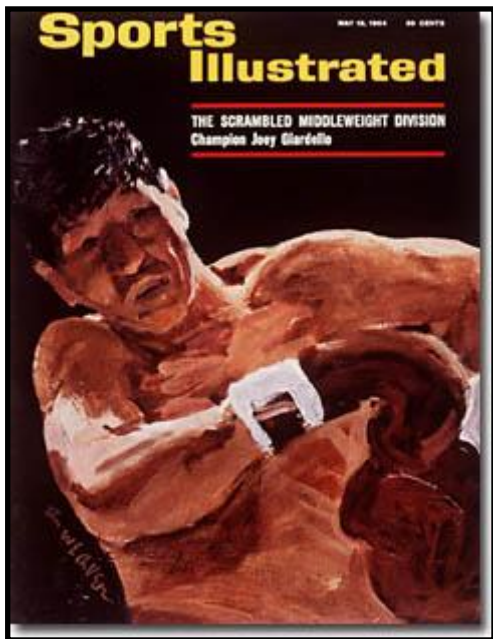


# A Mighty Desirable Fellow



*Telephoner Joey Giardello is the champion of boxing's best division—the middleweights. A devoted father and friend of the Little League but still beloved at the pool hall, he has buried his Dead End Kid days and is...*

BY JOHN UNDERWOOD

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The middleweight champion lay on the table with his eyes closed, the white terry-cloth robe with "Joey Giardello" in script on the back pulled up around him. He had become Joey Giardello when a patriotic guy on the street in Brooklyn offered to donate his birth certificate so Joey could join the Army at the age of 15, provided Joey gave the patriot two bucks. But that was a long time ago. Nobody calls him Carmine Tilelli anymore. The room, like a thousand of its kind, was weakly lit and grim and, in the coarse concealment, the scars on the fighter's face grayed out as if by cosmetic. Giardello's face (see cover) is marvelously

expressive, capable of prodigious winks and lowers, and the places where people have beaten on him for 16 years seem to add to it rather than detract, the way age and scars enhance the appeal of an antique.

Last month in Cleveland half a dozen of Joey's friends, his personal solar system from South Philadelphia, were with him in his dressing room before a fight while two Cleveland cops self-consciously guarded the door. It was a needless precaution, because Joey lets in anybody who ever knew him. Joey is a believer in friends. Thirteen of his friends once got together on his behalf and offered Dick Tiger \$100,000 to defend the middleweight championship. Tiger eventually agreed to the match and lost the championship last December in Atlantic City. "Did you actually have \$100,000?" one of the friends was asked. "Are you kidding?" he replied.

"Carmen Tedeschi has been shooting off about offering me \$125,000 to fight Carter," said Joey from the table. "But that's how I got my shot, so I'm wise to that. He puts in the papers how he calls me up and I'm never home, Tedeschi. So one night, it was after midnight, I call him from Philadelphia. Collect I call him. He says he now has only \$100,000, so I tell him I will accept his penalty if he will please come to Philadelphia with a—a whatayacallit—"

"A cashier's check," somebody said.

"A cashier's check. I know he ain't got it, but every time he starts off the phone I say, 'Well, but what about—' and we gotta go through the whole thing over. I got him on there quarter of three, three o'clock. Collect." Everybody in the room enjoyed Joey's practical joke.

Lou Duva, who bails people out of jail in Paterson, N.J. when he is not acting in his new capacity as Joey's personal promoter, came in with a giant poster: "Champion vs. Champion, Joey Giardello, World Middleweight Champion, vs. Rocky Rivero, Middleweight Champion of Argentina, Buckeye State Promotions, Cleveland Arena." Duva collects posters. This one had taken liberties, however, because this would not be for any title—Joey has not defended his yet—but rather a 10-round bout for television and for Joey to take risk-free advantage of his high station while he is leisurely deciding to fight Rubin Carter or Joey Archer or Dick Tiger or Laszlo Papp or, perhaps, Florentino Fernandez in Puerto Rico.

As usual, the middleweight division is better stocked with good fighters than any other. (Men who weigh 147 to 160 pounds are naturally more plentiful, being of a size that is standard once easy living has been exposed to exercise and diet.) The heavyweight championship, of all the championships contrived to get a man to fight, is the most prized, but the middleweight champions—Ketchel, Soose, Papke, Walker, Zale, Graziano, Robinson, Cerdan—are often as well known, and among their challengers the competition is the best. Right now Champion Giardello could make his selection blindfolded and come up with a legitimate contender, so scrambled is the division.

Joey says he has a moral obligation to give ex-Champion Tiger a return fight and would not mind discussing it, but he has not seen Tiger's name in the paper in some time and presumes Tiger is back in Nigeria making political speeches and raising children and hanging around obscure places with Hogan (Kid) Bassey. As a very good second thought, there is Joey Archer, the flat-faced New Yorker who moves like a sparrow and has won 40 of 41 fights. Laszlo Papp, the Hungarian who fought in three Olympics and then, at the retirement age of 31, turned professional, is a possibility, and so is Rubin (Hurricane) Carter, who has impressed people with his mandarin mustache, his jailbird stare—the most insidious east of Sonny Liston—and his left hook. There are also Jose Torres, who has everything but an abiding interest in fist-fighting, and the two Italians, Sandro Mazzinghi and Nino Benvenuti, and the Cuban exile, Fernandez, and Luis Folledo of Spain, and names that used to mean a lot, like Ray Robinson and Gene Fullmer.

Naturally, none of the contenders wants to waste time fighting another, and when they even mention that tactical blunder their managers get so upset as to appear unbalanced. "Archer is a stinking, rotten national disgrace as No. 1 contender," screamed Tedeschi, Hurricane Carter's manager, after Carter lost a decision to Archer. Naturally, too, Giardello is not interested in any giveaway opportunities. He was a top contender himself for 12 years and got only one other title shot and not a single Green Stamp until he fought Tiger. He is not at all unwilling to let all parties wait until September, when he will probably fight Carter. In the meantime there is money to be made fighting people like Rocky Rivero, on TV, out of jeopardy. Giardello likes the idea so much that he is fighting Rivero again May 22.

"Rivero weighed in 69½ today," said Joey on the table in Cleveland. "He was supposed to make 65. I coulda raised a stink, right? Made him sweat it off. But what the hell. I was worried myself. I thought we were gonna have to do what we did in Jacksonville that time, right, Adolph? I come in there about 180. I get on the scales and Adolph grabs me up by the trunks. He's cutting me in half, Adolph, and I see we're going down to about 150, so I nudge him to take it easy. I weigh 164 for the fight."

Adolph Ritacco has been Giardello's trainer for nine years. Joey cherishes Adolph because he is an expert doorpounder at 5 o'clock in the morning. When it is time for roadwork, Adolph does not take no for an answer. He does not take later for an answer, either. He is 50, short and square, with black-agate eyes and slick black hair and arms cluttered with the names of battlegrounds he encountered in World War II: Guadalcanal, Bougainville, New Hebrides, Fiji, —12 in all. There are some misspellings. "That tattoo artist didn't know nothing," explains Adolph. He is a man of infinite good humor and patience, except when Arnold Giovanetti, Giardello's adviser, in importunate reference to Adolph's size, suggests he take a bath in the lavatory. Then Adolph smiles and hits Arnold in the elbow, and Arnold screams and runs away. "Where's Arnold?" asked Joey. "You know that censorable Arnold got his Cadillac before I got mine? I think he must be padding expenses."

Arnold Giovanetti came into the room. As Joey's "adviser" he is entitled to 5% and to look worried all the time. He makes Cadillac money working for the United States Lines, but Joey he worries about. Joey does not have a manager—he paid off the last in a line of sensationally inadequate ones, Armand Laurenzi, after the Tiger fight. ("Ten thousand it cost me to get rid of that Laurenzi," he said, "but it was worth it. I'm free, now. I'm my own manager. I'm so happy.") Arnold Giovanetti has been one of Joey's more faithful satellites. "He tells everybody he's 28, Arnold, but he's really 32," said Joey, his eyebrows raised and his hand up to his face as if to reveal a very classified piece of information. Arnold heard.

"You're a goof-off, that's what you are," said Arnold. Arnold was wearing pointed high-back shoes and a striped blue shirt with an enormous collar, a good five inches at the tips. It was clearly the grandest

collar in all of Cleveland. "Relax, Arnold. Arnold is very conscious of television," said Joey. "One night I catch him rubbing my back between rounds in the corner, like this. I look up and he's moving his mouth, like he was telling me what to do. I say, 'What's it, Arnold? The camera on you, Arnold?' "

"I was nervous," said Arnold. "I've been on television lots of times since then. I'm an old pro now."

"Joey's been on maybe 40 times," said Adolph.

"Yeah, but not since 1960, the Gene Fullmer fight. I'm thinking about that camera right now. I wanta look good."

Joey hopped up and flicked at Arnold's hair, mussing it up. Arnold is very particular about his hair.

"Ohhhhhhhh, look at that, and he just had it teased," squealed Adolph. "Quick, Billy," he said to Billy Novelli, who dresses hair in South Philly. "Get the comb."

Joey was penitent. "I hadda do it, Arnold. I'm sorry, but I hadda do it."

"Don't louse me up. You're all the time lousing me up," said Arnold, heading for the mirror. "Ain't nobody serious around here? You gotta fight in 15 minutes, and you're playing around. You want us to all go out there looking like crumbums?"

"O.K., O.K., let's get serious," said Joey, sitting back down with exaggerated gravity. "No more of this bull-slinging around." He was quiet for a moment, lying back. "This is the worst part," he said. "Sitting around these censorable rooms, waiting for the censorable fight, putting this censorable tape all over yourself. I tell you I couldn't take it more'n a hunnerd times more." He grinned, and everybody laughed.

"Where's Rocky, anyway?" said Adolph. "Rocky Marciano's going to be in the corner tonight."

"Marciano is a very good friend of mine," said Joey. "He's another one of them undesirables I been associating with. Him and Pete Retzlaff and Paul Hornung and Vice-President Nixon and all them undesirables." Joey is still sore at the New York Athletic Commission because he is unlicensed to fight in New York. In 1957 the commission undertook a study of the company Joey kept and professed great shock at the findings. Joey once lost a bet on his beloved Brooklyn Dodgers and to pay off borrowed \$200 from Antonio Caponigro who, as Tony Bananas, has one of the more complete police records. But that, too, was long ago.

"Tony Bananas? We don't mention that name no more," said Adolph. "I ain't seen him four, five years."

"I tell you this," said Joey, sitting up. "I trust Tony Bananas before I do that censorable New York Athletic Commission. At least he's a man of his word. When he tells you something, at least you know it's going to be so. I got into the office to get my New York license, and the guy says I gotta come back. Come back? What the censorable for? 'We haven't decided on you yet.' I blew my stack. I Blew My Stack. I called him every name in the book." He lay back down. "So what? I don't need New York."

"That's right, Joe, you're champ now," said Adolph.

The gloves were laced on, and Joey deposited his front teeth in a cup, proffered by Adolph. It was almost time. The Giardello solar system moved out into the shadowy alcove, and Joey began warming up—jab, hook, cross, slide, feint, left, left, right. There are no better moves in boxing than those made by Joey Giardello. "Hey, did I tell you about my son Carmine?" said Joey, pausing. "He's saying grace Sunday, and at the end he says, 'Please, God, make Daddy win the fight.' How about that Carmine?"

"You ever seen a guy so loose? He's always loose like this," said Laundi D'Ancona. Laundi sells life insurance in South Philly and takes Joey to the Philadelphia AC on his membership card.

"He loves those kids, Joey," said Adolph, standing away as Joey worked. "That's his whole world. Can't stand to be away from them. Never seen anything like it. We get in here Monday, and 11 o'clock Monday night he's pacing the floor, 'Gotta call Rosalie, gotta get the family out here.' She come in yestiday but left the kids home. Joey hates to go out of town anymore. Used to be he'd say he's going down the corner for a pack of cigarettes, and he don't come back for six weeks."

The call came, and they followed the cops down to the ring. There Joey boxed 10 rounds to a decision over Rivero. It was his 125th fight in 16 years, his 95th victory. It was very close and rough, because Rivero is built like the foundation for 26 stories and he advances with stolid, amiable disregard for safety. Rivero was not artful, but he was strong and persistent and had a very good left hook that repeatedly got through. Six times in a row he landed with the hook in the ninth, but Joey pitched and yawned with the punches—it is an art that most fighters lack—and he did not go down. He never does.

It was an exciting fight, and afterward Joey complained to a hesitant young sports reporter in horn-rimmed glasses that the long layoff and the banquets and all that weight he took off made him sluggish. The reporter wanted to know when he was going to defend the title, and Joey asked him to please go see Lou Duva or Arnold Giovanetti or Adolph Ritacco, because "they know more about that kind of stuff than I do." He winked to a friend nearby. "I think they're trying to work something out now," he said, looking urgent.

"This is a fighting champion," Adolph shouted. Adolph is a connoisseur of clichés. He repeated it, upping the decibel count. "This is a fighting champion."

The gloves were cut off, and Joey gave them to a friend. "I always give 'em away, except the ones from the Tiger fight," he said. "Them I keep." An arena attendant came in looking for the gloves, and Joey told the friend to hide them. "Sorry," Joey said to the attendant. "They're gone. Anybody see them gloves?"

Later, with Rosalie as the beauty mark—Billy Novelli had combed her hair, too, she said—the solar system moved out to Angelo's in Cleveland's Little Italy, and Joey ate pizza and Italian sausage and posed for pictures with Rocky Marciano. Rocky Rivero came in, too, and Joey posed with him. He orbited from table to table, introducing friends to friends, and ran across a guy he had known in the Army. "We were paratroopers together, 82nd Airborne," he said, pleased by the chance meeting. "I made 29 jumps." Finally, at 2 a.m., Rosalie said it was time to go, because they were driving back to Philadelphia and Joey had to share in the driving. "Once I drove all the way back from Boston after a fight, in the rain," Joey said and got up.

"I shoulda been champion a long time ago," he sighed. "I tell you if I'd been champion when I was 23, I'da gone crazy. I would have gone right out of my mind. Now I'm smarter. Now I just go home. That makes better sense."

Carmine (Chubby) Tilelli, third of six sons of a Brooklyn sanitation department worker, onetime street-fight champion of P.S. 203, has not always paid strict attention to the value of good sense. He got his name mixed not only with Tony Bananas', but also with that of Frankie Carbo, the hoodlum boxing boss who is now serving a 25-year term in federal prison. Bobby Jones was alleged to have received a \$15,000 bribe to throw a fight with Giardello in 1954 (the necessity of which is dubious, because Jones was never in Giardello's class), and Joey himself reported receiving a \$50,000 offer to fall down. More tangibly, Joey once won a \$5 citation for street-corner lounging in his beloved South Philly, and on Halloween night 1954, right when he was on the verge of a chance to fight Bobo Olson for the middleweight championship, he helped five of his friends take a filling station and a filling station attendant apart. Joey wound up in jail, with no title fight, and served 4½ months of a six-to-18-month sentence.

Because Joey was never very smart about getting himself out of jams, the newspaper files on him deal mostly with the untidiness of his conduct. This is too bad. Joey Giardello is not an evil man. His regiments of friends are genuine, and so are his regiments of hangers-on because, he is an easy touch. He has fought for charity and appeared often at fund-raising dinners. He collects compliments and kindly remarks as though they were treasures worth fighting for, and he will tell you without prelude that a circuit judge got up at his testimonial banquet at the Sons of Italy Restaurant in Philadelphia last month and said, "I see this man not as a great fighter but as a great father." Joey is very proud of that.

The Giardellos now live in a \$35,000 split-level house, heavily mortgaged, on an acre at the end of a gravel road in Cherry Hill, N.J., 15 minutes from Philadelphia. The road runs perpendicular to the backstretch at Garden State Park, and on a race day you can hear the results from his living room. He wants to build a swimming pool in the backyard; the backyard at present is mostly swamp. He has three sons: Joseph, 12; Carmine Jr., 10, who is somewhat retarded, although no serious problem; and Paul, 1½ (the boys all carry the surname Tilelli); and a mongrel dog named Prince.

The house and the \$6,800 white Cadillac convertible with the black leather upholstery and a modest savings account are the extent of Giardello's fortune after 16 years of fighting, but he sees that changing now, because he has a lawyer handling his affairs and planning real estate investments. "An apartment house, maybe, and later maybe a lounge," says Joey.

Joey is very solid in Cherry Hill. He managed the Cherry Hill Little League team to the championship last year, though he found it sticky business because son Joseph is the catcher. What Joseph often caught was a lot of hell from his old man, Joey says. "What would it look like, me yelling at the other kids when my boy's on the team? I think he might not want to play with us this year, but I tell him I'll trade him to the last-place club if he doesn't." Joseph is also a boy scout, so Joey is interested in boy scouts, too ("I may even go on one of them camping trips this summer"), and the father objects only perfunctorily when the son rousts him out of bed at 5:30 in the morning to take him to church. Joseph is an altar boy.

"This is best, here, away from South Philly," said Joey as he backed his Cadillac out of the drive one day before the Rivero fight. "I go there to train and to be with my friends, but this, this is best for my family. My son Joseph will probably go to college. What he is, is a very nice gentleman, Joseph. Carmine, he's retarded, so we don't think about no college for Carmine. Joseph wants to be a priest. Laundi says, 'Wait'll he finds out what girls are for, then he won't wanta be no priest.' But Laundi's wrong. Joseph is very serious.

"He don't care nothing about fighting, Joseph. I don't think he ever told anybody who I was. Then one day he came home and asked my wife if his daddy ever been to jail. Some kid told him, I guess. My wife said to see me. That night I got him alone and told him how I made a mistake and had to pay. 'But, Joseph,' I told him, 'if your daddy was no good, if he was a bad man, would the chief of police and the judge and all these wonderful people come to the testimonial?' He cried, Joseph.

"They came, too, you know. To the testimonial after the Tiger fight. Chuck Bednarik, too, and Pete Retzlaff, and Tom Gola, Marciano, all them undesirables. Mickey Shaughnessy dropped his bag at the station and come to perform. And Kay Stevens came down from the Latin Casino to sing. That was really nice of her. My boy Carmine watched her close, then afterward he made all the moves she did."

Heading for South Philly, Joey said, "I ran five miles this morning, me and Adolph and this kid who's doing my life story. Segrell's his name, S-e-g-r-e-l-l. Bob Segrell. Sells insurance in Brooklyn. Never wrote nothing, but he's a friend of mine and he wants to do it and I told him sure.

"I'm smarter now than I used to be," he said. "My mind is better. I was always pretty good in school, but I was dumb in other ways. I'm getting my transcript from Brooklyn so I can finish high school. I need 80 points, 50 in math. I was good in math. I hate to be dumb in front of my kids. That's the worst thing in the world. That new math is tough. When Joseph's got a math problem I can't handle, I go see Segrell. Then I can come back and make believe I'm smart.

"The biggest thing in the world to me is that my kids are honest. My baby, he's the one I gotta worry about. He's a devil like me. He's one, and I'm worried about him. I'd never want my kids to give me the trouble I gave my folks.

"I always thought life was a big playground. Hanging around corners. But not my kids. Thank God, they're well brought up. They don't have no prejudice. My old neighborhood, there's prejudice. You see it when you're away from it. My boy Carmine cries if you say something nasty about colored people. When I go to bed nights I pray my sons be good Christian men.

"I've changed. You see me now, you see my kids, going to movies, playing miniature golf. We never lived better. It's hard to make a living at boxing, believe me, it's very hard, but I been supporting a wife and kids 13 years. I've been a lot of places. Last year I took the kids to Disneyland. That cost me fifteen hundred bucks. I'd like one more trip to Europe, take the kids, maybe have an interview with the Pope. I met a lot of wonderful people. But I'd like to meet one more wonderful person. The guy that says, 'Joey, I got a great job for you. Come on over.' "

The Passyunk Gym in South Philly is on the corner of Passyunk and Moore, three floors above the street and one floor above the J&D Billiards Parlor, out of whose windows the guys used to throw water on the cops below. But the times have sweetened Passyunk and Moore, and the cops stay dry. "Billiards parlor" is a euphemism; J&D's is a pool hall in the traditional sense – cheap, inelegant, dim, no women allowed. Perfect. The men's room is reserved for "kings," and tacked over the door is a pair of boxing gloves worn by a great fighter whose name nobody can remember right off.

Joey has his own private cue stick at J&D's, in red binding, and is treated with the irreverence the boys figure a title deserves.

"Hey, get that bum outa here," shouted Duke Cavillo, one of the gym's three owners, as Joey walked in the door.

"Everybody loves Joe," said Adolph Ritacco, drinking coffee at the bar.

Joey ordered a cup of tea with lemon and got \$2 worth of dimes and went over to the pinball machine, where a young man in a loud checked suit and a high pompadour was showing great finesse losing his dimes. Joey identified the pompadour as Ralphie, a blossoming pool shark.

A stocky, baldish man with a broad, pleasant face came in and shouted at Joey, "Hello there, July 16th." Joey gave him 50¢. "That's Armand," he said. "He remembers birthdays, not names. He knows birthdays of people dead 10, 15 years. Hey, Armand, you go around and see my wife on your birthday?"

"Yeah, yeah, seeyaround," said Armand, "seeyaround."

"I'm serious, Armand. Didn't you see her?"

"Yeah, but she didn't remember."

Joey went over to the pay phone and dialed his wife. "Hey, Rosalie, Armand says you're a cheap skate."

Armand was outraged. "I never said it, I never said that."

Eventually Joey conned Ralphie into a game of pool at 75-25. Joey had to make 25 to win. "Ralphie's a good shooter," said Joey aloud, "but he chokes in them big money matches."

"Joey's a quitter. Watch, you'll see him quit," said Ralphie.

Joey experienced early troubles, and Ralphie, who enjoys his role as a hustler, shrieked in pleasure.

"Look, Joey's hemorrhaging! He's hemorrhaging!"

"Get the cut man! Where's Adolph?" said a tall, curly-haired boy who had joined the circle. "Cut man!"

Adolph drained his coffee cup and sat down on one of the folding chairs near the window. "It's a miracle, Joey is. Six, seven years now. Been very religious. Goes to Mass all the time. Very serious about—" he pointed toward the ceiling. "When he starts giving me bull, I tell him, 'It's O.K., Joey, but don't forget,' and I point up and it really shakes him. He's a good Catholic, Joey. And he works hard. He had to get me up when we was training for Tiger. A miracle."

The game was going better for Joey. He ran off six straight points and got his 26. Ralphie, the slick in the checked suit, broke for the door and Joey ran him down. He got him by the scruff and pulled him back to the table. Ralphie was trying to laugh as he surrendered the three bucks.

The next day Joey came in and waved his solar system upstairs to the gym, where he boxed six rounds with two Negro fighters brought in from New York. This was preparatory to the Rivero fight, and Joey looked good.

It is possible that Giardello, at 33, is better now than ever, principally because he is better trained and, second, because he is enormously proud of his championship. He knows it all—he slips punches, he counters, he throws exquisite combinations, he is a master mover. He is what is called a Chicago fighter; most of his movement is from the waist up—which gives an illusion of great mobility. Punches miss him by fractions, and when they land, as Rivero's did, the impact is diminished by his movement.

Because of his need for mobility, Joey has looked his worst when he was not well trained—which has been often. His record—with its victories over Tiger Jones, Ray Robinson, Joe Giambra—is charred with incredible upsets when he was heavily favored (4 to 1 over Pierre Langlois, for example).

Nevertheless, he has been ranked for 15 years and, as one of the few truly competent strategists in the sport today, he seldom fights in the same manner twice. He adapts. Sometimes this has not always worked out; when he fought Gene Fullmer for the title in Bozeman, Mont, in 1960, one butt led to another—"he butted me, I butted back," said Joey—and the result was a bloody, graceless, shameful 15-round draw. Joey concluded afterward that Fullmer would never give him another chance, and he was right.

It is likely, too, that were he to fight Tiger again he would beat him again, because he has figured out his style—they have fought three times, Joey winning the last two—and Tiger, with his short arms and his strange ability to counterpunch off a lead, never changes. The others are mostly headhunters (it is in the body that Giardello, at 33, is most vulnerable) and, at this point, a Carter or an Archer is not experienced enough to take him. Carter is the hardest hitter in the division, but he has had only 23 fights and Archer showed how easy it is to make him miss. If he were to remain in condition, and discreetly cautious with his scheduling, Giardello as champion would brighten the corners of the Passyunk Gym for many months to come.

Joey thrives on the atmosphere of that place. Everything in it appears to have been painted, at some time long past, a dark, crayon green, and then gone over with razor blades and a fine veneer of dirt. There is a dead TV set in one corner. Joey has a private room, with a padlock, a table, two chairs and a window. After the six-round workout for Rivero, he sat on the table and smoked a cigarette. His friends pressed in around him.

"You know, you're a good-looking guy, Joey," said Duke.

"I agree widya," said Joey. In the tiny room, the crowd was appreciative. There was a large man with a carnation in his lapel.

"Hey, Marty," said Joey, "all you do is hang around these censorable pool halls?"

"Slumming," said Marty Collins, who is an ex-fighter. "And what's with you, Joey? All you know is profanity. Some champion. Some champion. You a greaseball, that's what you are."

"If I'm a greaseball, what about these 450 people at my testimonial?" Joey was enjoying the battle.

"In my day they give you a funeral," said Marty. "Who you ever fought?"

"I ain't been knocked down 17 times in one round like you, Marty."

"Sixteen. Sixteen times," said Marty. He put his arm around Joey and grinned. "Good luck, Joey," he said quietly. "You ain't no greaseball."

Somebody said that Joey should become a manager. "I got this Irish kid," said Joey. "Good-looking boy. Don't speak too well. But already he beat up two cops and threw a guy off the roof."

On Monday, Joey and Adolph went to Cleveland for the Rivero fight, and by the day of the fight many of the solar system had arrived and a gin game was moving along briskly in Room 906 at the Sheraton-Hilton.

"Come on, Joey," said Adolph, perplexed. "You been playing two hours. You gotta rest now."

"One more hand," said Joey.

"You said that three hands ago. And that's the third cigarette."

"Second," said Joey.

"Third. I been counting 'em."

"Take the cards from him," said Rosalie, who had come in for lunch.

"Would you?"

"Sure," she said, smiling.

At 3 o'clock Joey and Rosalie and another couple went down and ate.

Afterward he walked four blocks to St. John's Cathedral to light a candle. "I always pray not to get hurt, never to win," said Joey. "Like the priest says, you don't pray you're a fighter the day you're gonna fight."

He went back to the hotel and napped two hours, and finally it was time to go. They went down and piled into a cab, Joey and Rosalie, Arnold and Adolph, and instructed the driver to take them to the Cleveland Arena.

"Going to the hockey game, eh?" said the cabbie.

"Yeah," said Joey. "Hockey. Arnold here plays for the Barons. Better hurry, driver. Arnold can't play in them street clothes, you know."