





# HISTORY'S MOST FAMOUS (AND FIERCEST) FEUDS

By Michael A. Stusser

Oh, there have been some doozies over the ages. Cain and Abel come to mind, as does the battle between Good and Evil, Roosevelt and Hitler (same thing, I suppose), and an ongoing tiff between Tibet and her bully neighbor China. Honest Abe and Stephen Douglas had a seven-round debate that led to the Civil War and eliminated slavery. And speaking of wars, Bill and Hillary didn't exactly get along, nor did Henry the VIII and his six wives, the Crips and Bloods, Nancy Kerrigan and Tonya Harding, or Yoko and the band. India and Pakistan? Mending no fences. Godzilla and King Kong? Deadlocked.

Apple and Microsoft? Stalemate, big-time. And of course the Ali/Frazier bouts were legendary, as was the undercard, David vs. Goliath. Hell, the Bud and Miller folks *still* don't get along, Letterman and Oprah have a nasty thing going, and clearly Israel and the Palestinians could use a better negotiator ...

Here's a look at history's most notable feuds, some small, some famous, some figments of our imagination—in a place we call The Feudtivity Zone:

# THE HATFIELDS *VS.* THE MCCOYS



**PRE-FIGHT WEIGH-IN:** Rumors abound that during the Civil War, while fighting for a unit of the Confederate Army, Devil Anse hunted down and killed Harmon McCoy, making dinner parties and pleasantries between the two large clans improbable at best.

**IN THE FIRST CORNER:** “Six feet of devil and 180 pounds of hell,” from Tug Valley, W.Va., William Anderson “Devil Anse” Hatfield. Loaded from logging, Hatfield is one of the biggest landowners in Logan County. He’s got 13 children and a bad habit of raiding other people’s farms.

**ROUND ONE:** In 1878, Randolph McCoy realizes that one of his razorback hogs is missing and thinks he sees it in a pen owned by a Hatfield cousin. (Remember, folks, this was the Appalachians, and them’s fightin’ words.) Randolph brings the feud to court (of all places) and after some suspicious “testimony” by friends and relatives, the Hatfields win a jury trial. The hog in question remains with Floyd Hatfield (and eventually becomes a pig in a blanket).

**ROUND TWO:** In 1880, a gaggle of Hatfields crash a McCoy party on County Election Day. There, 18-year-old Johnse Hatfield, flush with cash from his moonshine biz, makes his move on 20-year-old Rose Anna McCoy (one of Randolph’s daughters). Johnse and Rose Anna wind up back at the McCoy home playing Spin the Bottle, and before you know it, the couple is gettin’ hitched ... down by the river-side. Later, a pack of McCoys kidnap Johnse, but he’s spared when Rose Anna pleads for his life. In hindsight, she might have let the boy hang, as it turns out playboy Johnse couldn’t keep his eyes (or mitts) off Nancy McCoy—Rose Anna’s cousin. Rose Anna and Johnse divorce soon thereafter, just before she gives birth to their child.

**ROUND THREE:** August 7, 1882. “Bad Elias” Hatfield owes Tolbert McCoy a couple bucks for (what else?) a fiddle. Tolbert asks for the dough, and is ignored. Later on, Devil Anse’s brother Ellison Hatfield shows up at the scene and gets into it with a drunken Tolbert. Tolbert, Pharmer and Randolph McCoy stab Ellison more than 25 times and shoot him in the back for good measure. Eventually the Hatfields round up the three McCoys and shoot each of them ... down by the river—a plan loosely based on the whole “six eyes for an eye” principle.

**ROUND FOUR:** Tired of having to sleep with his boots on, Devil hatches a plan. On the night of January 1, 1888, he and eight Hatfield boys attack Randolph’s home, attempting to kill every darn McCoy once and for all. They light the

**THE CHALLENGER:** In the opposite corner, weighing in at a solid 164 pounds, from the Kentucky side of Tug Valley, Randolph “Ran’l” McCoy. Poor as dirt, father of 16 rugrats, pig-farmer and whiskey distiller, this Union Army veteran is clearly the underdog. Oh, and he has an uncanny resemblance to members of ZZ Top.

McCoys’ house on fire, killing Calvin McCoy and his sister, Allifair. Randolph slips out to a pigpen, but his wife is nearly beaten to death. She survives to tell the tale—both to the long arm of the law and, for the first time, big-city newspapers, who report the Hatfield’s horrific attack.



**ROUND FIVE:** After several firefights instigated by the McCoy posse, and legal-wrangling that would make the O.J. case look childish, the Hatfields are dragged to Kentucky court and tried for the murders. Somehow, Devil Anse escapes bounty hunters and is never brought to justice. All eight of the other Hatfields are found guilty. One is hanged, and seven receive life sentences.



**GOING HOME WITH THE BELT:** The Devil, to be sure. Ran’l McCoy loses five members of his immediate family to the feud, and Devil Anse none. While both patriarchs live to be old geezers, over **three** dozen lives are lost between 1878 and 1890 ... all over a pig.



**ON THE DARK SIDE:** “In the opposite corner, in the black shorts, hailing from Chicago with an undefeated record of hits, illegal gambling and prostitution, the Mobster, the Bootlegger, the Gangster: Al ‘Scarface’ Capone!”



**IN THE CLEAN CORNER:** “The leader of the Untouchables and undisputed champion crimefighter of the world, the soft-spoken G-Man, Agent Eliot Ness!”

# AL CAPONE *VS.* ELIOT NESS

(1920s-30s)



**PRE-FIGHT WEIGH-IN:** In 1929, U.S. Treasury Agent Eliot Ness was presented with the formidable task of bringing mighty mob boss Al Capone to his knees. Capone, despised by President Herbert Hoover, ruled his Chi-town organized crime ring through intimidation, payoffs and murder—including hundreds of hits on police and law enforcement officers who dared to go after him.



**SPECIAL TRAINING TECHNIQUES:** Ness selected his crack team of nine men from the entire roster of Prohibition Bureau agents available. But Ness demanded more than honesty and integrity from his men. “I ticked off the general qualities I desired,” Ness wrote later. “Single, no older than 30, both the mental and physical stamina to work long hours and the courage and ability to use fist or gun and special investigative techniques. I needed a good telephone man, one who could tap a wire with speed and precision. I needed men who were excellent drivers, for much of our success would depend upon how expertly they could trail the mob’s cars and trucks ... and fresh faces—from other divisions—who were not known to the Chicago mobsters.” Ness and his crime-fighting dream team became known as The Untouchables.

**★ ROUND ONE:** Prohibition meant big business for bootleggers, and Capone made millions from moonshine. In 1930, at the height of Capone’s power, Ness made his first raid on one of Capone’s breweries—a surprise attack—and huffed and puffed and knocked the door down. Problem was, behind the first wooden door was a second steel door, which gave Capone’s men time to escape. Even though the suspects got away, Ness confiscated 140 barrels of beer and was the first man to ever successfully shut down one of Capone’s operations.

**★ ROUND TWO:** Within six months, Ness had closed down 19 of the gangster’s hard alcohol distilleries and breweries, costing Capone over a million bucks. In an act of desperation (and innovation), Capone created a telephone hotline that offered \$500 to any caller who had information or tips on the whereabouts of Ness or his crew.

**★ ROUND THREE:** On June 5, 1931, after four years of investigations, the government brought 5,000 separate charges against Capone and his gang of 68 thugs. However, the final indictments weren’t based on Ness’ work to disrupt the kingpin’s bootlegging business, but on evidence of Capone’s tax evasion. Of course, it didn’t hurt that Ness’ raids bankrupted Capone’s business and kept him from paying off corrupt cops with booze.



**PRIZE MONEY OR CHUMP CHANGE?**

While Capone made millions through bootlegging and other illegal activities, Ness received only \$3,000 a year to risk life and limb and take on the underworld. Knowing his salary sucked, Capone once attempted to bribe the lawman, and had his henchmen toss \$2,000 in Ness's car window. Ness grabbed the money, but had his agents turn the car around and throw the money back into Capone's car. After telling reporters about the incident, Ness and his men were forever labeled "The Untouchables"—a nickname that implied they couldn't be bribed or corrupted, regardless of the sum.



**HITS BELOW THE BELT:** Ness eluded Capone's hit men many times, including several escapes while he was on dates with his girlfriend (talk about dine and dash). Capone never got Ness, but he brutally murdered one of Ness' best friends. To get revenge, and as a final back-breaking bit of bravado, Ness gathered all 45 beer trucks that had been confiscated from Capone during raids and arranged to have them spit-shined and driven down Michigan Avenue at exactly 11 A.M. He then called Capone and told him to look out his hotel window. "What we had done this day," Ness commented, "was enrage the bloodiest mob in criminal history ... We had hurled the defiance of 'The Untouchables' into their teeth; they surely knew by now that we were prepared to fight to the finish."



**KNOCKOUT:** On October 17, 1931, Capone was sent to prison. The Untouchables themselves escorted Capone to serve his 11-year sentence at the federal prison at Leavenworth. He was released in 1939 due to failing mental and physical health brought on by syphilis.



**POST-FIGHT ASSESSMENT:** Despite making a career out of fighting folks who violated Prohibition, Ness himself became an alcoholic. He died in 1957, the same year his biography, *The Untouchables*, was published. It became a bestseller and, along with the subsequent TV show and movie (starring Kevin Costner as Ness), gave him fame never achieved during his lifetime.

**M&M MAKERS**  
 (MARS, INC.)

**VS. M&M EATERS**

1976-1987



**IN THE RED TRUNKS:**

M&M candy makers, Mars, Inc. In 1975, the U.S. Food & Drug Administration took Red Dye #2 off the market, after discovering that it caused serious health problems in rats. (Why rats were chowing down Red Dye #2 is anyone's guess.) And although Mars only used Red Dyes #3 and #40, the company decided to err on the side of caution. In 1976, it stopped making red M&M's altogether. Without red, the line-up was bland and boring, and sales plummeted.



**IN THE DRUNK TRUNKS:**

In 1982, not having much else to do, University of Tennessee student Paul Hethmon started The Society for the Restoration and Preservation of Red M&M's (SRPRM&M, to most of us). The group had 500 angry members not seeing red who began a letter-writing protest campaign.



**AGAINST THE ROPES:**

While the regular packages of M&M's no longer had red candies, the company included red ones in its 1985 Christmas Holiday packages (it would have looked ridiculous to just have a bag of green M&M's in your stocking). Consumer demand skyrocketed.



**GOING HOME WITH THE BELT:**

It took a few more years to study the issue, but to the delight of customers (and the SRPRM&M organization), the company again started cranking out red M&M's in 1987. When you think about it, how we had survived all those years without red M&M's melting in our mouths (not in our hands) is mind-boggling. (Mars had no comment for this story, and Mr. Hethmon had his mouth full.)

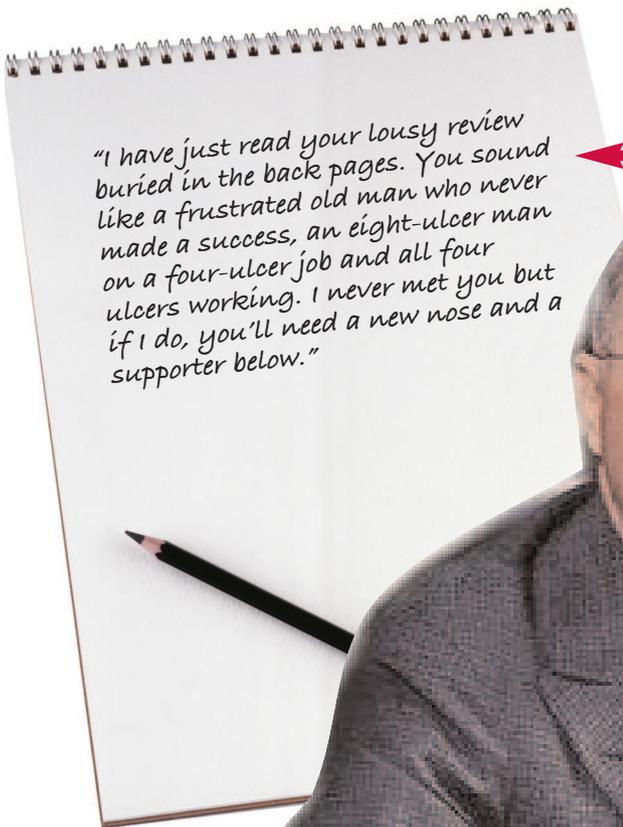
# PRESIDENT TRUMAN

(1950) **VS.** PAUL HUME

## WASHINGTON POST ARTS CRITIC



**IN THE RING:** U.S. President (and heavyweight) Harry Truman and the art critic for the Washington Post, Paul Hume. Kind of like a match-up between Roger Ebert and Mike Tyson, but without the biting.



"I have just read your lousy review buried in the back pages. You sound like a frustrated old man who never made a success, an eight-ulcer man on a four-ulcer job and all four ulcers working. I never met you but if I do, you'll need a new nose and a supporter below."

**ROUND ONE:** On December 5, 1950, Margaret Truman made her singing debut. *Washington Post* music critic Paul Hume attended the recital and didn't much like what he heard. According to his review that appeared in the paper the next morning, Hume thought she was flat for most of the show, couldn't "sing with anything approaching a professional finish," and "communicates almost nothing of the music she presents." Sure, we've heard worse on "American Idol" from that nitwit Simon Cowell, but this was no ordinary vocalist; it was President Truman's daughter.

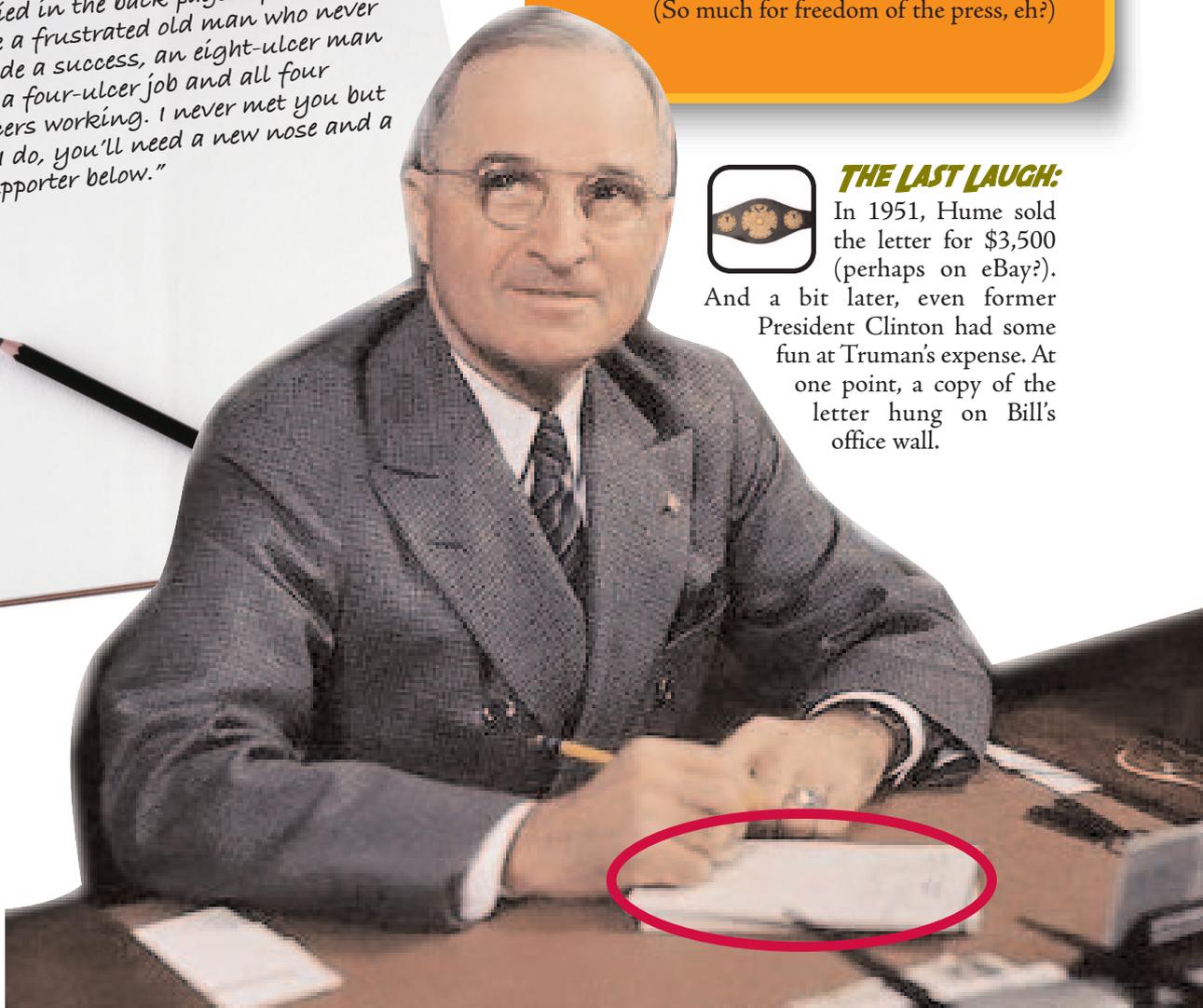
**ROUND TWO:** Bad timing for the publication of Hume's review. President Truman was already pissed off about some pop-off comment General MacArthur had just made advocating the expansion of the Korean War into China when the *Post* landed on his desk. Upon reading the review, big daddy Truman flipped his lid, then wrote on White House stationery (and personally mailed) the following response:

(So much for freedom of the press, eh?)



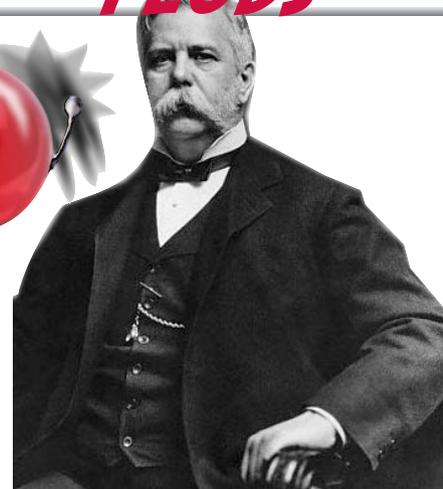
### **THE LAST LAUGH:**

In 1951, Hume sold the letter for \$3,500 (perhaps on eBay?). And a bit later, even former President Clinton had some fun at Truman's expense. At one point, a copy of the letter hung on Bill's office wall.





**"WORLD'S MOST SHOCKING FEUD!"**



**THOMAS EDISON VS. (1880s) GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE**



**IN THE RING:** George Westinghouse and Thomas Edison led the way in the new wave of electricity in the 1880s, but they both knew the 20th century would be too small for the both of 'em. Superstar inventor Edison promoted his direct current (DC), while Westinghouse invested in a high-powered alternating current (AC), created by genius inventor Nikola Tesla.



**PRE-FIGHT WEIGH-IN:** The main argument between the two men had to do with which form of electricity was safer. Edison truly believed Westinghouse's form of transmission was dangerous and "as certain as death." (Of course, he was also miffed that teams of salesmen were peddling AC electric light systems all over the country.) While Edison may have been right about a lot of things (like his telephone, phonograph, motion-picture camera, etc.), in the long run, AC proved to be more efficient for producing high power, particularly in generators. But Edison wasn't about to let his DC current go down without a knock-down, drag-out fight.

**ROUND ONE:** In 1887, the state of New York was looking for more "humane" means of executing prisoners than hanging, a task that—on first impression—wouldn't seem too difficult to perform (rat poison, guillotines, firing squads, etc.). When the state began looking at electrocution, Edison reluctantly suggested prisons use Westinghouse's "deadly" AC current—say, 1,000 volts—for the job. By showing Westinghouse's AC system to be lethal, Edison thought it'd be the best way to get some juice back into his own sales.

**ROUND TWO:** Edison's chief electrician, A.E. Kennelly, and his consultant, Harold Brown, set about proving the lethal nature of the AC current by conducting demonstrations at Columbia University that tested the comparative deadliness of AC and DC on a dog. The unfortunate Newfoundland subject survived 1,000 volts of DC current, but after being shocked with AC current, the poor pooch suffered convulsions and died. Zapping a 76-lb. dog was one thing, but electrocuting a grown man would be another altogether. More tests were required, so Kennelly and Brown zapped two cows and a horse with AC at Edison's lab, and all

three died. (Where was PETA when we needed them?) Hundreds more animals were also electrocuted.



**SUCKER PUNCH #1:** People were starting to get a touch freaked out by all the frying going on—especially since many now had AC generators in their houses. And, naturally, Westinghouse was beginning to get a little ticked off that all these experiments inferred that his AC system could lead to instant death—which is exactly what Edison wanted.

Westinghouse tried several times to deny the dangerous aspects of AC current, but finally hired a private investigator to do some digging about Edison. Smart move. Turns out, Edison's tests (and killings) weren't being done to aid the public, but were purely part of a covert operation to generate bad press for Westinghouse's AC and facilitate a merger with the Thomson-Houston Company (which would later become General Electric).



**SUCKER PUNCH #2:** On August 6, 1890, without the consent of Westinghouse, William Kemmler was electrocuted in New York with an AC generator. It didn't go smoothly. After 17 seconds, the executioner stopped the flow of power, but saw Kemmler's heart was still beating, as he was still bleeding from where his nails had cut into his hands. The chair was turned on again, this time until Kemmler's hair caught fire. Westinghouse had no idea his machinery was being used in this manner until he read about it in the next morning's paper.



**GOING HOME WITH THE BELT:** Fortunately, good triumphed over evil, and Edison's sick and twisted schemes never paid off. Despite the horrific nature of the execution, the public wasn't frightened away from AC current. It was simply more efficient, and plenty safe, and Edison's business lost not only the moral high-ground, but the long-term business.



**IN THE RING:**

**WILT  
CHAMBERLAIN**

(a.k.a., The Stilt, The Big Dipper)

7 feet 1 inch tall, 275 pounds.

Played for: Philadelphia/San Francisco Warriors (1959-65),

Philadelphia 76ers (1965-68), L.A. Lakers (1968-73)

Four Time NBA Most Valuable Player (1960, 1966, 1967, 1968)

All-NBA First Team (1960-62, 1964-68)

All-NBA Second Team (1963, 1965, 1972)

NBA All-Defensive First Team (1972, 1973)

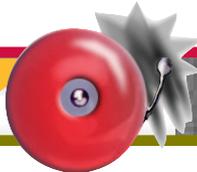
NBA Finals MVP (1972)

NBA All-Star Game MVP (1960)

Thirteen-time NBA All-Star (1960-69, 1971-73)

Two NBA Championships

**VS.**



**BILL  
RUSSELL**

(a.k.a. The Human Eraser)

6 foot 9 inches tall, 220 pounds

Played for: Boston Celtics (1956-1969)

Gold Medal, Olympic Men's Basketball (1956)

Four-time NBA Most Valuable Player (1958, 1961-63, 1965)

All-NBA First Team (1959, 1963, 1965)

All-NBA Second Team (1958, 1960-62, 1964, 1966-68)

NBA All-Defensive First Team (1969)

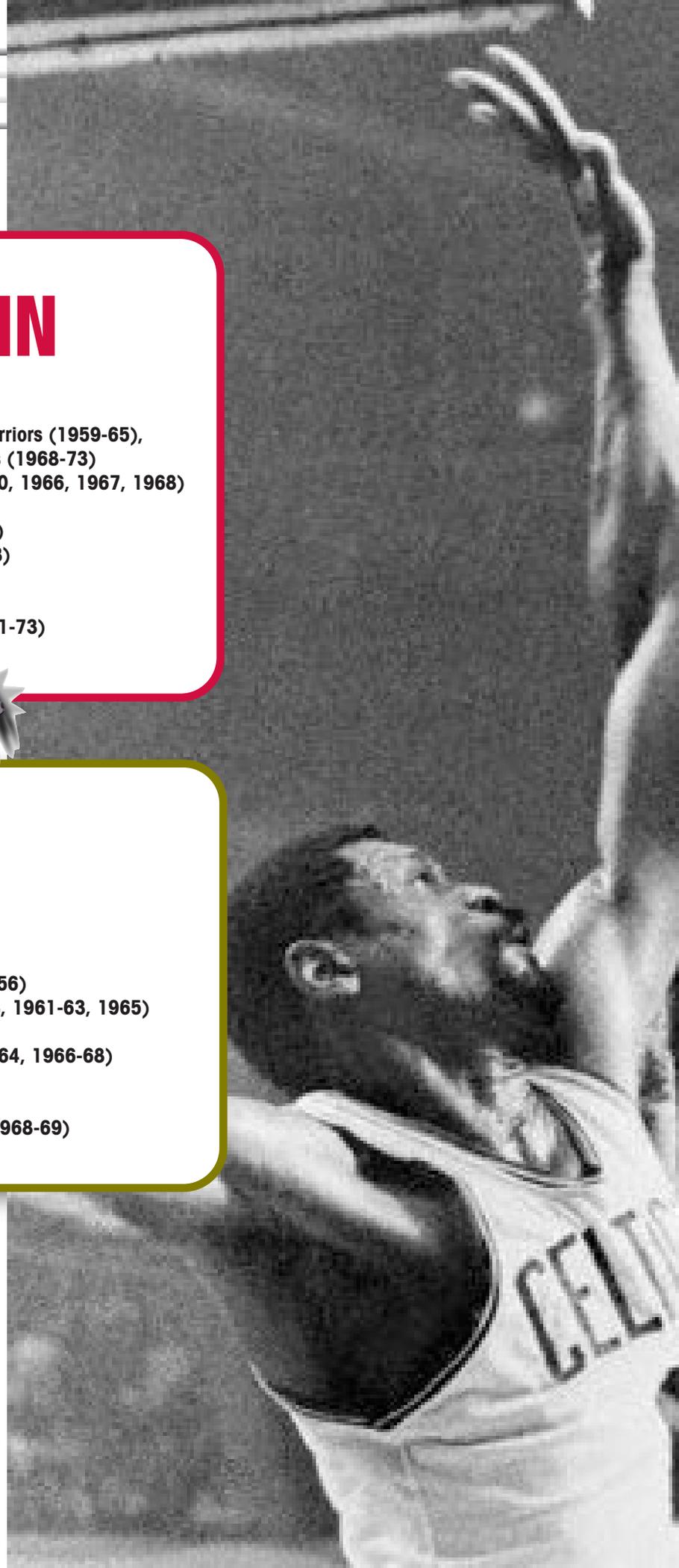
Twelve-time NBA All-Star (1958-69)

11 NBA championships (1957, 1959-66, 1968-69)



**PRE-FIGHT WEIGH-IN:**

Wilt the Stilt had all the stats. He once scored 100 points in a single NBA game, was handsome as the dickens, and was incredibly powerful. The world was his oyster. Except Bill Russell also liked oysters, as did his team. Despite Wilt's incredible personal numbers, Russell's Celtics crew racked up an astonishing 11 NBA championships over 13 seasons. Wilt's teams only claimed two.





**★ ROUND ONE:** The twin towers went *mano a mano* several times, and each was an epic battle. In Wilt's first season with the Philadelphia Warriors in 1960, he dominated the league and was voted Rookie of the Year and MVP, leading the league in scoring (37 points per game) and rebounds (27 per game). But, that same year, Russell's Celtics beat Wilt's squad in the playoffs, and Boston went on to win the NBA Championship by beating the St. Louis Hawks.

**★ ROUND TWO:** On November 24, 1960, Chamberlain grabs the most rebounds ever in a single game (55), but loses said game (as usual) to Russell's Celtics, 132-129.

**★ ROUND THREE:** In 1963, Chamberlain scores an average of 50 points per game with the Philadelphia Warriors—the highest ever (and since) during an NBA season. The Warriors and Celtics played 12 times that year, and Russell's team won eight of those games. Get the picture, kids? There's no "I" in "TEAM."

**★ ROUND FOUR:** In 1965, Chamberlain snags a contract with the Philadelphia 76ers for \$100,000 a year (which was actually a lot of money at that time, though nothin' compared to current athlete salaries). Russell gets wind of the deal and, ever the competitor, has his contract re-negotiated for \$100,001.

**★ ROUND FIVE:** The great Celtics coach Red Auerbach retired after the team's 1965-66 championship season, and Russell took over as both coach (the first African-American coach in the league) and player. He led the Celtics to an amazing 60-21 regular season record, but the team finally had their streak of titles broken in 1968 when they lost to (who else?) Wilt's Philadelphia 76ers.

# ROADRUNNER VS. WILE E. COYOTE



## THE RACE TO THE SOUTH POLE (1909-1912)



**IN THE RING:** An animated coyote and an animated roadrunner. Why are they squaring off? Pretty simple, really. There's this Coyote, see, and he's hungry. He spots a Roadrunner, chases it, and pratfalls and hilarity ensue. For the record, a roadrunner is an actual bird—the state bird of New Mexico, in fact. And it's pretty fast in real life as well, able to run up to 17 mph. Ironically, a real-life coyote is capable of reaching speeds up to 40 mph.



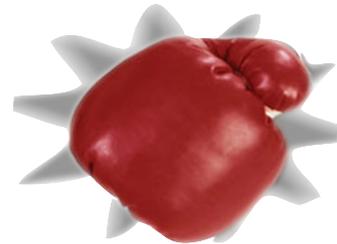
**PRE-FIGHT WEIGH-IN:** Before you call your bookie, note that the opponents are restricted by a set of rules, set up by creator Chuck Jones, who began his cartoon on September 17, 1949. The only thing that can hurt the Coyote is his own ineptitude or the failure of ACME Products; audience sympathy should remain with the Coyote; the only dialogue is to be "Beep! Beep!"; and, whenever possible, gravity is to become the Coyote's worst enemy (at the most inopportune moments).



**GOING HOME WITH THE BELT:** A solid victory for the Roadrunner, although Wile E. Coyote did catch him once, on May 21, 1930. Apparently, the Roadrunner got away.



**A WORD FROM THE FEUD SPONSOR:** ACME Corp. was the mail-order company used by the Coyote for a variety of explosives and innovative products (including the Do It Yourself Tornado Kit, Instant Road and Female Roadrunner Costume). For you parents out there, it should be noted that despite the apparently violent nature of the cartoon, lessons can be learned. All the Coyote's injuries (and there are plenty) are a result of his own doing. Play with dynamite, you're gonna get scorched.



## ROBERT SCOTT

**IN THE BRITISH CORNER:** Captain Robert Scott, who was bound and determined to be the first man to reach the South Pole. By 42 years of age, he'd already explored the Antarctic (1901-1904) and become famous for his account of the team's daring and hardship in *The Voyage of Discovery*. His new effort was well-funded by the government and selected British companies—mainly food sponsors interested in getting their brand names associated with the amazing adventure (Powerbars and cell phones had not yet been invented).



**ROUND ONE:** A tricky Amundsen pulls out all the stops. Worried that the Norwegian government wouldn't financially support his mission if he let them know about his desire to beat experienced explorer Scott, Amundsen planned his trip in secret. (They also didn't want to piss off the British, who at that time were still an empire.) So when he set off on August 9, nobody—not even his crew—knew they were heading to the South Pole. The voyage started out in the Atlantic going south to Cape Horn, then north up the Pacific side to collect scientific data. But on September 6, he told his men their true destination. He then handed his brother a telegram that wasn't to be delivered until October. The message was for Mr. Scott, and said, essentially, "GAME ON, Sucker!" (The exact text of the terse message was, "Beg leave to inform you *Fram* [Amundsen's boat] proceeding Antarctic. Amundsen.") Captain Scott got the telegram while docked in Melbourne Australia – and the Great Polar Race was underway.

**ROUND TWO:** Scott caught up with Amundsen on the Great Ice Barrier, where both crews set up base camps. Incredibly, the teams were actually only a few hundred miles from one another. The cocky (and increasingly insane) Scott suggested that if they ran into the Norskies, they should capture and hold them in the ship until the expedition was over.

**ROUND THREE:** Scott gets held against the ropes. How did he kill his lead? Oddly enough, because of his distaste for dogs. Burned by several bad experiences with canines on previous missions, Scott planned on setting up camp in Antarctica, and then using white ponies—yes, *ponies*—to haul supplies to the Pole. Needless to say, the Manchurian ponies' sharp hooves got stuck in the tundra, their fur became matted with snow, they needed shelter from the wind, and they were as good as glue. Scott's team wound up having to haul their equipment (some sleds weighed more than 700 pounds) to the Pole and back, a round-trip of 1,000 miles.

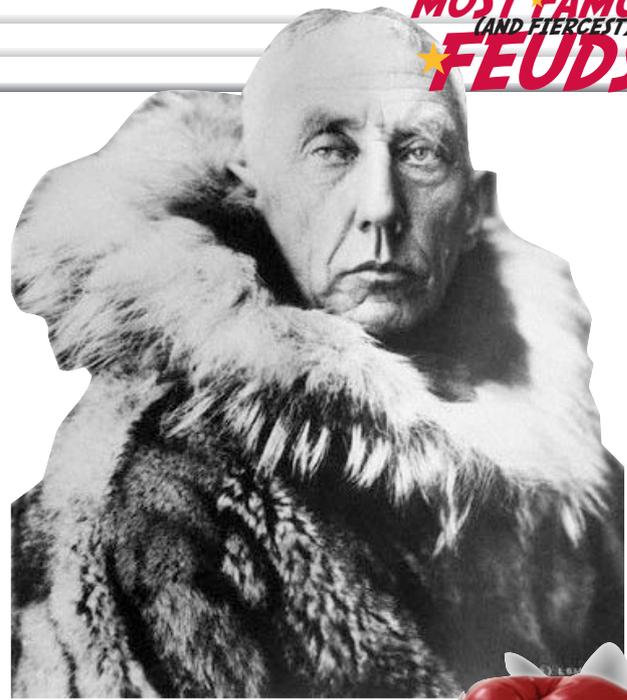
Amundsen, on the other hand, used Eskimo sled dogs and skis to trek through the Antarctic cold. The dogs moved quickly, slept burrowed in the snow, and, when they got worn down, they simply became dog-food for fresh teams. On December 8, Amundsen and Company passed Ernest Shackleton's "furthest south" record and were only 100 miles from the goal.



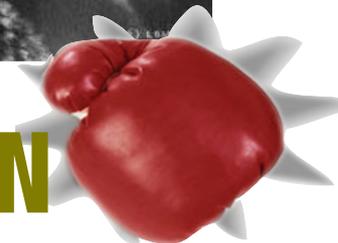
**GOING HOME WITH THE BELT:** On December 15, 1911, after a journey of 11 months, the more organized and better supplied Amundsen reached the South Pole and plunged the Norwegian flag into the ice. Amundsen knew, however, that the only way to capitalize was to make it home in one piece and claim the fame.



**POST-MATCH SUCKER-PUNCH:** On January 17, 1912, Scott reached the pole – only to see the Norwegian flag flying high, and this in-your-face note from Amundsen:



## RONALD AMUNDSEN



**AND IN THE OPPOSITE CORNER, REPRESENTING NORWAY:** Roald Amundsen, with Viking blood running through his veins, wanted to put Norway back on the map as a world leader in navigation and exploration. Amundsen had a big-time explorer's trophy under his belt, after having become the first man to traverse the Northwest Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific during a 1903-06 journey. But the man wanted more, and he wanted it badly.

"Dear Captain Scott,  
 As you probably are the first to reach this area after us, I will ask you kindly forward this letter to King Haakon VII (of Norway). If you can use any of the articles left in the tent, please do not hesitate to do so. With kind regards I wish you a safe return.  
 Yours truly,  
 Roald Amundsen"



**POST-FIGHT ASSESSMENT:** Scott's team would never make it home. On November 12th of the following year, a search party found the frozen bodies of Scott and two other teammates. Typically, you'd think the guy who died tryin' would be considered the loser, but Scott's tragedy gave him incredible fame and sympathy, and his journal, discovered months later in the frozen tundra, illustrated the group's amazing and heartbreaking mission. Accused of cheating, dirty tricks and unprofessional behavior, Amundsen hit the lecture circuit with a tarnished reputation and chip on his shoulder. Unlike Scott's glorious tome, Amundsen's book, *The South Pole*, was poorly written and didn't come close to generating the buzz of Scott's tale of courageous achievement.

**"MILK—IT'S NOT  
FOR EVERY BODY"**

## MILK **VS.** LACTOSE-INTOLERANT PEOPLE



**IN THE RING:** The fighter that claims to do the body good, Lactose—also known as the sugar found in milk, and only in milk. In the opposite corner: Lactase. When in proper fighting condition, this bad-boy enzyme can promise a quick K.O. against his creamy contender.

**THE UNDERDOGS:** People who don't produce enough Lactase. Without the proper amount of the enzyme, milk sugar just hangs out in the colon (unable to be broken down) and eventually ferments (ew!). Not surprisingly, this creates nasty side-effects like diarrhea, gas, bloating, and a motley crew of very intolerant folks. But don't blame the L-I crowd for their prejudice. Human genes are actually only fit for digesting milk in the first few years of life. Our lactase-making ability stays high until around the age of five, and then we're supposed to move on to beer, Red Bull and whiskey. So, really, lactose intolerance is only a natural consequence of getting older.



**MATCH SCANDAL! LACTOSE  
DISQUALIFIED?:** After years of talking trash to the lactose-intolerants, suspicious game officials for this match have discovered that lactose is guilty of gross instances of reverse racism. An unbelievable 30 to 50 million Americans (and 70 percent of adults worldwide) are lactose-intolerant. But, here's the shocking truth: Lactose-intolerance is *least* common among people of northern European descent (read: fellow whities). By contrast, as many as 75 percent of all African Americans and 90 percent of all Asian Americans are relegated to the L-I life. Got reparations?



**CONSOLATION PRIZE:** Aside from some mediocre medicines on the market, lactose-intolerant people are pretty much screwed in this battle. But they can fall back on one comforting note: Sea-lion milk and that from the duck-billed platypus will not harm them in any way. They're mammals whose milk is almost 100 percent lactose-free!



## FREDERIC DORSEY **VS.** BLACKBIRDS

**ON THE ATTACK:** In the mid-1800s, a giant swarm of blackbirds descended on Frederic Dorsey's farm in Washington County, Md.

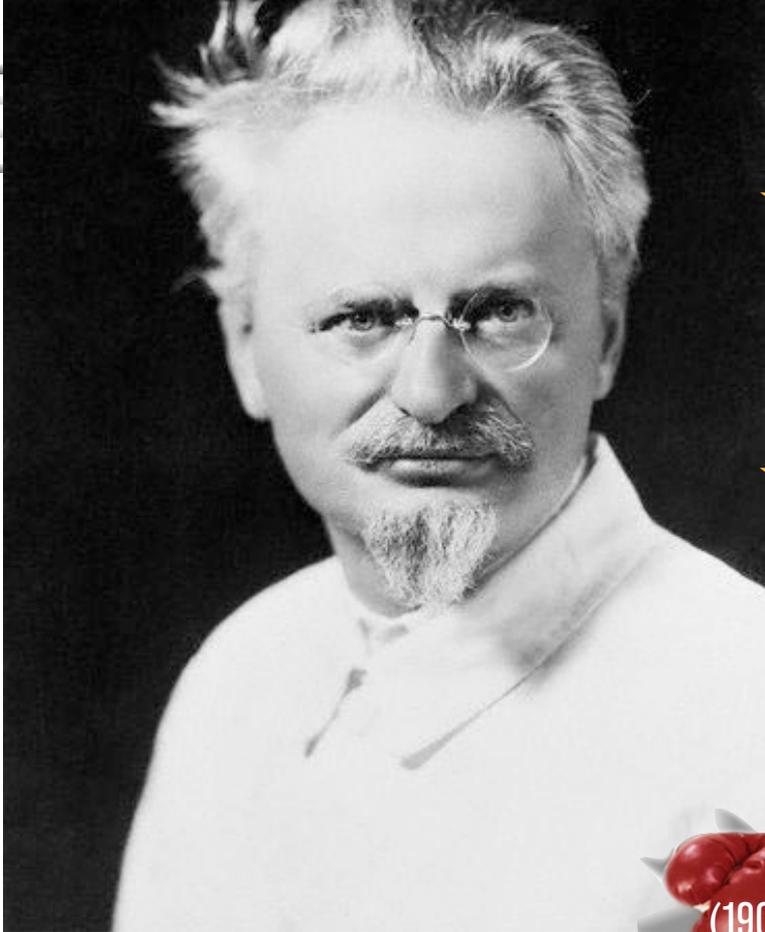
**COUNTER ATTACK:** To kill the buggers off, Dorsey scattered arsenic-soaked wheat around his fields. (Now there's a good idea.)

**BOBBING AND WEAVING (AND DROPPING DEAD):** The next time hoards of the birds descended on Dorsey's fields to chow down, they flew to a nearby stream to wash the arsenic from their beaks and throats.

**ROPE-A-DOPE:** Unfortunately for numbskull Dorsey, millions of blackbirds dropped dead in the middle of the stream, and their bodies created a dam that almost completely flooded Dorsey's farm.

**IT AIN'T OVER TILL IT'S OVER:** In March of 1974, millions of blackbirds returned to Maryland. The citizens of Graceham tried pretty much everything to get the birds to return to their normal migratory pattern, even resorting to firecrackers and boomboxes. Everything, that is, but laying down the ol' arsenic.





**★ ROUND ONE:** In May of 1922, Lenin was severely weakened by a stroke. Against his wishes, Stalin made a power play and formed a ruling *troika*. Lenin urged Trotsky to come forward at the next Congress and reveal Stalin as a fanatic, but Stalin pulled a stall tactic, delaying the Congress for a month—just long enough for Lenin to suffer a second stroke and bite the dust, taking Trotsky’s vision along with him.

**★ ROUND TWO:** In this case, the pen was not mightier than the sword. Stalin’s schmoozing and scheming eventually won out, and he was named General Secretary of the Politburo. Stalin soon kicked Trotsky out of the Communist party, had him exiled from the Soviet Union in 1928, deported him to Turkey, and went so far as to re-write his role in the revolution, banning any mention of him in the media. Scholars and historians went along, for fear they’d wind up one of the 20 million or so Stalin murdered in death camps (gulags) during his reign.



**GOING HOME WITH THE BELT:** Stalin, clearly, but you gotta give Trotsky credit for endurance. After brief stays in several countries that didn’t exactly relish a revolutionary in their midst, Trotsky wound up in Mexico in 1937, thanks in large part to the efforts of artist Diego Rivera. Trotsky continued to bash Stalin in a series of eloquent essays and books, but by May of 1940, Stalin had endured enough and decided to knock off Trotsky once and for all. He sent a full army militia force to Trotsky’s house, where they fired 76 bullets into his bedroom. But—just like in the movies—they somehow missed their target. Trotsky and his wife dodged the bullets by hiding under the bed. Finally, in August, Trotsky met his maker when a Stalin follower named Frank Jacson clubbed him with an ice-ax. Jacson (a.k.a., Ramon Mercader) had been trained especially for the mission, a plot that even included his mother. In a final low-blow, Stalin honored her with the Order of Lenin.



**IN THE RING:** Joseph Stalin (1879-1953) and Leon Trotsky (1879-1940). Both studied theology, both were early members of the Russian Social Democratic party, and both played key roles in the 1917 Russian Revolution. Both were front men for the new Soviet Empire, both used ruthless tactics to moved up the ranks, and—most importantly—both expected to be named Lenin’s successor when the Chief Commie croaked (in 1924). And that’s where the feud begins.



**PRE-FIGHT WEIGH-IN:**

While Stalin and Trotsky were both technically Communists, Trotsky used the pen and his incredible oration skills to inspire the masses and advocate democratic traditions of the Bolshevik party and world communism. Of course, he was also a snob who alienated those of lesser intelligence, and, quite simply, many folks didn’t like him all that much. Stalin (a.k.a., “Uncle Joe”) was more street-tough; he swilled vodka with comrades and eventually laid down oppressive bureaucratic policies that involved capturing or killing any and all opposition. (Not to say Trotsky would have been a nice guy if he’d run the show. As leader of the Red Army, he once had every tenth soldier shot after members of a unit abandoned their positions.)

**LEON TROTSKY**  
**VS.**  
**JOSEPH STALIN**

