

Highly Praises Says:

© New York Post—WNU Service.

Bitsy Grant Alone Supplies Thrills to Modern Tennis

PERHAPS it is because little guys must stick together or get stuck by an unappreciative world. Anyway the word picture that was to be painted here is all jumbled up. Every time I try to dab the paper with some pretty phrase concerning the flame-tipped raquets of such tennis geni as Helen Jacobs and Fred Perry the result somehow comes out differently. Somehow I always come up with the sharp outlines of a fighting gentleman from Georgia—Bitsy Grant.

It is a most distressing situation. After witnessing the national championship at Forest Hills, a while back, I got loaded with all sorts of other information. I know that the tall, blonde Alice Marble has enough strokes to win a title, but that she has not yet achieved the proper temperance. I can gab with the best of the experts about Donald Budge's equipment.

I can tip off one of those anti-perspiration companies that they have a good prospect in Perry. I can argue why the worst tournament in years brought out the best crowds. I can suggest that was because the celebrated gentleman conducting the affair introduced some new performers for a change. I know that Mrs. Molla Mallory is almost as active as a spectator as she was as a player and that she tried sitting on 35 different chairs in the course of 35 minutes during one afternoon. But still there's the gent from Georgia. I can wax up the gent who don't go to tennis matches, too, that they are missing something. That, — although tennis no longer seems to turn out such excitable sisters as Mlle. Lenglen — the girls are far prettier than they were a few seasons ago.

It's Polite to Applaud Other Fellow's Error

I know that tennis is the only sport where the polite thing to do is to applaud some unfortunate fellow's error. I suspect that if I were a linesman and one of the boys or girls tossed a point into the net, he or she thought of my bad judgment, I'd hand him or her a couple of the best where it would do the most good.

I know that Helen Jacobs wears a gold chain on her left wrist while playing and that Miss Marble is adorned with a wrist watch. If I were Miss Pedersen I would wear shorts that did not bag around my knees. If I were one of those khaki-clad stalwarts who seem to do nothing all day long save take down nets, and then put them up again, I'd come out swinging a racket some day just to see what would happen to the frozen faces of the elect.

I know that Frankie Parker needs a long rest so that he can get in such physical shape that he no longer needs to wait for those soft serves. I know that the ball boys get paid 35 cents a match and that some of them make as much as \$25 during the tournament. I suspect that those specialists, who see the way Perry keeps his mouth open while playing, immediately begin squirming because they want to operate on that long beak for ads.

I—but, as has been mentioned before, such items leave me cold. Until waning strength and Big Bill Tilden finally took the play away from him, and he retired, I used to go to tennis affairs to watch a frail little guy named Bill Johnston. Tennis did not seem then—as too often since—a dead-panned comedy of manners. Instead pulses ever strummed faster while that blazing inner urge with which few humans are blessed made Little Bill's scrawny muscles perform the impossible.

Now—for all that I would not give one dodger double-header for all the tennis of the season—I again am willing to pay to go into the park. Tennis is a game where tall, strong and rangy men ever will meet with most success and Bitsy Grant probably would have to stand on tiptoes to look Rabbit Maraville in the eyes.

Yet—but come to think of it, maybe that really is why I like to watch this tiny gee.

NOT IN THE BOX SCORE:

Not a soul seems to have noted that Princeton Football Professor Fritz Cralter is wearing specs for the first time this autumn. . . . Could there be any McCoy to the gossip that Pie Traynor will be elevated to an office berth and Rogers Hornsby will become manager of the Pirates?

That World Series gold will be appreciated by Joe Glenn of the Yankee catching department. A little Joe is due almost any day now. Jack Ogden, the former Swarthmore collegian who has business-managed the Orioles so capably that Baltimore again is a good baseball town, would bear watching by big time basketball promoters. The University of Baltimore five, which he coaches during the winter, is composed mainly of New York boys and might make a very good Garden or Hippodrome attraction. . . . Yale undergraduates, who were very vexed a few springs ago because Johnny Broaca took the Yankees would not wear out his arm for the Alma Mommie, now have a similar peeve. His coach at Andover said that Pie Little was the best scholboy end he had ever seen. But Pie just can't be bothered with coming out for the Eli squad.

Ball players say the real reason why that "young" Cincinnati team did so well this year is that most of the hitting, fielding and pitching was supplied by Kiki Cuyler, Ernie Lombardi, Tommy Thoevoss, Babe Herman, Paul Derringer and one or two others who just missed voting for Lincoln. . . . One of Giant Secretary Eddie Brannick's proudest memories is that in 1918 he won \$27 from various Gaians by betting he could stand on the left field foul line at Baker Bowl and throw a no-hitter. He did it. The team have traveled more than 300 feet and cleared the high wall of the Philly park with plenty to spare.

Why Shakespeare Isn't Heaving Pro Passes

Bill Shakespeare is not heaving pro passes this year because he has too swell a job as assistant to the secretary of a railroad. . . . That celebrated weekly magazine which last year fell for the book's blarney that the part mutuels are unalterable should look up a citizen named Bruce Paul. While the papers have it that he would run a mile before investing a Shakespeare nickel in a track book. But that he reaps a fortune each season playing against the machines. . . . Although his football team do not always elude Syracuse old grads, Coach Vic Hanson is tops with the town kids. That is because he operates a children's summer camp on the lake outside the city. . . . Lou Ambers believes that one reason why he performed so capably while winning the light weight title recently is that he finally learned to relax before a bout. He used to be so restless that he would wander about town or go from movie to movie on the afternoon when "ad had an important bout coming up. This time he went to bed and really slept.

Luck has played a miserable trick on a Fordham youngster. The boy is the best tasser on the sam football squad but his ears have failed him—badly that he cannot pick out his targets and has even worse luck on pass defense. . . . Frank Crocetti and Arndt Jorgens of the Yankees do their best to see that Mr. Rockefeller gets along all right. Each fair evening they say he found eating in style, and out of doors, in his Radio City sunken gardens. . . . Cardinal First Baseman Rip Collins is one of the most diligent of autograph signers. He never refuses. . . . Although he has been one of the most successful photographers of race horses for 35 years, C. C. Cook seldom bets on the ponies.

A thought that should be preserved was uttered long ago by Rudolph Spreckels, the multi-millionaire turfman and sugar king. Talking to a young better who had more hopes than money, he inquired "How can you expect to bring up a family on horses' noses?" . . . It is somewhat out of line with the quoted statement of Mr. Herbert Bayard Swepe in a town where 2 to 5 favorites so often meet with misfortune. The racing commission chairman is quoted as saying that the races never ruined anybody.

Players say the real trouble with Babe Dahlgren, the sassy fielder who will get another chance at the Red Sox first sack next season, is not weak hitting. He thinks wrong and not often enough, they testify. . . . A very pretty feud will have some more tunings if Jocko Conlon is added to the American league umpiring staff next year. He and Lou Gehrig never could get along. . . . If Jack Dobson, son of the Maryland coach, did not have a knee injury which probably will prevent him from playing again, Army might be displaying another All-America back.

Pampero seems to be a lucky name for Argentine ponies. Jack Nelson, who sold a big brown with that name to Winston Guest in 1931, now has a similarly named small chestnut he expects to peddle for plenty.

HURRY!

LOOK FOR THIS TAG

LAST CHANCE TO GET YOUR 4-POINT BLUE RIBBON

TURKEY

IT INSURES THE SUCCESS OF YOUR THANKSGIVING DINNER

SATISFACTION Guaranteed

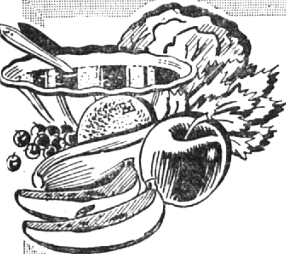
THE KROGER GROCERY AND SAVING CO.

1. Raised in the best producing sections.
2. Individually selected for each Kroger store.
3. Scientifically fed to produce tenderness and flavor.
4. Handled with extreme care.

At All Kroger Meat Markets at Low Prices

Last year millions gobbled up Kroger's supply of 4-Point Blue Ribbon turkeys! Again this year we've cornered the pick of the crop. Firm, tender, well-fleshed—these turkeys are true aristocrats of the feast! Get yours TODAY to insure the success of your Thanksgiving dinner! Every one is guaranteed—priced amazingly low—dressed to your order. They're selling fast. There'll be no more like them when these are gone!—because we've got all the best. This Thanksgiving save SAFELY the Kroger way—with a 4-Point Blue Ribbon turkey. Sold Only by Kroger.

SPRINGCREST, 4 to 6-lb. AVERAGE ROASTING	YOUNG FANCY, FATTED 10-LB. AVERAGE
CHICKENS 25c	GEESE . . lb. 23c
FRESH, GOLDEN YELLOW, 5 to 6-LB. AVERAGE	FRFMOORE FANCY
DUCKS . lb. 25c	OYSTERS full pint 25c
IDEAL STUFFING, COUNTRY CLUB, LINK PORK	BRANDY, COUNTRY CLUB
SAUSAGE . . . lb. 25c	MINCE MEAT . 2 lbs. 29c



BEST QUALITY, EATMOR

CRANBERRIES

THE FINEST CRANBERRIES GROWN—FRESH TART-SWEET, RUDY-RED, FULL OF FLAVOR—COMPLETE YOUR THANKSGIVING DINNER WITH CRANBERRY SAUCE MADE WITH THESE QUALITY BERRIES.

LB. 17c

Five Pound Limit to a Customer

PICK OF THE CROP

CELERY HEARTS bundle	10c
CANDY KING, SWEET	
POTATOES . . 6 lbs.	25c
CALIFORNIA, ICEBERG	
LETTUCE . . 2 large heads	15c
NEW CROP, CALIFORNIA, SEEDLESS	
ORANGES . . doz.	30c
RED, EMPOWER, CALIFORNIA	
GRAPES . . . lb.	10c
HUBBARD	
SQUASH . . . lb.	2c
WINEAP	
APPLES . . . 4 lbs.	25c

MICHIGAN, GOLDEN HEART

CELERY . . . LARGE STALK 5c

TREE-RIPENED, FLORIDA 'MOR-JUCE' JUMBO

ORANGES . DOZ 29c

COUNTRY CLUB, PURE

TOMATO JUICE . . . 24-oz. can	10c
FRESH ECONOMY	
CHOCOLATE DROPS . . . lb.	10c
A TREAT FOR BREAKFAST	
BECKWITH FIGS . . . 2 cans	29c
SLICED, BIG BEN	
FRESH BREAD . . . full 2-lb. loaf	10c
COUNTRY CLUB, SLICED	
PINEAPPLE No. 2 can	19c
ASSORTED FLAVORS, GELATINE	
TWINKLE DESSERT . . . 2 pgs.	9c

MICHIGAN MAID, ROLL

BUTTER 1/4 lb. prints 36c lb. roll 35c

MAXWELL HOUSE or DEL MONTE

COFFEE BEECHNUT . lb. 26c COUNTRY CLUB lb. 23c **25c**

COUNTRY CLUB

SIFTED PEAS

2 No. 2 cans 29c

COUNTRY CLUB, HALVES OR SLICED

PEACHES . 2 No. 2 1/2 cans 29c

COUNTRY CLUB PURE

PUMPKIN . 3 No. 2 cans 25c

COUNTRY CLUB SALAD

DRESSING . . . ct. jar 29c

COUNTRY CLUB

MINCE MEAT . . . 9-oz. pkg 10c

LIBBY'S DILL

PICKLES ct. jar 19c

HOLLYWOOD

STUFFED OLIVES . . . 6-oz. jar 23c

HER GRACE DELICIOUS

FRUIT CAKE . . . 79c

LATONIA CLUB OR ROCKY RIVER

BEVERAGES 12 24-oz. bottles 79c

KROGER STORES

KROGER STORES OPEN UNTIL 9:00 WEDNESDAY NIGHT CLOSED ALL DAY THANKSGIVING, NOV. 26