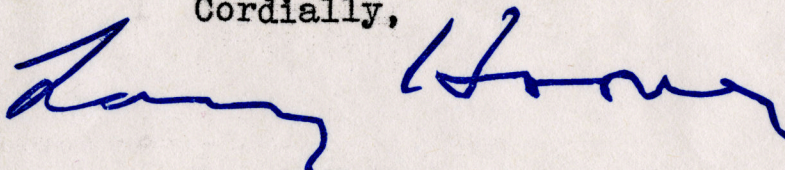


The story enclosed here is from the forthcoming issue of TIME. I am sending it to you in advance because I think you will find it especially interesting.

For editorial purposes, the story's release date is 6 P.M., Wednesday.

Cordially,

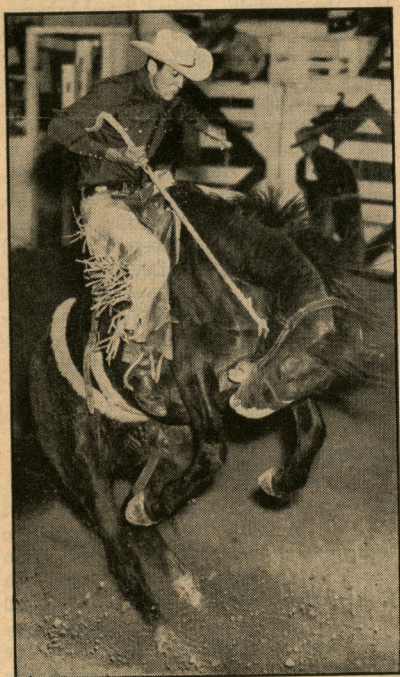


Larry Hoover
Editorial Services

College Rodeo

"Fannin' and battin'" the shanks of a red-eyed Brahman bull, Harley May of Sul Ross College came winging out of the chute, absorbed three spine-cracking jolts, and ended up flat on his back on the tan-bark of Fort Worth's Will Rogers Coliseum. Grinning sheepishly, May got up, dusted off his skintight blue jeans and admitted ruefully: "I didn't do so good."

It was one of the few events in which 24-year-old Harley May had not done well in the fledgling (three-year-old) National Intercollegiate Rodeo Association championships. The son of a New Mexico rancher, May helped found N.I.R.A.



John Mazziotta

HARLEY MAY & BUCKING BRONC
He began on mules.

three years ago, ever since has been the association's "All-Around Cowboy." Last week Cowboy May, who got his riding start atop a mule at the age of two, was out to repeat in the roughest of all collegiate sports.

Wild & Woolly. The 1951 championship, backed by the fast-growing 41-college association, was not on the grand scale of the famed Pendleton Roundup, but even the old pros admitted that the kids put on quite a show. Before the competition began, the Hardin-Simmons College cowboy band came whooping into the Coliseum, followed by the Apache Belles, a 34-girl marching and dancing group from Tyler Junior College, dressed in abbreviated white satin outfits and Indian headdress. Down behind the riding chutes, the college cowboys carefully checked over their equipment—from the slick "piggin strings" (for tying calves) to the larger pieces of "rigging" (saddles,

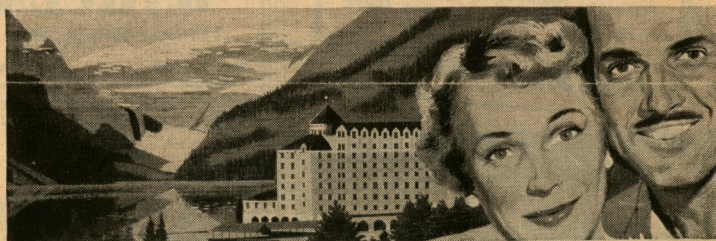


"At Banff and
Lake Louise
we found a sky-high
vacation wonderland"

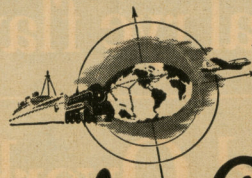
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"Traveling to Banff on a Canadian Pacific train, we passed through some of the world's most spectacular scenery. And we lived in perfect comfort. Air-conditioned accommodations...wide, restful berths...tempting meals...courteous, considerate service. Lake Louise brought new thrills...awe-inspiring Victoria Glacier...and gracious Chateau Lake Louise. Here we found hospitable service...fine cuisine...perfect accommodations...a glassed-in outdoor pool."



P.S. "All our trip details were handled by our local travel agent...so helpfully. Next vacation we'll pick a Canadian Pacific resort hotel in "Down East" Canada—The Algonquin in St Andrews-by-the-Sea, N. B., or Digby Pines or Lakeside Inn in Nova Scotia."



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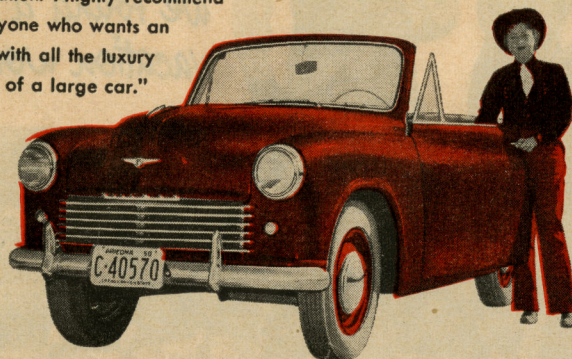
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boots, chaps) that cost the more shabby dressed competitors more than \$600 an outfit.

For the five days of the championship competition, 73 competitors roped and rode through the full rodeo schedule. The rough & tumble rides (for eight-second "eternities") on the 1,500-lb. brutish Brahman* were matched by other wild & woolly events: bareback bronc riding, bulldogging, wild cow milking.

It was no game for beginners. Explained 22-year-old Cotton Rosser of California Polytechnic, who has been competing as a rodeo pro† since he was 14: "This is a sport you have to grow up with. It isn't just something you go out for."

Pounding Hooves. By the last performance ("go-round" in cowboy lingo), the contestants' gaudy shirts were in tatters, the carefully creased broad-brimmed hats had been mashed and shredded by pounding hooves, and the embroidered boots were mud-splattered. But the show was a rousing success.

Thousands of Fort Worth rodeo fans had come to watch the educated cowboys, had seen little Sul Ross College (enrollment: 1,000) of Alpine, Texas, ride off with the team title for the third straight year. Cotton Rosser's tight seat on the "rank" (i.e., fighting) stock won him individual show honors. But Sul Ross's captain, Harley May, again rode away with the All-Around Cowboy title (based on total points accumulated in year-long competition), with an all-around performance.

European Champions

"Basketball in Russia begins with Stalin," explained the deadpan manager of the Russian team. "From Vladivostok to Leningrad, everybody plays," said Team Captain Ivan Lissov, who called himself a "master sportsman."** That was about all anyone could get out of the visiting Russians, who were whisked daily from the Soviet Embassy to Paris' Palais des Sports and back, under the watchful eye of a hollow-cheeked cultural attaché.

Whatever the reason, the Russian teamwork ("They pass without even looking," said one awed coach), plus a clowning Georgian named Otar Korkija, made the Russians look invincible last week, as they crushed eight straight opponents in the European basketball championships. Korkija, 28, balding and sporting a Cesar Romero mustache, convulsed the crowd by jumping for nonexistent balls, plung-

* To make sure that rodeo mounts will come out bucking, they are harnessed with a tight "flank" strap, fastened around the belly and croup. The strap is tightened just before the chute door opens, is quickly released again at the end of the ride.

† When legally competing for a college, N.I.R.A. recognizes a competitor's amateur standing, no matter how much money he has won in the professional circuit.

** Other players, with a bow to the amateur spirit, were identified as "students" or "cadets," though most European coaches called them "state professionals."