

# Marie Ford— Herculean Marvel

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"WHAT'S SAUCE for the goose is sauce for the gander" has been handed down by some philosopher as a verbal missile for the ladies to bring down upon the head of any stubborn male whose theme song, "this is a MAN'S world" grows too monotonous.

Not content with talking equality, women finally dramatized their independence with a success which was so remarkable at one time that it has become commonplace today.

Yet, in this enlightened age, we still find people, of both sexes, who advocate the "woman's-place-in-the-home", theory. Well—perhaps? But that's a matter of opinion, anyway. We won't go into that. Suffice it to say, whether we like it or not, that woman's place is wherever she happens to be at the moment—and Marie Ford's current place happens to be in a spotlight usually reserved for the male of the specie.

Miss Ford is an athlete with a capital "A"! Her name is synonymous with remarkable gymnastic accomplishments in most sections of the United States and several foreign countries where she has appeared in conjunction with circuses, fairs, clubs, marathons, acrobatic shows, etc. She is an all-around athlete, skilled in aerial acts, rings, traps, weight lifting, and balancing; also, she is an accomplished boxer and wrestler.

Born in Olean, New York, in 1900, Marie donned the leather mitts when sixteen, and, due to her remarkable adaptability to the sport, soon picked up the rudiments of the game, to become a capable glove artist at an early age. Those who have witnessed public exhibitions of her skill, declare her to be a feminine leather marvel. While playing to full houses in cities all over the North American continent, she issued a boxing challenge to any non-professional pugilist of her weight, and to ANY woman, regardless of weight, in the audience. Her challenge was given in all sincerity and did not savor of a cheap publicity stunt, so often typical of these affairs. Marie even offered to pay a forfeit should she lose the decision. Further, she offered a neat five-dollar bill to any woman or non-professional man, of ANY WEIGHT, who proved able to raise a twenty-

five-to-fifty-pound dumb-bell above the head, at arm's length, as often as she.

Another thrill offered wide-eyed fans, was the spectacle of Miss Ford holding a spiked nail, the head wrapped, in her hand, and driving it, with ONE PUNCH, through an inch board. (If you believe that to be a simple little stunt, just try it sometime!)

Marie is not to be classed with the side-show "freak" offerings. She is neither a skeleton human with a vacant stare, nor a perspiring victim of the obesity plague. She is a very pretty young lady, and looks the perfect athlete from head to foot. Her five feet four inches of height lends itself gracefully to one hundred thirty pounds of evenly distributed weight. The remarkable development of her shoulders and biceps enable her to perform such strenuous feats as driving stakes with a 16-pound mallet, like a man, and lifting the front wheels of a Model T. Ford, so a jack may be placed under the front axle. (A good lift for a REAL MAN, isn't it?)

Marie's manager states that, in view of her unusual strength, it does not seem possible that any woman of her weight could defeat her in a finish boxing match. Remember, Miss Ford has mastered the scientific angles of the glove game, and wouldn't depend solely on roughing tactics to wear down her opponent. Our welterweight champ better look to her laurels if some eagle-eyed promoter should arrange a ring meeting between her and Marie in the near future, with title honors as the goal!