The Sport Fans

By W. E. Hill

"Gorillas is mad about plans: aunt flying, air Derby and golf. She is always on hand to take a passenger is needed for a non-stop flight to Buffalo and return. Absolutely fashion in Gorillas: she goes right close to see them land, and has nearly been derailed by a passenger in several accidents. Gorillas loves to pose for the cameramen with a big bunch of flowers and a silver cup that is to be presented to an endurance flyer, and sometimes you can see the flyers to one side or in the background. Her pose has prompted her a snappy Tom Thumb golfer in a shifty sport outfit, watching and approving a shot play from the side lines.

The ringside fan. "What was the matter with you when you let him get away with a left hook on your jaw? Was you in a trance?" Gorilla Zigario is being consoled by a friend who, in all his experience as a fight fan, has never seen a worse bout than that between the Gorilla and Mickey Tadpole, the Mexican jumping bean.

The Browns are what you might term late-in-head football fans, because, though they only get the undergraduate period, they are extremely useful in the cheering section. Mr. Brown is on the varsity, and Mr. Brown Sr. and wife are proudly attending the big game of the season along with their friends, the Smiths. Between Walter Mrs. Brown and Mr. Smith grow reminiscent, as lovely ladies are wont to do. "Don't I remember that guy," recalls Mrs. Brown, "and the party at the fraternity house! I wore a shabby gown and a big coupe hat with a wildflower, and Arthur got the orchestra to play 'Wait Till the Sun Shines,Harriet' because it was my favorite, and I just thought I was the greatest thing!"

The pennant series fan. Nothing short of an earthquake or a flood will stop the hardy baseball enthusiast from reconvening to mimeo detail all the fine points of yesterday's game. "Well, I guess it must have been about the middle of the seventh inning," he will ramble to the ear of a friend, "or perhaps the seventh. And was it the eighth, or maybe it was the ninth—oh, maybe, it was the ninth. —anyway, Finberg stopped a ground ball to McMarry and the poor dog fell in it! Hey, the crowd went crazy!"

Tennis enthusiasts take the game very seriously and are usefully sensitive to sight, stunts or any intrusion from the lap public. Tennis fans have stupid questions and will wreck anything that even remotely resembles a tennis match. "Why, the unfortunate young man on the right has impaled (he is not a tennis enthusiast), "loses the court before the woman's committee doubles?" (The rest is silence.)

Valveless on a week-end game became great deck tennis fan—just because they like deck tennis (indeed, most week-end guests loathe the game), but because they are not strong enough mentally to combat their baseness. Houseman in the country can't bear to see guests doing nothing but sit for long at a time, so they cry, "How about a nice game of deck tennis before lunch?" and so it goes.

Sports fans of all ages are nameless when the time of year for pastime comes along. Spectators who are new to the pastime should bear in mind that clothes are of the greatest importance, and one never wears up on the dock (or the jetty, or the wharf) in clothes that might do for the bedroom or bathroom. A man with a somber suit will do all wrong for boat travel. (The accompanying sketch will give you a pretty good idea of a last word in what to wear if invited on a friend's yacht. Of course you may never be asked again, but you will look nice.)