PUNCHING OUT A TENNIS SLOGAN

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Last year, the New Hampshire Lawn Tennis Association spon­
sored a slogan contest. Since its inception, the Association's letter­
head symbol has been two crossed tennis racquets, and the NHLTA
president offered a prize to the member who could serve up the
snappiest slogan to go with the logo.

I began bouncing around a few ideas and soon realized what a
matchless setup this contest was. With a low overhead I could
drive home my point for a net gain.

Immediately from my childhood I recalled the story of the two
cats who were watching a tennis match. One turned to the other and
said: "You know, my mother's in that racquet." I was having a
high strung gut reaction.

Then I had a stroke of good luck. I decided to do some research
for my slogan by reading the world's greatest writers of tennis
books. I opunned the books of Robert W. Service and Miguel Cer­
vantes, W. Somerset Maugham and Lord Byron, Richard Lovelace
and Honore de Balzac, Joseph Addison, Ivy Compton Burnet, and
Kurt Vonnegut.

And, of course, I read the works of the two greatest authors of
all time: Alfred, Lord Tennyson and Tennis E. Williams.

I discovered rich literary gold: Point Counterpoint (the story of
Connors vs. Borg), Love Story (Evert vs. anybody), Volley of the
Dolls (the Virginia Slims tour), Winterset (indoor tennis), and
King Lear (a biography of Ilie Nastase).

I was now ready to write my slogans. Linesmen ready?

1. Shake hands with our racquet
2. We're dedicated to faultless services
3. We deliver a smashing opportunity
4. Our service will improve your service

Apparently the panel of judges reacted like a cross court. They
wondered what the deuce I was doing writing these base lines. So, as
a backhanded compliment, they declared as the winner my fifth slogo­
an, the one that didn't have any pun in it at all: "The sport for a
lifetime in the state for a lifetime", one with an American twist.