

# Judy Is Many Things, Mostly Frank

## Leading Golfer Shuns Training Rules Held Sacred by Others

By GAY TALESE

Since sports heroes have traditionally attributed their success to such things as clean-living and breakfast cereal, it is refreshing, for a change, to talk to Judy Frank, a golf champion, who says she keeps late hours, smokes excessively and takes a drink from time to time.

If the things she says sound a trifle exaggerated, it is only because Miss Frank for years has been saying and doing things that would attract attention or shock people. At the age of 8, while other little girls were playing "house," Judy was playing shortstop on the boys' neighborhood baseball team; quarterback on the football team; and, on the side, she hijacked skate keys.

The women who lived in the Baker Field neighborhood disliked Judy almost as intensely as she disliked them. When Judy would skip by their window sills, they'd crane their necks and snap out after her, "There goes Judy Frank, the tomboy, the tomboy." Judy would straighten up, point her nose skyward and ignore them.

### A Desire to Be Famous

"These women used to upset me," Miss Frank admitted the other day at the Old Oak Country Club, where she is a member. "But I never knew what was the matter. I only know that since I was 8 years old I wanted to be famous. I remember once, while walking with my mother to Bloomingdale's, I stopped her and said, very dramatically, 'Mother, I'd like to tell you something. And I want you to remember this. I'm going to be famous.'"

Encouraged by her father, a lawyer, Judy took up golf at 11. Within five years, she was shooting in the 80s, driving a ball 200 yards and beating her father by 15 strokes. Now, at 23, she has won the women's Metropolitan title the past three years and she has become, almost without question, the grande dame of golf in New York.

While success has not spoiled Judy Frank, it also has not changed her. She is still the beguiling, unconventional girl she was fifteen years ago and many women still can not stand her. "Judy is too cocky," said one female gossip. "Judy Frank thinks nobody can beat her," complained another woman Judy beat.

In all honesty, Judy Frank does not seem cocky; rather, she is brimming over with confidence. Should a sportswriter ask Judy before a tournament,



Judy Frank: She went from tomboy to "dahling" The New York Times

"Who's going to win?" Judy will reply, quite frankly, "I'll probably win."

This week, for instance, she believes she will probably win the Tri-County championship at Old Greenwich. Next week in Cooperstown, N. Y., she says she'll probably win the New York State women's championship.

Although some women golfers find this super confidence a bit distracting, Miss Frank's *claqueurs*—and there are many—think it's delightful. At the Old Oaks Country Club in Purchase, the women "adore" her and call her "dahling." The men there pay as much attention to Judy Frank as they would to Lady Godiva.

Miss Frank is 128 pounds, 5 feet 5 inches, with sunny, blonde hair and eyes that are sometimes blue, sometimes green. A Barnard graduate, she now lives alone in an East Side apartment with a hi-fi set and shelves of hardcover books, most of which she got at a 60 per cent discount last year when she worked as the secretary to the secretary of Alfred A. Knopf.

### A Leisurely Morning

Around 2 A. M., after a date, she sometimes takes walks alone over the Fifty-ninth Street bridge. Since the girls she knew are now mostly married or boring, or married and boring, her social life generally revolves around golf, or the men who play it, or at it.

She awakens around 10 A. M.,

reads the newspaper, then heads for a Second Avenue parking lot to her automobile, a long, white hardtop in the back seat of which are strewn old golf balls, tees, yellow pencils and one dirty sweat sock.

The other day, while driving up the East Side drive to Old Oaks, Miss Frank said, casually, that she is unemployed, and if she doesn't soon find a job she will probably pawn the hundred prizes and golf trophies she has won since 1949.

At 11 A. M. she was on the first hole of the Old Oaks course, about to tee off with an older woman and two older men. The woman plopped her drive, like an infield pop-up, 50 yards away. Then Judy teed off on the men's tee, which is farther back than the women's tee.

"Judy, darling," said one man, trying to seem avuncular, "there's no faster way to lose a man than to tee off on men's tees."

"Yes, Judy," said the woman. "You're a woman first—remember, you're a woman first."

Judy smiled, ignoring both of them. Then she crashed a line drive 225 yards down the middle. Weakened, the men approached the tee. One of them hooked into the rough, the other sliced into the woods and frowned.

When last seen, Judy Frank was in the woods, seemingly gracious, trying to help everybody locate their lost golf balls. The man who sliced still was frowning.