



Please notice *Is it the Quoc J. Carter-*
**I Know 8,750 People—
 How Many Do You Know?**

Stories from the experiences of one whose business it has been to travel up and down and across the country for years

By Hugh S. Fullerton

ONE evening, during a meeting of baseball club owners, managers and officials in New York, Cal Ewing, from Oakland, California, introduced me to two men, one of whom was from Asheville, North Carolina. After shaking hands, I said to the Asheville man, "How are Homer and George Cathey getting along?"

We talked for a time about Judge Adams and Broun, then of some of the fellows around Asheville and Skyland. I recalled that Ham Hyatt, the old ball player, came from out Deever way, on Hominy Creek, beyond Penlands, and remarked that Hyatt and I had had some good quail shooting there and had spent some time on the Hays estate. The other man I had just met began telling about the quail that swarmed around his home town, Waycross, Georgia, and I said to him, "How is Old Man Obadiah Barber? Is he still killing bear down in the Okefenokee?"

The Georgia man was saying that Obadiah still was a great bear hunter, when an old acquaintance came up. I shook hands with him and said:

"Did Amman Carter come up with you from Fort Worth?"

The Georgian stared for an instant, and then, unable to hold in any longer, he said, "Say, mister, do you know everyone in this whole world?"

Not quite. There are 110,000,000 people in the United States, and I know only 8,750 of them well enough to recognize them and call their names, or at least to remember that I ought to know their names. During the last thirty or forty years I have met at least 25,000 persons, and by the closest calculation possible remember one third of them.

Instead of being proud of knowing as many people as I do, I am ashamed not to remember more. For more than thirty years my stock in trade has been meeting and knowing people, and I count every day lost unless I meet at least one person who tells me something new and interesting enough to fix him in mind.

It is not difficult to recall men and women with whom you have worked, with whom you have gone through some excit-

ing experience, or even those who have told you a new story. These are the persons you will probably recall first, if you have occasion, as I did the other day, to send out an announcement. I sat down and wrote the names, addresses, and the familiar name of more than four hundred persons. Not till then did I have to consult my address book, which contains the names and addresses of more than two thousand persons well enough known to make me want to keep posted regarding their fate.

Remembering people is natural to some of us. It never has been a conscious effort with me. I find that my mind associates every person with some scene or with some other person. Many times it is impossible to remember a man's name until the scene of previous meeting is recalled; then he takes his place in the mental picture as plainly as in a photograph.

SOME readers may get the idea that I am writing a boast about my good memory, but the fact is I know my memory is freaky. The family has many laughs about it. Once, when I was going to California, my wife asked me to be certain to hunt up Laura, who lived at San Mateo, and gave me the name of the man Laura had married. A week or so later I wrote that, having searched San Mateo from end to end, it was necessary to report that no person named Heintz ever lived there, to which she replied, "Look up Snyder. You picked the wrong pickles." This was a case of unconscious association, of course, and it gives a clue to how a memory works.

So this is not boastful at all; merely a story about people. I am writing it because the Editor happened one day to ask what struck me as most interesting in life, and my answer was, "The number of people I have known."

"How many do you know?" he demanded.

It seemed a foolish question then, but that evening I started to calculate and found it worth while, because in just thinking over the list a fellow recalls many names he has almost forgotten, and the chances are that, before he gets through, he'll sit down and write letters

and cards, and bring back into his life a lot of persons who are worth-while. Instead of being a foolish employment it became the most pleasant of tasks.

FIRST, I took the atlas and started with Maine—Kennebunk, Rangeley, Meddybemps, Aroostook, Crawford. I ran over in my mind the people I knew who lived in that state—Jack Coombs, Bill Allen, and Big Tucker from Bangor; McQuade at Aroostook—a score or more. It was two o'clock when the missus wanted to know whether I was going to sit up all night, and I had just reached Memphis and was wondering how Mooney, Scarborough, Clemons and Gene Demont, and the good fellows around the Chickasaw Guards and all the others were. I was two nights getting to California, and adding up.

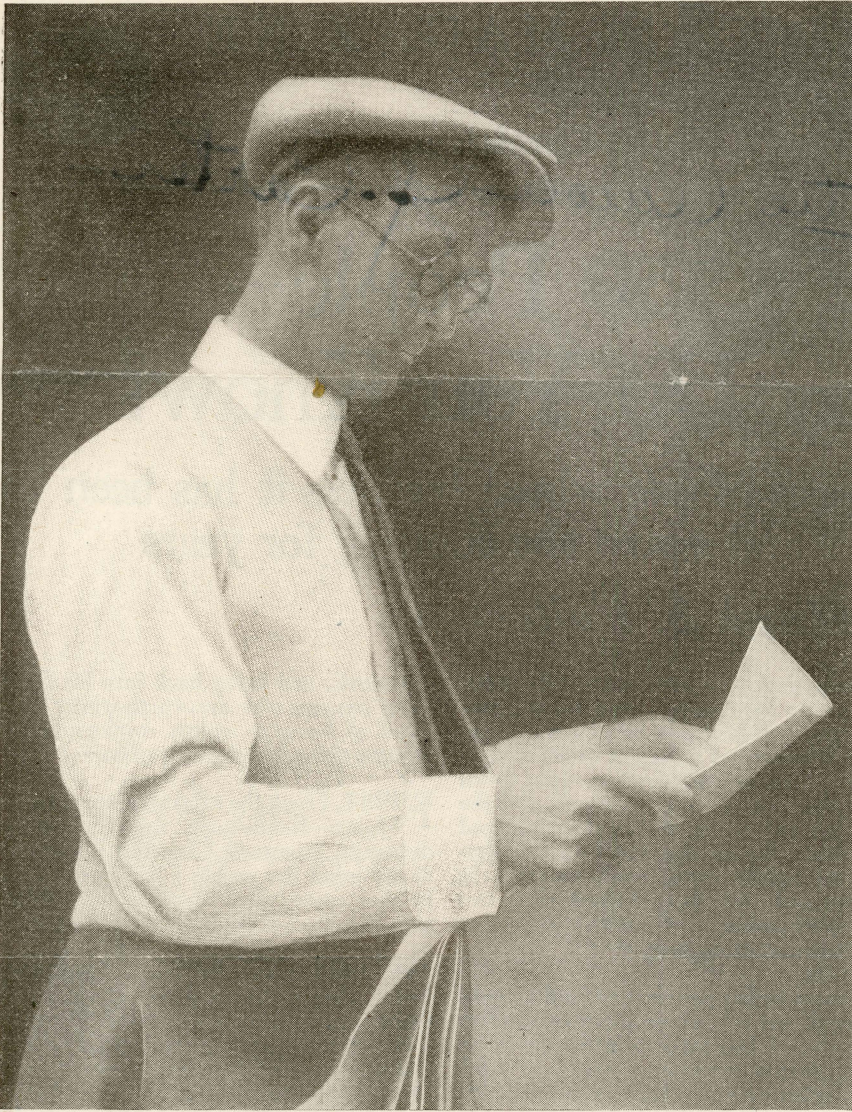
Not being entirely satisfied that the estimate was accurate, I started listing how many baseball players, boxers, athletes, race-track people, gamblers, burglars, policemen, politicians, prominent people, theatrical folk, hotel people, old neighbors, and friends in a score of towns, I knew, and after checking both lists I said to my chum:

"Jake, I know 8,550 persons."

"You know more bartenders than that," he said; so, having forgotten to list them, I counted up two hundred bartenders, and in that way I reached my total—8,750.

That evening, with half a dozen persons present, an argument was precipitated and we started figuring. Ed Norwood knows close to ten thousand persons, and one of the fellows, after an hour of pencil work declared he knew fewer than two hundred persons. He has lived forty years in New York, and admitted that he never pays any attention to his fellow beings. He would recognize only one policeman, only two waiters at his club, fewer than half the office employees in his own firm, and he declared he would not recognize five tradesmen, including his druggist. He simply is not interested in his fellow beings.

I never have been in any town in America where I could not find someone I



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HUGH S. FULLERTON

"Hughie" Fullerton is one of the most widely known and best loved sport writers in America. For thirty years he has traveled up and down and criss-cross in this country, getting an army of friends and acquaintances from every state, and in numberless towns and countrysides. At the age of fourteen he started working as a printer's devil in Hillsboro, Ohio, and from then until now he has been in newspaper work. He has resided, at one time or another, in at least eleven different cities, and has stopped temporarily in hundreds of others. Mr. Fullerton has made a reckoning of his friends and acquaintances. They include newspaper men, baseball players, boxers, politicians, gamblers, railroad men, hotel people, burglars, policemen, officers and enlisted men of the army and navy, theatrical folk of all classes, and so on through the list of occupations. When he showed his list to a chum, the remark came: "What about bartenders? You haven't listed them." So Fullerton added two hundred names from that vanishing vocation. In New York alone, where most residents know comparatively few people, Fullerton reckons twelve hundred acquaintances—and he lived there only a short time, at that. At present, Mr. Fullerton lives in Chicago, where he is connected with the Chicago "Tribune" as a sporting reporter at large. His duties still take him all about the country, covering the more important sporting events

knew, and if I had this life to do over again I'd start right in to save up ten thousand friends, and then retire.

It would be much more satisfactory than saving up a lot of dollars, and certainly a more paying investment if one ever needed to draw on them.

Not many persons have had the opportunities of meeting as many persons as I have. The average man in a large city knows very few men and women save by sight, and is far behind the small-town man in that respect. But I have lived in small towns, and have traveled steadily for thirty years, usually on errands requiring me to meet people. Most of this has been with baseball teams, but I have

also traveled with political parties and on political errands, reported all sorts of news in some of the largest cities in the country, lived in a dozen different sections and fished, hunted, and loafed in scores of others.

NOT all those 8,750 persons are friends, not by a long shot. In fact, I have a fine collection of enemies, and they are even more interesting than some of the friends, and better remembered. But of them all there are only two persons in the world that I hate and not half a dozen that I dislike actively.

Studying the estimates of acquaintances I find a funny thing: My worst enemies

are all fellows for whom I have done a great deal; the ones that once were enemies but now are friends are fellows I hurt either accidentally or purposely at some time. The fellow you injure forgives and forgets, but the one who injures you seems to get more bitter.

When I started out I was about as shy and sensitive as anyone could be. It was painful to be introduced or to introduce myself. To be sent out by a city editor with orders to interview some prominent person was like a sentence to be hanged, and I approached it in the same manner. But after a time it became evident that human beings are pretty much alike, and that the "big" man is far more likely to be friendly and sociable than the smaller one. Also it was forced upon my consciousness that men take other men at their own valuation. I was modest and self-effacing and it was hard to meet successful people. They seemed to look down on me.

There was a fellow in Chicago, a notorious reformer and publicity seeker, to whom I had been sent a dozen times and from whom it seemed impossible for me to extract any real information. However, he was giving others more news than he did me. So one day I walked into his office and said, "Well, you big four-flushing hypocrite, what line of bunk are you dishing out to-day?"

Thereupon he gave me an important and exclusive story, and taught me that public men especially take a man at his own valuation.

AFTER my terror of meeting strangers passed away I became more and more eager to get acquainted with new people. I have always been able to get more enjoyment, entertainment, and valuable information from people than from books or lectures. Consequently, I always have been ready to sit up all night in a hotel lobby or the smoking compartment of a car listening to the talkers. I claim to be an expert listener, and as an expert in this line I have yet to meet the man who was not more interesting than a book when he warmed up and talked of himself and of his affairs.

In spite of my painful shyness, I must have been a friendly sort of a kid down home, and yet I had not many friends in the town itself. Among the country folk throughout the whole county all sorts of people were my friends. There were a score of farmhouses at which I could stop at any time and bunk with the boys or the hired man, or join the family. Later, when working as a political aid for Mark Hanna, I was able to name every county, county seat, and the chairman of the county committees of every one of the eighty-eight counties, and without effort. Twenty-five years later, on revisiting the old home I stood on a corner and called the name of almost every man who passed. At church that day I recognized more than half the congregation.

If you have ever doubted the value of neighborliness, you ought to live for a time in a big city, New York, for instance. After a year and a half in one apartment house I knew only two persons out of seventy families, and they were little children. Probably the awful homesickness of so many New York residents is due to the longing for neighborliness. Down home,