

Making Our Way



A McMAHON / CHEYNE PODCAST

#66 • Season 3 • Episode 5

10/8/2025

The Rest of the Story

Our Hosts

Janet Cheyne McMahon is a lover of family, dogs, nature, travel, books, and music. Born south of the Mason-Dixon line, she left after 9 months for parts north, landing eventually in Michigan, which will always be “where I’m from.”

Love of learning led Jan to a Bachelor of Arts (History, Political Science) at the University of Michigan-Dearborn (Go Blue), and a Master of Arts (Library and Information Science) at the University of South Florida. Amid all that, studied for a time with Rob at Colorado State University, a pivotal time in their lives.

Worked at the U of M-Dearborn Library, and then The Salvation Army Florida Divisional Headquarters, with the greatest reward being in serving as the Divisional Librarian. A librarian is who Jan is “in my soul.”

Jan and Rob have made our home in Florida since 1983, and live now in retirement with their dog, Skye, who makes it all the best adventure. They travel as much as possible, spending time in nature and in diverse places on this amazing planet. It has all been, and continues to be a fascinating journey, with hope of making a difference, in small ways, by being brave enough to speak and act on behalf of others.

Rob McMahon is a native Michigander, born in Saginaw and raised in the suburbs of Detroit. Rob attended Michigan State University, graduating in 1978 with a Bachelor of Science degree. He did graduate studies at the University of Michigan and the University of South Florida. Rob is retired, having spent 36 years in public education teaching both high school chemistry and biology and middle school science. He worked as a total quality management trainer for the Pinellas County School District and served four years as the president of the Pinellas Classroom Teachers Association. Rob cofounded a non-profit total quality management training center, The Learning Co-op, for Teacher Unions interested in applying the W. Edwards Deming continuous improvement principles to their day-to-day operations. He worked with teacher unions in Colorado, Maryland, New Mexico, North Dakota, Texas and Michigan. He also worked in a similar capacity with Jim Shipley & Associates. In retirement Rob has written a series of science related children’s books, and enjoys traveling with his wife, Jan, and their Black Labrador Retriever, Skye.

Deanna Cheyne, born in St. John’s, Newfoundland, earned a Bachelor’s Degree in Vocal Performance from the University of Toronto (1996), studying with such luminaries as Elmer Eisler, Doreen Rao, Greta Kraus, Lois Marshall, and Rosemarie Landry.

Dee taught music at Mississauga Christian Academy, served as music director for Meadowvale Bible Baptist Church (Mississauga, Ontario), served as Assistant Divisional Music Director for The Salvation Army in Florida, is a former member of Tampa’s Master Chorale, and, for the past 18 years, has been a public school teacher.

Dee has visit 36 of the 50 U.S. states, and 12 countries. Her favorite destinations include France, Prague, New Orleans, National Parks, & Hawaii.

Dee & Jim live in Florida with Brigus (Golden Retriever) and Pip (Teacup Yorkie).

James Cheyne, born in Galesburg, Illinois, earned a Bachelor of Music degree (Theory and Composition) from Michigan State University (1978); and a Master of Music degree (Theory and Composition) from the University of Illinois Urbana/Champaign (1981), studying with David Liptak, Salvatore Martirano, and Ben Johnston.

Jim has served as music director for The Salvation Army in Central Illinois & Eastern Iowa, Orlando Area Command, and the Florida Division, served as a pastor with The Salvation Army, and was a public school teacher for 17 years.

In travel so far, Jim has visited 50 states and 27 countries. His favorite travel destinations include National Parks, New Orleans, Newfoundland, Argentina, Prague, & France.

Jim continues to write music and support Dee’s musical endeavors, and cooks whenever absolutely necessary. Jim & Dee live in Florida with their dogs Brigus & Pip.



L-R: Brigus, Jim, Deanna, Skye, Jan, Rob.
Inset: Pip

The Rest of the Story

#66 - Season 3; Episode 5

10/8/2025

Host: Jim.

Jim recounts the time he met Detroit Tiger legend Frank Lary, The Yankee Killer. Or did he? Paul Harvey explains

[Music]

JIM: It was a typical September day in Tampa, Florida. High near 90. Mostly sunny. Chance of rain in the afternoon. Inside the Federal Courthouse on North Florida Avenue, a man stood to address the court. Moments later, the judge would read the sentence of time served. And the man would be free to step out into that heat and that sunshine Wednesday afternoon, September 20th, in the year 2000. But who was that man, and what did he say to the court? And how did I get to know him? For that story, I'm gonna need some help.

We remember Paul Harvey, right? Newscaster whose syndicated show played across the country, including WJR 760 AM Radio in Detroit, where I heard him. Harvey styled his delivery after the radio broadcasters of yore. Walter Winchell was a favorite. Paul Harvey had a segment called "The Rest of the Story" featuring entertaining stories of historic events, of famous and infamous people. He always saved the real purpose of his stories until the end, his signature Who-Dunit-style twist for the surprise reveal before his famous tagline, "Now you know the rest of the story." He drew his audience in with a simple scene, a casual curiosity. For instance, he might begin by saying, "It was a typical September day in Tampa, Florida, high near 90, mostly sunny. Chance of rain in the afternoon. Inside the Federal Courthouse on North Florida Avenue, a man stood. to address the court." Then his audience would muse, "Who was the man? What did he say to the court? And how does Jim Cheyne know him?" Good questions. And I've brought Paul Harvey himself along to help answer them. What you're about to hear is an archived copy of an actual Paul Harvey broadcast. Nothing AI about it. The audio was in terrible shape. I've cleared it up as much as I can.

PAUL HARVEY: *"The rest of the story. Barkeep had seen 'em all. He could spot 'em a mile away, the sad sacks, the scoundrels, the taciturn depressives, the garrulous raconteurs. But this guy, this shabby-looking shambles, pounding the cheap bourbon down, there was something lurking behind this guy's eyes, something intriguing. So the barkeep commenced with the barkeep rap. "How you doing?" "Okay." "Fill 'er up? So what's your name?" The stranger looked up, smiled, sort of. "Name's Frank," was all he said. He stared back down at the bar again. "Frank, what?" "Frank Lary." The bartender grinned. "Like the baseball player, Frank Lary?" The stranger nodded, still looking down. Bartender wasn't grinning anymore. "Hey, you're not the baseball player, are you?" The stranger said, "What if I am?" The Bartender recognized the face now. It was aged, certainly, weathered by booze and who knew what else.*

"They called you 'The Yankee Killer,'" he exclaimed. The man said, "Yeah." It was alarming the collage of colliding images in the bartender's brain, that of the pitiful drunk hunched over the glass, and the hurler of fireballs, the Gold glove, the three-time All-Star, the handsome young Detroit Tigers pitcher terrorizing the best batters in the game. "Yeah, you really showed them Yanks," he reflected. The expression behind the glass softened a little. "They beat me only once in '56. Not even once, two years later. I got them 27 and 13 a lifetime." Slowly the ghosts of bygone victory started rising from their graves. "Lost only nine of 32 games in '61," Frank mused. "Led the American League a couple of times." Bartender said, "Let me buy you a drink." Frank said, "Sure, thanks." And they talked long into the night - about Frank's older brother Al, who pitched for the Cubs, and the injury that prematurely killed Frank's career, and on and on. Ask him nice and the sports buffs will tell you this: The great pitcher Frank Lary did indeed lead the American League with 21 wins in '56. He did take the Yanks 5-1 that same year, 7-0 in '58. He did pitch 23-9 in '61. And a one-hitter to boot. But after half a dozen superstar years, a sore arm got the best of him. So he retired."

JIM: Frank Lary, "The Yankee Killer." Was that the man in the courthouse? Let's move to 1992. I'm an officer in The Salvation Army, administrator and pastor of their church in Alexandria, Virginia, where a man walked in asking to speak to the person in charge.

"May I help you?" I asked.

"I'm on my way through," he replied, "trying to get to my wife's funeral. But I don't have bus fare."

I invited him into my office, where he sat and said this. "I'm Frank Lary. I used to pitch for the Detroit Tigers."

Whatever sort of athlete he once had been was well hidden under the broken man who sat before me now.

"Well," I said, "I grew up in Detroit," which brightened him up considerably. He shared Tiger stories from the late '50s - before my time. I recalled the Tigers of the 1968 World Series - after his time. We both remembered Al Kaline.

I offered Frank a few things to help with his trip, and set up an appointment with Travelers Aid, which specialized in cases such as his. He gave me his autograph, which I have right here, framed.

"To Jim from Frank Lary, No. 17, Detroit Tigers, 1952 to 1962. God bless you."

I'll get back to those dates in a moment.

When he left, I put in a call to the one person I knew would appreciate what had just happened, to the real Tom Jones. Tom was a walking sports encyclopedia. I first met him in 1984, told him I grew up in Detroit, and he immediately named the starting lineup of the Detroit Tigers in the 1935 World Series. Names like Hammerin' Hank Greenberg, Pete Fox, and Goose Goslin. It was Goose's walk-off single in Game 6 that won the World Series that

year. Tigers over the Chicago Cubs 4 games to 2.

"Tom," I said, "you won't believe who I just had in my office. Frank Lary."

"You're kidding," he said. "The Yankee killer?"

"Yes," I replied, "but life has gotten the better of him. He needed some help." Tom, an ardent New York Yankees fan, spent the next few minutes rattling off the same Frank Lary stats we've heard from Paul Harvey.

So that's my story so far about this autograph. But there's more, and I've interrupted Paul Harvey.

PAUL HARVEY: *But after half a dozen superstar years, a sore arm got the best of him. So he retired, a healthy, vigorous, sober, respectable retirement in Northport, Alabama, where he lives and where he prospers to this day. To this day! The drunk and disheveled down and outer, the utterly convincing Frank Lary you met at the bar, was a clever vagrant named Leroy Fulton, who impersonated Frank Lary for all kinds of respectful treatment, who even plundered the real Frank Lary's health insurance to the tune of tens of thousands of dollars. And he scored those unearned runs for twelve years before finally getting tagged. Well, through the last decade of the past millennium, a tragic sports legend was whispered into accepted fact: That the once prodigious pitcher for the Detroit Tigers, the great Frank Lary, had drunk himself into a sorry state and was roaming taverns, bumming drinks, signing autographs, spewing stats from sea to shining sea. Of course, now you know that's just not so. Because now you know the rest of the story.*

JIM: So, who was the man who sat in my office in 1992? And who was the man who stood in Federal Court in Tampa on that September day? Was it the real Frank Lary? Here's an article I found in the Tampa Bay Times archives.

Quoting.

"A homeless man with a thorough knowledge of the career of Frank Lary has admitted that he passed himself off as the former Detroit Tigers pitcher for years and checked into hospitals under his name. Leroy Fulton, 74 admitted in Federal Court Wednesday that he crisscrossed the country for a decade pretending to be Lary so he could get medical help. Lary, a 70-year-old Northport resident, known as The Yankee Killer, pitched for the Tigers from 1954 to '64. Fulton, who has emphysema, signed autographs as he checked himself into hospitals from Florida to Nebraska, he said. He pleaded guilty to fraud and was sentenced to time served since his arrest in May.

JIM: Close quote.

So that's the real story, and my prized autograph is not from power pitcher and Tiger legend Frank Lary. Instead, it's evidence of the fraud perpetrated by an impostor, one Leroy Fulton. I've checked the signature. It's not Frank Lary's. And those dates of '52 to '62? Those are false, too. Lary was with the Tigers from '54 to '64. I don't know what became of Leroy Fulton. If he survived his drinking and his emphysema, he would be 99 years old today. I cannot find his records anywhere. Frank Lary's records, though, are clear. In 1956, he led the

American League in wins, in games started, in innings pitched, and in batters faced. In fact, he faced more batters that year than any pitcher did in the American League during the whole of the 1950s. And his 27-10 record against the Yankees from '55-'61? That was when the Yankees were at their best, winning six pennants in seven years. And, on December 13th, 2017, in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, at the respectable age of 87, Frank Lary died, not from drink, but from pneumonia.

And now you know. The rest of the story.

[Music]