

# The Sport Fans

By W. E. Hill

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Geraldine is mad about plane stunt flying, air Derbies and pilots. She is always on hand in case a passenger is needed for a non-stop flight to Baffin bay and return. Absolutely fearless is Geraldine; she goes right close to see them land, and has nearly been decapitated by a propeller on several occasions. Geraldine 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 papa has promised her a plane just as soon as Geraldine learns to fly high enough off the ground not to be classed as a hit and run driver.



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 Zigarini is being condoled with 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.



Just a snappy Tom Thumb golfer in a nifty sport outfit, watching and approving a neat play from the side lines.



The Browns are what you might term late-in-life football fans, because, though long past the undergraduate period, they are extremely useful in the cheering section. Mr. Brown Jr. 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 halves Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Smith grow reminiscent, as lovely ladies are wont to do. "Don't I remember that game," recalls Mrs. Brown, "and the party at the fraternity house! I wore a sheath gown and a big scoop hat with a willow plume, and Arthur got the orchestra to play 'Wait Till the Sun Shines Nellie' because it was my favorite, and I just thought I was the grandest thing!"



The pennant series fan. Nothing short of an earthquake or a flood will stop the hardy baseball enthusiast from recounting in minute 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 confide to the ear of a friend who is trying to find out what American Garbage preferred did yesterday, "or maybe it was the sixth—anyway, Finberg slapped a grounder to McMulry and the poor dope muffed it! Say, the crowd went crazy!"



Tennis enthusiasts take the game very seriously and are awfully sensitive to slights, slurs or any inattention from the lay public. Tennis fans hate stupid questions and will wreak anything short of complete annihilation upon those who ask them. "Who," the unfortunate young man on the right has inquired (he is not a tennis enthusiast), "does the *inviting* before the woman's *invitation* doubles?" (The rest is silence.)



Visitors on a week-end party become great deck tennis fans—not because they like deck tennis (indeed, most week-end guests loathe the game), but because they are not strong enough mentally to combat their hostess. Hostesses 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.



Sport fans of an aquatic turn of mind are always overjoyed when the time of year for yacht racing comes along. Spectators who are new to the pastime should bear in mind that clothes are of the greatest importance, and one never shows up on the dock (or the jetty, or the wharf) in clothes that might do for the ballroom or business mart but are 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.)