached," or twin, houses.

We had spent months in house hunting, much of the time in the newly bulldozed developments in the suburbs beyond the city limits, known in Baltimore as "in the counties." Our goal was a house of three bedrooms for the two children-a boy seven and a girl four—and ourselves, at around \$20,000. We went from one sprawl of look-alike ranchers and split-levels to another. The prices usually inched a thousand or two above our figure; the travel time to my office was at least a half hour and generally more; the schools were mostly on double shifts; and life with only one car looked rough.

NEXT WEEK

MEDICINE'S LEGAL **NIGHTMARE**

By MILTON SILVERMAN

Malpractice Suits: Yearly Cost to Doctors, Hospitals-and Patients-\$50,000,000

LOOKING FOR THE PROMISED LAND

The Puerto Rican Migration to Our Big Cities

IN COLOR:

THE CAPITOL'S **NEW FACE**

D DAY **OMAHA BEACH**

By DAVID HOWARTH

THE DARK ROAD

A New Serial of Adventure Behind the Iron Curtain By JAMES CROSS

> RYNE DUREN OF THE YANKEES

We kept returning to Ashburton. It was, we felt, a handsome, mature neighborhood. The lots were larger, the houses more substantial and in no sense, other than their two-story height, out of date. We have, for instance, two full baths and two half baths in our home. And prices were about a third less than those asked for new homes with the same amount of

No one pretended that Ashburton was still "fashionable." Built as an exclusive "restricted" community originally, it saw a large influx of well-to-do Jewish families after World War II. In recent years, many began seeking newer, but certainly no greener, pastures. Ashburton today includes families of all faiths and ages. The business of finding and transporting baby sitters is no problem in an older community of this sort. The schools are uncrowded. And there are fine shopping centers just five minutes away.

So we bought in Ashburton. We bought

despite the warning of old-time Balti-moreans. "Didn't we know," they asked in astonishment, "that Ashburton was gone, and that some of the blocks were already broken?" No white person in his right mind would buy there. It was a shame that such a thing should happen to a nice place like Ashburton, they added, "but what could anyone do?" Their lament for Ashburton was better

founded than we realized. The first Negro in the area-a high-school principalhad bought a pleasant brick home in 1956. Within twelve months, more than a score of Negroes, almost all professional people, had moved in. In the past year, another forty to fifty families have migrated to what the Negro community now refers to as "the Gold Goast." This in-cludes, in addition to our central-Ashburton area, another 900 dwellingsor 2000 in all. The 110 colored families who now own homes in Ashburton are only 5 per cent of the neighborhood, but by normal Baltimore patterns a complete change-over should be only a question of two to five years more, maybe a little longer if a recession intervenes.

By the time we got into our home late in 1957, the process of change was increasingly apparent. Dozens of For Sale signs dotted the lawns, and two houses were rumored to be for sale for every one clearly marked. Many of these homes, it was said, were to be shown to Negro prospects only at night. Our new neighbors greeted us with more than usual enthusiasm, but almost from the first day wondered audibly how long they could hold out against the situation, even though they "loved the neighborhood."

The process was almost painful to watch. As soon as one house on a block was sold to a Negro, swarms of agents went on a house-to-house campaign, spreading the news and warning residents to put their houses up for sale "while you can still get the price." In adjoining blocks the salesmen we called the Paul Revere type would begin a doorbell campaign, or often telephone, with the information, "They're coming, they're coming." Some brokers, when they got list-ings, refused to show the homes to white prospects. Specialists in Negro housing, obviously aware of the panic value, put up "sold" signs on homes which had not really been sold.

A few speculators purchased homes in strategic areas and moved in low-income Negro families on a weekly-rental basis. Other overambitious Negro families were persuaded to buy under contract agreements requiring no down payment and monthly installments "just like rent." The terms of these contracts, in most instances, made it almost impossible for the hard-pressed family to build up any



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equity or to put money aside for proper maintenance and repair of the property.

The ads in the real-estate section of the newspapers openly proclaimed, "Ashburton—Colored," even though our neighborhood was still more than 95 per cent

The neighbors merely shrugged. It was inevitable, they figured, that Negroes would continue to buy in Ashburton. It was inevitable that the whites would move out and that within a few years Ashburton would be just another part of the expanding Negro core wrapping itself around the heart of Baltimore. And nothing could be done about it "because you can't change people. You can't make them live where they don't want to.'

We had no quarrel with that statement. But some of us began to ask, "Why, if we wanted to live here, should we be pushed out?" Were inertia, panic and flight the only solution? Mrs. Sykes and my wife, who met through the League of Women Voters, brought the four of us together one evening at the Sykes' home to discuss our dilemma. The Sykeses had

moved to Ashburton in 1954.

As Mel Sykes said, "I first thought the acceptance of Negro neighbors was an individual problem each resident had to settle for himself. We made the decision, you did, and I am sure many of our neighbors feel as we do. But this is not enough. The change we're prepared to accept has become a destructive rout. Our problem is essentially one of timing. The battle is not to maintain the status quo, but to eliminate the forces that produce disorder.'

We found help right next door, in Windsor Hills. This community, which is older than Ashburton, contains a greater variety of homes, with a few apartments, built on winding lanes on a hillside, only minutes from the Hillsdale Golf Course. Its problems as a changing neighborhood had begun about a year before ours, and a long-dormant civic organization, the Windsor Hills Improvement Association, had been revived to tackle them. Sidney Hollander, Jr., president of the group, recommended block meetings and active solicitation of white families to buy homes.

"You can't afford ideology in your program," Hollander told us. "The most ardent liberal will find that your association must discriminate, not against Negroes, but in favor of white buyers. There is no other choice under the pressures

We laid this philosophy on the line in our first letter, asking for members and financial help. "We welcome all good neighbors," it said, "regardless of race, creed or color. But we understand, as we trust everyone will, that experience shows that the key to keeping up the quality of this or any neighborhood is to attract a sufficient number of new white homeowner families."

We began a series of newspaper ads to sell the advantages of Ashburtonuntil our money ran out. Mostly, however, we were busy fighting the blockbuster, calming our neighbors in meeting after meeting, steering them to decent, reliable real-estate agents, seeking ways and means to put an end to obviously shady practices.

The neighborhood, as a whole, has pulled back from the edge of panic. Fifteen sales have been made to white families in the past six months, while Negroes bought perhaps twice that number in the same time. About fifty properties are listed for sale, which is an average of less than one to the block. Prices, which in some blocks had become completely demoralized, are back on a steady, though still depressed, level.

Several homeowners began to take direct action against block-busting. They filed complaints against one real-estate firm, asking the Real Estate Commission of Maryland to revoke its broker's license for "misleading and untruthful adver-

"They put a Sold sign on a house on our block on June twentieth, but they were still showing people the house in August," said one complainant. "The purpose was to frighten the neighbors into the belief that Negroes had moved into the block, to obtain additional listings for sale to Negroes." The complaint was backed up by the sworn statement of a Negro witness, who inquired about the property. "I asked the agent about the Sold sign on the house," the witness said, and he said not to worry about thisthat the house was definitely not sold. If it had been sold he certainly would not show it." This was on August twentyseventh, more than two months after the Sold sign first appeared.

The Sold notice—usually a luminous, orange-red sticker pasted over For Sale signs-was as effective as a quarantine poster in spreading panic through a block. I use the past tense because our association, working with Windsor Hills and other areas, called on the city to enforce that part of its zoning ordinance which prohibits advertising signs in residential neighborhoods. The city solicitor



ruled the Sold By signs illegal, and as complaints poured into the Bureau of Building Inspection, notices of violations went out and the signs disappeared. The local Real Estate Board co-operated by instructing its members—which did not as a rule include the firms we objected to—to comply, but at the same time called for the drafting of an ordinance which would make Sold signs legal. The city council, as this is written, has not taken action.

The most striking effect of the ban on Sold signs occurred in one block in which fifteen of twenty-three properties were posted as either For Sale or Sold. Two weeks after the city took action there were just six houses marked for sale.

Windsor Hills has taken a step which our association has been hesitant to follow, but which now seems inevitable. Their real-estate committee has appointed a resident agent to represent them and to promote sales and rentals. The average outside agent is unwilling either to recommend the area to white buyers, or to risk his time on an obviously difficult, lengthy sale.

"A sale to a white family takes endless discussions," Mrs. Estelle Sachs, the agent, told me. "Most people who look in our area are liberal-minded, but their liberalism has to be strengthened. The person I am most afraid of is the one who says, 'Oh, this wouldn't affect me at all.' This person almost always comes up later with an excuse that he doesn't mind living next to Negroes, but his wife opposes, or his children are too young.

"When you sell to one person, his friends become our best prospects. I am thinking of one couple who wanted to live in Windsor Hills because it was close to where they worked. The couple did not mind the situation, but the wife's family was dead set against it. They were East-

ern Shore people and told me many times, 'They used to lynch Negroes there,' and they did not want their daughter living anywhere near them.

"But the couple finally bought a house. That was three years ago, and the wife's parents just recently came to ask if I could find a home for another member of their family. From that one sale, I had six other people who looked in the area and settled there."

Mrs. Sachs has helped sell twenty-five Windsor Hills homes to white buyers in the past three years, and has rented thirty others. "I have not been able to sell homes next door to a Negro," she says, "although I can rent them."

The change has taken strange turns in Windsor Hills. Between fifty and sixty of its 600 dwelling units are now occupied by Negroes. One fair-sized home, which had been converted into three apartments by the white owner, was sold to a Negro buyer who promptly restored the house to single occupancy for his young family. The Windsor Hills Improvement Association has several Negro members. Sidney Hollander went to see the first who applied for membership, to explain the association policy of encouraging white buyers. Sidney's Negro neighbor said that was all right with him. As a matter of fact, he said, the day they moved into their home a big van also arrived next door. "I took a look and then called my wife," he told Hollander. "'Honey,' I said, 'it's a white man moving in."

Just as we in Ashburton are following Windsor Hills' lead in selecting a realestate salesman, Windsor Hills is considering formation of a corporation to purchase distressed properties in strategic locations for rehabilitation, if necessary, and for resale. They have a model in the operations of Bolton Hill, Inc., formed by members of the Mount Royal Improvement Association five years ago. Mount Royal, 400 acres on the rim of the city's central, commercial heart, has a great variety of dwellings as well as commercial districts.

The Bolton Hill corporation has bought eighteen properties, usually in deteriorating blocks to prevent slums. They are large dwellings, as a rule, and the corporation has converted most of them from shabby rooming houses to middle-income apartment use. The aim is to attract and hold substantial, permanent residents instead of drifters.

Low-income whites and rapacious landlords have been more of an economic threat than Negroes in many blocks. Seven of the Bolton Hill properties have been improved and sold, and eleven are operated for rentals.

"We had a seven-unit rental property in one block, where the property next door recently was sold for Negro occupancy. No one moved out of our refurbished house," said John P. Mollett, president of the Mount Royal group—which is now biracial—and a Bolton Hill director. "We have found that if our association holds block meetings, and the corporation starts operations in a block early enough, a substantial number of the original owners will remain."

John Mollett's comment was made at a day-long meeting, on the problems of changing neighborhoods, which the Greater Baltimore Committee helped sponsor late this past year. Real-estate brokers, bankers, city officials, civic leaders and representatives of nearly every neighborhood "protective" and "improvement" group in the city were brought together. Die-hard segregationists and liberal do-gooders eyed one another with suspicion, but heard the facts out

We—and I speak now for at least a dozen Baltimore neighborhoods which feel, as we do, that flight is not the answer—considered the meeting a major step forward. The city-wide agency that is growing out of it, backed by the G.B.C., the Baltimore Urban League and the Citizens Planning and Housing Council, means that we are not going to be left in isolated neighborhoods to fight the battle alone.

We campaigned openly for this recognition. Our process of self-education in Ashburton was only a few months old when two points became clear. The first was that neighborhoods do not have to deteriorate when Negroes move in-if panic does not take hold. Dozens of families who are remaining can testify to this. But if the block-busters succeed, speculators sooner or later convert houses to multifamily rental units or open the door to downgrading by placing properties in eager but ill-equipped hands. The garbage collections that were sufficient for a single-family area become inadequate for the greatly increased number of families. The neighborhood ceases to oppose zoning changes that bring service stations, machine shops and other commercial establishments. Change and violations alike go unchecked under the city's loosely written and poorly enforced zoning laws.

The second point we learned was that no neighborhood association can solve the problems of change alone. The basic problem is that of attitudes—the attitude of the present homeowners, the attitude of the banks and mortgage lenders, the attitude of real-estate salesmen and, most importantly, the attitude of potential white purchasers. To change these attitudes, and to perform the educational job necessary to reverse tradition and prejudice, was beyond our scope.



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The one organization in Baltimore that in our opinion was both forceful enough to take action toward a meaningful solution and had good reason to do so was the Greater Baltimore Committee. Only a few months earlier the committee had proposed a bold, imaginative \$127,000,000 Charles Center, for the most part privately financed, which promises a major overhaul of the downtown business district of the city.

The future of such a center, if ringed by miles of deteriorated neighborhoods in a city of low-income families, would seem open to question. I think, in this connection, of a comment by L. E. Larsen, president of the Allendale-Lyndhurst Improvement Association, on the attitude of residents in his area, which is primarily one of row houses. "Acceptance of Negro families would be much easier for our people," he said, "if we had less commuting to and from work by car. You have to drive through deteriorated districts where the residents are one hundred per cent Negro. This sorry picture is hard to shake, even though the family a few doors down the street has no relation to it, other than the color of their skin."

Both history and forecasts, however, point to no letup in the pressures which create such scenes. Baltimore's Negro population, from 1940 to 1957, grew from

165,000 to about 280,000. In that time only 6000 new dwelling units open to Negro occupancy were built, mostly public housing. Estimates show that, while the population of Baltimore city proper will not increase substantially in the next few years, the numbers of Negroes will grow by about 10,000 a year. The big population growth is forecast for the metropolitan area, outside the city limits, where only a few Negroes have been able to buy homes.

The skeptics told us that G.B.C.'s hardheaded businessmen would never consider a problem as controversial, complex and seemingly unsolvable as that of changing neighborhoods. But we figured we had nothing to lose by approaching them. Even if we were turned down, the publicity would be beneficial.

Our approach stressed not only the economic effect of neighborhood change on the city's cultural, educational and social life but also the need for higher-income families to support downtown rehabilitation and renewal. We asked G.B.C. to consider the opening of additional areas of new and old housing to the Negro residents; a stimulation of public awareness of the practices that cause disorderly change, and to seek ways and means to enlist the cooperation of real-estate brokers in preserving the city.

The reaction of the businessmen was as surprising as it was prompt. The G.B.C. first agreed to investigate "to decide what role, if any, we might play in solving this problem," moved then to eliminate the words "if any," and wound up with the recommendation that an agency be formed, in which G.B.C. would participate, to advance the measures we had suggested. They added to the list "providing special assistance, financial and otherwise," necessary to stimulate renewed interest on the part of white purchasers in areas within the city.

"This is not just a racial problem," said the committee, "but an economic one also." As mortgage banker and urban renewal expert James W. Rouse explained, speaking as chairman of the meeting where our "changing neighborhood" agency was born, "The root of the problem is fear—and experience is the only effective deterrent."

If I were asked to write a recipe for other cities, on the basis of our experience in Ashburton and Baltimore, the first item would be more housing available to Negroes of all income levels. If new developments in the suburbs were all on an open-occupancy basis, for instance, the pressure on any one would be small. The demand for middle- and higher-income Negro housing is going to grow, but is still relatively light. I also

know that older neighborhoods must be protected with strong zoning laws and active enforcement. If multifamily conversions are prohibited, and neglect prevented, speculation and profiteering will not be so attractive.

Certainly more must be done to encourage white families to buy in the city. FHA mortgage insurance, for instance, has been almost exclusively used to make it easy to purchase a newly built home in the suburbs. Nothing comparable is offered the buyer of an older home in town. We need both education and inducement to sell the advantages of intown living, which are many and becoming more apparent as suburbia continues to spread. Block-busting and related unscrupulous real-estate practices have to be fought. And neighborhood rehabilitation must be stepped up, simply because the conservation of existing homes is, in the long run, less costly than slum clearance. City government has neglected this field, both in encouraging rehabilitation and in protecting neighborhoods with code enforcement.

The dilemma was well put by the person who said, "To save the city from the Negro is against my principles; to save the city for the Negro—I have no enthusiasm for." We hope in Baltimore to save the city for everyone—which I am sure is the only way it can be done.

My Ambition is to Quit (Continued from Page 31)

can't make the kind of money I make, but at least he can stay in one place all the

It's the money—and nothing but the money—that keeps me in baseball today. I have no desire to die in harness. I'm like a boxer who lives for the time he can hang up his gloves, but can't afford to do it yet. He can't earn as much doing anything else, and neither can I.

I don't need anywhere near as much as I make to live on. But I do need what's left over to provide a measure of future security for my family. Until that's pretty well assured, I've got to keep going. Then I'll get out of baseball-and I mean totally out. I don't want to be a manager, scout, coach, farm director, general manager, traveling secretary, league president, commissioner or batboy. My ambition is to be a fan, with the privilege of going to a ball game because I feel like it, not because it's my business. I'll have some good baseball years left when I do hang up my spikes. I'll always envy Al Rosen, the Cleveland Indians' slugger, who quit in 1955 at the age of thirty, long before he had reached the end of the trail. When I first heard he intended to get out, I didn't believe it because I didn't think anyone else in baseball felt the way I did.

"I've had it," he told me one day in 1955. "I'm going to retire at the end of the season."

"I'll beat you to it," I said. "You'll still be playing long after I'm through."

I meant it. I really thought he would. But Rosen stuck to his decision. I'm still waiting for the time when I can do the same, and settle down to a normal family life with my wife and children.

My wife is the former Zoe Ann Olsen, who was famous in her own right as an Olympic diving star when I married her in 1949. I'd known her since she was a leggy little kid of thirteen, fooling around a pool in Oakland, California, where I was a lifeguard. We have two children—Jan, who's eight, and five-year-old Jon.

The best time of the year for us is the winter. We're all together then, and I never travel farther away from our home

at Lake Tahoe, Nevada, than Oakland. There's nothing normal about the life I lead during the rest of the year. For seven months, I spend less than half my time with the people I love most in the world. For three of those seven months I don't see them at all.

I've missed the kind of thrills that other people take for granted. When my oldest child was born, I was playing baseball 2000 miles away. A few days after my second one arrived, I had to leave town. My wife has had to handle most household crises all by herself. Practically every time one came up, I was away.

She's forever keeping bad news from me because she's afraid it'll affect my play on the ball field. A couple of years ago, for instance, I called Zoe from Kansas City, and her voice was so indistinct I thought we had a bad connection.

"I can't hear you, honey," I said. "I'll tell the operator to put in the call again on a better line."

She cleared her throat. Then, in a stronger voice, she said, "Is this better?" "Much," I said. We talked for a few

minutes, and I hung up.

I was home a week later, and a few days after that I ran into a neighbor. "How's Zoe?" she asked.

"Fine," I said.

"That's good," the woman remarked.
"We were all worried about her."

"Why?"
"She had pneumonia. Didn't you know?"

Then there was the time I called home in the spring of 1957 and a neighbor answered the phone. "Where's Zoe?" I asked.

"She's in the hospital."

"What happened?"

"She broke her ankle skiing," the lady said.

It was the same old story. All the bad news had to come from the neighbors. So did all the help. I don't know what we'd have done without them.

The only time Zoe ever told me about anything that went wrong was last year, and then I had to pry it out of her. I phoned her from Cleveland, where we had just begun a western trip. Her voice sounded odd.

"Are you sick?" I asked.

"I'm all right," she said.

"You don't sound right."
"Well, I am," she insisted.

Two weeks later she met me at Boston's Back Bay station. Her face was pale and she looked thin. "You look as if you had pneumonia again," I said.

She nodded.

"And it was worse than the last time, wasn't it?"

"Much worse," she murmured.

"Why didn't you tell me?" I demanded.
"I knew it would be over before you got home," she said, "and I didn't want to worry you."

When I first started out in baseball, I never foresaw this sort of thing. All I thought about was what a great thing it must be to win fame and fortune as a bigleague ballplayer, like my idol, Joe Di-Maggio, who had played for the San Francisco Seals when I was a kid.

Well, I've got a little measure of fame and a certain amount of fortune, and I'm still not satisfied. Baseball, I've discovered, is no game for devoted family men. I was a bachelor when I began and it all looked like a great, big wonderful adventure. It still looked that way for a time after I got married.

The world was all ours then. Zoe was the beautiful, blond Olympic heroine and I was Jackie Jensen—All-American full-back at the University of California, Rose Bowl star, bonus boy and glamour-puss New York Yankees' rookie. I knew bigleague baseball was no pushover, but everything else had come so easily to me that I wasn't worried.

I first reported to the Yankees at their spring-training headquarters in St. Petersburg, Florida, in 1950. Zoe and I, married only a few months and looking, I suppose, like a dream couple out of the storybooks, pulled up in front of the Hotel Soreno in our yellow Cadillac convertible. Some guy who saw us drive up remarked, "Well, well, if it isn't Golden Boy himself." I've been stuck with the name ever since.

I may have looked and acted and even felt like Golden Boy, but it didn't take me long to learn that I was just another cocky kid trying to break into baseball's toughest line-up. The Yankees neither greeted me with open arms nor ignored me. They just let me sputter along for a couple of years. I not only got nowhere but even went down to their Kansas City farm club for a couple of months in 1951. I'm

