

## A Railbird's Dream

I remember the first time Amarillo Slim held his Super Bowl of Poker. It was at the Las Vegas Hilton in 1979. I was in Vegas then, so I went over to the Hilton. I was between bankrolls and was standing on the rail watching Stuey playing \$100/\$200 Seven Card Stud. He was killing time while waiting to get in a bigger game. He was on fire, playing every hand, seemingly betting or raising on every street, and winning nearly every pot. Stuey would always say, "Rush, rush, play the rush." And he did.

There was a big crowd on the rail watching this game. Stuey was putting on quite a show. Finally, Stuey had to go to the restroom. He could not stand the thought of missing a hand, so he turned around, saw me, and said, "Sexton, come pick up a hand for me." I looked like Edwin Moses hopping the rail. (Moses won 107 consecutive 400m hurdle events between 1977 and 1987, and two Olympic gold medals. He was also from my hometown, Dayton, OH.)

Stuey took off to go to the restroom and, on the first hand, I picked up 9-10-J with two diamonds. The bring-in was the deuce of clubs and the first guy raised with a 6-up and I called. The guy behind me raised, an ace capped it, and everyone called. On the turn, I caught the 8 of diamonds for an open-end straight and a three flush. Again, the pot was capped and no one got out. On fifth street, I caught a queen for a straight in five. Nobody had a pair on the board nor was there a possible flush draw. At the moment, I had the nuts.

The ace led out and the guy who started with the six raised him. About this time, I see Ungar racing back to the table. My heart was pounding. I knew if I could win this pot that something good might happen for me. Just as Stuey was near the table, I announced, "I raise." Stuey saw the size of the pot and my three-bet, and even though he didn't know what I had, he hollered out, "Yessss!" The fourth player got out but the other two called.

On sixth street, nobody helped but the ace led out again, the other guy called, and I raised again. They both called. On the river, they checked, I bet and held my breath. They both called. One guy had aces up and the other was rolled up with three 6s. I won the pot with a straight. Yes! I felt sooo good. I got up and let Stuey sit down.

I can still hear Stuey laughing. As he was raking in the pot, he roared, "I can beat you guys even when I'm in the shithouse!" Stuey then looked over at the next table and said, "What are they playing over there?" I said it was a

\$50/\$100 Stud 8 or better game. He counted out \$1,500, handed it to me, and said, "Here. Get in that game and play for us."

I got in the game and beat it for \$2,300. Stuey gave me \$1,200. Not only did I have a small bankroll again, but from that day forward Stuey and I bonded. I'll never forget that day. It pays to be in the right place at the right time.