

# Triumphant Alice Marble Finds Tennis Tour 'More Fun Than You Can Imagine'

## The SPORTLIGHT Yankees Still Expect To Capture Pennant

By GRANTLAND RICE.  
Special Correspondent of The Star.  
NEW YORK, July 22 (N.A.A.A.).—The Hon. James Farley might be interested to know that the Yankees still expect to win the pennant through a late August and September drive. They also figure Cleveland's Indians will be the team to beat.

"I can speak for the club," one of the Yankee stars told me, "in saying we expect to win again by three or four games. If we can stick around this close with so many of our better hitters below 250, or even 240, you can figure what should happen when some of these men reach their normal pace."

"We have been getting pretty good pitching, and we'll get better pitching from now on. We still are the best defensive club in the game. And we are about due to collect a few more base hits."

"Why Cleveland as the main opponent?" I asked.

"Because Cleveland has stronger pitching than either Detroit or Boston, with Buck Newsom hurt, and because Cleveland has a better infield—especially around the middle of the diamond. This is where it counts. Gehring still is a great ball player, but Gehring has lost a lot of infield speed—about two yards each way."

"The Red Sox still are shy on pitching. They have had to hammer out a majority of their wins. They are a tough club on other pitchers. I'll admit, but their own staff lets them down. The Red Sox still are up there. But the tough part of the race still is on ahead, through August and September. That's where team balance will count."

### Loss of First Six Extra-Inning Games Crippled Champs

"What happened in the first half of the race?" I asked a Yankee veteran as we absorbed a flare of heat in the dugout. "You were about 15 games ahead around the middle of July a year ago. This means a drop of 20 games, which is no short drive."

"I'll tell you," he said. "Most ball games, at least many ball games, are won by close scores. We lost too many of these that we used to win. Maybe four pennants and four World Series in a row had something to do with it. We didn't have our old spring legs. Late on some of our best hitters began to worry too much. They began trying too hard. When you are not hitting you are bound to worry and then to tighten up."

"We lost our first six extra-inning games. We've felt we should have been much further away than we are. None of the leading clubs could open up any big gap, as we used to. They have been killing one another off."

"Also teams like Washington and Connie Mack's Athletics have been using the harpoon freely on the pacemakers. This has been a big help to us."

"It is largely a matter of getting started again—of collecting a few more base hits."

### McMillin Surprised to Find Dickey Still Looking Young

A few minutes later I ran into Bill Dickey and Joe Gordon. The idea was to extract some scientific information on how 300 and better hitters should go three months from 50 to 100 points below average form.

Bill Dickey, the Arkansas Quailman, is only 33. But Bill has been catching 15 years. He was with Little Rock in 1925. Dickey still is young in health and spirit.

"I expected to see an old man," Bo McMillin, the footballer, said. "Bill looks to be a kid."

But 15 years back of the bat—his 13th season with the Yankees—is a long trek my fellow countrymen. It includes a large flock of punishing yesterday's. William Malcolm Dickey is far from being through, but he is entitled to his slump.

"A slump," Bill says, "is just this: You are not hitting for a while. Why? Maybe it starts from some fault, some bad body motion, just as it does in golf. Then it goes into worry, into trying too hard, tightening up too much. Then suddenly you get a few hits and your old confidence comes back. Lack of confidence is a big factor. Slumps largely are mental or psychological. In golf, for example, you might know what's wrong with your swing and how to correct it, but many times you can't. The harder you try to keep your head"

Gordon looks for stork

To improve his hitting

still, the quicker it pops up."

"Don't throw that veteran stuff at me," Joe Gordon said. "I can't use that as any alibi. I was 25 years old in February. I never felt better in my life. I expect to be a proud father in a week or 10 days. After that, watch my smoke. I may jump from 250 to 255 any moment."

Whatever happens, Joseph Lowell Gordon looks upon life with level eyes. He takes the breaks as they come.

"I might be a lot higher," he said, "if it wasn't for a fellow named Feller. Maybe Walter Johnson and Lefty Grove were faster somebody will have to prove this to me. I don't want to look at any more speed than Feller. If Johnson and Grove were faster than Feller, I'm glad I was born in 1915. He doesn't know as much about pitching as Derringer, Newsom, Grove and a few others, but what do they expect at 21? I'll say this much: I'll bet he knows more about pitching than any other pitcher ever knew at the same age."

"Don't forget to print this," Gordon said. "Maybe Bob will read it and slip me something I can see and hit."

### Star Softies in Lead

Evening Star softball team was in first place in Section B of the Sport Center Sunday Morning League today as a result of winning its sixth straight at the expense of Bachelor's Hall, 4 to 3.

## Forgets Trips Abroad While Enjoying U. S.; Off to Seabright

Plans to Address High Schools and Colleges On Will to Conquer

By the Associated Press.

BALTIMORE, July 22.—Fresh from a pair of triumphs in the mid-Atlantic section and Maryland tennis championships, blonde Alice Marble, the statuesque queen of world tennis, headed for Seabright, N. J., today in search of more laurels on a tour that's been "more fun than you can imagine."

This year, with the war wiping out big tournaments in Europe, including that at Wimbledon and the Wightman Cup matches, the 26-year-old Miss Marble took up her rackets and began to learn about America first-hand.

She's traveled from coast-to-coast giving the folks a look at what it takes to rule the tennis world. The trip has put her in topflight condition and even Miss Marble thinks she is playing "pretty well."

Will Lecture Before Students.

"Really," she said, "one doesn't realize how much fun there is playing in tournaments right here in America when one is busy going abroad and just to the bigger meets in the East or West."

Miss Marble said she intended to keep up her "at home" contacts this fall on a tour of high schools and colleges for talks on "the will to win" or something like that.

And perhaps no one can talk better than Alice about that, for it simply was her will to win that carried her on after a sunstroke in 1933 threatened to end her young career.

Under the close tutelage of Miss Eleanor Tennant, her coach, she did come back and never knows what it is to give up. In fact, she's toughest when the chips are down.

Fauline Betz, 20-year-old Californian, found out about that here yesterday. Miss Betz took the first set of their women's singles title match, 6-4, and led at 4-3 in the second on her own service. Alice simply tightened her belt and took that one, 6-4.

Follows Orders to Win.

In the 10-minute intermission, to show that champions sometimes have to be told, too, Miss Tennant went to the dressing room.

"If you're tired and can't get going," Miss Tennant told her, "you're certainly going to get the hard way. Get out there and beat her 6-0 and get it over with, but anyway, get out there and stir your stumps."

Alice did just that. It took her just eight minutes to plaster a 6-0 defeat on Miss Betz in that deciding set.

Miss Marble had teamed with Mary Arnold, another Californian, to win the women's doubles title, defeating the English stars, Mary Hardwick and Valerie Scott.

Young Donald McNeill of Oklahoma City won the men's singles title over unseeded Jack Kramer of Belvedere Gardens, Calif., and Bobby Riggs, world men's singles champ, coupled with Welby Van Horn of Los Angeles to take the men's doubles crown from Kramer and Ted Schroeder of Glendale, Calif.

## Slab Battle Likely In Mid-Atlantic Softball Final

A pitchers' battle is expected tonight when Billy Sullivan of True Blue faces Bump Simons of Standard Lines in the final of the Mid-Atlantic Softball Tournament at Ballston Stadium. The game will start at 8 o'clock and will be preceded by a Tri-State League game between Posner Brothers and Glen Echo at 7:15.

In his last mound effort, Sullivan hurled a no-hit, no-run game against Powers Building to win, 5 to 0. While Simons has not been that brilliant, he has shown improvement lately.

After the game the winner will be presented with a trophy with each team member receiving gold medals. The losing team will receive a smaller trophy with its members being awarded bronze medals.

Five Teams Bunched At Top in National City Ball League

Five teams were perched atop the National City A League second-half pennant race today after four of them won yesterday while one was losing.

Winners were Klein's Tavern, Miller Furniture, J. C. Flood and Packard-Washington. The loser was D. G. S.

Feature of the day was Klein's 3-to-1 victory over D. G. S. in which Bill Liggett had held the loser to four hits. Charley Kendall helped Bill win by pounding out a double and triple.

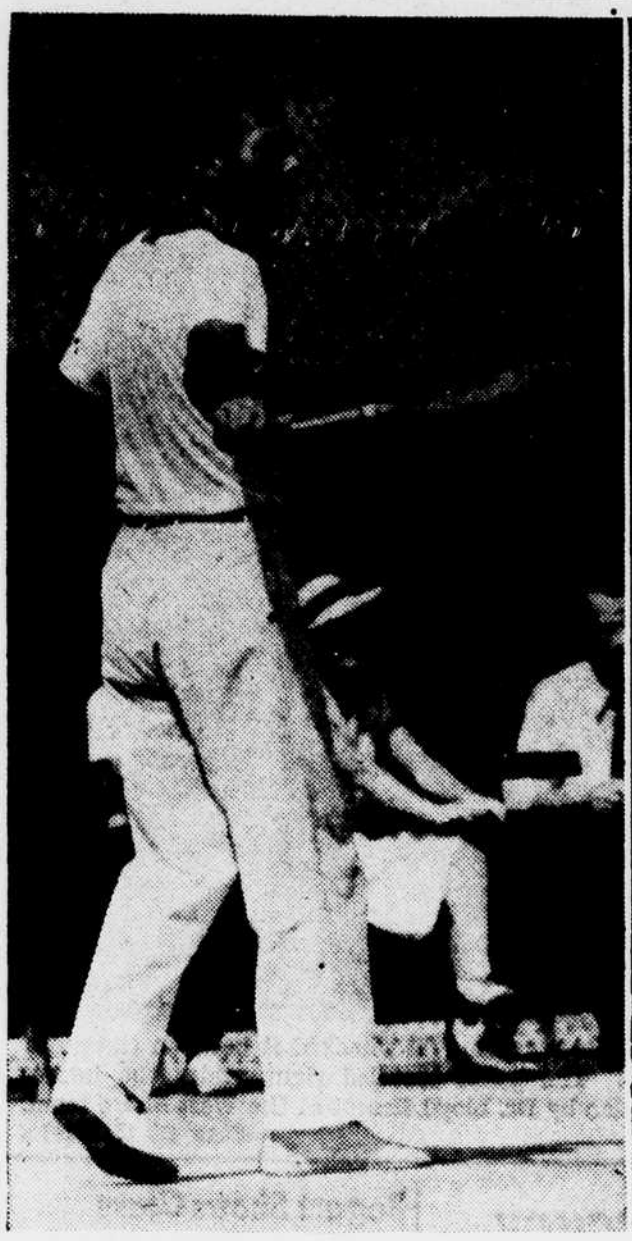
Benny Steiner, former Central star, helped Flood beat Small Motors, 4 to 2, with three timely hits. Six runs in the first by Miller helped give the Furnituremen a 10-to-3 triumph over Marvin's Credit, while Packard shut out Orange Disc, 3 to 0, behind Claude Bradley's two-hit hurling.

Yellow Cabs Defy Heat, Star on Softy Fields

Win or lose, Yellow Cab softball team is the hottest ten around town.

Yesterday, one of the warmest days this year, it played three games. In the morning it beat Royal Arcanum at Fairlawn Field, 10 to 2. In the afternoon it moved to Lorton, Va., and split a twin bill with the Ramblers, winning the first game, 5 to 3, and losing the second, 8 to 7.

For games, call Manager Humphrey at Hobart 1213.



THRILLED LOCAL NET FANS—Three of America's first 10 ranking tennis players and a member of England's Wightman Cup team appeared at the Rock Creek courts yesterday for a series of exhibitions. All scored over local players matched against them—Don McNeill of Oklahoma City and Kenyon College, ranked third nationally, beating Gil Hunt, No. 9 on the national ratings; Bitsy Grant, the mighty atom from Atlanta, who is No. 7, whipping both Barney Welsh and Hunt, and Mary Hardwick of England scoring over Margo Lee. Miss Hardwick and Grant also paired to defeat Miss Lee and Hunt. Above (left to right) are Hunt, Grant, McNeill and Miss Hardwick.



## Fine Play by Browns' McQuinn Makes Yank Bosses Squirm; Pass Gives Zeke 'Big' Day

By LEWIS F. ATCHISON.

It is a sad commentary on the efficiency of the Yankees' labyrinthine farm system that George McQuinn, the Ballston, Va., boy, turns up at first base every afternoon in a St. Louis Browns uniform. The Yanks held the deed to McQuinn's native talent until five years ago—owned him body and soul in a baseball way until he escaped through one of baseball's few legal loopholes.

Being hog-tied by the Yanks and sentenced to the minors eight years ago was no picnic, McQuinn will tell you. Especially when you knew of at least a couple of clubs willing to trade a vice president or two for your services and throw in a radio commentator for good measure. It's sort of gets you down, fills you with that heck-with-it-all lethargy. Ironically the same club that blocked his promotion was willing, nay eager to peel off a sizable sum to get him back when he finally arrived on baseball's Broadway.

There is a moral buried somewhere in these paragraphs. George should have given up in disgust when the Yanks kept him chained in the salt mines of the bushes and returned home to Ballston and a comparatively complacent existence.

But the slow-talking, easy-going Irishman has oodles of moxie and made up his mind he was going to get into the majors if he had to sneak in the back door or climb in through a window. You see what happened, don't you?

Owen Gets McQuinn Chance.

Lew Owen, a name synonymous with baseball in Washington, was the first to recognize McQuinn's ability, but it was only because of a stadium critic at times, was a holdout from the New Haven club one year that George broke into pro ball. Owen refused to sign at New Haven's figures and organized his own team in Washington. On first base he installed the freckle-faced McQuinn, still a high school student at Washington-Lee.

New Haven eventually hiked its offer high enough for Lew to see it so he abandoned his rebel team, but took with him a vivid picture of the flashy kid playing first like a reincarnated Hal Chase. George, he decided, had all the earmarks of a genuine star. The following spring New Haven established training quarters at nearby Annapolis, Md., and Owen recommended a trial for McQuinn, who then was fresh out of high school.

New Haven, a parcel of the Yank's far flung properties, kept him a month and shipped him to Wheeling in the Middle-Atlantic League for further seasoning. When he finished the season New York Scouts realized they had picked up a pearl in their inland oyster. They didn't know exactly what to do with him or where to use him, but he was too good to get away so they parked him down on the farm pitching hay.

Yanks Want Him Back.

Each year, as regularly as the seasons, they brought him up and each time they sent him back until their string of options was exhausted. Lou Gehrig had given no indication of cracking up at this time so the Yanks let McQuinn go outright to Newark. That made him fair game for all the clubs and St. Louis grabbed him at first opportunity in the draft. A couple of years ago New York's frantic bids almost weaned him away from the impoverished Browns, but they held off and this year the rule sponsored by Clark Griffith prohibiting trafficking in players of the champ's part kept George in the Blues City.

Both New York clubs, incidentally, are notorious buyer-backers of players previously sold down the river. Mr. Griffith still gets a trifle warm under the collar when he thinks how John McGraw of the Giants sold off his rookies and bought 'em back when they acquired the smooth sheen of a true big leaguer. McGraw figured it was easier to develop his players this way and as inexpensive as any other in the long run.

McQuinn has two brothers on the sandlots, both with Cameo Furniture in the Industrial League. "Boaty," the older, has no illusions about

a big league career, but Ken, a 19-year-old infielder, is trying to reach the top and George thinks he stands a good chance.

Ken Promising Player.

Ken had a contract with Centreville in the Eastern Shore League this year, but came home when he developed a sore arm. Minor league teams are not financially able to carry ailing players and when they ship one home he stays until the following year. Ken is going back next spring and expects to stay.

Both Ken and "Boaty" regard George as the quintessence of grace around the bag, an opinion in which most big leaguers concur. Even with his slim batting average he'd be a welcome figure on almost any diamond in the league. Bucky Harris calls him one of the smoothest fielding first sackers he ever laid eye on and Harris played alongside Joe Judge—who concedes nothing to any of them.

"His arm isn't strong," said Bucky, "but it's perfect for his position. He could play other than first, but he fits that bag like a glove."

"Bonura's finally shaken off his slump," a wag yelled when Zeke drew a walk in the third inning of the first game. In his other appearances at the plate Zeke rolled to Berardino at short, popped to Cliff at third and fouled to Swift.

Grace, incidentally, robbed Myer of a hit in the seventh inning of the first game, running back almost to the scoreboard to take Buddy's well-hit ball.

Bob Swift, Brownie catcher, either pulled a fast one on Ed Rommel, umpire at home plate, or was two thoughts ahead of him on a fast double-play in the eighth. Swift tagged out Myer on a rundown after taking a throw from Cliff. Rommel failed to call the play and Pofahl, following in Buddy's footsteps, broke for third. Buddy looked as good as out and Jimmy figured on moving up. But Swift pegged to Berardino, covering the bag, and Jimmy ran head-on into a putout.

Blozis Beats Disc Mark With Kingston Toss

By the Associated Press.

KINGSTON, N. Y., July 22.—Still continuing to shatter records, Al Blozis, a star of the New York Athletic Club instead of Georgetown University, Al Blozis annexed both the discus throw and shotput here yesterday with a record throw in the former to feature the second annual Kingston track and field meet.

Blozis hurled the discus 161 feet, 11½ inches—nearly 8 feet farther than the record throw made by Archie Harris of Elberon, N. J., last year. Blozis' shotput mark was 55 feet, ¾ inch.

Parks Net Doubles Title Play Postponed Until Week End

Because most of the finalists are employed and the title matches are expected to be too prolonged to start late in the afternoon, the finals of the public parks tennis doubles tournament at Rock Creek have been postponed until Saturday and Sunday. One title contending team, in mixed doubles, is yet to be determined.

Willie and George Herbert entered the final round of the mixed tournament by defeating Dorette

## Capital Pistol Shots Mop Up in Virginia Championships

Walsh of F. B. I. Is High Scorer, D. C. Policemen Take Team Events

By the Associated Press.

RICHMOND, Va., July 22.—Washington marksmen cleaned up in the State pistol championships over the new Virginia State police range here yesterday, placing one-two in the individual competition and winning two team events. Washington police team was runner-up in the 45-caliber event.

Walter Walsh, Federal Bureau of Investigation agent who lives in Arlington, topped the Cavalier tournament of 93 individuals with 182 in slow fire, 197 in time fire and 190 in rapid fire for an aggregate 569. His total allowed him to beat out M. O. Bridges of the Washington police force by five points.

Metropolitan Police beat out nine other teams to win the center-fire title with 1,368, against 1,356 for National Capital Rifle Club. The police, however, were second to the Quantico rifle range team in the 45-caliber event, the marines winning with 1,240 to police's 1,235. The police came back to win the 22-caliber competition with 1,375, National Rifle Club being second with 1,342. National Capital also was third in the 45-caliber event.

Welsh Takes Fancy Beating.

After McNeill gave District fans a sample of his all-around game to open the program by defeating Hunt, 6-3, Grant took the court to

## Home Talent Routed, but Show Put On by National Experts Makes Hit With Net Fans

By BILL DISMER, Jr.

It was a total rout of the home forces, but a complete success as an exhibition of the best tennis being played in America today.

That, in short, sums up yesterday's two-hour presentation of such nationally ranked stars as Don McNeill and Bitsy Grant and England's Wightman Cup veteran, Mary Hardwick, who scored one-set victories over the best Washington had to offer—Gil Hunt, Barney Welsh and Margo Lee—before nearly 1,000 fans at the Rock Creek courts.

And although they'd seen him before and realized he was older and four notches below McNeill in national rankings, the local enthusiasts got the biggest kick out of the 30-year-old Grant, who apparently put just a little more into his performance than the other visiting stars.

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After McNeill gave District fans a sample of his all-around game to open the program by defeating Hunt, 6-3, Grant took the court to

knock off Gil with the loss of one less game before scoring a love-set victory over Barney Welsh, ex-District champion. That set, incidentally, was the worst shelling a local player took all day, Welsh scoring only nine points in the six games.

Miss Hardwick then turned back Miss Lee without too much trouble, 6-1, and after the English woman had paired with Bitsy to beat Miss Lee and Hunt, 6-1, Grant and Hunt played another singles match in which the Washington star could win only one game.

All three visitors said they'd thoroughly enjoyed the party despite Washington's terrific heat; the paid admissions more than covered expenses and the crowd was satisfied.

As Welsh walked off the court following his lacing by Grant, an official expressed regret that there had not been more time for warming up, intimating that Barney had not attained the "feel" of his racket as play began.

"It wouldn't have made any difference," replied Welsh, "the way Bitsy was hitting 'em today."

Grant showed District fans what is meant when he is called the greatest retriever in the game. Time and again the Atlanta atom evoked rounds of applause for racing from the sidelines to the line to make seemingly (See DISMER, Page A-14.)

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