

# SPORTS AND SUCH

By T. R. Coward

THE great Australian tennis player Anthony Wilding, killed in action in the late war to the infinite regret of all true sportsmen, once wrote a book on tennis entitled "On the Court and Off". Comparisons are commonly reputed odious, but we could not help

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thinking of that book while reading "Singles and Doubles" by W. T. Tilden, 2d. Where Mr. Wilding was entertaining Mr. Tilden is chatty, where Mr. Wilding was pleasantly casual Mr. Tilden is chaotic, where Mr. Wilding was concisely specific Mr. Tilden is verbose. And there are errors of taste such as the excessive and rather high schoolish use of nicknames which it seems to us might better have been avoided. Mr. Tilden is unquestionably one of the greatest singles players in the history of lawn tennis — perhaps Norman Brookes to whom he pays high tribute is his only rival — and therefore what he has to say about the game should be of interest to its thousands of followers. But there is far too much irrelevant material, and far too little discussion of actual tennis, its tactics, playing theories, strokes, training hints, etc. What we want primarily from the premier tennis player of the world is advice on tennis and not his opinion of the relative merits of Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford. Such stuff is all very well as press agent business for prima donnas and second rate authors, but it is totally out of place in dealing with a complex and highly competitive sport. There is no ideal book on tennis, but the nearest to it is either one which confines itself to the technique of the game, a side which various English critics handle admirably, or one concerned with a general discussion of the game, its personalities and famous matches. To combine the two is a very difficult feat. Wilding managed it, but he had a style as terse and workmanlike as his tennis, and his taste was impeccable. We should welcome a book from Mr. Tilden which treated entirely of strokes and court tactics, and hope he will give it to us.

In the meantime the only value we can see in "Singles and Doubles" is the chapter on the development of the younger players. The author has been extraordinarily generous with his time and ability in aiding the younger generation, and what he has to say is very much to the point.

If you are tired of the front porch and want to camp, while your wife prefers motoring, you can combine both pleasures and go "autocamping". F. E. Brimmer in "Motor Camcraft" and in "Autocamping" tells you how to do it with the minimum of expense and the maximum of enjoyment. All the practical details of tent, kit, and food are exhaustively treated, and you have every reason to look forward to a highway vacation if you follow his advice. But if you like stiffer work and yearn for mountains you may find some good pointers in "Vacation on the Trail" by Eugene Davenport, while a reading of Elon Jessup's "Roughing It Smoothly" will probably make it easier for you if you get lost in the woods, have to rescue a drowning man, build a fire, or in fact handle almost any "outing" emergency. "The Outdoorsman's Handbook", revised by Hy. S. Watson and Captain Paul A. Curtis, Jr. is a mine of information and advice. It tells you how to train dogs, judge a horse, choose a gun, and a hundred other

Singles and Doubles. By W. T. Tilden, 2d.

George H. Doran Company.

Motor Camcraft. By F. E. Brimmer.  
The Macmillan Co.

Autocamping. By F. E. Brimmer. Stewart Kidd Co.

Vacation on the Trail. By Eugene Davenport. The Macmillan Co.

Roughing It Smoothly, How to Avoid Vacation Pitfalls. By Elon Jessup. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Outdoorsman's Handbook. Revised by Hy. S. Watson and Capt. Paul A. Curtis, Jr. Stewart Kidd Co.

So This Is Golf! By Harry Leon Wilson. Cosmopolitan Book Corp.

things. A book that might be pat at any time.

Golf, like the Ford, has to answer for a great deal of bad humor. Harry Leon Wilson's "So This is Golf!" is a pot boiler, and only occasionally funny. A goodly portion of these United States knows that Mr. Wilson can be wonderfully amusing, but here he evidently gritted his teeth and went to work. The result is sad; the illustrations are worse than the text.