



Who is

Few people knew who he was when he still knew of the tragic incentive

By John M. Ross

shirt off my back. Says she knows golfers don't like to part with their clubs, so would I please send her one of my shirts as a souvenir. How about that? Why, before I went to Dallas the only one who wanted my shirts was my laundryman!"

A booming voice split the laughter and bounced off the locker-room walls: "Julius Boros . . . telephone!"

He dropped the card, unwrapped his thick, muscular legs from around the bench and hurried off. After he had disappeared, the fellow on the end of the bench looked up from lacing his shoes and said, with a trace of wistfulness, "That's the fourth call that guy's had and he's only been in the joint about ten minutes. I guess there's nothing like winning that Open."

Before June 14 of this year, Julius Boros wasn't exactly famous. He didn't get much mail or many phone calls. There weren't many demands for his autograph or picture and, just as the man said, no one wanted his shirts but his laundryman. But after the last player had negotiated the treacherous acres of Northwood Club in Dallas that day, Julius Boros blossomed forth as the new conquering hero of golf. Virtually unknown, and certainly unheralded, Julius had taken the biggest golfing prize of them all—the United States Open—and since then just about everybody has demanded to know more about Julius Boros.

Boros is something special among the divot-diggers, it seems. The Open isn't often won by just anybody. A glance at the record book shows that the game's greatest names are listed on its rolls. You have to go back to 1935 when a rank outsider, Sam Parks, led the pack home over the back-breaking Oakmont (Pennsylvania) Country Club course, to find a case that parallels Boros'. And it is interesting to note that Parks fizzled out just as quickly as he skyrocketed to his historic win. He never won an important title thereafter.

Insiders insist this won't happen to Julius. They say his victory was no fluke, that his cold, calculating game has all the strokes to keep him abreast of the leaders, and that his surprising surge at Dallas could be regarded as the start of a new reign.

The great Ben Hogan, who had made a habit of winning the Open until the burly young fellow from Connecticut came roaring down the fairway, sized up Boros' win at Dallas this way: "That guy's a magician to do that course in 281."

Ben had been hoping to weave a little magic himself when he stepped onto his native Texas soil for the '52



UP
A happy Julius Boros tossed his ball to the gallery after he clinched the U.S. Open title with a one-over-par 71 at Dallas on June 14. Then he posed with same grin and the trophy.

THE big, broad-shouldered man straddled the bench in front of his locker, quietly going through the pile of mail stacked neatly in front of him. He studied each envelope carefully first—much like a suspicious cashier eyeing a ten-dollar bill—and then he'd run his ignition key methodically under the flap and free its contents. Each letter rated an individual response before it was tossed onto another pile. Sometimes it was a chuckle, or a verbal scowl, but usually it was a standard, "Well, what do you know about that!"

"Here's a lulu," he announced to a few idling cronies, displaying a scribbled post card. "This gal wants the



Julius Boros?

won the U.S. Open in June; fewer

which helped make him a champion

Open. Having won the title in 1948, '50 and '51 (he didn't play in '49), Hogan had his sights set on his fourth straight Open win—an unprecedented feat. Those who know Hogan and his unique determination figured the little guy just wouldn't be beaten with such an attractive personal prize at stake.

Most of the Texans in the gallery didn't even know Boros was in the field when play got under way, and they probably cared less. They swarmed over the course following their idol and whooped it up in traditional style as Hogan soared to a record-tying lead of 138 at the end of 36 holes. Boros, who had carded a 71-71 at the halfway mark, was only four strokes behind the front-running Hogan, but it wasn't until he swung into the third round that he attracted much attention.

Playing the finest golf of the tournament, Julius came in with a two-under-par 68, while Hogan was faltering badly with a 74, and the complete complexion of the play changed as Boros took a two-stroke lead. In the tense, final round, where Ben is usually at his unconquerable best, it was the unemotional underdog who won the gallery to his side. Julius swept home with a neat 71 and slammed the door in Hogan's face. Ben, needing a 69 to tie, could do no better than 74.

Where did Boros come from? From out of nowhere, you might say, but that's not precisely true. He had never won a big-money tournament before but he had kicked at the door rather loudly. For instance, in his two previous appearances in the Open, he had showed a steady climb. In his debut, in 1950, he finished ninth; the following year he moved all the way up to a tie for fourth place. It was his fine showing last year, over the Oakland Hills Country Club course at Birmingham, Michigan, which some pros have labeled the most exacting test they have ever faced, that stamped Boros as a comer. Observers point to this sure-footed progress to prove their contention that he is no mere flash-in-the-pan.

Fellow travelers on the tournament circuit call the game's new gilt-edged hero "Moose." There's no mistaking why. (→ TO PAGE 92)

