

ONE LAST BEEF

(Continued from Page One)

ing the queer, you say? Well, we'll see. Search him."

Quickly the two plain clothes men went through the pockets of his coat, his shirt, and his pants. As a hand slid down into his back pocket, his heart skipped a beat. As the hand came out again, empty, it threatened to choke him.

But then an idea came to him. Perhaps this dick was out for graft. If so, all he would be expected to do would be to meet him outside and divvy up. Fair enough. Better than a prison stretch.

The commissioner sensed the same thing. "Bring him here!" he ordered. "Let me do some searching."

His hand plunged into the back pocket, felt around, but — came out empty. Blacky gulped. The commish gulped. The officers gulped.

"There isn't any evidence," Blacky managed to say. "I've got no queer money in my possession. You can't prove that I passed any to the ticket clerk. There ain't no way you can lock me up."

The commissioner was beaten, and he knew it. "O.K.," he said finally. "Let him go."

With a jubilant air, Blacky departed. There was as much wonderment in his face as in those of the three headquarters men. He felt in his pocket. Sure enough, it was empty.

Three minutes later he returned to headquarters men. He felt in his pocket again.

"Chief," he said. "I'm blowing—leaving town tonight. But before I go, I've got one last beef to make. This town is just run over with crooks. They're everywhere. You can't get rid of 'em, no way you try. They ought to be cleaned up. They're a menace to society. Why, just this morning I was ridin' on a subway, and whadda you think happened? Some young pickpocket lifted my wallet, that's what. I wouldn't mind so much—only it had my ticket to New York and a hundred ninety bucks in it!"

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The Woman's Tonic

SWIMMING FOR FAME

The Story of THE WATER STAR Walter Johnson

By GEORGE B. MURPHY, JR.

EDITOR'S NOTE: In this installment Walter Johnson, former Baltimore swimmer, begins the story of his water exploits.

"Hey fellows! come on down to Brown Shoals, they're gonna have 'n awful big meet, gonna swim as far as Small Boat Harbor."

A bunch of wild looking urchins, beachcombers headed for the Shoals and the race was on. This was just about the biggest thing the gang had ever attempted.

This happened back in 1918 when Walter Johnson was just a dirty little sandlot baseball player down at Newport News, Va. He was only seventeen years old then, but he had plenty of guts. All the fellows were white except Walter, but that didn't matter; he was one of the gang.

The crack of the gun, and pairs of skinny legs went up in the air and then disappeared for a few seconds only to reappear cleaving the water in an earnest effort to win the prize for the fifteen-mile swim from the Shoals to Small Boat Harbor. Walter won that race.

"I hadn't had any formal training in swimming at all. Just the usual experience of every small fellow who lives near the water. We had the regular old swimming hole and there is where I got my start. For the price of fifteen cents carfare we went down to Buckroe Beach every Sunday. Nothing happened particularly exciting until the Labor Day meet.

"This event was held under the management of the Bay Shore Hotel. I won that meet and the cash prize that went with it. I don't remember what the amount was, but I know that I felt pretty good about the whole thing. It never occurred to me that one of these days I might enter the professional ranks of this sport.

"I guess it must have been about five years later that I came to Baltimore. Swimming had now taken on a pretty lively interest as far as I was concerned. I came to Baltimore just as an ordinary fellow, looking for a job. My first job was at Blum's furniture store. I worked here as a porter and helper on the truck. When I quit that job, I went to the State Normal School at Towson where I waited table. During this time I had been going out to the Druid Hill Pool regularly. I had won my bronze, silver, and gold badges for the P.A.L. tests. So when the school closed for the summer I went out to the park and finished my tests for the Red Cross Life Saver Badge.

"I had put in plenty of time in making preparation for the annual swim meet held off the municipal pier. The distance was from the pier to Brown's Grove. Allan Watty, who was a life guard at the Druid Hill Pool, and who had taken me under his wing ever since I came to Baltimore, advised me against entering the meet. I never did understand just why. I have always believed that he felt that it would have given me some professional standing and hence would have put me out of the amateur ranks. At any rate I did not make the meet.

The Neptune Club

"The Neptune Club, composed of men who had won their Red Cross Life Saving spurs, was an old club

could possibly call it a streak of luck, would be a still greater satisfaction; yet that is precisely what still gives the dashing American Tennis Association star, Ted Thompson, twice national champion in the singles, and ranking No. 3 player in the 1931 list of A.T.A. players, the greatest thrill of his rather young life.

The youthful school teacher who presides over the classes down at Belleville, Va., and who in 1929 coached at Virginia Seminary, got a great kick out of affirming that this was his greatest thrill, when he stopped to recall the incidents surrounding his matches with Edgar Brown back in 1925, the first year when he won the national crown. He did not play Brown for the title, but did meet him in the semi-finals; and he met him with blood in his eyes.

For some time prior to the match, Brown had egged Thompson into a state of nerves, by his constant taunts as to Thompson's ability, and made it doubly worse when he added the wise-crack about the facial resemblance of young Thompson to a certain species. Anyway, Thompson stayed out of two whole tournaments just practicing for Edgar Brown who had become his arch enemy.

In 1925 the pair met each other in the semi-finals of the national championship matches for the singles crown, and it was at this meeting that Thompson received his vindication for the efforts and hard training he had put forth in preparation for this fight.

When he won the first set there was a slight ripple of applause from

revived in 1928. We had fourteen members. I don't remember all the fellows, some of them were: Charles Tarter, his brother Clifton, Irvin Morris, Monkey Dust Harris, Doc Shorter, Chapman, and Smallwood. Watty and I acted as coaches for the club. He took over the swimming and I had charge of the diving. We made up our minds to train for meets and contests with other clubs. Through this means we hoped to keep the fellows interested, and at the same time keep a regular corps of Red Cross Life Savers permanently together.

"It was during the latter part of August and the Neptune Club had been invited over to Washington to participate in a meet held at the Francis Pool, Howard University. Francis Pool, the Washington Y.M.C.A., and other teams were scheduled to appear. It was a glorious day. We were all keyed up and everybody was feeling fit. We carried two bus loads over from Baltimore. Some of the fellows had their lunches. Everybody felt that it was a picnic affair with the meet as the center of attraction.

"The race was to begin at 2:30. First the elimination heats for each event were run off. Charles Tarter, Morris, Smallwood, and I won the eliminations for our respective events.

In the finals Morris and Smallwood won their events, and Tarter placed. I had won in the eliminations for the 50-yard sprints, but lost out in the finals. I won the diving event, with Stanley Smith and Harris following. I felt pretty good over that, as diving was my field. The whole Baltimore diving team won their spurs at this meet.

"Our next meet was with Howard University, during the following winter, at the Baltimore Y.M.C.A. The Neptunes won out in the swimming events, but Washington trounced us in my favorite contest. I didn't feel so good over this. I placed second in my favorite event. The following February we went to Washington for a return engagement with Howard University. Howard whipped us soundly and I again went down to the count in the diving event, coming in second place.

The Aquatic Club

"Back in Baltimore, still coaching the Neptune Club, I was not yet stirred to the possibilities that professional work might offer.

"Some women of Baltimore got together to form a swimming club. Bill Gibson's wife, Caddie Murray, and Elsie Wright were some of the leaders in the group. As there was no pool at the Y.W.C.A. they got permission to use the Y.M.C.A. pool two nights a

week. In order to make it somewhat exclusive they made it a point to include only college graduates. It was one of those 400 or near 400 affairs. There were about 18 or 20 members as I remember. I assisted Allan Watty as instructor of the group. The time was two hours each of the two nights per week.

"The matter of selecting an assistant instructor to Watty caused some concern among the women and among the members of the Neptune Club. All the boys were qualified for the job and all of them naturally wanted it. The women got all up in the air about deciding who they wanted to assist. Smallwood started off and continued for a week. Next Morris was chosen for the position. I followed Morris. Following this arrangement each of us took turns, one taking one night and one another. After about four weeks of this I was finally decided upon for the job permanently.

"Working with women has its drawbacks, but on the whole I'd say there are compensations. They squawked quite a bit about the fee, bringing up the argument that it was twice the fee for joining the Y.M.C.A. We finally settled on that and things went along smoothly from then on. As far as I know the club is still existent. It was then I left Baltimore in '29.

"The New Provident Hospital had been completed and the nurses decided they, too, would like to have their films at hitting the high pool waves. We formed a nurses' swimming club for Provident. I think Miss Johnson was the head of the group. There were so many that I do not recall their names. The scheme worked out very well."

NOTE: Next week the writer tells how Mr. Johnson made a name for himself in New York.

SPORT THRILLS

AS TOLD TO T. ANDERSON

By TED THOMPSON

Former National Tennis Champion

Ted Thompson's Greatest Thrill Came when He Won a Love Set in 1925 from Edgar Brown, Dean of National Tennis.

To successfully meet and whip a man who has ridiculed and teased you unmercifully with the taunt that you were vastly inferior to him, and that your picture as it appeared in one of the leading weeklies was a good reproduction of a section from a well-known comic strip, would give almost any man a sincere sense of satisfaction, if it could be done; and to do it so decisively that no one



TED THOMPSON

the big crowd of spectators, but when he took the final match on a superlative service, and an unbeatable driving game, topped by a stroking play of the first water, the spectators went into frenzies, and the young tennis star from the sandlots of the District of Columbia who "just picked up" his tennis, was the lord of the same racketeer who had so unmercifully joshed him.

Thompson finished his performance by beating Eyre Satch for the national crown.

Ted has won a total of 77 trophies, cups and whatnots, but still insists that nothing gives him as much pleasure as the memories of whipping Edgar Brown a love set in the last of the semi-finals of a national championship.

Ted (although he didn't make open declaration) we think, is training little two-year-old Ted Jr., for a match with Edgar Brown Jr., to settle the old historic question once for always.

Paired with Eyre Satch, the New York flash, and "Rens" floor artist, Ted took the Southeastern doubles championship easily at Petersburg, and then set sail for Tuskegee, where he declared that he believed he would "take" Reginald Weir and Doug Turner, 1930 champ as well.



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