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SPORT OF QUEENS

(Continued from page 14)

she says, "but in breeding them and watching them develop into champions."

Kelso is an outstanding example of this, she claims. He was a "scrawny little foal" so unlike a champion that he was gelded. But Mrs. du Pont and her trainers liked something about him. "He was always gentle, yet very alert, as if planning every move," she recalls. A lot of time, training, and care went into the misfit, and as a two-year-old experts first noticed the deepening chest and whippetlike legs of a comer. "But it is really heart and character that make a champion," Mrs. du Pont says, "and these are bred into horses like Kelso. The thrill is in recognizing them and bringing them out."

Another outstanding horsewoman is Josephine Bay Paul. In 1952 she attended a race at Hialeah with her late husband, a racing enthusiast. The driving finish so fascinated Mrs. Paul that her husband decided they should have a stable of their own. Two experts, Sherrill Ward and John Clark, assembled some yearlings, which Mrs. Paul, much to the annoyance of track announcers, dubbed with tongue-twisting names of Nordic deities.

It was Mrs. Paul herself, however, who determined to purchase a truly outstanding filly spotted by Ward. "Let's get her at any price," she told him.

While at a dinner party, a newspaper reporter called to tell her that the filly had been purchased—for \$63,000, a record price at the time.

"I suppose he expected me to be surprised," Mrs. Paul says, "but I wasn't. I knew it was a good investment." It was: the filly was Idun, who went on to win \$290,000.

Such horse sense comes as no surprise to those who know the gracious, soft-spoken mother of three. When not keeping track of her horses in America and England, she serves as president and chairman of the board of one of Wall Street's major brokerage houses, and she once headed a vast steamship line.

AMONG THE more celebrated lady stable owners is Liz (Whitney) Tippet, something of a madcap in society circles but a shrewd overseer of her famous Llangollen Farms, near Upperville, Va. This season, at Palm Beach and Hialeah, Mrs. Tippet startled society by commuting in her own fuchsia and orange helicopter—"our stable colors, you know."

The colors have fared well on the tote boards, with such horses as *Gone Fishin'* (1958) and *Divine Comedy* (1960). Mrs. Tippet has had as many as 300 head on her farms in Virginia, California, and Florida, and, dressed in faded Levis and men's coarse shirts, she has kept personal track of all of them.

Three-year-old Yorky gets a kiss from owner Mrs. Gene Markey after winning \$100,000 Widener Handicap at Hialeah.



The grandes dames of racing are Mrs. Elizabeth Arden Graham and Mrs. Gene Markey. Their troubles on and off the track have become racing legends. In the 1958 Flamingo, for example, their horses—Jewel's Reward and Tim Tam, respectively—thundered into the stretch in as thrilling a finish as any movie writer ever conceived. In the excitement, the jockeys moved their mounts flank to flank. They bumped—and bumped again in what amounted to an old-fashioned jousting match.

Tim Tam stumbled off pace. As 31,000 railbirds shouted, Mrs. Graham's Jewel's Reward burst ahead at the finish and was flashed on the boards as winner. Mrs. Graham marched regally to the winner's circle—only to be told at the last moment that her horse had been disqualified for jarring Tim Tam. Smiling, but with tears in her eyes, she watched the \$97,000 purse go to her arch rival.

Both are true sportswomen, though, and used to triumphs as well as setbacks. Mrs. Graham bought \$280,000 worth of yearlings in 1945, only to lose most of them in a stable fire the next year at Chicago's Arlington Park. She started rebuilding with typical determination—a determination that hasn't always made her friends. "She fires trainers the way baseball owners fire managers," one track official says, disapprovingly. But Maine Chance returned to the top in the early '50s and now, after another slump, Mrs. Graham is again rebuilding with excellent German stock.

MRS. MARKEY'S Calumet Farm, once so overwhelming that some critics thought it was ruining Thoroughbred racing, hasn't recently produced a headliner like Citation or Whirlaway (her all-time favorite)—just horses good enough to make the stable the biggest money winner of 1961. Mrs. Markey holds tight reins over Calumet, from finances to how a horse's tail should be braided, but the element of womanhood is ever-present.

Admiral and Mrs. Markey visited a horse auction recently and found themselves seated next to Mrs. Charles Shipman Payson, mistress of Greentree Stables and also owner of the new New York Mets baseball team. The ladies fell into animated conversation until a handsome colt was trotted out. Both called \$20,000 bids. "I'm sorry, Lucille," Mrs. Payson said. "You take him."

Mrs. Markey bid \$21,000, then had a change of heart. "No, he should go to you." So Mrs. Payson upped to \$22,000—then felt she was being selfish and deferred again to Mrs. Markey.

The bid-and-bow routine went on to \$27,000. Then Admiral Markey, face flushed with male righteousness, shouted a curt "\$28,000!" and fixed the women in a malvolent stare. They fell silent, and the auctioneer knocked down the colt to Markey.

Then, unperturbed, the ladies resumed their conversation while the Admiral went off to pay an extra \$8,000 for a colt he may or may not have wanted.

With her trainer, a crushed Mrs. Elizabeth Arden Graham hears Jewel's Reward being disqualified in the Flamingo.

