

"JOHN BULL'S COMEBACK" IN SPORT REALM CITED IN UNITED STATES

(By Cy Peterman)

Philadelphia, Pa., July 20—The latest country heard from seems to be Great Britain. The week end only added to the conviction that John Bull is staging a great comeback in sports, as well as in his economic life, etc. A hand of congratulation across the sea, John.

Before proceeding further, it might be well to summarize the recent feats by sons of England and the Empire.

Jack Lovelock, an Aussie studying at Oxford, ran a world record mile which stood for almost a year—real endurance in this day, and age. It took an inspired race by Glenn Cunningham, pursued by the same Bill Bonthron, who pushed Lovelock, to dislodge his mark which looked safe for a century.

Golf started badly for Britain as the Americans cleaned up in the Wally. England's comeback is complete. The play of the girl who had been more or less considered a bit below finalist classification, was more impressive than that of the American-British champion, Perry.

The London Leanders defeated Princeton's varsity eight at rowing on the Thames to share with Germany the two prized Henley titles (Diamond Sculls were won by the Naziland's Dr. Buhtz). This is perhaps the least indicative victory yet mentioned, because I would put several American eights ahead of Princeton's in spite of

their appearance in the Henley—such as Yale, California, Washington and possibly Navy's.

Nevertheless the trend is toward the top in England. I haven't kept up too closely, but aren't the jolly Britons battling the ears off Australia in those test cricket matches? For the bloom in' Awshes, ayn't it? Wonder why they call them test matches? There aren't any others. Quaint the British.

Now with the yacht Endeavor showing better form for the famous America Cup races, England's finger has become a whole paw in the sports pie.

The question of further triumph comes next to mind, with an air of international doubt cast upon such things as the yacht races, American tennis championships, Davis Cup play, the possible re-match between Bonthron and Lovelock on the track, when the American stars reach England on tour, or what Miss Round may do in the women's tennis over here.

Personally, I think Bonthron, twice victor over Cunningham since, the decisive defeat he suffered in Palmer stadium at Glenn's hands, will also sweep the mended Lovelock off the cinders if they meet. The Aussie, as you may know, suffered a leg ailment in the American Amateur, but the sting of Lawson Little's crushing triumph in the amateur final was assuaged largely when Henry Cotton did about the same thing to our Am-

erican professionals seeking the English Open. Cotton's great victory ended to a ten year reign of Americans as British Open champions.

The domination of men's tennis by Fred Perry of England and Jack Crawford of Australia has continued more than a year, and by the Wimbledon result Saturday seems destined to endure several more. The American hope for Davis Cup triumph is considerably cooled by Mr. Perry's fine work. Indeed, our team has to beat a stout Australian squad before we may challenge.

English Women Triumph Too

Add to this the surprising victory over Helen Jacobs of Dorothy Round in the women's Wimbledon final and you may gather that in tennis certainly which appreciably slowed him as a runner.

Britannia Rules Motor World

The Endeavor might win, but either the Yankee or Rainbow would carry my money if I were to get on the yacht races and Henry Cotton would still be a longshot in the P. G. A. tourney this fall. I don't imagine he will come over at all.

But these guesses mean little against the background of British improvement. Certainly England, and her colonial athletes have done well the past year or so. In all fields save boxing, they have come apace; Englishmen hold most of the speed records for motors, you know. Sir Malcolm Campbell's 274 miles an hour at Daytona Beach is still automobile tops, and the Schneider Cup marks set up for seaplanes are the fastest momentum for man in any vehicle.

Britain's big deficiency in boxing is still rather deplorable, however

GRACEFUL TRIBUTES PAID TO W. J. ROBINSON, JOURNALIST, WHO DIED RECENTLY IN CALIFORNIA

The following from the San Francisco Chronicle has reference to William J. Robinson, a former Albert County boy, who passed away recently in the coast city:

William J. "Bill" Robinson, known to sportsmen throughout Northern and Central California as "The Woodsman," whose articles appeared in The Chronicle daily, died last night at his home in Mill Valley. He had been in ill health for several months, and during the last few weeks, courageously defying pain he wrote his daily article at home in bed.

Robinson's colorful career began at sea. His father, and his grandfather before him, had been New Brunswick sailing men, and Robinson was born aboard a schooner in the South Seas.

He was educated in private schools in Massachusetts and enlisted in a British regiment early in the World war, before America had entered the conflict. Leaving the army after service overseas he went into newspaper work in Boston, covered the mobilization of Massachusetts regiments from training camp to embarkation, and wrote two histories of a Boston regiment. The books enjoyed a large sale.

An outdoor man and an authority on horses, Robinson was retained by a New York capitalist and sportsman to write a history of the horse. Because of the banker's death the work was never finished. Robinson came to San Francisco from New York, worked for a time on other papers and then joined the staff of The Chronicle.

He is survived by his widow, two daughters and a son. Funeral arrangements had not been completed last night.

A Pal's Tribute

(By Ted Powell)

Bill Robinson, "The Woodsman," went away Monday night, over beyond the reservation, to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

Bill was a sportsman—everything that that word implies—and a real friend to the sports of angling and hunting to the Waltonian and Nimrod and to all of the organizations interested in the matters concerning them.

He was an ardent conservationist—a genuine one.

His colorful column in The Chronicle Green created more interest in wildlife conservation and propagation than any other one agency attempting to effect such purposes in this State. He had the good will of all organizations.

Regardless of creed or policy, he shot straight.

From the urban centers to far in the back country, his friends were legion.

Bill Robinson will not only be mourned by thousands of sportsmen friends, but the loss of his counsel in the matters of fish and game will be a very great one.

Big, fine Bill was an outdoor companion, friend, pal of mine. I'll miss him more than can be told. His going on leaves a vast void in my life that will be difficult to fill.

For his "gang" of followers, it will be difficult, too.

Jack Densham's Column.

There is no heart in me to write a column today, shipmates, for Bill Robinson has gone. The news sort of put me on beam ends.

The last Englishman I saw in the ring, was big Jack Pettifer, and the New York preliminary boy, Eddie Hogan, was knocking him down so often I doubt if Jack has tried it since. The doleful deeds of Phil Scott, the Painter and Bombardier Wells the Horizontal, are not soon forgotten. Jimmy Wilde was the last real battler from Britain, and he's gone.

Nevertheless we may witness some great Anglo-Saxon competitions in the next several years as a result of England's return to sports form. Of course they won't play us at base ball, no more than we'd be much good at cricket, but in track, tennis, rowing, swimming, yachting as well as the Harmsworth speedboat event the Stars and Stripes will flutter defiantly at the Union Jack. Such contests should breed a lot of good feeling in times when it is sadly needed; there is a growing friendliness among our internationalists which makes this assured.

Here was a real son of the sea, in fact born at sea. He was not only the finest kind of sportsman, but a sailor at heart. Ever since he started the Woodsman column, we have been deck mates with adjoining desks.

Many was the old memory he would dig out the sea chest of his mind and detail for me after we both had our columns out. He knew the sea, he knew ships and he knew men. That is one reason I was so comforted to have his confidence and friendship. He did not give either lightly.

I knew him several years before he came to The Chronicle or I went to the marine detail. In those days, or nights, we had similar jobs, he on The Examiner, I on this paper, late rewrite.

That meant that, if anything broke late, we leaped madly into taxis and went out on the job.

It was a glad thing to see that magnificent figure of a man barge his way through a cordon of cops—I was always close behind him. He knew all the detectives by their first names and I often heard them remark "Gee, what a cop that bird would have made." Which, after all, is about as high a compliment as a man can get anywhere.

News Sense

With all his tremendous strength and size he had a very keen news sense, recognized and highly valued wherever he took a newspaper job. But above all he was a sailor with all the cleanliness of the sea in his mind and his heart and to talk with him was like feeling the smart tang of a sea breeze singing through the Golden Gate.

Of course, the paper comes out no matter what happens and a reporter must write in spite of his feelings. Just like in the show game you are supposed to be unaffected.

But try and do it when such a gal-

lant friend has slipped moorings out on the ebb tide for the far Sargasso we used to talk about.

Anyway, Bill, if signals pass from here to where you are, you may tell them that I am glad you preceded me so that you can organize all the other old shipmates to initiate me when I arrive.

And so, shipmates, you will get no sparkle out of me today.

(Mr. Robinson was a nephew of Mrs. R. P. Allen of this city and a grandson of the late Capt. J. A. Reid.)

Erie, Pennsylvania, July 19—Warden Matt Hesse told Slim Young, the best window washer ever locked in the county jail, that if he would wash all the prison windows a parole would be granted.

Hess worked feverishly, washing for freedom. But he was saying things to himself as he walked out of jail. The parole had been granted before he accepted the warden's bargain.



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