

IN THE WORLD OF SPORTS

Fred Perry Looks Sure Winner at Forest Hills, Says Martin, Who Can't See Much Chance for American Aspirants

BY PHILIP MARTIN

GREAT BRITAIN'S prestige may have suffered slight setbacks in the diplomatic field during the last year, but she still reigns supreme in the men's singles bracket of the tennis world.

Her No. 1 racketeer, bounding Fred Perry, two-time winner of the U. S. national singles trophy, is the star attraction at Forest Hills.

Out to annex the national singles crown for the third time, Perry appears a certain victor. By winning this year, Perry can gain permanent possession of the trophy.

None of his opponents seems capable of even wounding the amazing Perry in this competition. Much the same situation existed last year, however, when Wilmer Allison struck through Perry in the semi-finals.

Perry was injured when he fell in that match. Completely recovered now, he is at the top of his game. The Perry backhand, once rather weak, compares with the best. His serve is power plus, and his placements are revelations.

Allison, Don Budge, and Bity Grant are the main hopes in the stop-Perry campaign. It is not disparaging to say that none of them can hold a candle to Perry in the matter of tennis playing. Anyone who beats Perry earlier this year, 1936 nationals will play super tennis.

RED-HEADED Don Budge looks like America's best bet. Perry himself thinks Budge outclasses other U. S. entrants, and he probably is correct. Grant, who is a much better singles man than the U. S. L. T. A. would have you believe, still lacks international experience. Perry defeated Grant earlier this year. Allison has shown so little ten-



Fred Perry, one of tennis' all-time greats, bounds after a difficult backhand.

nis this year that she plans recent triumph from singles competition at the end of the season. He says he will play doubles only next year.

There is small chance that the aging Texan will spring another surprise defeat of Perry. It is even doubtful that he will go far enough to gain a match with the Briton.

The rest of the field includes some good experienced players and some sensational youngsters among them Bob Riggs, John McDermid, Joe Hunt, and Grant Sutter. Their chances are exceedingly skinny.



Don't Let Fellows Bother You About Lack of Size, Ted

Note to suspicious customers—Even though he was easy with the ball, the holder of the Boulder's still would "repeated by request" etc. Yet there are letters which keep coming in each summer and—But enough of such excuses. This piece, which first goes the rounds through the book, is used here for the numerous published letter-writing Teds throughout the land.

DEAR TED—If I were you I would not worry about what the boys say at school. Neither would I strain myself too much this summer. Perhaps the coach is right in saying that you are too small for football, but what of it? You are only sixteen years old and you may have plenty of time for adding extra pounds if you can make your letter.

Look at Jim Braddock. Up to the time he was twenty-two years old he was kind of small for the honors he really was seeking, and the growing-up boys used to say a lot more about him than the boys at your school possibly could imagine.



Jim Braddock would have been advancing in any fashion, he added an inch to his height and twenty pounds to his weight. Then he became heavyweight champion of the world.

As for you figuring that 115 pounds is not enough for a baseball player because you have read that managers prefer strapping six-footers, let me tell you a story. It goes back through the years to the decade that was known as the glamorous nineties.

Baseball was young then, a tentative, boisterous sport. The ball was not endowed with the elastic qualities of a later era, and when fences were built far from the home plate, the giant would seem needed to produce a batting average of .432.

A Little 115-Pounder, Ted, Made 243 Hits in a Season

Want to know the man who achieved it as well as 243 hits, a record toward which not even the giant Hank Greenberg may aspire? No, I am not trying to kid you that pale little fellow with the thin cheeks and the angular elbows folded across a narrow chest is not the hot boy. This is on the level. Ted, no matter what the boys at school may have told you. What? How could such a half pint rise to the heights when strapping pitchers and burly, far-ranging infielders rallied to defend against him?

Let us, still imagining that we are in the nineties, ask him. See how he gazes steadily at us while a knobby chin ceases moving and a momentary frown gets a moment's rest. Listen.

"That's easy." We Willie Keefer is saying. "I just hit 'em where they ain't."

Translated into more elegant terms, Ted, this atom of a man, scarcely bigger than you are now, has explained the superiority of mind over matter.

Along with John McGraw, another great little guy, We Willie changed the trend of the game, caused rules to be revised. Their ability to tap the ball out of reach of the fielders brought science into a sport that was based on force. They proved the worth of the bunt, the sacrifice, the hit-and-run play.

When they joined the immortal old timers they wore such scrawny little guys that other players laughed and said they should not be permitted to do anything more strenuous than carry bats. They never ceased trying, learning. Before long the fans were fighting to get into the parks to see them. For more than thirty years after that the greater little guy, McGraw, was to continue as one of the biggest men in the history of the game.

Of course, that was long ago Ted, but the boys at school tell you that similar things no longer can happen. Instead, when you return in the fall ask them about little Bill Johnston or Cyril Walker.

When muscle instead of heart was required they were very little guys, but they won against giants in the biggest of big-time competition.

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NOT IN THE BOX SCORE

GREEDY National League club owners and officials are getting some determined opposition from Horace Stoneham. Battle-brained parties, who are willing to wreck the game so long as they can salvage some quick and easy dough, have put on strong pressure to make him vote for their night baseball grab. The young magnate's only answer is that it will be a very dark day before he sells out the fans who have carried the Giants through sixty years of sunshine.

Max Marchon was a jockey's valet around European race courses long before he achieved success as Max Schmeling's trainer. Captain Emile Dubel and Star Paulback Don Jackson were among the spring scholastic casualties at Harvard. Joe Doherty, the Brooklyn featherweight, was an incubator baby.

Star Halfback Chick Kaufman hopes to be the first man in Princeton's seventy years of football to play through four seasons without a defeat. He was out of college in '34 when Yale accomplished the lone Tiger loss since 1912.

Could there be any truth to the gossip that Navy and Columbia would like a Friday night (instead of Saturday afternoon) date for their football game at the Polo Grounds this fall? Bobby Riggs, the great Davis cup prospect since Ellsworth Vines, has a weakness for soft voices as well as for soft tennis attacks. Although only eighteen, he displays as much finesse in feminine society as he does on the tennis courts. Pete Reilly, who has managed more featherweight champions than any other man in history, probably has a new one in tow. The youngster is Pete Scudino who has scored three one-round kayos in the pro ring.

Mrs. John McGraw, who is recuperating from a long illness, is visiting Mrs. Christy Mathewson at Saratoga. Young Christy Mathewson, incidentally, still has not recovered from that terrible airplane crash and hopes soon to resume as a professional flyer.

Harry Weldon was the first sports editor to use race charts in a newspaper. That was in Cincinnati about five years ago. Bob Reilly, Edie Dunne, Benny Leonard's lightweight, reminds you somewhat of Gene Tunney. . . . Steve Saks, who owns one of the things out Hampstead way, says you need at least 18,000 golf balls a season if you operate a driving range.

Diz Dean "Speriments" With Brand New Pitch

Dizzy Dean says he is "Speriments" with a new pitch, but refuses to tell what it is. Most fans would agree that the decade has plenty of stuff on the ball already, without trying to develop a new delivery.

Lester members of the Joe Medwick family have okayed the news that the National League has sanctioned matches. . . . Harry Tinniswood, once famed as center forward for the old Angellows soccer team, now is one of Port Chester's most eminent citizens.

Statisticians report that 90 percent of the fighters now competing on the weekly cards are Italians. . . . Studied shirts of sports break out into cold sweats every time Flat Robinson approaches them. He is one of that decreasing number of great reporters who cannot be snubbed by master minds seeking to get away with some new lunacy or larceny. . . . Trap shooting is one sport where youth does not always have to be served. Charles Sparrow, young who won the Ohio State championship this year, is nearly eighty years old.

Players say that the best umpire now in the minors is Van Grafflin of the International. He once was in the American league and probably will be recalled to the big time next year. . . . The community council of the city of New York lack funds they wayward businessmen. If you want to give the kids a break and if you can spare any sports paraphernalia, they will get in touch with this department.

The largest cash-on-the-line crowd ever to witness a minor league ball game was at Toledo, Mich. More than 28,000 customers esbayed a home-town boy named Casey Stengel to take \$12,000 back of his Toledo bosses on that date.

Al Lane, brother of the Tiger captain and dubbed as one of the best local prospects in years, made his first Princeton game the other day. He got past the Preps who had thrown him for a loss on his first try at the entrance exams.

In addition to making the very promising young fighter, Irish Johnny Clinton, Joe King is a bouncer for a New York restaurant.

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National—One candidate for Representative in Congress. One candidate for United States Senator.

State—One candidate for Governor. One candidate for Lieutenant Governor.

Congressional. One candidate for State Senator. One candidate for Representative in the State Legislature.

County—Candidates for the following county offices, viz: Prosecuting Attorney, Sheriff, County Clerk, County Treasurer, Register of Deeds, 2 Circuit Court Commissioners, Deans Commissioner, 2 Coroners, County Surveyor, Delegates to the County Convention.

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BRITISH women spend 50 per cent less for shoes than do American women. It seems like unfair to figure Garbo's footwear outlay into the American average.

General Metaxas has told Greek political clubs that they might as well disband, since he already had barred political parties—clankbacks or otherwise.

For ably arms a beauty expert tells girls to pretend they are scrubbing clothes. If a girl is that good a pretender, she might just as well go ahead and imagine her arms already are pretty.

Scientists tell us that the albino frog is faster than human quadruplets. You find few ottsel companies, however, seeking endorsements of the pink and white amphibians.