



Hugh Bradley Says:

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Walker an' Bartell Have Own Opinions of Squawks, Hexes

IT IS long past midnight at the sign of the Toy Bulldog. The boys who have been cutting up old touches get around to the twin subjects of squawks and alibis. Since this is a prize fight crowd the debate is loud and long. Mickey Walker, who has been listening quietly, now grins and saunters over to the table.

"Maybe there's a time and place for everything," suggests the squat little man who used to ask nothing of giants save that they keep on swinging. "For instance, did I ever tell you about the time I fought Dundee?" He grins again at the memory of the night.

"Well, anyhow, Joe smacks me so hard over one eye that I lose the duke and have to go to the hospital.

"Naturally I'm weighing in with some man-sized beefing because it hurts plenty. All the while, too, I hear a guy on the next table sort of growling, but I don't figure he's got any cause to be sore at me and so I don't pay much attention to him. Instead I just lay there and every time the Doc purls one on the next row I let out another yelp.

"All of a sudden the guy on the next table bounces up so's they've got to stop operations on him. Then he starts shaking his fist in my face.

"Say you," he says to me. "You know what I'm in here for. Well somebody bounced a bottle off my conk and I've been stretched out

here for almost an hour while they've been digging glassware outta my dandruff. That's what they've been doing. Here I was out for a bit of fun and wasn't harming nobody an—." The guy leans over as if he's gonna take a belt outta me.

"—an' you," he says. "Getting hit is your racket, ain't it. An' you got paid 10 G's for tonight, didn't you? Well, then, what right've you got to squawk?"

It is almost time for a double-header to start. Adolfo Luque stands in front of the Giants' dugout shaking an excited finger at Dick Bartell.

"You oughta done it," he says. "You—."

"Yeah," says the shortstop. "But I didn't have time. I was—."

"It makes no difference," the veteran coach abandons such feeble medium as a long finger and spreads both arms in eloquent gesture. "How we gonna win? How we—."

"Well, I got warmed up anyhow, didn't I?" Bartell's life is built on the theory that a good attack is the best defense.

"You warm up! Hunh!" Luque sputters feebly with the English idiom for a moment, relieves himself with rippling Spanish phrases and then returns to the language by which he may be understood. "Three weeks you warm up with me, hey. Three weeks you get hits. You warm up with me today. No. Well, then how you expect to—."

He shrugs his shoulders that speak volumes. Then sinks down on the bench overcome by the futility of it all. He becomes as silent as he had been loquacious.

Bartell is not a superstitious lad. He knows that a bat is of considerable more assistance than a rabbit's foot when you are up there cutting for base hits. So he grins at this notion.

The first game starts. Magicians pop up from nowhere to snare hard-hit line drives. The Giants lose that one. The second game starts. A sturdy little fellow continues to slap line drives that should be good for extra bases. They continue to be caught. The Giants lose that one.

When old man Luque comes down the clubhouse steps the next afternoon a blond little fellow is waiting there, ball and glove in hand.

"Hey, Adolf, catch," he calls. That afternoon Dick Bartell gets his basehit and the Giants win.

ROWING people, who hate louder and longer even than fight managers, have topped the Hatfields and McCoys again. This time the feud is between the Cornell and Navy coaches. . . . Incidentally, the National League again heads the baseball squabbling list with the Frankie Frisch-Umpire Babe Pinelli vendetta. . . . Ralph Mondt, brother of the famous Toots, succeeds Rudy Dusek as matchmaker for Jack Curley's wrestlers. . . . Unless Andy Kerr does something about his guards, Colgate may have football trouble next fall. . . . Mad John Leon, who goes in for statistics when not promoting fights or playing the Aqueduct end book, reports that Schmeling's right hand landed on Louis 57 times.

Lou Little still limps as the result of the illness that has troubled him for several seasons, but his physicians report he will be in top shape before Columbia takes to the gridiron in September. . . . Sam Rosoff, the eminent contractor, makes more noise than any six fans at a prize fight. . . . Gabby Hartnett, who usually hits better than any of them, is the only Cub who does not use a Billy Herman model bat. . . . Mrs. Ken Smith, wife of the very good baseball writer, now is emoting for the Players' Guild of Manhattan. Rated

numerous stars in the role of a murderess recently. . . . Jimmy Walker will do the foreword to the book about Jim Braddock now being penned by Lud, the Hudson Dispatch sports ace.

Van Mungo is willing, but very few Dodgers pass the time of day with the moody fireballer. The boys just cannot forget his rude remarks during the recent one-man strike. . . . Howard Braddock is having his tonsils removed—because he wants to grow up and be a heavyweight champion, too. . . . St. Louis' fairest flowers say that Joe Medwick is a swell singer and that you should hear him croon about "Minnie the Moocher". . . . Pete Reilly, who for the first time in numerous years is not managing the world's featherweight champion, still has some claim to fame. He held Joe Jacob's cigar during the fight. . . . Does anyone know why the State Amen Commission permits Pedro Montanez to go chasing welterweights when there are so many capable boys of his own size begging for a crack at his big gates?

Jim Braddock Is Pep Martin's Hero

Jim Braddock is Pepper Martin's sports hero. An autographed picture of the heavyweight champion adorns the Iron Man's St. Louis locker. . . . Matty Geis, Princeton track coach, tabs Lou Burns as the future star miler. Says the Manhattan sophomore will move up next year to succeed Bonthron, Cunningham, Venzke and Mangano, all of whom will hang up their shoes after the Berlin finale. . . . Billy McCarney, the celebrated fight manager, changes to a different colored bow tie three times a day. . . . Casey Stengel slapped the first home run ever achieved at Ebbets Field. That was during an exhibition game with the Yankees, who had Hal Chase at second base and Frank Chance at first, in the spring of 1913.

If you wish to believe the rumormongers, the Dodgers have been sold to Cap Huston for delivery in the fall. . . . Also a local group of celebrated citizens are determined to form a stock company and purchase the Giants. . . . Those fight weighing-in pictures you see so often in the papers are never the McCoy. That is because the boys must doff their panties for the real scales test.

Cornell will beat several good football teams this fall, but the Big Red eleven will not be quite as nifty as the experts have been suggesting. The athletes are very young and will need a season or two to become accustomed to the big-time grind. . . . The Giants have the smallest representation of any major league club in the Association of Professional Ballplayers, the organization which provides for unfortunate old-timers. Yet the dues are only \$10 a year.

Ed Kelleher, who did a very good basketball coaching job at Fordham, now is being touted to succeed Buck Freeman at St. John's, where he was head man 15 years ago. . . . Joe Reddy, who won the quarter at the first rejuvenation of the Olympic Games at Paris in 1892, returned to Princeton this spring for the forty-fifth reunion of his class. He was one of the men who had an audience with the King of Greece, which resulted in the first official renewal of the Games at Athens in 1892.

Frankie Frisch holds the shortest clubhouse meetings of any manager. They usually last just one-half minute flat—or just long enough for Frankie to yelp, "Go out and beat those bums". . . . The Junie Freys have ordered a small Frey. . . . Mike Jacobs did the best of his many good jobs in handling the crowd at the Stadium the other night.

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Bartell



Braddock



Mickey Walker

Record Brown Trout

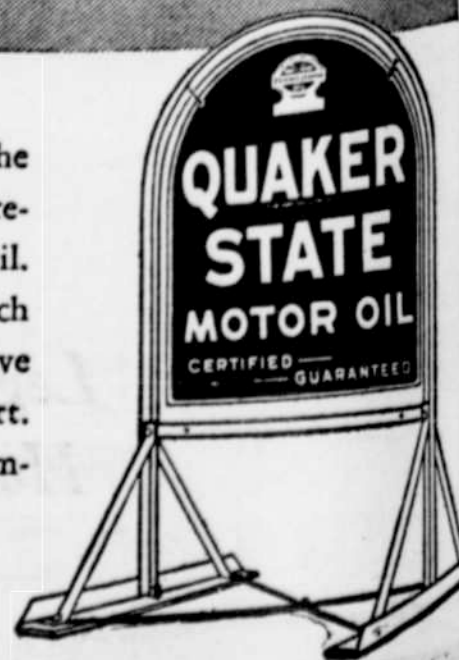


Using a six-ounce rod and a trout streamer fly, K. C. Parkinson, Chicago advertising man, struggled five minutes before he landed the largest German Brown trout on record from the Boardman river near Traverse City, Mich. The fish measured 27 inches in length, 14 inches in girth and weighed 7 pounds and 14 ounces.

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